

Book of Pinkamena

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(Dallos - For now)

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(wisdom for some times, and for others when the going gets tough)

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Note: Book of apocalypse. Prophecies should be randomized, with some being fulfilled in recent events. Written from perspective of Pinkamena, not Pinkie.

Poetry and Proverbs

Prophecies

Paradise and Apocalypse

The path of the elements is one which many would tread and yet near none choose to walk the path permanently. Perhaps they do not fully understand the purpose of the journey they are undertaking. Maybe they simply do not wish to put forth the effort of living a life in tune with the elements. Or they could have simply fallen too far into chaos to even take notice, being content with living a life of dishonestly, betrayal and loneliness.

Even the most faithful may find themselves in a state of doubt. When the human world around is so chaotic and cruel many might question the wisdom of devoting one's life to the Goddesses, of following their creeds and commands at the expense of popularity among peers and in some cases pragmatism.

However, although it is only natural to doubt, the true believer knows in his heart that this is a pointless discourse ringing only of illogical thought. After all, there is no path which exists which

does not have a destination for it to lead to.

If you have undertaken the long and arduous journey that is the path of righteousness, if you have dedicated your life and being to service of the Sun and Moon through this philosophy, if you have turned to your enemies and felt naught but pity, then and only then may you ask yourself if you have truly walked the path of order or fell into the footsteps of chaos.

Have you told no lies? Have you shown the integrity of the elements, no matter what the consequences? It is better to be slapped with the truth than to be kissed with a lie. No problem has ever been solved by a lie without creating another. If you have lied, you may not call yourself honest.

Have you shown loyalty to those deserving? When a friend has fallen, did you pick them back up, or abandon them? When those close to you revealed flaws, did you accept them and attempt to fix them? Or did you shun them and abandon them for fear they might taint your own chances of walking the path? Such thinking is stepping off the path altogether, none may call themselves a loyal if such acts have taken place. Their place is in the abyss that is chaos.

Have you given freely of yourself? Have you let mistakes be forgotten and given freely your forgiveness? Have you given your time and skills to those who need it and asked nothing in return? Have you found joy in the act of giving? If not, then you may not call yourself truly generous. Generosity goes far further than mere charity.

Have you shown kindness to all you encounter? Have you offered your hand even to the most despicable beings, those entrenched in the foulness of discord, with pity in your heart? When those that shunned you are lost in their shallowness, did you feel contempt? If so, then you may not call yourself kind, for you too would unleash the foulness of hatred in your heart at a moment's notice. You are no better than the chaotic.

Have you felt joy in your heart in the face of prosecution, or did you fall into sadness? Did you spread happiness and good cheer among all, even your enemies? Would you say you have walked through life with a smile, or a frown? Joy is the most beneficial of emotions, it makes the lives of all so much more pleasant. If you have lost yourself in sadness and forgotten to smile, then you do not know the element of Joy.

Finally, have you found friendship? Friendship is the bond between one being and another, an intrinsic chain which can be so fragile and yet so strong. Two beings achieve between themselves the most perfect of harmony, the perfect mix of honesty, loyalty, generosity, joy and kindness. If you have not found friendship, then I pity you indeed.

The path of the righteous leads to the ultimate reward. We ponies simply call it the World of Harmony. The perfect world. Where all are content Where your problems and challenges are always able to be overcome and happen only to those wanting the mental stimulation that a

challenge brings. The perfect society, where all know their place and purpose and are happy.

The fields of this place are a lush green, the flowers bloom in dazzling colours and the animal spirits bound with no limits, free from the challenges of nature. This world is so perfect, that even if you cannot find contentment in such an environment there are cities, cities rife with culture and life. For all people of all preferences the perfect living space can be found. This is the reward which awaits those who follow our creeds, those who are untainted by chaos.

But I hear the righteous ask, kind even to those who are alien to them, what happens to those who are misguided? What is the alternative to paradise, the eternal herd?

We do not condemn, there is no point in eternal damnation as it does not find the lost and guide them to peace. No, punishment is for the weak who seek security in themselves from other suffering. It is in keeping with generosity and kindness that we give those who have failed another chance. If a person does not walk the path of the righteous and falls into disorder and chaos, misery and loneliness, then they will be reborn.

The soul, the very essence of what we are shall rise up from within them and join the world a new, reborn for another attempt and finding perfect harmony. Even from beyond the grave the forces of harmony reach out to the chaos in a gesture of friendship, always forgiving, always jovial in the face of the misfortunate.

Since the beginning of my time on this plane of existence I was gifted by the Celestials the ability of foresight. Manifesting in bodily spasms I have learnt to tell the future, to reach out with a hoof and sweep away the clouds obscuring my view of the great beyond. The future is but a series of questions, of which I can view the possible answers.

Hark! Humans and pony alike, take heed of these words. For they shall predict what is to come.

Left hoof twitch, right flank itch, rapid heating then cooling of top of head, mane flutter, tail twitch, inexplicable urge to shake head but resistable.

