

<uSeaGM> **Group 4 Session 70b**

<uSeaGM> When we last left our party they were resting in the Thunderchild's infirmary. Many of the group had eaten some of Milia's special custard and some have had very strange dreams indeed. Even Watch Tower has joined the sleepers via his spooky mind magic. Only Artifica remained fully awake, fighting off her own exhaustion to look after Milia and her friends.

<uSeaGM> Worry and doubt chased each other inside Artifica's head. Could she have stopped her friends from trying this strange drug? What if Milia became addicted again? Yet despite all of her self-blame, her friends seem to be sleeping peacefully. After a little while, Artifica begins to want another coffee.

<uSeaGM> But then she notices something wrong with one of her friends. Whisper's breathing is quick and erratic and his heart pounds in his chest. Artifica is just about to leap into action when the stallion suddenly awakens...

<uSeaGM> *Session begins*

* Whisper sits up with a blood-curdling shriek and tumbles off the bed where he was sleeping.

* Watch_Tower closes his eyes which he'd only just opened and winces...he was glad his hearing wasn't currently augmented.

* Whisper climbs to his hooves, coughing and looking around frantically.

* Milia remains in deep slumber...for the moment.

<Watch_Tower> "Are...are you okay Whisper?" It took him a moment to recall what he'd thought made him scream.

* Whisper looks at Watch. "You...you stay away from me!" he points at Watch with a hoof.

* Watch_Tower sighs and stays where he was sitting. "Alright..."

* Whisper looks at Milia, tears forming at the corners of his eyes. He then turns and barrels out of the room as fast as his hooves will go, suppressing a sob.

* Artifica is quickly at Whisper's side, checking his pulse. "Are... are you okay."

<Artifica> Or not, as Whisper flees.

<Watch_Tower> "uhh...I think...he..." He sighs. "he is going to need a little time...I am going to talk to him when he calms down a little..."

* Artifica instead stares in the direction he left. Then runs after him, calling back to Watch_Tower, "You watch them. And not with any mind magic!"

<Watch_Tower> "He...is quite afraid of me..."

* Watch_Tower sighs. "I..."

<Watch_Tower> "they're going to be all waking up soon...so alright..."

* Watch_Tower lays down feeling like quite a heel suddenly.

* Whisper races down the hall, not looking behind himself. Instead he looks around for a quiet place to hide.

* Artifica wishes she had a PipBuck. Everything is always so much easier for people with fancy arcanotech.

* Artifica calls out softly, "Whisper? Whisper, it's me, Artifica."

* Whisper stops in a hall he thinks is empty and sits down to finally let it out.

* Watch_Tower watches Berry, Jack, and Milia sleep.

* Artifica slows her approach, hearing the sobs. "Whisper?"

<Watch_Tower> Jack stirs after a bit and leaves the room without comment.

* Whisper looks up slowly. "Were you in on it?" he asks bitterly.

* Milia 's eyes slowly begin to flutter. A few restless tosses and turns later, and the zebra is up...only to find the room is somewhat more empty than she had expected. She had expected to see Artifica sleeping next to her...and wait, wasn't Whisper in here too? And Jack?

* Milia slowly sits up, rubbing her bleary eyes. The vision she had been subjected to stayed clear in her thoughts. "*Nnnngh*...that was...not what I expected..." she mutters quietly.

<Watch_Tower> "Hey Mil...the others left already...Whisper in tears....I traumatized him...Art went to check on him...and jack looked close himself."

* Prism wasn't really asleep right now, and was more lying there. He didn't really care to get out of bed.

<Whisper> "The joke? Were you in on it?" Whisper hisses to Artifica.

* Artifica frowns. "Joke? What joke?" She looks stern. "Whatever this was, I wasn't 'in on it'."

* Milia lets out a rather deep sigh upon hearing Jack's name. "Ugh, yeah...Jack..." the zebra trails off. What could she really say? She instead decides to focus on the other part of the unicorn's statement. "...you traumatized Whisper?...Uh, how?"

* Watch_Tower rubs the back of his head. "I checked in on him because his breathing was

ragged....and he's apparently more afraid of me then the lightbringer."

<Watch_Tower> "and then I saw how he saw the world..."

* Artifica moves closer to Whisper, looking him over. "I'm not going to ask if you are all right. The answer is obviously 'no'. But how do you feel?" She adds, "Physically, first. Then mentally."

* King_Sombra is now known as Nomad

* Whisper actually looks /mad/ for once. "The whole drug-custard joke. I get it now, haha, let's all have a laugh at Whisper!" He suddenly sags, looking down at the floor again. "I trusted her..." he manages to croak out.

* Milia cocks her head. "...he's afraid of Littlepip? And, wait, you /checked/ on him? Like...went into his head or whatever?"

* Whisper coughs again. "My body feels fine," he mumbles, "aside from my lungs. My head-" he starts sniffing and crying again.

<Watch_Tower> "Yeah...you were all linked by a mental link and those can be dangerous without something properly guiding it..."

* Prism yawns.

* Artifica continues to frown. "Aside from your lungs?" Last she checked, lungs were part of the body. "Anything different than what you suffered from the monster's smog?"

* Milia slumps back down into bed. She was...not entirely thrilled that a friend had been traumatized indirectly from something she made. If only she knew the half of it! "Gee, Watch, I didn't realize you knew so much about...*yawn*...weird spirit concoctions..."

* Whisper shakes his head. "No, just the smog, still being a problem. But Artifica...Milia...I think she hates me."

* Watch_Tower sighs and looks at Berry concerned. "It's not spirits...that's just mind magic....dangerous stuff..."

<Watch_Tower> "You see things ponies don't even show themselves...and if you pry into things you risk scaring them..."

* Artifica returns that mad just a bit, "You all decided to take a weird zebra-concocted drug -- one that even Milia wasn't sure what the effects would be -- because it sounded cool? You're all probably lucky you aren't in comas. Or worse."

<Watch_Tower> "I...actually know very little about spirits..."

<Prism> "Yeah...that was kind of dumb...."

* Artifica adds, "Considering it was a drug that affected /spirits/ ... the possibilities for 'worse' astounds me."

<Watch_Tower> "I just knew a pony by the name of Siren that...apparently used to be a lot worse..."

<Prism> "It's a wonder you all have survived for this long."

* Milia lets out a sigh. "This stuff was supposed to be harmless! It was supposed to 'relax' you and get you 'in touch with your spiritual side'! I mean, shit, did I make it wrong or something?..."

<Watch_Tower> "I really don't know...,but...you should probably...talk to Art..."

<Watch_Tower> "and Whisper..."

* Whisper cringes. "I'm sorry! I just...I figured Milia knew what she was doing!"

<Watch_Tower> "wish Dolly were here...we're all going to need therapy I swear..."

* Artifica laughs a little bitterly at that.

* Milia looks even more worried now. She sits back up quickly, frowning at Watch Tower. A deep anxiety was beginning to grip her. "Wait...did something happen to Arti, too?"

* Artifica takes Whisper's pulse, checks his forehead and does other basic make-sure-he's-not-falling-apart things. "I don't know what happened to all of you. But it happened to all of you. Even Milia's familiar. And Watch_Tower, when he tried to help all of you with his magic."

* Whisper looks pale and starts shaking. "Artifica...am I going to die? Is the dream going to come true?"

* Artifica scowls, "I'm suspecting you all enjoyed a very special level of bad trip. But I doubt it was anything prophetic. None of you are Pinkie Pie."

* mimezinga is now known as BerryBomb

* Whisper starts crying softly again. "Artifica, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, I didn't think it would be that bad."

