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# Ancient

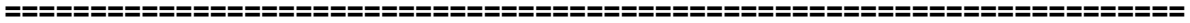
# Blunders

*What else can I do  
to emphasize my title's awesomeness  
when I've already used the max font size  
and bold underlining?*

**By MetalGearSamus**  
**Assisted by The Voices in His Head**

**Pre-read and edited by:**

**Derpy Hooves - Angel Bunny - Henry the Bear - Shakespeare<sup>1</sup>  
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[Chapter Intro Images Pending Inevitable Popularity Peak]**



*Dedicated to...*  
*Pen Stroke & Batty Gloom,*  
*Everyone else who contributed to Past Sins,*  
*And all the people who make up this crazy fanbase in general;*  
*You guys and gals are amazing.*



*"Oh, what fun is there in making sense?"*

**Prologue:  
Mind of Screw**

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[Chapter 1>>](#)

Contingencies. Her master had been so smart. Such beautiful chaos. She needed to get it out. Purge. Expunge. That's what he had said. No. It didn't need to be said. It was innate in her creation. He planned well. Arrogance was bad. He took pride in it. This time he planned for it to kick in. Odd, why did chaos allow for plans? The first time he fell to it he had not been whole. If he'd have been imprisoned completely, he couldn't have seen all the things around him. Oh what horrible order was wrought upon the world after the first time! What insidious laws still remained!

She shuddered at the terrible memories she'd been blessed with. A shrill, staccato squawk echoed from the trees.

What was that? A bird? How pretty! She suddenly had an urge to find it. A new pet! No. There was a weight on her back. It was too heavy to run. She had to keep walking forward. No distractions. Chaos first. Such beautiful chaos. So many things out of order. Everything would flow and spew from nowhere into nothing and back again. She could simply sit back and let the ecstasy of insanity take hold. Like before. She wouldn't have to concentrate any more. Bliss. *Order your thoughts for a day, and your reward will be eternal.* It hurt to order them. Things did not belong in their proper places. She had to focus. It hurt. It bored her.

She stepped off of the forest trail and into a clearing, where two others stood waiting. A statue she recognized sat between them. Both sets of eyes shimmered in greeting, each flickering through a sickening rainbow of colors in an unstoping volley of fluorescence.

How beautiful! Such gross strobes. And the skewed one wears them all the better! She could not wait for the madness to spread. Again. *Third time's a charm*, he'd say. She had to focus on this task. Mind mustn't muse too long on one object. Don't space out. Get him back. Let him out again. Such a terrible fate, stone. Quite lovely. It made her angry. Why would anypony be so cruel? Such disgust filled her. *Bad, bad, bad. Focus.* She didn't want to keep him waiting.

It welled up in her. The chaos that had been put there, now stretching out toward its true host. It felt so good it hurt.

She sighed, pleasure overwhelming her as she stepped up to the statue's base. The closer she got, the closer she was to releasing the energies. She quivered in anticipation, and dumped the

weight from her back. The unconscious pony slumped to the ground, and the insane pink mare who had been carrying her jumped forward, embracing the cold stone of Discord.

“Here master! We are here! It’s almost time! Disorder will be soon! You two!” She whipped around. It was time. She pointed at the brown stallion, whose eyes were turned a pulsing rhythm of color. “Get the things set up. Are they set up?”

“They haven’t been.”

“Good. You.” She jumped over to the grey pegasus whose eyes blazed with brilliant lights. She gasped. They were asymmetrical as well! The combination was so breathtakingly beautiful that she wanted to kiss her; tackle her to the ground and endlessly ravish such a sweet, strong, scrumptious incarnation of insanity. No. Not now. That would be rude. The pegasus’s smile was lopsided. Such temptation. Too little time. She needed to focus.

“Good. You.” She repeated again, pointing at her winged pegasus companion repetitively. “Do you have the prisoner?”

“No.”

“Then who does?”

“You do.”

“I do?”

“Do you?”

“Who do?”

“Do who?”

“Do you!” She leaped upon the pegasus, unable to control herself. She stopped, lips halfway to the grey mare who laid splayed out, legs-up on the ground, when she heard a noise. It was the pony she had carried all the way here. She descended from the sky, her white wings and coat shining brilliantly in the sunlight. It had taken her long enough to get here! Why did she seek to delay Discord?

