

**“Littlepip is for porn” By Mimezinga**

**“Gortoz a ran (I'm Waiting) by Artemiev**

**“Confrontation” by a friendly hobo**

**“Come to Equestria” by Kashin**

-This musical number uses the melody from [this song](#)-

Fallout Equestria, by Kkat.

[Chapter 44](#), during the planning scene, what could have happened if FoE was a musical...

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Yes. Everything was shaping up better than I could have expected.

“I’m pretty sure I can’t get through the shield around the Central Hub though,” Spike added cautiously. “What are you going to do once you get there?”

I opened my muzzle, then shut it again. In truth, the whole thing was a gamble. An educated guess, fueled as much by faith as fact. “I’m going to do what I do best,” I told him simply.

and suddenly, everything became foggy and a weird music started playing in the background

*“Your Littlepip is really really great!”*

*“For porn!”* intervened Homage. I tossed her an annoyed look but the music was flowing and I had to keep singing.

*“I’ve got this nice stealth buck so I don’t have to wait!”*

*“For porn!”*

“What?” I tried ignoring her for the sake of the musical number.

*“There’s always some new way.”*

*“For porn!”*

*“I look for night and day!”*

*“For Porn!”*

*“And in the end it’s going to be okay!”*

*“Foor Poorn!”*

At that point I snapped. “Homage!”

*“My Littlepip is for porn!”*

I could feel my ears burn like candlesticks.

“HOMAGE!”

*“My littlepip is for POORN!”*

“What are you doing!?”

*“Why you think Lilpip was born? Porn, porn, POORN!”*

“Homage!” I bumped the spritebot with a hoof, trying to make her stop that ridiculous tirade.

“Oh, hello Littlepip!”

“You are ruining my song!”

“Oh, me sorry me didn’t mean to!” What was now with the childish talk? Really, this mare was more than weird, at times...

“Well, if you wouldn’t mind, please, being quiet for a minute so I could finish?”

“Okie-dokie!”

“Good!” Okay, problem solved, now back to my song!

*“With this horn I’m a real prodigy.”*

*“For porn.”* ...really?

*“And this gives untold opportunities!”*

*“For porn! Oops! Sorry...”* Sigh...

*“Just two buys at the mart,”*

*“For- ah...”*

*“And stuff it in the cart.”*

“...” finally she stopped, yay! One point for me!

*“Until I’ve had enough and I’m ready to staaart!”*

*“FOOR POOORN!”*

“Homage...”

*“My Littlepip is for porn!”*

“Booo!”

*“My Littlepip is for porn!”*

“Homage!”

*“Me and you up all night long with porn, porn, PORN!”*

Okay, this was going to far. “That’s gross! You are a pervert!”

“Ah, sticks and stones, Lilpip...”

“No, really, you are a pervert! Normal ponies don’t think about me as a sex machine!”

“Ooooh?”

“What?”

“You have NO IDEA!” Homage paused for a moment, as if she was taking breath. “Ready normal ponies?”

Gawd raised a claw “Ready!”

Velvet raised it, too! Unbelievable! “Ready!”

And... and... Xenith, too? This was treason! “Ready!”

And now, they were singing a chorus... this was SO humiliating...

*“Our Littlepip is for porn!”*

Xenith shrugged *“I will be franc.”*

*“Our Littlepip is for porn!”*

She swung her tail a couple of times, *“You dig my flank...”*

And at that point Homage started again. *“All the mares know that you starve for porn, porn PORN!”*

No, no, nononono! “I am not a slave of porn!”

*“PORN, POOORN-”*

“HOLD ON A SECOND!” I needed to regain control over the situation.

“What?” Homage seemed a bit annoyed by my interruption, but all the chorus stopped and looked at me.

“Now, I know for a fact that me and you, Xenith, saved each other life so many times!”

“That’s correct!”

“And you, Gawd, we built a relation that works on business and mutual respect!”

“Sure...” nodded the griffin.

“And Velvet, we had that point solved a lot of time ago!”

“Yes we did.” Nodded the charcoal pony.

“And you, Homage, you keep talking about me as a hero and a savior!”

“True, but Lilpip, where do your eyes look, when we all walk away when we’re done?” Now the spritebot was pointing its camera directly in my eyes.

All the ponies snickered, Gawd facepalmed and Xenith muttered an uncomfortable ‘Yeah...’

“EEEEW!”

And at that point the chorus started again.

