

Through The Eyes Of Another Pony

Chapter Four: Son of Chapter



Author's Note: WHY IS THIS TEAPOT SO DELICIOUS?! [ICE STORM](#) IS TO BLAME! ALSO I AM ADORABLE! New fan art on the Front Page by Wrek! Check his Deviant Art Page! johnib.deviantart.com As for the Chapter itself, it was so easy to let this one flow out. It was like the singin' of f***in' angels. But for reals, this one I think I did awesome on. Don't be shy to comment, I read every last one of them. :3

“Built upon the backs of slave ponies!” I exclaimed as we entered the palace. I am so witty.

“What? Of course not!” Celestia seemed appalled by the idea, having not caught the joke ^(or she just did not find it funny in the least), “This was built by the same pegasi that built most of Cloudsdale, not slaves! Everypony is a free pony in Equestria.”

“Seriously? The Cloudsdale Pegasi built this? And the great Rainbow Factory?” I asked, this time keeping the joke to myself. *o’ Where your fears and horrors come true~! o’*

“The very same,” she replied with a smile as we went down into the ballroom, “Please, wait here whilst I go fetch Princess Luna. Provided she’s not locking herself up in her room again.”

“She do that often, or something?” I was starting to have my doubts about this. I mean, I knew squat about Luna, deep down. Fan fic info just doesn’t count, sadly.

“Yes, lately,” Celestia admitted, her eyes ^(I’m assuming both anyway) were downcast, “When we first escaped from the Nightmare, she was quite lively, but every day she seems just a little less inclined to do anything outside of her usual duties.”

I nodded. It sounded like your run-of-the-mill residual emotional damage from a horrific event, “Traumatic events can take a while to show their scars. It’ll fade in time, I’m sure.”

Celestia gave me a slightly doubtful look, “You sound as though you’ve had experience.”

“Hah!” I snorted, “Trust me, Celestia. You can’t throw a rock where I come from without hitting a traumatic event. Or causing one at least. It’s what makes or breaks us. I wouldn’t be the person... or pony that I am without having faced all the problems I’ve had to deal with.”

“S... Such as what?” she asked hesitantly, as though she wasn’t sure if she wanted to know.

“Well, uhh... Let’s just say that I’ve had to fight for what I have,” I was trying to sugarcoat it while still showing that I had the knowledge to reassure her that time heals such wounds, “Every human does. It’s a tough world that doesn’t allow for weakness of character. Not necessarily strength or callousness, but the ability to take the good with the bad. Sometimes the bad can get really horrible, such as losing something you care about. But if you’ve got what it takes, and I’m sure Princess Luna does, you learn that these things happen and dwelling on it just brings you down, which doesn’t help anypony. It just takes time to move on, and that involves a lot of personal time and space.”

I thought the slave-ponies joke bothered her. I was wrong. The idea of an entire race tempered

by strife and struggle seemed to downright horrify her. I could have offered her a steak and I'm fairly certain it would have blown her mind somewhat less. This time it was my turn to stare at her like she was from Mars. After a moment, she recovered and seemed to do a bit of soul searching before asking one last question.

"What's the worst that could happen?" she asked.

I figured that was actually pretty important and best not to lie about, considering that she would indeed need to know what to do, should the unthinkable happen. I mean, Luna controls the moon and night. Things could get a little funky if she had an emotional breakdown and started screwing with a few things... Like gravitational pull or ocean tides. Little things like that.

"Well, I know that humans can fall into depression or rage," I said with a sigh, "They lose hope and fall apart emotionally which can lead to some really bad decisions. But that's only if no one is there for them. Even the most pitiful or hateful person can find solace in the loving care of another. My advice? Just... you know. Be there for her. And keep her away from drugs."

"Keep her away from what?" Celestia tilted her head, not understanding in the least. Why did I even say that, you ask? I imagine Lafter might have had something to do with it.

"Nothing!" I blushed all over as I avoided the urge to chuckle. Me and my big mouth were about to cause problems, I could tell, "Just be a loving big sis, okay? And don't try to force anything. She'll work it out when she's ready."

Celestia sighed but did smile slightly, "I see. That is something I can do without fail. You're wiser than you let on, No-Name. You must have seen very much in your life to know so much."

I burst out laughing suddenly, surprising her entirely. It took me a minute or so gather my composure again before taking a deep breath and smiling up at her, "I'm not even halfway through my third decade, Princess. I've got a lot to learn. Trust me when I say, I do plenty of foalish things. Now, where's your kitchen, I'mma whip something up for us while I wait for you."

"Down the south hall and on your left, you can't miss it," she answered before thinking again, "Oh, but I shouldn't be very long!"

