

# **My Little Eclipse**

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*Ponies arrive in our world, but why? What force could possibly bring them here?*

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## 1 - Part One (Hello Pinkie)

It was just another typical day in my Music Business class, and, like usual, I was doodling or writing instead of taking notes. The sun had just risen from its nightly gravesite as I wrote my name, Ryan, on my “notes”, and it gave the campus a vivid feeling of life. As I stared out the window to my right, the lecture on performing rights organizations slowly faded to a whisper and my mind began to work. Something simply felt different, and although seeing massive amounts of people on the field was indeed different since we were just coming out of winter, that wasn’t what my mind had picked up on. Something inside my head was trying to convince me that today was no ordinary day, but I continued to shake that notion with a simple Of course, it’s a beautiful day, and I haven’t seen a nice and warm day for months. Eventually, I snapped back into reality as my professor called for the end of class with a video about a band he knew (probably due to the fact that one member had become a professor at our school as well). I happily marched out of the Massey business building into the sun with my black hoodie slung over my shoulder and a smile on my face, and I began my regular trek back to my room in Maple Hall. Before heading up the stairs to my floor, I noticed that the bell tower had just rung out the 11th hour of the day, and so I decided to open my mailbox in the off chance that someone wanted to show me how much they loved me. I say that jokingly since I never usually get mail unless I order something online which wasn’t the case recently. However, upon opening my mailbox, I found that someone had slid a blue package slip into it. With a gentle pull, I took the paper out of its nest and told myself that I’d put off my trip to the mail center until later that day since I was done with my classes for the day.

Upon arriving at my door, I was surprised to see a cardboard box sitting at the foot of my door. Seeing how unusual this was, I crouched and studied the number on the box that was given by the university’s mail center. Oddly, the number matched the one on the paper I had just received from my mailbox a few minutes earlier. Something about this box seemed quite peculiar to me, but I didn’t let that get to me. I quickly opened the box to find myself in the presence of a small creature with a rainbow mane. I leaned in to get a better look, and the realization finally hit me like a truck. I was staring at filly Rainbow Dash. After noticing this, I swiftly jumped to my feet and said to myself, “I’m either too drunk or too sober for this,” before adding, “I must’ve watched too much MLP last week.” Filly Dash’s eyes had drifted up towards me with a loving stare, and she inquisitively tilted her head as I tried to make sense of this. I had read My Little Dashie at some point, and I thought my active imagination was playing tricks on me again. But, then again, this seemed too real to be a figment of my imagination. I looked down at the box once more, and my eyes caught Dash’s stare. Looking into her eyes, I had decided that I’d bring the box inside just in case this turned out to be reality.

When I placed the box on my bed and sat down, Dash climbed out of it and curled up on my lap. “Dashie, oh Dashie, what is this all about?” is all I managed to ask as my mind slowly tried to grasp what was happening around me. The only thing Dash managed to say in return was an adorable “Daddy” to which I couldn’t help but smile. Within minutes of me sitting down, my phone started shouting Zebrahead’s ‘Death By Disco’ at me from somewhere in the room. I frantically searched my side of the room for my phone while Dash’s head followed my movements. When I finally found the source of the song, I answered the call to find out that my friend, Brandon, needed me. His only words were “Hey, yeah, you kind of have to come see this.” Since he lived just down the hall from me, I decided I could take a quick walk over there. I was about to walk out the door when I thought about the

possible consequences of someone coming into my room and finding Dash. This could draw a lot of attention, possibly too much attention. “Dashie, you’re coming with me. You’re gonna meet Brandon!” I said enthusiastically as she crawled into my hooded sweatshirt and assumed her curled-up position from earlier.