Screwball frowned at the white pegasus, suddenly realizing that she was not, in fact, the pink earth pony carried here and dumped carelessly next to her imprisoned master. Screwball looked back at the pink pony, remembering to focus and forgetting her impromptu advances.

“Surprise!” yelled the white pegasus, who now sat atop Discord’s head, his face twisted into an

expression of terror and agony. Pain suddenly rippled through Screwball's body. She needed to free his chaos; unleash it before it tore her apart. The notion scared her.

"I already know your name!" she cried to the new pegasus.

"Whose name?" inquired the brown stallion.

"Surprise's!" she replied, frowning at his ignorance.

"Surprise?" the mare pinned below her asked.

"Yes?" asked Surprise, who now lay atop the mailmare, squished between the two.

"Ooh! A surprise? I love surprises!" shouted Pinkie Pie, who had woken up and quickly untied herself from the ropes used to keep her from escaping once Screwball brought her to the clearing they now stood in. She bounced up, and bounded over to the trio of ponies. Surprise disintegrated as Screwball's attention was suddenly drawn to the new voice. She gasped, her mouth contorting into an expression of horror. This was bad! They needed her to cooperate!

"Go back to sleep!" she said, jabbing a hoof into the pink pony's chest. "We can't let you escape!"

"Escape? But I haven't seen the surprise yet!" Pinkie Pie grew worried. "Hey! What's Discord doing here? Isn't he supposed to be back in the royal gardens?"

"We stole him!" Derpy proclaimed proudly. "Right, big muffin?" She turned to the brown stallion.

"My name is Coconut. Yes. I'm not a muffin. Right." He suddenly tackled Pinkie Pie, wrestling her to the ground and using his body to anchor her to the ground where he had just wrestled her to. "Do we start now?" He turned his head up to Screwball, who stood staring at the sky, pondering the taste of blue. She decided it sounded like an insect's bite. *Focus*. The chaos inside her screamed to be released.

"Derpy, begin the ritual." *Focus*. Now was the most important part. *Order your thoughts, now will be the most important part.*

Derpy began the ritual. She squirmed out from under her pink coated attacker, and flew up to a nearby cloud. She moved it into place directly above the statue of Discord. She then began pulling out ingredients from her saddlebags and pouring them into the cloud, occasionally mixing them into a more homogeneous state.

"Hey," Pinkie Pie pipped from underneath the brown stallion, "What's up with your eyes?"

“My eyes?”

“Yeah! They’re all flashy and turning all sorts of crazy colors!” She smiled up at him, genuinely curious.

“I don’t know. Discord gave them to us.” He frowned. “No. She did. Yes. Not him. Same thing.”

“I need to release this! Get. It. Out!” Screwball panted, she could feel the energies inside her coming to a boil. It was agony. She was a balloon of chaos in a vacuum of order, and her body was shaking from the strain of keeping it all in. She gasped for breath, crying out in pain as she staggered to the ground. It hurt. She had lost focus for too long. Things were not going as planned. How could one plan in an environment of unpredictability?

“Are you okay?” Pinkie Pie reached out a hoof to comfort the other strange pink earth pony. “I’m not sure what’s going on, but I know that whatever it is, me and my friends can help! Do you need help?” She smiled brightly, eyes twinkling. It was a horrifically normal reaction for a concerned pony. Screwball backed away. She was frightened.

“No help... release... chaos. Coconut... laughter. Discord.” Her vision was fogging up. Random splotches of color danced around her, and her coat began to radiate waves of heat. Surprise peaked out from behind the Discord statue, watching her cautiously.

“Release... Discord?” Pinkie Pie finally understood what was going on. “Oh no! You can’t do that! Then everypony will be unhappy again! And I don’t want to be a meanie-mean-pants to any of my friends ever again! Or a mopey-sad-sack!” She struggled against the brown stallion, but he remained firmly clamped to her body. “Hey! I know!” she said excitedly, “If you stop, then I can throw you a party! A Not Reviving An Ultimate Evil For Magically Contrived Reasons Party!”

Her words fell on deaf ears, however, as Screwball had just let loose a horrendous screech of pain that caused everything in the immediate area to lose their ability to hear anything but a low ringing noise. She hurt. So. Much. It needed to escape. Pain finally gave her focus as the chaotic energies pushed their way from her mind and tried to escape her body.

“Hooves!” she shouted upwards, “Is it ready yet?”

