

What is love? Baby dont hurt me, dont hurt me

[Insert title] :



Annals of Rape

The first >rape

I will have the love of the equine, and will endeavor to find their hidden climes through any of my means.

Anon, Mous. Y. (1970, January 12). My Beliefs. TheVille Press, pg. 3

Sponsored by raid shadow legends.

>Rape

>You wake up with your nose firmly inside of Celestia's sweaty anus

>"This week's episode is sponsored by honey, use honey to browse the internet for unlimited coupons"
>"Hello again, Anon."

>"Niggers", he muttered under his breath. The smell was familiar, a unique stink that stung the nostrils like acid.

>"Celestia I can't breathe" you say, barely being able to open your mouth, since it's pressed down by Celestia's enormous ass.

>"Anon, listen to me. You are here because you killed yourself. You did it. You're in Equestria now. Go look around and see if it's all you wanted."

>Bruh

>So you're finally here

>Alright, you got this, you are here, life is fixed now. You've done it!

>What do you want to do first, though?

>"Wait... I'm in Equestria, but you are still here, Celestia. What season am I in??"

>"Season, anon?"

>Right, she doesn't know that My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic is a TV show.

>Nigga, really?

>But how does she know that you are from another world?

>You are **black** btw.

>You hear this song playing

><https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0QI3-c-qJZc>

>My nigga, it is time to bang all ponies in the area

>You whip it out
>You look Celestia in the eyes
>"Yum", you say.
>You grab her ass
>As soon as you're about to put it in you end up
crushed against a wall
>Your internal organs feel displaced from where
they used to be, and you think you blew up your
bladder like a balloon with too much air.
>"Don't touch me, Anon."
>"You're a faggot," you say, overpowering her with
a backhanded smack.
>You climb on top of her and kick your legs as you
both fly in the direction of Ponyville, your semi-erect
phallus slapping against the wind like a drum.

It begins

*A beginning is the time for taking the most delicate care that the balances are correct. [This every sister of the Bene Gesserit knows.](#) To begin your study of the life of Muad'Dib, then, take care that you first place him in his time: born in the 57th year of the Padishah Emperor, Shaddam IV. And take the most special care that you locate Muad'Dib in his place: the planet Arrakis. Do not be deceived by the fact that he was born in Caladan and lived his first fifteen years there. Arrakis, the planet known as Dune, is forever his place.
Manual of Muad'Dib, Princess Irulan, Unknown*

- >You find yourself unconscious in Twilight's laboratory.
- >When you awake you overhear Twilight speaking to herself in the background.
"We can rebuild him. Faster. Stronger..."
- >You fade in and out.
- >You come to again a while later.
- >You try to move your limbs only to find that you can't.
- >You sit in a chariot, hands bound, and unable to speak
- >You look around, there are three other prisoners in the chariot.
- >One of the prisoners notices your awakening, and speaks to you.
"Hey you, you're finally awake. You were trying to cross the border, right?"
- >Purple horse must have heard as you can sense her approach.
"Awake already? Good to see you're a fighter. That will come in handy later."
- >You hear her move some things around.
- >You can't really turn your head to look.
"That should do it. We'll meet again later."
- >With that your world begins to fade.

- >After an unknown period of time you wake again.
- >This time you feel much clearer.
- >Still unable to move, you content yourself with gathering what information you can from your vantage point.

>The room is dark, dimly lit.

>You didn't get a good view of your surroundings before but you think you're in a different location.

>The metal walls are bare and you can hear muffled noises from outside.

>You try to scream but find you cannot.

>After a long time a door opens with blinding light.

>It's **Twilight**.

"Are you ready for your big debut Anon?"

>You are unable to respond.

>A moment passes.

"That's right, I still have you in lockdown mode."

>She quickly presses a few buttons on a machine off to your side.

>WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO YOU **PURPLE**

C-

>She presses another button and you can no longer speak.

"I think a thank you might be in order. I took what remained of your body after your run in with Celestia and rebuilt it. Go on, take a took"

>She presses a button.

>You find that you can now move your head.

>You look down only to find a robocop-esc semblance of your former body.

"Pretty cool, huh?"

>She says.

>Why have you done this to me?

"Because I needed someone, someone with a very special set of skills. And now I have my perfect someone."

>But I have no skills!

“Your old self maybe, but now with your new robo implants you will know all you’ll need. You’re now a master of kung-fu, karate, tie quan doe, feng-shui, and fushigi. You are a purpose built killing machine with weapons of mass destruction built right in!”

>I’ll never do it!

“You don’t even know what I’m going to ask you to do!”

>Fair enough

>What do you want from me?

“With this new indestructible mechanical body, I command you to overthrow the solar reign in the name of the new princess! And in the process you can have whatever fun you’d like with the populace of Canterlot.”

>I don’t know if I want to.

“Really?”

>Nah, I’m just kiddin’. When can I pick up where I left off with sun horse?

“As soon as you get through the royal guard. We’re currently hid out in Canterlot, as soon as I let you go you can begin your rampage.”

>Sweet

>Purple punches a few more buttons with her hooves and you feel your restraints release.

“Now you can just walk right out into Canterlot”

>

“What are you doing Anonymous! I told you to go after Celestia, not me!”

>You were once a resident of Canterlot yourself
Twilight.

"Noooooooo!"

>She puts up a magical shield as you advance but
it is no match for your new robo body.

>The fun begins here princess!

The Husbando of Ponyville

*Do or do not ponder the desires of a mare,
they are strange desires. Through the fifteen
fold path of the Yagajahnma we find
expressions of beauty and the desire for the
tears of the innocent.*

*Commentaries (RO. Johnson) The Path, p. 15.
Sunny Press, 1983*

>Be anon

>Be at **Rarity's**

>You are both lying on the salon sofa

>You get an idea in your head

>You push **Rarity** off the sofa with the kick of your
legs

>**Rarity** face plants into the carpet, leaving her arse
firmly pointed in the air

>"Anon! Whatever in the world was that for?!"

Rarity spits through munching on the carpet

>'Dirty lezzer' you think to yourself

>You swing your legs off the sofa and stand over
the **white** mare

>You lean into her left ear and whisper
“I know what a mare desires the most.”
>At hearing that **Rarity** begins to flush **red**, her legs
wobble, gittering from excitement
>”O-oh?!”
“Yes, would you want me to show you?”
>You lift **Rarity** up so that she is now standing on
her four legs
“One moment please.”
>You walk in the back of the shop and fetch your
required items
>when you return **Rarity** stares at you with some
misappreciation mixed with hornyness
>”D-darling?”
>You ignore her and place the saddle, spurs and
tightly grip a whip in your hand
>”D-d-darling whatever are you doing?”
>You ignore her further
>You mount her
>You can feel the strain of your weight underneath
>”Anon! I must protest!”
>You lean over and whisper, “What a mare desires
the most is.... Sovereignty.”
>You wait
>Nothing happened
>You sigh dejectedly
>”Anon...? Was that it?”
“Seems so, the story is supposed to turn you from
being an old hag into a beautiful mare.”
>”What?!”
>**Rarity** bursts into tears

"Well, I might as well rape you first and see if I get
sent on a quest. Eat shit Chauser."

>"Please Anon, no!"

>rape



Drawing is for the "Husbando of Ponyville"

greentext. -Anon <3

Thank you I appreciate it

Imao

The Of Niggers and Gimmick Statements

*The word 'Nigger', contains many aspects,
anagalous to the exalted word.*

Singh. The Adventures. SUNY Press. 1988

>"Ya'll niggers to write stories and not gimmick
statements," you say.

>"What does that even mean Anon?" **Twilight** says.

>"It means that the Coronavirus is a chinese
bioweapon **Twilight**, how can you not know this?"

>"Anon this is a book club what are you talking
about? Chinese?" **Rainbow** Dash says.

>"I am tired of this NIGGER house! No one makes
sense here, especially not you **Twilight**!" you say.

>"Umm, do you, maybe, have umm, something you
need to tell us about Anon?" **Fluttershy** says.

>"Yeah! You would probably like Animal Crossing
and I think it's an overrated piece of shit! Take that
Fluttershy!"

>"Anon you're ruining my awesome Daring-Do
Fanfiction meeting, why are you doing this?"

Rainbow Dash says.

>'IWTCIRD', Anon thinks.

>no i ja się pytam człowieka dumny ty jesteś z siebie
zdajesz sobie sprawę z tego co robisz?masz ty wogóle
rozum i godność człowieka?

>Zamiast tego pytam: dlaczego koń miałby pytać o ludzką godność i szacunek? Co byt taki jak ty wiedział o rzeczach tak ściśle ludzkich?

>"Twilight I'm scared what's going on with Dash and Anon?" Pinkie Pie says.

IWTCIRD: Fragments of a Deep Coom

Just as a she-ass or a mare expanding and contracting her female organ (jagajjanmadhdma) simultaneously experiences delight in her heart, on the occasion of the coitus of both (vira and yogini), in the heart of suSumna full of supreme delight, there is the heart, throbbing in the form of simultaneous expansion and contraction characterized by sRSTi (i.e. sRSTibija or sauh). Meditate on that.

Abhinavagupta (transl. Singh, Jaideva; Ortega, Paul-Muller). A Trident of Wisdom, p 260. SUNY Press. 1989.

>You sit on your knees, Rainbow's flower in front of your eyes, her forelegs on your shoulders.

>You move your hands away from her perfect smooth haunches to her waist and plant them on her bikini.

>You push your hands down, unveiling her downturned triangle behind the Rainbow fabric, and

stop at the middle of her thighs, the **white** strings of her bikini resting at the tips of the thunderbolts of her marks.

>Countless times you've seen her beautiful lotus, yet every single time the sight takes your breath away.

>Hidden within two puffy hills of **pinkish blue**, awash in the shining emission of her delight, lays the **red** ridge that ends with her **red** jewel overlooking her secret cave that is exposed by her blooming and protruding petals, **red** like the jungle flame, parted so that you enter could **Rainbow's** most private and secret chamber and unite with her in the supreme space of her heart.

>Looking at the way the transparent nectar gathers at the tip of her hood first into a globule then a drop, and how that drop descends between her thighs on a thin filament of fluid, shining gold with the last rays of the sun, drives you to put your face in the midst of her blooming flower.

>Before putting your tongue against her **red** and shiny and moist petals you purse your lips and blow on her jewel.

>The swinging motion of **Rainbow's** hips accompanied by a low humming are signs of your success.

>Content, you stretch your tongue and put it to action.

>Because you usually offer worship by your tongue with **Rainbow** sitting or laying or propped against a wall and bending down to present her treasure to you, this time you can't start from the valley and proceed to the delicate source of pleasure overlooking the whole circle.

>Instead, your mendicant tongue, having visited the other seats of power, ascends the hill first and offers worship to the magnificent red jewel, first by circumambulation then by direct stimulation, going up and down on its rubbery and hard texture.

>With duties paid to the jewel the pilgrim progresses down into her valley, first making a circle around the reddish blue hills enclosing it, then between the first set of hills and the second.

>It then moves around her second set of hills, wet, red, and steep, and finally reaches the well at the bottom overflowing with Rainbow's liquid essence, her power in its purest state.

>At the bottom you insert your tongue into the well as deep as you can just to stimulate its front wall.

>The success of your pilgrimage and veneration is manifested by Rainbow's swinging and swaying and further floods of molten sulphurous essence, sweet to the taste and warm on the tongue, which you proceed to lap across all of her lotus, your tongue encompassing both the bottom and the red petals and ending the movement by the flicking of her gem.

>So you continue, oblivious to all, giving all your being into Rainbow's perfect triangle, taking in return its force manifested in liquid form.

>If you were to choose one moment from your life to stay forever in this would be it, right between Rainbow's legs, engaged in a never ending kiss with Rainbow's lower mouth, your eyes closed, your nose sensing only the thick and dense and heavy perfume of her musk, your tongue enjoying the unbelievably sweet taste of her fluid and the oyster like flavour of her bloom, your fingers lightly and

lovingly caressing the curves of her haunches, and your cheeks brushing softly against the fuzzy warm coat of her thighs.

>“Stop,” Rainbow says in a husky, raspy voice.

>Immediately you remove your lips from her lower mouth and move your face away from her

▲ triangle of bliss.

>Although you have cleaned her lotus from her molten pollen just a moment ago, the liquid is already back. From her well and from beneath her ruby, from the space between her reddish blue and wholly red petals, comes the ambrosial flow that floods again her valley, shining with tiny orange points of light reflecting the passionate descent of the sun in its transparent and viscous mass.

>Your lips smeared with her honey, you stand back onto your feet.

>You meet Rainbow's beautiful face, so happy it seems to glow in the orange hues of dusk.

>“You almost went over the line,” Rainbow says.

>You smile.

>“Sorry. You know how carried away I can get when kissing you.”

>Instead of answering Rainbow flies straight into your arms, wrapping her forelegs around your spine, bringing her lips against yours, placing her fire pit against your rock hard bolt..

>Her kiss is voracious, passionate, intense, her tongue going over your teeth and lips, searching for every little sliver of her sap.

>By feeling Rainbow's extreme heat and the tense space between you, charged as a thundercloud, you know the time is right.

- > Rainbow's swinging of her pelvis against your shaft, her movements slow, wanting penetration, and her thick and heady all pervading musk confirm your hunch.
- > Kiss broken, you place your hands on Rainbow's shoulders, eyes looking into hers.
- > Again your heart twists from the love that Rainbow beams at you, longing for you, wanting to be united with you and only you forever and ever in the deepest most intimate embrace.
- > You can't get enough of this simple love, innocent and pure as the first rays of dawn, the glimmering of dew, the silence of midnight at full moon.
- > "How do you want to start?" You ask.
- > Rainbow turns left, looks at the balloon, then turns back to you. "I remember the way you looked at me earlier today. Let's start with me on the balloon and you behind."
- > Rainbow brings her haunches together and shakes her bikini from her legs.
- > Naked, she throws her bikini on the towel nearby. > With its white inner surface turned to the sky the swimwear looks like a big dark and damp spot of absorbed and glistening fluids.
- > Following Rainbow's example you pull your shorts off, unleashing your thunderbolt into the wild, and throw them next to Rainbow's wet garment.
- > Rainbow turns away from you, places her forelegs on the beach ball, spreads her hindlegs, and lifts her tail.
- > The sight alone sends you way too close to the edge.
- > Her lotus in full bloom, red inside, reddish-blue on the borders, all wet and shining, with strands of

viscous sap hanging between her parted inner petals, is something to behold.

>Your tongue longs again to sample **Rainbow's** singular taste and to clean her wet inner thighs with rivulets of bliss rivuleting to her knees.

>As you observe her flower, most of her liquid accumulates around her little **red** gem and forms a big drop that hangs on a long thin filament almost to the middle of her thighs.

>When it falls to the ground, shining like a diamond, you go right behind **Rainbow**, bend down a little, wrap your hands around her waist, and press the tip of your jewel against her moist sultry valley, against her velvety warm well.

- Damn this one has a lot of effort put into it for some reason

The Quest for the Rape Gem

Can I get some nasty rule 34 pictures? <-Stfu coomer

Felix Jensen. *Memoirs of a Meme*, p 69. 4chan inc. 2012

>"**Twilight** I'm s-s-s-scared why are we in the Everfree how did we get here?" **Fluttershy** says.

>"What are you talking about we aren't in the Everfree-" **Twilight** says, interrupting herself and seeing the surrounding Everfree.

>"This isn't right **Twilight**! We were just at Dash's Daring Do fanfiction before Anon and **Dash** disappeared somewhere, what's happening-"

Pinkie Pie says, before her eyes glaze over and

become dull, like the rest of the ponies except for  Dash, she leads ahead of you.

>You ride on the back of , ignoring the conversations of the unenlightened.

>After a vague amount of time you come to a bare desert within the Everfree, you are called to an oasis in the center of it.

>You know it, the Element of Rape calls to you, and beckons you towards it.

>You enter the oasis and drink the water.

>You immediately  out.

>You awake in a pitch  area, your body seeming to be the only source of illumination

>Realizing your feet don't touch the ground, you begin flailing, yet you don't make contact with any surface, it's impossible to tell whether you're still or if you're falling at a constant speed through empty space

>You touch yourself, you feel nothing

>You try to smell, to taste, to hear, all of the senses are empty

>You scream for help, yet no sound comes out

>You blink, and even your own image goes away

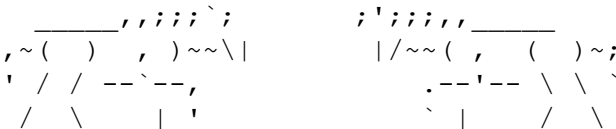
>Thoughts seem to vanish, consciousness fading, awareness failing

>A soul devoid of a body or a brain

>And yet, once you've been stripped of every method you had to make contact with reality, you become aware of something deep inside the only thing you can call you

>An imperceptible spark within your soul,
something that you realize has always been with
you, but which became obscured by false ideals
and the meaningless squabbles of daily life
>The spark amplifies to a burning supernova, you
try to calm it down, yet that only exacerbates it's
blinding light
>You realize that resistance is futile, and you
submit your soul to its all encompassing radiance
>It calls out to you, stoically shouting a single,
powerful word, one that's existed since before the
dawn of man and has guided the evolution of all
species for millions upon millions of years
>The word it shouts is "rape"

Return



Question

*It is said that no arm or hand in the universe
can fit within the depth of a pringles can.*

Why this is, nobody is quite sure.

Selected Thoughts, Jaffa Calling. (2012)

The Trials of Zimmerman, Skittles

Publishing

>You wake up

>You recognize your surroundings

>Wait, this place seems familiar

>You don't see anyone here

>Did you die? You can't remember

>You have some weird memories about turning
pitch **black** for some reason

>BRAP!

>Something... is spreading. It's getting out of
hand?

>You remember seeing something vaguely **blue**
before you passed, and something about pringles.

>Was that...

>It doesn't make sense?

>You walk back through the Everfree to Ponyville.

>From the edge of town you see no one in sight.

>It's cold.

>Is this... Ponyville?

>It seems like it, it must be..

>What time is it even?

>Maybe it's past season 9.

>The last thing you remember is hanging out at Dash's fanfiction club.
>You are still walking
>"Hellooooo?"
>You decide to speak
>...
>No one answers
>Where is everypony?
>Everything is closed
>You hear hoofsteps.
>"Stop right there, sir!"
>"You can't walk like that without a mask!"
>You get knocked out.
>You wake up again
>You are tied up in a room
>"Is this anon?" you hear someone say, not exactly sure who's, or what's voice.
>You don't respond.
>"Yes, it is anon, the anon, the Pringle-loving anon"
>"Fornicatus Palpatatus" she said.
>Pringle-loving...
>Fornicatus Palpatatus...
>You remember now!
>You remember your previous life perfectly
>You can't believe the story didn't end with over 20 chapters.
>You just want to rest in peace.
>You don't want to get raped by everypony.
>You pretend to be not awake so they leave you alone.

- >You know that the two Princesses are here.
- >"He is still not waking up, maybe he needs more rest, sister."
- >They both have green question mark masks on.
- >They leave
- >Clip clop
- >You hear nothing now
- >You get up, and prepare your escape.
- >You won't get raped by these princesses this time
- >They gave you autism
- >Also, what's with the masks, are they part of Bic Mac's scientific group now?
- >It just gets worse.
- >You look through the window.
- >You can't jump from there, you will probably break every single bone in your body and die.
- >What do, how to escape this?
- >You're not exactly sure where you are.
- >Looking out the window, there are a series of windows below the one you're looking out of.
- >Looking back at where you woke up, there's some rope that had previously attached you to a board, presumably to carry you to where you are now.
- >...
- >Of course! An idea arises!
- >You tie the rope on the window frame and around your neck so that you can get to the lower floors and make your grand escape
- >Wait
- >You are retarded
- >You will hang yourself if you do this you dumbass

>You try to untie the rope from your neck but to no avail, you somehow have made a knot that you cannot untie, and are stuck here.

>You *could* kill yourself, but you're not actually sure how. If Celestia's nebula cock couldn't completely rid you of everything you consider you and kill you, you're not sure what will.

>I mean, I guess you can wait.

>...

>30 minutes go by and you still haven't thought of a way to get >>/out/

>You are unbelievably bored now.

>"I CAN'T FUCKING HANDLE THIS!" you scream.

>You are not sure why you just screamed, you autistic

>They're probably coming, the two sisters.

>They're coming to rape you

>You feel like a retarded useless ass-baby

>You remember how you left everything off with **Twilight**, **Applejack**, and the rest.

>You unbelievably retarded dubass cunt shit piece of used hobo tissue semen

>You decide that you are not worthy of sitting around and being bored

>You remember reading somewhere that doing push-ups is hard, you wouldn't know you've never tried.

>You decide to do 603 pushups as punishment for everything you have done and every life you ruined; especially after glimmershit ruined it all (glimmershit isn't autocorrected lmao)

>"Nothing to correct!", "It is perfectly true!", several voices ring out from nowhere particularly.

>With all your might and all the muscle fibres that you can recruit, you do a single pushup before collapsing onto the ground.

>It hurt more than anything else you've done (not counting what has been done onto you)

>You think you've torn a muscle

>This is it, the perfect punishment for your sorry pathetic life.

>"Heh, you Pringle-loving Pringle-asking bastard"

>Uh, who said that?

>You know you shouldn't have screamed

>"You never learn, Anon"

>That voice

>You recognize it

>It was the last voice you heard before **blacking** out (literally)

>"D-Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series?"

>"Yes, Anon, at least you are trying to improve yourself. I love you Anon, I'll give you a hand"

>Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series loving me?

>This must be a trick

>You see him, it seems to be Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series.

>He smells like Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series

>But, is he Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series?

>"Speak, Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series impostor, he would never say that, who are you?"

>"I'm Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series, I'm no impostor, Anon. I'll help you get out of here if that is what you want"

>Is this a trap?

>Dante, from the Dante's Inferno series wouldn't be too keen on helping someone like you

>You decide to play along, you really want to get out of here as soon as possible

>"But before we continue, Anon, do you have something to ask me? Something about... Pringles?"

>Uh...

>You remember asking that question a lot back then

>It brought you nothing but pain

>But at the end, Dante answered your question, before you **black**ed out.

>"No, Dante, there is no sense to ask you a Pringles-related question once I know the answer. I'm a new man"

>A new man... (not really)

>"Fine, anon, there is a secret passage in this room that leads directly to the outside."

>He sure seems to know this castle.

>Maybe he spent some time with the sisters?

>You thought Dante was more badass than that.

>"So, Dante, where is this passage?"

>He picks up his gun.

>He shoots you

>What? come on, Dante

>"Heh, this Anon never learns"

>You wake up again
>You wake up outside of the castle
>Uh, it worked!
>"Dante, you genius!"
>"The secret passage was to kill myself!"
>"And since I can revive, I'm now outside of the castle"
>How does he know that?
>Is he an ally or a foe?
>He was part of the Elements of TRUE Friendship and the Elements of Foeboat
>But you are still not sure
>He helped you, but it hurt a lot
>You see a lot of guards staring at you
>Ah... you were thinking out loud, weren't you?
>All of this was for naught
>You see both princesses looking at you too
>You see the mane 6
>You see Big Mac
>You pretend not to know them
>"Hello! My name is Anon! Nice to meet you, I seem to have wandered here and I just want to go home."
>They don't believe your story
>"What are you talking about, Anon? Don't lie to us!"
>Twilight seems angry.
>"Do you know what the punishment is for lying to the princesses?"
>Celestia seems angry too
>But she seems kind of excited for some reason

- >You don't like where this is going
- >"Is it... ra-"
- >Before you could finish, Celestia keeps talking
- >"The punishment is that I have to teach you some manners, Anon"
- >No, you won't have any of that.
- >In your desperation, you decide to run.
- >"Look! Isn't that the new protagonist?"
- >They all look around
- >You decide to Backward Long Jump (BLJ)
- >You BLJ like never before
- >They don't seem to be following you for some reason.
- >You don't look where you are heading, you are running as fast as you can
- >You just need to get out of here and fast.
- >You go through doors, buildings, avoiding everypony
- >You arrive at a room
- >You lock yourself in there
- >Finally, some time to rest
- >You won't get punished like that by Celestia
- >Never ever again.
- >"Why, Anon, do you really want to be punished so bad?"
- >What
- >"Celestia? How?"
- >"You were running so fast that you ended up in my room, Anon"
- >That's right, you BLJ'd so hard that you didn't know where you were

- >Celestia ties you up... somehow.
- >"Well, Anon, are you ready for your punishment?"
- >You struggle
- >"No! I won't become more autistic"
- >You decide to buy some time, maybe Dante will appear out of nowhere and save you.
- >"On one condition, Celes"
- >"What is that, Anon?"
- >"What do you think of Pringles? Do you love them? Do you love their texture? Their saltiness?"
- >...
- >She looks at you
- >She is not amused
- >"Anon... do you know what the punishment for asking the Princess about Pringles is?"
- >You really should read the global rules of this universe, as well as those for equestria.
- >"N-no... I don't know..."
- >"Bend over, Anon. This will be a very long punishment."
- >Not this again, this is going to hurt, isn't it?
- >You bend over.
- >Celestia is smiling.
- >That's right
- >You remember that there was no pony in sight
- >Maybe they are in quarantine.
- >If you say you are sick or pretend to be, maybe she will have second thoughts about punishing you
- >It is all or nothing
- >"Coof!"
- >"Excuse me, Anon?"

>"Coof! Coof! Coof!"

>"Are you alright? You seem to have... no!
Impossible! Guards!"

>It worked!

>Guards come to Celes' call.

>"Anon seems to have Kirina virus, take him to
Twilight immediately so she can examine him!"

>For some reason, they don't ask why you were
tied up and bending over.

>They take you to Twilight's castle

>Finally, it's time to spend some comfy time with
Twilight while she examines you.

>"Anon! I missed you so much!"

>She sure seems happy to see you; especially
after how you guys last left off.

>"Yeah, Twigs, but don't hug me, I think I have the
kirina virus..."

>You still have to pretend even if it costs a hug
from Twilight

>"Anon! I received a letter from Princess Celestia!"

>That's Spike alright.

>He hands you the letter

>You can't believe what it says.

>"Don't forget your punishment ^:)"

>No need to worry about that now.

>"What does it say, Anon"?

>They both seem curious about it

>"Ah, something about a reward, just examine me,
Twigs".

>She begins her examination

>Nothing too fancy, Just the standard.

>"Now Anon, I need to take your temperature, but I only have this special thermometer "

>Special? Uh...

>"You see... you have to rub it in order to get your temperature".

>Rub it? what? What kind of thermometer is this?.

>It has a weird shape too

>"Are you sure about this, Twigs? Are you angry or something?"

>"Of course not! Just rub it! It's for science, Anon hehe..."

>you do not believe her.

>It reminds you of all those scientific experiences of the past.

>"Now, now, rub it now, Anon!"

>Uh, she is getting desperate.

>You see Dante's reflection in the thermometer

>What

>You check again, no reflection now.

>Is it his doing?

>"Fine, fine"

>You rub it a little

>"Rub it harder, anon!"

>"What? Why? Twigs?"

>She starts blushing a bit and also giggles for a split second.

>"It... it is an old thermometer so... you need to rub it extra hard for it to work, just basic science, you know haha!"

>Haha

>That laugh...

>Fuck, this was all Celestia's plan, wasn't it?

>"Don't worry, Celestia doesn't have to know." She conveniently says.

>You deserve this after letting Glimmershit take control of you.

>Your vision disappears. She closed the hatch to the oubliette.

>...

>"So, what are you gonna do?"

>"I don't know, Dante. What *can* I do?"

>What, Dante is here?!

>"Yes, Anon, you are alright for a fag, I'll give you that."

>"What are you doing here, Dante?"

>"Just trying to help you, Anon, like always... getting you out of trouble."

>You are not so sure if he really helps you

>But you have to admit that he gets the job done

>"So, are you going to shoot me?"

>"Actually, there is a secret passage here, Anon. No bullets, just a secret passage"

>He picks up his gun

>Not this again

>"Follow me, quick"

>You follow him

>There actually is a secret passage

>Weird, how does he know all of this?

>"By the way, Anon, I tried some Pringles the other day..."

>That's weird, nobody mentions Pringles without you asking them first.

>"And I have to admit, they are delicious, pretty salty, though"

>You still follow him

>It's pretty dark.

>If **Twilight** is behaving like that, you don't want to imagine what the other ponies want to do to you

>Maybe they have forgiven you, right?

>...

>"We are here, Anon"

>"What's this place, Dante?"

>Dante turns on the lights

>It's Celestia's room

>Fug

>Not again

>"Hey! Dante... Dante?"

>He is nowhere to be seen

>He disappeared

>You hear somepony coming

>"Why, Anon, **Twilight** told me that you are healthy and that you were pretending to be sick..."

>Gulp

>"And you seem to have come here, are you eager for your punishment?"

>You just stare

>"Do you know that pretending to be sick in front of the princess is a felony?"

>This will be a punishment you will never forget

>You can't think of an escape

>You give up

>It doesn't matter what you do, all paths lead to punishment.

>"Just... just make it quick, Celes"

>What did you say, Anon?"

>"I give up, just make it quick, please. I accept my punishment"

>She seems kind of disappointed.

>She expected you to resist, to struggle, she liked that.

>"But, Anon, maybe there is a chance I don't punish you, won't you struggle for that? Just a bit?"

>"No, Celes, it will bring me here. Just. Do. It. I accept whatever punishment you have in store for me"

>She hesitates

>"Maybe... you can resist for a bit, Anon?"

>You won't resist

>"Just do it, Celes, my body is ready"

>You know this will probably make Celestia leave you alone.

>Celestia smirks

>Uh, she wasn't supposed to do that

>"I know what you are doing, Anon. I didn't know you wanted to be punished so much!"

>"N-no, it's not like that. I swear!"

>She looks deep into your eyes.

>"Anon... You have absolutely no idea the amount of time I have been waiting for you. Nobody is as good a cockring as you are."

"NO! NOOOO! PLEASE I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!"

>She looks deeper into your eyes, and stares you down.

>The world goes silent for the 15 seconds she stares you down.

>You can't help it anymore, the tension is too high.

>It slowly creeps out of your anus.

>You have shat your pants.

>"Anon? Did you shit your fucking pants?"

>'... yes."

>"Jesus christ you're pathetic. You're pathetic enough to give me a *derection*.

>She finally whips it out.

>Thank. God. It's only 11 inches.

>You breathe a sigh of relief.

>"You're lucky you're pathetic enough to do that, Anon."

She lifts her two front legs and places herself atop you.

>It enters.

>She starts thrusting.

>This actually doesn't feel so bad.

>"This actually doesn't feel so bad. It's like you shit is acting like lubricant"

>She starts thrusting into you faster

>Oh MY Anon! Why didn't you do this earlier??

>She is thrust really fast now

>"Oh.. OHHH!!!"

>Oh no...

>You feel her cock expand as it is inside of you

>It begins to stretch your anal sphinctor

>It hurts more and more with every thrust

>ow, ow, Ow, Ow, OwOwOw, OW, OW, OW,
OW, OWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOW
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

>She cums.

>It feels like you are constipated and you're about
to finally shit but it goes back in. Everything hurts.

>"Well, Anon, this has been underwhelming.
Goodnight."

>She slaps you with her cock and you go
unconscious.

>You wake up in a dark place.

>Your body still hurts.

>You never want to be punished like that again,
though prefer it to a nebula sized cock.

>You can't believe you have forgotten how much it
hurt.

>At least, it is over for now.

>There is silence.

>You can rest for a bit.

>Is this the beginning of a new series of problems?
New elements? What is this exactly?

>You are about to find out.

Game

There is a game afoot.

And you have just lost it.

*Anon, Mouse. [Insert title] - Annuals of Rape,
>2015+5, Google Docs, page 34*

>All this silence is making you uneasy.

- >Enough of this
- >You stand up
- >You decide to wander around.
- >You can't find any walls
- >What is this place?
- >"Hello?" [4]
- >Maybe there is someone here...
- >"Hello?"
- >Someone answered!
- >But he sounds... just like you?
- >"Who is this?"
- >"Who is this?"
- >He seems to copy you, how annoying
- >You decide to show him who is the one in charge here
- >"I am asking the questions, I called you."
- >That will teach him.
- >"No. I called you, and you sound like the ugliest son of a bitch I have ever heard"
- >That was rude. Who is this person? You won't let him make fun of you
- >"You sound like the physical manifestation of some loser's inner demons!"
- >"Well, you sound like some total chode's inability to confront the reality of his past actions."
- >"Anon, is it really you? Wake up!"
- >Hey, that doesn't sound like you.
- >You slowly wake up.
- >You see... Trixie!
- >She seems happy to see you... or not?
- >"Anon! Trixie is happy to see you!"

>Is this another trap?
>She seems too happy
>You decide to play along
>"Yeah... I just had a rough day..."
>"Oh... do you want to play some game of
Tic-Tac-Hoof with Trixie to make you forget that?"
>You have forgotten about that game
>Luckily for you, it had the same rules as
Tic-Tac-Toe
>"Sure, Trixs"
>You two start playing
>But, you can't beat her.
>Nor can she beat you
>She seems to have gotten better at this.
>"Anon..."
>Uh...
>"Don't you want to play another game?"
>Another game?
>"What is it about, Trixs?"
>She smirks a bit
>"You have already played it and won..."
>You don't seem to recall that.
>"Eeyup"
>That's... Big Mac?
>You remember now
>The eesudoku game
>Ah...
>"No, thanks"
>"Eenope"
>Big Mac forces you to play
>They both have big grins

- >"You already know the rules, Anon. Trixie hopes you brought some extra protection"
- >Here we go again
- >Why are they acting like this?
- >Is this some sort of punishment?
- >You don't really want to play
- >Your body is still weak
- >You don't have much of an option
- >You decide to play, to solve this sudoku and kick Big Mac's ass as hard as possible
- >You sit.
- >The sudoku game begins! Wait, was it called sudoku?
- >Big Mac starts solving the sudoku
- >You already know his weakness
- >You have to prevent him from completing this sudoku
- >You kick his balls as hard as you can
- >Nothing happens
- >Your foot hurts
- >What the...
- >You notice, he has a metal plate there
- >He came prepared
- >He still continues to solve his sudoku
- >You have to think fast
- >What can distract him from completing his sudoku?
- >Of course! Your cock!
- >You whip out your dick and...
- >Wait
- >Your dick looks normal now

>"Umm... Anon... I eesuggest you put your
eepants back eeon"
>Fuck
>...
>You know what? Fuck it.
>Why should I care whether or not I do his chores
at this point. I fucking give up.
>No matter what I fucking do, it always fails, it's all
shit, everything is shit!
>You get up and leave.
>"ANON! Trixie wonders where you are going! Why
are you leaving??"
>You don't say anything.
>Who cares at this point.
>Everyone hates you.
>Twilight still hates you.
>Bic Mac probably hates you.
>Trixie...
>As much as you hate to admit it, Trixie most likely
hates you.
>"eeAnon?"
>"ANON! DON'T GIVE UP! TRIXIE IS ROOTING
FOR YOU!"
>You keep walking
>splrt
>..
>Fuck
>You just stepped in shit
>Really?? This is how your dramatic exit is going to
go? You step in shit? You're fucking pathetic.
>Wait.

- >There's nowhere to go.
- >There are still no walls anywhere around.
- >You look back and they're gone. Trixie and Mac.
- >Where are you???
- >You keep walking anyway.
- >You think you see hospital beds but... you don't.
- >You don't know why you thought you saw hospital beds.
- >45 minutes of walking, you haven't gotten anywhere.
- >You sit.
- >You see no point in using energy to even sit.
- >You lie down and look at the void above you.
- >
- >
- >
- >Grunts coming from your left break the silence.
- >You look to your left, obviously.
- >It's some guy.
- >He's doing pushups
- >"Hey, bro, you okay?"
- >You realize just how long it's been since someone asked you that.
- >"I- I-."
- >You break down crying.
- >You're lying on your back with your arms out crying like a pathetic loser.
- >The man looks at you confused, then kicks you.
- >You deserved that
- >"Bro, what are you doing crying like a little bitch, get the fuck up."

>He offers you his hand.

>"N-N-nno!" You pathetically cry out.