It only took me a few seconds to arrive at Brandon’s door and to realize that things weren’t as normal as I first thought. Through the door, I heard a very loud yet familiar voice and I felt Dash’s ears twitch in response under my sweatshirt. Could it really be Pinkie Pie? Could Pinkie have arrived in the same fashion as Dash? I had been so absorbed in my thoughts that I had hardly noticed that Brandon had opened his door and was now standing before me. “Okay, before you come in, I have a question.” “Okay, what is it?” “Do you have any Ritalin...or anything that can calm down a hyperactive pink pony?” After this short exchange, my suspicions were confirmed. Pinkie Pie had somehow landed under Brandon’s care. “Ryan, what’s with that face?” he asked after I had taken a long pause. “You found Pinkie Pie, Brandon?” is all I asked. He countered “Yeah, why?” as I unzipped my sweatshirt to reveal a happy Rainbow Dash observing her new surroundings. I merely said, “...Because Rainbow Dash somehow found me.” Dash happily looked up at me and said, “I have the best daddy ever,” before curling up once more. “I guess I’m not the only crazy one around here, am I?” I joked. “Crazy?” Pinkie shouted, “You’re not loco in the coco, silly! Well, unless you are, but I wouldn’t know that. I mean, I’m only Pinkie Pie. Oh, I never introduced myself! I’m Pinkemina Pie!” Hearing her rapid and excited voice, I glanced around before catching her bouncing on Brandon’s bed. “She’s been talking like that for at least an hour, man. It’s insane,” Brandon told me with a tired sigh.

## 2 - Part 2 (Loud Noises)

I laughed off Brandon's complaint and followed up with a somewhat reassuring, "Well, I'm stuck with Dashie, so I guess Pinkie is all yours, my friend!" Meanwhile, Dash has managed to squirm out from under the waistband of my sweatshirt, and her resulting fall made my head quickly jerk downwards. By the time my eyes had reached the ground, however, she was already back on her feet and on her way towards Pinkie Pie who was still hopping around the bed. I eyed Dash as she tried her best to flutter up onto the bed with her small, developing wings. After a few minutes of wing fluttering and a handful of attempts, she finally made it on top of the bed and was now watching Pinkie's erratic bouncing with a look of great interest. "Hi! My name is Rainbow Dash," she told Pinkie with a large smile on her face. Pinkie brought her bouncing to a stop and trotted over to Dash before observing the pegasus filly that stood before her. Pinkie's face began to contort into various expressions as she attempted to contain all of the speech that was ready to break down the floodgates and come out of her mouth. Then she let out an extremely large gasp, and we all braced ourselves for the incoming storm of words and vocal inflections.

"Hi! My name is Pinkemina Pie, but everyone calls me Pinkie! Ooooohhh you have wings! Can you fly? You must be a pegasus pony! I've never met a pegasus pony! In fact, I haven't even seen any other ponies around here, but now I know you! We're gonna be the best friends ever!" Pinkie said loudly with very few pauses to breathe. I took this time to look at Brandon with eyes that seemed to say *Well, isn't this adorable?* before using my head to notify him that I wanted to talk on the other side of his room. It took him a second, but he eventually took the hint and cantered over to the corner of the room opposite of the two ponies who were now playfully running around the bed. My voice had changed in tone and volume from when I previously spoke. I now spoke with a sense of urgency and in a hushed tone so I didn't alarm the happy Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie. "What's going on here?" I asked. "Wait, are you seriously asking me? I don't know a thing," was what Brandon managed to reply with. Being one of my best friends in the college, I knew he wouldn't hide anything from me. I knew he would tell me something of this magnitude. But still, something bothered me, and I could feel it in the pit of my stomach.

The notes and chords of "Death by Disco" sprang from my pocket just as my mind began to wander, and I immediately jumped in response. Brandon and the two ponies stopped what they were doing and stared directly at me. The only voice I heard following the intense stare-down was Dashie's with a worried "D-daddy...are you okay?" The poor filly looked scared to death, and I wasn't sure how to answer her question. In fact, now that I thought about it, I didn't understand why she kept calling me 'Daddy'. I had just found her at my doorstep only about thirty minutes prior to the present time, and I didn't even do anything important. Perhaps the only reason I'm concerned about such a trivial matter is due to the lack of realism in my life. I thought I was crazy thirty minutes ago, and I'm still strongly holding onto that possibility. "Y-yeah, Dashie, I'm alright," I answered with a nervous laugh, "I just didn't expect my phone to go off!" *What a blatant lie, Ryan*, I thought to myself, *Let's just hope she understands*. As I picked up my phone to answer my caller, Dash let out a sigh of relief, and life went back to being normal. Well, as normal as it can be when little ponies arrive at your doorstep, I guess.

