

<~uSeaGM> ***Session 148***

* Berry steals the first post!

<~uSeaGM> The group arrived back in Sanctuary via the subterranean Eastern 'Olive Branch' line, in the lowest level made of a huge circular space that was criss crossed with train tracks and platforms. Huge earth-pony engineered elevators could lower trains and heavy cargo from the upper levels, but they likely hadn't been used in years.

<~uSeaGM> Originally made to promote tourism and thus cultural exchange between Equestria and the zebra lands to the East via undersea railway tunnel, this 'resurrection of the Underground Railroad', built on the enchanted foundations from hundreds of years before, was unfortunately turned to military means with the outbreak of the war in earnest.

<~uSeaGM> Nowadays the lowest level was guarded by the Black Watch, who abandoned their ties to the rest of Sanctuary in order to protect it from the various creatures which now infest the tunnels, and keep the way open to the huge underground warehouses of war-time supplies. An important, dangerous job, and not one suited for ponies with families back home that depended on them.

<~uSeaGM> Usually a watch-pony would have accepted retirement to be taken care of on the upper levels if they had survived as long as the current Station Master, but the elder stallion who liked to be known as Grandpa had declined all such offers, the group hears. The Brothers and Sisters of the Black Watch were his family, he'd say, and he would not leave them.

<~uSeaGM> It was Grandpa and his aide, a young bookish stallion named Sweetpea, who the group was having a tea party with right now.

<~uSeaGM> *Session Begins*

<~uSeaGM> Cups of tea, that golden brown elixir of life, sit steaming in front of each of the party as they sit around a pair of waiting-room tables pushed together. Sweetpea finishes the pouring and takes a seat beside Grandpa. On the table are packs of freshly microwaved snack cakes and some actually fresh fruit and veggies, courtesy of Watch Tower.

<~uSeaGM> Grandpa mush-chews a spoonful of apple sauce. "Ahh, delicious," the old stallion declares, looking at the group with pale eyes. "Now, I must ask you, what happened to you down there, in the depths of the Eastern tunnel?"

* Berry smiles and cheers "we made lotta friends!"

* Watch nods. "We're friendly that way." Watch says.

* Kkat is now known as Artifica

- * Red_Mage sips his tea. "I suppose that's one way to put it."
- * Berry nodnods a lot until her mane is all over her face "like the superfine and classy sir loud and round, draconeequs sxtaordinnaire!"
- * Milia sips her tea as well, and releases a happy hum as the lovely liquid slides smoothly down her throat. It didn't taste /quite/ how she liked it, though...
- * Milia sets down her cup and nudges it towards Mercy. As if to say, 'here, swim in this.'
- * Artifica looks at her wife. "Want it hotter, or just spicier?"
- * Lucky_Stars sips her tea.
- * Milia then looks to Grandpa, smiling. Oh, where to begin? "Well... for starters, we discovered that the terminal entry about there being 'taint' on those wrecked trains was total BS." She winks. "Not that I needed to tell you that; but we /did/ discover what was actually on it."
- * Milia turns to her wife and smiles happily. "Both!"

<~uSeaGM> Roundabout chuckles, casually inspecting the claws of one talon-hand after giving himself a pedicure. "Although we did meet before then, I'd say that was when we became firm friends."

- * Watch is suddenly oddly tempted to try something he saw on a holo once. He'd stare at the tea kettle and the tea and realizes next chance he gets. He should try drinking scalding water and then drinking tea...the thought dies as he over thinks things and realizes tea needs to steep.
- * Berry nodnods, then whispers to Grandpa "he used to grant wishes, yo know. then we formed a band and he's on the drums. such improvement, very maudit"

<uSeaGM> Mercy squee's at Milia's request and dives right in. Within moments she's relaxing in the tea cup like it was her own personal jacuzzi. "Aaaahhhhhh~ <3" she sighs.

- * Milia releases a simultaneous coo of delight. Her body shivers as echoed, full body heat immerses her, causing her eyes to flutter. "Good tea~..." she breathily murmurs.

<uSeaGM> Grandpa nods slowly at Milia, interested in what she was saying. "And, what was on the wrecked train?" he asks.