* Artifica wraps Whisper in her forelegs and holds him, letting him cry.

<Watch_Tower> "Nothing happened to Art...well..." He sighs

<Watch_Tower> "I didn't know about your addiction issues...,but you've...put her through

something you...really shouldn't have here..."

<Whisper> "Please...don't hate me. I'll do anything, I just don't want to be alone again."

* Milia 's blood runs cold. The zebra's teeth begin to grind, her lips curling into a mild snarl. She was angry more at herself than anything. "N-no...no this *wasn't* that! This...this wasn't a chem! This was different! I...I'm not like that anymore!"

<Watch_Tower> "It's...kind of hard to see from the outside..."

<Watch_Tower> "you need to talk to her...really."

* BerryBomb walks outside the room yawning "what is going on? i was eating dreamcakes...."

<BerryBomb> *dreamcakes

* Artifica rocks Whisper gently. "We don't hate you." She levitates out a brush and gives him gentle brushies (feeling slightly awkward doing this to a grown stallion, but knowing it's calming effects). "This was just everybody being really, really stupid... and paying the consequences. I'm sorry. I should have stopped it."

* Milia hops off the bed frantically, swearing repeatedly under her breath. She messed up here. Big time. "Fucking hell...fuck fuck FUCK..." Milia trots to the door, stopping only to look back to Watch Tower. "...Watch, where are they?"

* Whisper quickly calms under the irresistible influence of brushies. "M-maybe you don't," he says quietly, "but I don't know what Milia thinks of me. Only that it isn't good."

<Watch_Tower> "calm down first...and then look for Art..." He points toward the direction he'd feel from his bond.

* Milia takes several, deliberate breaths. "Oh I'm calm..." She stares at him, pointing at her clearly high strung expression. "...SEE HOW CALM I AM?"

* BerryBomb yawns again "why is everypony screaming or crying? i want breakfast...."

<Watch_Tower> "Yes, and that is why I am saying calm down." Watch says flatly.

* Artifica continues holding, rocking and brushing. "I... doubt Milia is thinking poorly of anyone but herself right now."

* BerryBomb trots away from the screams and probably ends up meeding the sobbing ponies. "oh, good mornig... do they serve cappuccino already in the mess hall?"

* Prism goes back to sleep

* Whisper says even more quietly, "You didn't see what I did..."

* Milia squeezes her eyes shut and tries to clear her head. She was exhausted, furious, upset, and honestly bashing her head against a wall several times violently didn't sound like too bad an idea either, so 'calm down' was easier said than done. Still, Watch Tower had a point. "Okay..." she murmurs, her expression softening. "...fine...I'm calm. See? Now if you'll excuse me..."

<Watch_Tower> "alright..."

* Watch_Tower looks about seeing everypony else was awake and his 'work' was done...and he's still feeling like a heel. He considers heading back for the room he was at before.

* BerryBomb being ignored, decides to go back to the sleeping area and see if she can find somepony more reasonable

* Watch_Tower is still sulking there.

* BerryBomb but she only finds prism! the filly takes a long look at prism, she's not sure of her relationship with the mostly silent and lonesome unicorn... maybe she should consider him hostile and shoot him while he sleeps...

* BerryBomb or lick him and see if he has a flavor... both things seem reasonable... well, she'll perform the more exciting one

* Milia trots in the direction that Watch Tower had pointed her in. Hesitantly, she calls out to the ponies she's looking for. "A...Artifica? Whisper? Are you guys...around?"

<BerryBomb> -LICK LICK LICK- "mh, he has a flavor"

* Watch_Tower finding himself alone does go back to the room he'd awakened in.

* BerryBomb and since prism is sleeping really soundly, she decides that she can try to exploit this for getting double breakfast. so she grabs the unicorn's tail and drags him towards the mess hall

* BerryBomb -DRAG... DRAG... DRAG...-

* Whisper pulls away from Artifica upon hearing Milia's voice drifting down the hall. He stares in the direction her voice came from, as if in a trance. "No...", he says faintly.

* Artifica lets him go gently, and stands.

* Watch_Tower redacts since the strange spirit was apparently sleeping still.

* Artifica walks out to meet Milia... and instead finds Berry dragging an unconscious Prism by the tail. "uh.... Berry?"

* Watch_Tower watches it oddly...he'd never really interacted much with Spirits before.

* Artifica cocks her head at BerryBomb. "What... are you doing?"

* Watch_Tower pokes the sleeping flame spirit...but not before casting equestria's love...hey never know might help if it does really burn.

* Whisper sits where he is, alone, frozen with fear. He can't quite decide whether he'd like Milia to shot up so he can scream and run, or not show up so he can sit quietly.

<Whisper> *show up

* BerryBomb stops for a moment, smiling "we're going to see if we can have breakfast! then maybe he'll let me have his cornetto"

* BerryBomb "i mean, the pastry, not his stallion's thing... so dont' take it as a sexual joke okay?"

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower pokes the sleeping spirit. She feels very warm and tingly to the touch, but she doesn't wake up.

* Watch_Tower idly considers that she'd make a very nice pillow.

* Artifica looks at Berry and Prism, assesses the situation, and comes to the obvious conclusion. "You're dragging him there hoping to get his breakfast too, aren't you?"

* Artifica adds, "Don't you think the cook will notice he's asleep?"

* BerryBomb looks away "mmmmmaybe.... want to join? if you dont' want your muffin i can eat it..."

* Whisper gets up and hesitantly walks down the hall. He's not sure of his direction, and even less sure of where Milia is now.

* Artifica can't help but smile a little. "Maybe in a little bit, Berry. I have to... check on the others." With a wink, "I might even need help eating my muffin."

* BerryBomb shrugs "no problem, i'll tag along if you don't mind..." follows Artifica -DRAG... DRAG... DRAG...-

* Whisper continues slowly down the hall, turning constantly to watch as many directions as he can. Almost unbidden, he quietly calls, "Milia...?"

* Watch_Tower idly pesters sleeping spirits because...why not?

* Artifica blinks. Then nods. It might be a good thing to have Berry there. Part of her wants to scream at Milia. Or slap her. With Berry there, that won't happen.

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower pokes and pokes but Mercy doesn't stir, still sleeping curled up in a bowl.

* Whisper calls louder, against his better judgment. "Milia...are you there? We...we should...talk."

* Watch_Tower looks about. "huh...it's getting warmer..."

* Watch_Tower doesn't really stop.

* BerryBomb is still dragging a prism, you can never say when a sleeping unicorn can be useful, you know...

* Milia's ears twitch as she hears Whisper calling out for her. She trots in that direction, though finds herself running into Artifica first...along with...Berry. And...Prism? The scene makes what was already a difficult conversation to start, even weirder. "A-ahhh..."

<Milia> "H-...hey, sweetie..."

<Milia> "...and...Berry..."

* BerryBomb snorts "oh c'mon! really? you don't need to talk, we need to have breakfast!"

* Milia stares down at the filly. "...and Prism..."

* Artifica stops, staring at Milia. She frowns, but reminds herself that Berry is there. So she fights her instincts, takes a deep breath... and asks the big question. "Was it addictive? Was /anything/ in that mixture even /possibly/ addictive?"

* BerryBomb puts a hoof in her mouth as if she's trying to puke, then shakes her head "hasta manhana..." grabs her breakfast coupon again and keeps going towards the nomming place

* Milia withers under Artifica's stare. "N-no! No! It wasn't! I promise! I would never touch anything like that! I would never /make/ anything like that! I...I swear!"

* BerryBomb runs into whisper and stops dragging prism again "oh, hello there, sweetie!"

