

Yellowstone the Series

“Minisodes”

A My Little Pony Fanfiction based off a fanfiction of another fanfiction of Blaze's original
Fanfiction: The Conversion Bureau.

Is this still going?

By Anonsi (Apparently yes!)

The Grown Ups are Talking

The massive meeting hall of the United Nations echoed with the quiet murmurs and whispers of the people within. A central aisle from the back led all the way up to a central platform, which was adorned with a rather plain looking podium and large television screens suspended high above it. The room was built large enough to hold over a thousand people, but these days it was lucky if it housed ten.

Today, the front row of tables seated the leaders of only six nations. Amongst them were President Joseph and Princess Celestia, and today they were going to share with the rest of the world leaders the news of the magical outbreak that was now sweeping across the earth. They hoped to petition the aid of the other nations, but Joseph knew it was going to be a tough sell.

The mediator, an aging man with a sharp navy blue suit, entered the hall and briskly walked down the aisle to the central platform. He quickly took his position behind the podium and announced, “It is now a quarter past noon and the time for any late arrivals has passed. Let the record show that the second meeting of the United Nations since the time of the Red Death begins now.”

President Joseph McCullough looked down at his watch, noting that the actual cut off time for this meeting was in an hour. He let go a resigned sigh and returned his attention to the large folder that lay in front of him. If the other countries weren't here by now, then they weren't coming.

“Let the names of the representatives and their countries be taken for the record,” the mediator called before clearing his throat. “Representing the United States of the Eastern Coast, we recognize President Joseph McCullough, who has called for this meeting and shall be primary speaker.”

The aging President rose and bowed to the other delegates, and internally complimented himself as he rather gracefully sat back down.

“Representing the Nation of the Six Tribes, we recognize the leader of the Algonquin

tribe, Shaman Anpaytoo Angeni.”

An elderly man wearing multiple layers of soft leather and the fur of what seemed to be a bear, shakily stood to his feet, bowed slightly, and returned to his seat.

“Representing the New Republic of Japan, we recognize Prime Minister Natsuko Oda.”

A middle aged woman that was almost immaculately well groomed stood up, bowed, and sat back down with equal amounts of fluidity and grace.

“Representing the New Russian Empire, we recognize the current czar of Russia, Peter Augustus Romanov the III.”

A man in a highly decorated and predominantly red regalia stood up. Although he was as old as Joseph, and a good deal more round, the Czar looked more lively with his movements than many of the other leaders. With an enthusiastic bow to the others, and a friendly wave to Joseph, the Czar returned to his seat.

“Representing Great Briton and its territories of France, Spain, and Germany, we recognize Lord Ian McCullough of Windsor.”

Joseph looked on as a younger man than himself followed the same pattern as the others, casting a quick, somewhat disdainful, glance at the President as he did so.

“And finally, representing the land of Equestria and co-speaking for President Joseph, we recognize Princess Celestia of Equestria.”

The glamorous white equine that rested on a large cushion to Joseph’s left rose to her hooves and beamed a bright smile at the other delegates before again resting on her haunches.

“Then let this meeting begin. President Joseph, you have the stage.”

The mediator stepped down from the podium as Joseph once again got up and walked behind it. Once he was in position, the aging president cleared his throat and began, “First things first, thank you all for coming on such short notice and I’m glad that each one of you are here.”

“Just get to the chase Joseph,” said the Lord sternly, “unlike you I actually do something with my office.”

The President flinched slightly at the sudden coldness, but he honestly was expecting as much from the Lord of Briton. “As you wish Ian. As you all know, five years ago Equestria appeared off the east coast of the United States, but my administration has discovered

something we have all overlooked until recently.” The President handed a bundle of photographs to the mediator, who in turn delivered them to each of the world leaders.

Joseph was relieved to see the four human leaders earnestly looking at the photos. ‘Good,’ he thought, *‘that should shut Ian up for a bit.’* Stepping out from behind the podium, the President began to pace around the stage as he continued with his speech. “Those photos are a satellite’s view of Equestria and the surrounding landscape. My scientists have applied a filter to the satellite’s lens that lets it pick up highly concentrated streams of magical energy. As you can all see, Equestria has been leaking the stuff for six years, and we are just now seeing its effects here on Earth.”

“What kind of effects Mr. President?” asked Minister Natsuko as she sorted through the photos, “Japan has not felt any kind of unnatural disturbances, and neither have its colonies in China.”

“The disturbances of which I speak Minister, are supernatural in nature,” replied the President calmly. Despite the scoffs of Lord Ian and the Minister, Joseph continued undeterred and handed a new set of folders to the mediator. “Some time ago, the town of Sleepy Hollow manifested itself just outside New York City along with the mythical Headless Horseman. Nearly an entire busload of tourists were beheaded before my task force was able to destroy the creature. The folders that you are all receiving now is all the data that my teams have so far collected about this crisis.”

Judging from the silence of the other four leaders as they looked through the new folder the mediator was handing out, Joseph concluded that they were now taking him very seriously. “I assure you all that this threat is very real. Princess Celestia has already sealed the hole in the barrier, thus making a limit to this problem. What I ask of you all now is that we pool our resources to combat this growing threat.”

Princess Celestia cleared her throat and said, “I have exchanged words with my sister, and Equestria is ready to commit to the defense of every nation, city, town, and village outside the protection of our barrier.” Turning to the President she added, “We will need some time to recruit some willing ponies into the Equestrian Guard of course.”

“Thank you Celestia,” said Joseph with a bow to the Princess, which she mirrored. Out of the corner of his eye, the President saw the Lord McCullough scoff and mumble something under his breath as he flipped through the folder. *‘He’s going to be fun to convince.’*

“I will lend my aid!” the Czar shouted as he stood up, “I have been waiting for and excuse to fight alongside you again! My government will supply you with any munitions you might need!” The Czar frowned somewhat as he leaned in a bit and added, “But with all these monsters running around, I will unfortunately not be able to spare any of our military.”

The president merely chuckled and replied, “Don’t worry Peter, we have your boy with us. If he fights like you do against your breakfast, he should be all we need.” Czar Romonov

gave a short, hearty laugh and followed it up by a proud smile as he leaned back into his chair.

Minister Natsuko stood up and stated “I apologize Mr President, but the New Republic of Japan cannot commit any aid to this other than our what contracts you have already made with Tetsujin Industries. We simply do not have the resources to do more.”

“I understand,” replied the President calmly. Turning to the oldest man among them, Joseph asked, “And what about you Shaman Angeni?”

The ancient man stood up and answered, “I must commune with my brothers of the Six Tribes council, but I believe the evidence you have given is more than enough to sway them. If all goes well, our rangers shall keep the western coast and the forests safe.”

“Good,” said Joseph as the old Shaman sat back down. ‘*Now for the hard part,*’ thought the President as his eyes fell on Lord McCullough. “And what you Ian? Will you lend the aid of Great Briton?”

“No,” came the flat reply of the Lord, “You seem to have adequate enough aid from Equestria and your other allies, and my country is capable of forming its own task force to deal with any outbreaks that occur within its borders.”

Joseph was expecting that answer, but still let out a disappointed sigh all the same. “So be it Ian,” he said as he returned to the podium. Facing the other world leaders, the President declared, “Then let those of us who have agreed to take part in this coalition discuss our courses of action, and pray that we’ll all make it through this thing alive.”