"Me neither!" I said, turning about and galloping off eagerly. I wanted to get away for two reasons. The first being I didn't want Celestia to press for more, less pleasant details. The second being I wanted some caffeine in my blood and my best hope was for a kitchen creation.

Now, I don't want you all to think I drink soda, because I don't. I hate soda. There's a reason it burns when you drink it no matter the temperature. BECAUSE IT'S BAD FOR YOU! Don't you point at my nothing which holds a full pack of Mareboros! You leave them out of this! I drink a real champion's drink! COFFEE!

As I turned into the kitchen, I was sad to discover that there was no coffee or even beans for roasting. That was okay, though. There were substitutes. Good ones. I just didn't know what they were. Then I got an idea! The phone of endless power and Internet! Pulling it out, I went straight to Google and ran a search. Black Teas. Not as strong as coffee, but could be brewed to get very close. That would do. I picked one that sounded simple enough and began to search for ingredients.

After sorting through just about everything you could imagine ^(Celestia has one hell of a well stocked kitchen), I found what I needed: Herbs and Spice racks. Hundreds of them. Literally enough spices to bury a famous chef if he asked for it in his will.

Earl Grey Creme consists of a combination of tea leaves, flowers, citrus peelings, mixed with Bergamot oil and vanilla oil. In the time it took me to find all of that, I should have already been graced by a couple of princesses, but such was not the case.

As I worked on getting everything all whipped together and soaking it into the oils, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being watched. I kept looking at the exit into the South Hall only to see nothing there. It was unnerving. I've never had that feeling before in my life. I hear about it all the time in books and stuff, but I just thought it was a plot device or something! Whatever the case, I couldn't shake the idea that I was being carefully examined. I worked through it, though, and was able to replicate the tea I desired, carefully following the instructions on my phone. It was handy like that.

Then brewing! I know, I'm wasting your time with this menial task, but let me tell you, there must be some tea brewing world championship because they've got books on this subject. When I say books, I don't mean one or two or even twenty. I mean if you stacked all these books against the Encyclopedia Britannica, these would weigh more. I'm not sure why. Whenever my step-mom made sweet tea, she just threw a bunch of bags in a big measuring cup of water and nuke it in the microwave until it would melt the preposterous amounts of sugar inside. Or maybe she was just trying to kill us all. Not sure.

Anyway, I must have spent an hour on this stupid task, I'm not even sure why I was doing it beyond a silly desire for another chemical in my body. I just wanted to stay busy and active while Celestia went to fetch Luna, I suppose. So much for not taking very long. Imagine my shock when a pony broke the silence with a quiet salutations.

"Hello," the voice came from literally nowhere.

"JESUS CHRIST!" I shouted and jumped back, not having heard so much as a hoof clop. I'm not sure how much damage I caused falling back into the cupboard with all that delicate china, but let's just say if she replaced half of it, some pony with a china-teacup cutie mark was able to retire.

After the wrecking ball ^(that's me) extracted himself from the debris, a bit of nervous laughter resounded about the room. That was when Luna faded into view, looking rather embarrassed. Invisibility was never something I got used to. I'm fairly certain it accounts for at least three lost years of my life in heart damage.

"Took quite a fall there," she pointed out sarcastically. I knew, from that point on, there wasn't enough room in this world for two smartasses.

"Yeah, well, I was sorta focused on what I was working on, too," I said with a sigh, checking myself over for cuts, which I had none of, and bruises, which I had several of. Also, I feel I should mention my pain tolerance is pretty high these days.

I don't know why Luna was okay with talking to me, supposedly being this huge recluse. All I know was that my mind was pretty fast on remaining chill about the whole thing. It was obvious she didn't want to be formal, so I decided to not act formal in the least. Hell, if I coaxed her out of her shell some, maybe two pony's problems could get solved! I'm getting stuff done here!

"What were you working on anyway?" she was curiously looking into the teapot that I was just about to warm up, "It smells great!"

I will admit, coffee smelled meh at best. Earl Grey Creme, however, smelled like pure heaven. It was a creamy smell with a hint of doughnut or something. And doughnuts are awesome.

"Well, let's figure out if it's worth a buck," I said, marvelling at my clever use of almost-profanity before picking up the pot with my mouth and looking around for a stove, "Fhers who sdober!"

"What?" Luna started looking around, trying to sort out what I was looking for.

I set it back down, "There's no stove!"

"Oh, I guess not," she wing-shrugged, "Not in here anyway, this is just the pantry. The kitchen is the next door down."

Derp!

"Oh," I murmured, blushing brightly.

"Why not just use your magic glass to find a spell?" she cantered over to the table with my phone resting on it before poking at it a few times, "It's really quite fascinating!"

I smiled hesitantly before pulling it away before she could get crazy with it. I'm sorry, I just didn't

want to risk anypony in the hands of the Interwebs.

