>Out in the field, your steel eyes look over the rolling plains.  
>How long has it been since your arrival?  
>With the decades-old death of the Fatherland, any blade of grass might as well be home.  
> The wide territory itself almost reminds you of the classic battles.  
>Light panzers whipping through the meadows; the alien creation of man slicing across nature's womb to perform the work of aborting the untermensch.  
>Countless images of days gone by, so foreign yet so familiar, floating through your vision.   
>What dreams you dreamed, what truth was yours to create.  
>'The Master Race'...the 'Greater Good'...  
>Buzzwords and phrases rattle through your cluttered mind.  
>What did it all mean in the end, with the angles of blood and iron bested by the scum of the earth?  
>Men and women of true courage, drowning under the tidal wave of muck...  
>You look at the palm of your skin.  
>Will its ivory tone ever shine again, slathered over by the ink of Jewish history?  
>A breath catches in your chest.   
>Reminiscing always leads you down this breadcrumb trail of woe.  
>But there is little time to waste.  
>For the flame in your heart cannot be extinguished, and you will return to lift the glory of the Aryan once again.   
>Your hand grasps the tuck of your waistcoat.  
>The tactile nature of the fine fabric is comforting against your rough fingers.  
>A singular gust always blows in your face whenever you stand atop the hill of your arrival.  
>You embrace the feeling.  
>It is the feeling of a challenge...  
>...and bravest of eagles readily fly into the strongest of winds.  
>"I knew I'd find you here."

>Looking over your shoulder, you find none other than the pony that discovered you in the grass so many days ago.  
Aryanne.  
>You nod your head in a rather stoic fashion before resuming your previous stance.  
It is getting rather late. Should you not be tending to other tasks before nightfall?  
>"You've come out here every night. It's the only place we seem to talk."  
We talk plenty in the house.  
>Your mind trails off to the quaint shelter and quiet kindness that the small horse provided you.  
>"Only about the bland and the banal."  
>The sound of tall grass bending underhoof signals her approach closer.  
>"Tell me more. You need to....you MUST tell me more....and this is only place in Equestria where you seem willing to...help..."  
>Aryanne's voice trickles off.  
>A slight sense of desperation permeates the air.  
I have little else to say.  
>"I don't believe you."  
What I have to offer is nothing but a fairy tale.  
>"Then tell it to me as though I was a foal!"  
Don't let the Monster of Passion consume you.  
>"Then I'll burst through its belly as if a searing-hot pike."  
>You grumble under your breath.  
>The the blonde mare's 'cutie mark', unknown to all including herself apparently, no doubt is sparking this again.  
>You stand at-ease, yet remain firm; another soul mustn't be deluded into grandeur.  
You must live in reality!  
>"I must live for my race!"

>Your eyes snap open.  
>"Just as you live for yours..."  
>She was right behind you now, voice barely a whisper.  
>"Now...TELL me..."   
>The dangerous flame of patriotism has been fanned; you lightly lay a hand over your worn yet crisp armband.  
What do you know of struggle?!  
>You spin on a heel, clearly taking Aryanne aback by your harshness.  
This world, seemingly devoid of Social Darwinism, spins on a different axis! Be happy that you do not bear the burden, the false-guilt, or the shame of defeat that all of my color and creed must be force-fed!  
>"That...that's not your decision to make!"  
>Aryanne recovers slightly, hunching forward.  
>"You must reveal to me my destiny!"  
You live it now!  
>"LIAR!"  
>Aryanne shrieks, tears threatening to overrun her petite features.   
>"This isn't my place! To be mocked for my beliefs in agrarianism, to be scowled at for my disassociation with Jewnicorns, to be FORCED to intermingle with zebras and griffons and...and..."  
Untermensch?  
>You grin slyly, thinking you have lain the perfect trap of distraction.  
>"See? You do know these words! You do know these symbols!"  
>Aryanne scowls.   
>"Destiny or not, I found you here. I know how badly you seek to return. But the Fuhrer you spoke of would have wanted you to help m-"  
The Fuhrer has been dead for many, many decades.  
>"Yet you still speak of him as a father?"  
In a manner of sorts, he was a father to us all; he was a father of hope and human progress.

