

Fallout Equestria: Misfits

By DancingOnTheAshes

Chapter 2: Innocence lost.

The main problem with traversing a desert is this; There are no distractions. At. All.

So when you spend a whole day walking it, you can't help but to think about all sorts of things. Somepony wandering a desert might figure out some new theory of mathematics, or write a book, or even figure out how to end world hunger.

Me? I found out that my altered equipment made me walk funny. I must have looked absolutely ridiculous as I trotted over the dunes as if a stick had been shoved up my tail-hole, that hooves aren't made for sandy terrain added to the aggravation.

Had this been a normal desert; one with scorching sun and rocks you can fry an egg on, the majority of its inhabitants would probably have been hiding out from the heat right now. Alas the persistent cloud cover above made sure that the sun could not pummel the sand like it should, therefore the desert could charitably be described as lukewarm, even if it still had enough fight left in it to be almost completely barren.

So, of course, that's when I stepped right into the path of a radscorpion (an insect mutation deriving from the arachnid family, about the size of a dog). I was so caught up in getting my trot just right that I didn't notice the large bug until I almost stepped right on it. It made an angry chatter and waved its large claws at me before charging. "Oh crap!" In my startled confusion I instinctively cast the first spell I could think of. My horn gave off a blue spark and a shimmer enveloped me.

The scorpion halted and gave a confused chirp, before running around in circles a few times. I didn't move a muscle as I silently levitated the 12.7mm pistol out, aiming, but not pulling the trigger. Finally, managing to look nonplussed, the bug wandered off.

"Weird." I muttered before scratching myself on the side of my head with a forehoof, I gave a start when I couldn't see it. I waved it in front of me a few times and after a few moments I finally understood, an invisibility spell. That could indeed be quite useful. The only problem was that I had no idea how I had just performed said spell.

After making sure I was alone again I, with the same mental relaxation every unicorn knows instinctively, dismissed the incantation. Keeping a better eye on potential threats this time I continued towards the train tracks I had seen earlier, spending the time attempting to recast the spell I had just used.

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After half an hour and at least a dozen attempts at going invisible I finally managed to use my new spell, I arrived at the tracks at about the same time. The two-hundred year old railway looked worn and rust

pitted, it was a miracle it still was usable. That the inhabitants of New Appleoosa used to trade with Old Appleoosa using this railway was common knowledge. If the tracks extended beyond was unknown to me, and I did not know which side of the slaver town I was.

I shot the blurred sun a glance and then spent quarter of an hour making a primitive compass using a stick and two pebbles in the sand. I gave a silent thank you to my father for spending the time teaching me this.

After that I had the rough position of North. Now I just had to continue along the track eastward for a couple of days until I hopefully arrived at New Appleoosa, then cut northwest along the old roads for a day or so, after that I should be within spitting distance of the Shattered Hoof Detention Center. Once there I could start my search for Trader's Caravan and hopefully some answers.

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As I wandered the rail, collecting the occasional usable herb and plant I saw growing in its vicinity, my mind kept going back to what had happened and what I was going to have to deal with. Most ponies feared and mistrusted the few alicorns that had been seen in the wasteland, and often with good reasons. Steel Rangers would probably shoot at me on sight if I showed my wings or if something else tipped them off.

And when I found Trader's Caravan, what then? Could I convince them of who I am? I still wasn't sure what had happened after New Appleoosa, did the caravan even still exist? Had it been wiped out and all survivors turned into what I had become? So many questions and no answers.

With a pang in my heart I thought of my sister, living in the machine shop in my hometown. She was more accepting than most about the shit the wasteland throws at ponies, but after the slaver incident she had been distant. Dammit, that was not something I wanted to remember.

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I had been wandering for most of the day when I arrived at the zigzagging rise worming its way up the mountainside. The loose sand gave way to a gravelly soil that was much more compact as I wandered the rail up the hill. By some stroke of luck I had started on the right side of Old Appleoosa and completely bypassed the slavers living there.

