

RingmasterJ5: I reviewed this fic a month or two ago, for a group called "Under the Bridge". Apparently, my negative review wasn't even noticed until late last night, and suddenly I have a bunch of outraged fans telling me to read the rest. I guess this is technically reading it to completion, so let's... wait, did he seriously misspell "griffon" in the title?

Fallen Prime: I'll be the "And Friend" for this evening. And he's right, look at the episode title, at the canon spelling. I've only read the first two chapters to completion prior to this, and I was the exact opposite of impressed. Just be aware that this will be my own first impression of the story.

RingmasterJ5: And, everything after this "part" of the review will be my first impressions of the upcoming chapters, too.

Fallen Prime: And to refute all "read more before you judge" comments: the most important part of ANY WORK EVER is that first impression. You need an opening that makes readers WANT to get to the better parts. If you can't do that in almost FORTY THOUSAND GODDAMN WORDS, you fail as a story.

RingmasterJ5: Yep. I WILL say that I was hilariously wrong with my estimate that I only read the first 20,000 words. I apparently read about TWICE that much, and still didn't have any inclination to keep reading. Of course, I have a bit more reason here, with the format of review we're using here. Fallen, care to explain?

Fallen Prime: With pleasure. This will be a combination of a riff/MST, which means a shitload of jokes at the story's expense, and an actual critical review based on our actual thoughts of the story. Our legitimate compliments and our legitimate issues.

RingmasterJ5: We won't have a script, and we don't pre-write our jokes. This is truly our first impressions, riffs and all.

1. Well, This Is Original

"Piss off. I don't have time to deal with you punks, I'm late for a swirly with Danial,

RingmasterJ5: I read that as "Denial", and got scared for a second that he'd have one of those 3oM conscience problems.

and then I've got my lunch time beating with Billy. I can pencil you in for a week from Tuesday."

Fallen Prime: Give the bullies SOME credit. They're organized.

Yeah, I'm pretty much the school punching bag.

Fallen Prime: I'd love to look forward to you getting the shit beaten out of you, but Ring's informed me that this character's too PERFECT AND AWESOME for that to happen.

Nobody does anything about it, and every time I try, I'm the one who ends up in trouble with the authorities. Not the police. The teachers, principal, and the worthless parents of these punks who think their little boys can do no wrong.

Fallen Prime: This I don't mind. That's an actual thing that I've seen happen, the victim getting in trouble for reacting to the bully.

RingmasterJ5: It just takes an hour on r/AskReddit to see a BUNCH of that.

They're used to getting away with everything, and it's gone to their heads. My parents are constantly punishing me for stuff I didn't even do. I get beat up at school, suspended for fighting back. I get grounded for a month, and the twats that started it get a new Xbox from their moms to make them feel better.

"Aw, look at the geek, trying to be a *smartass*." One of them said.

"Better than being a *dumbass*, like you. Which is a problem considering that's where your brain is."

RingmasterJ5: Your insult was "your brain is in your ass"? That's more stupid than intimidating.

My attitude was met with a punch to the stomach.

Fallen Prime: Awesome. I like this guy.

"Not so tough now are you? ARE YOU?" Said one with spiky green hair.

RingmasterJ5: Could you have possibly used a *more* "stereotypical" bully hairstyle than that?

Fallen Prime: Spiky RED. That help?

RingmasterJ5: Right.

"Pfft, I've been beat on so much, your pansy ass little punches don't even hurt anymore." I head butted him. Didn't hurt me. He fell over.

Fallen Prime: I call all the bullshit. You admitted you're WAY outclassed physically by these guys. You can't just brush shit off like that. Getting hit so many times doesn't mean getting hit so many MORE times stops hurting.

RingmasterJ5: Not that I've headbutted many people in my life, but wouldn't that at least do SOMETHING to your own head? Especially with the aforementioned strength difference?

"You're gonna pay for that." Said a third.

Fallen Prime: "Cash or credit?"

"Nope, we're not on school grounds, the teachers ain't gonna save you, and the cops never come to this park."

"You're the one who needs saving." Said the first. He dove at me, and was met by a knee, right below the lungs.