>"....was he born to lead?"  
Some claim he was. Others claim him as if a God.  
>You look briefly to the heavens as twilight begins on the horizon.  
I've always preferred a more homely interpretation.  
>"Was he groomed, then?"  
Why yes, very clean shaven, albeit for the toothbrush moustac-  
>"You know what I mean..."  
Aryanne pouts, unable to suppress an adorable little grin behind her assertive demeanor.  
Yes, yes...  
>You chuckle softly.   
He was lectured and taught and learned, all in the attempt to mold him into the perfect spokesman for national socialism. He spent a good deal forming the finer points of it later throughout the development of Germany. I'd akin it to an artist refining raw clay into a masterful sculpture.  
>"You said he was an artist who started off as a hu-man of simple means."  
As was I of sorts, although certainly not a painter.  
>"Then teach me."  
To write? To paint?  
>"Both. To write the story of my future and paint the world of my dreams."  
>Aryanne's previous aggressiveness rapidly vanished, turning into wistful dreaming.  
You remind me too much.  
>"...of your home?"  
Of myself.  
>You concede.  
>"Is this bad?"  
Not necessarily.  
>You move to sit and motion for her to join you.  
>She eagerly complies.

Several reasons. Transportation, the challenge of 'flight', parcel delivery...but most notably, advances in planes were designed for war.  
>"War..."  
>She furrows her brow.  
>"The war your people fought?"  
>You nod your head once.  
The whites, most notably Nazi Germans, built the best air machines, or 'airplanes'. Faster, stronger....the best.  
>Your heritage and pride pushes your firm chest forward.   
>Aryanne only smiles.  
>"I bet they were a sight to see."  
Indeed, the originals must have been.  
>A moment of silence passes.  
>The ivory mare stretches out further towards you, her position relaxing.  
>"So if they built the best planes, and had the purest genetics, and had the greatest Furher...why did the whites lose?"  
>You cannot contain your grimace at the thought.  
>Aryanne looks as if wanting to rescind the comment, but you quickly adjust your expression and begin to explain.   
The whites...we...lost because of race traitors, untermensch sympathizers, and overseas Jewery.  
>"Traitors...and Jewery?"  
Entire nation states, millions of humans manipulated by power-hungry whites and Jews. Tidal waves of mud races, all too eager to obey their wealth-salacious masters in their quest to drown Nazi Germany.  
>Aryanne imagines the cataclysm, envisioning her own mental image of the Nazi's struggle against tyranny.   
Nazi Germany was able to liberate almost a third of the civilized world, saving millions while punishing countless traitors for the Fatherland in the process. It took the combined efforts of all tyrants, of all false socio-economic beliefs, to even go toe-to-toe with the Aryans.

>You reply with a grin.  
In the process of the war, great strides were made to cure diseases of the mind and body by using the lesser races and mentally ill to perform experiments that researches only wish they had the opportunity to act upon. Much was done to further the cause of eugenics and racial purity. However ideally, in the future, eugenics based on forced sterilization would become a moot point as scientists perfected the art of genetic medicine. There would be no need for such draconian matters when there would be no lesser races to worry about. Blood purity finally established; Aryan supremacy perfected and refined by the European. Swathes of liberated land, free from Jewish oppression, would lead to the destruction of city life and the revival of agrarianism. The rebirth of the self-sufficient Aryan-European man and his blossoming family homestead would be the final nail in the coffin of wage-slave labor and Jewish land monopoly.  
>Words cannot begin to describe Aryanne's fascination and curiosity for more information about the politics of Nazism.  
>"It sounds as if the beginnings of a man-made paradise."  
You don't even know the start of it. I'll have to tell you more of it someday.  
>Aryanne beams at the thought of you remaining.  
....white I continue to find a way home, of course.  
>Aryanne pouts, but bites her tongue in hopes for you to continue.

>You decide to seal the deal.  
Even in my brief stay here, it seems suspicious as to why the Princess class only elevates to Princesship and so favors unicorns over-  
>"Earth ponies have power."  
>Aryanne interrups, looking into your eyes with ferocity.  
>"The earthen Euro-ponian is the noblest, hardest-working pony in all of Equestria...no, in all of the world!"  
>She raises a hoof to the setting sun.  
>"You Aryans sound very much like...us. I'd be lying if I said that the name of your people didn't even sound like my own."  
We seem to have a lot in common.  
>"All the more reason for you to stay."  
>Aryanne gently places a hoof against your leg.   
>"To stay and teach me more about how the world should be...about how the world WILL be one day, under the banner of pure earth ponies. Certainly your surviving Nazis could revive the movement and-"  
No.  
>Aryanne is taken aback once more by your honest bluntness.  
The modern-day Nazi movement, also referred to as neo-Nazism, is troubling to say the least. Jewish historians and nego sympathizers have slandered the image of proud white men so greatly that it has become something little more than a violent gang of thuggery. One of the largest countries to fight Nazism was known as the United States of America, a collection of smaller client districts under a federal government that was as hypocritical in its war aims as it was manipulated by Jewish bankers and mediamen. It was a land poisoned with the darker-skinned human, the "black", or "negro" that in modern times, sunk further and further into degeneracy. They themselves discriminated against the blacks, yet thanks to Jewish subversion, has been made their slaves. Nothing but another land founded by the blood of white men turned into safe-haven of mediocrity and social services for the unworthy.  
>Your less than candid description causes the mare to shiver against your leg.