The tracks slithered up the cliff in a series of sharp turns, and when I had finally arrived at the top of the cliff I thought I could make out what appeared to be the wreckage of a train at the bottom of the other side. "Somepony messed up." I commented out loud.

That turned out to be a big mistake and the loud angry screech coming from the rocks beside me informed me that I should have kept my big yap shut. When I finally saw what I had just pissed off by my mere existence, I nearly felt like fainting.

The radscorpion working it's way around the boulders was enormous, nearly the size of a brahmin and with a black carapace similar to tank armor. The massive stinger oozing venom, and the equally massive

razor sharp claws looked like they could give a hellhound a run for its bottle caps. The arachnid loomed over anything I had ever had the misfortune to encounter in my travels across the wasteland.

When it finally got clear of obstacles and started to pick up speed I bolted back along the rail. Never mind casting any invisibility spells, this thing could probably kill me by sheer momentum alone.

I galloped for all I was worth, desperately thinking of anything I could do to get away. Shooting at it would do nothing at all; my gun was good for soft and lightly armored targets and it wouldn't even scratch the onyx behemoth working its way along the rail after me. Finally I got an idea, the idea immediately turned sour as I remembered that I had not tried them out yet.

The massive lump of sharp black chitin that slammed into the ground, nearly hitting me, convinced me that if I could think of nothing else I was dead meat. I made a mental note to try and make some proper holes I could stick my wings through as I moved the duffel bag from my back to my mouth. Then I lifted the hems of the duster and unfurled my wings.

The scorpion's massive stinger stabbed the air beside my head so close that I was convinced I could see my reflection in its surface.

Raw terror is an amazing teaching aid, and as the stinger pulled back and prepared for another lunge I beat my wings as hard as I could against the ground. I felt my body lift slightly as I galloped and I gave another series of beats, this time my hooves rose from the old wooden boards crisscrossing the railway. Working my wings furiously I cleared the ground, and as I looked down I saw the radscorpion reach for me a last time, grabbing my hind leg above the hoof. I came to a screeching halt in the air but kept myself aloft on pure self preservation.

I shrieked in pain as I felt the bones groan in protest. I kept beating my wings as I strained against the pull of the scorpion. Twisting my body and struggling to keep aloft I levitated the pistol out of its holster; aiming the gun was tricky and after a couple of moments I finally got a beat at the eight red eyes staring malevolently up at me. I emptied the clip into the thing's body and managed to hit one of the orbs, this luckily proved to be enough. The arachnid screeched in agony and fury as its claws gripped just enough for me to bloodily twist free.

I shot upwards a dozen feet out of range, and then worked a healing potion out after I had moved my bag to my front legs and my pistol to its holster. The gigantic radscorpion chattered in disappointment and anger as it futilely tried at me with its sharp stinger. I gulped the bottled red liquid and felt my tattered hind leg stitch itself together, it wasn't broken thank Celestia, but I wasn't going to boogie for a day or so.

Once the mind crushing terror had evaporated I was thrilled. Flying felt great! I gave a whoop as I hung the bag back in my teeth. My body knew how to do most basic maneuvers instinctively, if a little wobbly, and I reveled in the sensation. My goggles were back over my eyes and I was ready to take on the world. It was a freeing sensation that almost made up for losing my masculinity. For the moment I simply marvelled in the sight of the wasteland as I climbed higher into the sky, the endless vista spread before me and I could see many of Equestria's landmarks.

Canterlot Castle, sitting like a pearl-white cat on the side of its majestic mountain, a pink cloud surrounding it like smog; Manehattan, resting on the ocean side, a river bisecting it; and the Everfree forest, its green foliage filled with dangers that would make a Steel Ranger soil himself. I was pulled out

of my reverie by the plume of smoke rising from said forest. Who could be burning it?

Then something else caught my eye, several large black shapes moving around in the sky. Squinting I saw that they were huge and triangular, and with storm clouds somehow fastened to both sides.