- * Artifica decides she needs a taste. So she kisses Milia to get one.
- * Watch realizes it could be done with instant coffee...or perhaps noodles.
- * Milia answers through her dreamy smile, "Zebra war golem~." Any chance at her further elaborating on that answer quickly dies as her wife's lips meet with her own. Oh, to be young and married and full of hormones and soulbound to sex-incarnate. "*Mmmph <3*"

* Red_Mage shrugs. "Myself and Lucky weren't there for those events. We, ah, were indisposed."

<uSeaGM> Meanwhile Sweetpea was more interested in what Berry had just whispered. "You play in a band with your little dragonequus friend?" he asks eagerly, having finally been able to tear his eyes away from Mercy making a scene of herself bathing.

<Watch> "Long story short. It's no longer a problem." Watch says. "And we're still here." He'd chuckle.

<Lucky_Stars> "Yeah, we were later. Much later."

* Berry nodnods "yush! we are a great duo! we play all the things that make ponies angry because we are REAL rebels!"

* Berry is wearing a donald trump t-shirt. she is the troll kind of rebel, sorry guys

<uSeaGM> The old stallion smiles at his aide's distraction, before replying, "There really was a zebra golem? Remarkable." He inclines his head towards Watch. "If it's not a problem then that is good news, at least."

<Watch> "Really was. Scary thing too"

* Milia is left panting when her lips part from her wife's lovely mouth, and her cheeks have more than a little bit of a red glow to them. She's getting better, at least! Not too long ago, that would have made her catch on fire.

* Berry and bully statues too!

* Milia takes a moment to recompose herself. "I didn't know your tongue could move like that..." she murmurs to her beloved.

<Watch> "so...not that I mind watching Milia and Arti get frisky...,but aren't there ponies in trouble?" Watch inquires.

* Artifica blushes too. "I think it's something in the tea," she murmurs playfully.

<uSeaGM> Grandfather's pale eyes then turn towards Lucky_Stars and Red_Mage. "Do forgive me, my memory is not what it used to be, but I do not recall meeting you two before... and you say you were indisposed for those events?"

* Watch finds himself idly pondering if they were being distracted.

* Red_Mage glances at Lucky. "Er, yes. We were."

<Lucky_Stars> "Yeah, we basically came from Aquaria, that's probably the best way to put it right now."

<Watch> "They were a couple of lets go with frozen ponies from old Equestria."

* Red_Mage pauses and nods as Lucky answers for him. "Yes. That's probably the most sensible explanation to give right now."

<Watch> "We founds them and when we were getting out. They got along for the ride."

* Watch gives a blunt direct answer...it wasn't THAT confusing.

* Milia giggles and nuzzles her unicorn bride happily, thoroughly enjoying the opportunity to participate in a little sugar-exchange while the others handled explaining things for the moment.

* Berry makes an eerie pose (evil enchantress pinkie pose) "they... are from the paaaaaaast!"

<Watch> "Berry gets it." Watch nods

<uSeaGM> Grandpa's brow wrinkles a little more as he parses the various replies, and what he asks next captures his aide's complete attention and astonishment. "Are you saying you two come from the past? That you were alive before the war?"

* Watch pats the two. "Now you two get to field all these questions...I've a bad idea to try."

* Red_Mage nods slowly. "Well, yes."

<Lucky_Stars> "Yeah. Something apparently happened to us, and we were put in stasis, while dreaming out our lives over and over, having our memories erased each time."

* Watch decides to try that tea thing casting his protection spell.

* Berry giggles "well now, poppa, don't be silly, you have never been alive until have been chsed by a horde of feral ghouls the first time you wnt out for a scavenge run. they lived before the bombe, but beig alive? let's keep serious"

* Berry then whispers "but it is not their fault: they are from vanillaquestria...."

* Lucky_Stars winces.

<uSeaGM> If Watch was playing an Adventure Game he'd probably find himself saying out loud that he needed a tea cup in order to combine the items: Hot Water and Tea Bag. But since this /isn't/ an adventure game he can combine them in himself, if he chooses to.