“Hey, I wasn’t going to take it!” she exclaimed, seemingly hurt that I didn’t trust her.

“It’s.. It’s not you! It’s the phone!” I held it up to her, putting on this dramatically fearful visage, “This thing holds knowledge and secrets! Terrible ones! Things that would drive you mad! Crazy, even! Just look at me!”

Luna didn’t look impressed, “Whatever. Here, what’s your talent? Fire, right?”

“H... How?” Spooooky~!

“Your Cutie Mark is a fiery shield, your tail and mane is colored like fire, and your breath smells of brimstone and char,” Luna was nopony’s foal, apparently.

I held my hoof over my mouth and gave my breath a sniff. It did seem extra smokey, “Okay, you got me. Yes, I’ve got a few fire tricks.”

“So, just use your talent to create heat or fire in some other way,” she said with a chuckle before seeing my look of embarrassment and becoming very concerned, “You don’t know how? You’re how old?”

“I’ve only been a unicorn for one day!” I threw my hooves up in the air before face planting. Thankfully, that was the last time I ever forgot that ponies cannot keep their faces off the ground without a front hoof holding them up.

She laughed at me. My pride was stung, for sure. Ponies don’t laugh AT people! That’s just mean!

“You’re funny,” she said with a smile before helping me up, “So, I take it that somehow you’re actually new to this.”

“Yeah,” I said, thankful that she was quick to catch on.

“Okay, let’s try something like this. Hold your hoof up,” she instructed, which I obeyed before watching her place the teapot on top of my hoof, balancing it carefully with her magic.

“Okay,” I nodded, “Teapot on a hoof. Not magical, but certainly impressive for the kids at home.”

She poked me with her horn for my sarcasm, “You want help or not?”

“Ow! Equestria hurts so bad! Yes! Help!” I cried out, whimpering sadly.

“Now, just imagine what you want, and let your mind wrap around creating that effect in some fashion,” she explained, “Don’t be rigid about it, just think of a way to get it done. Don’t try to make it happen. Just expect it to happen. Don’t let the possibility of failure even enter your mind.”

Now, I’ve an open mind, and this single lesson here pretty much was the one thing I needed to get into the realm of pony magic. Oh, Luna, even if you were a snarky smartass, you gave me this, and I will forever be grateful. I did exactly as instructed and imagined my hoof as a stove-top burner. Sure enough, my hoof started to glow like one and within seconds, that tea was BOILING!

“Bwahaha~!” I chuckled dramatically, my eyes widening with HAPPY, “The power of the sun! In the palm of my hoof!”

“Yeah yeah, just be careful,” she said with a giggle, “That’s a dangerous talent you got. Still, if you weren’t smart enough to take care, I suppose you wouldn’t have been given that talent.”

“I’m not as dumb as I act,” I said with a wink, pouring the tea into a pair of cracked tea cups, “Just not as smart as I would like to be. Anyway, try it. If it kills you, I know I did a terrible job.”

“Okay. I read the instructions off your magic glass, so I know you did exactly as you were supposed to,” she stabbed my joke with her logic and it deflated like a sad Pinkie Pie hairdo, “You’re pretty quick to pick things up, actually. What’s your name? Wait, no! Let me guess.”

“I’ll go first!” I said with a laugh as I stirred some sugar into both cups, “Princess Luna! I’m awesome! Okay, you have one try to tie the match.”

She rolled her eyes with a smirk, “Obviously, I stand before a professional.”

I started to nudge one of the teacups her way before stopping and focusing on the it, imagining how it should easily slide her way. I was more stoked than I probably should have been when it obeyed, but I actually held a modicum of my composure this time. No passing out. No squeeing. No maniacal laughter. Stoic was pretty adamant that I not scare off the reclusive princess. He’s not very fun.

“Nice job,” she gave an approving nod, “You’re a quicker learner than I thought. Anyway... Hmmm... Fireball?”

“Neigh, I win,” I rebuked her as I sipped my cup of homemade Earl Grey Creme. It was damn fine. I could practically feel the energetic caffeine demons jump straight into my bloodstream. Sorcery at it’s best.

“Ash Hoof?” she tried again, surprised she didn’t get it on the first try. Alicorns obviously weren’t

used to being wrong! That made me feel trollishly good~!

“Wow, I thought you’d be better at this,” I gave her a superior smirk.

She gave me a determined glare, “Char Dash?”

“That’s a cool one,” I admitted, rolling it about in my head, “But no. Shall I just ruin the surprise for you?”

“No!” she protested. I was enjoying this more than was necessary and she knew it.

“Then, step outside with me as you continue trying in vain,” I stuck my tongue out at her as I looked around, “Ummm... Where’s the garden? Or a balcony? Or... just a window?”

