

STOP. Always ask why.
A story by ponYthink

The Grammar Nazi

once upon a time in the magical land of equestrian. there was a lot ta of ponys. they used to play nd dance nd sing nd do alll sorts of funilicious activitys. then one, day, a big ol' meanie-face eevil man tried to take a bunch of ponys to turn them into big evil blue eyes white dragons (accept that they werent blue or white lol: unless of coarse you had a tv that really sucked lol] so a rly cool pony, named fireflY, decided to go get the megaN human girl nd they sung nd had a god== time. then they fred spikeE and the evil man , who rly was a prince, nd everything was a happy again inthe land?

“or maybe not” said the derpY hooveS “has anyone really been far even as decided to use even go want to do look more like—“

“Stop!” cried a pony with a perfectly styled purple mane and a pure angel-white coat, “In the name of all that is sacred in the English language I bid you to *please* stop!”

wut! you cant stop me im the gingerbread man 9lol nought rly imma narator0

“I’m warning you. If you continue to *butcher* the English language then I will have no choice but to silence you once and for all.”

W8 BUT WHUTS WRONG WITH MY ENGRISH??!?

“Ugh, absolutely *everything!* You obviously don’t know how to capitalize *correctly*. Or punctuate *properly* for that matter. Or write *realistically* for another—“

SHUT UP UR A STOOPID PONY LOL U HAS PONYITISAIDSCANCER ND U CANT TELL ME WUT TO DO HOW CAN YOU CAPITALPUNCTUWRITE IF U CANT EVEN MAKE URSELF LOOK PRETTY?!

“How. Dare. You. Insult. My. Beauty.” Each syllable was emphasized with the restrained force of somepony utilizing up to her very last quanta of energy not to explode at—

WUT BEAUTY LOL? UR AS UGLY AS A DEAD TOAD! OH WAIT ITS NOT A TOAD IT’S A TURD BECOZ IT SMELLS LIKE IT CAME RITE OUT OF MY—

[Censored due to a surplus of graphic violence that may or may not have included a certain pony tearing apart the entrails of a certain narrator whilst screaming English sentences that were perfect in their grammar as well as in their disturbances, all the while teaching the aforementioned narrator every lesson of grammar that he missed in grade-school and every conceivable lesson on how to properly treat a lady.]

I suppose I should say something about how I was acting earlier. Uh, well I’m sorry about it, guys, so yeah—

“Ahem”

Ugh, I want to apologize because I was so grammatically incorrect. There. I'm done right?

“*Ahem*”

I would also like to apologize about what I said about this pony here. She's not that ugl—

“*AHEM*”

He he, just joking your, uh, beautiful ponyness. My, what beautiful hair you have! And the eyes. They're so anime-ted.

“It's *animated*! Not anime-ted! What did I *just* teach you about spelling?!” replied the exasperated pony in a tone of
I-have-lost-nearly-all-my-patience-trying-to-deal-with-you-and-you-had-better-not-test-what-remains-of-it.

No, you see I didn't misspell animated. I was making a pun about how your eyes look like they belong in an anime. You know, while the rest of you looks like, uh, it belongs in a really cute television show.

“Are you calling my eyes ugly and out of place?!” snarled the pony, whose eyes had, by now, lost their brightly animated qualities and instead had acquired murderously vicious ones.

N-no, not at all, you see, I was. . . I was. . . I was trying to explain myself. . . I. . . Ugh, never mind. . . Okay, the truth is that I'm really bad with words, right? So, uh, maybe you could help me with that. Because, I, uh, really suck at it. So, maybe we could, uh, you know, learn how to write or speak together?

“How dare you *horrendously* degrade my vernacular by stating that it is comparable to *your* writing!”

Wait, what? I didn't call your vernickel a whore—

[Censored due to a disturbing amount of violent content unsuitable for audiences under the age of 8, 18, or 188. In fact, anybrony who has any self-respect would not want this uncensored. I mean it. It's more disturbing than {Insert a certain fan fiction by Sergeant Sprinkles here} and that was horrifying.]