*“OUR LITTLEPIP IS FOR PORN!”*

“Gross!”

*“OUR LITTLEPIP IS FOR PORN!”*

“I hate porn!”

*“Look at that horn, it’s almost worn.”*

*“By porn, porn, porn!”*

“I hate mares!”

*“POORN, POOORN...”*

“I’m leaving!”

*“OUR LITTLEPIP IS FOR, LITTLEPIP IS FOR, LITTLEPIP IS FOR PORN!”*

*“Yeah...”*

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-This musical number uses the melody from [this song](#)-

Fallout Equestria, by Kkat.

After Chapter 45...

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Gortoz a ran  
/I'm Waiting/

Gortozet 'm eus, gortozet pell  
/I was waiting, waiting for a long time/  
E skeud teñval tourioù gell  
/In the dark shadow of grey towers/

E skeud teñval tourioù gell  
/In the dark shadow of grey towers/

A young filly crawled out from a pile of debris somewhere in Fillydelphia. She could still hear the hellish cacophony of weapons from every direction, but she couldn't bear to cover under her hideout any longer, when the ruined street was started to be lit by brilliant light.

E skeud teñval an tourioù glav  
/In the dark shadow of rain towers/  
C'hwi am gwelo 'c'hortoz atav  
/You will see me waiting forever/  
C'hwi am gwelo 'c'hortoz atav  
/You will see me waiting forever/

For the first time in her life, when she looked up, instead of dark clouds, celestial, radiant warmth greeted her, tenderly caressing her face. The grey tower of the SPP still stood, but the dark shadows passed, hopefully forever...

Un deiz a vo 'teuio en-dro  
/One day it will come back/  
Dreist ar morioù, dreist ar maezioù  
/Over the seas, over the lands/  
Dreist ar maezioù, dreist ar morioù  
/Over the lands, over the seas/

For a moment, Celestia's Sun was shadowed by a gargantuan body: a purple-scaled, green-spiked adult dragon soared through the sky, letting out a loud roar, bringing every pain into it. He was ravaged, half-eyed, yet he shrugged off all those physical wounds.

D'am laerezh war an treujoù  
/To steal me on the trunks/  
'Teuio en-dro karget a fru  
/It will come back full of spray/  
E skeud teñval an tourioù du  
/In the dark shadow of the black towers/

It was the scar on his soul that brought him such suffering: the thought that his best friend lied to him, even if she did out of good intents... and for that he killed her. Yes, she was alive now, but he didn't know it will turn out that way when he engulfed that little mare in fire that melted warship hull... He killed her, and he will regret it till his last day...

'Teuio en-dro an avel c'hlas  
/Will come back the blue wind/

Da analañ va c'halon c'hloaz't  
/To breathe my wounded heart/

Below, not even the Sun could have stopped the darkness that ate away ponykind. Not at least in such short notice. A handful of Applejack and Steel Rangers made their valiant last stand against a small army of Red Eye's remnants. Wave after wave they charged, only to be blown to pieces by high-explosive grenades, missiles, or grinded apart by fierce bulletstorm and clouds of shrapnel.

Kaset e vin diouzh e anal  
/I will be pulled away by its blow/  
Da analañ va c'halon c'hloaz't  
/Far away by its stream to another land/

Still, in the end, quantity always beats quality... The line stretched dangerously thin, and the Rangers were besieged by every possible side, pinned down by anti-machine fire. One by one, the armored warriors fell to the massive weapons. A Steel Ranger's forehoof was torn off by a high-caliber round, he thumbed to the nearest cover.

Kaset e vin diouzh e alan  
/I will be pulled away by its breath/  
Pell gant ar red, hervez 'deus c'hoant  
/Far away by its stream, wherever it wants/

His closest ally, an Applejack Ranger, dashed to him. Not to tend to his severed limb: he knew well the Steel Ranger won't survive that wound, not at least in the middle of a battle. In fact, he knew well these are the last moments of both of them. He held up his bleeding comrade, giving him comfort. "Hold on, brother..." he whispered.

Hervez 'deus c'hoant pell eus ar bed  
/Wherever it wants, far away from this world/  
Etre ar mor hag ar stered  
/Between the sea and the stars/

"W-wh-whas this all worth-th-th it?" he shivered back in agony. The Applejack Ranger's EFS noted him of launched missiles that locked on him. For one last time, he looked up the now cleared sky, and Celestia smiled back at him.

"It was."

