

A New Equestria

By Mist

Chapter Five (*Rainbow Dash Saga*)

Rainbow Dash; I couldn't help but think about her as I lay in the bed she surrendered to me. She insisted on staying up most of the night; I rarely saw the mare sleep, insomnia had bitten her it would seem. When the restless mare finally did slip into a slumber, it was one clearly troubled by nightmares. I recall once waking up to see her tossing and turning relentlessly. Sweat was coming out of every pore, and she looked pained. Never had I seen a pony so troubled in their sleep, not even Dipper on his death bed. Rainbow Dash probably never got a peaceful sleep.

My thoughts carried to her wing, and the dark secrets behind it. I never asked how she lost it, how could I? Asking her would only make her relive what she has already been through, and surely she wouldn't reveal her secrets so easily to a stranger. I'm sure only time would tell me the story of her lost wing.

I glanced over at her sitting at her usual spot at the table, just glaring out the window into the rain. It had been raining for several days, it was almost unnatural. She had on that same cloak she always wore, but despite it being old and tattered, she looked very heroic in it. I could only imagine what she must have looked like in her Knight armor. Part of me was curious if she'd look like the flyer, but chances are she'd look far better. Her left ear had a small slice in it, clearly a battle wound; she had the scars of courage about her.

She was always watching diligently outside, despite the fact that Pinkie Pie always guarded this area. Rainbow Dash was the kind of pony that didn't take many chances on anything, and didn't like leaving much work to Pinkie Pie on the account of, "all her marbles aren't there".

I pulled myself up and went over to her. She didn't seem to notice my movement in the slightest. Carefully I sat down next to her and observed her. She was a hair shorter than me, and not as stocky, though being female that was ordinary. She looked well nourished for a pony that lived out in the wasteland.

"What's wrong?" I asked in a nearly inaudible voice.

"Well, not sure if you noticed, but we live in a destroyed wasteland caused by a war with our own kind." She clearly wasn't in a good mood.

"Well the war is over at least right?" I tried to lighten the mood.

She sighed and turned to face me. "The war is far from over."

"What do you mean?" I tilted my head.

"I mean that it's not over until they kill us all. Trixie and the darkness will never rest, they want this world one way or another, and they won't rest until we're all dead." She said.

“They’re still fighting!?” I was a little shocked by this news.

“Of course they’re still fighting, they’ve already got us pinned down, they’d be stupid to just quit now. They are all just sitting nice and cozy at their fortress in former Manehatten, while the rest of us scrounge up any resources we can find just to set up a defense; Trixie as well...” She nearly growled at the name.

“You really hate Trixie don’t you?” I asked stupidly.

“I can never forgive her. For everything that’s she’s done, not just the war.” Rainbow Dash appeared to be getting far more serious.

“I find it ironic that she probably shares the same insomnia that I do. That she’s probably awake somewhere right now, maybe even thinking about what she’s done as well.” She commented.

“What do you mean?” I was a tad confused.

“You ever heard the saying ‘ain’t no rest for the wicked’, kid?” She asked.

“Can’t say I have, what’s it mean?” I replied.

“It was a song a long time ago, but it basically means that the sinful don’t get to go to sleep. They have to stay awake always on their guard. They have to live waiting for their sins to catch up to them, always looking over their shoulder for that day...” She sounded like she had told this story before.

“What sin have you committed?” I daringly asked.

She sighed. “You wouldn’t understand”

I left it at that, and changed the subject.

“When do I get a gun?” I asked.

Rainbow Dash turned and gave me a strange look. Her face then turned into a smile, as if she was waiting for me to ask that question.

“That is a very good question. Guns aren’t exactly that easy to come by out here, I got mine from the military, which is pretty much the only way to get one. Lots of dead bodies might have them, but most probably aren’t in working condition, and many of dead aren’t soldiers, but civilians who got caught up in this.” She explained.

“Fortunately, I had a stash not too far from here around the time I joined the military. I figured one day I might need it; should be a considerable amount of ammo there too.” She added.

This was the first bit of good news I had heard in a while. I wasn’t exactly looking forward to killing another pony, but if it came to it, I’d rather at least be armed in that situation. I found that out here I was forced to amend my morals and values on a regular basis.

“I can take you to it, but we might need some help from Pinkie Pie to get there. I don’t want us outnumbered by those damn savages, and have only one of us with a weapon.” She said.