Fallen Prime: Your reflexes CANNOT BE THAT GOOD.

RingmasterJ5: Realistically, if he was THAT fast and shot his leg up like that, he'd lose his balance and fall over.

When you get hit a lot, you learn to avoid being hit. When you're physically weak, you learn to hit the

spots that cause the most pain with the least force. Getting the wind knocked out of you hurts, I know first hand, so I can imagine what he was feeling.

Fallen Prime: No, no, no, NO. Invincible heroes are stupid and boring to read about, and invincible heroes that the story admits HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE INVINCIBLE are beyond frustrating.

RingmasterJ5: Just wait until he single-handedly kills a dragon.

Fallen Prime: Oh, fuck me.

"You're gonna die kid." The third pulled a knife, and tried to stab. I corkscrewed my arm around his, placed the other on the inside of his shoulder, and dislocated it. No permanent damage, but hurts like hell. I cracked my neck, and gave him a wicked grin.

RingmasterJ5: He grew up to be the Joker.

Fallen Prime: "You wanna know how I got these scars?"

Normally, I'm pretty mellow. Happy even, when I'm alone.

RingmasterJ5: Obligatory masturbation joke here.

I don't like other people, mostly because for some strange reason, they don't like me.

Fallen Prime: Sounds a tad like me. Well, how I used to be before high school infinitely expanded my friend pool.

RingmasterJ5: Being homeschooled, I basically have no one. I'm at least...normal about it, and not whatever this guy is. Also, I've been able to fester my overall evilness faster than most.

Never found out why. Apparently, being alone makes you a target.

RingmasterJ5: I am certainly not that, though.

But it also makes you learn to take care of yourself.

Fallen Prime: ...nope, not there yet.

Every once in a while, I get pushed over the edge, and my personality changes completely. I go from normal, calm, collected, to sadistic, malevolent, and *calculating*.

RingmasterJ5: I'm all six at the same time. You need to be if you really want to pull off amazing things.

Nerd rage is a powerful thing. I think faster than normal people. Comes from having to think faster than the punks which think it's fun to treat me like dirt.

RingmasterJ5: No, no, no. When you're evil, you're supposed to think at a slower, calculating pace, and take into account every possibility. Jumping right the hell in to everything leaves so many weak points.

Fallen Prime: What you're doing here is what, since the recent movies, I've come to call Sherlocking.

I took their shoes, and threw them off the bridge we were on, onto the freeway below.

"Enjoy walking home barefoot." Just to add a little extra humiliation. Besides, their parents would just go out and buy them a \$400 pair of Nike's tomorrow anyway.

Fallen Prime: NO ONE'S parents will waste that much on their kids for the hell of it.

In an internet café, one of the few places 'nerds' like me can go hang out and not be bothered.

Fallen Prime: Our homes and bedrooms. That work enough for you?

We're kind of like a pack of wolves. Sure, when we're alone, a lion can pick us off, but there's no way one would come into a den of 30 of us.

Fallen Prime: Um... "den" refers to lion dwellings, doesn't it? But you're not supposed to be using the lion analogy to describe your fellow nerds.

Little known fact, nerds who have had enough learn how to hurt people.

Fallen Prime: Or... take it up with the principal. Worked for me.

Some learn kendo, other's learn karate. I learned anatomy. Pressure points, the body's strong and weak points. How to cause as much pain to other people as possible without actually damaging them.

Fallen Prime: I sense wiki research incoming for whenever that's supposed to come into play.

Works well when you want to get someone off your back without getting the cops involved. The punks from before all have criminal records, so it's not like they're gonna go to the cops. They spent a day in a cushioned jail before their moms bailed them out, and they think they're hardcore.

Fallen Prime: I think the bullies' parents would be less inclined to deify their kids if they've got rap sheets. The story's poking holes in its own logic.
RingmasterJ5: I'd like to clarify that "deify" IS a real word.

I was watching My Little Pony, Friendship is Magic. I can't watch it at home, it's just another thing my parents would judge me for.

Fallen Prime: You're positive about that? Because mine are just fine with it. Don't get it, sure, but fine with it.