Immediately after putting the phone to my ear, I happily heard a familiar voice. "Trevor, is that you,

man?" I inquired. Trevor responded with, "Yeah. But I don't have time to make small talk right now. I need to see you as soon as you can get over here," and judging by his voice, he shared my confusion and sense of urgency. In the background, I heard somepony say something about Magic Kindergarten. Knowing what was going on, I laughed quite audibly and told him that I'd be right over to help him to which he thanked me before hanging up. I looked at Brandon, thanked him for sharing this magical discovery with me, and then beckoned for Dash to once again climb into my sweatshirt. She looked at Pinkie, and I assured them that they'd see each other again sometime soon. After all of our goodbyes were said, and Dash was safely nested under my sweatshirt, the two of us set off for Trevor's room, wondering what pony awaited us there.

While Brandon and I (and by extension, our two visitors) lived in Maple hall, Trevor lived within the walls of Hail hall, but that building was located only a few feet behind Maple. The more modern look of Maple hall was a sharp contrast of the older building style that Hail showcased. I have to admit, the Maple-style rooms were indeed nicer than the Hail-style rooms, but that's only my opinion as a Mapling. A Hail-ite would most likely tell you otherwise, but that's not necessarily important. I chose take the back route that led directly from the rear of Maple hall to the back of Hail hall specifically to avoid the construction that was constantly occurring in front of Maple. If Dashie heard the noise coming from the construction of the new law building, I just knew I'd feel her little ears twitch as she tried to poke her head out of the neck of my sweatshirt to see what the source of these new sounds was.

Within minutes of my departure, I had arrived at the door to Trevor's dorm, and as I lifted my hand to knock on the wooden door, I stopped and listened to what was going on inside. Dashie quickly followed suit, but I didn't mind because I could still keep her hidden at this point. I heard Trevor's voice speaking with a somewhat soothing inflection as if he was trying to comfort something. *How unusual* was my first thought, but then I realized that my whole day had consisted of a long string of very unusual events, I decided to let it go. Still intently listening to the one-sided conversation that was going on in the room, I forgot about knocking, and pushed the door open.

### 3 - Part 3 (Unanswered Questions)

The scene that was laid out in Trevor's room almost made me want to break out into a laugh. As I closed the door behind me, I softly let Dashie down on his floor and she happily made him aware of my presence. "Hi, Mister!" she said with a great amount of pep in her voice as she stared at Trevor. I figured her introduction would alert him to my presence as well, so I merely continued walking over to the book fort that was standing in the center of the room. "Oh...oh god...another pony?" Trevor asked upon noticing the small Rainbow Dash that was now intently staring and waiting for a response. "She's with me, Trev." "Oh...okay. For a moment, I thought I was losing my mind." "Been there, done that." "Hey, do you think you can do me a favor?" "Depends. What would that favor include?" At this, Trevor sighed and reluctantly admitted that he was having no luck in coaxing something to leave the fort of literature on the floor. I couldn't hold in my question any longer, so I asked him "Is Twilight Sparkle in the little fort?"

As if hearing her name, Twilight's voice came from the opening in the fort as she inquired, "I'm trying to read, so could you please be a little bit quieter?" To inspect the fort, I crouched much like I did earlier to compare the number of the package containing Dashie to the number on my slip of paper. "Why hello there, Miss Sparkle," I said cheerily in an attempt to make her feel more at ease. Simply put, it didn't work as I had originally intended. Upon noticing my failure, I glanced at Dashie and told her that there was a new friend under the books. In a matter of seconds, she had made her way to the book fort and had stuck her little face into the opening between two books about programming with Java.

