

The title of my story is fair warning to all: this is the shameless, lazy, unsportsmanlike bane of all fanfiction. Thank you for not immediately disregarding all that is contained here, dear reader. It has gone through quite a few alterations since its conception, as per comments made to the original post. Now, for all you people who have decided to read despite both the title and the disclaimer, I give you my story:

I had ridden my bike to the entrance of the forest trail, stashing it behind some bushes before continuing on my way. I followed it all the way to the old railroad bridge, my standard spot when I have a problem to solve.

I sank into that tranquil place in my mind, contemplating my life, and more specifically, why I wasn't happy in it. Was it me? Was it the world? Had I not found the thing I was supposed to do, my gift to the universe? Or did the world have a gift for me, that I just hadn't found yet?

I do that a lot. Contemplate my place. And I was down too deep into my own mind to realize what was going on until I got splashed.

I looked up, surprised that anyone else should have found my hiding spot. I was wondering if an escaped dog had stumbled into my clearing when someone's hand clapped over my face and everything went black.

Funny thing about woods. It's where people go when they want to be alone, to appreciate nature. It's also where cults like to hang out.

That's how I found myself blindfolded and chained to a tree with the worst headache I've had since I got viral meningitis in 5th grade. They'd shoved a rag in my mouth and duct-taped it shut. I didn't even want to know where the thing had been, since the taste was somewhere between sweaty gym sock and a raw dryad's saddle fungus.

I kept perfectly still, hoping that the mysterious people who had done this wouldn't re-chloroform me and I could maybe figure out what was going on. I silently tested my restraints, and cursed in my head when I felt the locks that held them securely shut. I could wiggle, but not much, and it wouldn't do anything to help me escape. I was starting to wonder if I had the guts to dislocate my shoulder or break my thumb when someone started talking.

"Children of the great Penguin Forsteri, we are here to commemorate a difficult deed to the path of happy chaos perpetrated by our brother, who has been reborn in the ice of the north to be named Fairy Penguin."

I had to force myself not to giggle. These guys were complete nutjobs.

“However,” he continued, “in the midst of the holy baptism solidifying this deed in the name of Silinism, we discovered an intruder upon the sacred waters of our baptism pool. She, a non-believer wearing the despised totem of our enemy, the Bringer of Order,”

There were gasps from what I assumed were the other members, and I had to contain my own as I realized he’d taken my cross necklace. Drat, I liked that sparkly thing. It was a souvenir from a church trip I’d gone on with a friend.

“Will now be sent to the forests where none return,” Mystery crazy person stated. “In hopes that she may sow chaos and discord in her wake, in order to further the efforts of the Children of Forsteri.”

I did not like the sound of that. “The forests where none return” could mean anything. I calmed myself, thinking that if they were going to kill me, they would have already done it when I was knocked out, and would not resist. Not that I could put up any resistance now, but I couldn’t panic just yet.

“Let the ceremony begin.” Strange insane voice intoned solemnly.

I heard someone walk up to me, and my last thought before I drifted off was, “Drat, I hate the smell of chloroform.”

When I woke up, I was disappointed to realize that I was still restrained, and was apparently alone. Sighing inwardly, I began probing my impromptu gag with my tongue. After working at it for awhile, I was finally able to push it down my chin and onto my neck. I must have been sweating, because the duct tape came off relatively easily.

“Hello?” I called, “Is anyone there?”

No answer. I thought for a moment, wondering what I could do, blindfolded and helpless as I was, and realized the best case scenario would be for someone to find and untie me. Even if they couldn’t get me completely away from the tree (remember, chains and locks) they could go for help. Also, I recalled from camping trips with my dad that dangerous creatures tended to avoid human noises. I couldn’t make a fire, but with my mouth finally free, I could take the first step in self-rescue.

With this in mind, I began singing, “Just a small town girl, living in a lonely world, she took the midnight train going anywhere...”

What feels like several hours later, but is really only two

“He’s there in the dark, he’s there in my heart, he waits in the wings, he’s gotta play a part, trouble is a friend, yeah, trouble is a friend of mine...”

I heard a footstep.

I abruptly halted my, to be honest, wavery and off-key rendition of "Trouble is a Friend" to call out,

"Hello? Is anyone there?"

More footsteps.

"Please help me, I'm blindfolded and tied to a tree."

The footsteps were faster, moving more urgently before suddenly stopping. I could tell whoever it

was was standing really close to me, so I asked, "Could you, um, untie me please?"

I felt my restraints loosen, which was a little strange because I didn't hear the person move. Then my blindfold floated off of seemingly its own accord. I couldn't see my rescuer, because whoever it was was on the other side of the tree, but then the person moved, and suddenly I realized I'd been hearing *two* sets of feet. I didn't have to wonder for long, though, because my savior stepped back into my view.