* Red_Mage has quit (cloudchaser.canternet.org chrysalis.canternet.org)

* Jasmine_Mistplume has quit (cloudchaser.canternet.org chrysalis.canternet.org)

* Watch has quit (cloudchaser.canternet.org chrysalis.canternet.org)

* Jasmine_Mistplume (Josephine@Pony-4g5ns4.res.rr.com) has joined

* Watch (Godna@Pony-8cpok1.publicBNC.canternet.org) has joined

* Red_Mage (WebChat@Pony-ooh.sl4.76.208.IP) has joined

<Watch> "err...then I've never lived..."

<Watch> "Should I play dead?"

* Berry "nah, don't worry, you just can't join the band. unless we decide that you can"

<Watch> "err right..."

<uSeaGM> If Watch was playing an Adventure Game he'd probably find himself saying out loud that he needed a tea cup in order to combine the items: Hot Water and Tea Bag. But since this /isn't/ an adventure game he can combine them in himself, if he chooses to.

<uSeaGM> His Equestria's Love spell even keeps him safe from the hot water!

* Watch has done so!. Sytnax be damned the developers do think of everything!. With the power of magic he even avoids YASD.

<Lucky_Stars> "I'll pass on joining your band."

<Watch> relevent <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YHQXBAjkmOQ>)

* Berry is worried, somepony does not want to be in the band! "but... it is a cool band!"

* Milia pipes up amidst her Wife-Rubbing™, hoping to provide some clarification for the Blackwatch ponies on the very confusing concept of 'ponies from the past'. "Ah... in the tunnel, there is, or rather /was/ a hyper advanced pre-war facility that housed several strange and very deadly things. Among them was a cryogenic-storage facility located inside the medical bay."

* Red_Mage nods

<Red_Mage> "Myself and Lucky were kept there to heal...and then stayed there, once the war had wiped out the outside world."

* Lucky_Stars nods.

<Watch> "You know...it actually tastes quite a bit better like that..."

<uSeaGM> The old stallion seems more than a little shocked at the news. "Remarkable. Truly remarkable. One cannot even begin to imagine what that must be like. I am glad you have already found friends."

* Red_Mage rubs his head with a forehoof. "It's certainly an...adjustment, to be sure," he mumbles.

* Milia smiles at her two new friends, still more than a little awestruck now that she was committing conscious thought to their situation again. "They really are living relics... it's pretty crazy to think about."

* Artifica nods. "I can only imagine how much we could learn from them."

<Watch> "We're all pretty crazy to think about at this point."

<Lucky_Stars> "Probably nothing. All I remember is from the dream."

<Watch> "I've pretty much just kinda become blind to the weird."

* Artifica raises a hoof. "I'm totally normal," she tells Watch.

* Red_Mage shrugs, looking slightly bashful. "Ah, perhaps with Lavender's help I could remember my 'real' life from before, but...I'm not sure that it'd help much."

* Milia raises an eyebrow at Red Mage's comment. "...Would you like to?"

<uSeaGM> "I... will refrain from asking you every question I have about that better time," Grandpa says after a few moments, "But I must ask... The Princesses. Were they as magnificent as in the stories?"

* Red_Mage glances around to the various ponies in the room. "Yes," he finally says in a quiet voice. "Maybe I could remember Blue then."

<Lucky_Stars> "Yeah, they were really something, when we saw them in the dream."

<Watch> "I can argue that by relation...that you've a wife that is a shaman that's been brought back to life. Is bound to multiple spirits and all...or I could point out that you've killed some things with them guns of yours that would drive most ponies insane." He remembers vaguely the squiddie monsters.

* Red_Mage shrugs. "In the dreamworld I can remember now they were, but...I don't know what the princesses were like in real life, or if I ever even met them."

* Berry they were giant ponies. thinks about it "i'm happy to have seen a giant pony, after all. it was worth it"

<Watch> "Jasmine...is actually the closest to normal of us...and even she managed the near impossible by surviving most of a week in these caverns."

* Watch has a very frightened look as it strikes home that JASMINE was really the metric of normal to him at this point.

<Lucky_Stars> "You're nobility. You probably did..."