It was at that moment that I had become aware that I had been calling Rainbow Dash by the nickname 'Dashie' for quite some time. Was I slipping more into insanity, or was this actually reality and I was developing a true bond with the filly? Part of me was greatly enjoying this friendship, but another part of me was trying to make me feel like I was losing my grip on reality. I kept thinking, This has to be real. It just has to be. I'm not the only one seeing these ponies. In fact, there are two other people who see them!

After a few minutes of being the negotiator for the two warring factions in my mind, I noticed that Dashie had taken a few steps back from the book fort. "Hey, Dashie, what happened?" I asked with a genuinely inquisitive tone. She told me that she just made a new friend and that she was really smart. I took this to mean that Dashie had somehow made Twilight feel more at ease and that she would be coming out of the fort very shortly. I set my gaze upon the small and dark entrance to the book fort and a few minutes later, the unicorn filly, Twilight Sparkle, crawled out. She began to study me with great interest, so I assumed that she hadn't seen another human yet. I crouched once again so Twilight wasn't intimidated by my height, and I simply tilted my head to the right. A smile spread across my face as, within seconds, she had adorably mirrored my motion. "Hello, Twi," I happily said, "I'm Ryan. It's very nice to meet you." The small unicorn smiled and radiated a feeling of genuine happiness as I gingerly reached out to pet her mane. Contradicting her earlier antisocial behavior, she happily allowed me to pet her mane as I talked to Trevor.

"I only wish I could understand what's been going on today," I mentioned apathetically. When I finished my statement, the sky gave a deafening roar and a bolt of lightning shot from the clouds. The ponies,

being mere fillies, shook with fear at the loud noises and bright flashes. As a reaction to their fear, they both ran up close to me, and pushed their way under my jacket. With a puzzled look, I asked Trevor, "Wasn't it supposed to stay sunny and warm all day?" He shrugged it off and mentioned that the meteorologists are wrong sometimes, and we just happened to catch them on one of their off days. I stared him down as if I was the stare-master, Fluttershy, and began to hold the shivering fillies close to my chest as the storm raged on.

Within about ten minutes of its conception, the storm faded into a memory, and with a little bit of comforting, the fillies felt safe enough to leave the confines of my jacket. Glancing up at Trevor's clock reminded me that I still needed to eat dinner and do some work of my own before heading off to sleep. The clock stared back at me with a bold-faced 6:00 PM, and I said my goodbyes to Trevor and our new friend. I, of course, had to promise Dashie that she would see Twilight again very soon. Once again, I saw the happiness spread through her face. First it started in the shining eyes, and it culminated in one of the biggest smiles I've ever seen. I'm usually not the type of person who gets moved by cute little things, but this smile stirred something within me. I realized that it made me feel warm on the inside, and I began to smile along with Dashie.

Hours later, after eating a nice dinner and completing my paper on internet censorship, I decided to turn in for the night. Before I went to sleep, however, I decided to keep track of my days with Dashie. This was, you know, just in case I actually was insane. I could show my journal to my psychiatrist. After jotting down the day's events, I proceeded to push in my chair, and then I made my way to the ladder at the foot of my lofted bed. I felt a gentle tug at my ankle before I could launch myself to the upper rungs, and then I felt more. There was a rapid succession of gentle tugs at the left cuff of my sweatpants. Upon looking down, I saw the little Dashie giving me what us humans call the 'puppy eyes'. I asked what she wanted before we went to bed, and she looked up at me with this adorable look in her eyes. She answered, "Daddy, can I sleep with you up there?" "Well, Dashie, I made a bed for you down there. My bed is pretty high, and I wouldn't want you to fall." "But Daddy..." Dashie explained, "...I don't want the munsters to get me!" I laughed lightly at the adorableness of her speech, and I agreed to let her sleep with me if it made her feel safer.