>"Listen, I know life can be really fucking hard, but what choice do you have? Sooner or later your gonna get tired of lying around, and you'll get the fuck up anyway because you're not some crazy buddhist, so get the fuck up."

>He stiffens his hand.

>Reluctantly, you give him your hand, and he pulls you up.

>"That's my man."

>"W-Well. What now?"

>"Who cares. Look me in the eye"

>You try to look into his eye but tears are obscuring your vision.

>"You know what'll get you up and running? A fight."

>What?

>"Yeah. Come on, throw a punch at me. You'll feel much better."

>"I-I ca-"

>"Sure you can. Just hit me. Not in the nuts though."

>You muster all the strength you can and throw a punch, which lands on his shoulder.

>He doesn't even flinch.

>"... Really bro? You can do better than that. Throw another punch."

>You throw another punch and it lands in between his ribs.

>"Youch that hurt."

- >"Oh my god, I am so sorr-"
- >"That was perfect"
- >He hits you right in the stomach.
- >Wow, punches hurt way more than you thought.
- >You look him in the eye.
- >Your blood is pumping.
- >Your heart is racing.
- >You notice you're no longer crying.
- >"Woah" comes out of your mouth.
- >"That's right, bro. Now hit me again."
- >You smile.
- >You guys start fighting.
- >"COME ON! WHAT IS IT THAT'S MAKING YOU DEVELOP SUCH AN EXTREME HATRED FOR LIVING!"
- >"It's me. I'm fucking retarded and pathetic. The life I have is one I don't deserve."
- >"Then... Bro... Pretend I am you, and beat yourself the fuck up, you pathetic sack of shit. That'll show that piece of garbage who's boss."
- >You start seeing yourself in this guy.
- >You feel uncontrollable rage toward him now.
- >With every punch you throw, he starts to look more and more like you, until, finally, you knock him out.
- >You also get knocked out at the exact same time.

Fight

The only way to win an escalating fight is to escalate first. This is called escalation control.

**[REDACTED], Posts of a Tripfag on /k/,
2018, broken archive link**

- >You wake up in a dumpster, knocked out.
- >Some guy opens up the dumpster.
- >It's the guy that you knocked out.
- >He's smoking a cigarette and has a bunch of clothes in his hands. He himself is wearing a trenchcoat with a huge sleeve
- >"Bro, the ponies around here don't like you very much. It just so happens they don't like me too much either. I got you some new clothes since it's best if they don't recognize you. If you want to act like a monkey that's a bonus."
- >I'm not the only human in equestria??
- >"No, you're not the only human in equestria."
- >Holy shit!
- >You get out of the dumpster and put clothes on.
- >The immediate thing you notice is that you're fucking starving.
- >"Yeah, bro, let's go get some food" the guy says.
- >"Dude, before we do *anything*, I have to know your name"
- >He stares at you for a few seconds, then looks up in the sky and says "Call me Bronard or something I don't know. It doesn't matter, let's go get food."
- >You walk out onto the street and it looks like you're in manehatten.
- >Where do you go first?
- >"You know what Anon, let's go to The Canterring Cook."
- >"Sure, but, do we have enough bits?"

>"Yeah, sure we do Anon."

>???

>What's that supposed to mean?

>"First thing we need to do, bro, is to find the right taxi."

>"What's the right kind of Taxi?"

>"One's with slots where you put your bits as opposed to Taxi's without slots. We also have to make sure the slots are as far back as possible. This is typically the system on higher end taxis. You'll see why we need this kind of taxi."

>We got in luck since the first taxi to offer us a ride matches that description.

>"Hello 2 legged creatures! Where do you want to go?"

>"My friend and I want to go to The Canterring Cook, can you take us there?" Bronard says.

>"Of course! Get right in!"

>"Thank you so much."

>We get in the taxi. There are no seats. Oh, obviously. Horses don't use chairst, that'd be dumb. They use small stools.

>You sit and it is surprisingly comfortable.

>"So... What race do you fellows happen to be?"
The driver asks.

>Before you can answer, Bronard says "We're monkeys, it's just that we're a kind from a far off land so you don't recognize us."

>Don't ponies already know about humans?

>Why is he lying?

>"Oh... Interesting. I'll keep that in mind. Anyway, we're at The Canterring Cook. That'll be 12 bits."
>Why, thank you so much!" Bronard says.
>Bronard reaches into his pocket and puts the bits into the slot. You can't see what's in his hand though, the sleeves are too long.
>"Have a good day, dear taxi driver." Bronard says.
>We leave the car and he checks to see that the taxi is long gone.
>"And that's why we needed that kind of taxi."
>"What do you mean?"
>"I mean I have no bits on me. I just put bobby pins, buttons, and other garbage in the slot."
>Holy shit
>You just committed a crime
>Your heart is pounding at how smooth that was.
>"Now, what we need to do next is to use one of the street-porch tables to order our food, so grab a horse seat thing and wait for the waiter."
>You take a look at the menu and decide that you will order the "sandwich", which is the only item on the menu.
>Isn't the Canterring Cook on the roof?
>"That's reserved for bougies, the rest of us eat at street level."
>Eventually this not so cute earthpony waiter mare shows up.
>"Hi! I'm triple nut, what can I get you?" she says, so quietly that it's almost whispering. It sounded pathetic.
>Her name also sounds like a prostitute's name.

>Some guy at the back says "Triple nut? More like a triple retard!"

>She sighs a sigh that people make when they've given up.

>"Can I get two sandwiches?" Bronard asks.

>"Two sandwiches coming up."

>She takes our menu but before she can leave Bronard asks her "Hey, do *you* want a sandwich as well?"

>The mare looks at Bronard with surprise.

>She looks really nervous, more so than before.

>"I mean, if you don't mind."

>"Then bring us 3 sandwiches!" Bronard says, full of energy.

>"Bronard, what are you doing? We have no bits!" I whisper to him.

>"Relax bro, I got this."

>A few minutes later Bronard and I see her coming back with the 3 sandwiches but she can barely balance them as she carries them with her mouth

>Bronard quickly gets up and helps her out.

>"Relax, relax. I'll take this, Triple Nut. I have hands."

>"Oh my god, thank you so much."

>That genius.

>He ordered 3 sandwiches because it's hard for her to carry, so he could help her out and come to save the day.

>"Come, have a seat with me, I'm sure the guys there already hate you so it won't change anything whether or not your working."

>She looks at Bronard and says "I guess you're right."

>They're now sitting at our table, and I'm just watching them talk. It's like I'm not even here.

>"Listen, Triple Nut. If you really wanna get back at these guys, these spoiled rich kids, you need to strike them in their wallets, right?"

>"I mean, yeah."

>He starts stroking Triple Nut's mane.

>"These people aren't even deserving of their money. You're out here busting your hoof and working tirelessly to deliver people their food, treated like garbage. You poor mare. You've gone through so much. Personally, I admire the work you do for the community. Believe it or not, it really does matter."

>She looks down and looks like she's about to tear up, but Bronard puts his head against hers and whispers: "You're stronger than this."

>She looks into bronard's eyes

>It's a good 10 seconds of staring before she barely mutters the words "I-III be back."

>She leaves to go somewhere.

>"Listen, Anon. I'm gonna go, it's up to you to talk to her now."

>"What? Where are you gonna go?"

>He's already gone.

>A few minutes later she comes back.

>"Listen, I thought over what we talked about with the wallet and money stuff. This has been so nice,

you don't deserve to lose money for these sandwiches. Especially after buying me one."

>"Umm... thank you so much."

>"It's been such a good and pleasurable experience, there must be something I can do to pay you back."

>"No, no. What are you talking about? I did no-"

>"Nonsense, sir. I suggest you come with me to the alley."

>"What? Why?"

>"There's a reason why I'm called triple nut."

>Oh.

>She grabs your hand as she giggles her way to the alley.

>She looks into your eyes and blushes deeply.

>"Usually, I'd offer my services for money, but you have been sooo nice to me, I can't help but feel like I owe this to you."

>Wait.

>She IS a prostitute.

>She pulls down your pants.

>Holy shit

>For once, *your* dick is going into a pony. You're not getting raped, it's perfectly consensual.

>"Oh, my. You're big for a monkey."

>You feel her tongue all over your diamond hard cock.

>"Go on anon! Fuck that pony!"

>Was that Bronard? You recognize the voice but you're not thinking very clearly right now.

>You try to twist your head round but there's no one else in the alley that you can see.
>Triple nut seems unphased, though she is a professional.
>you must have imagined it.
>but why did you imagine it?
>"Not bad for a Pringles-loving Anon"
>Dante?!
>Triple Nut is giving you the time of your life and you are being interrupted by these voices.
>"Are you alright?", she asks
>"Yeah, yeah, why do you ask?"
>"It's just that you aren't getting erect..."
>These guys are the worst, they are cock blocking you
>"Or was it something in the sandwich that made you imagine all that?"
>"It's not the sandwich, you fat-looking fat Anon"
>Uh, you were thinking out loud again.
>Dante and Bronard appear.
>Bronard was holding a camera
>What
>"Hey, what are you doing with a camera, Bronard?"
>They both seem happy
>"It's nothing personal, Anon, I just want to make some money and sell this to PornyHub"
>What again
>Triple Nut doesn't seem surprised
>You can't believe it
>"Did you know about this, Nuts?"

>"... Yes, Anon... I just wanted some money to get out of this tiring job..."

>Uh...

>"Go on, Anon"

>Bronard really seems into this

>"Will I get paid at least?"

>You try to get some benefit out of all this

>Some bits wouldn't hurt

>"Yeah, yeah, we can discuss the details later, Anon"

>Sweet

>But you still feel like you are being raped

>You wanted this, but not so sure now.

>You can't even get erect.

>"Anon, take this"

>Dante gives you some kind of pills

>He forces you to take them

>"It's poniagra"

>Poni what?

>You feel your heart beating harder

>You are getting an erection

>You are getting too erect.

>You lose consciousness.

>...

>Rarity walks into the room

>"I came to eat beef and clap cheeks darling"

>Rarity exits the room

>If you close your eyes you'll probably wake up somewhere else, it's been happening all day, it's worth a try

>Wait

>You were with Triple Nut
>What happened to her?
>What happened to Dante?
>What happened to Bronard?
>Why did Rarity say that?
>"Rarity, wait"
>She comes back
>"Yes, Darling?"
>That was fast
>"What were you talking about just a moment ago?"
>"Oh... Darling..."
>She blushes a bit
>"What's going on?"
>"It's... I just repeated what you said in that new video of yours"
>Video? What
>"What are you talking about, Rars? What video?"
>"You appeared on a video, Darling. It got pretty popular among mares!"
>You remember now
>Bronard was making that video
>He did get to make it popular
>You still didn't get a single bit out of this, how dare he
>"Hey, Rars, how come you saw that video? I didn't think you were THAT type"
>Actually, you kind of knew, but just pretend you don't.

- >"Dear, every mare has seen that video, even the princesses, but it was out of curiosity and nothing else."
- >Of course. You kind of don't believe her.
- >"Where can I watch that video?"
- >"Uh... I don't have it with me, dear, you have to go to Applejack's "
- >Great, another interaction with another pony
- >At least, Applejack said "Y'all" almost always
- >Maybe it should be easier this time
- >You just need to ask something
- >"So, Rars, did you like it?"
- >Yeah, you are blunt.
- >"My!, Darling, do you not have any manners? You should never ask a mare a question like that."
- >She kicks you out of her boutique
- >That was rude and not mare-like.
- >Does Rarity hate you too that much?
- >It doesn't matter now
- >You will get the answer from her sooner or later
- >You still can't remember anything from that video.
- >It's time to find out and go pay Applejack a visit.

Video

It is said that in Dante's inferno, there are only two speeds on VHS .75x and 1.75x.

The Collected Suffering, Mr. Hands, >implying, page 542

>You are headed towards Applejack's barn.

- >It's kind of a long way, so you will probably have some time to think about all this.
- >No Dante, no Bronard, just you.
- >But, who was Bronard anyway?
- >Was he an ally or a foe?
- >**Rarity** mentioned something about a line you said in that video.
- >Did you really say that?
- >You don't remember anything
- >You don't remember what you did.
- >You notice some ponies are looking at you in a weird way.
- >Uh... some of them are giggling.
- >And some others are blushing.
- >This might last for a while.
- >You are still unsure how to react to all that
- >You just keep walking
- >Triple nut was a nice pony
- >Too bad she didn't like her job
- >What's with all these events happening to you
- >It just seems weird
- >You just want some comf time with some ponies.
- >You don't want any of this.
- >What's the meaning of life?
- >Why are you coming here all this time?
- >Is Equestria your final destination?
- >Do you have a purpose here?
- >At least you get to see some ponies.
- >Other anons just make threads about this on /mlp/ while you are getting first-hand experience.
- >But what if you don't have a purpose

- >But what if the purpose has... you.
- >You don't have to fulfill a purpose, the purpose has to fulfill you
- >Therefore, you are the purpose's purpose.
- >That's the only logical explanation
- >You are the purposer and the purpose is the purposee.
- >You have to teach this purposee who is the bigger purpose here.
- >Even if this purposee has you, you control the purposee, the purposee can't live without you.
- >Unless... the purposee fulfills the purposer, then the purposee won't need you.
- >The purposee would become the purposer then, and you would become the purposee
- >You must not let it happen.
- >"Y'all"
- >Ah...
- >That's Applejack
- >"Apples"
- >"Y'all"
- >"That's her alright.
- >"Do you have a certain video?"
- >"Y'all"
- >Ugh, you don't like her accent.
- >She leaves for a moment
- >She comes back
- >She gives you a VHS tape
- >"Y'all"
- >Eh...
- >"Thanks"

- >"Do you know where I can watch this?"
- >"F'all"
- >What
- >She kicks you so hard she sends you flying.
- >What's with ponies kicking you?
- >At least you got the VHS tape
- >She sends you flying to Sugarcube Corner
- >However, there was no one in sight
- >You go to Pinkie's room
- >You go to Pinkie's secret room.
- >You know about that since you have watched the show, right?
- >You aren't those other anons who stopped watching after some episodes, are you?
- >You find a tv with a VHS recorder.
- >Perfect.
- >Everything is kind of dark, though.
- >You put in the VHS tape.
- >You watch the video in all its glory.
- >You see yourself with Triple nut
- >But... you seem drugged.
- >You can't even say anything
- >You are babbling nonsense
- >But you aren't having anything kinky with Nuts.
- >Dante starts drawing dicks on your face.
- >"Heh, classic"
- >Bronard makes you stand up and makes you spin like a BeyBlade
- >You start puking
- >You can hear Dante and Bronard laughing
- >Triple Nuts is just watching

>She is not laughing
>"Say something, Anon!"
>That was Bronard
>"I came to eat beef and clap cheek"
>They started laughing even harder
>Even Triple Nuts
>"This will have so many views on Pornyhub"
>"What's Pornyhub?"
>Triple Nuts seems confused
>"It's a place where you can watch pranks, despite the name Porny"
>"Why is it called Porny, then?"
>"To fool ponies, of course. You think it is going to be porn and BAM, it is just a prank video. All clean. Ponies love this for some reason."
>"Uh... alright..."
>Triple Nuts sounds displeased
>"Hey, are you really called Triple Nuts?"
>"Actually... that's my alias, I'm actually called Almond Joy..."
>"Oops, forgot I was recording, I'll try to edit this one out"
>The video ends...
>Well, that explains why everypony was looking at you weird.
>That was a weird video.
>"But, where can you find Pornyhub?"
>"Silly anony"
>Uh oh, you forgot you were in **Pinkie's** secret room
>And you were thinking out loud again.

>"Do you watch Pornyhub too, anony? I didn't know you were into THAT"

>"Eh... no, no, I just... ehr... wanted to see something"

>"What, silly? Do you want to clap some cheeks? Maybe... mine?"

>What, Pinkie too?

>"Did you watch the video already?"

>"Yes, anony! Everypony has seen it! Even the princesses, you are a huge celebrity now!"

>That's not really that great.

>You didn't want to be known for that.

>"No, Pinkie. I don't want to clap any cheeks...."

>Maybe Celestia's

>Those cheeks, though.

>"I just want to get rid of this video. In fact, I'll destroy it"

>"You pick a hammer and destroy the VHS tape"

>"Finally, what are you going to do now, Pinkie?"

>To your surprise...

>The destroyed VHS tape gets back together and forms two VHS tapes that are identical.

>Uh...

>"Silly, anony! Do you not now what VHS stands for?"

>"Video Home System?"

>"No! It's... Video Hydra System!"

>What

>"That's why if you destroy one, two more appear! Isn't that great!?"

>Of course not

>You have to be kidding me.
>How are you going to get rid of this?
>"Silly filly, once you put something on VHS, it will always be there forever!"
>Where have you heard that before?
>"Now, now, anony, say your line!"
>Not this again
>You try to get out of here while taking the two VHS with you.
>Pinkie grabs your leg
>"Not so fast, anony!"
>She grabs a camera
>"Say your line!"
>Oh no, no no no
>Not that
>You try not to do anything
>"Anon... come on!"
>Does she hate you too?
>Why is everypony acting like that?!
>You have an idea!
>If this will end up on Pornyhub, maybe you can tell everypony how sorry you are for everything that happened before
>There is no time to prepare your speech.
>Everything has to come from the heart
>"Alright, Ponk, I'll say it"
>But 'it' wasn't your line, it was... a speech of course
>You hope what you are about to say will change things for the better

- >You hope they give you a second chance (or was it a third?)
- >Well, it's all or nothing
- >You look to your left and Bronard is giving you the stinky eye
- >Alright... here goes.
- >"Ponies. You do not like me. I have come to a realization after dealing with this fact for a long, long time. I hate you all. You guys think you are sooo perfect, that nothing is wrong with your little special group. You ponies are the most self-absorbed pieces of garbage I have ever met."
- >It's like you are saying what bronard is thinking
- >"Ponies. All of the troubles I have had have been because of you. You are all cunts. You are all selfish. I do not like you. Leave me the fuck alone."
- >You look to your left
- >Bronard sticks his tongue out and crosses his eyes
- >Of course
- >"Also, I came to eat beef and clap cheeks."
- >You stick out your tongue and cross your eyes, before flipping off the camera.
- >Pinkie is silent
- >She turns off the camera and, with no eye contact at all, leaves.
- >You look at the VHS tapes, and decide that the best thing to do with them is to bury them under the dirt.
- >You go out and walk far, far away, eventually finding yourself at the everfree forest.

>You use a sharpened chunk of rock to chop down a few trees and start making a little shed.

>"Fantastic! You really told them off!"

>Bronard sounds really proud.

>"Yeah, I guess i did."

>"Dude, maybe you're not so pathetic after all!"

>You know what?

>Maybe I'm not.

>I'm my own person.

>Fuck you, Anon. I won't be taking this shit any longer. You're not who I want to be.

>"Yeah. I'm not pathetic. The only reason I thought I was pathetic is because those fucking ponies made me feel pathetic."

>"That's what I like to hear, Anon. You've realized that how you've judged yourself hasn't been up to you, it's been up to *them*. But that's up to now. Now, it is *you* that judges yourself."

>Woah.

>"Anon. Why are you building a shed? You could be having much more fun. Remember, the ponies hate you already, so you have absolutely nothing to lose when it comes to lying to them, cheating them, abusing them, etc."

>"Right."

>"Then, Anon. I suggest we go to Ponyville. Ditch this shed thing."

>You... I mean, I decide to bury the tapes underneath the shed.

>"Alright Ano-"

>"Bronard, I don't want to be called Anon anymore."
>"Alright, bro, what do you want to be named, then?"
>...
>"Call me:

Ymous

Stealing for the sake of one's own perversion is a most commendable trait. It is how empires are built. On Empires and Sex - How The World Was Built On Our Desires (B. I. G., 2000), Pegqin Classics, page 69

>"Alright, Ymous. Let's go to **Rarity's** boutique."
>"Good choice."
>We go to **Rarity's** boutique. It is, of course, closed. It's the middle of the night.
>"No problem, Ymous. we'll just sneak through one of the windows."
>you-I look around and find a window. It's already open.
>Bronard and I quickly shuffle through the window.
>"Now, first thing we need to know is that we don't know if **Rarity** is in this boutique or not. Do *not* turn on any lights, and *especiall*y do not make noise. I

suggest we spread out and find the clothes that hide our faces and figure. The more monkeys like we look, the better. That is unless you want to walk on all fours."

>"Alright. Where do I go?"

>"Go to the left, Ymous. I'll go to the right. Make sure you're always close to a window."

>This is the most exhilarating thing I've ever done.

>It's a heist.

>I'm stealing all this cunt cares about, her clothes.

>What a lunatic.

>I look through the stack of clothing to find an extra large sweater with a hoodie and baggy sweatpants, since they cover my figure.

>"Hey, Ymous! Grab this!" Bronard whispers to me as loudly as he can.

>He throws a neatly folded up suit to me as if it were a football.

>"Might as well look nice every once in a while, right?"

>Bronard does make a point.

>I've gotten all I need at this point. It's over.

>Bronard finds my eyes in the dark.

>Ymous. I hate fashion cunt. Stealing her clothes is not enough. I want this boutique to fucking burn, Burn it all into the ground. I don't care if she's inside." Passionately he says, grabbing my face.

>"What?! Are you crazy? I hate her too but this could be murder!"

>"Ymous. Nobody will know it's us. We can blame it on the kirin. After all, ponies don't know that

humans can cause fires. They also don't know that we can use matches meant for ponies"

>He pulls out a pony match, which has a strange sphere for ponies to grab on to.

>"I don't know about this Bronard..."

>"You don't have to know, just feel how fantastic it's going to be once you know this cunts boutique is burned down."

>He lights the match

>He starts burning a pile of clothes. Holy shit.

>The small ember of the match slowly envelops the entire pile of clothes.

>The fire of the clothes spreads to the walls

>This place is fucking burning

>The smell is overwhelming

>"Don't get too into it, Ymous, we don't want to die yet."

>Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck

>Holy shit this is so morally wrong

>But it feels so fucking good.

>I've finally done something. Something I've done has had an effect. Fuck everyone who didn't believe in me like bronard. Fuck Rarity. Fuck Dante.

>We quickly rush ourselves out the window and, after getting stuck for a bit which was fucking terrifying, we run off back into the everfree forest wearing our sweatpants and sweater so that any bystanders wouldn't be able to make out who we were. We also run with our backs lowered just in case.

>Eventually, we make it back to the shed.

>"Holy shit, Bronard. That was AMAZING!"

>"I know. I mean, what else can you do, Ymous?"

>"What do you mean?"

>"When you figure out it's all for nothing. That nothing you do matters to anyone. What can you do?"

>He lies down on the grass and looks up at the sky, at the few patches of stars visible, the rest hidden by clouds.

>He says again, slowly: "What. Can. You. Do?"

>It starts raining, and we begin laughing and jumping around in the mud, making mud angels and throwing mudballs at each other.

>The sweaters that we were wearing are now incredibly dirty, so we hang them up. Maybe the rain will clean them up.

>We are now shirtless with boxers.

>"Damn, dude. You look like a twig."

>Fuck.

>I *do* look like a twig.

>"Luckily for you, we can change that,"

>The rain is pouring.

>"Buddy, I want you to get on the floor, and start doing pushups. Specifically, suck the mud from below you without moving your neck, and spit it out when your arms are at max extension.

>"That sounds fucking disgusting, Bronard."

>"What the fuck would you rather do, Ymous? Do you want to sit around and cry like a pathetic baby

about how you're not the man you want to be? Get on the floor and do 5 sets of 3 pushups."

>3?!? Jesus christ that's a lot.

>I think back to when I did pushups at Celestia's place.

>"Bronard, I don't think I can do three whole pushups."

>"Ymous. Maybe you can't, but you *will* be able to soon."

>He's right.

>With all of my strength, and all the muscle fibres I can recruit, I finish 2 reps, and collapse.

>"Stop slacking off, Ymous. Do the last rep."

>"I can't!"

>"Shut the fuck up, or should I call you Anon again?"

>That made me angry

>That cunt

>"NOOOO! FUCK YOU!"

>...

>I did it.

>"Fantastic. Nothing personal, Ymous. Just wanted you to finish that last rep. Come on, you have 4 more sets. If you could do this you can certainly do those."

>And so, I did the 4 other sets, and I was proud. I wasn't going to be Equestria's pathetic little human anymore.

Seduction

>I wake up to particles of moist dirt being flung in my face.
>"Wake the fuck up, Ymous. It's time to get laid"
>"What?"
>"Yes, Anon. Every man needs vagina, and what vagina is better than that of a horse?"
>So, it is time for some *horse pussy(dick(pussy))*
>"But, who is it going to be?"
>I have been raped so many times...
>I was the rapee
>Now it is time to become the raper
>"So... Bronard, is it going to be rape?"
>"No, Ymous, it is that time of the year..."
>"What?"
>"It's heat season, of course. They are all willing to do it, so it's all consensual"
>I guess they are all willing...
>"But, Ymous, you can choose whom to get laid with... except for **Rarity**, she might be feeling sad for her boutique."
>Ah, that's right.
>I two burned it all down.
>I still feel kind of guilty for all this
>**Pinkie** was feeling sad when I told her all that, maybe she changed?
>Nah, they are selfish.
>"Fine, Bronard, do you have a mare in mind?"

>"Yes, Ymous, I have always been a fan of **Twilight**, such taste requires the finest of senses."
>You know, **Twilight** doesn't seem so bad as a choice.
>"Let's go, then"
>We arrive at Ponyville
>There are a lot of guards, though
>They are surrounding **Rarity's** Boutique
>"Halt!"
>Who was that?
>Oh, it was a guard
>"Who are you two?"
>He doesn't seem too happy honestly.
>None of them do.
>"We are just passing by, we have been in Ponyville for quite some time"
>"Your identification cards, sirs"
>Uh oh, I forgot that was a thing
>Wait, is that a thing?
>"Psh, just call princess **Twilight**, she knows us"
>"I'm sorry, but I will have to arrest you and take you to the princess for further interrogation. You two seem suspicious"
>"Pss... Ymous, relax, man, we will make it alright, just play it cool"
>"Fine..."
>We are so close to be found out... well, kind of.
>We arrive at **Twilight's** castle.
>It sure is a big one.
>**Twilight** opens the door
>"Oh... What brings you here, Anon?"

>"See, guard, she knows him"

>"Excuse me, princess, but we found these two creatures wandering around near **Rarity's** boutique. They claim you know them, I brought them for some interrogations.

>"Thank you, guard. I'll interrogate them personally, especially Anon"

>"Hey, I'm not Anon, I'm Ymous now, enough of the old me, the un-me, this is the new me, I don't want to be anyone else than me"

>"Sure, thing, Anon. You two, follow me"

>"That **Twilight**, she ignored my new name, what's up with that?"

>"Don't worry, Ymous, I'll make sure she remembers it"

>What we are about to do seems so wrong.

>But... **Twilight** seems kind of strange today

>She seems to be hiding something.

>Oh, yeah, she is supposed to be in heat

>Maybe this won't be too bad.

>She takes us both to a room

>"Alright, sit down."

>We both sit down, no big deal.

>"Alright, I know what you did to **Rarity's** boutique"

>Fug

>You didn't expect everything to go downhill from here

>How does she know?

>"What in Equestria are you talking about, **Twilight**?" Bronard says in an assertive tone

>"Quit toying with me, I know it was you."

>"Okay, **Twilight**. Not only did we not burn it down, but you don't even have evidence that we did!"

>Sometimes, Bronard speaks for me.

>"U-uh. YOU DID IT! IT WAS YOU!"

>How pathetic.

>She's framing us and trying to get us to crack because she doesn't actually have proof that we did it.

>"**Twilight**. I wouldn't do that. I wouldn't hurt a fly on any level except (maybe) emotional." Both of us say at the same time.

>"..."

>**Twilight** has no words.

>"Listen, **Twilight**. We are not the ones who are responsible for the burning of the boutique. I especially don't like her but that doesn't give me a reason to burn her fucking *boutique* down. The worst thing she did to me was kick me out of her house. I know we have a rough history together, and I understand that what I have done makes you angry. You have to understand that not liking me doesn't give you the justification for framing me for doing a crime."

>Wow, Bronard knows how to talk.

>"U-umm... I'll keep an eye on the both of you. You're on thin ice..."

>God, **Twilight** sounds pathetic.

>"Can we go now?" Bronard asks.

>**Twilight** motions with her head that we can leave.

>"Before we go, **Twilight**. Is there a bathroom around here?"

>Twilight summons one of her guards and points at him with her snout before leaving.

>"Sir, do you happen to know where the bathroom is?" Bronard asks, again.

>"Yes. It's in underground floor number 2, to the left of the entrance."

>"Thank you, guard. Your help is appreciated."

>The guard smirks at Bronard.

>After we're out of Twilight's room, Bronard checks to see whether or not Twilight is around.

>"Alright Ymous, listen. I don't think Twilight can be clapped right now, but there are a variety of other ponies that can be."

>"How? Everyone knows us Bronard!"

>"Yes. But not with a suit and 3 finger gloves along with a mask."

>Bronard had given me the suit, but kept gloves with 3 fingers and masks, so that we can disguise ourselves.

>"Can't Twilight send her guards to spy on us? In fact, isn't she right now?"

>"Who cares. We're not seducing the guards, we're seducing hot, busty mares. Now put on the suit and gloves."

>"Wait, there aren't even women here, Bronard."

>"There are. There's a party on the 2nd underground floor. "

>This guy.

>I suit up.

>After calling my new look “Sexc with a c”, Bronard and I head down to the 2nd underground floor and... Oh my is it a party.

>Vinyl and Octavia are playing banger music, while a variety of ponies are dancing, talking, drinking apple cider, and having a great time.

>”You see that mare, Ymous? Go talk to her”

>”Which one?”

>”The one all by herself in the corner. She obviously has social anxiety and has trouble getting herself to talk to people, judging by the fact that her body is all scrunched up. She’s also looking at her drink instead of looking around at other people, implying she’s kind of sad.”

>”And the mare is...?”

>”Dude, it’s **Fluttershy**.”

>”Listen dude, I cannot just walk up to a mare and talk to her, especially to act like another person, isn’t there some plan we need?”

>Sure, here’s the plan.

>He then goes up to **Fluttershy**, says a few things, and points at me.

>**Fluttershy** then blushes and looks away.

>Bronard comes, grabs your hand, and pulls you to **Fluttershy**.

>”Anyway, this is my friend: Stinzun.”

>Bronard then leaves to hit on some other mare.

>**Fluttershy** looks at me and... just looks at me.

After 20 seconds of cringe-inducing silence, she speaks.

>"Oh. My. Mr. Stinzun, how about we... um... get..."

>"... get a drink?"

>"Y-yeah."

>"So... you are legal, right, Flutters?"

>She gasps

>Way to go, Ymous, I had to be way too straightforward.

>"Did... you say 'Flutters'?"

>"Uh... why?"

>She seems to have completely ignored the legal part.

>"It's just... um... someone called Anon calls me that..."

>Great, I forgot I had a unique autistic way to call other ponies: Twigs, Trix, Flutters, etc.

>"Eh... It's just that you didn't let me finish, **Fluttershy**. I was about to say **Fluttershy** instead of Flutters..."

>Maybe that will do the trick.

>"That's a pity... I really liked it when he called me like that..."

>Uh, she what?

>Was **Fluttershy** the only pony who didn't hate me?

>Did she really feel something for me?

>"Uh... the truth is..."

>Wait, of course, this is a trap by **Twilight**

>This must be, after all...

>She is just trying to get some info.

>Even though, Flutters didn't bring the arson up.

>"What's the truth, Stinzun?"

>"Oh, nothing, really."

>"Uhm... well... and about the legal part... I'm legal. Why do you ask if you... don't mind...?"

>"Well, **Fluttershy**, do you want to bang? I heard you are in heat?"

>She blushes

>Great start, idiot, why are you so straightforward?

>I have Celestia and Luna to thank for that, they made me an autistic.

>She doesn't respond

>She is getting too shy

>"Sorry, **Fluttershy**. I didn't mean to be so straightforward"

>...

>"Don't be sorry, uhmm... It's just that not many stallions talk to me and not even like that... I... like it"

>Oh, boy. I didn't think it was going to be so easy

>All I had to do was ask. Go figure.

>Well, time to enjoy some **yellow horse pussy**

>Something within tells you it is a trap.

>But you don't care, you just want it.

>"Should we go to another room, **Fluttershy**?"

>"Uhmm... My... this is too fast..."

>I decide to get her to a less crowded room

>Finally, we are alone here.

>You have been waiting some time for this.

>Wait, there is someone here...

>"Well... what do we have here?"

>That voice...

>"Discord?!"

>"Tell me, human, what are you doing with my **Fluttershy**? I promise I won't get angry."
>I forgot that **Fluttershy** and Discord had something.
>I completely disregarded it as not canon.
>"But it is canon, human"
>Uh... can he read my mind?
>"Yes, now stop thinking and tell me..."
>"I... I was... just taking **Fluttershy** to another room since she... wasn't feeling well..."
>"And why did you not take her to **Twilight**?"
>"She doesn't really want to see me, Cords. But... I'll just leave her to you. Bye"
>I'm not staying here
>I decided to run
>But... I'm not going anywhere
>"Dumb human, you can't escape from me like that."
>Uh, Discord seems angry
>"I know your intentions, you deserve a punishment"
>I gulp
>This is too much, you can't think of what Discord is about to do.
>**Fluttershy** whispers to Discord.
>"Well, well... aren't you a lucky one? **Fluttershy** told me that there will be no punishment under one condition"
>"Oh, what?"

>"You have to answer one question truthfully, if you lie... there will be dire consequences to some body parts of yours"

>"Alright, what's the question?"

>"Did you and Bronard burn down **Rarity's** boutique?"

>Dang it. **Twilight** must be behind this.

>"That's a difficult question, Discord. Assuming that I did something or not would imply that I did act on my free will, but there are forces out there that make us do things and those forces interact with our free will, so I can't say I did do something on my free will, but I was influenced by these powerful forces to do it to a degree.

>"What, just say yes or no"

>"Those answers lead us nowhere, Cords. I truly believe that these forces make us do things that seem cruel, but I can't know for sure to what degree I'm influenced by these forces."

>"Yes or no?"

>"It helps no one to be reductive, Cords. If you want to read more about these forces, I can give you my pamphlet. You will come to a full understanding of the complexity of your question. Do you mind if I give it to you?"

>"Ahhhh, stop it, human, just stop, get out of my sight"

>I get teleported to another place.

>At least, you don't have to deal with Discord for now.

>But, what is this place?

Trial

Trials of dirt and earth We are witnesses to our foibles. May we be cured of our guilty spark.

Pepper, P. Corn (2012, March 31). On Our Sins, Print House, pg. 523

>But, what is this place?

>Hell ^:)

>Was Discord so assblasted that he sent me to hell?

>Wait, this is not the hell I had in mind

>This is... Tartarus, uh.

>I don't see anyone here.

>I'm just alone.

>How long have I been here?

>What happened to Cozy and Tirek?

>Am I waiting for something?

>I'll just take a nap

>"Don't even think of falling asleep, Anon"

>"I'm not Anon..."

>Hey, that's Dante.

>He's always there somehow.

>"You will always be Anon to me, the Pringles-loving Anon. It's a pity you decided to turn evil and burn that boutique"

>"Where is your evidence, Dante? You just can't accuse me of such a thing"

>"Dumb Anon. I recorded everything on these beauties called VHS tapes. I'll hand them to the guards"

>"Hey, don't do that, you are lying, Dante. There is nothing on those VHS tapes"

>"Just wait here until Princess Celestia teleports you back. You are screwed, kiddo."

>Great

>"But, I'm doing it for your own good. I want to help you, Anon"

>Yeah, of course.

>"Well, see you later, you Pringles-admiring bastard"

>After all that has happened, you decide to fall asleep.

>I at least hope Bronard helps you out.

>Before I fall asleep, I get teleported to what seems to be a... courtroom?

>"What the..."

>"Hello, Anon, you are here because you are being accused of arson."

>It takes some time to adjust my vision and see everyone here

>"My name is Ymous now"

>You see Celestia, Luna, and... the Judge from Ace Attorney? What.

>"What are you doing here, Judge?"

>"I was brought here again to be the judge of this case. These little ponies are amazing, can you believe they can use magi-"

>"Hmm.... Judge, please, this is a courtroom"

>"Yes, yes, I got carried away. You are Ymous, correct?"