“You don’t know the palace? Time for another magic trick, though this one’s pretty tough,” she said, pulling a map out of her nothing. Hah! All ponies had one!

“Eff yeah~!” I took the map before turning it over a few times, “Hmmm... Nope! I can’t read it. It’s too small.”

It was true. The map was INCREDIBLY DETAILED. As in it had the entirety of Canterlot illustrated, down to the rooms in every building. When you looked at it from a different angle, it actually swivelled like a flying camera. Magic map!

“I already memorized it, so I don’t need it, but let’s see if you can cast this spell I learned earlier this month,” she set the map down onto the table, “Now, remember how I said to imagine getting what you need? Well, this spell actually burns the paper, so your fire affinity might make it to where you can cast this, too!”

“Way?!” I exclaimed with a smile, “Burning paper for fun and profit! But this map’s kinda valuable, I would think. It’d be kind of a waste to just burn it.”

“You’re not going to just burn the map, hothead!” she poked me with her horn again.

“Ow! Stop that! It causes physical discomfort!” I whined at her.

“That’s the point!” she declared, poking yet again, “Now pay attention, or I’m going to go sharpen it!”

The thought had frightening implications. I found myself picturing me impaled on her horn with an extremely dramatic dead look on my face. I still had not seen a mirror! I had no idea what I looked like. I remembered hoping I didn’t look silly. But then again, I was a pony (and not a beautiful spider~!).

“You’re quite a pushy pony!” I said accusingly, this time quick enough to dodge the horn jab, “Stop horsing around and let’s get on with the magic lesson!”

She glared but consented. “Fine. Here. Imagine absorbing the paper and everything on it. Think hard on it. Take it all in. And imagine what’s left is destroyed as you take it from the paper. Go on.”

That sounded difficult, I admit. It was, too. I stared at the paper and zoned out for a second, taking a mental picture before imagining that I was soaking it in. I imagined discarding the paper for the information it held and all of a sudden, the entire thing caught fire and I could suddenly see it all. All of it. All at once. It was a rush. I fell back on my haunches as I sorted through it. I suddenly knew Canterlot better than I knew my hometown. Every alley, every street, every shop, every home, and every room was at my fingertips! (Sorry, hooftips just sounds too weird!)

“Wow, on your first try!” Luna looked extremely impressed, helping me back up with a wide smile, “No other unicorn has been able to successfully pull this off besides me and Tia!”

“Psssh,” I shrugged modestly, smirking a bit, “I’m nothing. You should show Twilight. That pony is packing some serious magic.”

“Who?” she gave me a confused look.

“I’ll introduce you sometime but I get the feeling you’d recognize her if you saw her,” I winked encouragingly, “Anyway, let’s get to some fresh air so I can sully it with my smoke.”

“Y’what?” Her confusion was only getting worse.

“Just follow,” I politely ordered before magicking the tea cups and teapot to follow. It was so easy now that I understood the general process.

It was uncanny how I suddenly recognized the general layout of the palace, despite having not actually seen but probably only a tenth of it. I made my way to the garden with Luna in tow, finally pulling my Mareboro out and lighting it.

“What’s that,” she curiously asked as she started to approach before coughing suddenly and stepping back, “What..?! Ack! No wonder your breath stinks so terribly!”

“Don’t get so close!” I hopped back several steps, “Sorry, it’s an addiction.”

“What? How could you possibly be addicted to *THAT!?*” she held a hoof over her nose a little too dramatically if you asked me.

"It's a chemical addiction, actually," I tried to explain, "See, there's a compound in the leaves that acts differently depending on how you take it in."

"I don't care how it works!" she pointed out, casting the same spell Celestia had to push away the smoke.

"Heh. Sorry, I just really get in a bad way when I don't have one of these every so often. They're not good for you at all," I pointed out before smiling at the breeze a tad, "Celestia used that same spell for the same reason."

Luna arched her eyebrow at me, "You're acquainted with Tia? You one of her royal guard?"

"Hardly," I said with a chuckle, taking a deeper drag, "It's complicated."

"Entertainer?" she asked rhetorically, knowing I wasn't.

"Ha Ha." I gave her a wry smirk. That silly pony being all sarcastic.

"Well, you're pretty off the wall," she said before sipping her cup some, "I've no idea what to make of you. What is your name?"

"Well, No-Name has worked pretty well, thus far," I answered with a nod.

"Seriously?" and now she thought I was being the difficult one

"For serial," I responded.

"What?"

"Nothing! Man, nobody gets human jokes here!" I cried out in frustration.

Not having anyone to relate to can be frustrating at times.

"Humans?!" Luna suddenly looked very suspicious of me

"Yeah," I said, giving her a strange look. (I just want to say, giving ponies strange looks has given me no sense of pleasure or happiness. I can only assume it does for ponies given how often they tried it on me.)