“Yes!” replied Derpy as she stirred in the last ingredient. The cloud was now pink, and when she bucked it chocolate raindrops began pouring out. Screwball smiled, relieved. She next turned to the saute before her, and the energies pushed outward.

She finally let them go.

Light spilled forth from her, glowing brown and black and inky purple and sickly yellow green. The colors swept through the air and into the pink cloud, seeping into the droplets that it rained

down. The raindrops now began to target Discord alone, sucked toward the statue as if it were a magnet. A chocolate magnet. What an interesting concept. She'd have to tell Discord about that once he was back. Back! She needed to focus. Screwball glowered down at Pinkie Pie, stomping a hoof dangerously close to the baker's face. She growled. The pink pony gulped.

"W-what are you doing?" She squirmed. "Stop! You're being bullies! And meanies!"

"Miss Pie. Do you..." She lowered her head to the pony's ear, a sliver of a smile on her face, "Wanna hear a joke?"

"Ooh yes! I love a good joke." Pinkie's face flooded with relief. "Oh, don't tell me, this is all a prank right? Please say it's a prank!"

"What do you get when you strum more than one string on a guitar?"

"Uh... music?" Pinkie tilted her head in confusion.

"No! Ya' get-" Using the energies of chaos that still resided in her, she pulled a guitar out from literally nowhere and strummed dramatically. "Dis' chord!" She spoke in an accent.

A pause, and then Pinkie Pie chortled uncontrollably. "Oh, that's a good one. Well—" She gasped for breath, "—really, it's a terrible joke, but it's so bad it's good! I love those kinds of jokes." As she continued laughing she began to glow. Surprise rubbed her hooves together in anticipation as Derpy and Screwball gazed upon the gathering energy. Discord's statue, now coated in chocolate, also began glowing as the energies of Laughter wafted toward it. Finally, as her laughter died down, the light stopped and the chocolate solidified. A moment later it began to crack. The statue was no longer made of stone.

Pinkie Pie's ears sprang up at the sound, and she gasped when she turned to see what made the noise. "Oh no! We have to—!"

*KA-BOOM! PFTZZZ!*

**"HALT WHERE YE STAND, CRIMINAL SCUM!"**

The sky exploded into darkness, and lightning streaked through the clearing, smashing away the pink cloud and dislodging Coconut from Pinkie Pie. The smoke from the blasts cleared to reveal Princess Luna hovering above the chocolate statue, her royal guards pinning down the three disciples of chaos below her. She surveyed the scene, and grimaced when she saw what they had done. She dropped to the ground beside Pinkie Pie, who was busy dusting herself off. Another crack formed on Discord's statue.

**"Bearer of Laughter!"** she commanded, **"Lend me thine energies. We think We can undo**

**the spell if we act together!”**

“Okay!” replied Pinkie, who was not sure how to do that. It didn’t seem to matter, though, as Luna’s horn began to glow and Pinkie could feel energy being syphoned from her body. It made her tingly all over, and she shivered excitedly.

Luna’s horn pulsed with power, and she fired a single, pink-encased, purple beam of energy at the heart of Discord. The statue became encased in the energies, and the cracks’ progresses began to slow. With a surge of power, Luna began forcing the cracks in the chocolate coating back toward their center, and she seemed to have the situation under complete control.

*This makes too much sense*, Screwball thought. She began to panic. All was lost. Her plan was foiled. *Chaos*. She was doomed. Surprise rematerialized and leaped at the moon princess, but her attack did nothing. Luna didn’t even flinch as the white pegasus landed blow after blow on the alicorn’s body. Screwball tried to struggle against the guards who held her, but it proved futile. She was trapped. *Focus*. All was lost. Doomed. Forever order. *Focus*.

*Release*.

Suddenly, more energy poured from the darker pink mare. It drenched the statue, overwhelming the layer of glowing pink and black and forcing them deep into Discord’s body. The energies met in the center, and, before anypony in the clearing could react, annihilated. Light rushed outward, and the statue began dissolving. Bits of chocolate stone flew through the air, crackling and evaporating as they hit the ground. The air began to reek of burnt sugar, and Screwball passed out as chaos energies washed over her. Again.

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Later, the moon princess stood outside the small white building of Ponyville’s hospital that her guard had commandeered after dragging their unconscious comrades out of the forest. Her hair was disheveled, and her wings twitched at random as she paced in front of her personal guardstallion.