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Pinkie Pie was leading us, which didn’t exactly set me at ease. Her ability to think rationally was questionable at best, and her constant almost schizophrenic behavior was enough to keep one on the edge, but part of me was glad. I was for some reason a little fond of this mare. She had a good heart, and I suppose that’s all that counted. I found myself even laughing at her from time to time.

I glanced over at Dash next to me. I noticed her blade again. It was almost sparkling from the light bouncing off of it. The word “Colors” really seemed to stand out to me, and I could only guess as to the significance it had to her.

“Tell me about your weapon.” I finally managed to ask.

“Curious about that?” She responded.

“A little I suppose” I replied.

She began telling a story. “Well, during my time in the military I was originally issued a standard gun-sword just like every other pony who joined. When I rose to a commanding officer rank though, I was sent on a mission in the forest area. We were vastly outnumbered; I had a troop of only ten soldiers up against maybe two hundred.”

I was listening rather intently.

“Well, sure enough orders from headquarters told us to retreat. We turned around, and sure enough we were surrounded. We had no way out, and we were outgunned. I glanced over at my troops, and raised my blade to the air and proclaimed that if we were to die, we’d die fighting. After that I bolted into battle and slaughtered them. We were able to fight our way out and press the enemy back enough to get back to the castle. After that they promoted me to field commander, and had this honorary weapon crafted for me out of the crown of Celestia.” She said.

The crown!? Rainbow Dash’s blade was made of the crown of Celestia itself? Celestia was willing to sacrifice her royal jewels in gratitude of Rainbow Dash?

“Is that where you got the nickname ‘The Miracle’, then?” I asked.

She nodded.

“What about Pinkie Pie?” I asked gestured towards her.

Pinkie Pie was far enough ahead to where she couldn’t hear a word we were saying, then again I somehow doubt she would understand what we were talking about anyways.

“Well, like I said, she got shot in the head it looks like, and she’s been here ever since, just now she acts bat shit insane...” She paused, “Come to think of it, perhaps she hasn’t really changed at all...”

She joked.

That meant Pinkie Pie was always this strange. I somehow pictured her to be that way though.

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We arrived at a rundown old shack a few miles from the Ponyville ruins. It wasn't too impressive, but it held together through the war it appeared. Rainbow Dash knocked the door down with little care, I suppose she didn't plan on returning to this place anytime soon after this.

Inside there were several firearms decorating the walls. There were enough there to start a war within itself. They all seemed about the same in appearance, which supported my theory of them being mass produced.

Rainbow Dash levitated one from the wall and loaded it up from a nearby crate. After she finished preparing it, she started fastening it on my front right hoof.

"It works very easily; you just use the U.M.S.A. on it like you would anything else. Concentrate on pulling the blade out and it will follow. Give it a try." She instructed.

I took a step back and held out the weapon. Focusing on it, I mentally commanded it to extend its blade out. Just as quickly as I had thought it, it obeyed. The blade jumped out with a sharp slicing noise. I then commanded it back in, and sure enough it followed.

"Excellent, shooting is the same way. You point it at something and use the U.S.M.A. to command it to fire. I'd tell you to try it, but we don't want to attract unwanted guests, so you'll have to take my word for it." Dash joked. It was good to see that she still had a sense of humor.

Our lesson was interrupted by a crackling noise within the structure. I glanced around to find it was an old radio that sat on a table. Rainbow Dash took charge and began to speak over it.

"Who is out there?" She asked.

A voice from the other side answered her question. "This is Octavia, I'm a resident of the Canterlot area, and I was kidnapped by some of the savages. I managed to escape, but I'm trapped down in a cave at Horseshoe Rock. I need assistance right away." She sounded like an older mare.

"It's your lucky day. You happen to have reached Rainbow Dash." Dash responded.

"Rainbow Dash!?" Octavia answered.

"Yup. You just hold on tight, and we'll be down there to get you, just try not to get killed before we get there. We'll get you out of there, but you're on your own in getting back to Canterlot." She replied.

"That will be fine; I should be able to make it back just fine after I get out of this cave." Octavia said.

"Alright, just hold on tight then, we're on our way." With those words Rainbow Dash hung up the

radio and gestured for the door.

“We’re leaving right now?” I asked.

“Every second counts, what choice do we have?” She said.

I nodded and accepted the command. I would finally be able to see Rainbow Dash in action, so I had little to complain about.