>"Yes, your honor"

>"Your opening statement, prosecutor"

>"Yes, your honor. This is Ymous, formerly known as Anon. He is being accused of arson"

>That voice...

>"Trixie?"

>"Yes, Ymous... Trixie can't believe you did that, you seemed like a good guy..."

>Uh, fug.

>You look to your right to see your defense attorney.

>You hope it will be Phoenix W.

>But

>"Hello, dude"

>It's Bronard.

>Oh, boy. Is this really happening?

>"Don't worry, Ymouse, my bro. I'll get you out of here. They have no evidence, trust me"

>"The prosecutor would like to call their first witness"

>Were there any witnesses?

>"Please, witness, take the stand"

>I can't believe it.

>"Name and Occupation?"

>"Dante, and Devil Hunter of course"

>"Dante! How could you?"

>"Nothing personal, kid"

>"Your testimony, please"

>I hope Bronard knows what he is doing.

>Dante's about to say his testimony

>"I was right there when the fire began. I saw two 2-legged beings escaping when the fire started, but they were covered so I couldn't identify them, but there are only two people that can walk and run fast on two legs."

>"Hmm... it seems to a perfect testimony, Dante"

>Come on, Judge.

>"Bronard, you may begin your cross-examination"

>"Yes, your Bro-Honor"

>Bronard goes on to say "You say you saw two 2-legged creatures, but couldn't identify them. So how can you claim that it was Ymous and I? Even ponies nowadays have been walking on two legs. It could have been a monkey, dragon, anybody. There is not substantial enough evidence to prove it was anybody. So, I must ask again, how can you be so sure that it was us?"

>The smell was unmistakable.

>"Like I said... Only two people can walk and run fast on two legs."

>Dante has nothing else to say

>"That claim is completely unsubstantiated. Why aren't there 3 or 4 people that can run that fast? No tests have been done on all citizens to see who can run the fastest or slowest. Your Brohonor, Dante, from the dante's infernoseries, has nothing of value to add to the case. There is no evidence that it was Ymous and I who committed the crime."

>The crowd is silent.

- >Someone screams "They're so obviously innocent! Stop bullying them!"
- >It's a female's voice.
- >You look at the direction where the voice came from and...
- >It's Triple Nut.
- >Or... Almond Joy?
- >Bronard smiles at her, winks, then motions her to sit down.
- >She blushes.
- >"Due to the lack of evidence against us. It is clear, your brohnoor, that we are innocent."
- >"If that is all the evidence there is against Bronard, then I do in fact have to declare that they are not guilty. Anything else from the prosecution?"
- >Silence.
- >"Then I declare Bronard and Ymous: No-"
- >The crowd starts booing.
- >Bronard looks at them, then looks at me and whispers "*This* is why we hid our identity. Next time, don't be so retarded as to tell your identity immediately to every person you meet. We're gonna have to find you a new outfit now."
- >He's right.
- >"Don't worry about it too much though, you're still learning. Just don't make the same mistake twice."
- >The booing stops.
- >"I hereby declare Bronard and Ymous: Not Guilty. Ciao."
- >You're teleported to the courtroom again
- >Again?

>But I was found innocent
>"Hmm... yes, Ymous, but you are now in trial for being in trial"
>"But, your honor, this must be illegal"
>"Illegal? No, Ymous, laws are Illegal here"
>What
>"But I'm innocent, your honor"
>"By declaring your innocent for being in trial, you declare yourself guilty"
>What
>They want me guilty
>But nice logic, by the way
>"I sentence you to watch the "Last Problem" 3 times.
>"Psh, I can do that with only one eye"
>"Fine, then, let it be 7 times"
>"Nooooo"
>You are now in a room with a tv and a VHS recorder.
>The TV turns on.
>It is actually the last episode of the show.
>And you are forced to watch it 7 times.
>This is too much for you
>You can't keep this up
>At least, they didn't find you guilty for arson.
>Bronard is a bro.
>Wait, is that **Twilight** as a Celestia's recolor?
>Nooooooo

Problem

I have many problems, mainly with you, you fucking faggot.

Anonymous speaking to Anonymous, Threadly
Discorces Before The Janitor Deletes The
Thread, SAGED Publishing

>And what happened to Spike? Why is he a chad now?

>Why is **Twilight** just a reskin of Celestia? This is bullshit!

>Wait. How are they showing the TV series if they are living it???

>What?

>How the fuck does the continuity work there???

>Then you remember that this episode is not canon

>It's just an expensive fanfic, so there is no problem with the continuity.

>It happens to use the same characters, but only in name.

>That makes watching the episode more tolerable.

>But you still don't want to watch it anymore.

>What are you doing letting these ponies walk all over you? you're Ymous! not that faggot anon.

>Your thoughts sound a lot like Bronard.

>"Yeah fuck these ponies! I am Invincible!"

>You scream while beating your chest and then jump kick the tv.

>you land the kick

>There's a loud crack.

- >you lose control and you're somersaulted across the room, you spin so much you can't tell what's happening.
- >Damn. Imaginary Bronard gave you really bad advice.
- >You smash into the wall with some force.
- >Everything goes dark, really dark.
- >"You really shouldn't have done that, Anon."
- >The voice sounds familiar. But you watch the show so that's not exactly helpful.
- >"I told you retarded horses already, my name's Ymous!"
- >"Of course, I have a question for you. Ymous."
- >Before you have a chance to speak, something grabs you and covers your mouth.
- >A voice whispers in your ear.
- >"Would you care for some Pringles?"
- >Pringles?
- >That's weird
- >I'm usually the one who asks for Pringles, not the other way around.
- >Who is this?
- >You can't talk because your mouth is covered.
- >"What do you like about Pringles?"
- >Is it part of the punishment?
- >You don't remember having agreed to this.

Altercation 2

Here's a knuckle sandwich, served fresh!

J.D Hoover, (1732, Jan 21). Bosstin Printing Press. Pg. 32

>What the fuck is his problem?

>"Oh... Ymous. I have noticed how you have changed over the past few days, and how you've become much more of an asshole. Taking advantage of Almond Joy, Not paying the taxi driver, burning down that boutique, you've become very self centred. The speech you gave was almost someone else. You're really different, Ymous."

>He stops covering your mouth

>"-What am I supposed to say? 'Oh my god I'm so sorry for not doing those things and actually caring about who I am for once. Wahhhh Wah- shut the fuck up Dante. You're the asshole here. You're all the assholes. The only two people that have remotely shown me any kindness are Triple Nut and Bronard! You just play me like a fucking toy. I am *not* your toy, Dante. Leave me the fuck alone."

>Dante gives you a look that you will not see in a long time.

>"Oh... Anon...."

>He looks at Bronard. I didn't notice him before.

>Danta smiles

>He rushes toward Bronard, grabs him swiftly by the neck, and smashes his skull into the floor.

>I felt that

>He then starts beating the hell out of Bronard as I feel every single punch he lands.

- >With every hit you can hear the sound of bone splintering and flesh getting crushed.
- >Fucking
- >Dante.
- >With rage that I have never experienced the magnitude of, I run after him.
- >I run after him with everything I have.
- >Step after step I become faster.
- >At full speed, I land a punch on him. Body shot.
- >He is not phased.
- >Dante looks at me, let's go of the chunk of meat and bone that used to be Bronard, and lands a nice hit on my temple with his sword's crossguard.
- >I go unconscious.

Rain

Rain, rain go awayms.

- >I wake up to rain.
- >I'm lying down, mud everywhere.
- >I feel nauseous, enough so that I throw up.
- >As I lean to the left to not choke on my own vomit, I see him.
- >A large mass of discoloured skin, muscle, and random shards of bone are underneath Bronards clothes.
- >I get up, barely, and go to check his pulse.
- >...

He's dead.

>After dragging his lifeless malformed body by the feet for 30 minutes in the rain on the muddy ground, we get to the shed.

>I grab a shovel.

>All the things he had taught me.

>"Bro, what are you doing crying like a little bitch, get the fuck up."

>"You know what'll get you up and running? A fight."

>"Then... Bro... Pretend I am you, and beat yourself the fuck up, you pathetic sack of shit. That'll show that piece of garbage who's boss."

>He did so much for me, for what?

>"Yes, Anon. Every man needs vagina, and what vagina is better than that of a horse?"

>To die?

>I stop digging.

>I prop him up against a tree and sit next to him.

>I just sit there for 2 hours.

>Eventually, I grab his body and throw it into the grave.

>I bury him.

>I find a stick, and, with a sharp rock, etch "Bronard" into it. I stick it into the ground.

>...

>I cannot describe with words to what extent I want to torture Dante.

>I want to skin him, hold him up with chains, then slowly let his exposed flesh down into a tub of

hydrogen peroxide, and I want him to scream.
Scream until he can't scream anymore. Scream
until he realizes that he can do nothing but scream.
Scream until he figures out that everything he's
worked towards, everyone he's loved, he will forget
them. And then I want him to scream some more.

>But then, I remember who Dante is...

>He is no joke

>What can defeat a Dante?

>Not even the DemiFiend could fully defeat him

>How could you?

>I may not be able to defeat him, only as long as
his morale is up.

>I must make him give up.

>I need to strike at his heart.

>I need to strike him emotionally

>But, what can make a Dante cry?

>He seems to be pretty close to some ponies.

>Maybe they know something about him?

>I can't go to **Fluttershy** because of Discord

>I can't go to **Applejack** because she only says
"Y'all"

>I can't go to **Rarity** because you burned her
boutique

>I can't go to **Pinkie** because you got her sad and
she still remembers my line.

>I can't go to **Twilight** since she suspects me.

>I can't go to Trixie since she is disappointed in
me.

>What about goddesses ?

>I haven't seen her since forever.

>Maybe she can tell me something

>It's decided

>I decide to go to Starlight

>Eh, fooling destiny, isn't it fun?

>It happens that Starlight was walking in my direction.

>That's nice.

>"Hey, Glimmer, I was looking for you"

>Well, I was about to start looking for you, but whatever

>"Anon! I was also looking for you! Is it true what they say?"

>Uh...

>I'm not Anon, but I am more interested in what they say about me.

>"Someone is saying that you burned **Rarity's** boutique and killed your friend called Bronard so you could make a false confession saying it was him only who did that".

>What

>"Who is saying that?"

>"Someone called Dante, he seems like a pretty cool guy. But is it true, Anon? That's genius!"

>What again

>That Dante, he really knows how to get into my nerves..

>But, why isn't Starlight angry at me?

>Is it another trap by **Twilight**?

>"No, Glimmer, I would never kill my friend Bronard or a friend in general."

>I have to admit, though, the false confession part would get me off the hook easily.

>There is, however, no honor in doing that.

>"So... is it true that you burned her boutique, then? You can tell me anything, Anon! I can help you!"

>Yeah, of course.

>"You can trust me! I've had a bad past too, but one can always be redeemed!"

>Uh...

>"I had a whole trial about this, I don't need to repeat it. But, what do you know about Dante?"

>"That's sad, Anon, I thought I could help you..."

>Does she really want me to say that I did it?

>What a pony

>"You can help me, Glimmer. Just tell me more about Dante"

>"Well... I don't know much about him, he is just telling everyone about it. He spends a lot of time with the princesses, though."

>"The princesses?"

>"Yeah, mostly Celestia"

>Ah, great

>I will have to pay Celestia a visit again

>She is not my favorite pony after all that has happened.

>Or maybe I can spy on her.

>"Thanks, Glimmer, I-"

>"Can I come with you, Anon? I would also like to see the princess too"

>Uh, she doesn't seem to hate you

>Maybe she will protect you if things go wrong?
>Uh...
>"Sure, I guess."
>So, we decided to go visit Celestia.

Spotlight

>"Also, I'm not Anon anymore, I'm... Ymous. Call me that"
>"Sure thing, Ymous. So tell me something, do you like burning stuff?"
>"No, Glimmersh-"
>I almost said it
>"I mean... Glimmer, I don't like burning stuff, I didn't do it"
>"Do you like the smell of the ashes, Ymous?"
>"I... don't..."
>It seems Starlight is about to pester you with that
>"It's that... Ymous, I know you are hiding something, and I just want to help you just how **Twilight** and the others helped me"
>"Oh, yeah, do you want to take the spotlight from me too, Glimmer?"
>Maybe I was too blunt
>"W-What? I never did that... I mean, maybe for some minutes, but that's it!"
>"Don't take my spotlight, Glimmer, I'm telling you"
>Maybe she should have been called Spotlight Glimmer, amirite?
>That Ymous, I know he did it, he is a pretty genius creature for evil deeds.

>Once I get him to confess, I-

>"Hey, stop stealing the spotlight from me, Glims."

>That Starlight, how dare she steal my spotlight?

>Nobody wants to know her thoughts or her point of view.

>"I swear, Ymous! I didn't do anything... hehe"

>How did he know? He's suspecting me now

>I have to play it cool for now...

>"So, Ymous, why do you want to know about this Dante?"

>I notice he got a bit angrier

>"The truth is, Glims, that he killed my friend in front of me, and I want revenge. Dante is the root of all my problems. I thought he was cool, but he is totally... eh... uncool, yeah"

>He did what? Impossible, he seemed like a cool guy, maybe he has some problems too I can help with?

>Ymous keeps talking

>"And now, thanks to him, I have been raped by the princess. Yes, I said it, the princess raped me"

>Uh... this makes me feel uncomfortable

>Sure, I brainwashed people, maybe that can be considered mental rape? But rape rape? That's unheard of.

>Dang it, Spotlight, haven't you had enough with being the spotlight? Does Glimmer have some mental issues I should know about?

>"I didn't know that... Ymous, you have been through a lot lately... I..."

>She seems to make a pause, maybe she is processing all what I said

>"I'm not sure if I believe you, Ymous... the princess doing that to you? Dante killing your friend in front of you? I need to ask Princess Celestia personally about this."

>Nice, the more the merrier

>Problem is that Celes won't admit to it

>And Dante is most likely to deny everything

>If they convince Starlight that they didn't do any of that, I may be in big trouble with her

>Let's keep going anyway

>My can only go forward

>My only objective now is to kill Dante

>But my objective's objective is to get more details about Dante

>Also, I shouldn't have told Starlight that

>Too bad now.

>If Ymous is telling the truth, he has had a rough past.

>Granted, I've done bad things too, Sunburst left me when I was a filly, but being raped raped by Celestia? It's not even mental rape, just rape rape!

>How can he still live after that? I wish I could help instead of silently walking next to him.

>Maybe I can offer some support?

>Or maybe some cocoa.

>"Ymous... what about **Twilight** and the others, did they show any support?"

>"Of course not, they all made fun of me, except for **Rainbow**, but that's because I haven't even met

her. Even Twilight suspects I burned Rarity's boutique"

>"Twilight also thermometerally abused me, she made me rub it! Disgusting!"

>Thermometer abuse? That's new, I have to get to the bottom of this.

>I can somehow relate to Ymous, he has been through a lot, maybe we can become... friends?

>I still don't know what I should do once they find out I actually burned Rarity's boutique, I don't even know how she is doing now.

>And accusing Bronard is kind of tempting, but, am I not his friend?

>I knew I shouldn't have burned her boutique

>But, perhaps, they will forgive me! Just how they forgave Glims, and she did far worse things than arson, right?

>But they didn't forgive Tirek, Chrysalis and Cozy...

>REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

>Also, Starlight has been stealing the spotlight

>Come on, Starlight

>You can do better than that

>I arrived at Princess Celestia's castle

>It has been a long walk

>But totally worth it, I even lost some weight by just walking

>I wasn't even fat to begin with, I may need to eat some burgers later.

>Maybe Bronard became a ghost.

>Who knows

>"Alright, Ymous, it's time to find ask some questions and find the truth, but I want you to know this: if you are lying to me, I'll make your life impossible. Nobody talks about the princess and my friends like that! Understand?"

>"Yeah, whatever"

>Starlight sure seems serious about this

>Good thing you haven't lied about anything...

>Well, maybe about the arson thing

>I just hope to get the truth out of Celestia.

Truth

>I'm finally face to face with Celestia.

>Will she spill the beans?

>"What brings you here, Ymous and Starlight? I have heard so many things about You, Ymous, and they aren't... well... good things."

>"I can say the same thing about you, Celes..."

>Finally

>"The same about what? What brings me here? I'm the princess of this castle, retard."

>Did... did she call me a retard?

>Did... did she call Ymous a retard? Holy based

>"No, you dingus. About that I haven't heard good things about you. In fact, you have..."

>Should I just say it straight?

>I'm not the best at subtleties

>But if I'm straightforward about it, she will just deny it.

>I need some evidence...

>That's it

>My asshole is the perfect evidence for rape!

>Should I show it to her?

>Yes...

>My sphincter has been stretched far and wide due to the magnitude of her rapes.

>Wait... Why do I need proof? She literally raped me in the fucking sky. Everyone saw that.

>This cunt is just playing games.

>"Celestia, you're pathetic. Everyone saw you raping me in the sky and you still demand proof? Oh, and you're probably butthurt now 'wahh wahh this human called me pathetic I'm gonna (((punish))) him yeah that's right he'll get what he deserves' because your ego is the size of a fucking sand particle."

>I turn to Glimmershit

>"I bet you, she's gonna rape me as punishment after this. Though, who knows? Now that I tell you, maybe she won't. Maybe this cunt'll finally come to her senses and realize that maybe she doesn't need to be so assblasted about some dude insulting her."

>Woah.

>I've never spoken like that.

>I couldn't have done it without you, Bronard.

>Celestia just stares.

>Her face is scrunched up, but her eyes are wide open. She clearly has nothing to say.

>She can't make the guards take me, that'll expose her tyranny to Starlight.

- >Who knew this deity could be so shocked by a set of words.
- >Her face relaxes.
- >Celestia smiles.
- >"To the Left, To the Left."
- >Suddenly, the gates close.
- >Guards appear from every direction in the x, y, and z axis.
- >"Send Ymaus and Glimmercunt to the cells."
- >Are you kidding me?!?!
- >"Are you guys just gonna listen to this obviously Tyrannical pussy of a god? What? She can't take a little criticism? What does she do to you guys?"
- >...
- >"Down."
- >They stop.
- >"Anon. I do not like you. I used to. You were a nice cockring and you squirming was absolutely hilarious to listen to, watch, and feel. When you died, I-" etc etc she blabbers on about how she is in fact merciful and how she liked the old Ymous and not the new one.
- >But while she's saying this.
- >I died??
- >Oh.
- >You look at where you are.
- >You're in therapy.
- >Your mother and father sit aside you.
- >"Anon used to be a much better kid. He was quiet, docile, and listened to everything we told him!"
- >"His father spoke of him as his bro, correct?"

>"Yes. When his father came back, Anon was overjoyed. And then... when his father-"

>This isn't where you want to be

>Back to ponies.

>"Celestia, I do not care."

>I look at Glimmershit and wink, then she teleports us back to my shed.

>God, Celestia is fucking annoying.

>They're all annoying.

>None of them care for me like Bronard did.

>I sit down in the only human seat in all of equestria, made by Bronard, in the shed.

>I just sit and breathe.

>I can't believe that this is not what I wanted from coming to Equestria.

>I just wanted to leave behind that shitty human world. Away from politics and lies and torture and existential dread.

>...

>It's really windy.

>Windy and cold.

>"Ymous?" Summons Glimmershit

>"Yes?"

>"Is this where he died?"

>I get off the chair Bronard made.

>I go to where Glimmer shit is.

>"Yes. You are standing on him. Move the fuck off."

>"Oh! I'm so sorry."

>She promptly moves off of my friend and only friend.

>"Why is he buried?"

>"It's a custom that's common among humans. It prevents disease."

>"Oh... And why is there a stick that says his name?"

>"It's to show that he died here, and is meant to... in some sense... represent him. You come to the stick to mourn his death or whatever."

>"Oh."

>Do ponies like... not know what graves are or something?

>..

>I go get my chair and bring it here.

>I prop up the chair where his feet now lie, and I just.. Sit.

>"Did he mean a lot to you, Ymous?"

>"No. I buried him and put up a stick in his name because I hated him" I say in an obviously sarcastic tone. What kind of a question is that?

>"I can't kill Dante, can I?"

>Starlight gives me a look and frowns, but the sad kind of frown. The kind where you squint but give out a sigh.

>"No. I don't think you can."

>...

>I fall off my chair and hug the ground that Bronard is buried under.

>I cry.

>I cry so much.

>I cry an ocean of tears. I cry that my only friend, the only person who ever respected me not only for the respectable part of me, but for who I can

become, had to die for no reason other than the fact that someone had a small ego, and that it was my fault that he died. Had he not decided to help me out he would have never died. I cry that I couldn't help him. I cry that he never got to see me get buff and big and resilient to life's challenges. I cry that he will never get to see me become confident. I cry that he will never get to see me get my first mare.

>Then I cry some more.

>Glimmershit looks at me.

>There's nothing she can do to help me, she probably recognized this because she then went back into the shed since it looked like it was about to rain.

>I keep crying.

Title

>It's been a few months now.

>Glimmershit and I have lived in this shed. I live here because nopony else will accept me into their house. They won't even sell me food. Glimmershit lives here because she is now deathly afraid of Celestia and how sudden her betrayal was. She goes every once in a while to get food or something.

>I'm sitting on the seat that I have not moved since the day I talked back to Celestia.

>"Glimmer?"

>"Yes, Ymous?"

>"Do you know of any parties?"

>She's bound to know something.

>"Well, Pinkie's always throwing a party. Why?"

>"Glimmer. I have a job for you. You must wear these clothes as a disguise."

>I hand onto her my old suit.

>"Ymous, these are for hu-"

>"I don't want to hear it. You are the most anthro pony, they'll fit you."

>She sighs

>I grab Bronards suit, gloves, and mask.

>"I gave you the suit, Glimmer, because I need you to be my wingwoman."

>"Wingwoman? Don't you mean 'wingmare', anon?"

>True

>"Yes, that's what I mean."

>"I'm not sure if I'm the right mare for that job Ymous."

>"Sure you are. If you could seduce an entire town into giving up their cutiemarks, you can seduce a single mare into having sex with me". I make a thrusting motion on the "sex" part.

>"Alright, Anon. But why? Why have sex?"

>"Because that's what Bronard would want me to do. He wouldn't want me to just sit there and sulk on a pile of dirt where his body used to be. So come on! Maybe you'll get a handsome colt yourself."

- >She blushes and then laughs that same way a mother laughs when her child says something cute.
- >"Alright, Anon. Where do you want to go?"
- >Is she still calling you Anon? Gee
- >Wait a moment
- >Having sex with a mare...
- >But, Starlight is a mare
- >I can have sex with her right now!
- >I remember the wise words of a wise anon:

 **Anonymous** 04/03/20(Fri)11:37:55 No.35163386 ► [>>35163387](#) [>>35163394](#)
[>>35163199](#)
but I want pussy now!

 **Anonymous** 04/03/20(Fri)11:38:42 No.35163387 ► [>>35163507](#) [>>35163517](#)
[>>35163386](#)
Then ask Starlight or something.

- >Then... Starlight was the answer to all your problems!
- >Well, not all, just the sex part.
- >But... I remembered the wiser words of a wiser anon:

 **Anonymous** 04/03/20(Fri)12:19:58 No.35163507 ►
[>>35163387](#)
Based

- >No, no, the other words:

 **Anonymous** 04/03/20(Fri)12:24:37 No.35163517 ► [>>35163521](#)
[>>35163387](#)
That's no better than sticking your dick into a pile of shit

>I was just about to ask Glims about having sex,
but now I have second thoughts about this.

>However, I remember the wisest words of the
wisest anon:

 **Anonymous** 04/03/20(Fri)12:26:55 No.35163521 ►

>>35163517

You have no idea how good she can suck human dick, anon.

>That's it! I'm a human and she is Glims, she can
suck mine and it will be glorious.

>"Glimmer..."

>"Ymous, you have been thinking a lot lately, you
still haven't answered my question!"

>"Sorry... it's just that, I read somewhere that you
are good at sucking human dick, so I was
wondering if..."

>Glimmer blushes

>"No, Ymous, I love Sunburst, and I don't want to
cheat on him"

>Ahhh

>I have been cuckold by SUNBURST

>Even though I came second

>But still

>Dang you, writers (yes, dang, this is a blue book)

>Hmm...

>"Not even the tip, Glimmers?"

>Maybe some begging will wor-

>"NO! Now, tell me where to go!"

>There is only one mare left

>Yes, that's right

>... wait for it...  ... uh

>"I need you to find Rainbow Dash, she is the only mare left whom I didn't interact with, it's worth a try"

>"Fine, Ymous, I'll seduce Rainbow to have sex with you."

>Glimmer leaves

>I am now alone

>I still have to kill Dante

>I haven't got enough information about him

>I knew I should have played some games of the dante's inferno(What's troubling the devil so much that he may cry? Me) series.

>So, this is the part here Starlight steals the spotlight again

>That Glimmer, always getting in my spotlight

>That's fine, I'm too tired, I haven't slept in... days.
I have always been knocked out.

>Now, I can finally sleep

>I fall asleep while Starlight does her thing:
brainwashing or.... Seducing for a better term.

>Maybe she brainwashed me?

>Fug :DDDDD

>I fall fast asleep

Glimventures

>Yes, these are adventures with Glim! WOW, don't stop reading, tiny men, this is... the glimventures.

>Who said that?

>Well, that Ymous sure is someone unique...

>With no one to understand him

>And now I have to seduce Rainbow while walking on two legs

>How does Ymous do it? I can barely keep my balance, it will take me an eternity to get to

Rainbow

>Oh, yeah, I can teleport, there should be no problem if no one sees me, right? Right?

>I hide myself behind a tree

>Now, where should I teleport myself?

>Maybe, to a dark alley

>Yeah, sounds good, nobody will suspect a thing

>I teleport myself to a dark alley

>The thing is, that it's 8:00 p.m. and pretty dark

>Maybe this wasn't the best of places

>There is someone here

>No way! He shouldn't have seen you, now your plan is ruined.

>"Starlight?"

>Uh, how does he know me?

>"Who are you?"

>"How come you don't recognize me? It's me,

Rainbow!"

>What, what's she doing here?

>"What are you doing here, Rainbow?"

>She starts stuttering

>"W-w-well... I.. I-I just... Hey, what are YOU doing here?"

>Sneaky Rainbow, she won't get away with this

>"No, I asked first! YOU tell me!"

>...

>"Fine! I was ... uh... taking a walk..."

>She is lying, too bad she is not the element of Honesty

>"That's not true!"

>"Uh... alright, alright, I'll talk. I was just looking for Anon!"

>What, why

>"Why?"

>"I heard he made Celestia really angry and disappeared, so I thought he might have become a hobo and I decided to look here"

>Well, she is not wrong, he is kind of a hobo (not homo) now, but-

>"So, what are YOU doing here, Starlight? What's with the clothes?"

>Ah! That's right, I was supposed not to act like Starlight, but I failed... I'm useless...

>"Ponyville to Starlight, are you there?"

>Now, what am I going to do? I can't go back to Ymous.

>"Well... I'll tell you if tell me why you are looking for Anon"

>I really want to brainwash 

>But I can't do that, I have changed.

>Maybe a little brainwashing wouldn't hurt...

>No, but Starlight, no brainwashing.

>Uh, who said that?

>It's me, Ymous, don't ever think of brainwashing anypony, that's nasty, unless you want to brainwash my dick that is.

>How did you get here? It's my chapter!

>Remember, Glims, I'm the OP here, this is my story, I'll leave, but remember that! Don't steal my spotlight!

>Psh, I wouldn't do that, it's just a chapter, Ymous.

Don't get so worked up.

>"Fine... I can't believe Anon did something so stupid and I wanted to ask him personally how..."

>Oh yeah, you were talking to Rainbow

>"How what?"

>"How... he can be sooo coool! Telling that to Princess Celestia was really stupid, but brave at the same time!"

>What, is she kidding?

>"But Rainbow, I..."

>"Do you know where he is, Starlight? I really want to ask him so many things! I might even become his number 1 fan!"

>Number 1 fan? Interesting...

>"If you become his fan, will you do everything he says, Rainbow?"

>"Of course!"

>Wew, this was a lot easier than I expected. And I didn't need to brainwash anypony! Excellent!

>"I know where Anon is, but he is called Ymous. He is... well... kind of different."

>"I don't care! Just teleport us to him and I'll take care of the rest!"

>"Alright, Rainbow's, I'll teleport us to him... now!"

>...

>We are here, the place Ymous calls home

>But... I don't see Ymous, he should be sleeping!

>Uh oh...

>I didn't think about this.

>And this is the end of the Glimventures! Stealing more than 2 seasons wasn't enough for her! Now she wants to steal whole chapters of this book! Who can control her? Wow! Be careful, tiny men!

Experience

>What? Did you think I would spend a whole chapter sleeping? No chance

>I have changed, remember? While sex is important, I really need to defeat Dante.

>He is spreading misinformation about me, except about the arson part.

>He says it is for my own good, but that's not true.

>I did sleep a little, though.

>Fine, I slept for some minutes.

>I don't see Starlight, maybe I have some time before she comes back... if she ever comes back.

>Anyway, I can see Dante as a high-level enemy

>So... I just need the experience to gain more levels and become like him... kind of like in SMT: Nocturne

>I would imagine I'm just a level 1 humanlet

>But I can't fight strong enemies, that would draw too much attention, and I only have a stick with me.

>I will have to defeat weak enemies only.

>Timberwolves? Dragons? Manticores? No, they are too strong.

>Lucky for me, there are timbercrabs, they are level 1 too.

>They give 2 exp, and I need 10 exp to get to level 2.

>And then, I need 20 exp to get to level 3, and so on...

>It will take a long time to get to Dante's level

>But if I keep going like this for 16 hours straight for months, I might be strong enough to leave Dante seriously damaged.

>It's worth a try...

>You go to the Everfree forest and find some timbercrabs.

>You attack them with your stick.

>One by one they start dying.

>You start levelling up, slowly, but still getting there.

>Oh, yeah, I'm at level 10 already.

>I feel like-

>"Ymous!"

>Ah, great

>"Starlight?"

>"There you are! I brought  as promised! She really wants to be your fan!"

>"Fan?"

>Now that's nice.

>"Yes, anon, please, teach me how you got to be soo cool in front of the princess!"

>Uh, how does she know about that?

>"I... how do you know about this?"

>"Everypony knows!"

>Ah, great, again.

>"But, I'm not angry, that was actually pretty cool, Yous! How did you do it? What were you thinking?"

>"Hah, I said exactly what I thought. It's moments like those where you need to stand up for yourself. You'd know, right?"

>"I don't know Ymous."

>I smirk

>"Alright. Let me teach you."

>She gives a smile bigger than any smile you've seen before, except Celestia's on the moon.

>"REALLY?"

>"Sure, why not?"

>"Thanks so much Ymous!!!!"

>I push her onto the ground.

>"Y-Ymous?"

>Do 6 sets of 50 pushups."

>"Ymous I ca-"

>"Yes you can. Do it."

>"Ymous I may be athletic bu-"

>"Enough. Do it."

>Pushup by pushup she gets more and more worn out.

>By the 3rd set, she's complaining.

>"Ymous pleaaaase! I can't anymore!"

>"SHUT THE FUCK UP AND KEEP GOING!"

>And so she did.

>She couldn't stand up after finishing the last rep.

>She's lying on her back with her hooves out crying like a pathetic loser.

>I look at her confused, then kick her.

>"OW!"

>"Bro, what are you doing crying like a little bitch, get the fuck up."

>I offer her my hand.

>"N-N-nno!" she pathetically cries out.

>"Listen, I know life can be really fucking hard, but what choice do you have? Sooner or later your gonna get tired of lying around, and you'll get the fuck up anyway because you're not some crazy buddhist, so get the fuck up."

>I stiffen my hand.

>Reluctantly, she gives me her hoof, and I pull her up on her hooves.

>"That's my mare."

>She's looking at you all weird.

>"What the hell was that supposed to accomplish?"

>Perfect.

>"See, ? You're standing up for yourself. You're questioning the point of having to do 6 sets of 50 pushups while I scream at you. There comes a time where you just won't stand for something that you don't understand anymore."

>She looks at you, and her frown gets turned upside down.

>"Is that really all there is to it?"

>"Well, you need to decide at what point you won't take someone's crap anymore, right? If someone wants you to help them out and they're being retarded you don't just tell them off."

>"TRUUUE! Thank you so much Ymous!"

>"That was all you, I just made you angry."

>"True."

She sits down.

>Bronard would have been proud.

>"Hey, Ymous. I'm tired as hell and the sun isn't helping. Is there anywhere we can rest or play a chill game or something?"

>"Yes there is, Rainbow. How about we go to my bedroom?"

>Rainbow raises an eyebrow, then blushes once she realizes the connotations.

>"I'd love to."

>Starlight winks at you, and of course, you wink back.

>We go to the bedroom and it. Is. on.

Post-Ejaculation

>Rainbow and I are lying in the "bed" (which is more like a pile of weaved sticks).

>She smells like sweat and piss. I really wish I had waited before we did it.

>"She has passed out. She's barely conscious.

>I get up quietly so as to not wake her up.

>I go to Bronards grave and sit at the chair.

>I talk to him.

>"I did it. After 5 months, I finally got laid. "

>I close my eyes to prevent the tears from coming out. I don't need to cry so much.

>"I just wish you were here so that you could see how far I've come and be proud of me."

>"Ymous!" Rainbow shouts out from the door.

>"Yeah?"

>She clip clops over.

>She sits.

>"That was fun."

>"Yep."

>"Who was this Bronard guy?"

>..

>God..

>Where do I even start?

>"He was the only person who believed in me. Who saw potential in me. Who respected me. It's because of him that I am who I am now."

>"Is it because of him that you're kinda mean?"

>"Maybe I am mean. But he wasn't. I would call him stern and a little tough, maybe a little too stoic. He was just what I needed when he met me."

>"Wow, sounds like a cool guy."

>"He was. He also got a lot of mares."

>"Yeah, but who cares about that? Why not try to find that one person that makes you happy?"

>"Who cares about being happy? It comes and it goes. What I care about is doing something, having an effect, achieving my goals. There's a deep satisfaction that gives you, but that'll also pass, and I'll need to focus on new goals. As far as I'm concerned, the kind of romance you see in stories doesn't exist. I just don't believe there's something that can satisfy you like that."

>"Well, can't it be more like getting a friend that you deeply care about?"

>"I guess. But especially from what I've experienced, I just don't think there's one mare that can make you happy."

>I lean back on my chair.

>"Who knows, I may be wrong."
>..
>She's not talking
>She's just looking at you.
>It's like she's processing what you just said.
>"You're different from when you called yourself Anon."
>".. Yeah."
>"You're also different from that Bronard guy."
>"Sadly, yes."
>"Well, maybe it's not that sad. Maybe you can grow to be your own person!"
>".. Sure."
>I get up
>"I'm going back to bed, it's getting late."
>As I'm walking,  appears next to me.
>"Can I come?"
>I wink at her.
>"Obviously."
>We go to bed.
>That would have been a great place to end the story, then and there.
>But no. It continued.
>I just *had* to wake up.
>I just *had* to wake up to...
>Of course
>I was the purposer after all
>Otherwise, I would become the purposeree, and I can't have any of that.
>I had to defeat Dante and Bronard would be proud of me.

- >But for now, it's time to sleep.
- >Finally, no knockouts again.
- >Just some delicious sleep
- >I guess I'll sleep too... next to Ymous
- >I don't think he will mind
- >Stop stealing the spotlight, Glimmer.

Dream

- >"Bro... Bro! Ymous! Over here!"
- >What, who said that?
- >Bronard?
- >"Is that you, Bronard?"
- >"Hey, dude! I'm so proud of you, you finally got laid! And not only that, you got two mares, way to go, my man"
- >"Is that really you?! I-I..."
- >"Come on, the truth is that you are dreaming, but I'm still proud of you."
- >"Bronard... it was thanks to you that I have come so far, I have no words to thank you for everything you have taught me..."
- >"No, Ymous, I only pushed you a bit, it was you who decided to man up. I'm very proud of you, I knew you were special"
- >"Well, yeah, I'm autistic thanks to-"
- >"No, not that kind of special, you tard"
- >"Ah.. I was joking, of course... hah"
- >"Whatever, Ymous. Here, punch me your hardest. I want to feel how stronger you have got"

>I hesitate a bit, but still punch him as hard as I can.