“And thou still have not found Discord?” Luna frowned at her armored subordinate, worry on her brow.

“No ma’am.” the unicorn replied curtly, “We scoured the forest, and cast every scrying and locator spell we could think of. The only thing left of his statue is residual energy from the explosion. No body. No shards. No nothin’.”

Luna grunted her thanks, and turned back to the hospital’s door. She trotted inside and strode past the ponies working there, ignoring their bows and curtsies. She had been having a very hectic day. After discovering that Discord had disappeared from the palace gardens, she and



her sister had gathered the royal guards and hurriedly teleported them throughout their domain in an effort to find where the master of chaos had gone. The search had proven futile until one unit reported that the zebra Zecora had spotted “a pony-napping pink mare, whose crazed eyes were quite a scare,” and Luna had decided to investigate personally. The result had been less than ideal.

After the explosion, the princess had awoken to find her guards unconscious and no sign of the three ponies who had, as she quickly learned, been attempting to free Discord. Exactly *how* they had intended to do this—and the reason why they had needed Pinkie Pie—still eluded her, but what was more important was that it looked like they might have succeeded. Her ears twitched at the thought. Celestia would need to be informed as soon as possible, but right now Luna had somepony else to talk to.

“How art thou doing, Pinkie Pie?” she asked as she trotted into the hospital’s private care room. Before her lay the pink earth pony, wires and tubes strapped and plugged to her forelegs, all either monitoring or nurturing her. Her hair was messy and puffy, and she smiled widely as the princess approached.

“Super-duper, your majesty! Although,” She looked at her belly, rubbing it with a foreleg, “I sure could go for some cupcakes right about now. Or maybe some cookies. Or even just bread! Anything that tastes better than this Icky Vinous Fluid they gave me.” She stuck her tongue out in disgust.

Luna smiled, suppressing a giggle, “It is called *Intravenous* Fluid, my little pony, and We believe it is supposed to be injected, not drunk.”

“Hmm...” Pinkie placed a hoof on her chin, contemplating the princess’s words, “Well, I guess that would explain why Nurse Tenderheart fainted when I swallowed the whole bag... and I’ve been getting *pretty* suspicious about all those needles they’ve been trying to poke in me.”

Luna let out a dry chuckle, “Yes, well, We hope thou don’t mind, but We are pressed for time and have need of some information from thou.” Pinkie sat up at these words, looking eagerly at her sovereign, “When We arrived, there were three other ponies there along with thou, and Discord’s statue appeared as if it were breaking. We have three questions: What was going on, how didst thou end up there, and who were those other ponies?”

“Weeell...” she began, “this morning I was busy baking at Sugarcube Corner when Mrs. Cake said we needed more milk, so I ran to the market as fast as I could to get more but on the way I ran into a pony I had never met before! So I got super excited and was all—” she gasped dramatically “—and ran back as fast as I could to go set up a party for her, because I *always* throw a party for anypony I’ve never met before, but then I realized that I didn’t know where she lived, so I ran back out and found her waiting right outside the door going *Edibeebiobabeebiobabibeebioba—*” imitating the pony in her story, Pinkie flapped her lips with a

hoof, making bubbling noises, “—and so I said ‘Hi! I’m Pinkie Pie, what’s your name?’ And then she said ‘Screwball!’ And I was about to ask where she wanted her party when she suddenly screamed ‘Surprise, not yet!’ and waved a hoof at somepony behind me, but when I turned around all I could see was Sugarcube Corner! And then...”

She stopped suddenly, tapping a hoof against her head and narrowing her eyes in concentration, “Well, there were a bunch of hoof-sounds all of a sudden, then lots of blurry colors, and then my head hurt a lot for a moment...” She gasped, eyes widening, “She ponynapped me! That’s why I woke up with all those ropes tied around me! Why would anypony do something like that?”

Luna nodded, taking notes on a notepad that floated nearby, “ ‘Tis precisely what We are trying to learn. Doth thou have any idea what these three ponies were doing with Discord’s statue?”

“Yep! They were trying to free that big baddy by turning his statue into super-delicious chocolate. Mmm.” She licked her lips.

“Uhm... could thou beith more precise?” Luna asked, and Pinkie started describing the scene she had awoken to. Luna frowned in concentration, taking notes on her notepad while trying to grasp the dynamics of the spell they had been attempting.