For about an hour, I tossed and turned, unable to sleep. All day, I had talked to two of my friends in hopes that I would find an answer to my bizarre situation. Alas, I had received no answers, and I had received no guidance. If anything, I had become more confused than when I had first found Dashie. All of these questions still burning in my mind, and not a single soul could answer them. What was happening to me?

## 4 - Part 4 (Buy Some Apples)

Running, that was all I had been doing for what felt like hours. At this point, I could only vaguely remember why I began running or what I was running from. I remember feeling someone or something breathing down my neck as if it was stalking me. I felt the paranoia taking over my mind as adrenaline rushed through my body, and I knew that I needed to try to make an escape. I was evading my pursuer by relentlessly charging through the streets and alleys that were placed before me. I needed to escape. The more I ran, the more chaos seemed to strike. As I deftly swerved around corners and over obstacles, the roads and buildings were slowly being ripped apart as if by some god-like power. I needed to be free. Suddenly, as I was vaulting over a low wall, my head exploded in a sharp pain that was very unfamiliar to me. After my fall from the vault, I felt my airway slowly closing up as I hopelessly grasped for air. What is happening to me?

I woke with a start to see that the breath of a small filly had caused my nightmare. This filly didn't look much like Dashie, so I reached to side of my chest where she was still curled up and happily sleeping. Once my eyes adjusted to the light that was seeping through the window from the lampposts outside, I realized that the soul-breaking stare originated from the stare-master herself, Fluttershy. Although it was only three o'clock in the morning at this point, I gently rubbed my eyes to ward off any possibility that I had descended into madness overnight. In all honesty, the prior day wall full of events that would have made any normal individual think himself to be insane. In some odd way though, those events brought us together in ways that we never could have imagined.

My tranquil moment of inflection was broken by the sound of objects falling in the dorm next to mine. I quickly took hold of Fluttershy and shot down the ladder attached to my bed. Luckily, our dorms were suite-style, and this meant that there was a shared bathroom that connected my dorm and the dorm that the noise was coming from. Through that shared bathroom I dashed with the little Fluttershy in tow, not thinking about the consequences that would present themselves if she were to be seen by anybody that hadn't shared my experience with Dash. Upon reaching the door, I rapidly pried it open to reveal a rather large heap of clothes on the floor along with other piles that consisted of items such as movies, video games, and books. This room was usually somewhat clean since it belonged to my friend, Fang. We hardly called him by his real name due to reasons that have since escaped all of our memories, but even he didn't mind our forgetfulness.

"Fang, " I began, "have you been redecorating? I'm liking the new look." He averted his strong gaze from the doors of his closet and proceeded to stare me down as if I was one who had made this room look like an unnatural disaster. With my usual sarcastic tone, I asked a simple "What did I do this time?" It was only at this very moment that filly Fluttershy had decided to joyfully flutter out from behind my back. And then, as if on cue, Rainbow Dash poked her head out from behind the doorframe. "Daddy, I had a bad dream..." she muttered solemnly, almost afraid to admit this to me.

Fang finally broke his vow of silence against me by pointing a finger at me and saying "This was your fault wasn't it?" "My fault?" I asked with a shrug, "What are you talking about?" "Don't act like you're clueless, Ryan. You know I'm not a brony, and yet you think putting a fake Rarity in my room is a clever joke." "Well, Fang, you seem to know some of the ponies by name..." "You're not being helpful." In the end, I caved and admitted that this Rarity was real and that I had nothing to do with her appearing to



him. Again, as if on cue, Rarity shouted "How dreadful!" in an adorable filly voice, and shortly after, a shirt was thrown from the opening in the closet.