I decided to find shelter. I knew nothing about these aerial intruders, but since they could just as well consider me an intruder, I thought it best to not tempt my luck more than necessary today. I decided to stay out of their way as much as possible.

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I flew lower to the ground, fatigue from the day setting in and I was searching for a place to hunker down, the adrenaline backwash was taking its toll on me as well. I was studying the same mountain range I had just escaped for any decent, and hopefully bug free, cave or old dwelling.

After thirty minutes or so I saw what appeared to be a small settlement wedged into a ravine, steel sheathing made up a lot of the hovels with a single road worming its way between them. The small road ended in a two story building of salvaged concrete and metal built in the wedge at the end, probably a bar or local meeting hall. It wouldn't surprise me if it was constructed around the mouth of a cave. A metal barricade could be found at the mouth of the settlement.

I landed behind a bend in the cliff someways off and started to walk back to the settlement. My wings were back under the coat and the bag slung across my back. I hoped that I could pass for an unusually large unicorn and be let in. Solitude like this didn't agree with me much and some company and a warm bed would be very welcome.

A minute or so later I was closing up on the entrance to the ravine and I saw that the barricade was a wedged in train cart, some scrap and concrete was added to the sides for protection and to make sure that there was no gaps. The loading door on the cart side served as entrance and I suspected it also doubled as a type of airlock. On the top of the wall was a railing, and a teal earth pony stallion operated a scoped hunting rifle fixed to said railing on a swivel-mount.

I raised a hoof in greeting when the guard saw me and he trailed my progress after giving me a go-ahead wave. When I was within shouting distance I called out to him jovially. "If I come any closer, will I get shot at!?"

"Depends," He shouted back. "you a slaver?"

"No." I answered, a little miffed at the implication.

"Prove it." He challenged me.

Without missing a beat I shouted, "Red Eye is a foal fiddler!" and earned a bark of laughter from the guard.

"Okay, that'll do." He chuckled. "Come on over so we don't have to shout; horn and mouth away from any weaponry. You know the drill."

I gave a low whistle as I trotted closer and got a good closeup look at the barricade. "Very nicely done, I must say. Must have taken a lot of work to get that wall built." I complimented.

"Thank you big lady." The earth pony sentry said around his mounted hunting rifle and I gave a small wince at the word lady, it stung more than I had expected. "This here, for want of a better name, is Nowhere Canyon." He added with a grandiose gesture of his hoof, then he spent a moment studying me.

With a narrowing of his eyes he asked. "You seem awfully large for a unicorn, you mind enlightening me on why that is?" Without putting his mouth on the bit he nudged the rifle, aiming it directly at me.

This was the part I was dreading, how could I explain my height without sounding suspicious? "Magical accident," I lied, trying to look embarrassed. "it messed with my hormones."

"Right," he gave me a look that said 'Don't bullshit me'. "and I'm the leader of the Enclave."

"The what?" I asked, not knowing what he was talking about.

"What? You haven't heard of em?" He asked, momentarily derailed. "Pegasi hot-shots left from before the war, they swooped down out of the clouds just yesterday and has most of the ponies in the canyon scared out of their minds. Anyways," He pointed at me. "you still haven't given me a satisfactory answer."

So that's who those black ships had belonged to. They had some serious pre-war tech at their disposal.

"Okay, just don't shoot at me out of reflex." I sighed. Then I lifted the edge of the large coat and unfurled a large blue wing.

"Celestia's mane!" The guard swore. "And what do one of your kind need in here so badly that you are prepared to disguise yourself?" He asked with a scared look on his face. The weapon on its mounting was completely forgotten.

"A roof over my head and some warm food," I said simply as I refolded my wing and dropped the duster back down. "and a lot of liquor." I added as an afterthought.

"Don't you..." He floundered for a polite word, finally settling on. "ponies have that Unity thing?"

