>Another day of slaving away under Celestia's damn sun.  
>You are Anonymous- lone human in Equestria.  
>For a while, you have made your income through doing manual labor.  
>Ponies appreciate your physical fortitude.  
>Though you go home completely exhausted every day, it's an honest living.  
>And you're not complaining about the fact that you're getting pretty fit.  
>It's just about mid day and the sun is seriously trying to sap all of your energy.  
>You stop shoveling and pull your sweaty shirt over your head.  
>A slight breeze makes you sigh in relief.  
>Before you can catch a burn, you stop working and begin applying sunblock to your torso.  
>"Oh mein gott! Mein herz brennt..."  
>You look down and see a pony swooning with a flushed face.  
>She's a small earth pony with a pure white coat and a blonde mane.  
"Um, hello?"  
>The mare tilts her head and smiles, clearly ogling you.  
>"You 'ave such white skin! Schön!"  
>She has a bit of an accent.  
>You glance at her cutie mark.  
>Uh oh.  
"Thanks, uh..."  
>She salutes you for some reason, "Mein name is Aryanne! I am earth pony from different country. Are you part of labour party?"  
>You pick up your shovel and get back to digging.  
"Yeah I guess. Name's Anon."  
>The rest of the afternoon is spent digging while the obviously smitten (and maybe a nazi enthusiast) pony babbles about your white skin and questions you about your ancestors.  
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>It's 8:30.  
>You pack up your lunch and head out to work.  
>As you leave your house, you see Aryanne standing outside your gate, waving a sign.  
>It has a surprisingly well done drawing of you wearing a military uniform and reads, 'Lob Menschen!'  
>"Guten tag, herr Anon!"

>Today your job is to clear a field of boulders so that a pond can be built.  
>All morning while you sweat and grunt carrying heavy boulders, Aryanne has been copying you.  
>Though, all she can move are little rocks with cute grunts.  
>She's wearing a little hard hat with a swastika on it.  
>How does she even know about swastikas?  
>It's a good thing none of the other ponies actually know what it is.  
>You think.  
>You slam down another boulder and wipe your brow.  
>Aryanne does the same with a pebble.  
"Hey Aryanne, I appreciate your work, but you know you're not getting paid for this right?"  
>She takes a drink of water from her canteen and wipes her mouth, "It is mein honor! Infrastructure will make the country stronk!"  
>As she salutes you, your client walks up.  
>He is a Zebra that wishes to turn this area into a park.  
>"Anon, such impressive work! It is most admirable to see you covered in sweat and dirt."  
>Aryanne jumps in front of you.  
>Her mane, tail and the hair on her back all bristle out like a cat.  
>"Who are you calling dirty, schmutzigen blut Zebra!"  
>The zebra looks utterly confused.  
>You sigh and place a hand on Aryanne's whither.  
"Aryanne, this guy hired me for this job. And he didn't mean anything by that."  
>She seems to pout and hides behind you.  
>"Sie sind reine. Lob menschen..."  
>The zebra chuckles, "Anon, who is this again? Perhaps... Your girlfriend?"  
>You wave a hand.  
"No. Just a friend."  
>Aryanne spits at the ground where the zebra stands.  
>"We are friends of the country! We are beste freunde building stronk country! A country free of all schmutzigger!"  
>She starts yelling and shaking a hoof, "REMOVE SCHMUTZIGGER! REMOVE SCHMUTZIG-"  
>Jesus christ!  
>You grab Aryanne's angry little shaking hoof and pick up the little ball of racist fury.  
"Ah, sorry sir! Gonna take an early lunch..."  
>You walk away with Aryanne held to your chest.  
>She curls up against you happily and closes her eyes.  
>"Let us 'ave glorious lunch together."  
>Fucking Aryanne.