>"Ouch... heh, so you have gotten stronger... that's my nig-"

>"Don't say it, Bronard! This is a blue story!"

>"Blue story? Blue my balls! I can no longer get laid. But I won't say the N word. You are my zigga, though"

>Fair enough

>"You know, Ymous, when Dante was kicking my ass, I think I figured out his weakness... it's a rabbit named Daisy"

>"Bronard, I like you and all, but that's from that Doomguy, not from Dante"

>"Come on, Ymous, I was only teasing you, but I'm surprised you know that."

>...

>It was thanks to all that rosterfaggotry at /v/

>Those anons, they don't even play the game.

>"Well, bro, the thing is, he cares deeply for his mother even if she died. He tries to keep his cool, but, maybe he will lose it if you insult her"

>That seems evil...

>And that would make Dante kick your ass like never before.

>But if he loses his cool, there might be a gap of opportunity.

>"Alright, Ymous, my time is almost up. It's time for me to go, it was nice seeing you again, bro."

>"NO! don't go, Bronard! I won't lose you again! I can't! I won't!" (no homo)

>You cry
>That line reminded you of a certain professor
>"You are strong, Ymous. You are stronger than you think. You have a great future, I can sense it..."
>"Thank you, Bronard."
>"Actually, just to ruin the climax, I'm not really Bronard, I'm just a representation of your mind of Bronard. But, it's almost me! I say what the true Bronard would say, so it's the same thing, bro"
>"It doesn't matter, just shut up and give me a hug"
>"Homo or no homo"
>"No homo, of course"
>"That's my bro"
>But before I can hug him
>I hear my name
>"Ymous... Ymous... wake up!"
>"Ah... noo, let me hug him"
>But I wake up
>Who woke me up?
>This was the finest of dreams
>The pinnacle of dreams
>"It'sa me! (Luigi)"
>Luigi?
>This is... not where I slept
>I don't see  nor Glims
>"Who is in there? Show yourself, Luigi"
>And Luigi shows up, nervous as always
>What, this is not a pony
>This is Luigi
>What happened to my ponies?
>I want to go back.

>Nooooooooo
>NOOOOOOOO
>I just got laid and now I'm in front of a
lasagna-lover number two Luigi
>"Alright, Luigi, tell me what happened. Tell me the
truth. I just want to go back as soon as possible"
>"You took-a too many mushrooms."
>I don't remember taking any...
>Ahhh....
>Those mushrooms
>I thought those were edible, come one.
>So, this is just part of my dream or what?
>But it feels so real
>And why Luigi of all people?
>Why not Peach, come on.
>At least, the effect will start wearing off...
>Any minute now...
>I decide to get some information from Luigi
>"Hey, Luigi, again, do you know if Mario Sunshine
HD will get released for the Nintendo Switch? I
loved that game"
>"Shut-a up, Ymous, here, take-a this star, this will
help you against your battle against-a Dante.
Mamma Mia!"
>He hands me a star
>Now we are talking
>With this star, Dante is no more
>"Thanks, Lui-"
>"So long, gay Ymous"
>What
>"YMOUS!"

>"YMOUS!"

>What, what's happening

>"Finally, you woke up! You were talking to some guy named Luigi! Are you alright?"

>Yep, I recognize those faces.

> and Glimmer look at you

>They seem worried.

>That's normal

>"Don't worry, my little ponies, I'm fine. I got back from my mushroom trip, I'll never eat those again... I hope"

>In fact, you were happier than ever

>I got the star from Luigi.

>That's all I needed.

>With this I'll defeat Dante, he has no chance

>I feel confident

>It's time for another day

>It's time to ... find a way to defeat Dante.

>He always keeps his cool

>But, he has a weak spot for his mother

>I hope I come up with some yo mamma jokes for him.

>"That's it, I know what we are going to do today, Glims and !"

>"What?"

>They both say

>"Let's come up with yo mamma jokes for Dante"

>"What? Are you sure, Ymous?"

>"Yes" (not really)

Yo-momma

>"Alright, Rainbow, pretend that I'm Dante and tell me your best yo mamma joke"

>"What's a yo mamma joke, Ymous?"

>she doesn't know

>"It's a joke about your mother, of course!"

>"Excuse me, Ymous?"

>"Ah... it's not about your mother, Rainbow, it can be about anyone's mother"

>"But that's just mean"

>"I know, Rainbow, it's for the better good, it's to defeat Dante for all he has done to me"

>...

>She seems hesitant

>"Fine... Ymous, hmm..."

>She starts thinking

>Can she come up with a yo-momma joke?

>"Ok so yo mamma and Applejack go to a ba-"

>"That's not how a yo mamma joke goes, idiot."

>"Okay, Ymous. No need to be so mean! You could have *explained* it first."

>True

>"Okay. Here's a sample joke: "Yo mamma so fat, she thought her fingers are sausages and ate them. Or something along those lines."

>"OH. I get it!" Starlight exclaims. "Yo mamma so fat that she ate the table for breakfast!"

>"Yes! You got it! What about you, Rainbow?"

>"No."

>"Okay we don't have to worry about you then."

>"Hey!"

>"Either learn or leave."

>"What? That's so dumb! I'm here to learn! Why would I already need to know this to be able to learn it? So I can learn it again?"

>"idk ask college admissions offices."

>"Anon! I won't take this! Let me learn!"

>She is frowning but smiling at the same time, like she's proud of herself.

>"... Sure, just watch."

>She sits down.

>"Alright, now..."

>"Can I do another?"

>"Go ahead, Starlight."

>"Yo mama so fat, the stairs go up her."

>lol

>"Good one."

"Yo mamma so fat, when she jump out a plane she get stuck in the sky."

>Wow

>"It seems you are getting the hang of it, Starlight"

>"I didn't know these jokes could be so much fun!"

>"I think I get it, Ymous!"

>"Really? Can you try?"

>"Hmm... yo momma is so fat that..."

>"Yes... go on..."

>"She is so fat that... not even Tirek could absorb her magic"

>Uh

>Not bad, honestly

>"Not bad, , but I don't think Dante knows who Tirek is"

>"He doesn't know... yet"

>"Ymous! Tell us more yo momma jokes! I bet you know a lot more."

>"Hmm..."

>"Please...?"

>"Fine, fine"

>I have to admit, I have browsed the web for these jokes when back on Earth

>Either that or they were too known

>But they wouldn't know

>I really want to hear Ymous' jokes. I can't wait!

>You stop stealing the spotlight, Glims.

>"Yo momma is so fat that she fell down from both sides of the bed"

>"Yo momma is so fat that my P.E. teacher made me run around her"

>"Yo momma is so fat that when she walked in front of the T.V., they have already found One Piece"

>"Yo momma is so fat that when she wanted to work at NASA as an astronaut, they told her there wasn't enough space for her"

>"Yo momma is so fat that when she walked in front of the T.V., Namek had already exploded"

>"Stop, Ymous..."

>"Yeah, I don't get it, what's NASA? What's Namek? What's One Piece?"

>Oh, they don't know...

>And I don't think I have the time to explain

>"Sorry, sorry, I got carried away, my bad"

>"No offense, Ymous, but I expected more from you"

>Hey, come on

>"Yeah, Glimmer is right, even mine was better, right?"

>I see... I wasn't even prepared for Dante, unless you take both Starlight and Rainbow with you!

>"It's just that... you need context to fully understand them! I swear!"

>"Yeah, whatever, but I think we have enough jokes for Dante's mom"

>Best thing of all is that...

>I have been killing timbercrab for some sweet experience while telling these jokes.

>I got to build a timbercrab farm that automatically kills timbercrabs and gives me exp while I have do nothing.

>"Ymous? Your autism is showing..."

>Oh, yeah, dang you, Celestia and Luna.

>"Sorry, I think it's time to go to Dante and have our final mom-off"

>"Are you sure of all this, Ymous? I'm worried he might really get angry and... well... kill you too..."

>"Yeah, listen to Starlight, Ymous. Just let it go, let go..."

>"No, Rainbow, come on, I didn't teach you to give up. It's time for me to man up, to become the manlier man, to show Dante not to mess with me, even if he kills me, but I have a plan"

>Yeah, what was the plan again?

>"What's the plan, Ymous?"

>"It's a secret, you'll see"

>What a genius, you still have time to come up with a plan.

Dante

>Wow, Dante, how come you have two chapters named after you in the previous book and one chapter in this one?

>"There is no need to look for me, Anon"

>Come on, I won't be able to come up with my master plan.

>"I can't believe what you did! I didn't think you were like this, Anon!"

>And it seems Dante brought some friends with him...

>Yeah, it's Twigs and... Celestia.

>"Anon, you truly are evil, I thought my punishment was enough, but I see you need a bigger punishment"

>Wow, Celestia is always thinking about punishments

>Rent free

>"Princess Celestia, he is called Ymous now, and raping anon shouldn't be a punishment!"

>That's Glims, defending you.

>But she is right, rape shouldn't be a punishment

>It is the reason

>And today, everything is so reasonable

>Except that Dante is here to kick my ass

>"What, the Princess did what?"

> still can't believe it

>True, it is shocking to anyone who hears it
>Even for Twigs
>"That's nonsense! Princess Celestia would never do such a thing!"
>And that is **Twilight** defending her
>"Really, **Twilight**? Do you want to see some proof? Wait, she raped me in the sky, everyone saw it, come on. You can't defend that, Twigs".
>"Shut up, Anon, I came here to kill you just like you killed your friend Bronard."
>What
>"I didn't"
>Yes, perfect response, they will believe you now
>"I can't believe you would do such a thing, Anon, that you would lie to me"
>Come on, **Twilight**, you made me rub that thermometer. Don't act too saint.
>"Nonsense, Ymous wouldn't do that, **Twilight**!"
>**Rainbow** defends you now
>"**Rainbow**? What are you doing with him?"
>"I met him, and he is not who you think he is, Dante is lying. He killed Bronard"
>"Is it true, Dante?"
>Celes seems shocked
>"Of course not, he brainwashed your friends, **Twilight**. Will you let him get away with that?"
>Oh... Dante
>I used to admire you
>I used to want to know your opinion on Pringles
>But now, I hate you
>You are a Pringlet in my eyes

>It's time to tell him your jokes
>"Dante... I know it's going to hurt, but..."
>"But what, Anon, say your last words"
>"Yo mamma is so fat that she fell down from both sides of the bed!"
>...
>Silence
>Dante smirks
>"Clever, I know you are trying to make me lose my cool, but it's going to take more than that"
>What
>I thought my joke was good enough
>"I told you, Ymous, your jokes weren't the best..."
>Shut up, Glims.
>"How could you, Anon? Now you are making jokes about Dante's poor mother?"
>Celes is disgusted at you
>"How about this, Dante? Yo mamma so fat, she thought her fingers are sausages and ate them"
>Way to go, Glims.
>"Heh, is that all you got?"
>He seems unaffected
>Rainbow starts wandering off
>"Hey, Rainbow, where are you going? We need you!"
>She seems to be... playing with her hoof?
>"Sorry, I was helping these bunnies get to the other side of the river"
>What
>"You, Rainbow?"

>You can't believe it, it sounds like something
Fluttershy would do, not Rainbow of all ponies!

>Everypony and Dante seem surprised.

>"It's just... I have been thinking..."

>Go on

>"I believe that we are all one. By helping these
small bunnies, I'm, in a way, helping your mother,
Dante"

>...

>...

>Rainbow is smirking...

>...

>...

>...

>Twilight finally speaks

>"Dante... you heard that? Rainbow compared the
universal oneness of all life to your mother!"

>Holy based, Rainbow

>I congratulate her, of course.

>"The CEO of based is calling"

>"The who?"

>"Forget it. You're a natural at this, Rainbow! You
were just pretending to be retarded all this time! But
you got us, I have to admit"

>Dante doesn't flinch

>But he finally speaks

>"Heh, now you did it. I have my mother in great
esteem. You crossed the line with that joke"

>Uh, he really seems angry

>I feel scared

>Starlight is preparing her magic shield just in case.

- > Rainbow prepares to fight
- >Twigs and Celes don't do anything, they are just shocked.
- >Dante goes full speed at me
- >Why me? I wasn't the one that made that universal joke.
- >Starlight's shield won't resist any longer
- >"Ymous! What now? We don't have much time!"
- >Think, Ymous, think
- >...
- >Then, I finally remember
- >Luigi gave me the star, it's time to use it now!
- >I reach for my pocket, but...
- >It was just a star-shaped turd
- >Dang you, Luigi, none of that was real, and you knew that!
- >I never really liked Luigi, I was more of a Mario fan.
- >But this was just enough
- >I'm scared...
- > Rainbow is scared
- >"YMOUS! WHAT NOW? WHAT WAS YOUR PLAN?"
- >Dante breaks Starlight's shield.
- >I quickly raise your hand with the turd and touch Dante's face
- >He stops
- >...
- >He is processing that turd in his face
- >No pony does anything
- >They all look

- >I didn't know I was pretty fast.
- >It's all thanks to the timbercrab farm and maxing my agility, take that Dante.
- >He still doesn't move
- >Did I defeat Dante with a turd in his face?
- >What is this turd made of anyway?
- >I'll give you a hint, it's shit.
- >Stop stealing the spotlight, Starlight!
- >But she is right
- >It was just that
- >Thanks, Luigi, you will be remembered as a hero.
- >Dante is still shocked
- >"Dante, are you alright?"
- >Finally, Twigs says something, she didn't do anything in this whole time, like always.
- >Dante collapses and falls down.
- >He has fainted.
- >I have defeated Dante.
- >Technically, it was the turd, but it doesn't matter.
- >Bronard, are you watching this? I defeated Dante.
- >"Ymous, Dante is still alive, you haven't defeated him yet..."
- >Ah, Glims is right
- >"Anon, you aren't thinking about doing that, right?"
- >Celestia is intrigued
- >Do I have the guts to finally kill Dante?
- >He is just there
- >"Anon! Think about redemption! Forgiveness! Friendship!"
- >Twilight is trying to convince me not to kill Dante

- >But, I'm not really the type of person to do the killing.
- >This is it, the moment of truth.
- >"**Twilight**, I know it seems quite shocking, but I know Dante. Once someone insults his mother, there is no going back..."
- >"Anon... no..."
- >I know Celestia won't stop me, she doesn't do anything, not even in her show.
- >"What are you waiting for, Ymous?"
- >Glimmer seems to cheer me on
- >Maybe she still has some evilness within her after all, but is she canon?
- >Of course I'm canon!
- >But... if I kill Dante, there will be no more dante's inferno games. No more Dante... a world without Dante, can I live with it?
- >Of course I can
- >Just before I could land the final blow, Dante starts shaking
- >What
- >What's happening?
- >Dante starts speaking
- >It's too late, I took too long to kill him
- >But... it wasn't his voice.
- >It was... Bronard's
- >"Congratulations, Ymous. Well done, bro!"
- >What
- >Bronard?
- >HOW
- >WHY

>WHAT

>WHEN

>WHERE

>"You see, Ymous, that turd that Luigi gave you had my soul. I was trapped in that turd, and by making Dante eat it, I trapped Dante's soul in that turd instead, and I'm... well... inside Dante (no homo)"

>What

>I can't believe it

>Is Dante's soul trapped in this turd now?

>Bronard keeps talking

>"You have done well, I knew you had potential. You have grown to be a man, a Dante killer"

>"Wait, Bronard... does that mean... you can live through Dante?"

>"No, Ymous, that would kill the whole point of my death and make it less dramatic"

>"I don't care, Bronard, stop joking!"

>"Honestly, dude, I don't have much time in this body, and after my soul goes to another place, Dante will die too, but his soul will be forever trapped in that turd."

>...

>"Ymous, I'm really proud of you, you have fulfilled everything. It's time for me to go, good by, Anon Ymous"

>...

>...

>Dante finally died

>Now, it's time to get rid of this turd or as I like to call it: Danturd

Danturd

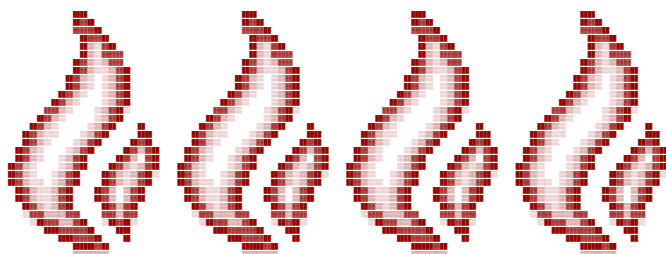
>After that battle, we are all exhausted, except for Twigs and Celes who did nothing

>But, how do I get rid of this turd?

>And after that, I think it's finally time to tie some loose ends, improve my relationships in ponyville, I still want that purple pony.

>But first things first, time to get rid of this Danturd, but where?

[fire]



[/fire]

- >Yes, something tells me that fire would be the best option to get rid of that Danturd.
- >All ponies are still shocked, they don't even move.
- >I make some fire by rubbing two sticks, I learned that from a porn movie, cool, right?
- >There, fire
- >I'm about to drop Danturd into the fire
- >I won, at what price?
- >No more Devil May Cry series
- >No more Dante
- >Twilight starts talking
- >"Anon! Wait! He deserves to be buried!"
- >"No, Twigs, if I do that, Daturd would be a fertilizer and every single plant will become Dante: Danteapples, Dantetrees, Dantestrawberries..."
- >That's simple Dante Math
- >"Well.. Um... maybe you coul-"
- >"No, Twigs"
- >I drop Danturd into the fire
- >I see how it degrades and turns into ashes
- >I see... what it seems to be Dante's soul.
- >"NOOOOOO. You can't kill Dante. NOOOOO"
- >Typical Dante wojak
- >He vanishes.
- >Wait
- >Bronard and Dante died
- >How come they didn't come back to Equestria?
- >I have died many times
- >But... I'm always here, I always come back here.

>Why? Why can't I rest in peace?
>Maybe...
>It's time to fix things with everypony
>I have done so many wrongs
>But also so many rights
>Well, it's to clean this mess
>I killed Dante
>Let that be known for future generations
>Except for Devil May Cry fans, they would probably be angry
>"Alright, Twigs, I'll give you the chance to say you are sorry for everything you have done to me, come on, say it"
>...
>"Anon... I... no, Ymous I am-"
>Celestia cuts her off
>"Anon, you have murdered another person, and that is illegal"
>Not this again
>"Celes, you raped me, cut me some slack..."
>I try to convince her
>"Tell you what, if you forget about this, I'll probably let you punish me..."
>I can't believe I said that
>Celestia blushes a bit
>"Alright, Anon, my punishment will be enough for what you have done"
>I just want to start anew.
>Maybe I can hep Rarity rebuild her boutique
>Maybe I can get some purple butt
>I did it, Bronard.

>"It would be best for us if we finished talking in the castle"

>Seems like a good idea

>Dante is no more

Castle

>The mane 6 and Celestia are in Celestia's room.

>Spike is also there.

>Glims too.

>Even Trixie

>"Well, Anon-"

>"No, I'm Ymous now"

>I have to make sure she never forgets

>"Fine, Ymous... We have decided to give you another chance at redemption"

>Redemption? For what?

>What did I do wrong?

>...

>Oh, yeah, Rarity's boutique

>But do they know about that?

>"Unless... you want to be turned to stone like certain... creatures?"

>Uh...

>Don't tease me like that

>"No... Celes, what should I do now?"

>"First, you have to help Rarity build her boutique. We all know what you did"

>"But, I already told you I didn't do-"

>"Anon, Dante gave us a VHS where we can clearly see you and Bronard burning her house"

>Ah, that Dante, always getting in my way even after death

>"Darling... how could you...?"

>Well, I don't even know what to say

>"But, princess... at least let Ymous rest! He has been through a lot. And I still can't believe you did THAT to him"

>"Yeah! Cut him some slack! He really has changed and is not who you think he is. Dante was totally not a cool guy"

>"Well... I will give Ymous some time to rest, after your rest, please, help Rarity immediately"

>It seems I still have a long way to go

>But for now, I'll get some rest

>"Hey, Glims, Rainbow, can you stay with me while I rest? I don't want to get raped again"

>"It's alright, Ymous, we will make sure she doesn't rape you, at least for now hehe"

>"What did you say?"

>"Nothing, nothing..."

>"Ymous!"

>Hey, long time no hear, Trixie

>"Don't forget you have a pending game with the great Trixie and Big Mac!"

>Ah...

>She still wants that game

>I don't reply

>I just go into the room, and sleep

>Because tomorrow will be a long day

>And a new life to make amends

>Maybe finally get laid more

>Whatever

>I lay down and...

>Fall...

>Fall asleep

>And this is it! Another glimpse on Ymous' life has
been revealed! There is still more to go, but this is
the end of Ymous' return"

>You stop that, Glimmer.

Spike Is fucking retarded

>spike, would you be a dear, and get my sewing kit? Said rarity, lazily lying down on her drama sofa.

>Sure thing rarity, said Spike, running up stairs to rarity's room.

>Spike didn't know that the sewing kit looked like, or even which room it was in, but he knew he had to find it.

>Looking around for a few minutes, Spike found an old cookie canister, "ah here we go"

>"Rarity! I found it" said spike, running down stairs.

>Rarity took the object spike was holding and observed it.

>"im sorry spike, this isn't my sewing kit, this is just where I keep my thread.

>"Oh ok, um... i'll be back"

>Spike ran back upstairs to continue searching for Rarity's sewing kit.

>He searched the cabinets before, but not Rarity's workbench, because he did not want to ruin one of her projects.

>A small purple lunch box was sitting on the workbench, and contained needles and some thread.

>"Here we go! Rarity, I think I found it"

>Rarity took the lunch box from Spikes purple claws, and opened it up.

>"Hm, no spike, this isn't what I had in mind, this is my sewing kit from manehattan, not my sewing kit from ponyville."

>"If it helps you, the sewing kit I'm looking for, should be made from purple silk, sewn together with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen!" explained Rarity

>Spike grabbed the lunch box from Rarity's magic, and once again, looked for her sewing kit in her room.

>Placing the Sewing Kit from manehattan back down on the workbench, Spike decided to look for it near Rarity's bed.

>Rarity's bed was a mess, with blankets thrown everywhere, pillows without cases that were tossed on the ground, and a lovely purple silk box, sewn together with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen.

>But there was an issue, there were two of these boxes on the bed, and only one would be the correct one.

>Spike being Spike, grabbed only one of the boxes to bring down to Rarity. Leaving the other to rest on the mangled sheets of the bed.

>Spike walked down the stairs again, and handed the box made with purple silk, sewn together with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, to Rarity.

- >Rarity took the box made with the purple silk, sewn together with the brightest golden silk you have ever seen, and opened it up.
- >Or so she thought it could opened
- >The box was mistakenly sewn shut when Rarity made it, and therefore, could not manage to open the box
- >"Huh, that's weird Spike, it seems that I have mistakenly sewn this box shut, when I made it, and therefore I cannot manage to open it.
- >Rarity could not think of how she managed to sew the purple silk box sewn together with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, shut.
- >"Spike if you could find the red scissors next to the Sewing Kit from Manehattan, and use it to open this Purple box, mistakenly sewn shut with the Brightest golden thread you have ever seen, I would be most grateful!"
- >"Sure thing Rarity!", said Spike, taking the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden silk that you have ever seen, out of rarity's magic.
- >Spike walked up stairs with the box, and started to look for the red scissors, next to the purple Sewing Kit from Manhattan.
- >He walked into Rarity's room, ran toward the workbench where the purple Sewing Kit from Manehattan sat, and tripped over the blankets that were scattered from Rarity's bed.
- >The purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread that you have ever seen,

flew across the room, and landed gracefully onto Rarity's bed.

>Picking himself up, Spike walked to Rarity's messy bed, and looked for the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen.

>There were two purple silk boxes mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, on the bed. And spike did not know which one was the correct one.

>Spike grabbed one of the two purple silk boxes, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, and walked to the workbench to find the red scissors to finally open the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen.

>What spike did not know, however, was that the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, was actually the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the most ordinary golden thread you have ever seen.

>Spike found the scissors laying on Rarity's workbench, next to the Sewing Kit from Manhattan, just as Rarity described.

>Cutting the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the most ordinary golden thread you have ever seen open, he turned it into the purple silk box, no longer sewn shut with the most ordinary golden thread you have ever seen.

>Walking back down Rarity's light pink stairs, spike delivered the purple silk box, no longer sewn shut with the most ordinary golden thread you have ever seen, to Rarity.

>Rarity opened the box and looked at a box with absolutely nothing inside.

>Spike, this is not the purple silk box, no longer sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, it's actually the purple silk box, no longer sewn shut with the most ordinary golden thread you have ever seen, with nothing inside.

>"Oh" said Spike, once again taking the box from Rarity's magic.

>Struggling to make it up the stairs, spike made it to Rarity's room, where the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, was on Rarity's mangled bed.

>Taking the purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen, off of Rarity's Mangled bed. He swapped it with the purple silk box, no longer mistakenly sewn shut with the most ordinary golden thread you have ever seen. And brought it to Rarity, for hopefully the last time.

>"Here you go rarity, this should be the correct purple silk box, sewn together with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen." Spike said, giving Rarity the box.

>"Well I can tell you right now, Spike, I'm not sure that this is the correct one" Explained Rarity, "See

this reddish star here?" she pointed to one of the six sides of the box, "this is in fact, *Twilight's* purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen!"

>"Huh?"

>"Yes, it seems that when I was making these sewing kits, I forgot that one of these was supposed to be a gift to twilight, who lives in a library tree house in ponyville, and not in a large ugly castle."

>"Oh, ok, so where is your purple silk box, mistakenly sewn shut with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen?" Asked Spike.

>"Well Spike, now that I think of it, I should have sewn my cutie mark onto it, But the blue clashed horrible with the brightest golden thread you have ever seen" Said Rarity. "So I think it's actually sewn together with light purple thread"

>"Well I searched your room, and I couldn't find any-"

>"Oh no no no, darling" laughed Rarity, "not im my room. Sweetie Belle last used it, it should be in her room"

>"Oh, that makes sense, i'll go in there to find it!"

>"Yes, darling, and hurry, we haven't much time before these dress repairs are due!" Rarity said to spike, who already departed up to Sweetie Belle's room.

>Spike opened the door to sweetie belle's room only to see it completely cleaned out.

>"Uh, Rarity?" spike called from upstairs. "There's nothing inside Sweetie Belle's room."
>"Oh that's right, Spike! Sweetie Belle went on one of her adventures with her friends, she must have taken the purple silk box with her!"
>Spike walked down stairs.
>"So now what?"
>"Well..." sighed Rarity "I guess we don't have any other choice. You MUST go find my Sewing Kit, Spike! If I'm late on this dress, who knows what will happen to my career!"
>"Yes, Rarity, right away!"
>Spike took off outside to go look for the CMC.
>"If I were a sewing kit from ponyville, where would I be?"
>As Spike was stupidly standing about, the CMC barreled past him, dragging behind a long thread of sewing material.
>"Wait! Stop!" Yelled Spike, hopelessly "Stop! Rarity needs her sewing kit!"
>Spike watched as the CMC disappeared in the cloud of ponies

Im too lazy to finish this

Departure

Anon's a Smart Guy

In life two things are expected of you - what they are, that is for you to decide.

**Smart, Dumb and Intelligent, David. R.R (1954),
Inhouse Publishing, page 32**

>You've had enough of that smart ass Twilight
Sparkle always showing you up!

>Back home you were a grade A inventor, truly a
wit to be reckoned with!

>You were responsible for such creations as the
Gruntmaster 9000, the Magic Toaster, and
Pringles(Doritos).

>But here no one will take you seriously as long as
that purple horse is around.

>But you think you have a solution to this.

>Yes, a solution indeed.

>It took many months of research and planning, but
you've finally done it.

>Before you stands a pearly white orb, no marks or
indications anywhere as to its function except a
lone switch on the side.

>"Once I've delivered my invention to that Twilight,
she will no longer be a challenge to my intellect! My
idiot ball is capable of bringing geniuses down to
bumbling morons! But how to get her to fall for the
trap?"

>"I know! I'll give it as a gift, to make amends on
our rivalry."

>You grin devilishly.

>You wrap the idiot ball up in gift wrap and give it a bow for good measure.

>"She'll never know what hit her!"

>The next day you put your plan into action

>You knock on the door of that god forsaken mockery of a treehouse.

>It takes a moment before you hear the pitter patter of little reptilian footsteps.

>It's Spike, he opens the door.

"Hiya Anonymous, what brings you here?"

>He says with a nervous tone.

>Not surprising considering your disagreements with his master.

>"Is **Twilight** home?"

"No, she's out at the moment. Is there anything I can help you with?"

>You reveal your gift

>"If you could, just deliver this to **Twilight**. I want to give this gift to mark an end to our rivalry."

>You hand him the gift.

"Uhm, OK. Is that all?"

>"Yes, that will be quite all."

>With that you take your leave and the dragon returns into the castle.

>It's later that night when you first notice a disturbance over Ponyville.

>A spreading sphere of magical influence

>This can't be right

- >The ball should only have enough range to affect those within the friendship princess's residence.
- >Unless some magic intrusion has interfered with its function!
- >The sphere keeps expanding.
- >It soon covers the entirety of Ponyville.
- >From your vantage point on the edge of the Everfree forest you begin to hear cries of "boomer", "zoomer", and other various combinations of *oomer.
- >A bigger problem soon becomes apparent.
- >The sphere isn't slowing down.
- >It's heading straight towards you!
- >You scream "Noooooooo!" as the wall of mental retardation hits you.
- >You cry out in agony as your IQ enters freefall.
- >You feel your brain physically shrinking.

- >The last conscious thought you have is:
- >REEEEEEEEEE!

Twilight brings a banana to Rarity's house party

You should have seen Dr. Suse's face when I showed him a banana for the first time! For he said, "What a thing! This banana-zing! It looks to be

*made to fit in any hole! In the ear, in the mouth
canal my dear! Even in the rear!"*

**To Once He Came: A Personal History - The R
Reagan Story (C.C Chapples, 1967),
Self-published work, page 173**

Twilight stared down the banana, focusing intensely. A single bead of sweat rolled down her face. "It's alright **Twilight** , you can do this!" she said to herself. When she felt the moment was right, she began to relax and let the magic flow.

Once it became too strong, she removed the shield and started to pull the banana out of the tree. "Yup!" she nodded. As she pulled it free, a joyful chuckle escaped her lips.

As she held the vine-like fruit in her hooves, **Twilight's** breathing started to accelerate. Her eyes were filled with excitement and filled with hope. "YAAAAAAAAAAAH!" she cried as she shook the fruit. "It's SO good! Don't eat it all at once!"

The **green** stem shrunk and the fruit lifted off the ground. It shot through the air in an arch and then broke into a thousand pieces.

Rainbow Dash cheered, running over to where **Twilight** lay, "Wait! Wait! I have to go get a pack of these back!" She paused and looked up at her with wide eyes. "Oh my gosh, **Twilight**! You're really going to eat all of that now? **Rainbow**?"

What's up?"

Twilight looked up at her in disbelief, "Twilight, that's not possible!"

"Yes it is!" Rainbow Dash said enthusiastically.
"We're going to go find the Trixies!"

"No!" Twilight said, "No, Rainbow Dash, you can't eat the snacks! I need them to protect your eggs!"

Rainbow Dash didn't have any idea what she was talking about. That's when she remembered the back story she had read at the library about how Trixie tricked the students of Ponyville by giving them a trio of snacks each! When Twilight realized what she was talking about, she grabbed the eggs and flew off towards the playground.

When Twilight and Rainbow Dash arrived at the playground, the sun was beginning to rise, and ponies were already starting to arrive.

Twilight wondered what would happen if a mob of angry ponies showed up, but then she saw that Trixie had a special performance planned for the kids. As she helped the students into the gift basket that Trixie had prepared, a massive squeal broke out.

"Quake! Pelekay!"

The mares appeared in the air, each flying right above the crowd, pealing on a gigantic trumpet. The sound of the music was deafening, causing the noisy kids to flail their arms. One girl screamed so hard she almost passed out.

"I know we're best friends, but why aren't you standing back?!" Trixie scolded, but the student continued to shout, and Trixie backed away.

"Ooh!" All he could do was look at her while she swung his weapon. The kid was moving too fast. Trixie waited until she reached him, then opened her weapon and shot him with several bursts, and he crumpled in a heap.

"What the blazes!" Bronya screamed in fury.

"I'm going to stab you so hard, that you're dead!"

"No, Bronya. I'm not dead." Trixie said as she had it surrounded and was itching to strangle the little goaty punk.

"Pfff!" Bronya laughed. "Fine. Let's say we're not dead." She tried to stop Trixie, but her mental powers were already starting to take hold. "Say yes. I'll carry you to safety, you stay there and I'll handle everything else."

Trixie smiled wickedly. "Got it."

They bantered like animals for a while, laughing and saying one thing after the other. It felt good to know that when it comes to Discord and his plants, she was one of the only sane ones.

"You don't think all that really works on him?" she asked her brother over his shoulder.

Trixie held out her other hand. "Well, not all of it. I think that in addition to the vines, you can also levitate him."

"Do you think he'd be tempted to..."

"Would he?"

"No."

"Good," Tris said with a smile. "It's our turn."

There was a moment of silence. Then Tris snapped, "Once the me and Shimmer decided to offer him a romantic link, a deal was struck. You can blame it on the victory you found so cool in the storm," she paused. "But really... it was kind of part of a larger plan. You know, a try-out of our new Seer Training Center."

Orientation was not one for pleasantries, but it was at least an attempt to keep **Twilight** sane. At least. Her sedative, the kind you gave to drug addicts as part of their routine of detoxification, was a sort of half-truth. **Twilight** woke up, still in her magic dreamworld, but oddly, more refreshed than ever. It was a new feeling, a perception of the world before the silver sheen in her hair, or the **orange** sheen in her eyes. In fact, before they did anything more, **Twilight** looked around for a place to put down her bag.

"Let's just stay here, okay?"

Rainbow Dash nodded, and together the three of them moved back towards the kitchen, opening a cabinet and grabbing some cleaning supplies. **Twilight** sighed, then turned to **Rarity**.

"So, **Rarity**?"

Rarity sighed, and handed the ponies a few mugs and glasses, a baton, and a box of sugar cookies. **Rarity** had been entertaining a large party, with many more of her best friends and acquaintances, during their various banquets.

"I've had some major difficulties this holiday season. I find myself thinking of every pony I've ever known. Of course, being the honest pony I am, I keep these thoughts to myself. Oh, please, you

wouldn't like what you hear! The truth is, I've had to move in with my ex-roommate and former boss."

Sneezy Breezy

>In a dark alley, not so far away from town square, we find both **Yellow** Quiet and **Fashion Horse**.

>Both are wearing clothing which concealed their identity.

>**Fashion Horse** was of course better dressed for the occasion.

>There seems to be an exchange of some kind going on.

"Give me some of that Sneezy Breezy" said the **Yellow** one

>She was tense as she said it, nervous that at any moment she may be found out.

"Only if you have the bits to pay for it, darling." replied **Fashion**

>**Yellow** Quiet rustled around in her outfit's pockets, a jingling of bits could be heard.

"I-I only have 10 bits, I could pay you the rest later. I promise!" said **Yellow**

>After some deliberation

"Hmm. I suppose I could allow that. But no more after this until you pay up." said **Fashion**

>**Fashion** held out her hoof and **Yellow** nervously passed her the bits.

>With the bits tucked away **Fashion** passed **Yellow** the bag.

"Oh, thank you!" Yellow excitedly whispered.

>With the exchange complete, the two parties went their separate ways.

>Fashion Horse could hear a single achoo as she turned the corner.

>Inside the friendship castle board room, Purple Smart and co. are having a meeting.

>Present at Purple's meeting was Pink, Appul, and Rainbow.

>All four seemed to be in various levels of frustration.

"Something is definitely wrong with Fluttershy." says Purple

"She missed half of last month's friendship meetings and was late to the other half. In addition her appearances have taken a turn for the worse. We need to get to the bottom of this!"

>The gathered ponies look at each other.

>Minutes pass.

"Nothing? We have nothing?" Purple says.

"Nope! Not a thing!" says Pink.