* Whisper stops with a jolt and looks at the filly. And Prism. "Uh...Berry? What are you doing with Prism?"

* Artifica scowls. "Well... that's something." Good. It wasn't just something, it was good. Still... "What the hell were you thinking? Giving everyone drugs? /Experimental/ drugs?"

* BerryBomb "i'm totally finding a hidden place and rape him..." sighs and rolls her eyes "what does it look like? i'm going to have him a breakfast and then take his pastries, duh!"

* Whisper stares at the filly. "Y-yeah. You...do that. With the pastries, I mean. Not the rape. Rape is bad." He then continues to stare awkwardly.

* Milia begins to stammer the expected battery of excuses. They aren't exactly convincing. "M-Mercy said it w-would help w-with...with getting in touch with..." Yep, can't even finish that one. "...I-I mean...I didn't think it would be bad...I...e-everyone seemed like they could use..."

Can't finish that one either. She stays quiet for several moments, before whimpering out her

* Milia next words.

* Milia finds it very hard to meet Artifica's gaze. "...I-I wanted to stop dreaming...even if it was only for one night..."

* BerryBomb watches whisper as if she's waiting for something

* Whisper stares back at BerryBomb. After a long pause, he gives a tiny wave and says, "Have a nice breakfast."

* BerryBomb tilts her head "you're coming too...."

* Artifica closes her eyes and sighs. Then opens them, glowering. "Do I even need to say how incredibly stupid this was?" She adds, "The only reason I'm not absolutely furious with you is because I'm too busy being mad at myself for not stopping you. Or everypony else."

* Whisper stares at BerryBomb nervously. "Um, no I'm not. Not hungry, sorry. No breakfast."

* Prism wakes up.

<Prism> "Why am I here? Can't you leave me in peace?"

* BerryBomb sighs "you have better things to do? okay, i'm tagging along then"

* Whisper shakes his head. "It wasn't me. It was Berry." He points to the filly.

* BerryBomb "oh, hello prism, want breakfast?"

<Prism> "I nearly burn myself out trying to help, the least you can do is let me sleep."

* Whisper slowly starts backing away from the awkwardness ensuing in the hallway.
"Uh...yeah...come on, Berry, let the stallion sleep. And me, uh, go do stuff."

* Milia stares at her marefriend, her eyes wetting with tears. "I-I'm sorry...I'm so sorry, Arti...you have every right to hate me and not trust me ever again..."

* Prism is grouchy. "I don't think it was that long ago that I had curry. And I'm not falling for drug-filled custard."

* Milia tenses. "It was just...it was so /easy/ to justify..."

* BerryBomb "it wasn't really that good, you didn't miss very much.... but okay, want me to drag you back to the sleeping room?"

<Prism> "I can very much get there myself. Not that it's any use now."

* BerryBomb "well, sleeping in the middle of a hallway is not that comfortable, you know.. i'd go

back to bed if i were you..."

* Artifica has a hard edge in her voice when she says, "It always is." She stares at her marefriend. "You need to do better."

* Whisper turns and starts wandering down the hallways of the Thunderchild again, looking for...somepony. He's not sure who.

* Watch_Tower is still pestering the sleeping fire spirit...it's heating the room up and still sleeping.

* Artifica then softens, "I don't hate you. I love you too much to ever hate you." She takes a deep breath. "But trust is something you're going to have to do a lot of work rebuilding. And not just with me." She glances towards Whisper.

* Whisper rounds the corner and stops cold when he seesn Artifica and Milia.

* Whisper stares at Milia, his expression starting to tinge with horror. He opens his mouth to speak, but only a few strangled sounds come out.

* Artifica notes, "Now is a good time to start."

<Prism> "Yeah, you all can sort this out by yourself." He heads back to the sleeping room.

* Milia feels like an ant right now. She wishes she could just sort of shrink out of existence. Feeling deeply, deeply ashamed, she simply nods to her marefriend. "I-...I love you too, sweetie...I'll do my best..."

<Prism> "By the way, if anypony needs to get clean, I'll happily purge the stuff from your system."

* Artifica nods to Prism. "I think most of them should take you up on that." With a frown, "Milia twice."

* Artifica wobbles. The mention of rest and near burnout reminding her of how bad off she is. "I think I'll join you," she says, following Prism towards the sleeping room.

* Milia sniffles, turning to Whisper. Any veneer of confidence had been washed away, leaving only an uncharacteristically scared, meek little girl in its place. Slowly, she approaches the stallion, ears pinned to the sides of her head.

* Whisper takes stuttering steps backward from Milia until he hits a wall. He promptly slides down until he is lying on the floor, quivering.

* Artifica stops, looking back at Whisper and Milia. She gives Whisper a very tired 'do you want me to stay' look.

* Prism looks at Whisper.

* BerryBomb follows prism and finds milia, arti and whisper again... sits there and sees what happens next

* Watch_Tower gets up and looks about the ship because.

* Whisper doesn't notice Artifica, apparently too transfixed. He covers his face with his forelegs and starts whimpering something unintelligible.

<Prism> "Must've been a really bad trip."

* BerryBomb "he looks quite scared..." looks at milia, perplexed "what did you do to him?" she's more clueless than accusing

* Milia halts in her tracks, seeing the response Whisper had to her even getting close to him. "Wh-Whisper, hey..." she begins.

* Whisper doesn't uncover his face, but his next words are understandable, at least.

* Milia cranes her neck back to look at Berry. "Something bad, I think..."

<Whisper> "Wh-why? Was it all a j-joke? I t-trusted you, Milia..."

* Milia turns her attention back to the cowering stallion before her. "W-wait, what?...Was /what/ a joke?"

* BerryBomb decides to shut up and see what happens next, probably not interfering is the best thing at the moment, also, sees if others stay or go away

<Whisper> "Th-the dream...it was awful," he finally uncovers his face and looks up at Milia fearfully. "You /killed/ me. I felt it."

* BerryBomb tilts her head

* Milia 's expression falls. She had seen Jack's head, and hearing Whisper describe what he saw...well, it didn't take a genius to connect those dots. "Oh, shit..."

* BerryBomb then trots to the bedroom and pulls Watch_Tower's tail, trying to drag him where everyone else is

* Watch_Tower arrives on the scene after sufficient wandering.

* BerryBomb or, a little more simple, noms his tail and follows him where the others are. ponytrain! choo choo!

* Milia slowly approaches him...maybe not the best idea. "Whisper...I'm...I'm so sorry you had to see that...you shouldn't have had to...but you did...I...I had no idea it would connect us all like

that..."

<Whisper> "When I woke up...I felt like I was-," Whisper lets out a choking sound, "-home. I thought you did it on purpose as a sick joke. It's just the thing Glib would have done."

* BerryBomb is great caboose, mebbe a bit small

* Watch_Tower winds up carrying a berry...and heck why not Mercy too.

* Whisper tries to make himself even smaller as Milia gets closer. He only has one word left. "Why?"

* BerryBomb scratches her head "id didn't look that terrible to me... i was ina nice and peaceful town..."

* Milia raises her voice. Again, not the best idea, perhaps. "No! I would never do something like that on purpose! The reason I even /made/ that stuff was so I could maybe have a chance to get away from my own stupid fucking head for a bit! I would never subject somepony else to that on purpose! Especially not as a JOKE!"

* BerryBomb whispers to Watch_Tower "spoiler alert: this is taking some time and i don't think they want it to be public... want some breakfast?"

<Watch_Tower> "Yeah...probably for the best...although...I feel sorry for Milia...no pony really knows what their own head is like..."

* Whisper hides his face again. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Don't be mad, please don't...don't do it...not for real..." He devolves into wretched sounding sobs and coughs.