The nerds, geeks, and losers like me don't think that way. Lot's of em play games. WoW, Starcraft. Other's play games RL, chess, and Dungeons and Dragons.

Fallen Prime: Did you just look up nerd stereotypes to write that bit? I'm a pretty big one, but I'm shit at chess and thus don't play at all, and I've played NONE of the rest of those.

Other's work on homework, and some watch television.

RingmasterJ5: Who the hell is this "Other" and why does he do absolutely everything there?

Internet café's are havens for us. They let us escape school, family, life. Everyone who doesn't understand.

Fallen Prime: The Internet is escape enough. I don't care where I am when I'm on it, I've escaped when I make it on.

I watch My Little Pony because it's a world of happiness, at least in Ponyville that is. We don't see much of what goes on elsewhere. It must have it's fair share of trouble, if characters like Gilda and Trixie exist, as well as the land dispute with the buffalo. Still a sight better than Earth.

Fallen Prime: ...point.

"So, you ever think about going to Equestria?" Asked someone in the café.

"Yeah, I mean, it's just a cartoon, but it's a lot better than here.

RingmasterJ5: Aw, look. That quotation mark is lonely.

Fallen Prime: I sense desire to enter Equestria. I sense human in Equestria. I sense upcoming desire to shoot myself in the face.

RingmasterJ5: I'm just annoyed that Discord is relegated to this small cameo.

Fallen Prime: This is supposed to be DISCORD!?

RingmasterJ5: Yeah, I'm sure of it.

Fallen Prime: I hate this chapter even more now.

"If you could go, what would you want to be?" He asked.

"Really, being there would be enough. I wouldn't really care. I mean, I wouldn't want to be a donkey or a cow, that's just lame. Being a dragon would be cool, but I'd be huge, and there's plenty of trouble in that. I definitely wouldn't want to be a non speech capable animal, like a dog,

Fallen Prime: *COUGH*LOUIE*COUGH*

RingmasterJ5: I was going to say something, but I was thinking of the wrong FX show.

or a manticore. Other than that, I haven't thought about it really."

"Wouldn't you miss your family? Your friends?" The stranger asked. I didn't mind talking to him, since he was clearly a brony as well, and we know what other bronies are like. We can trust each other.

Fallen Prime: I think the fans' reactions to criticism on this and SO MANY other stories suggests it's not as rainbows-and-sunshine as you think.

RingmasterJ5: I still want to know what the "troll-weaving" part of "troll-weaving cunt" means. Yes, I've been called that before by an irate fan.

"I'm pretty sure my family hates me. It's a constant yelling match, and they're always looking for ways to make me miserable. As for friends, what friends? I'm in an internet café, which pretty much

"Ow."

Fallen Prime: We won't see him say that often, will we.

RingmasterJ5: Not in any important context, no.

"Oh hey, you're waking up. About time, I was getting tired of waiting." Hey, wait, I know that voice.

"I feel like I just got hit by a car."

Fallen Prime: Were we so lucky...

RingmasterJ5: I suddenly want to open a bunch of throwaway accounts on FiMFic and have a few OC fics that each go on for five chapters or so, ending with them all dying from things that would kill normal people/ponies but not other OCs.

"No, you didn't get hit by a cart. You're just an idiot who passed out in the badlands."

'Where have I heard that voice before?'

Fallen Prime: No. *Italics* for thoughts. Single-quoting will get confusing. And you clearly KNEW THAT because I read the author's note at the end of the last chapter.

I finally open my eyes, and find an eagle looking back at me. A BIG eagle.

"Holy Shit!" I jumped, and fell out of bed.

Fallen Prime: Fuck you, story. You were doing so well with the grammar, but HOW DO YOU FUCK THAT UP WITH A TENSE SHIFT!?

RingmasterJ5: "Shit!" shouldn't be capitalized like that, too.

"Smooth move, moron." Taking a closer look, I saw that it wasn't an eagle, it was a griffin. Now I know where I know that voice from. Of all the people, or ponies, or whatever that I could run into, it had to be freaking Gilda.

Fallen Prime: Okay. That's interesting and original.

RingmasterJ5: Which makes me have to wonder...just how will he inevitably fuck this up?