<Lucky_Stars> "Unless...what if what we remember, or what we dreamt isn't correct. No, I don't

even want to think about that."

* Red_Mage smiles weakly. "Heh. One can hope that bit was real, at least, but...it's all very hard to be sure of."

<uSeaGM> Lavender flits up into the air from where she'd been sitting on the edge of Mercy's cup and hovers closer to Red_Mage. "I'd be happy to help."

* Watch wonders who the weirdest of their group is...that one was the real toss up.

<Lucky_Stars> "All we really know and have evidence of is that we were really hurt somehow, and Red has a brother that eventually had us put in stasis."

* Watch is spending serious thought trying to compare frozen in a dream world with brought back from the dead and bound to spirits.

* Red_Mage nods to Lavender. "I would be truly grateful for that."

* Milia considers Red's response for a few moments, before glancing up to Lavender and sharing a knowing look with the little memory spirit. "It'll be... tough," she says to Red Mage. "To reach back that far to grab those memories. And possibly /extremely/ unpleasant. But... we'll do all that we can for you, if you're sure about this."

* Watch finally settles on it. Lucky and Red are less weird because there are two of them...and ultimately that means Milia's circumstance is more unique. He seems proud to have decided on that.

<Watch> "I...can help with it." Watch says. "Memory...magic being one of the first I ever learned..." He is snapped from his distraction to say.

* Red_Mage gulps and nods. "I understand. But maybe Grandfather here is right, and what I know could help somehow." He pauses. "...and it just doesn't feel right to remember a version of my life without the brother who kept me alive."

<uSeaGM> "Well I don't know about the rest of you," Roundabout says while popping off his wings to replace them with a new set he kept behind his ears, "but I'm perfectly normal."

* Berry nodnods to roundabout "you are lucky that he keeps things in line for us"

<Watch> "I was discounting spirits...Now that you mention it...you guys probably are the most normal..."

<Watch> "I think Berry and I are the weirdest."

<Lucky_Stars> "I'm not weird..."

* Berry is not weird at all. is a normal filly with normal filly needs. also, a rebel. most normal

young filly ever

* Milia nods at Red Mage's conviction. "Well said, dude. Just give us some time to prepare, and we'll do it."

* Berry is now wearing a NRSA t-shirt. some fillies never learn

<Watch> "I was including environmental weirdness."

<Watch> "You guys are the most normal."

<uSeaGM> Lavender nods in agreement with Milia, before sticking her tongue out at Roundabout. Normal /and/ mature!

<Watch> "My life is a mess though..."

* Red_Mage blinks. "Wait...I mean I understand being frozen in a dream and being a pony out of time but surely I'm...oh stars, I really /am/ strange aren't I?"

* Lucky_Stars hugs Red. "Well if that means you're strange, then so am I."

* Watch nods

<Watch> "and you're a unicorn of unusual power."

* Red_Mage returns the hug. "Right. Grief shared is halved, happiness shared is doubled, and weirdness shared is...um...help me out please."

<Watch> "Split?"

* Berry lets the oldpones tell their stories and sits in a corner, playing some quiet melody with her guitar

<Lucky_Stars> "I mean my telekinesis is super good, but I can't really cast any other magic."

* Red_Mage shrugs. "I would have said square rooted, but that works."

<Watch> "That's...kinda weird in it's own way...considering a certain heroine."

* Milia nods to herself, deep in thought, and the completely normal zebra takes a completely normal sip of her completely normal tea while a completely normal passion spirit continues to take a completely normal bath in it. She wasn't /that/ weird, dang it!

<Watch> "I don't know why but I feel the need to do a drinking competition of weirdness"

<Lucky_Stars> "That's just a coincidence..."

<Watch> "if you're a pony whose died. Take a shot. Thats berry, milia, and me." he says. "Been

transformed or changed in a physical manner. "I...think that's well over half of us.."

<Watch> "Dream world shennigans...shit that's all of us...twice in a few cases..."

<Watch> "technically I'd count time travel for us since we thought we had...and in my case literal..."

<Watch> "Y'all got pirate adventure...one I lack..."