* BerryBomb whispers back "if my head was meant to be public it would have a window in it..."

* Prism looks at Berry. "No, they don't need alone time. They need to be supervised like foals."

<uSeaGM> Mercy continues sleeping in her bowl. Now being carried by Watch_Tower.

* Watch_Tower just hugs Berry in response. He really wished he could help her.

* BerryBomb frowns "cubs dot' need supervision... natural selection does that perfectly..."

* Prism growls slightly. "When I trust my life in them, the least I can do is watch them so they don't act stupid and get all of us killed or worse."

* BerryBomb "you have a valid point there..." nodnods "you watch them"

* BerryBomb elbows Watch_Tower "guarding group is covered... breakfast now?"

<Watch_Tower> "They aren't in danger currently...and besides my watching them just made

things worse..."

* Milia recoils, backing away a bit. That was not the reaction she was trying to get out of Whisper. When she speaks back up, her volume is a little more reasonable. "Sh-shit...no...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to yell...Whisper, the last thing I want is to hurt any of you. What you saw...I don't know exactly what it was, but it was clearly bad. This group means the world to me...and

* Milia without it, I have /nothing/. I want you to try and believe me when I say that, because it's the truth."

* Watch_Tower 's stomache does grow a bit. Buck hasn't been eating well lately. "That...sounds good.....,but isn't it still crazy late?"

* Whisper stops sobbing. He tenatively looks up at Milia. "S-so...you d-didn't mean...to do that? With the dreams?"

* Milia simply shakes her head, frowning.

* Artifica is guessing who Glib is. And is beginning to imagine what happened.

<Milia> "...I screwed up. Badly."

* Artifica moves to Whisper again and once more wraps her forelegs around him.

* Whisper sits up. His voice is faint. "I...I shouldn't have blamed you. But...when it happened...I was so afraid. I thought you secretly didn't like me. I thought you'd lied to me about being friends..." He leans on Artifica for support.

* Prism is sort of able to piece it together, and shakes his head. Milia really really screwed up.

* Whisper shakily opens his forelegs to Milia. "So...we're...still friends?"

* Watch_Tower knew who glib was. he'd seen him and the rest of Whisper's family.

* BerryBomb whispers back "or crazy early, your choice... i sleep a lot better with a full tummy"

* Artifica glances at each of the others then looks to Prism with an expression that betrays that he is the only one she holds completely blameless here. Except maybe for Berry.

* Milia refrains from moving to hug Whisper, though she desperately wanted to. She'd leave the stallion's personal space zebra-free for the time being, however. With a small nod, she responds to Whisper with a shaky voice. "Y-yeah...I hope so, at least..."

* Whisper slowly lowers his hooves and nods. "Right...okay. I guess...we should get some real sleep now."

* Watch_Tower sighs as he sees Art's glance and just walks off. He really didn't need this blame.

* Milia stands to the side to let Whisper pass. "Yeah...good idea."

<Prism> "What a mess..." He follows Whisper.

* Whisper slowly walks past her, head hung. "Um, Prism? Do you know if there's any way to make sure I won't...go back there, again?"

* Watch_Tower checks on Mercy as she was apparently still heating up and that is starting to concern him.

<Prism> "Don't take any more drugs is a start."

* Watch_Tower gently takes Mercy out of the bowl that was cracking under her heat. Really glad he cast his protective magic.

* Whisper winces at Prism's words. "Right. I know, it was stupid. I don't know what I was thinking. But, please, I don't want to go back there."

* BerryBomb isn't sleepy anymore. decides to wander the ship hunting for aventure, but it will totally happen in that magic space called narrative jump.

* Watch_Tower looks back to Milia and Art...he really didn't want to go back there...,but Mercy seemed unwell..

* Artifica agrees with Prism. "Don't take any more drugs is a good rule for all of you."

* Milia meekly agrees. "Yes, ma'am..."

* Whisper tries not to cry again. "Okay, okay! I'm sorry! It was a stupid idea and I won't ever touch chems again!"

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy flops in Watch_Tower's grip like an exhausted kitten. Not only has she gotten too hot to hold without Watch's spell but the usual dim light she emits is getting brighter as well.

* Watch_Tower has decided it...from that. nope awkwardness or not this needed a shaman's advice. "Hey Milia! Mercy needs help!"

* Watch_Tower gallops up.

<Prism> "There's not much else I can say there. Since it was mostly the drugs. And I'm not sure how you all got linked like that."

<Prism> "Probably because I decided to pass out before all of your shenanigans."

* Watch_Tower is very very careful as he hold Mercy actually..no galloping.

* Watch_Tower walks very carefully holding her.

* Milia halts in her tracks. Horrified, she looks down at the spirit. Had she hurt Mercy as well?
"Oh, goddess, what happened to her? She doesn't usually glow that much!"

* Whisper backs away from the heat as Watch_Tower arrives. "Mercy? Watch? What?"

* Milia takes Mercy into her hooves...she wasn't sure where to go from there, but she'd think of something...maybe.

* Watch_Tower very gently and carefully lays her down.

<Watch_Tower> "I don't know...like I said spirits I don't know anything..."

* Artifica looks to Watch_Tower. Then down to Mercy. Finally, to Milia. "Is there anything I can do?"

* Artifica isn't certain, so asks lamely, "Will shooting her with fire bullets help? She's a fire spirit."

* Milia starts cursing under her breath again. Bashing her head against a wall? Sounded even MORE appealing right now. "I...I don't know...I don't know what's wrong with her, let alone if regular healing magic would even help!"

<Watch_Tower> "I don't think that'd help..."

<Prism> "What the heck did you put in that stuff that it even affects a fire spirit that much."

* Watch_Tower puts his ear to her chest trying to hear if it was breathing or she had a heart that was beating.

<Prism> "Please don't tell me you used cilantro."

<uSeaGM> Everyone in the corridor can feel the air getting warmer and Mercy shines brighter and brighter.

* Milia looks to Prism, baffled. "It was just red herbs and custard! And...cinnamon I think, maybe some nutmeg, I'm not sure...but it was alchemy so, maybe I...maybe I put in the wrong kind of mojo or...or something..."

* Whisper raises a leg to shield himself from the growing heat.

* Artifica wonders vaguely if cinnamon is the culprit here.

<Watch_Tower> "uhh...are we even sure that her heating up is bad? she is a fire spirit..."

* BerryBomb stops in the middle of her adventuring departure and turns back "what's wrong

now?"

<uSeaGM> A blinding flash fills up the whole room, and everything becomes white.

* Watch_Tower looks to Whisper and without a second thought shields him as well.

* Milia hugs Mercy tight. She was getting dangerously warm...if this was going to be another explode into flames situation, she wanted to be taking the brunt of it. "Honestly, Watch, with the shit that this custard has already caused, I'm not assuming anything but the worst! Forgive me if my optimism isn't exactly in full force right n-!"

<Prism> "Genie's gonna kill us if anything bad happens to the ship."

<uSeaGM> <-----ooOOoo----->

<uSeaGM> It starts with a bang. A flood of excitement. Hundreds of bright little sparks rush into a yawning grey void. Shadows cast by the light move with a life of their own and behind them tall lope figures of baleful green flame. The shadows spread, swallowing the sparks that don't flee fast enough. The world moves around you, following one little spark that dodges burning green maws and dashes past the shadows.

<uSeaGM> You are all dimly aware of the other party members joining you on this ethereal adventure.

<uSeaGM> The confusion of shadows and fire fade away behind you. The spark travels over a dull grey world, an undulating land of impressions rather than landscape. Distant distorted shapes bring to mind images of immense trees that stretch above the clouds and wildly miss-proportioned buildings that look like they had been drawn in by somepony who had never seen the real thing before.