I cracked my neck, (yeah, I have a bad habit, so sue me), then by back, then my knuckles. Looking at myself, I didn't have hands, I had claws.

Fallen Prime: Griffon transformation. Again, not common, but LTD killed my faith in HiE fics that don't just go the regular route.

Still satisfying to crack em though. Gilda shuddered. Apparently, I found her pet peeve. Mine is nails on a chalkboard. Wait a minute.....

Loading

Loading

RingmasterJ5: Aw, shit, 502. I'll come back in an hour and try again.

Loading

Done

Fallen Prime: I do like when stories get creative with showing the characters taking their time to come to an obvious conclusion. See, just because I don't like the story doesn't mean I can't throw it a bone here and there.

'Claws?! Why the hell do I have claws?' I kind of expected to have hooves. At the same time, I still didn't expect this to be happening at all. I put my claw on my head, then slowly turned myself over, and got up. I turned and looked at myself. I had wings, feathers. I also had fur, and my feet were now paws. And I had a lion's tail.

'So, I guess I'm a griffin too.

RongmasterJ5: Yiu kniw, Prome, seeong the I swotched woth O all the tome woll be annoyong.

Fallen Prime: Ow, my brain.

Well, at least I'm not a donkey. Hey, this isn't all bad. I'm diggin the claws.

Fallen Prime: That slang pisses me off. But I won't fault the story for that, I'll fault the character. There's a LOT I'll fault the character for, just you wait.

Wings are also awesome in my book.' I felt stiff,

RingmasterJ5: You REALLY didn't need to share.

so I stretched. Since I wasn't used to having wings, it took me a while to figure out how to use them.

Fallen Prime: Wait, he's not insta-flying, is he?

'I'll have to thank that guy, if I ever see him again.' I was taking being thrown into a new world rather well.

Fallen Prime: I'm suspicious of that.

'If I'm really here, awesome, if I'm dreaming, don't wake me, and if I'm crazy, I don't wanna be sane.' Then I noticed Gilda was looking at me strangely.

Fallen Prime: Incoming rape!

'Right, I'm checking myself out. Not strange behaviour at all *cough sarcasm cough*'

Fallen Prime: Way to ruin the joke by drawing attention to the sarcasm. I'm so proud of you. That was sarcasm, by the way.

"You feelin okay?" She asked.

Fallen Prime: In my experience, if you're chopping letters off of a word, you put an apostrophe in their place. Compound words are not the only times you're supposed to do that.

'Huh, so Gilda does care about other's.

Fallen Prime: That's gonna piss me off SO much. The "other's" thing.

I better not let on that I know anything, I don't need to go breaking the fourth wall.

Fallen Prime: There's no fourth wall in this instance other than the one separating the characters and REAL LIFE. This is just trying to skirt around meta humor.

Let's go with amnesia.'

**Fallen Prime: Suddenly, "Equestria: A world with Ponies, not Humans."
RingmasterJ5: God, that game appears way too often in these fics for some reason.
Can't they just buy it in a Steam sale or something?**

"Where am I?" I asked.

"You serious?" She asked back.

"If I knew where I was, I wouldn't be asking you, whoever you are." Time for the duel of sass and sarcastic remarks.

Fallen Prime: Snark is my forte, so I'll serve as judge.

"I'm Gilda, you better remember it. You're in the tail feather mountain range, in a little mud hole village on the edge of the Dominion-Equestria border." She replied.

Fallen Prime: Alright, passable. Your response?

"Dominion? Equestria?" I know what Equestria is, but I haven't got a clue about the Dominion, and I was playing ignorant.

Fallen Prime: DISQUALIFIED! You didn't even try. Gilda wins by default!

"Come on, really? Are you that dumb? Who are you any way?" She asked, getting slightly annoyed.

"Griffin."

**Fallen Prime: The episode was called "Griffon the Brush-Off." "GRIFFON."
RingmasterJ5: I'd start a counter, but that'd be impossible to keep up.**

"Yeah, I know you're a griffin, I asked *who* not *what*." She was starting to get mad.

Fallen Prime: Gilda's the first character in this thing I can sympathize with.