I would like to formally and sincerely apologize for my grievances against the entire English speaking world and against The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity. The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity has agreed to instruct me on how to correctly capitalize, properly punctuate, and realistically write, and I **must** say that she has done a most wonderful and perfect job at doing so. Not only has every grammatical rule ever been drilled into my head, a good deal of proper etiquette has been also. Previously, I had been rolling in uneducated filth. Now, with the help of The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity, I can and will take the next step—no, the next leap towards the perfection that truly is a rarity these days. The rarity that is rare and found only in The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity, because she is that type of rareness that is such a rarity--

“Oh, don't strain yourself, dear. There *are* other ponies that could be called a rarity. Take Fluttershy for example. . .” The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity faltered, “Anyways, begin your story from the very beginning. The *proper* beginning.” she added menacingly.

Hmm? A proper beginning. . . a proper beginning. . . Aha! With The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity's permission, I would like to tell a different story. This time, the story would star The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity.

"Well, I *am* quite wonderful am I not?"

The *Most* Wonderful.

"Oh, you're too kind." said The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity in a tone that implied quite the opposite.

I hope you like it.

Once upon a time, in the magical land of Equestria, there lived a beautiful pony. In fact, beautiful is not a strong enough word to describe her beauty. I doubt if any word is. Actually, I doubt that if even every word for beauty from every language (except for German because that sounds guttural, disgusting and—

"I *am* German." came Die Schönsten Fräulein Rarity's retort.

absolutely perfect as a description) were combined together they would be comparable in the slightest to Our Most Perfect and Wonderful Protagonist, Rarity.

"We have been *over* this already" whinnied Rarity, "It is 'The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity' to you!"

Yes, quite. The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity, whose *schönheit* was hitherto unheard, unseen, and even unthought of by any equine ever to live, is our story's protago—

"Unthought is not a word." Interrupted The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity, "Rather, I think you meant 'not thought of by any equine ever to yet live'"

Yes, how utterly idiotic of me. Thank you so much for correcting me—

"Anytime."

Let's hope not.

"What was *that*? I can't *read* it. You set the font *too small*. And I didn't bring my *reading* glasses."

Oh, my apologies. I said 'I hope so'. After all, what would I do without you?

"*Probably* wither away and die I suppose."

That would be better than this torture.

"Hmm? What was *that*? You really *must* be consistent with font size. It is one of the *basics* of writing *anything*. Any *imbecile* can do it. So, what *did* you say?"

Something about horticulture. Now if—

"Horticulture? That could *hardly* be relevant to the story. *Unless* of course I was a horticulturist. But I most certainly am *not*. You had better change that part of the story."

Yes, The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity. You are not a horticulturist in my story. In fact, you are the ruler of the world. Everypony caters to your every whim. Fitting, no?

“Why, yes that is *quite* fit—“

That question was rhetorical. Now please let me finish the story!

“Fine, if you *insist*—“

I do. Now, as I was saying. The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity was the most schön equine on the planet. She had everypony catering to her exactly the way she wanted. That is, except for one pony. There was one pony who, try as she might, The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity could not get to do what she wanted her to do.

“Oh, who is it? Who? *Tell* me!” demanded The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity.

Fluttershy.

What? No comment?

“Oh, uh, n-no” stammered The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity.

Hmm, interesting. Then, I will continue. You see, for the longest time, The Most Wonderful Miss Rarity had been living a shadow of a life. Being ruler of the world did not make her happy. Having most everypony serving her did not make her happy. Being beautiful. . . okay, well that did make her happy in sorts, but there was only one thing that could make her happiness truly complete. All of the rest of her ‘happiness’ was fake. Her pseudo-happiness for all the worldly pleasures masked her one true desire: Fluttershy.