"How do you know about humans?" she asked, peering at me with askance.

"How do *you* know about humans?" I countered, suddenly very interested.

"The Nightmare showed them to me," she took a step back, "Rather revolting creatures if you ask me. Your turn. How could you possibly know about humans?"

I was kinda blown away by that statement, but I felt no shame over my race. I daresay, I was insulted! After becoming one with the bronies, I'd say humans were pretty damn cool, "I am one of those 'rather revolting creatures,' thank you very much."

"You look nothing like a human!" she protested, blushing a tad as she realized she'd just shoved her hoof in her mouth.

"That doesn't change the fact that he is," Celestia stepped out into the garden, looking royally exhausted, "I'm glad to see you two have already met."

"Hey, Princess!" I smiled as she approached, "You look beat."

"She is," Luna narrowed her eyes and frowned with concern, "She's supposed to be asleep by now. Morning is going to be late, I can already tell."

"There are more important matters to attend to," Celestia announced in a matter-of-fact tone, "Such as helping our nameless friend here."

Luna looked back and forth between the two of us before lifting an eyebrow, "Wow, you really *don't* have a name. Must be a human thing."

"I feel a slight undertone of racism setting in," I gave a slightly irritated snort. The very idea was kinda funny though. Racist ponies. Lawl.

"Children. Focus. Thank you," Celestia softly ordered, inhaling deeply before continuing, even her voice sounding drained, "Luna, I know this is hard for you. But we need to ask you about the Nightmare. It resurfaced earlier today in Ponyville and nearly took a new host."

I know ponies have fur coats and not colored skin, but that doesn't seem to stop the color from draining out of their faces when they hear something that they don't want to.

"And it knew I was a human," I supplied, "In fact, I think it may have something to do with my being here."

Luna blinked in shock a few times before speaking, "Of... Of course it does! You're a human! The savage yet technologically advanced warrior race!"

I think I threw up in my mouth a little, just then.

"Right. We eat ponies, lie to one another, spend vast amounts of currency and research effort

into nothing but killing the innocents of opposing human factions,” I drolled on a little too emphatically, “I mean, just the things we’ve created! Such as toilet paper! Oh! And insurance! Man, that’s actually pretty bad, now that I think about it. Yeah, humans are pretty awful.”

I may have driven that a little too far, judging by the very chastised look on Luna’s face. She suddenly found a huge amount of interest in the ground and ways she could draw into it with her hoof. I slumped a little bit all over, ears included. I had not meant to be so mean about it. I was just always pretty quick to jump to humanity’s side when friends and family vocalized their lack of faith in all things. Got a little carried away, if you could believe that. It *never* happens!

“Look, I’m sorry, Luna,” I sighed and rubbed the back of my head with a significant helping of shame setting in, “I’ve had a stressful day, and though that doesn’t excuse anything... I just. Yes, humans have the potential to be the most awful things ever. But they also have the potential to be the greatest saints. And every time I hear someone back home whine about how they have no faith in humanity, I get to thinking they’re just watching a little too much Fox News and not doing enough to find out on their own.”

Celestia nodded, “I don’t know many humans, and though he’s certainly... odd... His heart is in the right place.”

Awww! Thanks, Celestia. =3 You’re pretty cool, too.

She looked back up at me, still pawing at the ground a bit, “You’re not like the humans The Nightmare showed me.”

“No two humans are perfectly alike,” I said with a smile.

“I want to know more about the humans,” she said suddenly, stepping closer with big curious eyes, “Those machines on the moon! Were they really for war?!”

“Machines? There are machines on your moon?” I was flabbergasted to say the least.

“Yes! Well... Sort of. There are many dimensions, you see,” she started to explain before I caught her off with an upraised hoof.

Multiverse. Figured.

“I’m sorry, my mind is taking in too much from Equestria as it stands. Let me see if I can sum up a bit,” I started, taking a moment to internally eliminate as many possibilities as I could, “Okay. You’re stuck on the moon for a thousand years. Maybe more in a spiritual or metaphysical sense. That’s a long time to sit around and count rocks, so rather than do something pointless, you start seeing what you CAN do in this non-physical state.”

Luna nodded. Yeah. I don't know if maybe certain authors or scriptwriters have been dimension travelling (LAUREN FAUST CAME TO PONYVILLE?!) or what, but this wasn't anything new to me. Or anyone that had half a vested interest in science fiction/fantasy.

"So you figure out how to dimension hop or some equivalent. No, I don't want to know the method behind it unless it involves getting me home somehow," I stopped on that random thought, "Does it?"

"Get you back to Earth? No, that was The Nightmare," she sipped her tea with an apologetic frown, "The Nightmare knew magic that I don't think I'll ever grasp fully."