"Griffin."

"Your NAME dumbass." She was almost yelling.

"All I can remember is my name is Griffin. I guess my parents were unimaginative or something." I had just realized the irony of the situation. I'm a griffin, *named* Griffin.

Fallen Prime: You know, if you established your character's name in the first chapter, this inconvenience would seem a bit more amusing. It'd still be forced, but this is just LAZY.

RingmasterJ5: And, yet AGAIN: No, you're a GRIFFON named Griffin. Still stupid, but at least get it right.

I had to make up a quick excuse.

"All you can remember? Amnesia huh. And yeah, your parents would have to be pretty stupid if that's all they could come up with." I didn't mind her mocking my parents. Personally, I think they're dumb too.

Fallen Prime: As a general rule of thumb, I assume that ALL characters in stories I come into disliking are dumb.

"Do you have a... umm..." I stumbled trying to find the right word on purpose, to sell the story. I may never be accused of not being a clever bastard.

Fallen Prime: You're not a clever bastard.

"A map! Yeah, that's it."

"Yeah, what's it to ya?" Gilda said in her normal bitchy tone.

"Because I wanna find out where the hell I am."

Fallen Prime: I thought Gilda already answered that question.

"Good enough." She pulled out a scroll. I had already gotten used to walking on four legs. I've been beat up enough to be forced to crawl,

Fallen Prime: He'll never be that hurt in this story, will he.
RingmasterJ5: Not at all.

and this was actually easier since I wasn't in severe pain, and my legs bent the right way for it. I walked over, and took a look. It was a world map.

In the north east, there was a range of mountains labeled 'Dominion', surrounded by valleys.

Fallen Prime: I wonder why it's called Dominion. I don't mind it, and good on you for not relying on a griffon-related pun, but what's the reasoning behind it?

In the middle, there was the largest area, labeled Equestria. North-center was labeled 'Gem Fido' Which I guessed was Diamond Dog area.

Fallen Prime: OW. And when you DO go for the pun, it's physically painful.

To the north-west was simply called 'Dragon Badlands'. Center-east was an ocean. Center-west was the same ocean. I guess it stretched all the way around the planet.

RingmasterJ5: That's...not how oceans work at all.

Fallen Prime: Look at a globe. There's no land border completely separating the oceans. The Americas don't touch the North Pole and Antarctica, nor do Eurasia or Africa. Essentially, every landmass on the planet is a gigantic island. EVERYTHING ELSE IS WATER.

South west was labeled 'Volcanic Wastes. Didn't sound too hospitable. Center-south was the 'Feline Jungle". I assumed some sort of cats lived there, well away from the dogs. South- east was 'Black Marsh'

'Like in the Elder Scrolls?'

Fallen Prime: Ugh. I'm SO glad I have no knowledge of Oblivion, no FIRSHAND knowledge of Skyrim, and can't even name the first three; otherwise I'd be tempted to make a joke here.

RingmasterJ5: The AUTHOR probably can't even name the first two.

Now I was just being stupid. I looked for the tail feather mountain range. It was on the southern border of the Dominion, fairly near the eastern edge of the map. If she found me in the badlands, that meant that this was a complete world map, and it wrapped around.

Fallen Prime: Logic...?

Sure, the mountains were near the border, but not *that* close.

"How did I get here?" It was an important question.

Fallen Prime: Discord.

RingmasterJ5: I will attempt to justify this by claiming it was his most evil plot yet: Flood Equestria with dumb, overpowered Stus.

"Like I said, you passed out in the badlands, here." She pointed to a spot on the map. "I found you unconscious, so I brought you around to here." She pointed at the northern most mountain on the peak.

Fallen Prime: They don't name the mountains?

"Seriously, what were you doing there? Being in those badlands is dangerous. You'd make a quick snack for a hungry dragon." Gilda was all heart. I was about to say I thought dragons only ate gems, but then I remembered that Spike had hay fries once.

Fallen Prime: And donuts. And baked bads. And basically any pony food. It's alright to be less specific when it serves a point.

Good thing too, because that would have blown my story.

"So you carried me all the way here?" Gilda started blushing. "Yeah big deal.