* Berry offers "i kissed a pirate once"

<Watch> "If we go with unusual magic abilities...and I totally count shamanism as magic...that's over half of us...and I'd call Arti's skill with enchanting unusual"

* Red_Mage raises a hoof. "Question: if this future is so brutal, does that mean the spells I've learned are commonplace?"

<Watch> "Even if they were...you're amazingly potent."

<Watch> "Only met one other pony that slung fire like you do...and he was burning himself out to do it." Watch says.

<Watch> "Well...I guess two since Milia." He'd chuckle

* Berry offers "magic is always beautiful, there is nothing like 'common magic'"

* Artifica sips tea, contemplates memories... an the notion that the party superheroine is the most "normal" one.

* Artifica asserts, "I still say I'm normal. My family isn't, but that's not the same. Love is love."

* Berry knows for a fact that she is special. fillies always are told so and they have no reason to not believe it.

* Watch has quit (Ping timeout: 121 seconds)

* Godna (Godna@Pony-8cpok1.publicBNC.canternet.org) has joined

* Milia will back up that claim until her dying breath. Anypony who dared say that her daughter wasn't the most adorable, most beautiful, most talented filly in the world was going to be getting SO MUCH MOM RAGE. Fiery, fiery mom rage.

* Milia turns her thoughts away from bloody, burning motherhood however, and looks to Grandpa. "Ah, on the way back... we were stopped. By the masked stallion. I'm /sure/ you know who I'm talking about."

<uSeaGM> The old stallion partakes in his apple sauce slowly, helped by his aide, and listens to the group thoughtfully. "One last question about your visit, if you don't mind. Were you able to do

the important task you spoke of having down there?"

<Godna> "Both of them" Watch smiles

<Lucky_Stars> "That place...even what I seen of it, was kind of a nightmare."

<Lucky_Stars> "At least until we fixed it."

* Red_Mage nods

* Milia nods, smiling at Watch Tower's response. Her eyes momentarily flicker over towards the case that sat by Jasmine's side.

* Godna is really really happy everything with that seemed to be working out so far. He was happy to report that his brush with time travel had actually had a very positive result.

<uSeaGM> Grandpa nods at Watch. "I am glad." Then as Milia speaks he looks up at the zebra mare. "You were stopped by that masked stallion? Most curious. I wonder how he was able to enter the tunnels without any of the Watch seeing him, but I suppose that is only part of the mystery."

* Berry offers "with magic!"

<Godna> "It was an illusory image.***"

* Berry also, is playing a different son now. "i am a pone and i'm hugging a pone. huggy huggy pone, huggy huggy pone...."

* Godna considers how he'd do it. He finds an eventual answer that was satisfactory to him.

* Godna is now known as Watch

* Watch has been doing and saying all of that

* Milia chuckles at the comment, and her daughter's subsequent answer. "Yep, Berry's got it right. It was some kinda projection or something. He is a unicorn, after all. Which unicorn /exactly/, I can't say, but I have my suspicions." Her smile fades a bit as she asks the elderly stallion, "What can you tell us about floor 6 of Sanctuary?"

<Watch> "I don't necessarily think he was a unicorn Milia."

<Watch> "A unicorn's help? Certainly."

* Milia tilts her head. "...He wasn't?" She may or may not have mentally inserted a horn onto her mental image of him.

* Red_Mage shrugs. "I was more concerned with wondering what he was talking about than

what he looked like."

<uSeaGM> Grandpa chuckles at Berry. "I expect you are right. This masked pony has caused quite a stir upstairs."

* Lucky_Stars gets out her ID card for Aquaria. "Perhaps it would be best, if I left this in his care?"

* Milia waggles a hoof dismissively. "Well, whatever! Suspicions. I haves them. Whether or not he's a unicorn himself doesn't really change that."

* Berry "magic is superawesome! it can do everything!" really likes magic. equus magickus is sevond only to the princusses. equus marysuus

* Watch nods. "It's just that detective work and paranoia is a good part of being law enforcement" Watch laughs

<Lucky_Stars> "I mean, there is that entire orchard there, even if Aquaria itself is still pretty dangerous..."

* Berry "yeah, and there still are bullybugs around. and mean statues maybe?"