"Yeah. But going by what I can remember, and that's not much mind you, I'll rather dissect myself by hoof than go back to that." I explained to the stallion. The feeling of loosing my sense of self in the nightmare last night had been worse than dying.

"Well, to be honest," He visibly calmed down and I was glad that he didn't seem to be on the verge of shooting at me. "we have been wondering about that. There is a priest of The Goddess living here and for the last two days he has done nothing but crying and trying to drown himself in a bottle of whiskey." He thought a bit at that and corrected himself. "Scratch that; by use of several bottles of whiskey."

"I would like a word with the priest, we have something to talk about," I said. "in great detail."

"And I can't just let you in. You'll make a lot of ponies nervous." He pointed out, then got a thoughtful look. "Unless..."

"Out with it please, I don't have all day." I deadpanned.

"You would do us a small favor." Then he gestured to the north. "A mile or so in that direction is a camp of raiders, about half a dozen of them, and they have been harassing us for the past week. Most scavenging and hunting has stopped and no-pony dares to travel while they are in the vicinity." He leaned onto the railing, and added. "I'll even send one of our hunters with you to show you the way."

Small favor? As if. But I didn't have much choice in the matter because I did not want to force my way in, I wasn't that kind of pony. To be completely honest I wasn't big on the whole 'slaughter a bunch of ponies for bottle-caps/favors' either but there you go, got to break some eggs to make a cupcake.

"Okay, I'm game." I said finally, and added. "If you have any energy weapons I can trade this gun in for." I levitated the pistol up for inspection, bit up and barrel down. The sentry grabbed it gave it a critical once over.

"Sure, I think we have a magical plasma gun lying around in the armory somewhere. Got any ammo for this baby?" I levitated up the spare clips and half full box of bullets to the stallion. He grabbed it and placed it on a small out of place coffee table next to his post. "I'll leave it here while I go get your blaster." I nodded at that and he disappeared down what I assumed was a plank or something on the other side. At least he was prepared to give me a fair deal. I took that as a sign of encouragement.

After a couple of minutes he reappeared with a cloth bag in his mouth. "ceff." He mumbled around the cloth then tossed the bag over the rail. I caught it effortlessly in a telekinetic net, then a spark of panic washed over me; there could just as likely be a mine in this bag. But when there was no beeping I calmed slightly and carefully opened the bag.

Inside I found a plasma revolver, its round crystal barrel and four magic capacitors in almost mint condition. With a whoop I noticed that there were several modifications done to the gun giving it's plasma ball increased strength and speed. I checked the rest of the bag's contents and found to my delight at least seventy shots worth of diamond filled, small spark batteries.

"You drive a fair bargain." I said before aiming at a rock away from the gate and liquefying it. The revolver shot straight and true. I almost gave a squeal of joy before I caught myself.

"Well, it's kind of an investment from our part too." The guard informed me. "Besides, no pony ever wanted to use it. Too creepy for most folk to handle," He gave a shrug and added. "and if you get your rump back in one piece there is some more ammo for it too. Oh, and I almost forgot." He smacked himself on the forehead. "Runs Wild is on her way, she's just gathering her gear and finishing up. Should be down any minute."

I nodded and slid the arcane revolver into my leg holster; a little loose but a decent fit. Then I sat on my haunches and waited while I rearranged my pack, most of the ammo went into the duffel bag and three spare batteries I put into my coat pockets, each battery good for ten shots of destabilising magic.

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After a while the gate opened and I saw that I had been right, it did act as an airlock. Maybe so that potential miscreants could be disarmed before they were let in.

First I thought that she was an elderly mare; but the snow white, gray maned, female that stepped out was actually younger than I was. She was barely an adult, really. She was properly attired in black leather armor that covered her entire body and a large machete with a mouth-bit handle was sheathed at her side. She was also shod in iron hooves that sported tree wicked, tiger like, claws. Her movements betrayed a catlike grace as she exited the settlement.