He said sternly, before both of them left the blooded world, where Hope slowly started to seep back...

(P.S.: I know it's not really a musical, and it's ass depressing, but I was in this mood, and this is a beautiful song, so

live with it..)

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-This musical number uses the melody from [this song](#)-

Fallout Equestria: Tales of a Courier, by a friendly hobo.

Chapter 9, Clover and Trailblaze's confrontation.

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...

"Clover, whats the matter?" Ace asked, a tone of worry in her voice.

"N-nothing!" I shouted and ran into the nearest public restroom and slammed the door behind me. I plugged the sink and ran the water, shoving my face under it.

I rubbed my face and stared at my reflection, water dripping from my mane and nose. I took several ragged breaths to steady myself. I could here music, but only faintly.

"Lost in the darkness,  
Silence surrounds you.  
Once there was morning,  
Now endless night."

I hung my head before looking back into the eyes of my reflection and put my hoof to the mirror.

"I will find the answer.  
I'll never desert you -  
I promise you this -  
Till the day that I..."

I could hear the music change as my reflection started to speak.

"Do you really think  
That I would ever let you go?"

I watched as my reflection turned jet black, smoke seeped from its scars, eyes turning a glowing red and face distorting into a demented grin.

"Do you think I'd ever set you free?"



If you do, I'm sad to say,  
It simply isn't so.  
You will never get away from me!"

"All that you are  
Is a face in the mirror!  
I close my eyes and you'll disappear!"

I growled, jabbing the mirror with my hoof to the tempo of the music.

"I'm what you face  
When you face in the mirror!  
Long as you live, I will still be here!"

Trailblaze hissed, forcing me to take a few steps back.

"All that you are  
Is the end of a nightmare!  
All that you are is a dying scream!  
After tonight,  
I shall end this demon dream!"

I said, advancing on the mirror.

"This is not a dream, my friend -  
And it will never end!  
This one is the nightmare that goes on!  
Trailblaze is here to stay,  
No matter what you may pretend -  
And I'll flourish, long after you're gone!"

Trailblaze was starting to seep out of the mirror and into very existence.

"Soon you will die,  
And my silence will hide you!  
You cannot choose but to lose control."

I said, jabbing with my at the air and assuming victory.

"You can't control me!  
I live deep inside you!  
Each day you'll feel me devour your soul!"

“I don't need to survive,  
As you need me!  
I'll become whole  
As you dance with death!  
And I'll rejoice  
As you breathe your final breath!”

This is it, I win!

“I’LL LIVE INSIDE YOU FOREVER!”

Roared Trailblaze, sending me scrambling across the floor to the farthest wall.

“No!”

I screamed, putting my hooves to my ears! This can't be happening...

“With Nightmare Moon herself by my side!”

Trailblaze was advancing.

“No!”

“And I know that, now and forever,  
They'll never be able to separate  
Clover from Trailblaze!”

Not if I could help it. I pulled out my pistol and held it between my hooves, barrel pointing at myself as I worked my fetlock onto the trigger, it was time to end this madness! .

“Can't you see  
It's over now?  
It's time to die!”

I yelled.

“No, not I!  
Only you!”

Trailblaze shouted, matter of factly.

"If I die,  
You die, too!"

I whimpered, lowering the gun a little.

"You'll die in me  
I'll be you!"

Trailblaze said, now looming over me.

"Damn you, Trailblaze!  
Set me free!"

I wailed.

"Can't you see  
You are me?"

"No!  
Deep inside-!"

"I am you!  
You are Trailblaze!"

"No...Never!"

"Yes, forever!"

"Luna damn you, Trailblaze!  
Take all your evil deeds,  
And rot in hell!"

I shrieked.

"I'll see you there, Clover."

Trailblaze growled beneath his grin.

"Never!"

I yelled and threw the pistol at the mirror, shattering it, ending this nightmare and the hellish music. I curled up on the floor and began to cry as the puddle from the overflowing sink crept up around me...

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I can see Buckshot doing [this](#) with some sort of Starspawn  
If anypony is chewing out the Nobles or Eclave [this](#) would work nicely  
For anypony looking for their virtue or cutie mark there is [this](#)  
Some group justifying their killing spree might want to look into [this](#)

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For the sake of livening up the mood in some kind of twistedly triumphant way...

WIP By SonicBoom01  
Fallout: Asini by SonicBoom01  
Alternate Take of Chapter 1's Opening  
To the tune of [this](#) song.  
Feedback is appreciated.

