Character Background: Iza the Bold

Day 304,

It’s been a while since I’ve made an entry, haven’t stopped counting the day though. When Ketch asked me to join him on this convoy I thought he was a fool. That me and him would be dead in a month’s time. Boy was I wrong.

Looking back now, he was right. The only way we could have made it out alive from the cult was by hitching a ride with them. Those people were crazy to think that the Mystics would provide everything they needed. Yeah, looking back now I was a fool even believing in them.

But I’m rambling. Those are old times. Stories I’ve documented many times before now but I can tell by me writing that it’s only because things have gotten worse around here. If Ketch didn’t get me into the habit of opening you up in times of need I probably would got off this thing a long time ago. I hate the people here. No, that’s a lie. There a few I’ve grown to tolerate but if they ever find themselves on death’s ledge I won’t hesitate to push them over. The Convoy continues to head west. I’ve told them time and time again that this Oasis they keep looking for is just a myth. I’ve been there, it barren of any real life besides scavengers. The Remains of what the Ancients called “The Great Lakes” at least had some vegetation albeit small and awful tasting. But they won’t listen to me, no one does. They all listen to their airhead of a leader Anslo. The guy is charismatic for sure but he wouldn’t know the between a sand snake and a desert rat if it bit him. His “leads” told him that Oasis is real and that they even have a working Hydro-hex generator that can supply enough for thousands. Again, stories I’ve heard before; stories that I know are nothing but lies.

I guess that’s it though: People need something to keep them from going mad in this world. They all try to find any working technology from the old world that can make surviving just a tiny bit easier. I mean Ketch’s fire stick is half the reason I’m alive, on top of the fact he was just smarter than me. Even then people still have to figure out how to make it work. I’ve seen some people just use brute force; sap themselves of any mana they slowly accrued over their life time just to try and make it one more day. Others, well they seem to just have a gift. They see the tech in they’re just attuned to using it. Ketch was like that. He could just pick up any old tech and make it seem easy to use.

Again I’m rambling. Must mean I truly don’t have much to talk about. I mean we’re close to the coast again. Just passed a mountain with faces on that I remember from when I was younger. Means we should be there within a month’s time. Then these fools will truly understand that they’ve been chasing nothing more than a mirage. Then I can finally get on with my life.