<uSeaGM> Lights and sounds and shadows and shapes careen across the sky, completely unconcerned with what's happening on the ground. Gargantuan figures loom even above the sky, locked in a constant struggle with their rivals. The spark finds others like itself. A small patch of twinkling embers in the void. Shadows that smell of death creep towards them and the sparks run away, but together this time.

<Watch_Tower> "Is...this...Mercy's head?"

<Whisper> "Who's there?!"

<Watch_Tower> "Watch...and you?"

<Whisper> "Uh...Whisper?"

<Prism> "What the hay, I didn't even have any of the hallucinogen."

<uSeaGM> oOo

<uSeaGM> The strange plain world is gone and instead your surroundings resemble a castle. Tall stone walls are hung with tapestries that depict burning fires. Hundreds of candles illuminate the room, leaving no spaces for shadows at all. Nearby is an earth pony priest. He's a khaki-brown coated stallion in his mid twenties and— wait.

<Watch_Tower> "it's not just chemical I keep saying that..."

<uSeaGM> It's Whisper. He's wearing priest robes and seems to be very engrossed in a pin up magazine.

<uSeaGM> You see the rest of your friends around you, looking confused. There's even the real Whisper, too.

* BerryBomb "okay, this could be better than breakfast... wow"

<Watch_Tower> "well...I guess Whsiper has made quite the impression on her..."

<Prism> "Let me out of here....please?"

* Whisper blushes at seeing his likeness so...engrossed.

* Watch_Tower ...can't help but take a curious look at the magazine over priest Whisper's shoulder.

<Watch_Tower> "I'm sorry, but I don't have an anchor this time so I can't pull us out."

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower sees that inside are images of Strange Mercy copying poses straight out of a Wingboner magazine.

* Watch_Tower seems slightly annoyed...he always had trouble keeping his usual cool in other ponies's head.

* Whisper runs up to stop Watch, but is too late. He tugs ineffectively on the larger stallion's leg. "Hahaha, hey Watch, right? Let's go look at something else!"

* Watch_Tower blinks and flushes looking away. "I think that magazine is more for whisper..."

* BerryBomb shrugs "we will get out when we will get out... hey mercy! are you here?"

<uSeaGM> The moment he notices you, Priest-Whisper tosses the magazine over his shoulder. "Ah, welcome welcome. You are here to worship, yes? Of course you are!" He nods at you all. "But first you must be greeted by the official welcomer."

<Prism> "I don't worship -anything-. Got it?"

* Milia blushes a bit, looking at the scene. She respectfully ignores the whole magazine incident. "Y-yeah, worship! Indeed we are, my good stallion!"

<uSeaGM> A ball of pink fluff appears. You immediately recognise it as Berry. She trots over and sniffs each of you, before giving you a lick on the nose. After the lick she offers you a warm cookie.

* Milia glances over to Prism. "Okay...most of us are."

<Watch_Tower> "Pri...you really don't want to go against the flo here..."

<Watch_Tower> flow*

* Watch_Tower seems slightly scared. He does take the dream cookie offered.

* BerryBomb "thank you, me!" takes the cookie with no hesitation and licks back, then noms the cookie

* Milia takes the cookie gratefully. "Thank you...Doppleberry."

* Whisper takes the cookie from dream-Berry. After his promises, though, he doesn't eat it. "Worship...yeah, sure. Okay."

<uSeaGM> Priest-Whisper claps his hooves together and starts to preach: "Now therefore, O disciples, be wise; be warned, O walkers of the earth. Serve the LADY with fear, and rejoice with trembling! Kiss the Filly lest she be angry, and you perish in the way when her wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all who take refuge in her glory. AMEN!" Whisper looks at you expectantly.

* Artifica watches, moving close to Milia.

* Whisper pipes up meekly. "...Amen. Um, excuse me, uh, me but which lady is it? Luna or Celestia?"

* BerryBomb looks at whisper's cookie "if you dont' want it i'll take it!"

* Milia glances over to Artifica. "...is Whisper telling us to kiss Berry?"

* Whisper absently hoofs his cookie over to BerryBomb.

* BerryBomb -OMNOMNOM-

* Watch_Tower watches everything trying to piece it all together...he does eat the cookie though...dream food was light in calories...and it's brain food =D

* BerryBomb "AMEN!"

<uSeaGM> "Praise be to Strange Mercy, she who lights up our lives!" Priest-Whisper takes a lit candle and leads the way down a wide corridor. Welcome-Berry follows behind. "Come! You must witness her beautiful words of wisdom; hear her beneficent teachings; worship her divine

form!"

- * Artifica blinks a long and slow blink.
- * Prism dislikes this even more every second he is here.
- * Watch_Tower follows along. "So...a tad egotistical..."
- * Milia will follow, idly crunching down on her cookie. "*Mmph*...well...Mershy ish a fire shpirit..."
- * Milia swallows her bite. "...and according to her, they thrive on worship."
- * Artifica smiles at the... doppleberry is a great word... and noms the cookie. mmm. Warm.
- * Prism doesn't even play along here. He definitely liked machine spirits better.
- * BerryBomb shrugs "all mares a bit egocentric..." follows the priest
- * Whisper follows his priest-self, curious.

<uSeaGM> o0o

* Artifica then bends down and kisses doppleberry between her ears. And turns to do the same with Berry.

<uSeaGM> The grey world rushes back, and you rejoin the sparks as they gather around a flame in the shape of a mare.

<uSeaGM> She starts to speak and the sparks settle in place. The sound seems to come from far far away and is elemental in a way you have never heard before. Yet the sparks appear to be listening carefully and soon start to form shapes of their own. Becoming horses and birds and dragons and all manner of different creatures. They remain tiny specks of light but they use their new forms to dance and play.

<uSeaGM> Things shift again. Now the flaming mare has a menagerie of little spark creatures with her and they follow as she travels. She avoids other flames and flees from creatures of shadow. Other sparks join and their playful mood is infectious, but then the group comes across one single spark all on its own. The mare hesitates but her following sparks do not. Only a few remain by her side.

<uSeaGM> The solitary spark grows rapidly and burns a baleful green. It devours the sparks that had gone to meet it. Little horses and birds and dragons are all consumed by its gaping maw. The green flame grows bigger still, until it dwarfs the mare. Even so she stands in its path. With a swish of her blazing tail she scatters the few sparks still with her and they run in all directions.

<uSeaGM> Your little spark rushes alone into the cold grey void.

* Artifica feels an incredible sadness, yet admires the mare.

<Watch_Tower> "Looks...like she had a lot of friends...until I think...the balefire...claimed them all..."

* Artifica nods.

* Watch_Tower watches unsure, but with growing concern.

* Milia is entranced by the sight.

<Watch_Tower> "I guess...the shadow creatures...are another kind of spirit..."

* Milia pipes up quietly. "...death spirits."

* Whisper looks on, speechless.

<uSeaGM> o0o

<uSeaGM> In the blink of an eye the grand castle returns. With a fantastic flash of light a unicorn teleports in from above. His features are poorly defined and indistinct, but his night guard barding identifies him as Watch Tower. Strangely, he clutches an electronic kitchen thermometer in his teeth like a pirate's cutlass.

* Watch_Tower blinks and watches. "wha....?"

<uSeaGM> Priest-Whisper spots him in the air and casually wheels an old ship's cannon in from off screen, looney tunes style. He positions the iron cannon directly beneath the falling unicorn and waits.

* Whisper blinks. He does not understand.

