>It's been a long week...  
>You've left your comfortable home and been thrusted into Equestria's cold mitt's.  
>Well by 'thrusted', you mean that you installed Gentoo, and created a hole between dimensions.  
>But all that is irrelevant, right now there is some fine Germanic liquor that has your name on it.  
>That was something weired about the Ponies here, they all spoke English, Spanish, or German.  
>But they gave them stupid names, Equestrian, Mexicolt, and Germane.  
>Seriously what ponies thought of this?  
  
>You looked around, and where in the Guard Chambers, after a week, you still hadn't left quarantine.#  
>The walls where cold and white, they gave the 'Mentall' hospital look, but then again, in this world of ponies, you're in the mad house.  
>The room itself was nice, it had a damn fine bed, a few flowers, and was near the castle gardens, which gave it a constant flowery smell.  
>It almost put your apartment to shame, as at least there weren't Monster cans lying all over this place.  
  
>The door opened, and one of the brightly colored royal guards stepped in.  
>The guard in question was a little different, hi Armour was black, and lacked the 'Spartan' like helmet.  
>He was a little more well built then the rest of the guard, and had a sleek grey coat, and sharp, baby blue eyes, adjacent to a deep black mane  
>His cutie mark was obscured by the Armour, and left it all up to the imagination what he would be good at.  
  
'Wakey, wakey Anonymous, the sun is up.' the guard beams with a smile.  
>Wow, no shit? Really faggot?  
'Yes, and what a wonderful day it is, the birds are singing, the sun is shining...'  
>Shut up, Artemis, you already seem like a faggot.  
'M8.'  
>So, where do we need to go today? Faggot?  
  
>with a mile the guard walks over to the side of your comfortable prison bed.  
'They want me to haul your flank over to R&D, then over to the testing zone.'  
>'Am I getting paid for building your weapons?'  
'Is that my whisky you're drinking?

'Is that my whisky you're drinking?  
>'No.'  
'Get up, we need you to come...'  
>\*Sigh\*, fine, get out. Let me get changed.  
'What, afraid of me seeing something?'  
  
>You give the Earth Pone, the worst death stare you can, and he slowly backs up, with a mocking smile.  
>Once he is gone, you slip on some jeans, converse, t-shirt and a hoodie, just some basic stuff.  
>Great thing about this place, is that ponies normally go around naked, and only royalty and higer-ups wear attire.  
>So you can get away looking like the ass end of /fa/ and no body knows.  
  
>You move close to the door, and open it, revealing Artemis, looking at you.  
'Done?'  
>'Yearh, Let's go'  
  
>You being to walk down the colorful hallways of the castle.  
>Every other corner, of the architectural maze is littered with a bouquet of fine roses.  
>All of the walls are adored with a pearl white scheme, and red velvet, this place must have cost a shit tone.  
>Then again, if you're a princess, you can just fuck stallions, get money.  
>You get to the end of the third corner you've traversed, and then, Artemis stopped.  
  
'Wait, I forgot something.'  
>'What? What did you forget?  
'... Your Ipod, shit, It's in my pocket...'  
>Comically, you watch the stallion, fumble, with the small black rectangle, unable to grip it. Sucks to have hooves.  
>After about five minutes if watching him fail, you pull the iPod from his top pocket, much to his relief.  
>You continue to walk in a quick pace, putting the device in your pocket.  
>'Anything that caught your fancy?'  
'Ah, yes... There was In the Court of the crimson king, and the dark side of the moon... Rest of it was bad, Anonymous, why do you have such a device then fill it with bad music?'  
>He was a rock fan, figures. Being a huge faggot and all.  
>'Raidiohead isn't bad, I don't even know what the fuck is your problem, are all you pon...'  
  
>You both stop, there is a random mare in front of you.  
'Ze prisinor is to be handed to me post haste.'

>'What? Who are you'  
'Zat information is irrevelevent, I am higher in ze rankings then you, you shall comply.'  
>'Like Taurus I will, anonymous is under my jurisdictions, I've been posted to him... Who ar...  
'I am obersturmführer Aryanne, you will comply, or face ze court marsheell, sergant.'  
  
>Artimis doesn't seem so confident at that, and backs down, by moving away, The mare sees this and moves forward past you.  
'Follow me, Mr Anonymous?'  
>'Artemis?'  
>'Just follow here, I'll meet you back here, at 18:00 hours.'  
>'You nod, and follow the mare, nodding back a mute farewell to your stallion friends.  
>You silently observe here, she has a silky white coat, that shines in the sunlight, golden blond hair that looks like well... Gold. And a small petite mareish muzzle, accompanied by ocean blue eyes. She is wearing some golden armour, and hids her quite mark behind the hard metal of the armour.  
  
'So, you are a sentient ape? Ze doctors will have to confirm.'  
>'Hey, I'm not an ape, I'm a... descendant of one, sort of...  
'Your parents are race-mixers?' She has a look of disgust on her muzzle, what the fuck?  
>'What? No, my parents where both white.'  
>Jesus, what the fuck is this mare's problem.