She halted when she saw me and her eyes widened, then she turned to the guard overhead and exclaimed. "You really weren't kidding? I thought you were talking out of your tail-hole again."

"Very funny. Get your rump in gear and show her where the camp is." The guard answered and shooed her on with a hoof before kicking a lever behind him; the gate slid closed.

She gave me a wary look and trotted closer, I finally got a proper idea of how huge I had grown; she was of average height and I towered at least a head and a half over her when I stood up. She slowed, visibly intimidated. I gave her a relaxed smile and said calmly. "So, you'll be my guide then? Lets get going so we'll be back by sundown." The earth pony relaxed a bit but still kept a small distance between us as we walked towards the raider camp.

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After walking a while I started to think, I might as well expose my wings here and now, and make the holes in the coat that I had planned on before we got into any trouble that might make them necessary. When I had been flying earlier the coat had bunched up along my back in a very annoying fashion, so I asked Runs Wild if I could borrow her machete for a second before I stopped and shrugged out of my coat.

She gave an 'eep' and answered. "O-okay." Then pulled out the blade, I gripped it and levitated the blade towards me. I took a minute to figure out where my new appendage was on the coat and then made a slice, then I mirrored the act on the other side. During this the earth pony looked on in fascination.

"What are you..." She then silenced as I re-donned the coat and pulled my wings through the new holes.

"Much better." I stretched and flexed, turning my wings this way and that to make sure there was no pull from the coat. I then gave a couple of flaps, rising slightly and hovering while Runs Wild looked on in stunned silence. I suspected that she hadn't seen many flyer's while living in the small ravine settlement. "Yes this will do nicely." I finished to myself before I landed and levitated the blade back to the mare, she grabbed it and slid it back into its sheath.

"If you don't mind me asking, why did you have them covered in the first place?" She asked, not really daring to meet my gaze. I gave a sigh.

"Because I wanted to appear to be a normal pony." I answered simply as I resumed to trot. "This, sadly, seems to be out of my reach because your guard saw through me immediately." I continued as we dodged a few cacti standing in the way.

She dismissed this with a casual. "Oh, Farsight? Pff, he can see a hellhound two clicks away in a sandstorm. A disguise like yours shouldn't be a problem for him." Then she caught herself and looked away. Of all the settlements to land in I had to pick the one with a lookout worth two bottlecaps, just perfect.

"Great." I commented out loud as a sour expression wandered onto my muzzle. I kicked a stone aside. "And you don't have to be afraid to talk to me. I won't eat you."

"It's just... you know." She said a little lamely.

I interjected with; "I'm a horrifying abomination that one half of the wasteland fears, the other worships, and Red Eye uses? I hadn't really noticed." I immediately regretted biting her head off and apologised. "Sorry, but I have been a bit on edge since yesterday."

"It's okay." She waved my outburst off, still not looking me in the eyes, before giving our surroundings a once over. "We are getting close." She then gave me a tense look. "Uhm, we should sneak in to take a quiet look-see first, but you don't look all that..." The mare searched for words.

"Stealthy?" I submitted calmly, suspecting where this was going.

"That's the word, yeah." She answered as she started to creep closer to a hill further ahead. "You can wait here while I scout ahead."

"That won't be necessary." I said in a smug tone as I calmly casted my invisibility spell. Her eyes went wide as I disappeared from view, then she started to look around a little worriedly. "Let's see what we can find." I said as I silently walked up past her, the little white mare jumped a bit but regained her composure amazingly quick.

I studied her as I quietly walked up to the summit, she slowly crawled up on her belly to avoid notice. The earth pony was good, I'd give her that. Still there was something off about her behavior, more than just my presence. "Have you ever actually killed a pony?" I quietly asked as we neared our lookout spot.

"I've killed geckos, hogs and radscorpions. I am one of the town hunters you know." She answered me.

