

The Chronology War

Tacticians who have poured over the tomes documenting the attempts to stymie hemorrhaging profits by the new class of Industry Barons residing in the province of Tick Tock due to organized raiding of trade routes agree to the effectiveness of the techniques, but argue vehemently amongst themselves on whether they were appropriate in their severity.

Wagons pulled by robust stallions and accompanied by hired guards were the original method of delivering goods to and from the town of Tick Tock. But they were easily preyed upon when passing through the hills. Next, the Industry Barons turned to more advanced transportation, such as dedicated teleportation provided by the Empire's Magisterium, coupled with the floating behemoth fortresses known as Valkyrie Platforms. But these were prohibitively expensive, turning vast margin profits to little more than red lines etched into withered ledgers.

Frenzied citizens, prodded on by their rich Baron masters came together before the Oligarchy of Fathers with a simple demand: deal with the problem within the next six months, lest heads roll. The elders agreed to lend their hoof after listening to their people.

Their response came about in three parts of increasing magnitude that still echoes to this day.



Phase One: The Queen of Probability



Emergency martial law effectively shut down the sprawling factory complexes of Tick Tock. For the first time in half a century those towering stacks stopped bellowing smoke into the skies. The greatest technical minds along with the strongest arcane users were plucked from the citizenry. What the Oligarchy of Fathers feared most was focusing too much influence in the hooves on a single pony. Instead, they would create something entirely new that would wield power without hungering for it.

Deals were struck with magical entities. Scientists pushed fields of research in new directions that had never been conceived. And the towering citadel that served as the heart of the capital, where ponies came together to petition the Oligarchy was converted to a monument to the unified field of technomagic. Insulated cables as thick as a stallion's hoof hung like vines along the outer wall, while generators that crackled with energy hummed to life.

All this fed into an unassumingly small metallic creature that slumped across the armrests of a freshly constructed throne in a lifeless mockery of its creators. Little more than a doll was this new Queen, for try as they might, the brightest of Tick Tock could not get it to rise up. Hope dwindled, and the project was seeing the possibility of being entirely revoked until a wizard of some renown stepped forward to offer his special services – Flintheart the Necromancer.

"Fools..." Admonished the fiery outcast to the aristocrats within their private quarter. "Look within yourself. We are not creatures of numbers. Nay, we have souls. Until one resides within your metallic puppet, it shall never be more than a broken toy." He continued, thrusting his staff in their direction with spittle sailing out past his decrepit lips. "I shall breathe life into this monstrosity for an equally monstrous price. Bring me two children. I await your decision..."

It is surprising historians did not seek to expunge this sordid bit of history from their records. For the desperation of the Fathers was so great they turned to the Dark Arts for aid. Flintheart received his price – a pair of twin fillies from the orphanage. He left with the older of the pair into the forests, leaving behind a sacrifice that would leave even the hardest soldier cold.

Electricity brought a palpable energy to the air about the cords running into the spine of the pony-shaped machine while red energy flowed about the lights panel that served as the face of this new Queen. Scientists and politicians looked on with astonishment as Flintheart's words rang true – a soul had brought life to their creation.

Laws were passed to provide authority to this new Queen who proved fairly quickly her competence. Numbers, calculations and vast volumes of information were absorbed within a few heart beat's length when presented to her curiously tilted head. Fathers explained their precarious position and promised all their holdings to the Queen if she could help them.

She agreed with a soft incline of her metallic head, crimson face glowing fiercer in thought.

