>Chancellor of Germany, glorious Führer, and leader of the Nazi party.  
>...Well at least some of that.  
>The big war to take over all of ponydom and defeat the Bolshevik and Gews (Crystal ponies) didn't really work out.  
>I-It almost worked! 6 gorrilion Crystal ponies were removed, especially the unicorn Gew menace! Aryanne never was one for making friends though. And the friends she did make sucked.  
>It was awful. The worst was that one crippled mare claimed she did it all by herself!  
>Well, the good news is that she took her vacation just at the right time. Kyrie followed along the ride too.  
>They decided to lay low and relax, blow off steam, and try and figure out how to take Germaney back.   
>Last part was postponed indefintely.  
>This place beats Veronika's shitty land for sure! They began to think that they should've found their 'Lebensraum' here in the first place.  
>The locals might be a bit of an issue though...

>Be leader of a Nazi party.  
>Not in Germaney though.  
>However, it seems that the glorious Earth Pony master race has decided to settle down in your country!  
>The biggest rumor is that the Führer herself is here...The pony of your dreams  
>You tried to write letters to her, but all of them were intercepted by that damn Cripple and her syrup loving sister.  
>She even wrote back to you saying "ur a faggot. kill yourself zigger".  
>B-But you'll show her!  
>You have traced the whereabouts of the great mare herself, which turned out to be a rather big villa, not really low key but she certainly deserved it!  
>You swallow hard and wipe the sweat off your face. Not only is it hot, but these stylish uniforms seem to not be designed for your country's weather in mind.  
>Finally you regain your composure and walk up to the gate and ring the buzzer  
>The wait is killing you! It seems to be taking forever!  
>...Nothing happens. You begin to sweat even more.  
>You ring the buzzer a bit more, but still no answer.   
>At first you're filled with an overpowering sense of despair and defeat, but soon an idea comes to your head.  
"The beach!"  
>You jump back into your ride and bark orders at your chofer, who speeds off to the nicest part of the beach  
>All that jittery feelings and butterflies in your stomach comes back to you, but at the same time a certain excitement at seeing the Führer in a bathing suit fills you  
"B-But she's pure."  
>"¿Qué?" You slap your driver, causing him to swerve. You hate using your native language, but most of your followers don't speak anything else, so you curse out the driver the rest of the way and call him a stupid zigger.

>At long last, you've finally made it to the beach, and in the distance you can see them! They're rather easy to spot, what with being pure white and not striped at all.  
>Just as you thought, she's in a...tasteful choice of swimwear. You love the stripes on her bikini though. You also notice her right hoof mare the Ehrenarier Kyrie. Polka dots. They're both lying under an umbrella. Kyrie's wings are outstretched, and for a filthy Pegasus she looks rather beautiful...  
>Both of their cutie marks are covered with fakes, but it's unmistakable, it must be them!  
>You slowly approach them, clearing your throat to stop your stuttering.  
"Hello, I know who you are~!"  
>That got Aryanne's attention, Kyrie seemed asleep. She took her sun glasses off and you could see her glorious baby blue eyes staring straight at you...Why did she look angr-  
>She drew a pistol from their ice cooler and aimed at you "HALT! DO NOT GET ANY CLOSER STRIPED SWINE!" She shouted in broken spanish. This is not going as planned  
"H-hold on Führer!" You shouted in equally broken german. This didn't seem to calm her at all "I-I am a Comra-" She fired a warning shot "SUPPORTER! Supporter! I admired your from afar, w-we can help p-preserve the earth pony race here in Argentin-"  
>Aryanne switched to German "PRESERVE ZE MASTER RACE? ALL I HAVE SEEN SINCE WE'VE GOTTEN HERE ARE SWARMS OF ZEBRA AND ZEBRA WHO PAINTED THEIR STRIPES OFF!" You bite you lip, knowing that your paint must be coming off from your sweat! Dammit! Kyrie begun to slowly wake up from Aryanne's shouting, this was quickly going to shit. "YOU MUST BE SENT BY THE GEWS TO ELIMINATE ME!"  
"Pl-Please Aryanne!" You're trying to hold back tears, while being killed by your idol would probably not be that bad of a death as far as things go, you didn't want her to spit on your grave "I-I'll do anything to prove my loyalty!"

>"Give us ze Falkl-"  
"W-we don't own them."  
>"Ze Arctic Territories!"  
"N-No one technically owns th-"  
>"WHAT DOES YOUR PITIFUL NATION HAS THAT I CANNOT ALREADY TAKE FOR MYSELF!?" Kyrie is now awake and also pointing a maschinenpistole at you. Her emerald eyes are really pretty...Stop it, think! What do you have that she might desire?  
"...Sparsely industrialized lowlands you can roll tanks over?"   
>Both of the mares look at each other. Aryanne's eyes glaze over and she looks up at the sky lost in thought before going stiff and fainting  
>"Look at what you have done!" Kyrie shouts at you and cradles Aryanne with great concern. "Now she is lost in those flashbacks of the good times..." your first reaction is to lunge forward and try to help her! Kyrie takes this entirely the wrong way however, and shoots you in the hoof!  
"DIOS MÍO! SCHEIßE!"   
>It only clipped part of your hoof, but it's still the worse pain you've ever had in your life. Even worse your uniform is getting stained in blood!  
>You begin to get woozy, and soon you too start to pass out "That was supposed to be a warning shot!" Kyrie doesn't let go of Aryanne but she starts to approach you and try and make sure you're okay, but you're getting reaaaallly sleepy, and cold. Why is it so cold?  
>The last thing you see before you blackout completely, is Aryanne's eyes finally moving and then locking onto you. And for once, they seem to be filled with compassion...