>"Sounds like a nightmare. Sounds like Ponyville in a few years when more zebras start to move in..."  
>You make a mental note to tell her of the origin of zebras in your world, and highlight the irony of the parallel origin of Africans.   
Regardless, the main problem with the modern Nazi movement is that the participants are usually involved because to the criminality, air of rebelliousness, and illicit drug use. Several need to look at themselves in the mirror and understand what it means to put forward a good image. Going back to my world, although highly desirable, also means dealing with these elements of an already unpopular socio-economic system. Combined with the constant shaming of whites, and the outright denial of Aryan EXISTENCE let alone superiority by media outlets, gives rise to the Dictatorship of the Untermensch.  
>"This is what I need!"  
>Aryanne blurted out.  
>"I need this sort of eloquence, this sort of explanation that allows me to galvanize the masses to-"  
Woah now, Aryanne. We never talked about doing any of this.  
>Her eyes darted left and right rapidly.

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Woah now, Aryanne. We never talked about doing any of this.  
>Her eyes darted left and right rapidly.  
>Eventually, her passion resurfaces; Aryanne cannot withhold her desire.   
>"We've never TALKED before! Always subtle references, always little bits and pieces of information....but no more! You have the power to change this world for earth-pony kind...a revival of the Republics of the past! No more Jewnicorn rule, but rather only the deserving and the master race! Your science, your muscle, your...your...Aryan superiority!"  
>She blushes fiercely.  
>"You have an obligation to help. Destiny or not, you were brought here for a reason, and this evening proves it."  
>She takes a deep breath, steadying her nerves.  
>"I can't stop you from finding a way back. I don't even know if you can, but I'd be lying if I said I wanted you gone. Ever. In this short time, you've brought more hope and solace to me than I've ever felt since losing my family to zebra thugs and gaining my cutie mark."  
>She scoots herself slightly closer.

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>She scoots herself slightly closer.   
>"I want you to....no, need you to groom me to be an Aryan, too. Teach me the ways of Nazism and Social Darwinism. Help me avoid the pitfalls of your modern-day Nazi movement and present a positive, progressive image for a brighter future for all earth ponies everywhere!"  
>You almost don't know what to feel; the sudden outburst of emotion from Aryanne wasn't anything to stage but the personal nature of her words struck your heart.

>"I want you to....no, need you to groom me to be the perfect Aryan, too. Teach me the ways of Nazism and Social Darwinism. Help me avoid the pitfalls of your modern-day Nazi movement and present a positive, progressive image for a brighter future for all earth ponies everywhere!"  
>You almost don't know what to feel; the sudden outburst of emotion from Aryanne wasn't anything to stage but the personal nature of her words struck your heart.   
>"I know I'm blonde, I know I have blue eyes, and I know I have white fur, but it isn't just this that makes me great. It is the genetics that flow through me! You, my human from another world, revealed this to me today. My genes could even explain my cutie mark! It could explain everypony's cutie mark! Imagine a world where we can control our own destiny; where we can have science dictate the destiny of Aryan-ponies and not magical Jewnicorn trickery!"  
>Her warm breath wafts through the cooling evening's air.   
>"You can teach me to lead. You can groom me to be the greatest Furher Equestria, nay, the world has ever seen!"  
>Aryanne's chest hitches softly, nearly overwhelmed by ambition and sincerity.