Suddenly, there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at Fang's dormitory door. Being a fan of Edgar Allan Poe, I took the opportunity to tell him, "Tis some visitor tapping at your chamber door. Only this, and nothing more." Fang quietly glanced at me once again, with a look of disdain in his eyes. Obviously, he was back to ignoring me for the time being. "Okay, I get it, I'll get the door for you while you deal with Rarity." As soon as I uttered the words "deal with Rarity", the fashionable filly's voice chimed from the closet once more. "Excuse me?" she asked with a prolonged emphasis on the word "excuse". "I'm sorry," I said without breaking my stride to the door, "I meant while you assist Rarity, of course." A low mumble rose from Fang's lungs, but he couldn't find it in him to complain at the moment, and so he walked over to the closet where Rarity had made herself at home. In fear that the ponies would be seen by our visitor, I asked, "Dashie...Flutter, I need you two to hide under Fang's bed, okay?" Hearing the safety in my voice, they were quick to comply with what I had asked of them.

Upon finally opening the door, I was happy to see my good friend, Blees facing me. "Well, top o' the morning to ye!" I said jokingly with a large grin. I was happy to see a smile erupt from Blees' face after my horrifyingly bad Irish accent traveled through the canals of his ears. The first voice I heard was both familiar and unfamiliar to me at the same time. I felt like I knew this voice from somewhere, and yet I couldn't name whom it belonged to. It was quite a distinctive voice, and its southern twang flowed through the air as smooth as a knife, reaching all of our ears.

"Well, how are y'all doin'?" the voice asked cheerfully as I glanced around the room, unsuccessfully attempting to pinpoint where the voice was coming from. Fang, however, was still preoccupied with his rare issue, and wouldn't be willing to help me even the slightest bit at the moment. As I felt something hitting my shin, Brandon poked his head out from behind the wall next to Blees. Within a few seconds, Pinkie Pie's head appeared above Brandon's. "We have more visitors," Brandon excitedly told me, "Did you learn anything new about our situation?" I shook my head and looked down at my legs to find that a filly Applejack was gently tapping at my shin with her hooves. "We're doing pretty well, Applejack," I said with a smile before turning back to Brandon, "And what did you even expect me to learn? I'm not magic. That would be Trevor's job now."

Blees, being a peaceful person, stepped between Brandon and I in fear that we were about to fight. He looked at both of us and said "Guys, we need to remember the whole love and tolerance thing. Fighting will get us nowhere." After hearing this, Brandon and I shrugged in unison, and we effectively dropped that line of conversation. After that was taken care of, I let Dashie and Fluttershy come out of hiding, and I calmly cantered over to Fang's window. Dashie quickly followed me to the window and tugged at my pant leg to get my attention. "Daddy, are you okay?" she asked with a voice full of confusion and sadness. Fluttershy sheepishly stood next to Dashie and echoed her concerns. "Everything's fine, girls," I cheerfully answered, "Things just seem a bit...odd tonight."

Almost as if this scene was orchestrated by a mythical being, I observed a single bolt of lightning pierce the darkness of the early morning as it struck the ground in front of the dorm. Nobody was awake yet other than the ever-adorable fillies, and the four of us but I felt something pulling me, drawing me to the location of the lightning bolt. Feeling this odd magnetism, I turned around, and I saw that my friends felt it as well. It was as if we were supposed to go down there for some important cause. As we met with Trevor and Twilight in the solemn lobby, I thought Hell, it's about time we get some answers.

Now we marched out the door as a group. We were like a Roman legion marching out to war and preparing to fight an unknown enemy. To the far right, Fang walked quietly with his head shrouded by a hoodie to hide his identity. To Fang's left was Blee, my agile and honest parkour instructor, and he was wearing his typical short-sleeved shirt and jeans. I was taking point for the group, and my blue eyes roared with a fierce look of determination as my somewhat tall figure echoed that determination in its stride. To my far left, Brandon happily marched along, and although he was shorter than all of us, he definitely seemed the happiest of the group. And to my left, was my good friend Trevor, one of the most intelligent people I know.

"I don't know why we were all drawn here, but I do know one thing for sure," I said, the fire in my eyes getting brighter, "It's time we got ourselves some answers, guys!" I triumphantly threw my fist into the air as we approached the origin of the magnetic field, still unaware of the unavoidable string of events that we had become important parts of.