<uSeaGM> The resulting impact leaves any stallions in the group cringing. Fake-Watch Tower falls off the cannon sideways and drops his thermometer. "Thou shalt not probe!" Priest-Whisper admonishes.

* Milia will share in that blinking. There was a lot of it going on, and it seemed like the thing to do. "Oh." she states, knowingly.

* BerryBomb simply watches things as they happen, she doesn't really know how she could help at the moment, so the filly decides to let the smart ponies say and do stuff

* Milia lets her gaze creep over to Watch Tower for a split second.

* Prism attempts to cast Failsafe.

* Whisper does indeed cringe at the dream-Watch's fate.

* Watch_Tower flushes a bit.

* Watch_Tower also winces...

<Watch_Tower> "even not me...that still hurts..."

<uSeaGM> Prism concentrates but the best he can do here is create fizzles from the end of his horn.

<uSeaGM> Priest-Whisper leads you into a comically opulent throne room, complete with a grand, ornate, golden throne. As large as an alicorn, Strange Mercy sits in serene splendour, stroking a cat-like Milia sitting on her lap. Black Beard and Jack Sh** are off to one side, dressed as butlers, pouring alcohol into a shot glass the size of a bath.

* Prism OBVIOUSLY does not want to be here.

* Artifica stares at the others. "So... this is what you all went through?" She grimaces, glancing from Milia to Whisper. "...except Milia's headspace isn't nearly so entrancing?"

* Milia would spew her drink, but she didn't have one handy. She was a CAT here?!

* BerryBomb "well... no. i was in a town and i had a toru and i had cake... this is a little different"

* Whisper looks at Artifica and shudders. "No, no it isn't." He then returns to ogling alicorn-Mercy.

<uSeaGM> Nearby, Artifica in a nurse's uniform is busy bandaging up Jasmine. You hear the griffin saying: "I could of taken them easily but then five more showed up!" Prism stands at a workbench, carefully fixing a delicate clockwork mare.

* Watch_Tower chuckles a bit at Cat Milia.

<Prism> "Come on, wait...maybe Genie or Jasmine can save me."

<Watch_Tower> "Prism...we're going to have to wait it out...just be glad you haven't turned the effect against us."

* Watch_Tower looks at the clockwork mare curious.

<uSeaGM> Milia-cat rolls over for warm belly rubs.

* BerryBomb "prism, this obsession of yours to be under control will probably kill you someday... just roll with it, okay?"

* Artifica pokes Milia. "Okay, I was wrong. Clearly, /you're/ the familiar."

<Prism> "Fuck off."

* Prism just closes his eyes and waits to get out or die whatever.

* BerryBomb sighs "whatever"

* Watch_Tower sighs shaking his head and looks at the whole thing curious.

* Artifica picks up Berry in a hug, then floats her onto her back for rides.

* Whisper takes a tentative step forward.

* Milia is having so much difficulty processing her kitty-self. She jolts a bit as Artifica pokes her, snapping the zebra from her reverie and returning the gentle poke. A small smile creeps onto her face as she teases. "And you totally work that nurse look, hon. Yowza!"

* BerryBomb is now riding a gatling mare, probably safest place ever.

* Whisper takes a few more steps towards the opulent throne before looking back over his shoulder at the group. "Hey guys? Can the dream interact with us or anything like that?"

<Watch_Tower> "well yeah...we can interact with the dream."

<Watch_Tower> "just remember you are a guest here..."

* BerryBomb "i have no idea... probably it is just a dream"

* Milia starts trotting forward. "If it's anything like the dreams we went through...then yes."

<uSeaGM> When Whisper steps forward, Strange Mercy seems to notice you at last. She is very surprised to see you all. "What are you all doing here? You're not supposed to be here! Leave before—"

<uSeaGM> o0o

* Whisper eeps and cowers at Strange Mercy's words.

<Watch_Tower> "and...now things get intense..."

<uSeaGM> Castle and throne fade away, leaving you once again in the open grey void. The little spark is back, now formless and alone. There are tall shadow creatures all around but they ignore the tiny spark fluttering too-and-fro. The dark ones gather in groups, surrounded by the stench of death, all looking in the same direction. Excitement and anticipation fill the air.

<uSeaGM> The whole world begins to rumble and shake. In the far distance, at the place that the shadow creatures are watching, something begins to rise from the ground. It looks like a hoof. An enormous skeletal hoof. It reaches up high into the sky until it eclipses the sun itself.

<uSeaGM> Even the warring titanic figures above the sky take notice as the rest of this decayed god tears itself free from the ground. A horse's skull as big as a mountain sits upon

shoulders of bone. Two skeletal wings, webbed by sinews made of wailing faces, stretch out to shroud the land in darkness. Tattered rags billow in an ethereal breeze.

* Whisper gapes in horror.

* Milia stares up at the sight, in awe.

<Milia> "...holy /shit/."

* BerryBomb "i think i peed myself..."

<uSeaGM> The wind picks up, becoming a roar that surges towards the gaping chasm that the colossus had left in the ground. The assembled death spirits are drawn in like water down a plug hole. A swirling vortex forms around it, sucking things from this world to another. All under the gaze of the skeletal giant's empty eyes.

* Watch_Tower swallows. "I...think that is a death spirit..."

<uSeaGM> But the bleed through is two ways. A ghostly landscape forms over the dull grey expanse, looking much more like the land you're used to, but becoming less defined the farther it goes. A whole city shimmers into being inside the hole beneath the colossus and it crouches over the apparition like a puppet master of bone.

* BerryBomb "i thiink it is scary"

<Watch_Tower> "and...that..." Watch swallows. "oh...shit..."

<Watch_Tower> "That...is new hope..."

* Milia is starting to get an idea of what might be behind that necromantic storm.

<Watch_Tower> "trapped...in the spirit world..."

<uSeaGM> The little spark is a tiny pinprick of light under the darkness spread by those wings. It gets dragged towards the hole too, but the spark struggles and strains and runs in the opposite direction. Shadows float past, overjoyed, and to your surprise you understand a little of what they are saying: "He wakes! He wakes!"

<Whisper> "Wait, that's a REAL city?!"

* BerryBomb "it is the city trapped in the mist of time where watch was held prisoner"

* BerryBomb "at least, i think it is that"

* Milia suppresses a visceral, dread feeling welling up in her gut as the spirits sing around them. "That would explain why you couldn't just trot out of it..."

<Watch_Tower> "I...think...we've got some real...big problems..."

<uSeaGM> o0o

* Watch_Tower looks at the town fear and concern evident on his face. "and I've...got to talk to mercy...badly..."

* BerryBomb "like... a hole in reality we need to mend? you dont' say..."

<uSeaGM> The throne room has returned but this time it is cold and dark. There are no candles to be seen and the castle roof is missing, revealing several figures looming over the castle and a waning moon with a crooked, black grin. Gigantic copies of Milia, Artifica, Whisper, Jasmine, Berry, Prism, and Jack peer in through the broken roof like it was a dolls house.

* Watch_Tower swallows looking up into the eyes of giants.

* BerryBomb "we also have a very real giant laser gun shooting everything marked as zebra land... can we put the two things together? like... lasering the giant skeleton somehow?"

<uSeaGM> Inside the castle the only light comes from Strange Mercy herself, who is back to her usual size. She looks tiny and alone sitting on the throne. Mercy gazes up at the figures sadly as one by one they turn around and leave, trotting off out of view. The castle walls crumble around you, leaving the throne room exposed to the night sky.

* Watch_Tower follows after Mercy. "they...won't leave you..."

<uSeaGM> Only the figure of Milia remains, looking down at Strange Mercy with contempt. The little spirit shivers. "Pathetic," Milia sneers, before turning and fading away.