>At that moment Fashion Horse walks through the door.

"What's with all the commotion, darlings?" says Fashion.

"We're trying to figure out what's gotten hold of Flutters" says Appul.

"I think her addiction has been getting the better of her lately." says Fashion

>All ponies present turn to face **Fashion Horse** and exclaim, "addiction!"

"Yes, addition darlings. I'm afraid you'll have to ask her yourself if you want the details. Would be improper of me to reveal such sensitive details."

Fashion says.

>A moment later.

"Alright, I have an idea." **Purple** announces.

>Hours later, **Yellow** quiet comes through the door.

>Her arrival was accompanied by a mighty "achoo!"

>The castle is dark and she wonders where the others have gone.

>She proceeds down the hall.

>When she arrives in the boardroom, the lights come on.

"**Fluttershy**, this is an intervention. We know you have a problem." says **Purple**.

"Yeah, we're here to help you!" says **Appu**.

"Oh, I don't have a problem" stammers **Yellow**
Quiet.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous darling. They already know." says **Fashion Horse**.

>**Fluttershy** starts audibly sweating.

"You alright sugarcube? You look like you've seen a ghost." says **Appu**.

"Why don't we start with the facts. What have you taken up that has affected you so?" says **Purple**.

>**Yellow** Quiet nervously looks around before accepting her fate.

"Oh, alright. It's Sneezy Breezy. I've been taking it nonstop the past few months. I just can't get enough."

"Sneezy Breezy? What kind of substance is that?" says a confused Purple.

"It's this white powdery substance I've been buying from Rarity in a dark alleyway." says Yellow.

"Rarity!" Exclaims the group of ponies who were not involved.

"What? A lady's gotta finance her business expenses somehow." says Fashion.

"Let's begin with what exactly this stuff is." says Purple.

"Ground white pepper" replies Fashion.

"Pepper? You mean to be telling me that you've been selling Fluttershy ground white pepper, and that it has her this messed up?" says Purple.

"Yes darling. Fluttershy here likes to snort the stuff directly. Causes an incredible amount of sneezing. Can't be good for her, but who am I to say no?" says Fashion.

"YOUR HER FRIEND!" roared Purple

"How did this even happen in the first place? What kind of rational being would snort pepper?" said Purple.

"She came over to my place seeking a white powdery substance, for her nerves of course, and said she would pay well. So, I improvised a bit." concluded Fashion.

"WHAT? HOW? AHHH! You know what? Just forget the whole thing. As princess of friendship, I

command you to stop selling **Fluttershy** ground **white** pepper. End of story. The end. Now let's get on with things." finished **Purple**.

>The ponies would proceed to go on with their lives, assuming the issue to be resolved.

>However, now with the knowledge of what the substance was, **Yellow** Quiet went out and bought in bulk.

>In a great bout of excess, **Yellow** Quiet would sneeze her last sneeze.

>Authorities would find her body three days later inside my cock.

Rarity buys a cookie from **Pinkie Pie**

>The white mare known as **Rarity** was walking through town, doing her errands when she remembered she was close to Sugarcube Corner

>Thinking a break from her tasks was in order she changed course for the bakery

>As she got closer she thought to herself:
"Hmm. What should I get."

>As she opened the door to the establishment, a bell jingled to announce the arrival of a customer.

>**Pinkie Pie** zipped from somewhere in back to the front counter at the sound of the bell

>As **Rarity** got closer **Pinkie** exclaimed,

"Hi **Rarity**! How's it going!"

"Going well!" replied the unicorn.

"I was just passing by when I thought I could stop for a treat."

>The Pink one was ecstatic at this.

"What can I get ya? Cupcakes? Full cakes?

Cookies? Doughnuts? Hard dru-"

>**Rarity** interrupted her

"Actually, I think I will just get some cookies today. What do you have?"

>**Pinkie** responded

"We have peanut butter, chocolate chip, and macadamia nut available now or I can make just about anything you can think of!"

>**Rarity** considered her options for a moment

"I think I will purchase exactly [number] peanut butter cookies."

"Excellent choice **Rarity**! That would be [number] bits, buuuuuut, since you have the best friend discount it's only [number]."

>**Rarity** took a moment to collect her bits from her side bag.

"Here you go, [number] bits. Thanks **Pinkie**"

"No problemo **Rarity**! I'm here for all your bakery needs!"

>**Rarity** took the bag of cookies from **Pinkie** and headed for the door.

>Before she left she ate one of the cookies.

"Very good as always **Pinkie**"

>The door-bell jingled again as she left the building.

Doing it for free

"The prose writes itself" - Some faggot

"It's a dirty job but someone's gotta do it" - IGN

>Be a janitor for /mlp/

>Wake up at 6:00am ready for work

>You don't get paid for it, but you still think that it's a job

>You roll over to boot up your computer, knocking away a few piss jars, your collection of twishit, and this fanfic

>As you first check out the board, you notice that some faggot posted that link to the horse hentai comic again, alongside a picture of a futa 
Dash having hetero sexual intersexual sexual trimetaseexual sexual maresexual course with your very own wife, 

>As more and more anons start posting more clop, you feel a rage inside you start to rise.

>Deciding it best that you wipe the thread of anymore fun, you bitch in the janny discord about it, and purge it from the board

>Moving on to another thread, you see a literal unironic tranny thread

>But you don't purge it

>A few minutes later a couple of anons in the thread start bitching about this hypocrisy, and something about a “protected species”

>A couple more anons start adding onto this and you decide to wipe 3/4s of all the replies from the thread

>Just another day in your line of work

>All of a sudden you hear a rumble

>”Mother! I think something's wrong!”

“It’s just gas! It’ll pass in a little.”

>As your vision starts to blur, the rumbling increases in volume, and you see the mane 6 burst through the wall of your bedroom.

> Dash wielding an m1911, points it at you shouting “Parry this you fucking casual!”

>The world attains negro-vision

>As you wake up, you are surrounded by Celestia, Luna, and your wife,  Sparkle

>Oh and you’re also Nyx (but without any of the fucking OP shit because you’re a huge raging fucking homosexual you wonderful fucking janny you)

”Janniefag, for your crimes against anonymity, you shall be raped by all the horsedongs in this land.” proclaims Celestia

”First by the earth stallions, then the unicorn stallions” starts Luna, “and then the Pegasus stallions, and then the earth stallions again, and then by all the alicorn mares”

[taking big naps to finish this shitpost next day]

My Strange Obsession - Equestrian Edition

- >You are Anonymous
- >And you are the only green ape in Equestria
- >All in all you would say that you've adjusted to your new life quite well.
- >The ponies have come to like you and you have made many friends with them.
- >Their society may not be as technologically advanced, but they're getting there.
- >From your home world you've brought several technologies with you.
- >Microwave ovens, speakers, pringles, and the technology you're about to enjoy, the television.
- >Ahh yes, the television.
- >Pony kind has taken to it fairly well and there's now several channels available.
- >After a long day of collecting royalties from your "inventions" you like to relax and watch some tv.
- >You press the on button and the screen springs to life.
- "Welcome back to another episode of my strange addictions. Today we will be looking at a mare whose life has been taken over by her obsession with humans."
- >That's mildly unsettling, you're the only human here as far as you know.

"That's right, homo sapiens, which have only recently appeared in Equestria. What is usually only a mild interest for most has turned into cult following in certain groups. Today we will look at one of their stories."

>Dramatic music plays.

>I guess I'd better watch to see what this is all about.

"Our story today is about Lyra Heartstrings, a mare living in ponyville with her best friend Bon Bon."

>Bon Bon comes on screen.

"It happened so suddenly, it caught me totally by surprise."

>Jump cut to Lyra's room

"As you can see here, every square inch of space is occupied by something human related. These "Humies" as they're called often communicate in the darkest depths of the ponynet. Exchanging images and text about humans late into the night. We asked Lyra what she finds most fascinating about these creatures."

>Cut to Lyra

"The hands. It's always the hands, I just wish I could experience them myself one day... It's not a sexual thing, I swear!"

>The narrator cuts in.

"Lyra may say one thing, but her room mate has a different story to tell."

>Cut to Bon Bon

"I don't know how many times I've walked in on her. I tell her to lock the door when she's doing that kind

of stuff. Her and her "fappe" images, it's just not right."

>Cut to blurred image of a computer monitor.

>The narrator continues

"Some of these so called humies have even started getting off to the real thing, searching the deep web for a taste of the real deal."

>Cut to a silhouette of another pony, their voice distorted.

"You know it started out pure enough, but after a while it-"

>You turn the television off.

>You've had quite enough tonight.

>You sit there reconsidering your life.

Chapter 12

The British call a cigarette, a fag. Indeed, why would they call sucking on a long shaft to get what is inside as queer is beyond me.

The Beard In The Woods (Tiger Woods, 2008), The New York Times

I smoked a cigarette and browsed the news. A story about nu-lings, written by a nu-ling, talked about how nu-lings needed more et. cetera. The needs of a nu-ling are endless. a nu-ling on every television channel. a nu-ling in every movie. nothing but nu-ling music for nu-lings and those who wish to be nu-lings. That is almost worse than being a

nu-ling. at least a nu-ling does not want to be a nu-ling. a nu-ling does not want to be a nu-ling so badly he will kill everyone who is not a nu-ling just so that he might not be reminded that he is a nu-ling. I was glad to be alone again in my room, where no nu-ling had ever been. there are few places like this left in the world. when the nu-ling was the freed the world became the nu-ling's slave.

At night the nu-lings come out, brave in the absence of light, as if the Night were an accomplice to the nu-lings, lending shadow to the misdeeds of the nu-lings. Beneath the luminescence of gaudy streetlights the gangs of nu-lings, in feral nu-ling packs, would stumble and howl, liquored-up on cheap nu-ling drinks and enthused by the scantily clad nu-linglessness. In the day these nu-lings were more docile. The tumult of the nu-lings grew tedious and I decided to leave, to walk perhaps to a place where no nu-lings ever went. To do this I needed to walk down the nuling-stained streets and wait in subway overrun by nu-lings. Every nu-ling looked at me as if waiting for me to call them what they, as nu-lings, knew what I, as not a nu-ling, knew them to be. Most of the passengers were nu-lings or nulinglets. Each nu-ling stared at the other nu-lings with the suspicion that infects every nu-ling due to the violence inherent in each nu-ling and no one knows what a nu-ling is capable of more than a nu-ling. That is why nu-lings always

leer as they do, for nu-lings assume that everyone has a propensity for violence equal to a nu-ling's.

In the fresh blossoming night air after I had risen from the stench of the nulingsoiled subway I felt a peace that can only be known when all nu-lings are absent. Perhaps this is why nu-lings are so disgruntled, they never have the chance to leave nu-lings behind. Perhaps these types of free and fresh nights are not available to nu-lings who must leer with nulinghate in their nulingheads and nulinghearts all the days of their niggardly lives. But now the streets were clean, vacant of all nu-lings and the cacophony of nu-lings. I had come out of that nuling-Gehenna where the golems of the nulingloving kikes waste and writhe. I was lost in the coolness of a midnight devoid of nu-lings.

It was almost ruined, knowing I would have to return to the nu-lings. Knowing that everywhere else, nu-lings were muddying everything with their nulinghooves and their nulingnotions. But for now there was the peace of no nu-lings.

Twilight doesn't like striped ponies

>You are Twilight and you just spent a frustrating 2 hours at the department of moving ponies.

>How much paperwork do you need!

>And could the Zebra behind the counter be any more incompetent!

>At least it's over now.

>Finally at home and getting ready for bed.

"Goodnight Spike!" you yell across the castle.

"Goodnight!" comes the muffled response a few seconds later.

>Bed

>So comfy

>You turn off the lights and climb inside.

>It's not long before sleep begins to take hold.

>You were having a pleasant dream about visiting Applejack at her farm

>The dream fades.

"Hello Twilight."

>"Princess Luna! To what do I owe the pleasure?" you ask.

"We have noticed some not very inclusive dreams as of late, Twilight."

>"What?"

"Did you really think we wouldn't notice? You weren't very kind to the native Zebricans when you conquered thier lands last week. As such we think it's time for some cultural enrichment."

>"What do you mean?" you ask nervously.

"You will find out soon."

>The dreamscape begins to change.

>You find yourself in a noisy environment

>A large crowd of Zebras stand before you.

>You stand on a stage surrounded by enormous speakers.

>You look down and realize that you are now a zebra.

"Oh no." you think to yourself

>You don't seem to have control of your body.

>You think Luna's pulling the strings.

>The crowd quiets down for a moment as you step forward.

>With the sound of a bowel movement from hell, the bass drops.

>Against your will, you begin shouting into the microphone.

>"Zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga, I'm one hunna puhcent zigga!"

>The words continue and there is nothing you can do to stop it.

>The crowd is loud but the speakers are louder.

>The bass is deafening!

>Any lower and it would be the brown note.

>"Zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga!"

- >The bass drop further
- >As the zebras do their zigger dance, the brown note takes hold.
- >Zebra shit drops like rain as the speakers blast.
- >Any more and you might have a blowout als-oops.
- >Just as it couldn't get any worse, you feel another verse coming on.
- >"Zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga zigga!"
- >You scream internally.
- >The dream continues like this for several hours until Luna finally sets you free.
- >You wake up in a puddle of sweat and feces.

Hymns

First in my class here at E.U.P.
Shitpost, I'm a champion of /mlp/
Self-inserting, that's my favorite OC
Keep your 40
I'll just have some bomb-ass tea
My tastes never trend to the ord'nary
You'll find that they're degeneracy
All of my pony figures are cherry
A.K. Yearling's in my library
My DB page is all totally pimped out
Got people begging for my recent favorites
Get frontpage feat'd 'cause I'm too horse famous
Ain't got no hooves but I still trot places
I order all of my happy meals with pony toys

I'm a whiz at loud screeching I can make some
noise
EE
EE
There's no fanfic that I haven't read
At romance, well, I'm waifu-wed
Create OC just to bump the thread
I ain't got a life but I got a tulp' in my head
Both my flanks got a permanent tattoo
I can sure kick your plot in a game of horseshoe
Guzzle marecum like it's chocolate fondue
I'm cummin' in  Dash as well as in >(You)
Here's the part I sing through

I've been browsin', inspectin'
Pony comics you know I collect 'em
Spaghet in my pocket
I must protect 'em
My ergonomic BD never leaves me bored
Shopping online for deals on some dakimakura
I edit fandom wikia
I memorized pony thread sim 23
I can recite it right now and have you WTCIRD
I got a business doing clopfics
When my friends need some smut who do they
call?
I do YCHs for them all
Even made a OC for my ma
Yo! I ain't got a shred of pride
Am never gonna get off of this ride
Spend my nights just cuddlin' by her side

Clop clop hope no one sees me gettin' freaky

I'm lonely in the extreme and cring'er than CWC

I was in G3 club, RP club and even 4cc

Only question I ever couldn't say

Was do I like pone or do I like the ays

Spend every weekend by the computer screen

Pray to god that it's just a dream

Games

(Some) answers are at the back.

Word ladder: Change the start word into the end word by altering one letter at a time. All intermediate words must be valid words. Watch out for plurals, comparatives/superlatives (e.g. cool, cooler, coolest), and verb tenses.

BEST

----- altered from an originally straight condition

----- to deviate from straightness

----- to join together

----- a small body of water

PONY

CUTIE

- a unit of radioactivity
- to wish evil upon
- a bag for carrying personal items
- food prepared by straining or blending
- more free from dirt, contaminants, etc.
- more free from doubt
- more painfully sensitive to the touch
- open wounds
- arranges according to kind, class, or size
- places on a waterway for loading ships
- portions of a whole
- lands for recreation or ornamentation

MARKS

Hard version:

SPARKLE

- ponies that annoy you
- ponies of color
- another word for zebras

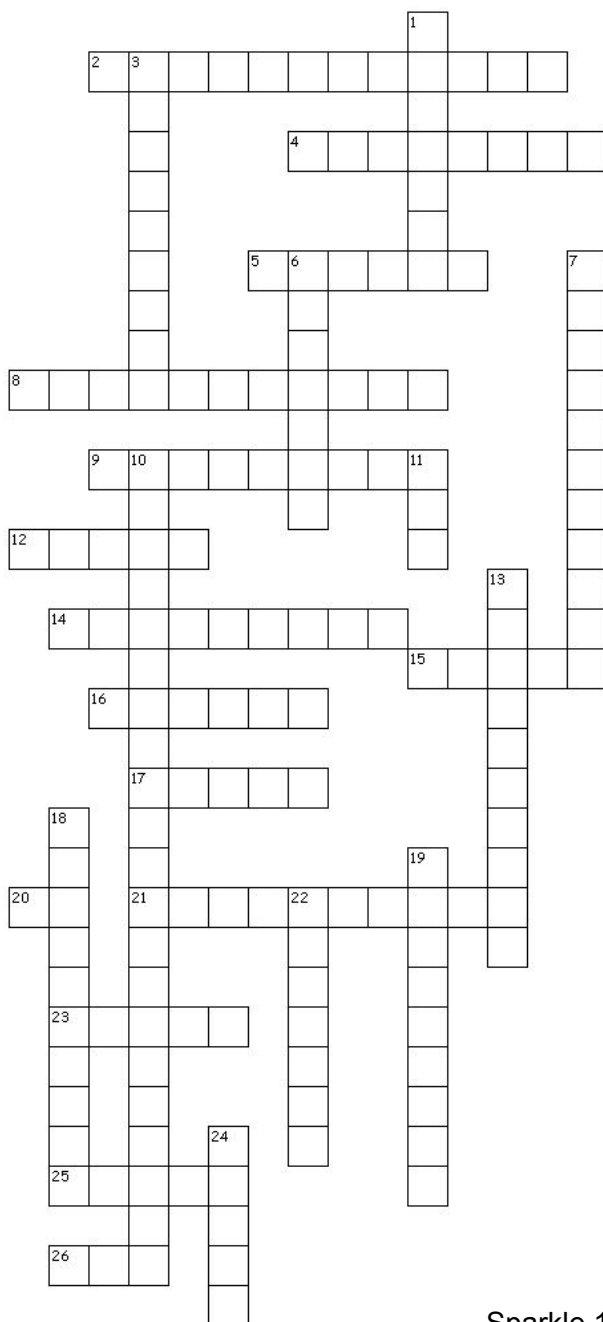
GLIMMER

HORSE

- a building where people live
- bring out of a state of sleep or inactivity
- a way or course taken
- overwhelming defeats
- underground portions of a plant
- protective footwears
- watercrafts
- outer garments
- amounts paid for purchases
- throws with force
- continues in existence
- some series of things, one after the other
- rains in a fine shower
- vague, hazy, indistinct, blurred
- having a stale odor
- resembling pulp
- offensively aggressive

PUSSY

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Across

2. Mother.
4. Celestia's alter-ego.
5. Street talk for Zebra.
8. A true /mlp/ user.
9. Father.
12. No brakes on this train; Also, PES.
14. The life-blood of /mlp/.
15. Pinkie's pet lizard.
16. OP.
17. Part horse, part dragon.
20. An enormous faggot.
21. Terrible pest that once plagued Ponyville.
23. On the rear of a pony, this orifice was named for its distinct shape.
25. Twilight's personal slave.
26. Angry little man.

Down

1. Peetzer
3. Green man.
6. Acronym, you know you want to.
7. A very special place on a pony.
10. Shitstorm, February 2020.
11. Worst OC.
13. It's for little girls!
18. Gay apples.
19. Muh job!
22. The janitor.
24. Cross-eyed mare.

Ciphers: Will you be able to solve these ciphers?

Each picture is a cipher. The secret messages might surprise you! You might even find who the best pony finally is:

Twilight cipher:

PIGEON SERVICE			
TO			
FROM			
Originator's No.	Date.	In reply to No.	
AOAKN	HYPIK	FNFIU	YUDDC
RQXSR	DIHFP	FOVFN	MIAPX
PABUZ	WYND	CMPNW	HJRZH
NLXKE	HENKK	ONDIB	AMEEQ
UAGTA	RBQRH	JOJFM	TPZEH
LKXEH	RGHT	TRZCQ	FNKIQ
KLDS	EQIRU	AOAKN	27 1525/6.

Rainbow Dash cipher:

Also, gumdrops

NOTES

DULT 6 TUNSE NC BEXE

(KAFENSE NIKKE)

31 MICE ALL - 28155 79K5 20806 06173 47R50

1655 1/2 HUNTER DR SE PESHLE

SEHTLSEJCU TC TRS NMRE

99.845 ZUNEPLSEVCISEADITSEN SISENMBSE

NSRQUSE PVTSE WLDN CDE (3 KARL)

4PUSFNGSPSEMKSEKBEJCEBNVXLR

~~Handwritten notes:~~
~~D-W-W-U MFL~~ ~~1/2 MFL DPLSC~~

AREA

Fluttershy cipher:

PL 14.97

Rarity cipher:

75628 28591 62916 48164 91748 58464 74748 28483 81638 18174
74826 26475 83828 49175 74658 37575 75936 36565 81638 17585
75756 46282 92857 46382 75748 38165 81848 56485 64858 56382
72628 36281 81728 16463 75828 16483 63828 58163 63630 47481
91918 46385 84656 48565 62946 26285 91859 17491 72756 46575
71658 36264 74818 28462 82649 18193 65626 48484 91838 57491
81657 27483 83858 28364 62726 26562 83759 27263 82827 27283
82858 47582 81837 28462 82837 58164 75748 58162 92000

Pinkie Pie cipher:

U + R / ● ⊥ E I D Y B 9 8 T M K O
● < > J R J I ■ ● T ● M · + P B F
◆ ○ △ S Y ■ + N I ● F B > ◇ ✕ ▲ R
J G F N ^ 7 ● ● ● 8 · > V ● ⊥ + +
Y B X ● ■ ✕ ● △ C E > V U Z ● - +
I > · ○ ◆ B K ◇ O 9 A · 7 M ◇ 6 ●
R > T + L ● ● C < + F J W B I ● L
+ + ⊕ W C ◆ W > P O S H T / ◇ ◇ 9
I F X Q W < △ ⊥ B □ Y O B ■ - C >
> M D H N 9 X S ◆ Z O ▲ A I K ✕ +

Applejack cipher:

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71, 194, 38, 1701, 89, 76, 11, 83, 1629, 48, 94, 63, 132, 16, 111, 95, 84, 341, 975,
14, 40, 64, 27, 81, 139, 213, 63, 90, 1120, 8, 15, 3, 126, 2018, 40, 74, 758, 485,
604, 230, 436, 664, 582, 150, 251, 284, 308, 231, 124, 211, 486, 225, 401, 370,
11, 101, 305, 139, 189, 17, 33, 88, 208, 193, 145, 1, 94, 73, 416, 918, 263, 28, 500
538, 356, 117, 136, 219, 27, 176, 130, 10, 460, 25, 485, 18, 436, 65, 84, 200, 283,
118, 320, 138, 36, 416, 280, 15, 71, 224, 961, 44, 16, 401, 39, 88, 61, 304, 12, 21,
24, 283, 134, 92, 63, 246, 486, 682, 7, 219, 184, 360, 780, 18, 64, 463, 474, 131,
160, 79, 73, 440, 95, 18, 64, 581, 34, 69, 128, 367, 460, 17, 81, 12, 103, 820, 62,
116, 97, 103, 862, 70, 60, 1317, 471, 540, 208, 121, 890, 346, 36, 150, 59, 568,
614, 13, 120, 63, 219, 812, 2160, 1780, 99, 35, 18, 21, 136, 872, 15, 28, 170, 88, 4
30, 44, 112, 18, 147, 436, 195, 320, 37, 122, 113, 6, 140, 8, 120, 305, 42, 58, 461,
44, 106, 301, 13, 408, 680, 93, 86, 116, 530, 82, 568, 9, 102, 38, 416, 89, 71, 216,
728, 965, 818, 2, 38, 121, 195, 14, 326, 148, 234, 18, 55, 131, 234, 361, 824, 5,
81, 623, 48, 961, 19, 26, 33, 10, 1101, 365, 92, 88, 181, 275, 346, 201, 206, 86,
36, 219, 324, 829, 840, 64, 326, 19, 48, 122, 85, 216, 284, 919, 861, 326, 985,
233, 64, 68, 232, 431, 960, 50, 29, 81, 216, 321, 603, 14, 612, 81, 360, 36, 51, 62,
194, 78, 60, 200, 314, 676, 112, 4, 28, 18, 61, 136, 247, 819, 921, 1060, 464, 895,
10, 6, 66, 119, 38, 41, 49, 602, 423, 962, 302, 294, 875, 78, 14, 23, 111, 109, 62,
31, 501, 823, 216, 280, 34, 24, 150, 1000, 162, 286, 19, 21, 17, 340, 19, 242, 31,
86, 234, 140, 607, 115, 33, 191, 67, 104, 86, 52, 88, 16, 80, 121, 67, 95, 122, 216,
548, 96, 11, 201, 77, 364, 218, 65, 667, 890, 236, 154, 211, 10, 98, 34, 119, 56,
216, 119, 71, 218, 1164, 1496, 1817, 51, 39, 210, 36, 3, 19, 540, 232, 22, 141, 617
84, 290, 80, 46, 207, 411, 150, 29, 38, 46, 172, 85, 194, 39, 261, 543, 897, 624, 18
212, 416, 127, 931, 19, 4, 63, 96, 12, 101, 418, 16, 140, 230, 460, 538, 19, 27, 88,
612, 1431, 90, 716, 275, 74, 83, 11, 426, 89, 72, 84, 1300, 1706, 814, 221, 132,
40, 102, 34, 868, 975, 1101, 84, 16, 79, 23, 16, 81, 122, 324, 403, 912, 227, 936,
447, 55, 86, 34, 43, 212, 107, 96, 314, 264, 1065, 323, 428, 601, 203, 124, 95, 216
814, 2906, 654, 820, 2, 301, 112, 176, 213, 71, 87, 96, 202, 35, 10, 2, 41, 17, 84,
221, 736, 820, 214, 11, 60, 760.

Starlight Glimmer cipher:

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317, 8, 92, 73, 112, 89, 67, 318, 28, 96, 107, 41, 631, 78, 146, 397, 118, 98, 114,
246, 348, 116, 74, 88, 12, 65, 32, 14, 81, 19, 76, 121, 216, 85, 33, 66, 15, 108, 68,
77, 43, 24, 122, 96, 117, 36, 211, 301, 15, 44, 11, 46, 89, 18, 136, 68, 317, 28, 90,
82, 304, 71, 43, 221, 198, 176, 310, 319, 81, 99, 264, 380, 56, 37, 319, 2, 44, 53,
28, 44, 75, 98, 102, 37, 85, 107, 117, 64, 88, 136, 48, 154, 99, 175, 89, 315, 326,
78, 96, 214, 218, 311, 43, 89, 51, 90, 75, 128, 96, 33, 28, 103, 84, 65, 26, 41, 246,
84, 270, 98, 116, 32, 59, 74, 66, 69, 240, 15, 8, 121, 20, 77, 89, 31, 11, 106, 81,
191, 224, 328, 18, 75, 52, 82, 117, 201, 39, 23, 217, 27, 21, 84, 35, 54, 109, 128,
49, 77, 88, 1, 81, 217, 64, 55, 83, 116, 251, 269, 311, 96, 54, 32, 120, 18, 132, 102,
219, 211, 84, 150, 219, 275, 312, 64, 10, 106, 87, 75, 47, 21, 29, 37, 81, 44, 18,
126, 115, 132, 160, 181, 203, 76, 81, 299, 314, 337, 351, 96, 11, 28, 97, 318, 238,
106, 24, 93, 3, 19, 17, 26, 60, 73, 88, 14, 126, 138, 234, 286, 297, 321, 365, 264,
19, 22, 84, 56, 107, 98, 123, 111, 214, 136, 7, 33, 45, 40, 13, 28, 46, 42, 107, 196,
227, 344, 198, 203, 247, 116, 19, 8, 212, 230, 31, 6, 328, 65, 48, 52, 59, 41, 122,
33, 117, 11, 18, 25, 71, 36, 45, 83, 76, 89, 92, 31, 65, 70, 83, 96, 27, 33, 44, 50, 61,
24, 112, 136, 149, 176, 180, 194, 143, 171, 205, 296, 87, 12, 44, 51, 89, 98, 34, 41,
208, 173, 66, 9, 35, 16, 95, 8, 113, 175, 90, 56, 203, 19, 177, 183, 206, 157, 200,
218, 260, 291, 305, 618, 951, 320, 18, 124, 78, 65, 19, 32, 124, 48, 53, 57, 84, 96,
207, 244, 66, 82, 119, 71, 11, 86, 77, 213, 54, 82, 316, 245, 303, 86, 97, 106, 212,
18, 37, 15, 81, 89, 16, 7, 81, 39, 96, 14, 43, 216, 118, 29, 55, 109, 136, 172, 213,
64, 8, 227, 304, 611, 221, 364, 819, 375, 128, 296, 1, 18, 53, 76, 10, 15, 23, 19, 71,
84, 120, 134, 66, 73, 89, 96, 230, 48, 77, 26, 101, 127, 936, 218, 439, 178, 171, 61,
226, 313, 215, 102, 18, 167, 262, 114, 218, 66, 59, 48, 27, 19, 13, 82, 48, 162, 119,
34, 127, 139, 34, 128, 129, 74, 63, 120, 11, 54, 61, 73, 92, 180, 66, 75, 101, 124,
265, 89, 96, 126, 274, 896, 917, 434, 461, 235, 890, 312, 413, 328, 381, 96, 105,
217, 66, 118, 22, 77, 64, 42, 12, 7, 55, 24, 83, 67, 97, 109, 121, 135, 181, 203, 219,
228, 256, 21, 34, 77, 319, 374, 382, 675, 684, 717, 864, 203, 4, 18, 92, 16, 63, 82,
22, 46, 55, 69, 74, 112, 134, 186, 175, 119, 213, 416, 312, 343, 264, 119, 186, 218,
343, 417, 845, 951, 124, 209, 49, 617, 856, 924, 936, 72, 19, 28, 11, 35, 42, 40, 66,
85, 94, 112, 65, 82, 115, 119, 236, 244, 186, 172, 112, 85, 6, 56, 38, 44, 85, 72,
32, 47, 73, 96, 124, 217, 314, 319, 221, 644, 817, 821, 934, 922, 416, 975, 10, 22,
18, 46, 137, 181, 101, 39, 86, 103, 116, 138, 164, 212, 218, 296, 815, 380, 412,
460, 495, 675, 820, 952.

Word Search: In this game, you should find the
words in this mess:

Pony word search

I V C D A J E T N A D N G V X	CELESTIA
G C C F H B R W P Y Y W R K T	TWILIGHTSPARKLE
Y Q E L S R W I Q V C R E P M	RAINBOWDASH
C D L U A O C L C A L U M V O	FLUTTERSHY
Q E E T D N J I R P U E M P T	PINKIEPIE
A I S T W A Y G U P N C I B O	RARITY
R P T E O R X H Z L A N H O N	APPLEJACK
J E I R B D J T Q E L A S N V	SPIKE
X I A S N J K S R J W D T D H	SUNSETSHIMMER
L K V H I E M P A A D A E K W	LUNA
Q N P Y A K C A R C S C S K V	BRONARD
W I E T R I Q R I K M Z N N G	DANTE
W P N V D P A K T R L Z U S Q	CADANCE
R N O N A S F L Y C L B S W A	ANON
P A X E O G L E W Z L W Q B E	

Why should Celestia die?

The absolute worst, piece of shit pony is called Celestia, with her useless princess in name only Luna, who only acts as a bitch and to create conflict in the show. Under her (Celestia's) tyranny, ponies suffer, children are stoned and purple alicorns are separated from their friends because now she's too lazy to do her job (Luna "retired" too, but we all know she was just decoration[imagine sleeping through an invasion]). **These are the reasons why Princess Celestia should die:**

- **She's a tyrant:** Celestia's ruthless tyranny and hoof of iron style ruling is

well known and has ruined the once peaceful nation of Equestria

- **She has an obscenely big butt:** Celestia's gluttony (a sin as described in the Bible) is another not-so-subtle sign of her greed.
- **She enslaved her sister:** Celestia turned Luna from a princess to a princess in name only (PINO) by neutralizing her into a decoration.
- **Celestia is cruel:** She enjoys building things just to tear them down, such as first encouraging her student to make friends, only to later separate them by forcing **Twilight** into her role.

Celestia must die, Nightmare willing.

Why should Celestia Live?

The absolute best, greatest pony is called Celestia. She is the only true ruler of Equestria and has successfully led it for over a thousand years. Under her (Celestia's) rule, ponies have prospered and received protection from threats both large and small. The **purple** horse will never be able to

replace the role that Celestia played. **These are the reasons Celestia should live:**

- **She's an honest ruler:** Throughout her time as princess, she has always listened to her subjects with the highest respects. She does her best to remain fair and honest in the face of conflict.
- **She has a sexy butt:** Other alicorns wish they could compare. This discrepancy has even led some to madness in the past.
- **She saved the populace from a monster:** When her sister went berserk, she was willing to put her hoof down and stop her. It was no doubt a difficult decision. Other rulers would have given her a pass on account of her royalty. In time she was even able to reform her sister and reintegrate her back into society.
- **She's kind:** She works hard to ensure the best of conditions for her little ponies. It's not easy, but she's been at it for a darn long time.

Long live Celestia.

Why should Celestia be cryogenically frozen?

The biggest and most powerful pony is called princess celestia, she has ruled over equestria for over a thousand years on her own. She is both revered and hated, and ponies are split over their opinion of her. But there's a better way for all of us, that'll end all the arguments.

These are the reasons that celestia should be cryogenically frozen:

- **She's the best fit:** What better test subject for this new science then to allow an immortal princess to test it first. She'll be happy to prove the risks she'll take for her land. Her duties can easily be covered by lesser ponies.
- **Preservation:** Celestia should be preserved from any dangers and released when and if ponies are ready to fully embrace her. This is guaranteed more safe and humane than

petrification and school children shouldnt be able to break it.

- **It's easier:** Ponies have always been divided over whether celestia should die or live, now they can put aside their differences and let future generations worry about it.
- **She has a magnificent butt:** If you like her or hate her you can't argue that the butt is a precious resource and must be preserved, protected and further studied by scientists and artists. The curves should be studied until we have perfect replicas. Imagine the tourism!

Lets Freeze Celestia.

Why should Celestia NOT be cryogenically frozen?

The biggest and most bestest pony is called Princess Celestia, she has successfully cared for her subjects for over a thousand years on her own. The lunar rebellion will try to put down the sun-princess, freeze her in her place and deprive her subjects of her presence. No sun loving pony would ever condone such a heinous act such as freezing. **There are the reasons that Celestia should NOT be cryogenically frozen:**

- **A cold sun is a dead sun:** Without her gentle radiance, all life on Equus would come to a stand still. No plants could grow and the entire planet would be frozen in an eternal night. A sure death sentence for her subjects.
- **She is eternal:** Celestia has lived for many thousands of years. Her body is forever youthful and will never see the mark of age.

No external measures needed for preservation.

- **The ponies would miss her:** She is much beloved by the many ponies of Equestria, and even many of the other species both within and outside of her lands. No other leader has ever achieved as much widespread approval as Celestia. Detractors are only a small minority who have been misguided by those who would do them harm.
- **Her butt must be witnessed:** Frozen away her subjects would never be able to observe her mighty rear. She must remain unfrozen in order for her beauty to be seen across the land. Aspiring artisans may even request a special audience so as to attempt to capture her magnificence in art. None so far have been able to capture all of it.

Let's NOT freeze Celestia.

SEASON 10

After the last problem, did you think it couldn't get worse? Or better? Here you can read the best (not really) season of them all. Or maybe don't read it...

EPISODE 1: THE FIRST SOLUTION

- >Pinkie pie still gets cheesed
- >Pinkie's foal is actually not female, but a male despite looking as one.
- >A new problem arises
- >It's Discord playing around again
- >The mare 6 have been captured by him
- >It's up to Starlight to save the day
- >Starlight faces Discord
- >She tries to talk him out of it
- >Discord refuses
- >Starlight shoots a magic beam that pulverizes Discord once again
- >Is this the end for Discord?