## 5 - Part 5 (Tomorrow Never Dies)

"Aloha!" a cheerful voice called out to us from the darkness, drenched in a Hawaiian accent. Collectively, our five pairs of eyes locked their gazes on a cloaked figure that couldn't have been more than four feet tall. The tone in my blue eyes shifted from fire to ice as I quickly analyzed the figure that stood before us. My icy eyes darted to and fro across the body of the shrouded figure as I noted every little detail. It was another pony, but this time, it was a fully-grown one. After that realization, I felt a certain familiarity within that out-of-place Hawaiian accent, but I couldn't quite figure out why.

Disappointed at the lack of a response, the voice called out once more. "Is anyone out there?" I looked up at the dismal sky and scoffed at the cheerfulness that the voice put forth. My body never did enjoy waking up before sunrise, but I couldn't deny the supernatural force that seemed to affect all of us that had been given fillies.

"What do you need?" I barked. "What could possibly compel you to drag us out here so early in the morning?" I continued, a hint of sarcasm tainting my voice. My friends simply stared at me with expressions of confusion and disapproval, but I kept speaking. "Are you here to give us some answers," I began to shout, my voice now saturated with sarcasm, "...or do you just need someone to chat with?" "Please restrain your hot-headed friend," the accented voice commanded. My friends were quick to comply, but they did so in fear that this mysterious figure was capable of much more than act as a psychic magnet. "Thank you for that. He was beginning to worry me a little bit," the voice sighed.

Finally Blees asked "So, why are we all here? It has to be something important, right?" Glancing over at him, I saw his face contort into an expression of worry and slight fear as he spoke. "It isn't every day that a filly Applejack just happens to appear in your life. Something weird is going on, and I'd really like to know what it is." After Blees, the rest of my friends calmly spoke about their concerns, but with a wave of a hoof, the shrouded figure silenced all of them.

The hidden pony glanced at me and asked, "Are you done now?" to which I merely sighed and nodded. "Good! Now, I suppose I should explain what's going on around here." The five of us leaned in close to ensure that we could clearly hear every word that flowed from the pony's lips. "I have been sent by the Great Princess Celestia to deliver a message that could determine the fate of your world. Fifteen years in the future, on Nightmare Night, a harbinger of darkness will arrive to plunge the world into an eternal night. If my research was correct, I believe that an eternal night will destabilize your 'food chain'," the pony began. Upon mentioning the harbinger of darkness, our little fillies tried their best to press themselves close to our bodies. "A few years prior to her arrival, however, you will be tested by a threat to order and reality as you know it."

I raised my hand in an attempt to call for silence and to draw attention to myself. Luckily, it worked, and the shrouded pony nodded in my direction, acknowledging my presence. "You expect us to save the world," I began, picking up little Dashie, "with these?" Underneath the pony's hood, I saw a faint smile spread across his face before the Hawaiian accent started to flow once more. "Yes, I do. In fact, you're the only five that could possibly save your world from a threat like this," he said, his voice echoing through the air around us. I chimed in yet again, "Do you mind explaining all of this to us? I can assure

you that I'm not the only one who's confused here."

"Certainly, Ryan!" the pony shouted enthusiastically. "To put it simply, you and your friends are all conduits for the power of the Elements of Harmony. In other words, your bodies act as amplification systems for the Elements that these ponies represent."

Blees inquisitively raised an eyebrow and asked our guest, "Forgive me, but how are we 'amplifiers' for the power of the Elements of Harmony?"

"Well, Blees, you are all representations of the virtues of the Elements, and, therefore, you magnify the power that each Element can output on its own!"

I tilted my head to the side and questioned the pony as well. A hint of worry crept through my voice as I spoke. "First of all, who are you? Second...we never introduced ourselves to you, so how do you know his name?"

"You can call me Ocean Serenity, and I know all of your names," the pony proudly stated before he pointed at each of us as he uttered our names and what Element we were affiliated with.