She was a purple alicorn.

I must have sat there gaping for an eternity before she nudged a chain off of me, an obvious, "don't you want to get these off?"

I jerked out of my daze, forcibly shoving my confusion aside as I was suddenly able to move things that I hadn't been able to move in awhile. Of course, every single muscle protested, and I couldn't suppress my groans as my muscles awakened and shrieked their displeasure. Where on Earth did those cultists get all of these chains? It's not like Wal-Mart has a "tie up another human" section.

Finally I was able to pull everything off except for a collar. The chain it was clipped to (with a lock, of course) was undone from the tree, and I was wondering why my mysterious magical rescuer hadn't unlocked it when she picked up the other end. I resisted the urge to facepalm. Of *course* she would keep me on a leash.

I reluctantly began following her. She kept looking back at me, tugging on the rope, and soon I was running. She did what I assume to be the equivalent of a pony sigh when she realized I wasn't going to go faster, but I was too out of breath to do anything about it. Soon I had to slow down to a walk again, and she glared at me, before apparently remembering how she'd found me. Shaking her head, her horn began glowing and I found myself levitating off the ground. I was too surprised to protest as I was lifted into the air, trailing behind her like the biggest balloon

ever.

It was so humiliating, but in a way I didn't blame her. She could obviously go faster than I could, and there was no way I could go any distance on my own power after my length of time tied to the tree. I had started wondering why she didn't just fly, now that I was floating, when she did just that.

We began soaring over the trees, the alicorn obviously looking for something nearby, and me looking just to see where I was. There was no way the forest was that big! I should be seeing the next neighborhood over, not more forest! It seemed to stretch on forever, and I could see mountains in the distance.

I forcibly resisted the urge to look at all of the marvelous bonsai inspiration the forest below provided and focused on my rescuer/captor. Like I had noticed before, she was a purple alicorn. She had sparkly blue shoes over her hooves, a little purple thing next to her horn, and what I assumed to be a tattoo on her rump of the moon and night sky with a matching necklace. I shook my head at this. Ponies, with tattoos?

I had to laugh at myself. Why would I be so disturbed by the fact that the *purple winged unicorn with sparkly shoes and a necklace* had a tattoo? That was probably the least weird thing about her. At least, I assumed it was a her. I didn't think it was a guy, but was I being stereotypical? I resolved to find out in the most neutral way possible what gender this, this ... Ok, I needed to give her a name, just for my own sanity. Actually...

"Um, excuse me, what's your name?" I asked, hoping that she would answer in a way I understood.

She pointed a hoof at the sky.

"So, is it Sky?" I replied, sighing inwardly at the fact that even though this was a *purple winged unicorn with sparkly blue shoes and a moon tattoo with matching necklace* she couldn't talk to me in a way I understood.

She shook her head forcefully, causing us to bank in the air, and it was a few moments before she turned around and pointed at her tattoo.

"Um, so your name is Night Sky?"

A head shake, smaller this time so we didn't veer off course.

"Stars?"

Shake.

"Moon?"

She looked at me, nodded once, then shook her head.

“So is it, or it isn’t?”

She tilted her head one way, then the other.

“So... sort of? What do you mean your name is Sort of Moon?”

She snorted and flicked her ears back, the way my cats did when they were annoyed. She began angling towards the trees, probably attempting to find a gap to land in.

Sort of Moon finally found a place near a little stream, and we landed. She un-purpled me so that I was no longer floating, and wrapped my “leash” around a nearby tree. I sat down in surprise. My legs were in no condition to carry me.

Sort of Moon then faced me and made her horn glow again. I sighed, anticipating some new form of demeaning treatment. I *really* hoped she wasn’t making me a bark collar.

Sure enough, the collar still attached to my neck began to glow, and I squeezed my eyes shut in anticipation. After a moment where nothing happened, I opened my eyes to see Sort of Moon staring at me.

I stared back. *No way* I was giving her the satisfaction of seeing me “bark” and get shocked or something. I was actually working my way up to a pretty good angry mood when she started talking.

“My name is Luna.”

I gasped. Finally, the magical creature deigns to speak with me!

“Mine’s Hannah.” I answered, not wanting to bother with my last name if she didn’t have one. We stared at each other for a few moments, me drinking in the awkwardness of this inter-species meeting, her thinking who-knows-what. Finding a sudden topic of conversation, I asked,

“So, what do alicorns think about?”

She seemed taken aback by my straightforwardness, and I attempted to blush in embarrassment. See, for some reason I don’t really blush all that well, so my face kind of scrunches up, and it looks weird without the normal redness most people have.

“I cannot speak for all of my kind, but I am wondering why your face scrunches up and what it means.”