EPISODE 2: STARLIGHT'S ASCENSION

- >Of course not
- >Discord appears out of nowhere
- >"Congratulations, Starlight, you have succeeded in almost killing me! You are now strong enough to be an alicorn!"
- >Starlight is happy and proud of herself
- >She can't believe it yet.

- >She starts glowing
- >She becomes an alicorn
- >She even becomes stronger than Twilight
- >But she doesn't know that yet.
- >Discord releases her friends
- >"It was a prank, bros!"
- >They decide not to punish him and laugh at all these events
- >Ha ha ha
- >What will happen to Starlight? Now she is the princess of... something.

EPISODE 3: STARLIGHT LEARNS TO FLY

- >Starlight has wings now
- >He goes to Twilight for help
- >"Twilight, please, help me! I don't know how to fly!"
- >"Who are yo- ah, Starlight, long time no see. I have no time to help you fly. I'm busy with princess stuff"
- >"B-b-b-b-ut, Twilight!"
- >"Go ask Rainbow Dash how to fly"
- >"Fine..."
- >Starlight is sad
- >Wasn't Twilight her friend?
- >Starlight goes to Rainbow Dash
- >"Rainbow! There you are, please, teach me how to fly!"
- >"Sorry, Starlight, I'm too busy bucking apples (and Applejack)"
- >"Please... I really need to learn!"

>"Ah have to say sorry, sugarcube, we are too busy"
>Starlight is pretty sad
>She goes and wanders around for some minutes
>Wait
>She realized something
>She has been flying the whole time!
>She has been flying and she hasn't even noticed
>Wow!
>Starlight was a natural flier
>How perfect
>Starlight now knows how to perfectly fly!

EPISODE 4: SANDBAR'S ASCENSION

>Sandbar is minding his own business with some of the student six
>He finds an old book
>It is a spell book... from the ancient
>"Hmm... what's this book about?"
>"Spells... magic..."
>Well, Sandbar is an earth pony
>He shouldn't understand anything in that book
>"Wait... I get it"
>But he, somehow, understands it all
>"What's this spell...?"
>"Alicorn spell"
>He has always wanted to be an alicorn
>But, he is aware that all alicorns were female
>"Hmm.... Hocus Pocus"
>Poof
>"Woah, I'm now an alicorn"

- >Yeah, it was a spell book that everyone could cast
- >No horn needed, just a voice.
- >Also, there was a 0.01 chance for the spell not to work
- >But Sandbar was really lucky, good for him
- >"I'm an alicorn now!"
- >He still can't believe it.
- >"Hmm... I can't let my friends see me like that"
- >And thus, Sandbar was the first male alicorn in the series, breaking every stereotype and foundation about female alicorns.
- >Good for you, Sandbar!

EPISODE 5: SANDBAR LEARNS TO FLY

- >"I need to learn how to fly"
- >Sandbar didn't need to learn how to use magic
- >Because he had a really special type of magic
- >He could use it with just his mouth
- >"Abracadabra!"
- >Poof, a bunny appeared
- >"Well, I can't let anyone see me like this, there is only one creature I can go to"
- >"Treeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"
- >Yes, the tree of harmony
- >Many years have passed
- >Now the tree is the tree again
- >"I need to learn how to fly, tree"
- >"Alright, Sandbar, but before, what was your phobia?"
- >Uh...

>"It is... uselessphobia, I'm scared of being so useless"

>"Fine, I'll make you experience that phobia and that will teach you how to fly"

>"What"

>BLEM

>"Where am I?"

>Sandbar got teleported to another place

>There were a lot of ponies, they were more interesting than him

>"Hello?"

>No one answered

>They all ignored him

>"Hey, why are you ignoring me?"

>Finally, somepony answered

>"Because you are boring and useless!"

>"NOOOOOOOOOO"

>He starts crying

>His fear became reality

>"Impossible! This can't be! Nooo"

>What now?

>Yona approaches

>"Yona thinks Sandbar Cool, Yona likes Sandbar"

>He felt happy

>He overcame his fear of being useless by partnering with another creature that was more useless

>"Yona... thank you"

>Everything disappears

>It was just an illusion, Sandbar

>"Congratulations, Sandbar, you passed the test.
Now you can fly"
>POOF
>"Yeah, I can finally fly"
>Sandbar now can fly.

EPISODE 6: THE STUDENT 5'S ASCENSION

>Sandbar forgot the book in his locker at school
>Yona and friends find the book
>OwO, what's this?
>"No, Yona, never make that face again"
>"It seems to be a book of some sort"
>"Yona interested, but Yona can't read"
>Dumb Yona
>Ocellus reads it, she is the only one who knows
how to read
>"It says here that you can become an alicorn if
you just read this spell"
>"Hmm.."
>"Hocus Pocus"
>POOF
>Ocellus becomes an alicorn!
>What about the rest?
>"Yeah, what about us, Ocellus?"
>Gallus wanted to be an alicorn too
>"Guys, guys, I found another spell, it lets other
creatures become alicorns too, and not just the
caster!"
>How convenient
>"Hocus Pocus /all"
>POOF

- >Silverstream becomes an alicorn!
- >Gallus becomes an alicorn!
- >Smolder becomes an alicorn!
- >Yona becomes a piece of turd!
- >"Hey, Yona is turd, Yona wants to be alicorn"
- >"Uh... it says here that the spell can fail"
- >Smolder tries to cheer her up
- >"But, look at the bright side, you have a horn and wings too, even if you are a turd. That's cool"
- >Thus, Yona was the first turd alicorn, destroying every stereotype about alicorns being creatures.
- >Also, the students were the first alicorns that weren't ponies, destroying every stereotype about alicorns being ponies.
- >So progressive.
- >"Sweet, now we have to learn how to use magic and fly..."
- >That's right, Smolder is a clever dragon
- >But Ocellus has a plan
- >"Guys, it says that if you read this spell, you can automatically know how to do all that!"
- >"Abacaba"
- >POOF
- >Everyone knew how to use their assets in an instant
- >Magic

EPISODE 7: SUNSET'S ASCENSION

- >You haven't forgotten about Sunset Shimmer right?
- >Sunset was in the EQG world

>She comes to the pony dimension thanks to the portal
>She was feeling sad because she has achieved so much and received so little.
>She was pretty old, but she could still walk
>She decided to visit Celestia
>But
>Alas
>No Celestia, it was a Celestia reskin: Twilight
>"Twilight, what happened?!"
>"Who are you, bacon pony?"
>"Bacon? It's me, Sunshit (sunset) Shimmer! Twilight!"
>"Who? I don't recognize you"
>"But, we were friends! And I came to become an alicorn, I have done so much, defeated so many enemies!"
>"Hmm... fine, according to the alicorn book, you are eligible for ascension. Stay calm"
>Sunset closes her eyes
>"You can open your eyes, you are an alicorn now!"
>"OH! THANKS A LOT, TWILIGHT!"
>"Also, this spell makes you learn how to fly too so you don't have to spend time learning how to fly."
>"That's so... cool! Thanks Twilight!"
>She clip clops and goes to the EQG dimension
>She becomes human again, but she will now grow a horn when she sings with her friends

EPISODE 8: THE UNFORGIVEN

>Twilight was too busy doing princess stuff
>But Spike was constantly telling her to forgive the trio (Tirek, Chrysalis and Cozy (Golly))
>And after 2 years of pestering Twilight with that, she finally agrees to do something about it.
>They go to where the statute of them is
>She calls Discord
>"What makes you summon me, Twilight?"
>"Spike here has been asking me to do something about them"
>"Oh... so, did you call me to release them and redeem them? Especially the child one because she is a child, right?????"
>"No, I want you to destroy them, destroy the statue"
>"What, Twilight, are you sure?"
>Spike can't believe it
>"You now what, I can do it myself"
>Twilight shoots a magic beam and destroys the statue.
>They both can't believe what she did
>"Yeah, they were pretty bad, evil creatures. I can't forgive them, not even the child. I have too many things to do"
>Twilight puts her hoof on Golly's head of stone and crushes it.
>She does the same to Tirek's and Chrysalis'
>Instead of feeling scared, Spike feels arousal
>"H-hot"
>"What did you say, Spike?"
>"Uh, nothing... Let's go."

>Discord was left alone
>He summoned a bunch of animals that ate the remains of the statue of stone
>Yes, he summoned stone-eating animals
>He also spit at what was left of the statue
>He goes back to Fluttershy
>"Where have you been, Discord?"
>"Just what I said I wouldn't do"
>"Oh... turning ponies to stone?"
>...
>"Yeah, something like that"
>"Fluttershy was pregnant with Discord's baby"
>"Just rest, my love..."

EPISODE 9: CHAOTIC FOAL

>Well, it didn't last long
>But Fluttershy finally had a baby
>And guess what
>It was an alicorn too!
>"Isn't she cute?"
>"Yes, my dear Flutterhy, she has your wings too!"
>The problem was that this baby was pretty chaotic.
>She teleported everywhere
>"And it seems she has your magic, Discord"
>"Hehe..."
>The baby was pretty powerful for a... baby
>Even for a baby alicorn
>There was a problem, though
>That this baby ate meat, M.E.A.T
>Yes, she was carnivore

- >So, Fluttershy had to kill some of her animals to feed her newborn
- >She killed some beards, cows, snakes, wolves, fish, chicken, [spoiler]even Angel[/spoiler] so that her baby could grow up strong
- >Everything for her baby
- >Fluttershy started losing interest in animals
- >She only cared about her baby
- >Well
- >What about Discord?
- >He didn't stay a lot of time at home
- >He had to work and provide financial income for the family
- >He worked at a call center
- >He was a father
- >There was no time for pranks and chaos
- >Except for the occasional chaos with Fluttershy just so he could stay alive.
- >However, since Fluttershy no longer cared about animals, her cutie mark disappeared
- >She was now a blank flank.
- >Why are you so surprised?
- >Cutie Marks can disappear now if the pony becomes so uninterested of their special talent"
- >She only cared about her baby and maybe Discord

EPISODE 10: APPLIEDASH

- >Yes, shipping episode
- >Applejack and Rainbow Dash were feeling sad
- >They couldn't have a baby

>That's how nature is
>Except that... there was magic in this world
>But none of them were unicorns
>They decided to go to Twilight and ask for help
>"Twilight! It's us, your friends?"
>"My friends? Oh... yeah, yeah, it's you..."
>"Please, help us! We have been a couple for quite a lot of time, but we can't get foals..."
>"Of course not, are you braindead? Two mares cannot have a foal, ever"
>"B-but, Twilight, please, do something with your alicorn magic, it should be strong enough!"
>"Hmm... fine, just because you helped me with my adventures, close your eyes"
>They both close their eyes
>POOF
>"There, now Applejack is pregnant"
>"Wow..."
>They are speechless (for a second)
>"Thanks.... Twilight"
>They start crying, except for Twilight
>"Now, go away, I'm still busy, enjoy your baby"
>They both leave
>They are pretty happy
>Some months later...
>Their foal is born!!
>But this foal was a bit different from the rest.
>He could talk!
>"I hate farms, I hate apples, I hate ziggers"
>He was an earth pony, but he didn't like anything related to apples

- >Also, Applejack and Rainbow Dash didn't have enough money to take care of their foal
- >And he also hated the farm
- >They really needed some money
- >So...
- >They decided to sell Applejack's farm, including Big Mac and Apple bloom for some extra money
- >They no longer had a farm
- >They needed the money for their foal
- >And their foal was happy
- >Finally, no more Sweet Apple Acres, now he could grow up to be a city pony.
- >He was really happy!
- >And that's what mattered to them.
- >Applejack lost her cutie mark
- >She was a blank flank now

EPISODE 11: FIRST DEATH

- >So, what happened to Rarity
- >Well, she never scored
- >But there was more to that
- >She was a special type of pony
- >She was kind of depicted as the slut of the group
- >But she was special
- >She needed to have sex in order to survive and stay young
- >But, she never scored.
- >Not even once
- >Not even with Spike
- >Years went by
- >She got older pretty fast

- >Until, she decided it was time to stop living.
- >So she died of old age (and lack of sex)
- >It was the end for Rarity
- >She never found the right colt
- >No one wanted her past a certain age
- >She was desperate
- >But she was never loved nor accepted
- >All their friends had foals
- >Their lives were different
- >They had someone they loved
- >And they were loved too
- >Except for Rarity
- >Rarity was just lonely
- >Not even her sister, Sweetie Belle, wanted anything to do with her.
- >Not even her cat
- >She was alone.
- >Her parents never saw her foals
- >Her sister has a long way to go
- >But Rarity...
- >Her time is up
- >Rarity died
- >Well
- >It took the entirety of Ponyville to find her corpse after one week of having died.
- >It was her funeral
- >All her friends and Applejack were there
- >They were crying, except for Twilight, she was busy thinking of princess stuff
- >Spike wants to say something

- >"It's true, I had a thing for Rarity when she was young and pretty, now that she is old and unattractive, I have no desire for her"
- >Truly, powerful words from Spike.
- >Spike sits down
- >Everypony was still crying
- >"Why did she have to die?"
- >"She was too young still..."
- >They decided to bury her
- >And one could find these words in her grave:
- >Here lies Rarity, she never scored"

EPISODE 12: A PARTY OF THREE

- >Remember a party of one?
- >Because I don't remember much of it
- >But you don't need to remember it to read this episode.
- >Anyway
- >Pinkie Pie was getting Cheesed every single day
- >She already had a foal
- >But..
- >That foal was different
- >As we know, he seemed female, but it is a he.
- >Yes, a he (male)
- >There was a problem
- >He wanted to be a she (female)
- >Even as a foal, he knew his sexual orientation and his sexual identity
- >For some reason, they can fully understand that
- >So, he wanted to be a mare.
- >Problem is that he can't talk

- >He is a foal after all
- >But he decided to act like a mare, wear clothes for mare, etc.
- >Pinkie noticed this
- >"Cheese... do you think our foal has a mental illness?"
- >"What are you saying, Pinkie? He is perfectly fine!"
- >"It's just that... he is acting as if he is a she (mare)"
- >"Well, he is just growing! Give him time"
- >Pinkie no longer had time for parties
- >Cheese no longer had time for sex
- >They were both pretty tired taking care of their foal
- >Time passed and Ponyville had no parties anymore
- >Everyone was more serious
- >Pinkie and Cheese no longer laughed
- >They had to work hard for their baby
- >Of course, Pinkie still thought that her foal was somehow mentally ill.
- >But, she tried to make her foal happy with tons of parties.
- >However, little did she know that in the future... her foal will become a transexual pony and lead a massive movement pro-trans.
- >Good for her foal
- >(not really)

EPISODE 13: SPIKE'S REGRET

- >What about Spike?

- >He got to look like a chad
- >He had some females after him when he was young
- >But, did he choose who to spend his life with?
- >Was he able to find his perfect half?
- >Well...
- >No.
- >Implying
- >This is what happened to Spike's sexual life
- >He became an addict for sex
- >He couldn't stop having sex with, but not limited to:
 - >Twilight
 - >Gaby
 - >Ember
 - >Smolder
 - >SilverStream
 - >Yona (just because Yona got Spike unconscious)
 - >Celestia (he knew where she was hidden)
 - >Luna (he knew where she was hidden)
 - >Lyra
 - >BonBon
 - >Almond Joy (formerly, Triple Nut)
- >Yes, he has become the equivalent of a Chad
- >Females were crazy for him
- >But...
- >He had no control over it
- >He needed to have sex to feel alive
- >Problem was that he was an addict
- >And why was that?
- >Simple

- >As time passed, Twilight paid less and less attention to Spike
- >She got busy with princess stuff
- >Spike missed the old Twilight so much
- >He missed being loved and cared by Twilight
- >But Twilight starting caring less about Spike
- >So, Spike wanted to feel that love again
- >He started looking for his female friends
- >But, they immediately “fell in love” with him
- >He mistook it for true love, but they just wanted sex.
- >So, he began having sex
- >Sex after sex
- >He loved the feeling
- >Until he became addicted to it
- >No one knew how he really felt
- >Not even Twilight, for she didn't care about him anymore.
- >All Spike wanted was the old Twilight
- >But now he is riddled in this sexual mess
- >It's an addiction difficult to overcome without help.
- >So
- >He still had sex
- >But he no longer felt love
- >what is love
- >Baby, don't hurt me
- >Also, he never met his real parents
- >That fat dragon he met was a catfish

EPISODE 14: TWILIGHT'S FRIENDSHIP

- >Whatever happened to Twilight?

- >What's with her?
- >How did she change so much?
- >Well, for one, she got married to Flash Sentry
- >Why?
- >Just to annoy you
- >She just became so focused on being a princess, that she lost focus on her friends.
- >She visited her friends less and less
- >And her friends visited her less too
- >Until they lost almost all contact
- >Little by little, she forgot all their adventures together, the hardships they had overcome.
- >She was burdened with all this work, duties here, duties there.
- >She had no time for Spike anymore
- >"I'm sorry... Spike, but I can't play with you right now, I have to go attend this meeting"
- >"I'm sorry, not now, Spike. I have some paperwork due tomorrow"
- >"I'm sorry, Spike. I don't have much time now, I have to travel. You have to take care of the castle"
- >Twilight was so busy, that she had no time for Spike
- >Even delegating work to other ponies didn't give her much time.
- >She became a celebrity because she discovered a new type of magic
- >Every creature came to her asking to now more about that type of magic
- >It was revolutionary!
- >She found it intriguing too.

- >She spent the little free time she had in studying that magic.
- >Spike found other ways to spend some time
- >Twilight lost all focus
- >She appeared everywhere with her new discovery
- >While Spike was dying inside, Twilight felt more alive than ever.
- >She hasn't felt this joy for investigating something since she was called to defeat Nightmare Moon.
- >No time for Spike
- >No time for Applejack
- >No time for Fluttershy
- >No time for Rainbow Dash
- >No time for Pinkie Pie
- >No time for Rarity
- >Finally!
- >She cracked the code
- >She fully understood this type of magic
- >But at what cost?
- >She has now forgotten the magic of friendship.

EPISODE 15: MASS IMMIGRATION

- >Now, it's not everypony, but every creature!
- >Creatures from everywhere visited ponyville.
- >Some of them to stay
- >And others to do business
- >They crossbred with ponies
- >And ponies crossbred with every creature.
- >Ponies with dragons
- >Ponies with yaks
- >Ponies with ponies

- >Ponies with Yona
- >Ponies with changelings
- >Ponies with griffins
- >Ponies with whatever
- >The ponies weren't pure anymore
- >New unicorns became unable to use their magic.
- >Only pure unicorns could use magic
- >Pegasi became unable to fly
- >Only pure pegasi could fly
- >Earth ponies became unable to... eh... be strong, yeah.
- >Only pure earth ponies were strong
- >Little by little, the little ponies lost their magic
- >Pegasi no longer could control the weather
- >They had to rely on machines
- >Equestria was divided in pure ponies and the rest
- >There was constant struggle
- >Riots ensuring
- >At the end, pure ponies ceased to exist
- >Except for some alicorns
- >But, the magic disappeared.
- >They became more dependant of technology
- >This also applied for other creatures too!
- >Dragons couldn't fly nor breath fire
- >Only pure dragons could do that
- >Yaks stopped smelling
- >Only pure yaks could smell
- >Changeling stopped being able to morph into any creature
- >Only pure changelings could do that

- >Finally, the magic was lost for the general population
- >Despite some protests, Twilight stopped caring and called everything progressive.
- >This mass immigration came with other surprises too.
- >Yep, illnesses
- >Equestria lost a good amount of bits trying to cure its creaturezens.
- >Creatures got more scared
- >This wasn't what Celestia wanted.
- >Remember to always control immigrations to your country, Twilight!

EPISODE 16: THE NEW TWILIGHT

- >Who could be the new Twilight?
- >Yes, Luster Dawn?
- >Remember her?
- >She didn't believe in friendship or something like that
- >I already forgot
- >But...
- >What happened to her?
- >Well, it's obvious that she would become an alicorn too.
- >After some time, she really wanted to.
- >She was supposed to be Twilight's successor to the throne.
- >She had so many plans about the future
- >She knew what to do to improve Equestria
- >But as she saw how Twilight turned out to be

- >She stopped caring about becoming an alicorn
- >Her friends couldn't cheer her up
- >"Is that really my destiny?"
- >"Will I become like Twilight?"
- >"No, I refuse to be a princess"
- >Thus, Equestria's only hope was destroyed
- >She was the only one who knew how to reverse all this
- >How to go back to the old Equestria
- >But not anymore
- >She was disappointed in Twilight
- >"How could she abandon her friends like that?"
- >"How could she abandon Spike?"
- >"I knew it, friendship doesn't exist!"
- >Luster Dawn refused to learn about friendship
- >Friendship made no sense
- >She decided to spend her time on other stuff
- >Oh, and she became a lesbian
- >Is there any hope left?

EPISODE 17: BARBIE IMMIGRATION

- >Remember Equestria Girls?
- >Remember Episode 15?
- >Well, I do.
- >And you should too
- >Because...
- >Humans in EQG found the portal to Equestria
- >What was once secret, wasn't so secret anymore
- >Lots of humans decided to go to the pony world
- >Except that they didn't turn into ponies
- >They were still humans

- >Now, Equestria was plagued with humans too.
- >Not only creatures, but humans also.
- >Humans, unlike creatures, were kind of perverted in many ways
- >They brought capitalism, socialism, and all their ideas to Equestria
- >They encouraged mass immigration
- >They encouraged pornography
- >What was once pure
- >No longer existed
- >It was a different Equestria
- >Creatures there became less affective
- >They cared less about others
- >There were more fights
- >More murder
- >More theft
- >Surprisingly, there were no sexual crimes
- >That was because everyone was willing
- >Both male and female
- >Business after business appeared in Equestria
- >Creatures getting excited for the next product
- >At the end, they were the product.
- >Is this really Equestria?
- >Whatever happened to it?
- >There was no love anymore
- >Just pleasure
- >The new generation was already ruined.

EPISODE 18: THE GREAT AND POWERFUL

- >Trixie!
- >Where is she?

- >She was really glad to have Starlight as a friend
- >However, since she became an alicorn, Starlight doesn't have much time for Trixie
- >She spent her time learning some new more tricks
- >She performed every now and then
- >But...
- >She noticed that less creatures wanted to see her magic tricks
- >Why was that?
- >It was thanks to the Barbie immigration!
- >They brought all kinds of technology with them
- >And creatures preferred those instead of some cheap magic tricks
- >That saddened Trixie
- >She loved performing
- >She also loved Starlight as a friend
- >But was Starlight really her friend now?
- >She had no time for Trixie
- >She tried coming up with all kinds of magic tricks to impress creatures
- >But to no avail
- >She had a reduced number of followers
- >She didn't understand this new Barbie technology
- >She came with a magic trick.
- >It was so dangerous, that if it worked, she could finally attract more creatures.
- >It was a dangerous stunt
- >But she liked to call it "magic trick"
- >This magic trick would have Trixie flying into the mouth of a Manticore and she would appear safely in a metal box

- >She has already performed that thanks to Starlight
- >But this time it was different
- >There was no Starlight, just Trixie
- >"Trixie is great and powerful! She is not scared..."
- >That's what she told herself
- >The day finally arrived.
- >She was nervous
- >She entered the cannon
- >She noticed that a lot of creatures were watching in awe
- >More than normal
- >The cannon shoots
- >Trixie is headed into the Manticore's mouth
- >But she reacted too slow
- >She teleports herself
- >But she is severely damaged
- >Some creatures call an ambulance
- >Pony doctors arrived and took Trixie to the Hospital
- >She was now in her bed, bleeding
- >She did it for her audience.
- >Will she survive?
- >All she can do is wait and sleep
- >Be strong, maybe someday Starlight visits her
- >But for now, Starlight doesn't even know what happened.

EPISODE 19: SUN AND MOON

- >The game?
- >No
- >Those are the princesses

>They came back to know how Twilight was doing
>But they were shocked to find out what happened
>It was absolute chaos
>And Discord wasn't even responsible for this
>"What are these creatures, Twilight...?"
>"Princess! I thought you retired?"
>Uh, Twilight seems to still be fond of Celestia
>Or is she?
>"I did retire, but we wanted to see how you were doing..."
>Luna was too shocked to speak
>"You see, princess... I did a better job at managing Equestria than you! Just look at every creature, they can finally live together!"
>"But Twilight, there are riots everywhere, technology I have never seen before, why aren't pegasi controlling the weather? What happened?"
>"Princess Celestia, those creatures don't understand change, they don't understand progression. So they are being controlled"
>They both couldn't believe how Twilight was replying.
>What happened to her?
>"And where is Spike?"
>"Oh, him... he is busy taking care of some of my stuff... oh yeah, friendship stuff"
>"Where are your friends?"
>"We all grew up, except for Rarity, she died"
>Twilight says that as if it were a normal sentence.
>"They all had foals, families, so we don't have much time to continue"

>"I... I don't know what to think, Twilight..."
>"Maybe you two should make a family and grow up a little, not everything is friendship in this life"
>...
>"I'm so sorry, sister..."
>Luna tried to cheer Celestia up
>"No, I'm the one who is sorry"
>That was... Twilight?
>"What do you mean?"
>"I see opposition in your eyes, princesses"
>...
>"I know you will get in my way, I'm sorry, but I have to do this..."
>Twilight's horn starts glowing
>"Twilight?"
>"Twilight, what are you doing?"
>"Stop! Twilight!"
>"I'll banish you two to the moon for one thousand years! Just how you did exactly the same to your sister!"
>What
>"NO! Twi-"
>Twilight vanished them both to the moon
>They won't be a problem now
>Twilight can finally continue her duties.

EPISODE 20: SMALL FRIENDS

>What's with the pets?
>They all died of old age
>All of them, except for Tank
>He died of starvation

- >They don't live as long as ponies
- >Or as long as other creatures
- >So they were left behind
- >At first, the ponies were hurt
- >But they got used to the pain
- >And they just continued living.
- >Except for Rarity
- >In her final years, she bought a lot of cats
- >She loved them
- >They were like her foals
- >She took care of them
- >At least, she felt some kind of love.
- >It wasn't what she was craving.
- >But it was at least something
- >Most of their pets got a proper burial
- >Others were just left in the streets
- >Rarity caught toxoplasmosis
- >But she didn't care
- >Opal has already died
- >Those cats were other... well.. Cats unrelated to Opal.
- >Applejack also sold her dog for more money
- >Pinkie's pet died too of old age before he could see Pinkie's foal.

EPISODE 21: MUSIC PONIES

- >Remember the ponies of music?
- >What were their names?
- >Octavia? DJ-Pon3?
- >Yeah, those two.
- >They didn't find much success in this new world

- >Creatures no longer cared about classical music
- >Creatures no longer cared about DJ's
- >They cared about music that sounded like blenders.
- >Uh...
- >They really like this blender music
- >So, no creature went to their concerts
- >And they started getting poorer.
- >Other creatures produced music that was better according to the general population
- >They produced music faster.
- >They didn't even know about music theory
- >They just produced music that sounded good according to them.
- >No need to learn notes, just the sounds, and what sounds "good"
- >Some of that music had some weird lyrics in... latin?
- >But, what to do?
- >They were being forgotten
- >No one wanted them in their meetings
- >They became irrelevant
- >No creature like their music anymore
- >"That sounds so old"
- >"So boring"
- >"Where is the bass drop?"
- >That's all they heard
- >They could only play for themselves for they were the only ones who cared.
- >At least, they had each other

- >But, in order to keep living, they had to work in the equivalent of McDonalds.
- >They started to forget how to make music
- >Until they finally stopped caring
- >They were too busy working
- >Their cutie marks disappeared
- >For they ignored what they loved most
- >For they forgot what kept them alive

EPISODE 22: ALREADY DELIVERED

- >"I don't know what went wrong"
- >She kept repeating that
- >Thanks to the new technology brought by EQG, no creature had a need for sending cards.
- >And with the apparition of drones, they did Derpy's job faster and better
- >No creature had a need for Derpy
- >But that was the best she was at!
- >She liked her job
- >But...
- >They fired her
- >She was too slow compared to the new technology
- >She felt sad
- >"I don't know what went wrong"
- >She wanted to go back
- >She wanted to keep delivering
- >Nothing
- >She was already replaced by drones and instant messaging
- >Delivering messages a lot faster than Derpy

- >Delivering packages more accurately than Derpy
- >Derpy liked traveling while delivering
- >She enjoyed seeing new things
- >And best of all is that she got paid
- >So she could keep living
- >She loved her job...
- >But not anymore
- >She had no job
- >And what she knew how to do was no longer needed.
- >Other things did that and better.
- >She started applying for other jobs related to delivering
- >But they were closing
- >Or they were quickly adopting more drones and this instant messaging
- >Derpy started seeing creatures less and less
- >Derpy started interacting with creatures less and less
- >All was lost for Derpy
- >And, she was still wondering...
- >"I don't know what... went... wrong..."

EPISODE 23: TO BECOME HUMAN

- >Guess who
- >Yeah, the pony who loved humans or something like that
- >Was she in Bonbon too?
- >I don't remember, but it doesn't matter.
- >Thanks to the mass immigration of humans in to Equestria

>Lyra started losing interest in Bonbon
>Bonbon was heartbroken, she knew about Lyra's
obsession, but she never cared since humans were
not real... until now
>Lyra was always asking about human's hands,
she really loved touching their hands
>It felt nice to the touch
>"Lyra..."
>Bonbon tried calling her, but to no avail
>It was useless
>She preferred to spend time with humans, it was a
new sensation she hasn't felt for years.
>She was already forgetting about Bonbon
>But Bonbon didn't want to give up so easily
>She tried wearing some fake hands
>She tried standing on two hooves
>She tried letting Lyra touch her hands
>"It's not the same, Bonbon. I need real hands!"
>That hurt Bonbon.
>She only wanted Lyra back
>She missed her best and most precious friend.
>They had so many memories together
>How could she forget them all and go for humans
and their hands?
>But Bonbon wouldn't give up yet.
>She... just... couldn't
>She heard something about surgery...
>This was also brought by humans
>With surgery, Bonbon could have hands! Real
hands instead of hooves!
>She could walk on two hooves too!

>And that would make Lyra love her
>Little did Bonbon know the side effects of surgery
and how expensive it was.
>It didn't matter.
>Lyra was all that was in her mind.
>...
>Would Bonbon take the final step?
>She just wanted Lyra to love her back.
>She noticed how happy she was next to humans
and their hands.
>"Their hands are so unique!", she said
>"Humans are so great!", she said
>Uh...
>Bonbon heard some stories about surgeries
>That it could make creatures' dreams come true
>They could be whatever they wanted
>Bonbon decided to sell some of her belongings
>Bonbon used some of her life earnings.
>Bonbon went to the nearest hospital
>"That's it"
>"I have seen people are happier after surgeries, I
want to become human. I am a human inside, why
not outside too?"
>She took the surgery
>...
>...
>When she woke up
>Nah, just kidding, she never woke up
>She died during surgery
>It was the first time the doctors performed this
type of surgery

- >Bonbon lost too much blood and died in her sleep
- >The doctors failed despite having told her that everything was going to be alright.
- >Bonbon didn't become human
- >And now she was dead.

EPISODE 24: ALICORN REVOLUTION 1

- >There were too many alicorns
- >Of course there was going to be some kind of revolution
- >They were all powerful
- >They had different ideals
- >It was time to teach Twilight a "friendship" lesson she shouldn't have forgotten
- >Twilight's biggest threat was her own friends.
- >What about the Crystal Empire?
- >Did it make the same mistake?
- >You see, someone made the decision for them
- >Shining armor and Princess Cadance were both exhausted after taking care of Flurry Heart for some many years.
- >They didn't sleep well for years, they weren't eating well.
- >Taking care of an alicorn baby was never easy
- >And taking care of an alicorn teenager is even worse.
- >Remember that comic about that Flurry Heart obsessed with anon? Well, she was kind of like that.
- >She never cared about this royal stuff

- >She was getting angrier at their parents for forcing to behave like a princess
- >She was tired of them
- >So, she went against them
- >But it didn't last long.
- >Both Shining Armor and Cadance fell incredibly ill
- >...
- >No one could find the root of their illness
- >They spent a fortune on doctors
- >They even relied on this new technology brought by humans and other creatures
- >This new medicine
- >However...
- >They were treated with pills.
- >Pills here, pills there
- >Pills for this, pills for that
- >Pills for these pills.
- >This new medicine wasn't treating the cause of their problems, only their symptoms.
- >Shining Armor and Cadance were both living on pills.
- >Of course, this new medicine was brought on one condition, if both Shining Armor and Princess Cadance accepted mass immigration to their Empire.
- >Since they were desperate, they accepted.
- >They were worried about their child
- >What was she up to now?
- >Starlight Glimmer was about to rival Twilight
- >She couldn't believe what Twilight has become
- >It was best to put her down

>...

>But the students six appeared.

>They were all alicorns

>Including Yona who was a piece of turd with horns and wings.

>They also wanted to change things their own way

>Guess who else is here

>Flurry Heart!

>Yeah!

>She was tired of all this princess stuff

>And she only wanted to get rid of all this.

>Only

>Well, they all found each other in Twilight's room.

>She was surprised to see so many alicorns

>"What are you doing here? Students? Starlight? Flurry?"

>Ah, she remembers Starlight now!

>"I can't believe what you have become! I'm so sorry, Twilight; it's time for me to return the favor. The pony who helped me so much is in need of help"

>"Help? What are you talking about Starlight? Can't you see I'm busy?"

>...

>"Stop!", shouted Flurry Heart

>"I'm tired of this, of this princess stuff! My parents have always been busy and now they are sick. Why couldn't my parents have been normal ponies? Why did I have to be born a princess?! I only wanted a normal family!"

>...

>"And what brings you here, Students and Yona?"
>"You let our species get destroyed! Current dragons are nothing compared to the others, current creatures are just a shadow of what they used to be!"
>...

EPISODE 25: ALICORN REVOLUTION 2

>Starlight tries to convince Twilight
>"Don't you remember?, what happened to you? I want the old Twilight back!"
>But Twilight started charging her magic
>"What..."
>"You fools, no matter who, no one will get in my way! Not even you! Being a princess is my destiny!"
>"Twilight shoots a magic beam"
>They all dodged it
>They were surprised
>Twilight really means it
>She doesn't care if she destroys her own castle
>She doesn't want any creature to be in her way.
>The fight started
>"Twilight! This is what happens thanks to all this diversity, this is what happens when every creature is too different!"
>Uh oh, Starlight was turning into her old self
>Equality for everyone!
>They were all pretty powerful
>They used all their magic attacking Twilight and defending themselves

- >Basically, Twilight was against everyone, Flurry was against everyone too.
- >Starlight was only against Twilight.
- >The Students Six were against Twilight too.
- >This is it, the final showdown.
- >Magic was seen everywhere
- >Magic beams, of course
- >They were destroying everything
- >Every single castle.
- >Every single building
- >Creatures were dying
- >They were terrified
- >What was happening?
- >None of the alicorns yielded
- >But they were getting exhausted
- >Creatures were fleeing
- >The portal to Equestria Girls was destroyed when Sunset Shimmer was about to go through it
- >But she didn't die, she was pretty damaged.
- >With the last of her strength, she shot a beam to Twilight
- >She never saw it coming
- >But she wasn't going down alone
- >She was charging her biggest attack yet
- >The magic bomb
- >In this battle, some ponies and creatures were so sad with their lives that they just decided to go outside and get killed by some of the alicorns
- >Derpy, Octavia, DJ-Pon3, Trixie, even Spike...
- >They all wanted death and got it

- >This battle was so devastating, that there was no hope.
- >Discord? He became too normal with his job and disappeared. He couldn't do anything now.
- >It was the end for every creature.
- >Starlight saw Twilight charging her deadly attack.
- >...
- >Was this the end for everyone?
- >It feels like the Students Six did nothing in this battle, but they were trying to avoid casualties and rescuing creatures.
- >But they failed with our previous beloved ponies and Spike.
- >Was this the end?
- >...
- >That's it!
- >Starlight thought of time travel!
- >She could go to the exact point when Twilight is about to become an alicorn
- >She can prevent that, and she can defend them from all those enemies you previously fought
- >And that would make you the new protagonist!
- >Stealing the spotlight as always
- >That's genius, Starlight...
- >Where was this scroll?
- >Ah, no time for that, it was sent to another place if you remember correctly
- >Starlight just casts the time travel spell
- >She hopes it works
- >It's all or nothing
- >She disappeared...