"Am I still on track, at least?" I asked, though need not have bothered.

"Almost like you were there, scarily enough," I could tell she wasn't sure what to make certain of my ability to discern a bad villain plot when I saw it. It was terribly obvious, in my opinion. Tropes. That's how they work.

"Anyway, so you found my home world and moon, spotted the lunar landing vehicles, and suddenly got ideas. By the way, no. There's not a single weapon on the moon that I'm aware of. Getting to the moon was an expedition of science and exploration. Nothing more," I continued to rattle everything off in a bored fashion, pausing only to take quick puffs off the cigarette.

"How do you know all of this?"

"Seen it in a movie once," I rolled my eyes. This was a little too stereotypical for my taste, actually, "So, The Nightmare wants to conquer all of Equestria using the humans."

"Close!" she smirked, now smugly grinning at me, "Other way around."

Now I was a little bothered. "Okaaay~. It wants to use the ponies to conquer Earth? No offense, princesses, but I've seen the ponies. You guys couldn't raid a fridge equipped with the munchies and a three-day fasting period, much less a planet of war savvy bipeds."

Celestia agreed with me, nodding tiredly, "Indeed. Equestria is a utopia of peace. Only the very oldest of my guards have seen any serious conflict, outside of myself and you, Luna. Any attempt at conquest would be folly."

"Look, I don't know all the details," Luna wing shrugged, invoking my jealousy, "The Nightmare is crazy. In ways that we've never even heard of."

I had my doubts about that, but held my tongue for the moment.

“Why did you not tell me this earlier?” Celestia asked, looking a little perturbed but not overly so.

“Sis, The Nightmare had a chaotic mishmash of ideas. Sometimes it was pretty coherent. Other days it just wasn’t able to form complete thoughts, just intense emotions.” She kicked at the ground idly, her mind getting a little lost in having to remember what it was like.

I looked at Celestia and shook my head. We had what we needed. In all likelihood, The Nightmare had most certainly brought me here for some sick, twisted purpose and was either too crazy to remember why or too incompetent to follow through with it’s plans. I got the feeling it was likely a mixture of both.

“Well, if that’s all, please excuse me,” Celestia let out a princess sized yawn before smacking her lips a bit, “I leave the night to you, Luna.”

“Peace out, Princess,” I called as she lazily waved a wing at us, sauntering off at a terribly slow pace. When she was gone, I turned to Princess Luna and realized my cigarette was nearly finished. I got an idea to suddenly spit it up into the air and breathe fire at it. Sure enough, that sucker was thinner than dust.

“Show off,” she said with a smirk, “So, anyway... I want to know about Earth!”

“No, I’m tired of having this conversation,” I said with a whine, causing her to pout.

At first, I was unfazed. “No, seriously, I’ve burned at least five hours of my life into that activity today. How about tomorrow?”

Then she poked her bottom lip out. By Celestia’s beard, it was adorable.

“No,” I said simply, kinda grimacing away from her.

Then she used dirty tactics and started the puppy dog eyes.

“A... Are you h... Stop it!” I exclaimed, to which she only took a step closer to take up more of my vision with her pouting, “Get away!”

“I can order you to do it!” she snapped angrily, sparing me from a guilt trip seizure with her sudden frustration.

“Yeah, right, like I have to follow your orders, ye indigo equine of darkness,” I countered, trying not to sweat with relief, “I get the feeling your authority does not extend to humanity.”

“Ugh! You are so annoying!” she huffed and looked away angrily.

“Well, excuuuuse me, princess!” Yes, I said it. I have no shame. In fact, I was cackling on the inside, “But I’ve had quite a day! Forgive me for not falling on your every whim and word!”

“Oh, whatever,” she rolled her eyes back at me, “You spend a thousand years on the moon with some insane witch and then I’ll give you the time of night.”

“Sorry, I don’t think I could get along with you for a thousand years,” BAM! SMARTASSED! OH YEAH! I’M NOT EVEN WINDED!

Luna turned back to glare at me before suddenly bursting out into laughter. At first I thought she didn’t get the joke, but she eventually spoke again after regaining her composure, “You know, you’re the first pony to have ever argued with me besides my sister.”

I tilted my head in confusion somewhat, “You’re welcome?”

“It’s just... Nice,” she admitted, smiling at me happily, “I kinda feel normal right now. I mean, being with The Nightmare showed me some... terrible and horrible things. Things that I would have never experienced as just a princess here in Canterlot. It’s... changed me. And how I see things.”

“I’m surprised you haven’t turned out for the worse,” I admitted with an encouraging nod, “You’re made of sterner stuff.”

“I guess. It’s just been hard. I now see the horrible side as well as the good side of things,” she murmured softly, “And no one in Equestria can relate to that. It’s actually refreshing to talk to somepony who can. That and you’re not afraid to tell me ‘No’ at all.”