“...and then *BOOM!* You showed up!” She smiled widely, throwing her forelegs into the air for emphasis. This action ripped most of the attached wires away, and sent one of the smaller monitors flying across the room, and into the face of the medical pony who had just entered. Luna gasped as the steel blue mare collapsed, and the tray of supplies she had been carrying clattered to the ground while the monitor shattered into a million tiny pieces. Pinkie Pie’s eyes went wide, and she snapped her forelegs back against her body. “Oopsie.”

“Oh Our Us! Art thou alright?” Luna bent her head down to her battered subject, levitating debris away with her horn.

“Urgh... yes... but,” Nurse Tenderheart struggled to her feet, swaying slightly as she reoriented herself. “I just... I think I’ll go home now, if you don’t mind.”

“Uhm, no, that is fine. Thou... you look like you need a rest.” Luna stated.

“Sorry about that!” Pinkie chirped from her bed. The nurse nodded absentmindedly in response and staggered out of the room, flinching as a headache began to descend upon her. Luna and Pinkie stared at the empty doorway for a moment before turning back to each other.

“Anyway,” the princess resumed, “Thou said that thou recognized the other two ponies in the clearing. Couldst thou perhaps identify them? ”

“Well, duh!” she gushed, “The pegasus was Derpy Hooves the mailmare, and I’d recognize her anywhere because I see her pretty much every day of my life. The other was a brown pony who I didn’t *really* know at first, but then, after that pink one said his name was Coconut, I remembered that *he’s* the pony who helps manage the town’s water systems!” She frowned again, “Wait a minute, why would a pony napper say their own names when the pony they captured is right next to them? That seems pretty dumb to me. Like, really dumb.”

“Well, arrogance has its upsides, We suppose.” Luna nodded, taking a few final notes, “We thank thee for thou time, Pinkie Pie, We believe We have all the information We need.” She smiled gently at the earth pony, and turned to leave.

“No problemo! See you later!” Pinkie waved a hoof as she departed.

Next, after sending a rapidly scribbled letter off to Celestia, Luna went to the hospital’s main wing, where the six guards caught in the magical blast now lay. At the entrance she was greeted by Nurse Redheart, who reported that none of her guards were hurt, but also that none were “in the right mind.”

“What doth thou mean’eth?” Luna glanced across the long room, noting that her guards were the only patients. They were laid up in two rows, one on each side of the room, while three other nurses strode up and down between them, taking notes and making measurements of their conditions. “They appear fine to Us.”

“Yes, well, perhaps it’s best if I just show you.” She motioned the princess over to the left row of beds, and began recounting what was wrong with each. The first guard was perhaps the best off; though he could not speak without singing, his words were clear, sane, and perfectly on pitch. The second guard, however, couldn’t stop breaking out into uncontrollable laughter every time he opened his mouth to try and speak. The third guard was much the same, only, in place of laughter, he could do nothing but hit on every pony in sight and make lewd suggestions regarding what they could do together in bed.

Luna shuffled away from him and moved on to the next row, which was even more bizarre. The first stallion—the one who had been closest to the statue, Luna remembered—lay staring at the ceiling with a blank expression while mumbling gibberish to himself. He was also the only one with any physical manifestations of illness; his eyes would change color every four or so seconds, although the nurses claimed they had observed no pattern to the colors themselves. Luna noted that Pinkie Pie had described something similar in her story. The fifth guard, a mare, lay in bed, apparently having a conversation with the ceiling.

“No, *you* get down *here!* I am a royal paladin, you have absolutely no right to disobey my orders!” She shook a hoof upward.

A pause.

“Don’t you talk back to me, civilian! Get your stupid white flank down here this instant or I’ll come up there and drag you down myself!” She growled. Her eyes widened as nothing responded to her demands.

“Oh that’s *it*. I’m going to tear your wings off you good-for-nothing, gryphon-loving—” Two of the nurses calmly held her down as she tried to attack the ceiling; she seemed to take no notice of them, and she snarled and lashed out at the pegasus above her that only she could see. Luna and Nurse Redheart stepped away from the bed, exchanging worried looks. The moon princess nodded toward the final bed, where the last nurse sat, patiently writing down readings on a clipboard.

“We hesitate to ask, but what is wrong with him?”