* Whisper walks up to Mercy. "Mercy? It's me? Real me, I mean."

* Artifica trots up to Mercy. "We're here. We won't leave you. You're part of us now. One of us." She pauses, then says, "Family."

<uSeaGM> Mercy droops, laying her tiny head on her hooves. Her eyes look up at you, gazing at the real Milia.

<uSeaGM> "I didn't want you to see. I didn't want you to know because... because I'm not—"

* BerryBomb "that's just silly, you shouldn't be scared to be alone... you are part of the group now. and nopony is left behind here."

* Milia approaches Mercy. "Never!" she adds, enthusiastically. "We're bound for life, Mercy! It's not even POSSIBLE for me to leave you, and I'd never want to anyways! You saved my life, and there isn't enough time in the world to tell you how thankful I am to you! You're part of our group, just as much as anyone else, through thick and thin! We love you!"

<uSeaGM> o0o

<uSeaGM> Your spark flees, simply trying to get away from the decayed god. Landscapes rush past until you and the spark both notice a light up ahead. It is a flame with an equine form. Two coal pits for eyes and a black smear for its mouth. Unlike the blazing mare met previously, this fire spirit gives off no feelings of comfort or kindness. Even so, the spark approaches.

* Artifica whimpers a little.

<uSeaGM> Death spirits surround the burning horse, but it is far larger than them. Behind it is the sea; an endless stretch of rolling white. It bats several shadows away with a dismissive wave of its hoof, and you and the spark slip through the gap made in the gathering. You can hear the ocean now.

* Milia holds her breath. That spirit...it always did bug her how Mercy didn't resemble the spirit with coal pits for eyes...they were the same spirit, right?...

<uSeaGM> The fire spirit stands over a much smaller equine shape that looks like a ghostly sleeping zebra. The zebra seems disturbingly familiar. "Mine mine all MINE!" the burning horse announces, yelling at the gathered shadows. "You don't get this one. Bound to the flame by words and blood." Its voice sounds cruel and is accompanied by a sinister grin.

<Watch_Tower> "I...wonder if the big spirits...are like ...their evil to the princesses..."

<Milia> Realization dawns on her. "...That wasn't Mercy at all, was it?..."

<uSeaGM> "So long I have waited; so long have I fought. No rites of binding, no runes of holding. A new host, all for me!" The spirit cackles to itself and looks at the gathered shadows. "You may take what's left of her." The shadows chatter excitedly. "Silence! I will not allow distractions. She will hear my voice alone." The fire horse leans down closer to the sleeping zebra, his head as big as the zebra's chest.

<Whisper> "I thought the princesses were nice though..."

<uSeaGM> "You've met with a terrible fate, haven't you?"

* Milia is muttering to no pony in particular. Her breathing rapidly increases. "This is when I died..."

* BerryBomb "if the small one somehow cheated the big guy, she gets all my respect forever and a day. it really is true: the larger, the dumber"

<uSeaGM> The zebra soul stirs and gets to her hooves. But her right forehoof is missing, fading away into the surrounding darkness. "...I guess you could say that, couldn't you," the soul replies. She grits her teeth, unnerved by the spirit's grin. "Wh-who...who are you?" She doesn't seem to notice the hungry shadows.

<Watch_Tower> "Well...Milia...you've got god spirits...fighting over you..."

<uSeaGM> "Poor little punchy zebra can't punch no more. Now how will you make the bad things go away? How will you stop them hurting your friends?" The spirit chuckles. "Me? I'm a long lost friend of the family. I could be mad that you haven't called in so many years... but I'm here to help you instead."

<uSeaGM> The zebra snarls at the flaming being. "Fuck you. Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you. FUCK. YOU. Goddess dammit I fucking tried, okay?! I fucking tried my fucking hardest! I'm only one zebra, goddess damn it! You think you mocking me is gonna do anything? Well fuck off, you fucking piece of shit. Every time I close my fucking eyes, I would see their faces."

* Milia is watching in silence. This was something she wasn't exactly chomping at the bit to relive...or redie, as it were.

* BerryBomb "milia... you should give speeches more often"

<uSeaGM> She seems to be struggling not to just lose it. "March Waters. Sidewinder. Aletheia. Puddin' Cup. Tall Tale. Snapjacks. Flourish. Whittler. And so many fucking others! I see EVERY. SINGLE. ONE OF THEM! Every time I sleep at night, they haunt me. So you know what?"

<uSeaGM> "If you're just here to fucking rub salt in my wound then you can fuck right off, because no cute little taunting you can muster up will come close to the torture my own fucking sick brain puts me through."

<uSeaGM> The zebra looks like she's trying to spit, but nothing comes out. "Friend, huh? What fucking friend? I've had a lot of friends in my life, and I don't...remember..." She finally notices her missing leg, and is rendered speechless for a few moments.

<uSeaGM> Unseen by the ghost and too small to be noticed by the flaming stallion or the gathered shadows, the little spark watches on with interest. With a fizzle it takes on the form of a tiny mare, copying what it sees.

<uSeaGM> The large flame horse simply grins. It even looks like it got a little bigger. "Then my offer is one you can't refuse. Here, take my hoof, like your ancestors before you, and you can save those friends of yours."

* BerryBomb whispers to Watch_Tower "watch as she goes for the kill-steal... like a pro"

<uSeaGM> The zebra's voice quiets down to a foalish whimper. "H-help...you can...yeah...you can help me, can't you..." she says, strangely entranced by the being's words. She stares up before slowly reaching out with her remaining foreleg. "Yeah...I'll save 'em..."

<uSeaGM> "Excellent!" The spirit exclaims. "This will be fun..."

<Watch_Tower> "Well Milia...you nearly became the avatar of a fire spirit on a terrifying scale..."

<uSeaGM> But as the flaming stallion reaches forward, the little spark horse does so as well, copying their actions. She touches the zebra's hoof before the large spirit does. "What? No NO! WHAT DID YOU—"

<Watch_Tower> "bet...they're mad..."

* Artifica whispers to Milia, "What does this all mean?"

* BerryBomb "she has all my respect"

* Whisper looks at Milia. "Yeah, what giant scary monster is trying to kill us now?"

<Watch_Tower> "It means your marefriend is wanted by two super spirits...,and Mercy probably just saved her from a fate much much worse then death..."

<uSeaGM> That world winks out and you hear the sound of waves crashing against a stone pier.

* Milia 's mouth is hanging open. She leans over to Artifica. "This is...this is how it happened when I died...and..."

* Milia nods to Watch Tower. "Y-yes...I think that about covers it."

* BerryBomb "also, mercy puts a pompous idiot to his place with a single dash. she is best pony now"

<Strange Mercy> "... I'm not the one you called for."

* Artifica wraps her tail around Milia.

<uSeaGM> <-=====ooOOoo=====>

<Watch_Tower> "I am going to hug that little spirit when I wake up..."

* Milia is shaking. "Not b-before I do first..." she mumbles, stunned.

* Whisper looks at Watch defensively. "Get in line."

<Watch_Tower> "You take priority...,but I just learned where the ponies I need to save are...and learned she saved a dear friend..."

* Watch_Tower smiles. "that is hug worthy."

* Milia nods in agreement to Berry. Mercy truly was best spirit...pony...

* Whisper softens. "I dunno...why not group hug?"

<Watch_Tower> "group hug sounds good."

<Watch_Tower> ",but you...might want to get a hug of your own afterwards."

* Watch_Tower smiles.

* BerryBomb "so... as i was asking... can we megalaser the damn thing in the parallel dimension?"