“Yeah, I’m real ballsy like that,” I said in faux self-admiration, giving a chuckle before putting on a slightly more serious face, “But seriously, you shouldn’t let it get to you. I mean, as innocent and naive as everypony here can be at times, a lot of the them out there can show you how to forget all about it. An escape might do you some good.”

“Yeah, maybe,” she gave a wing shrug (*jealous*) before suddenly getting an idea, “So what’s the magic glass and what does it do?!”

“Oh, my phone?” I pulled it out and brought it out of sleep, “A little bit of everything, actually. It has access to the largest knowledge repository that I’ve ever heard of, it can play music, let you call people with other phones across practically any distance as long as certain special towers are set up to allow communication. Oh, it has a few video games, too.”

“What games?” she tilted her head in confusion.

That’s when things got crazy. We busted out Angry Birds. Thank whatever divine power is out

there that my phone had infinite power, because after her first red bird scream, she was hooked. Badly. She was raging out on some of the harder levels, stamping her hooves furiously at being confounded (I swear, if she wasn't actually using the phone, I'd have snapped a shot of that and sent it to Ponibooru). She couldn't use her magic at all, and I think that was her biggest weakness. Eventually, she got too frustrated and I decided to bend my rules a little, showing her the magic of Google and everything that she could learn by using the powerful search engine. I don't know what time it was, but we burned most of the night into that thing. I did my best to keep her searching safely, not wanting her to see anything bad. I remember nearly nodding off as she was trying to search up the strategy to beat that last Angry Birds level. I nearly fell over, which brought me back to reality long enough to know that it was bed time.

"Okay, Luna," I said with a loud yawn, stretching wonderfully (I love to stretch), "I've gotta get some shut eye."

"Alright, go ahead," she replied, intently studying the youtube video for exact bird throwing angles.

"I need my phone back," I coughed a bit to help emphasize the hint.

"Okay," she gave an absent-minded nod before realizing what I had said, "Wait, what? But! ... But!"

"No butts, haunches, or hindquarters," I was NOT going to let her surf without supervision, "Hand'r over."

She pouted again, this time seriously meaning it. I gulped as I strained against the cute, staying stone faced just long enough for her to magic it over to me, "Don't worry, we'll do this again, and soon. I've got some cool stuff to show ya."

She smiled, a tad distracted. She then nodded at me with a sigh before getting up, "Yeah, It's about time for me to get ready to help set the moon for Tia."

"Yeah, go work. Do celestial stuff. Keep the circle of life rolling," I yawned tiredly before picking out a garden bench and flopping down onto it. I set my phone to wake me up in six or so hours and laid it out. I didn't know if it was going to make any noise in the nothing, so I thought it best to not take chances. I didn't want to miss the entire day (for the record, I will sleep twenty four hours straight if I am not given a way to wake up before that), after all, "Goodnight. Morning. Whatever."

"You're going to sleep right there?!" she asked incredulously, to which I grunted an affirmation.

"Ugh," she said, "Humans."

"I resent that remark," I said tiredly, slowly drifting off to sleep.

I am actually a restless sleeper. I roll, flop, kick, tuck, tumble, and dance in my sleep, I'm told. Whatever, I don't pay attention when I'm out like a light. All I know is that I fell off that stupid bench just as the sun began to rise. I cursed as I opened my eyes. I'll skip the part where I had that "WHERE AM I?!" moment and just get to the part where I lit my cigarette. I began to wonder what time it was after the first drag and started to reach for my phone, only to realize it was gone. Without a doubt, I could not have become more awake even if you had hit me with ice cold water filled with angry spiders.

"SHIT!" I jumped up, spoiling the pure pony air with my profanity, "LUNA?!"

I looked about, panicking slightly before galloping back into the palace. I drew off my knowledge of the absorbed map to make a beeline for Luna's room. There were these four guards that saw an unfamiliar pony running about in the palace, so naturally they wanted to be the Equestrian Patrol and stop me. I was having none of it, though, and simply barrelled over them. It was surprisingly easy. Storm Trooper syndrome, anyone?

"Stop!" I heard one of them shout. Oh yeah. I just ran them over, but now that they asked me nicely I was obviously obligated to pull over. Whatever.

With that, I burst into Luna's room, "Princess!"

She was staring at the phone. Not just staring at it, but taking it in. Her horn was glowing and her body was tense.

"Luna. For the love of all things in both our worlds... Do not do what I think you're going to do," I pleaded quietly.

"I have to know," she murmured, her horn beginning to glow all the brighter, "I can't not know."