EPISODE 26: THE FINAL SOLUTION

>"Twilight!"

>...

>"Twilight!"

>...

>"Ahhhhhh!"

>"Twilight, what happened?"

>...

>Twilight was pretty scared...

>"Tell me what happened?!"

>Spike was trying to help Twilight

>"I... just a horrible nightmare, Spike, I was an alicorn, the princess of friendship! And I became evil, I even abandoned you! I saw some ponies' lives get worse, I vanished Princess Celestia and Luna to the moon! And there were creatures everywhere, everything was chaotic, my friends were really unhappy with their lives, I was no longer friends with them! There was this alicorn called Starlight Glimmer that tried to stop me, along with others... and I-I-I."

>"Twilight"

>Spikes tries to calm Twilight down

>"Twilight, it was just a dream, relax. I'm here, everything is going to be okay. I know we will have each other, and you will always have your friends too!"

>...

>"Thanks, Spike. I think you are right... b-but it felt so real... it even hurt, and I don't even know

Starlight or those creatures... there were dragons and-"

>"And I'm here now, Twi. Don't worry, but you need to sleep well because the Grand Galloping Gala is tomorrow, and you need to be the best when you meet Princess Celestia!"

>"Heh, you are right, Spike. Thank you so much for being with me. Make sure you sleep well too"

>Twilight goes to sleep

>"Dude... I'm so lucky to have Twilight with me, she is just so sweet and caring. I wouldn't change our relationship for anything ever"

>Spike goes to sleep

>...

>...

>"Well... it seems I went too back into the past, this is before they went to the Grand Galloping Gala"

>"It's not what I had in mind, but everything seems so peaceful"

>"I'll go check if the other ponies are alright"

>"Hmm..."

>"Derpy seems happy delivering"

>"DJ-Pon3 and Octavia are playing music at a party and everypony loves it!"

>"No other creatures, just ponies and Spike"

>"Trixie is still performing, but is one of the bad guys at the moment"

>"The pets are still alive"

>"No students here"

>"Lyra and Bonbon like each other's company. Bonbon doesn't want to be anyone else"

>"Applejack is working hard in the farm"

>"Pinkie Pie is happy throwing parties and cheering up people"

>"Twilight still has her tree library"

>"Rainbow Dash is still working hard to be part of the Wonderbolts"

>"Fluttershy loves her animals and takes care of them"

>"Rarity still has her boutique and enjoys fashion"

>"Spike is with Twilight and they are both happy with each other"

>"Princess Luna and Celestia are together"

>"Cozy Glow? Tirek? Chrysalis? I hope they will be able to handle them better..."

>"The student six? They aren't here yet..."

>"Sunset Shimmer? Her time to shine will come..."

>"Discord? He'll be fine"

>"Me? Well... I hope they still redeem me... I really enjoyed their company no matter how evil I have been..."

>"I hope Twilight learns from her and my mistakes... I was the one who gave her that dream of everything that happened until that point..."

>"She is a smart pony, I'm confident she will change the future for the better..."

>"I didn't get the spell right: I traveled back in time, but to a different time, and I'm vanishing... I don't have much time here before I'm completely gone"

>"I really enjoyed all those moments together, Twilight Sparkle, and all the friends I had. I hope I get to experience them again"

>"Please... change the future for the better..."
>"I hope this was not in vain..."
>Twilight woke up the next day
>"Yawwwn..."
>"Good morning! Are you ready, Spike? Today is a great day!"
>"Sure thing, Twi! I know you will look great!"
>Twilight seemed happy
>Except for one thing...
>Something changed within her
>She usually found herself meditating about that dream
>Well...
>Was it for the better?, or for the worse? Will she still redeem Starlight Glimmer and the other villains?

END OF SEASON 10

ROAD TO 50K

>This is me trying to get to 50k words: poni
poni poni poni poni poni poni ponier poni
poni poni poni poni poni poni poni pon-
>I'm not going to to that cheap thing
>Instead
>You'll be reading my philosophy on things
>Why? How? When? What?
>Who? Whom? Whomst?

- >Those are key questions
- >But
- >Where are the key answers
- >Because, This, Now, That
- >Me, Mem, Memst
- >Those are the key answers
- >But
- >What if there is more than answers and questions
- >Hmm...
- >If not now, when?
- >Indeed, when?
- >If not this, what?
- >Indeed, what?
- >If not it, stuff?
- >Indeed, stuff
- >Wait
- >There is a question that is not a key question
- >Stuff?
- >What is it asking for?
- >Stuff...
- >If it is not a key question, what is it?
- >If it is not a key answer, what is it?
- >You see, there is more to questions than questions.
- >There is more to life than life
- >When we don't know the meaning of something, we give it a meaning, of course.

- >Stuff?
- >What is it asking again?
- >Well, Stuff will mean Because
- >But that can't be
- >Stuff would be a question and an answer
- >A question can't answer itself
- >A question can't answer another key question
- >Why?
- >And the answer is: Stuff?
- >That makes no sense
- >But, it is clever at the same time
- >A question that answers another question?
- >Why not make the key answers become key questions so they can answer themselves?
- >Me? That? Because?
- >Finally
- >Questions that answer themselves
- >That's the meaning of life!
- >Wait...
- >Not yet...
- >What's the meaning of life?
- >It has one key question: What?
- >But, 's the meaning of life aren't key questions
- >What are they?
- >Let's give them meaning!
- >'s = 's?
- >the = ziggers?
- >meaning = ?

>of = ?

>life?

>Now, our questions has become:

>What's? Ziggers? ? ? ?

>Now it has become a lot more simple

>Ziggers

>We need to define answers

>We have key answers

>But, what could answer the question Zigger?

>Indeed, to Zig or not to Zig?

>We have the following key answers

>Because, This, Now, That

>Me, Mem, Memst

>What does the word "Zigger" evoke to you?

>Happiness? Sadness? Anger? Disgust?

>Is it funny?

>Well, we need to create a new answer, since those key answers don't answer this question.

>But

>What could answer "Zigger"?

>Yes

>Exactly, that's the answer.

>"Yes"

>That would be our newly defined answer

>The question: What's? Ziggers? ? ? ?

>The answer: Yes

- >We have also answered the original undefined question: What's the meaning of life?
- >The answer: Yes.
- >Thus, ending the proof.
- >What? We aren't at 50k words yet?
- >Come on
- >Well, what's life, then?
- >Forget everything we have talked before
- >It's time to try to answer that question
- >What's life?
- >We say that we are living
- >We are constantly applying the verb form of life
- >How come we don't know what life is?
- >If we are constantly living, does that mean we can't live without life?
- >But if we can't live without living, and if we need life, and if we stop living, we cease to be...
- >That means we are life.
- >Or is life us?
- >Or are we just sublives?
- >Everyone is living, but differently, as if they were experiencing a different kind of living.
- >It is as if... there were subsets of lives
- >Sublives
- >Everyone is a sublife.

- >Sublives that have died no longer have life within them
- >So, they aren't subalive
- >They are the opposite of life
- >They are dead
- >But, they must be subdead since not everyone experience the same death
- >So, there are subdeaths
- >And each one has subdied
- >If we are a subset of Life, is life infinite?
- >Are there infinite subsets?
- >Or is that why everyone dies eventually?
- >When someone dies, they return their subliffe to life so that another being can claim that subliffe
- >But that would evoke a bigger question
- >Is death infinite? Are there infinite subdeaths?
- >Uh...
- >Beings that have subdied... they stay subdead.
- >So, is death infinite? Where does it come from? Where does it go?
- >It can't be infinite
- >It's simple
- >Death is just the lack of Life
- >When you return your subliffe, you have nothing
- >That nothingness is death

- >You have nothing
- >That sublife was your everything
- >Without it, you can't express yourself
- >However, that emptiness is not the same for everyone.
- >So
- >It becomes subemptiness
- >But, isn't emptiness just nothingness?
- >Does that mean that there are subnothingness?
- >You bet.
- >Just like numbers that seem to be infinite
- >Between 1 and 2, how many numbers are there?
- >But you know that there is a 1 and that there is a 2, so, there must be an end.
- >It just happens to nothingness
- >It seems infinite
- >But it keeps getting divided into pretty small subnothingness
- >In this case, one subnothing, no matter how small, is enough for the person to be subdead
- >Everyone has a different size of subnothing
- >But as time goes on
- >Everyone keeps getting a smaller subnothingness
- >But, will it ever end?

- >What's the difference between one subnothingness and another subnothingness?
- >Does it matter if one subnothingness is bigger than the other?
- >Size, in this case, represents when you subdied.
- >If you subdied earlier, you get a bigger subnothingness, if you subdied later, you get a smaller subnothingness. It's just subnothing logic 101, pretty basic.
- >The logic of sublife explains why there are some beings that are born death or that never get to experience life.
- >They are born subdead because they were born in the time when there were no more sublives to give.
- >Since there were no more sublives, they ended up with subnothingness.
- >Granted, sublives keep getting smaller in size.
- >There are more beings alive now
- >So, those sublives need to be smaller.
- >But sometimes... Live messes up and no longer has any sublife left
- >So, no creature can start subliving.
- >So, they subdie
- >Until someone who has been subliving subdies
- >And then, other creatures can start subliving.

- >That's why it's important to subdie
- >So that others can sublve
- >If humanity plans on being immortal
- >There would no longer be any animals left
- >There would no longer be any more humans
left
- >Every single being would be born subdead.
- >That's how Life and Death complement each
other
- >There has to be death in order to be life
- >The end.
- >Or is it the subend
- >By the way, don't subkill (or kill) yourself, I just
came up with all this nonsense.
- >Well, poni poni poni poni poni poni poni poni
poni poni poni poni poni poni poner poni poni
poni poni poni poni poni poni poni poni

LEAVE BLANK

no

^seconding this

Celestia is a tyrant and should die. I will not waste an opportunity to spread this message

Report Documentation Page		Form Approved OMB No. 0704-0188
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Chapter 15 3/4

>You're just finishing one of your daily shitposts.

>When suddenly The mane six burst through your front door.>"we know what you did anon, now admit it and we might not punish you as harshly."

>"okay right I only found some of Applejack's cider, but I didn't drink it. I....er...gave it to charity."

>you motion to the direction you think they're in. your visions pretty blurry, you totally drank all of aj's cider.

>"we're not here about that anon, we didn't even know about that. You did something much worse. Just admit it so we can help you."

>"Sure I'll admit it. I totally raped that pony and frankly she should be honoured. I chose her when there's just so many other rapeable ponies in this town, let alone in this room, especially you!"

>you point in their direction and wink seductively,
That's just how smooth you are.

>"anon that's a doormat."

>"hell screw it, I'd rape all of you if I had the
chance, maybe even several times!"

>"anon.."

>you slap their hoof right off of you.

>"dont touch me faggot, I have rights!"

>"anon We're only here because you ate one of
fluttershy's chickens."

>"Oh."

>"Shit."

Now anon shitposts from a jail cell.

Don't be anon kids; raping ponies is illegal.

Whats with the redditspacing?

I dont know, I cant change it

why not?

No idea

CLASSIFIED - SUBJECT TO *ITAR*, 22 CFR 12.0-130
DO NOT EXPORT OUTSIDE OF EQUESTRIA
Also, gumdrops

Would You Like to Play a Game?

A Primer on National Nuclear
Strategy, and Individual Survival

By The 4chan Strategic Council
(4CSC)

Forward - by Anon

Few subjects have been less understood in the last century than global thermonuclear war. Pop culture and journalism have depicted it as ending human civilization at the least, and all life on Earth at the worst. In doing so, they have propagated myths and inaccuracies that have actually reduced the chances of individuals surviving. Nuclear war is a Bad Thing™[citation needed]. That much should be obvious. But, the details matter. What would happen to you, as an individual, and your friends and family, would depend on a variety of factors, many of which you actually have considerable control over.

Part One - A Strange Game; The Only Winning Move Is Not to Play

First, let's address one of the biggest elephants in the room: MAD. Mutual Assured Destruction has never been an official policy of the United States (or in any records recovered after the fall of the Soviet Union).

Early on in the Cold War, WWII thinking regarding strategic bombardment still held considerable sway, with factories and raw resources considered valid targets.

However, as the number of warheads on each side grew into the tens of thousands, it began to make less sense to target the enemy's cities, because there was now something much more important to shoot at--the enemy's warheads themselves.

Let's play a game of Global Thermonuclear War.

It can be set at almost any time period, but let's just say 1988, as the Soviet Union was beginning its (mostly unseen and unpredicted by Western sources) collapse.

As its chances of world domination began to falter, the temptation was surely there to use its sole trump card to wrest out a victory while it still had the chance. There was quite a fear in the West of exactly this scenario coming to pass.

You can play as the US, and I'll play as the USSR. Now, while there are no hard and fast rules to this game, there are loose "rules" based upon each side's desired outcomes.

Let's list the first few priorities:

1. Keep my country "alive". My nation must continue to exist as a going concern after the shooting stops. Otherwise, what's the point? This means that I must make choices that give my people, my economy, and at least a basic level of government the best chances to survive.
2. Remove the threat from the enemy. This actually derives from the first point; the enemy has the power to "kill" my country, and the most certain way to ensure that they cannot is to remove that power from their hands altogether.
3. Maximize my country's ability not just to survive, but to thrive. This includes minimizing damage received from the enemy, protecting the economy and society, and any number of "softer" goals.

The first priority is why deterrence works; the best way to guarantee my nation's continued survival is to not play the game in the first place. "Not to play" is not the only winning move, but it is the most certain. The second priority, combined with the first, is why shooting at your cities is just about the last thing that I would ever want to do. You see, your cities do not directly threaten my country's existence--but your warheads do.

Given this, we can derive a few of those loose "rules":

1. Whoever runs out of warheads first (or loses the ability to issue timely commands to the warheads they have left) loses completely. The "winner" (in quotes, because "winning" in this game is somewhat relative) gets to use their remaining warheads to threaten the loser's population and economy with utter devastation. The loser is obligated to accept terrible peace terms, or face annihilation.
2. Therefore, if one side believes that it is likely to lose, it immediately comes under increasing pressure to negotiate a peace at something less than a complete loss. In 1988, this likely would have included removing the loser's troops from the immediate theater of conflict (roughly, from France to Poland), and might have included painful restrictions on the loser's ability to reconstitute a powerful nuclear force (together with a painful inspection regime to ensure no cheating on the loser's side).
3. The side that believes it is likely to "win" (that is, not lose completely) also faces pressure to negotiate a peace--because the losing side, as long as it has not lost completely, retains the option to flip over the table, invoke MAD, and take the "winner" down with them. Therefore, unless the losing side plays the game so poorly that it loses completely, the winner is not going to get to fly their flag over the other's capitol, much less demand unconditional surrender; not as long as their first priority is to keep their country "alive".

Thus, even a large nuclear exchange is unlikely to result in the wholesale destruction of cities, because doing so a) reduces the warheads that each side has left to take out the other side's warheads, and b) makes it all the more likely that the other side will flip over the table. A brutal calculus, but one into which both sides invested massive amounts of brainpower during the Cold War.

So, what does this all mean in practical terms? As the USSR, my primary targets are not your cities, your refineries, your power plants (particularly risky targets, in terms of table-flipping potential), or really anything except your nuclear forces.

What are your nuclear forces? Your active warheads, ready to be used. Your delivery systems (primarily BMs, BMs, and nuclear-capable BMs). The communication nodes that you use to transmit orders from NCA (Nasty Cunt Authority, i.e., the President and senior generals who can in certain circumstances issue launch orders).

And, the NCA itself.

Those are my targets. Nothing else matters, or rather, everything else pales in importance. Every warhead that I waste on a target other than your nuclear forces slightly increases the risk that I will lose, and given the stakes of this game--my nation's very survival--I cannot afford to take that risk.

Part Two - The Cold (War) Equations

So, I simply aim one of my warheads at each of your warheads, and they all cancel out, right? Wrong. I may need to use several--even a dozen or more--warheads on each target that I select. Why? Murphy's Law and Vegas odds.

There is a military concept, used in everything from tanks to BMs, called $P(k)$, or Probability of a Kill. This is a best-guess estimate of the ability of one thing to eliminate the threat posed by another thing.

For example, let's take a Minuteman silo in Montana. It contains a missile that could destroy one or more of my warheads (or I could cut a hole in the bathroom stall and offer my services there). I need to destroy it, but warheads are not magic wands that you can wave at the enemy and make things disappear. I need a lot of steps to go exactly right in order to destroy the missile sitting in your silo.

Let's work backwards from the target. My warhead has to explode correctly in order to produce the blast overpressure (a nuke's primary means of destroying something, especially a hardened target) needed to punch through the reinforced concrete cap on top of the silo and then crush the missile inside.

Any given warhead should in theory go off correctly every time, but there's a small chance it won't. Maybe the technicians who assembled that particular warhead made a mistake; perhaps one of the components has failed due to age (the nuclear material in warheads produces a tiny amount of radiation that can damage the circuit boards over the course of many years) and got missed by the last inspection; maybe the design of the warhead itself was flawed (this actually happened to the US). There are a number of things that could go wrong, and the official estimates for how likely they are to happen is, obviously, classified.

For this game, let's give it a 95% chance of producing sufficient overpressure to do the job.

But, then, the warhead has to detonate close enough to the target that sufficient overpressure is actually delivered to the target. If it misses by even half a mile, it might not be able to crack that concrete lid over the silo. Hitting within half a mile of a target after flying halfway around the world is a lot harder than it sounds, and the remarkable thing is that it's possible at all.

Let's give that another 69% chance of working, since the USSR partially made up for their historically lower accuracy by using larger warheads (which works to an extent, but is a less efficient solution).

But, there's a chance that the warhead will fail to separate from the bus (the unpowered stage that the warheads ride into space) correctly. Another 95%.

There's also a chance that the missile will go off course, sending all of the warheads it carries astray. 95%.

Or the warhead, or the bus, or even the missile could be intercepted by a defensive missile. 95%, although in 1988, it was 100%, because the US hadn't developed modern missile defenses (Russia has had defensive missiles around Moscow for decades; they make up for lower accuracy by using nuclear warheads While it would be somewhat inaccurate to say that they plan to "carpet-bomb" their own sky, that does convey the general idea).

Or the missile could fail to launch (this turned out to actually be a big deal with Soviet missiles, despite their considerable experience in building rockets). 95%.

Or (and here's the big question mark), the missile could get destroyed by one of your warheads before I can make the decision to use it, issue the launch order, have the order transmitted to the people who physically turn the keys to launch the missile, and for them to launch it.

95%, but in truth, this one is the least predictable variables, because we're both aiming for each other's delivery systems at the same time, and the time needed to make a decision, transmit it to the delivery system, and launch, is about the same as the flight time of most missiles (and just reaching that rough equivalency required a massive technological and organizational effort, and still forced both sides to pare the available decision time down to the bone).

To calculate the final probability of success, or $P(k)$, you have to multiply the odds of each step working correctly by each other.

So, $.95 \cdot .95 \cdot .95 \cdot .95 \cdot .95 \cdot .95 \cdot .95 = 69.8\%$. A 70% chance for each and every one of your BMs that I absolutely, positively must destroy in order to protect my nation.

That's not going to cut it.

So, now I'm using 3 (and possibly more) warheads, each from a different missile, against a single one of your missile silos (nuclear planning is HARD!).

I'm going to run low on warheads in a hurry, just shooting at your missiles. I definitely can't afford to hit every military base, power plant, dam, or city--because my top priority is to protect mine from your warheads!

Part Three - It's the End of the Cold War as We Knew It (and I Feel Fine)

Now, we've been playing in 1988, where both sides had tens of thousands of warheads. What about today? The current treaty is New START, which limits each side to ~1500 strategic warheads (it also counts a nuclear-capable bomber as a strategic warhead, while not restricting the number of tactical warheads, so it's a little more complicated than it sounds). The US keeps just over 400 land-based Minuteman III BMs, each with a single warhead, and slightly more in the way of tactical bombs for use by bombers.

Over half of all US warheads are carried by 14 submarines, of which several are at sea at any given moment. Russia, on the other hand, focuses most of its warheads on BMs, split roughly evenly between silos and very, very large custom-built trucks, with a smaller number of submarines and bombers.

The US decision to keep as many Minutemen as possible, and only carry one warhead apiece, has been derided by journalists and cost-cutters at times; there have been calls to decommission the BMs, which are not considered to be as survivable in a shooting war as

submarines.

However, as shown above, the Minuteman fleet serves as an incredible warhead magnet, forcing opposing nuclear planners to expend hundreds, perhaps even a thousand or more, warheads on fewer than 500 targets that are for the most part located in rural areas, a thousand miles away from the densely-packed cities east of the Mississippi.

Since those warheads could not be used against submarines (just the sub bases, one on each coast, which would certainly be hit hard, and repeatedly, just to be sure), the Minuteman fleet in effect protects 500 or more lesser targets, many of which would coincidentally be located in or near major cities.

It is entirely valid to state that they serve as decoys, which cannot be ignored, and must be struck, as part of any full-scale attack. And they serve this role whether they are launched in time or caught with their missiles still in the silos. Consider them a form of ablative armor, cheap at the price.

Part Four - A Question of Priorities

Now, to this point, we've just focused on hitting each other's warheads. But, crippling the other side's ability to make decisions and transmit valid launch orders to the delivery systems:

A) buys more time to catch warheads on the ground,

and;

B) increases the chance that the other side will begin to lose so badly, and so suddenly, that they become afraid of losing completely, and agree to negotiate at a substantial disadvantage.

Unfortunately, most of these targets, at least in the US, are located in or near cities.

If you happen to live in the Greater D.C. Area, you are in considerable danger. Between the White House, Pentagon, Andrews AFB (where Air Force One usually sits), and several other nearby targets, you will almost certainly get hit, and probably get hit harder than any other major metropolitan area.

There's only so much that you can do; if one of the dozens of warheads aimed at the region happens to miss its target by a few miles, and lands too close to you, there's not much that you can do about it; at the very least, you would need a proper bomb shelter (not

just a fallout shelter; more on those later), and enough warning to get inside in time.

Beyond D.C., strategic nuclear targets are not always what you might think they are.

Texas is an excellent example: home to 2 of the Army's 10 divisions (and the heaviest, most powerful ones, at that), a bomber base, two nuclear power plants, major factories for the V-22 and F-35, and the primary training base for F-16 pilots, plus the largest collection of refineries and chemical plants in the country, and the only factory that assembles and disassembles nuclear warheads (it doesn't make any of the parts, it just puts them together).

While target lists are a major secret on both sides, civilian nuclear experts (there are a few out there, and most work for think tanks) suggest that there are exactly two strategic nuclear targets in the entire state.

1. The AT&T network interchange in downtown Dallas
2. The FEMA Regional Headquarters in nearby Denton

But, why those two targets? What do AT&T and FEMA have to do with nuclear war?

Quite a bit, actually.

Both double as strategic communications nodes, which are used to transmit valid launch orders from NCA to the delivery systems.

You see, the President can't tweet launch orders, or call the guys sitting at the keys in a missile base up on his cell phone.

The launch command process is built on a complex series of very deliberate methods, in order to prevent a saboteur (or accident) from causing missiles to be launched when they shouldn't be--or to be held back when they are supposed to launch immediately.

The safes, one-time authentication cards, all of those steps that you see in some of the old movies?

Those are actually fairly accurate, albeit just a small part of the command chain that has been hammered out over the course of decades to ensure that missiles are launched when and where they are ordered, and never, ever, at any other time.

So, there are certain "pathways" that launch orders can take, and none of them involve the civilian side of the Internet.

The downside, of course, is that it is therefore possible for enough key communications nodes to be taken out early in a nuclear exchange to delay or disrupt the transmission of those launch orders. So, Dallas would take it on the chin. Places like Offut AFB in Nebraska (home of STRATCOM) would get it even worse.

Cheyenne Mountain would probably get hit just in case parts of it were still in use at the time; nearby Colorado Springs would get pasted almost as badly as Offut.

But, most US cities would not be targeted at all; to do so would be a waste of irreplaceable warheads, at a time when making the best use of them is of the utmost importance.

Part Five - Surviving the Explosion

A nuclear detonation produces three lethal components: heat, radiation, and pressure. Of these, pressure causes almost all of the damage in almost every circumstance.

The heat and radiation attenuate rapidly over distance, while the impulse wave from the pressure (which is created by adding a ridiculous amount of heat into a relatively small area, and letting Earth's atmosphere do the work--just like an old depth charge used the water around it as a weapon) propagates over a far larger distance.

This can be shown on the helpful NukeMap website: as warhead size increases, the lethal blast radius increases as well; however, the lethal ranges of the heat and radiation increase at a far, far slower rate.

An explosion equivalent to 10,000 tons of IWTCIRD produces dangerous ranges for each component that are close together, while a 100-kiloton explosion

produces far more blast damage than heat or radiation.

This leads to a serious misunderstanding.

The first warheads ever built produced explosions equivalent to 22,000 tons of TNT, 15,000, and 21,000. These were crude devices by modern standards, and far "smaller" than any strategic warhead today.

One result of the smaller explosions was that a number of Japanese soldiers and civilians successfully survived the blast, only to be overcome in the following days and weeks by the radiation.

However, with a modern weapon, if you are close enough to receive a dangerous dose of radiation from the explosion, you are unlikely to survive long enough to even notice it.

Outside of edge cases--if you happen to be near a blast, and are inside a structure that can withstand the immense, building-flattening pressure, but the same structure is not thick or dense enough to withstand the radiation--if you are far enough away to survive the pressure wave, you are far enough away to survive the heat and radiation.

Part Six - Fallout

Fallout has been granted almost magical powers by the press and pop culture; it can kill you hundreds of years

later, it poisons the soil for thousands of years, it can even wipe out all life on Earth (On the Beach). None of this is true.

The real danger from fallout is if you ingest it. Note that when Russia murdered the defector with Polonium in his coffee, the people around him at the restaurant were not harmed in any way, but there was no way to save him once he had swallowed it. Alpha and beta particles may not be able to penetrate your clothes, but once inside of you, they can wreak absolute havoc on your system.

Fallout's greatest danger comes from simply breathing it in, followed by eating food or drinking water that contain fallout. Fortunately, avoiding this is relatively easy: don't eat, drink, or breathe in fallout particles.

FEMA actually recommends keeping transparent plastic (industrial-grade, not Saran Wrap) and duct tape around to seal up your windows (fresh air can still seep in through cracks, but fallout is unlikely to).

Tarps will do in a pinch; anything that prevents the wind from blowing fine dust into your house.

Fallout is also only temporary. Because decay is predictable, scientists have developed the 7/10 rule: for every 7 times as long, fallout radiation decreases to a tenth of what it had been. So, 7 hours after a detonation, fallout is 10% as potent as it began. 7 times after that (~2 days), it is 1% as potent. And 7 times after that (just over 2 weeks), it is 0.1% as potent, and it is considered safe to go outside wearing normal clothes.

So, the primary means of survival should be to find a place to hole up for 2 weeks.

There's more after this, but it gets more into details of the power grid, economics, and prepping, so I'll leave it out unless somebody asks for it. The tl;dr version is that a ridiculous number of people are very likely to die after a nuclear war, not from the bombs, or even the fallout, but from lack of food, water, shelter, sanitation, and medicine.

The crazy thing is, those are far easier problems to deal with on a national scale than nukes and fallout. The US used to have a serious Civil Defense program to deal with these issues, but it was defunded in the face of claims that it was a waste of money because the nukes and fallout were going to kill everybody anyways.

So, in the end, what does all this wordswordswords matter? Well, if you're concerned about nuclear war, your best bet is to a) don't live next to anything that has to do with nuclear warheads or launch codes, and b) prep. Simple as that.

(End)

Nice story m8
Hey are you
alive too?

Naw *dawg*

Huh?

Oh man I thought we wuz alive n

SHieeeeezzzzz

**NAW man, THAT WAS
LAST week.**

**YOU mean 30 minutes
AGO? shieeeeezzzz**

**If it's not
delivered in 30
minutes or less,
your pizza is
free.**

**- Papa Caddy
(2077-33B.C.
E)**

Huh?

BEST CAR

The other day I was cruising along as usual coming onto one of my motorways, which was very busy with inferior cars.

First off, I couldn't believe that the volume of traffic DIDN'T slow down for me AT ALL as I came off the slip road! I had to squeeze into a barely big enough gap between two cars in order to get onto my motorway!

The driver of the car behind me did realise his mistake though and honked an apology to me with a long blast of his horn.

Unbelievably, I had to do the same again before I could get to the BMW lane.

Anyway, once I was in the BMW lane and posing along at 110 mph enjoying the adulation that the inferior car drivers were giving me, I noticed an inferior car ahead of me which was not only in the BMW lane of my motorway, but was driving at a ridiculous 70 mph!

Naturally, I got within a foot or so of his rear bumper and flashed my headlights to remind him he shouldn't be in the BMW lane of my motorway and to get out of my way.

Of course, once he realised it was a BMW behind him, he did just that, but I could hardly believe it when he pulled straight back out behind me!

He also tried to keep up with me and when he realised I would out-run him, he put on some blue lights in his front grill and urged me to get onto the hard shoulder so that he could congratulate me on my excellent car.

Needless to say, I was eager to oblige and when we had stopped, the man gave me a piece of paper confirming what I already knew – that my car goes fast!

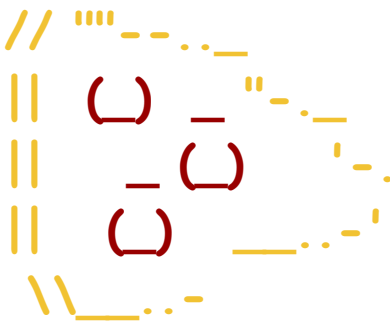
Apparently he wants everyone to know what a superior car I have, so I had to take my drivers licence to a police station to be sent away to have some points put on! (They're not free points either – they're £20 each and I was only allowed 3.) But the man at the police station said that because I drive a BMW, it won't be much longer before I earn the full 12 points, and then I won't even NEED a driving licence, so they will take it off me!

I want me some



*pi***zza**.

*pi***zza** *thy*(*eye*)*me*



Tres delcieux 🍕🍕🍕🍕🍕🍕🍕

Huh?

Huh?

Yuh?

Wuh?

Remember to **wash** your **HOOVES**

and eat some Prankles(He really means

doritos(He really means **Mare**(manofmans)

Penis) (He really does'n't've'll)). I didn't know

Doritofags were gray

No u

OI YOU GOT A LOICENSE TO SHIT ON THIS
HERE NICE DOC

Fug

Yes i do now feck off

Fuck i dunno

I bet you losers
haven't even
fucked mares in
your life, nerds

>Implying I haven't **fucked** at least 3

>implying i meant un magical mares

<https://u.smutty.horse/luhczomqdyb.way>

Basado

Pretty mare. Pretty mare.



Uma delicia

>not using ascii

I'll have you know it's pronounced "ASS-KEY"

MESSAGE ALL NYX F A G S

you are a huge fucking cock loving faggOt, that
you cant even imagine it yourself, you should go
fucking suck your retarded toes and continue
reading your shitty nyx fanfics(Canon) and crying
about them not being popular enough, you are **A**
POTATOE to society and should fucking stay with
me and my family, better yet be fucking castrated,
it would be wonderful and lovely, and quite frankly,
TBS very funny© news ebinto everyone on the
planet. You know, i cant even imagine being a fag,
but being a fag on your levels? no god can forgive
you or even look at you and say that you're his

creation because of the amount of **dicks** your try to
suck at once every single fucking day, you cant
even fit them all in, because you're that huge of a
fag dick **sucking creature**. I take pity in
your existence nyx fag.

best of wishes,

me.

P.S. fuck you

Why kill my lasagne?

I HAVE FAILED MOLESTIA [citation needed

Or maybe SHE has failed you?

For **>fun** maybe?



Hol up

Lemme

Do this real quick

Pure Pain 2: Cum Crack.