<Watch_Tower> "well...considering it appears new hope is in a portal to the spirit world...you might end up hitting it..."

* Whisper blushes. "Hey! Priest me is a product of her imagination and...and..." He hangs his head in defeat. "Okay, I kinda have a thing for her..."

* BerryBomb wakes up slowly, yawning and stretching

* Whisper returns to his body and shakes himself awake. "Mercy? Where are you? Mercy?"

* Milia 's eyes snap open. Frantically, she scans the surrounding area to regain her bearings. There were like, 7 people that needed hugs like RIGHT this second.

* Artifica blinks, then wraps Milia in the fiercest hug.

* Watch_Tower awakens and shakes his head. "HATE getting drawn into heads like that...,but that was worth it."

* Milia will gladly start with Artifica. She returns the hug gladly, finding warmth and comfort in her marefriend's embrace.

* BerryBomb checks she didn't really pee herself. then dashes for the little fillies room

<BerryBomb> *fillies

* Watch_Tower checks on Mercy as well.

<Jasmine> "Heee-LLOOOOO!" Jasmine shouts, softly rapping a balled talonfist on everyones head. "Equestria to everyone! This is Jasmine here! Did you all just have a massive ponypile without me? WAAAAKE UUUP!"

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy sits up from where she had been lying on the floor and yawns.

* Watch_Tower sits up. "yes...that is exactly what happened."

* Whisper sweeps Strange Mercy into a hug as soon as he finds her.

* Artifica wraps Strange Mercy in a bubble of telekinesis, intending to float her over, but Whisper hug-steals her away. She doesn't blame him.

* Milia intended to suck everyone up into this hug pile eventually anyways. It was just a matter

of time.

* Whisper finally releases the fire spirit. "Uh...sorry...got carried away. Um," he chews his lip, "you, uh, you need...worship, right?"

* BerryBomb trots back from the toilet, taking a look around now a little less hurried "is everyone okay?"

<uSeaGM> "Hugs? I like hugs," she says sleepily.

* Milia beckons Berry over. "Hugs." she says plainly.

* Whisper carries Mercy over for group hug time.

* Watch_Tower hugs the Spirit next. "Thanks for saving Milia...and thanks for providing me an important clue"

<Jasmine> "Hugs? I like Hugs! Wheres my hugs? Here, have some of my hugs!" Jasmine scoops up everypony into one giant backbreaking hug. Quite a feat for a small gryphon

* BerryBomb shrugs; mandatory hugs are mandatory. she takes a couple of steps back and then somersaults in the hugpile

* Watch_Tower 's magic does not protect him from hugs. *gack*

* Milia scoops up Mercy into the hugs. She nuzzles the spirit affectionately. "...You're brilliant, Mercy, absolutely amazing, okay?..."

* Artifica gives Jasmine some hugs back. Then nods at Milia's words. "Thank you so much, Mercy. You're... the best fire spirit ever."

<Watch_Tower> "so...I guess welcome to their family Mercy."

* Watch_Tower smiles.

* Whisper says softly, "I love you Mercy." His eyes immediately go wide when he realizes he just said that for real.

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy looks between the various zebra, ponies, and griffins all giving her a hug. "Well duh, of course I'm brilliant!"

* BerryBomb "yeah, he was all overconfident, like, 'i'm the baws' and you were all 'lolno!' and he was all 'i'm so mad!' and you were all 'stupid spirit says what?' and he said 'what?' and it was awesome!"

* Jasmine blinks as everyone starts showering Mercy with affection. "Did I miss something? I missed something didnt I? Geez, you take ONE TINY NAP and you miss ALL the action!"

* BerryBomb is already watching her own film about the dream she lived and she is making it a trilogy. in 3D with best actors ever.

* BerryBomb "yeah you missed something big, jas, but dont' worry i'll tell you all about it! with dragons!"

* Watch_Tower blushes as he hears a love confession.

* BerryBomb "and ninjas! so many ninjas!"

<uSeaGM> Mercy tilts her head at Whisper, then leans towards Milia to whisper in her ear. "Love was the good thing, right?" Afterwards she 'wats' at BerryBomb.

* Milia manages a rather foolish giggle. "Yes, Mercy...love was the good thing." she whispers back.

* Artifica wraps Mercy in a hug of her own. "Yer. Love is the very good thing."

* Watch_Tower smiles. "well...I guess I'm glad things worked out."

<Artifica> (Yes)

<Watch_Tower> "now I think...I'm uhh...going to get a little bit of distance...I still feel kind of bad about things."

* BerryBomb is telling the whole story to jasmine, only, this time it has giant robots fighting kaiju and no love story at all. just more action.

* Whisper looks over at Watch_Tower. "I feel like I'm forgetting something...aren't I terrified of you?"

<Watch_Tower> "Yeah."

<Watch_Tower> "and I've apparently messed up while trying to help."

<uSeaGM> Mercy smiles at Whisper. "Great! I love you too!"

* Artifica looks over to Watch_Tower. "Yes... but you tried to help. And that means a whole lot."

* Artifica gives him a snug with her tail.

* Whisper goes beet red at Mercy's comment. He then turns back to Watch_Tower, his voice very squeaky. "Um, it's fine...we can...talk...or something. When the ship gets back, I mean. And after sleep."

* Jasmine 's mouth is agape at Berrys grandiose retelling of the story. "Wooaaah, really? And then it took HOW LONG for the giant deathpony to power up and go superpony?"

* BerryBomb "and then mercy arrived with her starfighter and shoot the giant spirit in the tsubo and the spirit screamed 'i will kill you!' and she just turned her back to him, her cape floating and said: 'you are already dead' it was SO AWESOME!"

* Watch_Tower returns to the hugs. "Jas if you like I can share the memory"

<Watch_Tower> "it...kind of explains a lot of important things."

* Milia nods to Watch Tower. "Don't skimp on showing the parts with the ninjas, either."

* Whisper clears his throat, returning his voice to normal. "I mean, I don't blame you. I...misunderstood some things."

* Watch_Tower chuckles. "I might need to work on the editing..."

<Watch_Tower> "misunderstood what whisper...if you have any questions...I'll gladly answer..."

<Watch_Tower> "I don't want anypony afraid of me..."

* Jasmine grabs onto Watch Tower and pulls him close, staring into his eyes "You can DO THAT?!?!?! YES I WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED SHOW ME! SHOW ME NOW!" She practically screams, as she shakes him back and forth "WHY DO YOU DO COOL THINGS WITHOUT MEEEEEE"

* Whisper fidgets with a hoof before answering Watch_Tower. "I...I thought Milia had betrayed me. I was already scared of you, and when I woke up...well you get the idea."

* BerryBomb is quite excited but superactivity usually takes a toll on little fillies, even those with a cutiemark... after a bit she falls asleep again

* Watch_Tower *gacks* again as Jas grabs him. "yeah...I can do that..."

* Milia dusts herself off as the spontaneous hugs-in-the-middle-of-the-floor party disperses. "Normal sleep sounds very nice..."

<Watch_Tower> "Yeah...won't lie. It's nice to sleep without the voices of death spirits and possibly a deranged future me in my head."

* Watch_Tower also quickly shares with Jasmine the memory of the vision simply so everypony is on the same page

* Artifica nods, yawning widely. "I need sleep. Lots and lots of sleep."

<uSeaGM> And sleep is had! Weary hooves trot back to their welcome beds to resume their much needed rest.

* Milia heads back to the bunk with Artifica. Before hopping back into bed, the zebra offers a pensive look to her marefriend. "A-ah, I just wanted to say one more time...I'm sorry. I'll do

better. I promise."

<uSeaGM> ****End of Session for Group 4****