I heard the guards approaching from behind me, so I turned and breathed out a wall of fire, cutting them off, "No! Get Celestia! Trust me, do not interfere. Princess Luna is about to do something very dangerous. I need to talk her out of it. Just stay back, please, if you care about her at all."

"Snowfall, get Captain Storm Wing," the silver one in the front ordered, "Whirlwind, go. Awaken the princess."

They obviously didn't trust me very much, but they didn't have much choice since I was breathing fire at them. Eventually, the two of the rear guards did back off. The other two eyed me carefully as I let the fire die down. Hesitantly, the front runner nodded at me. Why? I don't know. I must seem extra trustworthy.

I looked back into the room to see Luna still staring hard at the phone, "Please, Luna. It's not worth it. Yes, that device holds vast amounts of knowledge, but the price is not something you want to pay."

Luna blinked, "I've already seen so much. It couldn't be much worse. I want to know that it's not all horrific like The Nightmare showed me."

I sighed softly, slumping a bit, "It's not. Remember last night? What I showed you wasn't bad at all."

"I know," she replied, still gazing deeply into the phone, "But you're holding back. You don't want to show me everything. I don't want to wait another thousand years to know it's alright. I want to know now."

"What's going on here?" I heard Celestia's voice, "What's happened here?"

As her sister started to walk in, Luna looked a tad frightful but still stayed affixed to the device.

"Luna, just... give it here," I shook my head, "We don't even know that spell will work. That isn't a piece of paper. It's not a book. You might end up hurting yourself."

"Hurt... Hurt myself?" she whispered, "I think not."

"Luna," Celestia didn't know what was going on, but she picked up on my fear almost instantly, "What are you doing? That doesn't belong to you. Give it back, dear sister."

Luna began to let the light fade from her horn and began to sadly relax all over. Just as she started to stand up straight, the alarm on my phone suddenly went off, which involved Rainbow Dash doing the sonic rainboom and Pinkie Pie singing 'Corridor of Cupcakes' at insane volumes (It's hard to wake me up, okay?). We all were startled by the sudden sound and Luna was instantly spurred into doing what she felt was right.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions.

She reared up and slammed her hooves down as her eyes flared bright white. My poor Atrix 4G (all six-hundred dollars of it) went up in flames as she absorbed it and everything it had access to. It took an impressive amount of magic to tear it all out and the ensuing explosion of force knocked both me and Celestia from the room. I hit that poor silver guard and got back up instantly, bolting back inside. My phone was nothing but ash and Luna had been knocked back against the wall, writhing somewhat. Her eyes were wide and her entire form was glowing softly as she calmed a bit. She got up quickly and shuddered all over, staring at nothing for several seconds.

“Luna?!” I began to walk (canter, whatever!) up to her, only for her to gasp and spontaneously dash for the window. She just leaped straight through it, shattering it without a care in the world. She tried to fly, but she obviously was still struggling from whatever she had just done for herself and began to plummet. I didn’t think, I just jumped after her, catching her and taking a double pony crash to my side as we hit the ground, having placed myself under her. I instantly decided that the next time Luna had a crazy idea such as defenestrating (That literally means to throw something out a window by the way. This word alone makes the English language 20% cooler) herself, she would have to fly (or fall) solo on that. I sure as hell wasn’t making a hobby out of second story wingless jumps.

She began to mumble some gibberish as she got up off me and began galloping away, albeit slightly off balance. I groaned, not nearly as quick as she was thanks to her less-than-successful attempt at flight. Out of pure determination, I somehow forced myself to get up and chase after her. I was calling at her, but she either wasn’t listening or was just too far gone to care.

The chase didn’t last long, though. Not because I caught her. Heavens, no, it couldn’t be that easy. Remember that silver guard telling the other guard to go get some jackpony named Storm Wing? Remember also when Celestia said that only a select few of her oldest guards were combat worthy? Remember that one electric pegasus from the show that served as Celestia’s right hand? Oh, you don’t remember that last part? No? That’s because he wasn’t in the show! BECAUSE THIS GUY IS TOO SCARY FOR CHILDREN! Seriously! We’re talking the sword of Celestia in the form of pony!

I saw a bluish streak approach like lightning out of the corner of my eye. I would have looked at it if I had ANY reaction time whatsoever. Suffice it to say, I did not. I got tackled. It was like getting hit by a car, or so I can imagine. Now thinking back, I’m pretty sure cars don’t hit that hard. It wasn’t actually a tackle, even, it was more of a body check, like in hockey. Only I didn’t fall over. I flew over. Into a building. I stumbled out of the pony shaped dent and remembered turning to see a blurred bluish-white hoof smack right into my face.

Not sure how long I was out (THANKS TO NOT HAVING MY PHONE!), but let’s just say I didn’t need any more rest for the entire day.

Also, screw Captain Storm Wing.

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Five!](#)