<Lucky_Stars> "Pretty sure I heard you guys mention you got rid of most of the chrysalids...with fire, I think."

<Lucky_Stars> "And was there any more statues? I thought Asura and us took care of them..."

<Lucky_Stars> "I guess there's also those evil swans..."

<Watch> "Not to mention countless experiments that we likely didn't encounter"

<Red_Mage> "Wouldn't much of that have disappeared when we, er, powered down the facility?"

<uSeaGM> "Floor 6?" Grandfather ponders, "It has become a residential floor in recent years. Before that it was Council projects and research." He tilts his head, recalling, "That all stopped roughly ten years ago, if I remember correctly. Some kind of accident... a chemical spill, they said. They sealed up part of the facilities tight and abandoned the floor completely."

<Lucky_Stars> "That's what I was thinking, Red."

<Lucky_Stars> "Probably kept the more dangerous stuff in the ...uh, weird sections."

* Milia listens intently to Grandpa's words. "Council projects and research..." she repeats quietly.

<Watch> "We've no idea for certainty..." Watch looks worried at those words

* Milia shares a serious look with the wizened stallion as she admits, "The Masked Stallion gave

us a key to floor 6. Section 66 of floor 6, to be specific. He wants us to go there."

* Berry "yay poking muzzle where we shouldn't! how do we get there!?"

* Red_Mage sighs. "Ah yes, once more into the unknown-but-likely-terrifying-and-dangerous."

<Lucky_Stars> "Sure, why not. I'd like a look-see myself." She wasn't really perturbed by going into a dangerous place as she should be.

* Artifica considers, "How teleportation-proof is Sanctuary?"

<uSeaGM> "Until, as I said, recent years. Now much of the floor is being used as housing. To help with overcrowding elsewhere. They say the problem is safely contained within the sealed section..." he looks up, at Milia. "Section 66? Formally used by the Department of Genealogy... and right at the heart of the sealed zone."

* Red_Mage gulps. "Genealogy? Oh dear. I fear we may be stumbling into a very nasty 'family secret', as it were..."

* Watch begins piecing things together. Magicka's coloration...unusual magical talents...the way she obeyed the doctor...Her specialization in a form of magic that just happens to fit this place's exact needs...

<Watch> "Hey...Gramps what can you tell me about Magicka?"

* Berry plays a couple of guitar notes "we are the wasteland ponies, we'll always solve the quest, and if you think we can't, we'll hack it for the best! that's what abandoned places are for. milia artifica, lucky star and more!"

* Artifica smiles to Berry approvingly.

* Milia bobs her head back and forth and clops her hooves to the beat.

<uSeaGM> He leans forward, just a little. "Amidst the civil unrest upstairs, we have been getting word that a few ponies have been found dead. Old council scientists, in almost every case. All of whom used to work in that very place. For it to be a coincidence strains credulity."

* Red_Mage rubs his head. "Right. A cover-up. And Watch seems to think it's related to this 'Magicka' pony."

<uSeaGM> Grandpa turns to look at Watch. "Magicka? I do not believe I have met a pony with that name."

* Milia stops bobbing her head as Grandpa speaks, and her smile melts into a worried look. "Oh, shit."

<Watch> "I...think we've got ourselves...a winner..."

<Lucky_Stars> "Okay, that sounds weird....unless this place is so big, that it wouldn't be weird if someone didn't know another pony here."

<Red_Mage> "Watch, could you please explain a bit more what you're thinking? I think I'd really like to know more about 'Magicka' all of a sudden."

<Lucky_Stars> "I think from listening to them, they met a pony named Magicka here who did stuff and then stuff happened, and well...uh, stuff."

<Watch> "She is a unicorn with colors that remind a lot of those albino lab rats you might read about, Transformation magic that can last years, that is used to transform pegasai into other species."

* Berry nodnods. it is all about stuff. lucky is embracing the pony side of the apocalypse. berry is so proud

* Red_Mage snrks at Lucky's comment, but then sobers almost immediately. "So...you think she's some sort of experiment or clone?"

<Lucky_Stars> "Huh...I wonder if it can work the other way around....never mind, that's not important right now."

<Watch> "It might make sense..."