...Now, many of you may have a few questions, "Who is he fighting," "Why is he trying to get to a 'control panel,'" "What's the 'Comet,'" but most prominently, "What in the hay is going on here?"

*A solemn piano tune begins to play lightly in the background, steadily getting stronger as the speaker continues speaking, not singing.*

Well, all in due time. All in due time. After all, all these answers and more will be answered soon enough if you listen in to the tale I'm about to tell.

Goddesses, that sounded confusing.

*A drum adds a marching beat to the tune, and a guitar begins quietly adding a few notes in.*

Anyways. Most of you reading this probably never have heard of me or the city that I lived in. Most people above the Canterlot Mountains don't seem to care about the lives of any of those who live below it. Ocher sure as hell didn't know what the hay "Asini" even was, and that new DJ doesn't have a clue of what's going on down there.

*The guitar grows louder and the piano fades out completely.*

Today I'm going to tell you a story. A story of a few months' time over in the Zebra continent of Asini. Specifically, in the city that rested on the borders of both countries, Neo Occulta. This is the story of how the city was damned from the moment I was reborn.

*The instruments silence for a moment, the drum leading into a small solo of cymbal, before leading into a large flourish of drum beats, bringing the other instruments back in to begin the real song. The speaker begins singing soon after.*

“Sometimes I get the feeling  
I could’ve done something  
To end this misery and hate  
Once and for all.”

“But to end it all,  
From whence it fell  
Would be a betrayal of them all.  
And through every death and tragedy”

“We’ve carried on.  
On and on  
Though burdened by the tragedies we’ve spawned and more,  
The memories have carried on.  
We’ve carried on.”

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By Kashin

-This musical number uses the melody from [this song](#)-

[Fallout Equestria: Operation Flankorage](#), by Kashin.

[Chapter 6](#), during the spelunking scene,

“I’m not kidding,” the diminutive pony replied with a half smile. “Some poor souls don’t have the good fortune to die from massive doses of balefire radiation and most of them become mindless killers... Not all of them mind you,” she amended quickly. “Some of them, called ghouls, are just ponies trying to make the best of a bad situation. But the zombies are kind of dumb and not all that dangerous unless they’re in large groups so they aren’t what we really need to worry about.”

“So... what is?” I asked hesitantly. I wasn’t sure whether I really wanted to know the answer. No, scratch that; I defiantly didn’t want to know, but I couldn’t let my own ignorance get anypony else killed.

“Dragons,” Scoop said as if it where the most natural thing in Equestria.

"DRAGONS?!" I yelled. My voice resounded through the corridors and earning me a nasty glare from Echo and a nearly imperceptible, nervous gulp from Maple.

"Yep, dragons," the reporter mare went on, ignoring my outburst and sounding almost chipper. "The Northern Legion still uses parts of the network and they let their younger dragons live down here."

"How the hell are we supposed to handle dragons? Scold them until they back down?"

"Oh, that reminds me," the blue mare said, pulling out her note book. "Ron asked me to put a little song together to try and get more tourism for Equestria. Want to hear it?"

"Um, okay," I replied. Why would anyone want to come to the wasteland?

Scoop pressed a few buttons on my PipBuck, causing it to start playing guitar music. "I decided to focus on all the wild life Equestria has to offer," the reporter pony said before starting to bob her head in time with the music.

*"Radhog,  
Alicorn,  
Death cloud parasprite,  
Bloatsprite,  
Manticore,  
and a trap Fluttertree,  
Bloodwing,  
And the mutant thing that lives in a clinic,  
And rapes you when it picks you up,"*

WHAT?!

*"Come to Equestria,  
You might accidentally get killed,  
Your life's constantly under threat,  
Have you been tainted yet?  
You've only got three minutes left,  
Before a massive, necromantic breakdown,"*

This was supposed to encourage people to come here?

*"Radhog,  
Alicorn,  
Death cloud parasprite,  
Bloatsprite,  
Manticore,  
and a trap Fluttertree,  
Hellhound  
Just waiting for you to go trotting,  
In Splendid Valley,"*

Do not want. Do not want.

*"Come to Equestria,  
You might accidentally get killed,  
Your blood is bound to be spilled,  
With fear your pants will be filled,  
Because you might accidentally get killed."*

"So," she finished, grinning from ear to ear. "What did you think?"

"I want my mommy," I whimpered from a fetal position on the ground.