"Let's see...there's Blees, the embodiment of Honesty, Trevor, the man of Magic, Brandon, the giver of Laughter, Fang, the spirit of Generosity, and...oh my," he paused before stating my name. "Well, Ryan, you sure are an interesting one. You're the home of Loyalty and Kindness!" Ocean stared at me with a look that seemed to blend intrigue and excitement. My only response was a slight shrug of apathy, but it would have to do for the moment.

Brandon, petting the frightened Pinkie Pie, asked Ocean, "Wait, Mister Serenity, doesn't that make him like one of those overpowered original characters? That's kind of unfair!"

Ocean Serenity merely shook his head and mentioned that being an amplifier for two Elements of Harmony is quite a dangerous job. He then went on to explain that my life would be in jeopardy once the Elements kicked into overdrive and were forced to use our bodies due to my heart disorders. Apparently, I react in a variety of ways from fainting to dying on the spot after the Elements used my body. I didn't have a choice. The decision was made for me by powers beyond my control.

I sheepishly began to run my hand through my fauxhawk when Trevor broke the silence by solemnly asking, "You mean...we can't save Ryan?" It was a foolish question because we all knew deep within us that something would happen to me, and there was nothing anybody could do to prevent it from occurring. Every single one of us became solemn and quiet, looking at the grass below us for some sort of solace. Unfortunately, there was no comfort to be found anywhere. There was no safety in the sky, and no hope in our hearts. In the end, there was a good chance that I would play the role of a martyr...that I would die for the future of every single living thing on the face of this planet.

Without saying a word, I pivoted and began my trek back to the door of my residence hall. Unlike the walk up to Ocean Serenity, this walk seemed so much longer. In fact, it almost felt endless to me after hearing of my probably fate at the end of the 15-year period. Ocean's accented voice called out to me once more, and I slowly picked my head up to show that he had my attention. Due to my declining emotional condition, all I heard was a soft "Stay positive, Ryan. Things will work out," before the voice faded off into oblivion.

Within a matter of minutes, I had dragged myself up to my room once again, and I was now standing in front of my lofted bed, looking out at my human and pony friends. Not a word was spoken and not a motion was made. We all stood around my room, staring at each other in disbelief. I was most likely going to die, but I couldn't allow my fear to burst through the seams of my brave and somewhat reckless personality. I couldn't let them see me cry. I wouldn't let them see me cry.

Finally, Blees spoke up. He had been staring at the ground more than the rest of us, and so all of our heads perked up when we heard his voice. "Ryan...we can't lose you...you're our friend," he said, steadily gaining volume as he went on, "If you die, then it would be like part of us died as well!" Hearing one of my friends speak like that made my emotions explode. I turned to face the bed and rested my arm and head on its frame, closing my eyes.

I tried to push back my emotions, but my body wouldn't allow that anymore. A single tear slid down my face before plummeting to the floor below me. Dashie and Fluttershy were immediately by my side to comfort me, and my friends quickly joined them. Dashie used her wings to place herself directly in front of me on the bed before curling up next to me as if trying to tell me that she'd always be there for me without using words. Fluttershy silently sat to my right and proceeded to stare at me with eyes that were full of love. When I saw my two fillies trying to comfort me, my quiet streams of tears became rivers of them, and I began to sob.

This moment of emotional weakness in me brought fear into my friends as well. Applejack had been hiding behind her abnormally large hat, Rarity had been openly crying, and Twilight had hidden under my roommate's bed. Pinkie, however, was running to and fro trying to bring cheer and happiness back into the lives of her friends. Upon realizing the severity of the situation, however, her hair magically straightened, and she simply sat down, replacing her words with tears. My human friends were visibly unsettled by the news that they had just been told, but they were trying their best to not show me just how worried they were. They tried to fake their smiles as they went to find their fillies to calm them down.

Although we were all gathered in my room at that very moment, I had never felt more alone or more frightened. Dashie and Fluttershy could sense it since they had a psychic-like connection with me due to my affiliation with their Elements of Harmony, and that's why they refused to leave my side. I continued to stand there, sobbing uncontrollably, wondering what would become of me and if this was all worth my death.

**END - ACT I**