<Watch> "And it'd fit my luck..." Watch mumbles remembering the masquerade ball and how the image had taken a form that was both Rarity and Magicka...

<uSeaGM> The old stallion sips the last of his tea, held up by Sweetpea (who looked more than a little alarmed by the conversation). "I had expected that you'd want to return to the surface after you came back, but from what you are saying it seems as though you wish to delay that for the moment." The old stallion slips into silent thought.

* Red_Mage nods. "I think it's important we get into Sanctuary now. We have some investigating to do."

* Milia hums to herself. It didn't take much thought to connect the dots. Like Grandpa said, it strained all reasonable belief to think those deaths were accidental. She nods at the elderly pony's assertion. "Yeah, no way we're leaving now. Not when ponies are being murdered for a cover-up. Is there another way to get to the upper floors? Something tells me the elevators aren't coming

* Milia back online any time soon."

<Watch> "Well...we did kind of get a lot of ponies here in trouble...it'd be nice to save as many lives as possible..."

<uSeaGM> Sweetpea takes a deep breath and tries to calm himself by talking about a subject

he at least knew a little about. "Miss Artifica? You asked about teleportation?"

* Watch might have also mentioned it...he doesn't remember

* Artifica nods.

* Artifica notes, "Although Watch has taken this down a different avenue of logic than I had considered. And a more likely one, fortunately."

* Artifica looks to Watch, "So do you suspect Magicka is committing the murders, perhaps out of revenge for what happened? Or Sanctuary's government is killing the scientists as a cover-up of what happened?"

<Watch> "If she is committing them, I am blaming that doctor...the one that cast the failsafe spell in the hospital." Watch says. "I...don't quite know if it's their government doing the killings or one member covering up and consolidating power."

<Watch> "I do however suspect that she hails from that place..."

<uSeaGM> The aide continues nervously. "For the most part only Council areas are actually warded, but young unicorns are taught from a young age not to teleport anywhere they can't see. I haven't done it myself, of course," says the Earth pony, "but I think it's quite dangerous in tight corridors and things. Ponies teleport down here where it's quite open, though."

* Red_Mage gasps. "Wait...you don't think Magicka might be the masked pony as well? Perhaps she's really more cunning than anypony has yet given her credit for, and much of these events are her doing."

<Lucky_Stars> "We'll have to find out for ourselves. Hopefully...this can be resolved peacefully, but I have a sneaking suspicion there's going to be lots of blood."

* Artifica nods to Sweatpea. "How about between inside and outside?"

* Milia leans over to Red Mage. "I was actually thinking she was involved with the masked stallion, too... maybe not the dude himself, but at least involved in some capacity."

<Watch> "Oh...that's quite easy then." Watch says.

<Watch> "Were you ever on that floor yourself?"

* Red_Mage nods to Milia. "I mean, if she's some sort of engineered clone or somesuch...she may have found out, and may be very upset about it."

* Artifica asks Grandpa, "Did the deaths start before or after we first arrived?"

<uSeaGM> Sweetpea blinks. "O-outside? Where you could float away into the sky?" she stares for a moment, before remembering that outside is where these ponies, griffin, and zebra came from. Perhaps those old horsewife's tales really were just stories... "Oh, um, I think that would

work! Teleporting from inside to outside. If you can go that far."

* Milia returns the nod. "There's also the matter of projecting that accurately and vividly, not to mention somehow depositing a key into Berry's bags. If there's one thing I've vaguely learned from my extended exposure to unicorn spacial manipulation mumbo jumbo, it's that doing things like that in places you can't see and don't really know all that well usually doesn't turn out so great.

* Milia It all sounds like the work of a preeeeeetty talented spellcaster, if y'ask me."

<Watch> "I...am pretty sure I can..." Watch says.

<Watch> "the...distance thing...not the manipulating things I can't see."

* Artifica nods. "Which is why I was originally wondering if Santuary was suffering from... certain outside interference."

* Berry "i could try to fly up there and come down with an elevator?"

<uSeaGM> Then aide then adds, "But I remember reading that there were protections to stop things teleporting /in/."