"That's not a yes. Killing a pony is a very different bushel of apples." I had almost expected that, being a hunter was not like being a gun for hire and I was starting to doubt having her along. The familiar weight of my new plasma weapon had given me a lot of my old confidence back, so I was at least going to give this a try. The question was if I should just send her home right now?

We finally came to the top of the hill, I hunkered down despite my invisibility and started to study the camp as Runs Wild crept up beside me, or rather, she crept up beside the marks I had left in the ground as I had laid down. Clever mare.

The camp was divided into two areas; first was a cook fire, a bench and a smaller tent, presumably this

housed their leader or supplies; next to this was an area with a smaller campfire and a lot of rolled out mattresses and burlap sacks laying about, I guessed these held personal affects. About the camp was indeed six ponies, four were playing cards and drinking, while the last two were shamelessly busy making the beast with two backs.

If I still had my old scoped rifle those two would have been my first targets, two birds with one stone, but my new revolver was sadly lacking in range and the liquefying orb could be dodged at that range by simply leaning aside. So I had to get in quietly and at a medium range. The two lovebirds was still my first targets and I figured that the other four could be taken out with a well levitated grenade or mine.

With a chuckle I realised that I had gone into the same type of planning mode Trader had taught everypony in his caravan, it was rough and dirty and I didn't like it much, but the old fox knew how to stay alive. And he taught his crew how to keep each other alive in the wasteland. 'Over, under, around or through.' had been his motto.

"You don't happen to have a grenade on you?" I asked my companion. Then I got a good look at her, she was shaking. Dammit, I was sending her home. No arguments.

Before I could tell her to go home, she answered, "Y-yeah, I have an old grenade." She pulled open a pouch in her armor and pulled out a metallic apple, then laid it at the ground. I levitated it up to eye-level and gave it a critical once over. It looked in good shape, for all I knew of explosives that is.

"Okay, here's the plan. I go down there invisible, and lob the grenade at the group playing cards. After that I take out those two there who are doing each other, then I try to take out anypony left standing" I looked at her, she nodded during the pause and I continued. "If this goes south you run home. No, don't argue. I can see it on you, you are not up for this yet." I could see the disappointment in her eyes. She wanted to stay and fight but kept silent.

"I had agreed to take this on but you were only supposed to be my guide. If I manage this you can help me get any spoils back to the settlement."

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I was now on my way around the camp to get a better angle. I could feel my vanishing trick fading a little as I silently walked to my spot, I still figured that I had another ten minutes or so before I ran dry.

As I came withing earshot I could hear the couple's enthusiasm and I felt myself blush a little, the sounds were making me very self conscious. I wrestled my hind brain into submission by imagining my old boss doing a striptease in mare's lingerie. There we go, now I just needed to rub the rest of my brain in turpentine to get the filth out.

As I finally got into position I took out my new grenade and gun, I had promised to compensate Runs Wild afterwards for the explosive device, and prepared to lob the bomb towards the card players. I aimed, pulled the stem, and tossed. I then immediately aimed for the couple and fired of three shots, two of which caught the stallion in his neck and hind leg, killing him pretty much instantly, the mare below him dissolved into a glop of slightly iridescent goop. As the stallion splashed into the puddle I considered the vast amount of alcohol I was going to have to imbibe to get the disgusting image out of my head.

Then I caught a sound, or rather, a lack of sound. In dreadful certainty of what I was going to find I turned my head and looked at the four card players. They were absolutely fine as they stared at me in utter astonishment, apparently my invisibility spell had decided to run out of energy at that exact moment. The metal apple lay in a pile of old cardboard boxes next to the campfire and gave off a thin trail of smoke, a dud.

"Fuck!" I cursed as I swung my weapon towards the filthy band of raiders, they were all male so the mare I had dissolved had been the only female of the group, as I aimed at them they dove to their own assortment of weaponry.

Two unicorns levitated up a revolver and a double-barreled shotgun respectively, while an earth pony grabbed a baseball bat and another earth pony tried frantically to shove a box of ammo into his battle-saddle's re-loader. I aimed and opened fire at the one in the battle saddle first, as he was currently the weakest link.