Fluttershy was the only pony in all of Equestria whose beauty could even hope to rival Rarity’s. But that is not the reason why she was Rarity’s one true desire. No, that reason can be claimed by how polar opposite Fluttershy’s personality was from Rarity’s. Where Rarity was loud and whiny, Fluttershy was quiet and accepting. Where Rarity demanded that everypony treat her like a lady, and a damned respected one at that, Fluttershy demanded nothing of other ponies or other animals. Where Rarity plastered makeup on her face every day to mask her loneliness, Fluttershy wore a face that held nothing but natural compassion and happiness, with a stare that could penetrate the soul, and a smile that could. . . that could. . .

A smile. A smile that could evoke some strange emotion in Rarity that she never felt otherwise. An emotion of happiness. When Rarity saw that smile she felt like the world was just right. Like it was the most wonderful world out there, and that that smile was the most wonderful thing in that world. When she saw that smile, she forgot about how her hair looked that day, what she should eat to stay on diet, and whether or not she was going to make it through all the stress that ruling a world imposed. She forgot about herself. Not only did she stop caring for herself, she cared only for her, for Fluttershy. She cared

only about making her smile that beautiful smile.

One day, as she awoke alone in the highest room of the tallest tower in Canterlot. She decided to force Fluttershy to live with her. That way, she reasoned, she would be able to see that smile every single day. Naturally, Fluttershy had to obey. Rarity was her friend, and if living with Rarity would make her happy then Fluttershy would do it. But, even though Fluttershy thought it would ensure Rarity's happiness, it certainly wouldn't ensure Fluttershy's.

At first, Rarity was happy. Fluttershy, who she had come to realize was the love of her life, was living with her. With her! They would eat together, rule together, play together, and maybe, she giggled as she thought it, even sleep together. But her happiness faded away as she realized that Fluttershy was not happy. The love of Fluttershy's life, Rarity realized with a soul-crushing epiphany, was not her. No, she *never* smiled when she was around Rarity. Oh, she would 'smile', but Rarity, a master in the art of deceptive smiling, recognized the lack of a real smile. A natural smile. A smile that only occurred when Fluttershy was in her natural habitat: with the animals of Equestria.

Rarity knew that she couldn't contain Fluttershy like this. So, she let her go. She allowed Fluttershy to go back to her life where she could smile, and be happy.

"And?" asked the entranced Rarity.

Oh, and The End.

"What? No! You can't just end a beautiful story like *that!*"

And why not?

"You just. . . You just can't that's why!" responded Rarity.

Well, that's not a very good reason.

"YES IT IS! Does Rarity stay forever alone in her castle of glitter? Or does she follow her heart and give up everything in order to be with Fluttershy? I *have* to know!"

I don't know, Rarity. Make it a worthwhile life or not. The choice is yours.

"The ch-choice is m-mine?" Rarity asked. And as soon as she said it, an epiphany dawned on her. "The choice *is* mine! I have been hiding behind this Grammar Nazi façade to suppress my *own* insecurities and lonelinesses. Not anymore! I don't have to waste my life correcting *other* people's mistakes. I have my *own* mistakes, my *own* stressors, my *own* desires in life! I have my *own* life to live, and by my heart I will live it! I'm coming Fluttershy!" and with that last cry Rarity galloped off, her hooves clapping along with

her on her way to her true love: Fluttershy.

Well, that was a totally unexpected plot twist. Amirite?

Smartass: No, actually it sucked.

Me in response to said smartass: M-must refrain from murder. . . m-must lo-love and toler-tolerate. Hehe. . .

With Rarity gone I can say whatever I want to! This story could be about anything! ANYTHING

Hmm, I know. . .

once upon a time in the magical land of equestrian. there was a lot ta of ponys
and they all had an orgy

Wait, no, that's disgusting.

they all died FOREEVER

Better, but still needs something extra. . .

“LOLZ ur allot of STOOPID PONYS lulliepoops we are sttoooopid” scweemed the most stupidest piece
of crap rarity ever

“OHNOES my grammasuks I gess I haftakil myself NOOOOWWW HURR DURR”

Rarity used Self-Destruct.

It's Super-Effective.

Rarity fainted.

Equestria fainted.

Da da daa da dadadadada daaaaaa.

Take that Equestria.

The End.