I couldn’t help it; I laughed. “Yeah, I do that. It just depends on what emotion I’m feeling, I guess.”

“Interesting.” She paused for a moment. “Well, I would like to return to my home in Canterlot before I must raise the moon.”

I hadn't really noticed, due to being *drugged out of my mind*, but it was getting kind of late in the day.

"Oh! I, um, kind of thought you might be taking me back to where I came from." I frowned at this. "Not that I know where that is from here." Then the full implications of what she said hit me. "Wait, I'm coming with you!? But my parents will be worried!"

She looked at me oddly.

"I'm afraid I do not know where your parents are. In fact, I have never seen a creature such as yourself within the borders of Equestria. However, we must be off."

And with that, her horn glowed purple and I was lifted into the air.

Equestria? Where on Earth could that be!? Was it even on Earth? I filed this question away for a later time, and rethought out our conversation. Did she really say...?

"Um, excuse me," I began, not wanting her to crash into the treetops, "but what did you mean when you said you needed to 'raise the moon'?"

She sighed. "I meant exactly what I said. I must use my magic to raise the moon."

I pondered this. The implications were far more reaching than I had the power to comprehend, but I understood that Sort of-no, Luna- must be incredibly powerful.

I had started compiling a list of things that Luna must indirectly affect (the tides, Earth's rotation, the weather) when I noticed a city over the horizon.

It looked like someone had taken an enormous wad of gum, scooped up a city, and tacked it to the mountain. Were... were those waterfalls? Where was the water coming from? It would take an enormous amount of water pressure to get water to the top of a mountain, much less the amount that was streaming down from the city!

I spared a glance for my surroundings, and grimaced. Magic. Right. I wondered how much of the world around me at the moment was controlled by it. Was Luna the only magical one, or were there other magical creatures? Would I see them in this city, Canterlot?

I decided there must be at least one other magical being in the city. Luna was supposed to be able to raise the moon, but she didn't say anything about lowering the sun. Maybe there was another alicorn named Sol? Perhaps a boy? This was, of course, assuming Luna was a girl, and considering the name, coloring, and the sound of her voice I was fairly sure she was.

I didn't feel comfortable talking with Luna about this, however, as she seemed to be getting more agitated the closer we got to the city. In fact, she was headed toward the wrong side of the mountain, as if to miss the city entirely. Suddenly she tensed up, and I looked ahead to see what might've gotten her so upset.

It didn't take me long. There were a multitude of white pegasi flooding from the city, all of whom

were wearing golden armor. Six of them were pulling an elaborate golden chariot (I wondered why the thing had wheels, but then again, a flying chariot didn't make any sense aerodynamically, so I kept my mouth shut.) and it looked like it was occupied. I strained my eyes, and finally the figure came close enough for me to see.

It was a white alicorn, similar to Luna except twice the size with a white coat, rainbow hair, a sun tattoo, golden shoes, golden necklace, and golden crown. I looked back at Luna. So *that's* what her hairpiece was. A crown. I wondered exactly how important Luna was. Was I truly in the presence of royalty?

I was about to find out, as we had stopped in midair directly in front of the chariot. Luna gracefully flew over the pegasi pulling it before settling down next to the imposing white alicorn. As an afterthought she set me next to her, towards the side of the chariot. I looked over Luna's lap to better see this... princess. There was no other word to describe her.

She turned to look at me, and I gave her a respectful head bob before returning to gawking. Trust me, if you had been that close to her, you would have been gawking too. Luna squirmed uncomfortably next to me, and I reluctantly sat back, scooting over to give her the most amount of space possible. She gave me a wavery, nervous smile before looking over at...

I realized Luna didn't know what to say, so I said the first thing that came to mind. Leaning over again, I blurted out,
"Hi! My name's Hannah. What's your name?"

Both princesses (I was fairly sure they were by now.) looked at me in surprise. The white alicorn quickly regained her composure, and smiled at me before replying,
"I am Princess Celestia."

I briefly mourned the inaccuracy of my theory, that there would be a boy named Sol who would raise the sun, for Celestia was undoubtedly the pony with that responsibility.

I looked back at Luna.

"So, Luna, does that mean you're a princess too?"

She squirmed uncomfortably again before whispering, "yes."

I nodded my head, satisfied, and waited for someone else to talk. This was going to be an interesting ride!

I do not own My Little Pony, that belongs to Hasbro. All of the cartoons mentioned at the beginning belong to their respective people/companies. All songs belong to their respective owners. Also, I mean no harm to the Silinists. I have never met one, and I have no reason to believe you have secret meetings in the woods, or that the Great Forsteri is how Discord appears on Earth, even though they have suspiciously similar goals.