“Him? Well... let’s see, how do I put this...” Nurse Redheart breathed in, motioning to the still stallion, “He says that—”

“I see everything twice!” he cried, jumping up in his bed, eyes bulging from his head. He flailed around briefly before collapsing back into the sheets. The nurse beside him jotted down a few more notes, and Luna tilted her head toward Nurse Redheart in confusion.

“What does that mean?”

“We don’t kn—”

“It means I see everything twice!” he proclaimed. The second nurse gave a sideways glance at the two onlookers, and then cleared her throat.

“Watch,” she said before turning back to the stallion. She held up a single hoof in front of his face, “How many hooves am I holding up?”

“Two!” he replied.

“How many horns does the princess have?” she asked.

“Two!” he cried.

“How many ponies are watching you right now?”

“Two!”

“How many legs do you have?”

“Two!”

She turned back to the princess. “I think you get the idea.”

“Two!” he yelled. His attendant rolled her eyes.

Nurse Redheart and Luna looked at each other, shrugged, and then trotted back to the front of the wing.

“Hmm, well, do what thou can for them until We can get them moved to the royal hospital, though We are not sure Our doctors will be able to do much more. We’ve never seen anything like this before.” Actually she had, when Discord was in control, but she didn’t want to cause any sort of panic. She thanked the nurse and her staff for their efforts, and then trotted out of the hospital, writing down a few more notes as the door slid shut behind her.

She frowned, thinking hard. Something was off. Two of the ponies that had captured Pinkie and six of her guards had become possessed by chaos. Their minds would be warped and their thoughts muffled under blankets of insanity. This had happened before. Discord had once used this curse to make pseudo-willing slaves, but he grew bored of their “predictable idiocy” and used them only when absolutely necessary; he liked to toy with those under his domain, but mind-controlled ponies do not squirm when bound. She shivered at the thought that somewhere out there, there were two ponies who had been made his slaves. Or, maybe not *Discord’s* slaves, but...

Screwball. *She* was in control. Relatively. From what Pinkie had been able to recount, Luna gathered that she had not only been possessed by chaos, but also served as both a host to a huge chunk of Discord’s power and the group’s ringleader. That ceremony was how they had intended to revive him. By using his own chaos energies augmented with the magic of the Bearer of the Element of Laughter, who had been the most sympathetic to his manner. Luna frowned, eyes darting back and forth along the ground as she walked, lost in thought. Screwball still had to come from somewhere, though. Not even Discord had the power to create life... so there was yet another poor innocent caught up in his schemes.

So, three ponies, all possessed by chaos and intent on reviving Discord, were lost or hiding away in the Everfree Forest, while Discord himself was either dead or plotting his revenge. Luna suspected the latter. She and Celestia had a lot of work to do. If Discord managed to attack first, as he had last time, then not even the Elements of Harmony would be able to stop him again.

The moon princess leaped upward, gave a mighty series of flaps, and vanished into the night sky, headed back to Canterlot.

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Long after the royal guard had completed their last sweep of the area, there was a whistling in the clearing. The wind blew toward its center from all directions, causing leaves to spiral through the air and coalesce in a tumbling ball in the center. There was a sucking sound, and suddenly thousands of droplets of glowing chocolate milk materialized throughout the air. They were inhaled inward toward the ball of leaves and grass, combining with it to form a dense cluster of sticky, stinking biomass. The wind picked up, forcing the leaves and milk deeper into themselves, causing the ball to spin faster and faster and take on a more ovular shape.

Finally, the wind stopped, and there was a brief, bright flash of yellow light. A figure dropped from where the sphere had floated. It landed with a soft thunk, and the night was still again.

AND SO THE EPIC OF DYX BEGAN

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[Chapter 1>>](#)

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I welcome all criticisms and comments.  
Please leave all feedback on this story's EqD page, thank you.

My Little Pony, Friendship is Magic © Hasbro  
I do not own the intellectual properties that the authors of the fan-fiction that this fan-fiction is  
loosely based on do not own. So there.

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<sup>1</sup>I couldn't understand a thing that dude said, but it sounded awesome.

<sup>2</sup>The air Toa was quoted as saying that this story was "very goodwritten for such an oddstrange matoran."

<sup>3</sup>He was killed in an unfortunate railgun accident shortly after sending in his feedback. He will be missed.

<sup>4</sup>This man(?) is terrible at giving clear feedback. Or returning manuscripts unburnt. Never use him as an editor.