* Red_Mage nods to Milia again. "Quite right, although I will confess those areas of magic aren't my specialty."

<Lucky_Stars> "If I could get up there, I could bring down the elevator, by force."

* Artifica ahs.

<Watch> "umm...if we can find anypony that had been there before...I could borrow their memory and teleport us...but if it's warded..."

* Milia adds, "And also... there's the matter of where the Masked Stallion got a key to section 66 in the first place. Who else but somepony close to the Council could have even gotten their hooves on a keycard that granted access to the dead center of the Bad-Times Fun Center Quarantine Zone?"

<Watch> "Mils...You know what you've convinced me of?"

* Milia blinks. "...Whassat?"

<Watch> "We know someone that fits who Mask is."

* Red_Mage perks up. "Who?"

<Watch> "Magicka is likely the unicorn help....She is likely the one involved with Floor six...and I...think I recall...that the doctor guy...was a councilor wasn't he?...or at least seemed to be

someone with that kind of connection."

* Milia raises an eyebrow. "Twitmeyer?"

* Watch nods

<Watch> "The evidence does seem to point toward him..."

* Berry offer still standing, the filly flies outside and start checkilg the station's ceiling, looking for a way upside

* Artifica asks, "Any chance he was one of those killed?"

* Milia admits, "I mean... I had definitely considered him being our Masked Stallion. He's certainly somepony that /nopoly/ would dare suspect."

* Milia adds, "Which makes for a /great/ cover. It'd be like if there was a masked vigilante, travelling the Wasteland and preaching abstinence that turned out to be Mercy!"

* Watch chuckles

* Artifica frowns to Milia, "I don't think Prof Twit is intelligent enough to pull that off."

<Lucky_Stars> "Twitmeyer?"

<Lucky_Stars> "What a silly name."

* Watch admitted that the fail-safe spell in the hospital made him agree with Arti a bit.

<Artifica> "And yet oddly fitting."

* Milia giggles and nods at her wife's scathing assertion. "No argument here... he's definitely not my /most/ considered candidate..."

<uSeaGM> Mercy perks up. "Hey! I can abstain! I'm so good at abstaining I even abstain from abstinence!"

<Watch> "you're the most absence from abstinence."

* Red_Mage snickers.

<uSeaGM> Mercy nods proudly. "Yeah, what Watch said!"

<Lucky_Stars> "Pft...abstinence never works."

<Watch> "I dunno...I've managed to be abstinent...despite a destinct lack of trying."

* Red_Mage smiles broadly. "No, Lucky, it doesn't. Condoms do, however!"

<uSeaGM> Grandfather looks up from his pontifications to answer Artifica's question from a few moments ago. "Twitmyer was not one of those found dead, no." His eyes sweep the group. "There is a way you could reach Floor 6 without alerting the council to your presence. A stairwell long forgotten by those outside the Watch."

<Watch> "Glad to hear it."

* Milia snickers as she gingerly fishes her little spirit sister out of her tea-cup. "Of course you are, Mercy... when I think of self control, your face is the one that immediately springs to mind." She bats her eyes sweetly at Mercy and coo's affectionately, "Forgive your striped sister for her insolence?"

* Milia plants a reverent little kiss on the tiny passion spirit's nose to punctuate her statement.
Smek~

<uSeaGM> Mercy puffs up her cheeks and pouts, but her resistance melts away after the *smek*. "Welll okay. I guess I can forgive you."

* Lucky_Stars pats Watch. "Sorry."

* Watch chuckle. "I keep trying." Watch smiles.

<uSeaGM> Grandfather continues, "If you wish to rest after your journey you are welcome to, but whenever you are ready I can have you brought to the stairwell I spoke of, if that is your wish."

<uSeaGM> "Let us finish this meal you have brought us, and then you may decide what you want to do next."

* Red_Mage sits up. "I know I am ready to go as soon as we can. Given how bad things sound upstairs, I'd hate to wait any longer than needed."

* Berry is already looking for it on the ceiling. not very smart berry is not very smart

<uSeaGM> ***End of Session for Group4***

* Milia leans in and whispers something quietly to the passion spirit, before reaching up and gently setting the little passion pony in her stripey mane.