Turmoil and strife, chaos abound, rushing through the nations of the world as generosity is abandoned, kindness cast aside for selfish greed and satisfactions. A war begins, not of fire and bullets but nevertheless the result, death, is the same. For years it will continue, governments will shatter and reform, scrambling to fix problems they themselves caused. There will be calls for revolution, but they will never be answered, so lost is the population that they cannot even come together for one second to form an opposition to the endless torrent of pain cascading around them.

All is not lost. A singular man will rise from the ashes of a burning civilization and take upon

himself the burdens of the world. He will shoulder the world, standing high as a shining beacon of hope. He will be a man of the pen, not the sword, but he will right the world again. Order shall prevail under his watchful eyes, new nations blooming like flowers in the summer sun. Thus will begin the golden age of man, even if the future of this age is unclear even to me.

Tail twitch. A tail twitch stronger than I have ever felt before.

Falling. Falling down, down, down. People are watching it fall, mouths open in shock and despair. The course of history has been altered. The world will never be the same again.

Right eye twitch, two neck spasms, pinch in the knee, numbed leg.

A race, that is not a race. Interrupted by two. Despite the shock, I see hope. While weary and scared, many forget not the element of Generosity.

Vibrations of the right knee, itchy eye, loss of feeling at the base of the tail.

An assembly line of death. Each step of the way more is taken from them, until there is nothing left to take but their physical form, which floats away on the wind. The world will look upon this in shock, and yet do nothing when it happens again. Simply more proof that chaos reigns supreme and people can do nothing without the aid of order.

Dizziness, hot sweat, stars in the eyes, ringing ears, repeated neck spasm on the left side.

I sense a bright flash that leaves ponies a mere shadow of themselves. Time itself stops. The end of an era begins, but the seeds of another are planted. [unfinished]

The Apocalypse

For all intelligent beings the achievement of Harmony should be their goal. To channel all of the elements and achieve total and complete Harmony is an end that very few will achieve in their lifetime. Even the Alicorns can fail in total achievement, as is shown by the fall of Luna to envy and hatred. Nevertheless by working towards it as a goal we can come as close as possible to the perfect order and thus we find ourselves in a fair, just and happy society.

The Human realm or the Dimension of Man is not as happy a place as I'm sure you know. Much of what I have seen of that world is unhappy. Events seem mainly to be of tragedy, that realm is so far in the grips of chaos.

[L Azure: You asked me earlier about pitching to you an idea for an apocalyptic end-of-the-world

scenario. Here's what I came up with:

It would first start with a disagreement. Governments disagree over big and small things all the time, but somehow governments fail to see eye to eye on this particular issue (it doesn't matter what the issue is) and because of that, talks break down, agreements fail, and nations stop working together for each other's benefit (I can see US-China relations breaking down, but not in the immediate future. That may happen decades down the road). As demands to work together ratchet up, tensions mount. Pride clouds the mind and prevents a harmonious accord from even being brought up. Then, in a random instant, some inconsequential event turns into an international catastrophe that knocks the nations into a war.

On the homefront, prices rise as supplies shrink. Pandemonium grips the people and they go in a frenzy, fighting each other for the essentials. A civil war breaks out while another war is being fought overseas. Neighbors go against neighbors, stealing, pillaging, and killing for what they don't have

The war becomes more desperate as both sides struggle to claim victory, and they inch themselves closer to their last resorts. Meanwhile, the citizens are nothing more than chess pieces in this bloody political game as more fall to their death, fighting for a "freedom" that is an illusion.

Then the bombs strike.

The clouds engulf everything, and shroud the Sun for the last time. There is no life, it was all snuffed out by the iniquities of prideful men.

(NOTE: Do I condone food storage and emergency preparedness by saying this? Yes and no. It's always a good idea to be prepared and self-sufficient, but being around Mormon culture I've seen this "preparedness" be taken to extremes. I do NOT recommend keeping a year's supply of food in your house like they command since it makes you a target for the have-nots when shit hits the fan and if some natural disaster, be it a tornado, flood, or even a tree hitting your house where your food is stored were to happen, well, there goes the thousands of dollars you spent maintaining your food storage. Lastly, food storage is expensive. You have to continually rotate what you stored with new stock and use up what is getting old. One other knock on the Mormon food storage commandment is that they, because of their holier-than-thou attitude, never mention keeping a stock of guns, ammunition, crop seeds, and alcohol, all very useful in an apocalyptic scenario.

Having a few months supply should be sufficient to survive any major emergency, so long as the supply of food can be prepared. That's the tricky part. For most short-term emergencies, a 72-hour kit is best. The three-month supply is better in case you lose your job and can't provide for yourself or your family.

Water and power, though, will still be a challenge that's difficult to get around if something catastrophic goes down, like a government collapse or nuclear fallout. Sadly, there are some events that, despite our best efforts we can't fully prepare for, and we'll be at our wit's end. Use your best judgment on this, and don't make it a commandment. Make it an option to be better prepared. Don't want this to be yet another religion full of prepper nutjobs.))