>She looks to you for any sign of agreement.  
Aryanne, I...  
>"Yes...?!"  
>She interrupts before quickly putting a hoof over her mouth with a 'eep'.  
>You shake your head.  
>This was a dangerous proposition, but from what you've seen thus far, Equestria would be a land ripe for national socialism.  
>Due to lack of most industrial development, agrarianism would thrive here...and the earth-pony caste could do very well with the land via their sustainable living standards.  
>Any idea of finding a way back to earth via daily inspections of the field you arrived in seemed to be a moot point.   
>Serviant unicorns and pegasi and unicorns would make idea test subject for researching interdimensional travel, and perhaps a more 'humbled' Princesship could explain just why you were brought here in the first place.   
>Of course this was all conjecture, but a man of bravery has to start somewhere...  
Yes.  
>"W-what?"  
>Aryanne stuttered, her pounding heart flooding her auditory capacity.  
Yes. I will teach you the ways of the Aryan-European.  
>Aryanne's smile could hardly fit her face.  
>Her delicate hooves quickly found their way around your taut waist.  
>"Oh...you....this...this is the beginning of a new day for us all! I can feel it in my heart!"  
>You can't help but chuckle and embrace the young mare yourself.   
Easy now. Don't get too wound-up; there is much work that needs to be done; rule one of Social Darwinism you shall learn right now.

>Pulling away from you, Aryanne blushes softly in embarrassment.   
Rule number one is...respect your enemy.  
>The newborn Nazi's eyes meet yours.  
>"...respect?"  
Yes. Respect.  
Respect is the number-one thing you must have when fighting your foe. It is something that many Nazi leaders lacked during the mid-stages of the war. It is something that played a great role in Germany's defeat. Too much fighting, too fast, too blatant...things must be planned, calculated, and executed all in due time, even if it means outside of your lifespan. In Social Darwinism, the principal that governs us all with an invisible hand, only the strongest survive to pass on their genes. This extends to religions and political ideologies. If the Aryans performed properly, they would have been able to conquer the mud races despite their overwhelming numerical challenges. However, this was not the case...  
>Aryanne nods her head, albeit reluctant to give any validity to zebras or gryphons.  
Nazism failed to liberate my world from Jewish tyranny because it didn't have enough respect for them. It is alight to despise your enemy, but the brain of a rat is still crafty, albeit still a rat.  
>The mare giggles at your examples, imploring you to go on.  
Jews are smart, well-connected, and have influence over brainwashed Aryans. Blacks are numerous, can certainly have a good brain, and make excellent sympathy-cards for 'equality'. I have no doubt in my mind that we will find the same cases here in Equestria with zebras, gryphons, and Jewnicorns. Never underestimate the enemy. Never think you have them beat until you witness their last breath at your hooves. This is the critical mistake that involved the most powerful of brainwashed nations, the USA and USSR, against Nazi Germany. I will teach you more about respect and the mistakes of the Nazis as we plan our first moves...

>You reach over and pick up the Nazi armband that was shoved aside during Aryanne's impromptu embrace.  
On top of all of this, I am a human. A foreign species myself. My eventual return to my world would be good for the cause. I will try and test you as you will try to test me. After all, your ultimate goal would be earth "pony" superiority. Let us hope that your ponies have something to offer the human cause of Nazism as well. Remember our Darwinist principles of evolution, and our relationship should be a symbiotic one rather than parasitic.  
>The sun has finally finished setting, and the full moon of Luna now provides all the light you need across the open field.   
But first...  
>You take Aryanne's left front leg, and gently slide the armband up to her mid-thigh.  
Well what do you know. Perfect fit.  
>Aryanne looks at her new attire with awe, thanks radiating though her eyes.   
>You stand up, and straighten out your nice uniform.  
>A hand motions once more to your side.  
>Not needing to be told twice, Aryanne quickly takes her place at your side.  
We need to head to your cottage on the outskirts of Ponyville and get some rest soon. We have a big day ahead tomorrow.  
>"Yes, we certainly do."  
>Aryanne allows herself to lead slightly against you for support.  
>Looking out across the star-dotted horizon, you eagerly await for a new day to be born.  
>A familiar wind blows across your face, fanning the growing fire in your heart.  
>You always did love a challenge...

Authors note  
  
END OF CHAPTER ONE.  
  
This is gonna be a multi-chapter ride. In the meantime, I'll drop off some Aryanne one-shots here and there too. Things are also gonna get cloppy. Like, crazy cloppy. Anyone that reads some of my other stories can tell you to expect that. I hope you enjoyed chapter one. Feedback always appreciated. I'm opening a fimfiction soon instead of my pastebin. Please comment ITT here and/or there when/if you'd feel so inclined. Thanks again for reading!