Two balls of plasma flew at him, one partly dissolving the body of the rifle he had equipped to the saddle and another burned away a large part of his left front leg. He was temporarily out of the game as I backpedalled and tried to find some shelter, I aimed and fired twice at the second earth pony, missing with a hairs breath just as the two unicorns started firing.

The idiot with the shotgun managed to do my job for me as he ventilated the head of the melee pony coming at me, bits of brain and skull flew past me and I dove towards a pile of metal rubbish, a revolver bullet caught me in the flank as I landed in the cover. "Bloody hell." I swore, the bullet stung like a mothers rebuke.

I took a glance out behind my cover. The two unicorns were circling around on either side, trying to flank me. The surviving earth pony was a gibbering pile, his leg dangling in a manner not proper for something supposed to carry the weight of a pony.

I was deep in the manure pile. But the shotgunner had to get into the proper range to get a killing shot, and thankfully he looked a little shaken from killing his buddy, so I figured he might be easiest to take down.

Time was up, they were in flanking angles.

Firing a decoy shot at the revolver pony, making him flinch, I went for the shotgun stallion. He flinched as well as I bowled into him, the second and last shell went off as I pulled the barrel askew, I felt part of my right ear vanish and my hat tore in half. "Raaaagh!" I roared in pain and fury as I pressed the barrel to his head. My remaining two shots took away his skull as I felt two more revolver slugs enter my shoulder.

I was out of ammo, and I frantically pulled the limp body around me as a shield while my front leg gave way. I worked my new gun, reloading the weapon with a fresh battery from my coat as I heard the unicorn stride closer. Just as I pulled up the magical plasma gun to fire I stared right into a floating barrel. Game over.

"You fucking slut!" He yelled at me. I felt rage flare in me at the insult but I did not move, hoping for any type of opening. "You come in here and you kill my buds like they were cattle! But now I fucking have

you!” He smiled a smile to chill hell as he continued. “And since you made our only fuck toy a pile of slush its only fair I get to use you before I frag your stupid arse.” I felt utter revulsion at the thought and I considered just eating my own pistol rather than allowing him to do that.

“Now, drop the energy blaster and kick it ov..HURRRGH!” His jaundiced eyes bulged and he started to spasm, I didn’t hesitate before pulling the barrel of his revolver towards the ground with my magic, a half second later the gun went off as his magic went momentarily haywire then died, the bullet sprayed sand as it hit the ground.

As the raiders body dropped lifelessly to the ground I saw Runs Wild standing there. Her eyes were wide and she was shaking like a leaf. The claws of her horseshoes were bloody and I could see that she had thrown her fore-hooves around the raiders throat and pulled back, slitting it at six different points.

I pulled a healing potion out of my bag before I started to magically pull the little bits of lead out of my body, the bullets making tiny thumps against the sand, accompanied to my grunts. I then downed the potion as I pulled myself up on three hooves and staggered over to the trembling mare. I felt my ear return to its proper shape and walking became easier by the second.

I sat down exhausted on my haunches next to Runs and hugged her tight with both a foreleg and my wings. “It’s always hardest with your first kill,” I soothed her, she started to cry into my coat, great hulking sobs that wouldn’t end. “always the most difficult.” I started to rock her gently as I felt a part of her grow cold and die. A precious little piece of innocence fluttered away on the wind.

Footnote: Level up.

New Spell: Trixie’s Vanishing Act (Rank 1) - This spell, a left over from the Great and Powerful Trixie, allows the caster a set amount of invisibility per day and cannot be cast on somepony else. The time invisible is equivalent to 10 minutes multiplied by the current endurance of the caster. This field will include any small items currently held/levitated by the caster, but will have the risk of failing if it interacts with other types of magic, like the magical beam of an energy rifle or a shield.

Official proof-reader: NeverKnown