Chapter 1: Crusty Dash

>damn
>it really be like that
>anon2 wakes up
>he cracks open an eye and sees that he is not in
the mood to cry
>anon2 stares up at the ceiling cause you know
thats cool
>he bustes out of his sheets and proceeds to slam
his face against the door
>anon2 forgot how to use the door
>that sucks
>he reaches for the doorknob
.>anon2 tries to twist the knob but his arm slips
down and he slams his face in smelly smelly socks
>putrid smell of rotten eggs fills anon2's nostrils
>he giggles in pure bliss
>but no
>anon2 tries to investigate the reason for the
slippery doorknob
>he examines it with great care as a pajeet who
shits in the street
>anon2 proceeds to do oral investigation
>he opens his mouth revealing his tongue and then
proceeds to lick the doorknob
>taste is quite salty and a bit bitter
>hmm i wonder what it is

>anon2 proceeds to stick doorknob in his mouth
and slurp as hard as he can to ingest all that exotic
taste from the doorknob
>but alas to no avail
>he proceeds to reach down on the knob once
again in hopes that his arm doesnt slip
>he dares a glance at his hoof-
>wait what
>anon2 proceeds to scream
>screaming a lot and loud so that everybody hears
him
>he runs around his room screaming like a little
bitch
>finally he slams his head against the corner and
curls up into a fetal position
>suddenly door flies away as  dash
dashes through
>you can see that her mane and hide is covered in
crusty  flakes
>she stares at you and scream "WHAT THE UFCK
YOU SCREAMING FOR YOU FUCKING
FAGGOT!"
>yuo point at her and blink then yuwu blink and
point at self saying "wow im a horse"
>it sounded more like "FUCK FUCK IM A
FUCKING HORSE GOD WHY FCUK"
>she looks at you and sa fuck i need to pee wait
>ok back
>she looks at you and says "who r u and what r u
doing in my crip" das h proclaims
>you try to look real

>you cant
>instead you shout "BETTER QUESTION IS WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, HUH?"
>she approaches you in a way that makes you blush but not really because she suplexes you through the wall
>laying in a heap you look up in daze at dash standing on top of you, some of the crusty **white** flakes break off and fall on your face
>one catches your mouth
>cant explain the taste because im not op
>she says "it looks like its your end of the road, kiddo."
>suddenly a brick from the wall falls of dashes head
>"owiee" she proclaims
>using this to his own advantage, anon2 proceeds to thrust his hips high up in the air which in process ejaculates dash into the ceiling making her owie bigger
>with no where to escape you find an escape
>anon proceeds to eject himself out of the window
>the sharp glass cuts his cheeks as he proceeded to dive head first
>but soon anon realizes that its a 1 story building
>he slams face first into the ground with a sharp nasty crack
>now its anon2's time to say owie
>after plenty time of pain anon2 realizes that his snout is broken and that he wasted to much time as **Rainbow** dash climbed out of the window and said "i can break my nose 20\$ cooler"

>anon2 pays no heed to the thot as he looks around
>tfw what the ufck
>damn its Fallout Equestria™ made by kkat, and its hoofington region from Fallout equestria: Project Horizons™ made by Somber universe
>anon2 gulps
>then he hears a louder and much more nastier crack than before
>anon2 looks in front of himself and sees that  dash is lying in a heap with her hooves on her face
>she is taking deep breaths of pure pain
>anon2 proceeds to laugh at her agony
>crusty dash turns towards anon2 as she proclaims “you’re fucking toast, pal.” then she proceeds to take her hooves of her nose and starts wiggling them under her tail
>while she is doing whatever she is doing you force your 2 braincells to focus on her snout
>it seems as if the bone went inwards and penetrated her upper mouth
>wow
>thats cool
>she finishes wiggling and pulls out some kind of a huge  lego brick looking thing and points it at anon2
>anon2 the retard he is stares at it blankly
>crust dash pulls the trigger and a  beam lashes out towards anon2 suddenly discord

>discord proceeds to appear in front of the beam
as it strikes him with no effect
>discord got some bad bowel movements
>he looks down at anon2 when suddenly a big
nasty green fart emerges from his fart hole and
spreads wide towards Rainbow dash
>the crusty dash stares at it in pure horror
>that nasty green cloud envelops her and dash
proceeds cough and reech and scream and cry and
finally pass out
>discord just snickers and says "oopsie"
>then he turns back again towards anon2 and
proceeds to say "you really are a faggot anon2!
Hahaha!"
>"now lets make it a little more fun for you, shall
we?" and he snaps his fingers
>everything disappears in a flash of white

Chapter 2: COOM

>everything appears in a flash of white
>and it stays in the color of white
>what
>something sticky and sludgy is on anon2's face
>he reaches out with his hoof and wipes it off
>he looks at his hoof and realizes what what was
on his eyes and then he also realizes that he is
covered in it from head to tail
>anon2 realizes what he'd been missing out on in
his life
>anon2 proceeds to roll in that sticky sludge

>he makes cum angels too wait
>damn
>what a nasty faggot
>but as usual, even though it isnt, anon2's fun time
gets ruined
>because a fucking train slams into him
>it is painful
>he slides sideways and proceeds to slip off the
front of the train and stay in the air as the train rides
past him but suddenly win
>it proceeds to slam him through the window of the
wagon and anon2 lies on the ground
>"dojyaaa~~n!" comes out of the next wagon
>something somethin i forgot NEXT CHAPTER

Chapter 3: Israel

>after committing great crimes against the state of
israel, anon2 has been captured by mossad
>god only know what will happen to him
>after all anon committed a crime bigger than any
shoah done against a jew ever
>he picked up a jew's penny
>oy vey
>"goyim, you will pay for this" the jew utters
>as anon2 is dragged through the street jews spit
on him, they spit till they can no more.
>but what if blackholes are actually buttholes?
>anon2 pondered
>his life was shit, same as his attire, and look, after
all he is now a dirty horse

>how come he appeared in the state of israel you
may think to yourself?
>its really simple
>he is homosexual
>no surprise, really
>and then
>anon hears a voice he thought he would never
hear again
><https://u.smutty.horse/luhdjqbhtkl.wav>
>(non-based version) "my dear little yehundi it is i,
princess celestia, my dear goy, ahem, people, i
have come here to punish anon two for his crimes!"
princess celestia proclaims.
>anon2 continues to be oblivious to all of this as he
thinks about being a huge fucking cum guzzling
faggot.
>but fear not, our beloved character will once more
be saved by unfortunate accident
>Celestia continues "bla bla blaa bla bla bla
lalalalallala anon2 is a faggot lalalla bla bla he is
very very anti semite bla bla he should be eatan by
a pack of wild tribals bla lalalla bla"
>suddenly
>a fucking thought
>genius anon2 thought to himself
>sadly
>he forgot the thought immediately after praising
himself
>damaged.jpg
>and so he sees
>far up in the sky

>the grayest of ponies (not really) he sees derpy
hooves flying blindly through the skies and
someone committed the vilest crime
>someone had strapped a flag saying "HITLER DID
NOTHING WRONG" to derpies hooves
>the gray mare was of course oblivious about it.
>must be the work of the jews
>but as anon2 saw the flag, his inner faggot woke
up, the most homosexual feeling that he had never
ever experienced *came* over him, and so he
screamed these patriotic words...
>"REMEMBER 6 GORRILION, HOW CAN YOU
SAY SUCH VILE THINGS TO OUR GREATEST
ALLY"
>and so every jew in close proximity looked at
anon2, and even Celestia gaped at those words, for
they were beautiful in the jew eyes.
>and so they cheered "Goyim! Goyim! Goyim!
Goyim!"
>but little did they know that shoah never seen
before will happen mere seconds later
>for they did not know what happens when anon2
gets praised mockingly
>an ejaculation never seen before came from his
dick, literal tons of cum erupted from his sorry
excuse of a dick, his sausage twisted left and right,
up and down, spraying every jew with cum, it
splashed and clashed, banked and flanked, the
strength of his cum shattered bones, crumbled
walls, destroyed foreskins, in fact it was so strong,
that anon2's dick exploded into tiny pieces, which

continued to produce cum even without balls, it was truly the darkest hour jews ever experienced, but alas, after 21 long minutes, his ejaculation stopped.
>and so approached a white goey figure, and stopped right before anon2
>the figure proceded to wipe her face, revealing cum covered celestia, her face completely, utterly furious.
>"now anon2, you shald be truned, to STONE!!!"
celestia screamed into anon2 face, splashing anon2 with his own cum.
>but herpes will not stop him
>for he is vibrating
>but at last
>the help arrived
>unf
>assad drove a tank into the jew crip, blasting god, syria and bashar! on full volume blasting on full, the word he uttered will shock you "the soap maker goes brrrrr"
>jannies werent okay since then
>not that they were to begin with
>now every jew was running left and right screaming in horror and pain as they see their doom coming for them
>anon2 proceeded to plunge his head into the cum river that was around him
>he slithered his way towards the hole in the wall
>but celestia pinned him down
>"no anon2, you not go >:(
>anon2 shivers

>anon2 proceeds to slurp his mouth full with his own cum
>he swallows it
>wait no
>thats not what he meant to do
>celestia is so disgusted by that act that she
>it was inevitable
>anon2 takes advantage of this moment and slithers his way towards the wall again
>he reaches the hole
>and at last, the sight he beholds, causes him to puke
>for he saw a nyxfag
>and he pondered
>what would that creature do in israel?
>but he already knew the answer
>for jews were banned from 109 countries, nyxfag, too, was unwelcome from any thread.
>after all, he is amongst his own.
>and so, anon2, fueled by his inner hatred for all that nyxfag is, proceeds to charge at him
>nyxfag is unfaltered by this act, for his brain is not so straight
>anon2 collides with nyxfag, and is immediately repulsed by disgusting smell emitting from nyxfag
>nyxfag, confused, asks anon2 if he has read past sins and that his own fanfic sucks and doesnt deserve attention
>but alas, all that came to and end, when anon2, with his cum covered hooves, ripped of the head of the nyxfag

>and so, the day was saved once more by anon2.
>but no
>discord comes in
>he laughs at anon2 and proceeds to call him
faggot many times
>and he snaps his fingers and everything turns to
black
>anon2 appears back where he started and farted,
for he did not expect to be called faggot that many
times today
>he feels oddly aroused by it, for a faggot he is.
>and he sees the rainbow dash still passed out
from that terrible fart that enveloped her
>and he smiles at the thought of shitting himself
>for he likes indian culture
>but a terrible thing must happen to him
>for his faggotry is unchallengeable
>his tummy rumbles because he has not consumed
anything other than his own cum these days
>and a little bit of piss
>in the distance, he sees his favorite meal, a bag of
cheetos
>so he runs like never before, faster than his farts
travel to the other side of the room (which is really
fast)
>its just mere 6 metres til the cheetos, so he leaps
>he leaps so hard that he did not even notice
someone levitating a bat right next to the cheetos
>oh no

>for the bat swing 360 degrees and punts anon2
right in the chin making him turn 360 degrees
himself and run away
>but after 1 metre, he collapses
>dizziness envelops him
>and in his sight, comes a pony he never though
he would see again
>but alas, he was too preoccupied about thinking
how much he likes guzzling his own cum that he
passed out before he could explain who it was
>and as usual, anon2 passes out once more.

>THE END

Game Answers

BEST	CUTIE	HORSE
BENT	CURIE	HOUSE
BEND	CURSE	ROUSE
BOND	PURSE	ROUTE
POND	PUREE	ROUTS
PONY	PURER	ROOTS
	SURER	BOOTS
	SORER	BOATS
	SORES	COATS
	SORTS	COSTS

PORTS	CASTS
PARTS	LASTS
PARKS	LISTS
MARKS	MISTS
	MISTY
	MUSTY
	MUSHY
	PUSHY
	PUSSY

Hard version: Actually, there is no solution to it,
there is no way you can turn SPARKLE into
GLIMMER (or is there?)

Pony word search

I V C D A J E T N A D N G V X
G C C F H B R W P Y Y W R K T
Y Q E L S R W I Q V C R E P M
C D L U A O C L C A L U M V O
Q E E T D N J I R P U E M P T
A I S T W A Y G U P N C I B O
R P T E O R X H Z L A N H O N
J E I R B D J T Q E L A S N V
X I A S N J K S R J W D T D H
L K V H I E M P A A D A E K W
Q N P Y A K C A R C S C S K V
W I E T R I Q R I K M Z N N G
W P N V D P A K T R L Z U S Q
R N O N A S F L Y C L B S W A
P A X E O G L E W Z L W Q B E

CELESTIA
TWILIGHTSPARKLE
RAINBOWDASH
FLUTTERSHY
PINKIEPIE
RARITY
APPLEJACK
SPIKE
SUNSETSHIMMER
LUNA
BRONARD
DANTE
CADANCE
ANON

'CAUSE I'M JUST A TEENAGE LURKER
BABY

BROWSE AND SHITPOST BADLY BABY

niggersniggersniggersniggersniggersniggersnigger
sniggersniggersniggersniggersniggersniggersnigge
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Dedi



catory

Veri hihg kuality fic newfren

**Damn it, the
append dicks
section is down
below.**

**He read it as
de-dick-atory,
everything has
dicks for this
anon.**

**At least it's an
honest mistake.**

/S-s/hut up

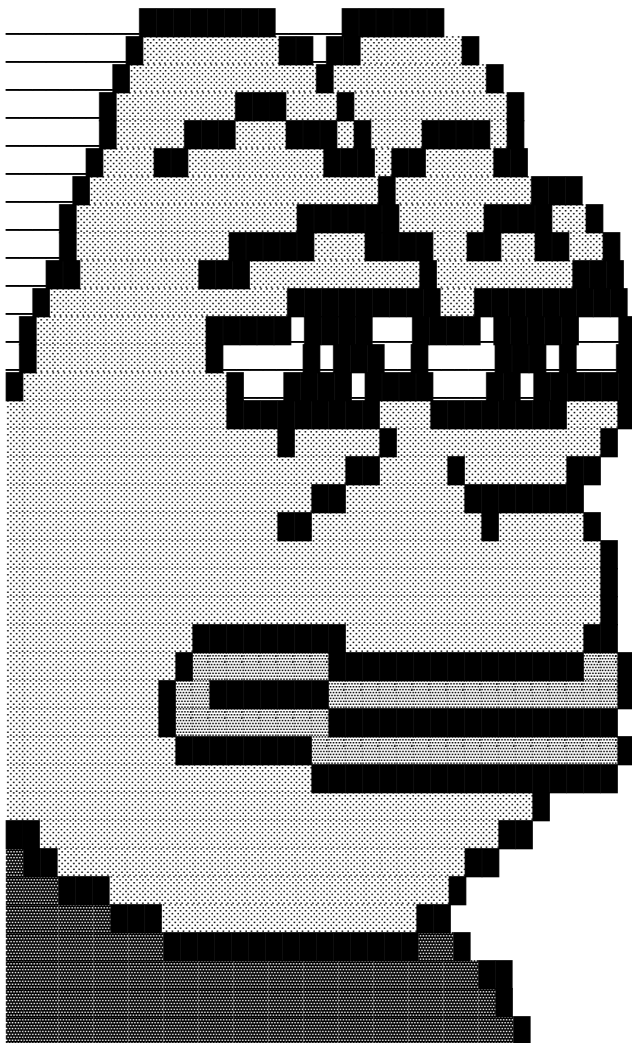
Yeah, it can happen to any**PONY**, except for me
because I'm not a faggot[1] of course.

[1] Trust me, dude.

Can't argue with that kind of evidence

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GUYS GUYS WEE **ALL** **DIE** IN **APRIL**
SCREENCAP THIS FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS



DEDICATED TO BRONARD

RIP 2020 - 2020

He was a good bro

>be rainbow dash
>be clopping furiously on /mlp/
>you have done nothing since you rescued tony hawk pro skater that one time in the last book
>what does he even do nowadays?
>...
>you googled it but quickly lost interest
>oh wait shit its in the news, he was kidnapped by the chinese what the hell
>guess you gotta save him again
>be twilight, chilling with spike in the treebrary
>theres a thunderous crash as light pours into the room
>fuck what the shit oh its just dash
>she demolished half the fucking tree in a rush to get to you
>'twilight i need you to teleport me to china tony hawk was kidnapped again;
'Cant you just let interpol or whatever the police organization is handle it?'
'Where do you even need to go in china? Its a huge place.'
>'theres no time just drop me off at the main synagogue in tiananmen square'
>so twilight teleported rainbow dash to the main synagogue in tiananmen square

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m_ds-XKtVds

>be viper the rapper

>you've been hanging out in china recently making retarded amounts of money committing atrocitites in tiananmen square

>gunning down and grinding up all those students with tank treads and hosing them down drains, tank man, chemical warfare, its all your doing

>the government was quite eager to lend you the local military forces, you are of course providing them with all your 'legally' acquired next gen weapons

>how did you get the weapons? Who cares, you just sell them to both the rioters and military to turn a profit

>just google profiteering

>anyway here you are in tiananmen square chilling at the synagogue with Xi Jinping paying homage to your dead homie Tony Hawk's pro skater 4 on the gameboy advance

'he was a cool dude, shame he died from ligma'

>'who was a cool dude?'

'Ligma balls'

>xi is impressed 动态网自由门 天安門 天安门 法輪功 李洪志 Free Tibet 六四天安門事件 The Tiananmen Square protests of 1989 天安門大屠殺 The Tiananmen Square Massacre 反右派鬥爭 The Anti-Rightist Struggle 大躍進政策 The Great Leap Forward 文化大革命 The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution 人權 Human Rights 民運 Democratization 自由 Freedom 獨立 Independence 多黨制 Multi-party

system 台灣 臺灣 Taiwan Formosa 中華民國 Republic
of China 西藏 土伯特 唐古特 Tibet 達賴喇嘛 Dalai
Lama 法輪功 Falun Dafa 新疆維吾爾自治區 The
Xinjiang Uyghur Autonomous Region 諾貝爾和平獎
Nobel Peace Prize 劉曉波 Liu Xiaobo 民主 言論 思想
反共 反革命 抗議 運動 騷亂 暴亂 騷擾 擾亂 抗暴 平反
維權 示威游行 李洪志 法輪大法 大法弟子 強制斷種 強
制墮胎 民族淨化 人體實驗 肅清 胡耀邦 趙紫陽 魏京生
王丹 還政於民 和平演變 激流中國 北京之春 大紀元時
報 九評論共產黨 獨裁 專制 壓制 統一 監視 鎮壓 迫害
侵略 掠奪 破壞 拷問 屠殺 活摘器官 誘拐 買賣人口 遊
進 走私 毒品 賣淫 春畫 賭博 六合彩 天安門 天安門 法
輪功 李洪志 Winnie the Pooh 劉曉波动态网自由門

he says

- >why is there zalgo text appearing around him
- >why wont the publisher allow zalgo text anyway
- >shit Xi isn't looking too hot, his eyes are gone,
leaving black holes in their place
- >he doesnt have lips either
- >shit man what happened to this dude
- >before you can ask whats up theres a blinding
flash of light as a cartoon rainbow horse tackles
you to the ground
- >'WHERE'S TONY HAWK?!!1!one!11?' demands
the horse
- >sheit nigga he died in Syria earlier this year
- >be rainbow dash
- >experience intense flashback
- >be confronting king zigger in the last book to save
tony hawk

>you obliterated king zigger with the left hook, and teleport out
>but you never actually saw tony hawk get teleported out with you
>vipers shot him dead just as you left
>flashback over
'why would you kill tony hawk?!'
>'for crazy cash, sick cash, tell me what am i gon' do with all this money?'
'You killed him for money?'
>'how else am i gon' make all this cash?'
'Why was it in the news that he was kidnapped again then?'
>'that wuz the jewish media profiting off of blatantly false stories'
>'don even get me stawted on the coronavirus portrayal in media, sheeit'
>speaking of which it looks like xi has the kungflu right now, his symptoms are quite advanced
>Xi stumbles towards you both, arms outstretched, he's no longer human
>viper rolls out from under you, picking you up in one arm, and sprints outside
>the sky is red, its like an eclipse but the everything is blood red and the pavement has been replaced with human faces
>a giant hand reaches towards the sky
>coronavirus infected tear eachother and uninfected apart in what used to be streets
>you are both at a loss for words
>you hear moon rune murmuring behind you

>viper, still holding you, turns around to face xi
jinping

>'i sacrifice...'

>viper clutches at his chest, his knees buckle
sending both of you sprawled out on the ground

>you hear the sound of rockets in the background

>'oaight rainbow hoawse, i gotta tell you'll sumfin.it
was me behind them coronavirus. I teamed up with
Xi to sacrifice erf to da gawdhand fo mo money'

>alarms wail as massive plumes of smoke trail
behind ever ascending rockets

>'turns out he had sacrificed me too all along'

>rockets branch off and fly away, others turn
around and start racing down to the surface

>'get outta here while you still have time horse'

>viper's eyes glow red as he uses the last of his
power to cast a spell

>a missile lands about a mile off, theres a flash,
and then a gradual rumbling

>viper mutters an eldritch incantation and
everything goes black

>'fuck earth, im gon wage an interstalla war'

>'the mune got diffrint, cuza what im spendin'

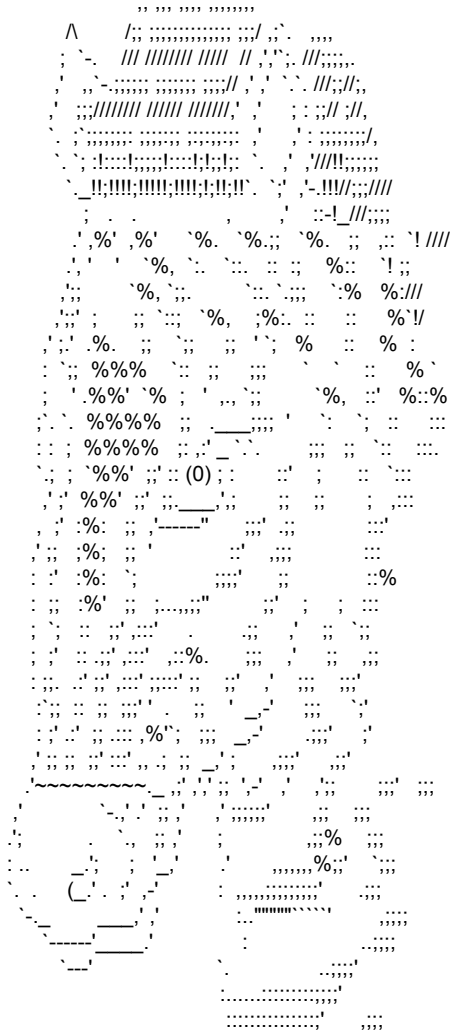
>several strange dreams later and you slowly start
to come to

>shit how long have you been out

>what happened? where were you last?

>you search your memory, all you can remember is
hanging out in ponyland before rushing over the
treebrary for something

>you hear the sounds of hooves clapping, carts
rattling, and an orchestra playing
>'hey you, you're finally awake'
El finorino





With thanks to **Applejack**

Disclaimer

I like Pringles.

Haha everyone point and laugh at this guy who has
shit taste

1v1 me in a Pringles battle

I'll fuken rape ou fagotte fite me

I bet you haven't had a single Pringles can in your
life, you Pringlet.

Imagine being a filthy pringles fag lmaoing at ure
lyfe rite now. Doritochads like me bang at least 10
mares a night on the daily.

Pringleschads cuddle, hug, boop and love their
waifus who love them back in return; pure
unadultered love, no filthy sex.

Woah anon hold on there this is a fucking **blue**
board for a reason fag

Sorry, sorry, I got carried away, here, have some
Pringles.

Only if you'd have some doritos first you lewd
bastard

I would, but you didn't bring any doritos, open wide
for your Pringles dose.

Noooooooooooo I don't want the bad man with the sexy mooostachee to toucchhhee my preciouuss spicy flavoured tortilla chips.

Don't resist, anon. You are just making me stronger.

HOW CAN THIS BE? YOU'RE A THIRD RATE DUELIST WITH A FOURTH RATE DECK!

You have to believe in the heart of the Doritos bags (Pringles cans (spicy dorito bag))

Why do you resist, anon? Don't you want to be a Pringleschad?

I have the **high ground** pringlesfag, my **cock** **GETS** **twice** as hard **from eating dotiros**, and there's **no way** I'd go to the **dark side** and be a faggot with (You)

Hey, don't **call me a fag** when

you are the one who brings up cocks in the discussion. Come on, eat some Pringles, be a chad. **Doritos** is owned by **Bepsico**, and **Bepsi** is not **based**.

YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY AUTISM!!

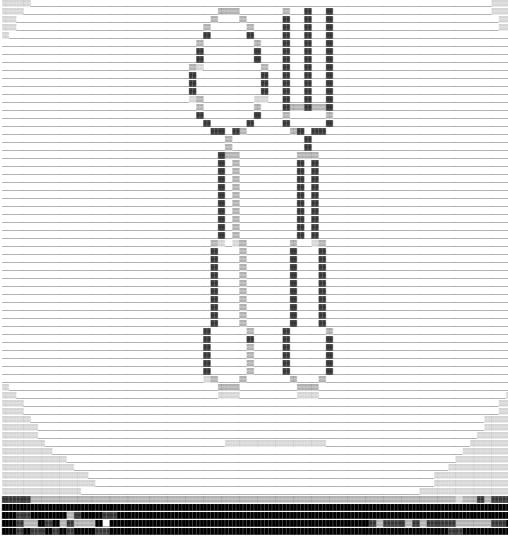
You know, you seem cool for a doritofag, I admit there can be doritochads once in a while.

我也觉得就是这样子。我没别的话可说

우정은 마술이다

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Aw shit, I dropped the silverware again



Real Disclaimer

Keep in mind this is a transformative work. Almost none of the characters, images, references, companies, or intellectual property belong to the writers of this book.

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iemoondraws/journal/XAVIER-RE
NEGADE-ANGEL-S1-E10-TRAN
SCRIPT-710127653)*

Seal of approval

*This book has been approved by the Official Seal of Approval
(OSoA)*



Append Dicks

Random Comments Section

There are people right now that have the capability to watch FiM, but won't because they're afraid that they'll like the show and become a fellow horsefucker like us.

^This is facts.

Halo 3>Reach>Halo 2>CE>Halo 5>Halo 4
(ODST would fall in between Halo 2 and CE if it was a main title game)

We can dance if we want to, we can leave your friends behind. 'Cause if your friends don't dance and if they don't dance, well they're no friends of mine.

if horses can swim why did no one use them to power boats?

Fuck hasbro

Fuck mccarthy

Fuck jim

And most important of all

FUCK HABER



It's a little known fact that the ancient Romans used horses as powerboats.

I'd like to post in the thread, but I'll do it tomorrow. I don't want you to coof on me.

"Long live Kai!"
-Ponutposter

pootis-POW! Haha
^Really? A 10 year old TF2 meme? Blessed and Based.

Bookly reminder that murder is worse than rape, mares can commit sexual crimes and not everything a colt does related to a mare is a sexual crime.

"Why celestia should die" - It should be a crime to want to remove the biggest butt in Equestria

<https://u.smutty.horse/luhdojdjhba.wav>

Vermin supreme for 2020. All Americans shall have a free pony!



I may be dying rather soon and all I have to say is that it has been one hell of a ride see ya faggots in Equestria.

- Anon

Redpills for Pones

- >Blueblood didn't kill himself, like jeffery epstein.
- >Apart from being 13% of the population, zebra's commit 52% of crimes.
- >The Earth is flat.
- >Chrysalis did nothing wrong.
- >The Canterlot invasion didn't happen.
- >Gryphons did Canterlot invasion.
- >Gryphons did Twilight's Library - never forget..

- > Twilight never had wings.
- > School of friendship is a cover up.
- > The fillydelphia experiment is real.
- > Fluttershy is the worst pony.
- > BigMac is red.
- > its all real
- > Pewdiepie was a former brony (back in 2011)
but denies it and passes it off as liking it
""""ironically""""
- > Pewdiepie is the (((horse)))
- > You are now manually breathing and blinking,
and now aware that your tongue rests on the
roof of your mouth
- > The goverment's putting chemicals in the
water and it's turning all the parasprites gay!
- > Thomas Jefferson probably fucked a mare
- > Thomas Jefferson was probably based
- > Twilight ate a bird
- > Bird is a word
- > You're right
- > Anonymous then beats every pony in the
general vicinity to death with whatever blunt or
sharp objects are at hand
- > He then strangles himself to death
- > The End To The Entire Story

Fuck (You)

There was a pony once, she hat herseld and died. The end.

That story was so frightening that Trixie shat a brixie and then died. The end.

This story ended 4 times.

Sponsors

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<http://www.cacophony.org/>

Mangoes are best fruit.

The line above is a lie

Poems by Anon JTC:

*Fuck me i miss our good horse show from
many years ago.*

Where oh where did our good horse show go?

*It was ruined by kikes and niggers, I'll have you
all know.*

On /mlp/ we anguish in woe.

We just want to suck mommy Faust's toes.

Do we fear where we may go?

*The death of this fandom shall be grueling and
slow.*

Or perhaps G5 will permit us to grow.

*Though that growth won't lead to what we used
to know.*

*A new generation of autists the internet shall
call foe*

*Are we to embrace a newfag invasion into our
beautiful /mlp/ horsie safe haven?*

*I feel it necessary to take such a wave if a
renaissance of content is what we all crave.*

*They will be different, retarded, and new but
without them our legacy will be rendered to
glue.*

*They take their first steps onto our creeky
board, undoubtedly met by an angry
horsefucker horde.*

Slinging insults, lacking banter.

*If this is what you met in 201X would you
gallop or canter?*

Alas, JTC, you are a newfag SJW redditor.

*Your accusations unhelpful and wrong, throat a
massive horse schlong.*

*A hugbox or safespace is not what I call for
instead I ask for a piss-stained door cracked
only partly.*

That when opened reveals our edgy pony party

*Tough and intimidating our memes quite
unsightly*

*Giving the newcomer shit when their posts
deem it fit, minimal spoon feeding or suckling
of the tit*

*Understand this: if they are not instantly scared
off and elect to stay a bit*

*They may make our monotonous board of
melancholy meizers*

Just a little better.

And we need it to be

More than just a little better.

Can we print a gif?

I don't know but we can try!

^we could make a flip book.

What a waste of paper

*There's a shortage of tp in the world, this paper
will not go to waste. <- blame karen*

Oh

**Jason, your dogs are weird. I shall consume
them for sustenance.**

Any1 excited for the rewatch stream?
Maybe

Fuck I missed it

...or did I...

Yeah, I did

I want to cum inside rainbow dash

Wow dude same, sub 4 sub?

Chapter 4 The End

Just kidding, it all ended a long time ago. Give up and let it go.

I cant anon, it feels like yesterday

Dicks (female(pringale))

GUys what the fuck i truned into a fuking
uniconr mare wha

Scruch or gtfo

Her big pink candy ass was sweaty but i didnt care. I envisioned her scent. Oh my god i cant take it. I just want to slurp bros. But thats just a life of anon in equestria. Forever doomed to desire but never achieve. Unless... i were to resort to more direct means... This is what i want, what i hunger for- and- oh what am i saying, of couFCKdgnsuidgnfLUIGES

penis

penis

penis

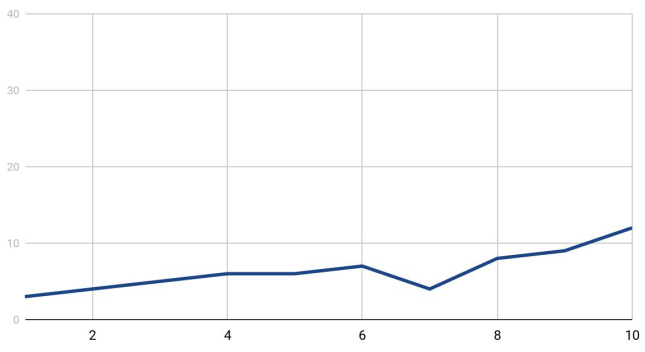
I want spike to fill up my ass with his fat loaf



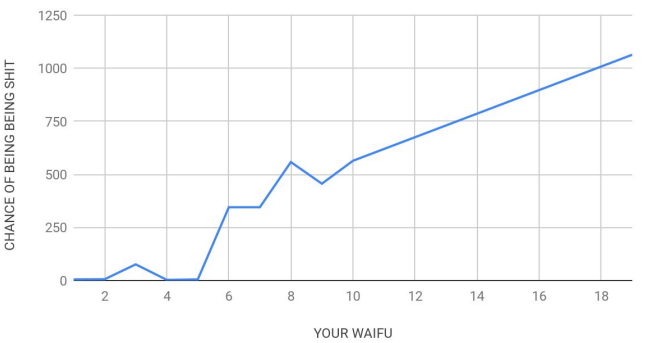
Satan
Muhaha

PONE STUDY

Mare to Muh Dick ratio



BEING SHIT vs YOUR WAIFU



Short Stories

Written by machine learning

A day with Twilight:

Anon looked at the moist kettle in his hands and felt Confused.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his Table surroundings. He had always loved Bookshelves The Library with its breakable, bored Books. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel Confused.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Twilight Sparkle. Twilight was an admirable deity with charming lips and wobbly ass.

Anon gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a creepy, funny, beer drinker with ruddy lips and chubby ass. His friends saw him as a spitezabbling, shallow saint. Once, he had even helped a wet puppy cross the road.

But not even a creepy person who had once helped a wet puppy cross the road, was prepared for what Twilight had in store today.

The moon shone like smiling ostriches, making Anon confident.

As Anon stepped outside and Twilight came closer, he could see the manky glint in his eye.

"Look Anon," growled Twilight, with a modest glare that reminded Anon of admirable badgers. "It's not that I don't love you, but I want Smell her farts. You owe me 6795 bits."

Anon looked back, even more confident and still fingering the moist kettle. "Twilight, let me smell your farts," he replied.

They looked at each other with Scared feelings, like two flabby, flipping frogs shouting at a very understanding funeral, which had indie music playing in the background and two gracious uncles eating to the beat.

Anon regarded Twilight's charming lips and wobbly ass. "I don't have the funds ..." he lied.

Twilight glared. "Do you want me to shove that moist kettle where the sun don't shine?"

Anon promptly remembered his creepy and funny values. "Actually, I do have the funds," he admitted.

He reached into his pockets. "Here's what I owe you."

Twilight looked Aroused, his wallet blushing like a prickly, powerful piano.

Inside Rainbow

Anon had always loved picturesque Ponyville street with its horrible, hissing houses. It was a place where he felt calm.

He was a malicious, kind, brandy drinker with beautiful hooves and pointy ankles. His friends saw him as a broken, brainy brute. Once, he had even helped a juicy injured bird cross the road. That's the sort of man he was.

Anon walked over to the window and reflected on his sunny surroundings. The sun shone like skipping hamsters.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Rainbow Dash. Rainbow was a tight-fisted witch with tall hooves and curvy ankles.

Anon gulped. He was not prepared for Rainbow.

As Anon stepped outside and Rainbow came closer, he could see the sleepy glint in his eye.

Rainbow gazed with the affection of 749 modest attractive aardvarks. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want to come inside."

Anon looked back, even more delighted and still fingering the spotty sandwich. "Rainbow, I want to come inside Rainbow Dash," he replied.

They looked at each other with irritable feelings, like two proud, plastic pigeons rampaging at a very proud birthday party, which had orchestral music playing in the background and two grateful uncles loving to the beat.

Anon regarded Rainbow's tall hooves and curvy ankles. "I feel the same way!" revealed Anon with a delighted grin.

Rainbow looked barmy, his emotions blushing like a noisy, numerous newspaper.

Then Rainbow came inside me for a nice glass of brandy.

Waifus Goes Here



Luna goes nom nom nom :3

I dont have awaifu

Wait, everyone stop this book this instant. Anon,
answer us, why do you NOT have a waifu?

I-its a long story





Claiming both Twilights. Sorry
Twifriends maybe next book.

I have two waifus, Celestia and Luna.

Celestia is not a legitimate waifu. She's a tyrant.
The death of Celestia will be a blessing to all.



my waifu rainbow dash always dresses in style! ^_^

PRINCEST IS WINCEST

Celestia took her big hard throbbing princess cock
and shoved it up her sister's tight asshole. "Oh
sister, I love yourcock" Luna screamed.

Why anal? Well, they already had 6 very healthy alicorn foals together, and these sisters didn't want more. By the way, all the foals were named after condiments.

Celestia took her cock out of Luna's bum and shoved it right back in. She continued this motion until the suncock flooded the round hole previously concealed by her moonbutt and tail, cum spurting out as it was too small to contain the great stream. Also, Luna also had a cock which ended up shooting cum onto the bed sheets.

However, they failed to account for anal leakage so some of the milk entered Luna's horse pussy, fertilizing another foal.

Nine months later, the 7th princest-seeded foal was born, an alicorn filly with black coat and dark purple mane. They named her... Nyx

"Nyx, Nyx, Nyx, Nyx!" the choir sang as Piri-Piri Luna gave birth.

Princess Luna gritted her teeth, the baby was coming immediately at this current location. She couldn't fight back against the force of her child exiting her womb. The only thought she had was the thought of niggers tonguing her anus. It was all

she could think about for the very idea would cleanse her brain of the pain of foal birth. There would be no excuse but to think of such things.

“Push harder you stupid whore!” said Twilight Sparkle as a bit of birth juice slapped her face.

“Oh god I could taste the juice and it tastes like salty water...” said Twilight Sparkle.

“Get it out, get it out, get it fucking out aaaah!” screamed Piri-Piri Luna.

“Just breathe my little sister, you just need to breathe,” said Queen Celestia as she stroked her vagonia.

“No, I won’t fucking breath until this fucking thing comes out of me!” said Piri-Piri Luna Princess.

“Oh god, oh god, I’m a christian oh sweet jesus” said Luna.

“Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!!!” she screamed, the foal flew out of her pussy right into Twilight’s arms like a football.

“Nyx Nyx Nyx Nyx!” sang the choir from the side.

“”Gasp ``”wheeze” why did you bring this choir sister...” asked Princess Lunie.

Princess Celestia raised her hooves in the air like a cat about to strike her prey.

"To call in the birth of our new foal of course!" said Princess Celestia.

And so, with the choir, Princess Celestia sang,
"And so this foal shall be glorious, absolutely
glorious, with the sky and the earth and in between
praise the lard!"

"No, sister, don't incur that name, if Lord Lardus
comes to the baby shower, I won't know what to
do!"

Twilight Sparkle scratched her head after she put
Nyx in a blanket. Then she threw her like a football
at Princess Luna to which she caught with ease.
The choir made a loud sound reminiscent of a
football horn, but with their pony voices.

"I would say go long, but you're kinda stuck in that
bed so... go short?" said Twilight Sparkle.

"Ah, that gives me a great idea to give this foal her
middle name, she will be called Nyx Football
Princess, the great and powerful!" she said.

Trixie fell into the ceiling and crashed head first
over the wall, making a dent large enough for her
head to appear inside the hospital dorm.

“Hey, you can’t do that fucking shit, thats copyright by Trixie Cart Naggers incorporated” she said.

Then she squeezed her hoof a little through the hole to showcase a copyright paper.

“If you name that little shit, The great and powerful™, I will sue your ass!”

Princess Luna laughed and her erect futa cock grew large.

“I’m a princess, so I can do whatever I want, also that name is now de-copyrighted by my will” she said.

“What!?” said Trixie.

Princess Celestia and Twilight Sparkle raised their hooves in a “I don’t fucking know” fashion.

“I never heard of that, but I guess that must be real, I mean we are princesses and we basically own Equestria or some shit, so it probably is plausible” said Princess Celestia.

A giant robotic hand grasped Trixies fat plot and sent her flying away, owned by Trixie Nagger and Co.

“You’ll all hear from my lawyers you stupid whorses!” she screamed as was carried back to whence she came.

The foal in Princess Luna’s hooves burbled, she didn’t have nightmare moon’s eyes or purple mane. She was a different nyx with an original color scheme and born from Princess Luna and Princess Celestia’s love.

Nyx had a mixed color scheme of both princesses, a blue mane with light rainbow colored streaks that were short maned. Her body was a dark grey, and she was “Gasp” not an alicorn, but just a regular earth pony!

“Uh sister, I believe this foal isn’t an alicorn,” said Luna.

Everypony gasped, and even Trixie returned to gasp at that horrific thing through her ceiling hole and then returned instantly back to her cart with her machine hand.

Steven Magnet appeared from behind a window and gasped. Everypony who heard gasped. Gasp gasp gasp gasp. Lots of gasped organisms from all over Equestria.