Fallen Prime: Oh my god. Two speakers in the same paragraph. I thought the story was above that.

And before you ask, *I* was there because I can handle myself, and I wanted to be alone. As for why, none of your business."

'Rainbow Dash. She's probably sore about that whole incident, and is beating herself up over it. Better let it go. Don't wanna open any wounds.'

Fallen Prime: Your concern is her feelings. That's fine, but YOUR COVER'S JUST AS IMPORTANT. That should be FIRST on your mind.

I looked at the map again, and found Ponyville. I figured I'd want to go there eventually,

Fallen Prime: Oh, you cock!
RingmasterJ5: Apparently, Ponyville encompasses all of Equestria now.

but as for right now, there was no hurry. I'd get there eventually. Besides, it was on the southern half of Equestria. I'd have to cross half the continent to get there.

Grruuuggggle

'Wow stomach, nice timing.' I laughed weakly at Gilda.

"So, what's for eats?" I asked.

Fallen Prime: People really say that?

"That depends, you remember how to fly?" She had a habit of answering questions with more questions. Now that I think about it, our personalities are pretty similar.

"Nope, but I'll figure it out on the way. I may be an idiot, but I'm not stupid."

Fallen Prime: No, you're... you're definitely both.

'Let her chew on that one for a while.' She just laughed. Well, let's get going then. Looking around, I saw that I was actually in a cave.

Fallen Prime: See?

Either griffins built their nests in caves, which is entirely possible, or the village was actually below us.

"Well, since this is pretty much a cliff, time to see if I can fly!"

Fallen Prime: Okay, I think "idiot" and "stupid" aren't the only two synonyms you deserve.

I jumped out of the cave. I figured my griffin brain would take over and let me fly. It didn't.

"YOU DUMBASS!"

Fallen Prime: Thanks, Gilda.

Gila screeched.

Fallen Prime: Or... random gila monster. Where the hell are Joel, Crow and Servo?

She dove after me, intent on catching me before I killed myself. I landed on a dead tree, breaking it. It started moving down the mountain. The mountain side was not all rocky and full of pits and boulders. It was smooth stone, almost like pavement. How that was possible.... well, this is a cartoon.

Fallen Prime: To you, I'm pretty sure it's a hell of a real mountain right now.

I guess they never animated the mountain details, except in 'Dragonshy'. Or is it? Maybe it's a real world that we just peek into on occasion? Not gonna go into that, don't wanna crush the broken remains of the fourth wall.

Fallen Prime: The word you want is "meta!"

Anyway, I was still on top of the log, now careening down the mountain. I just so happen to be an amateur skateboarder.

Fallen Prime: Are you gonna pull talents out of your ass the entire story? If you really want to make us believe this, establish that trait earlier in the story as foreshadowing for a moment when he'll need to use that skill. That, or do more with it other than just use it to escape one bad scrape.

RingmasterJ5: Dude, you should be used to this by now. Of COURSE he's going to keep pulling these random talents out of his ass.

I'm good enough to go down a steep hill without falling off, and a log was much sturdier than a skateboard, albeit more bumpy. I stood on it sideways, bipedal style. I ripped off some of the bark and dug into the wood with my front claws for more stability. Now I could actually steer this death trap.

Fallen Prime: Okay, you actually sound like you're emulating snowboarding. You don't latch yourself onto a skateboard.

"Woohooo!" I yelled, using my wings for balance. That made it much easier in all aspects. Gilda flew down beside me, and looked at me like I was nuts.

Fallen Prime: Because you are.

"Well, that's got to be the dumbest way to go down a mountain." She told me once we reached the bottom. After being thrown off, I slammed my face into the dirt, and was still picking myself up when she landed.

Fallen Prime: No visible injury? Seriously, GARY FUCKING STU. You took a drop from

a goddamn mountain; even if you slow that fall, you're still going fast enough to BREAK A LOT OF YOUR BONES.

RingmasterJ5: Hell, he wouldn't just slam his face into the dirt, he'd be EMBEDDED in it at that speed.

"Yeah, but if you can't fly, it beats getting pummeled by rocks." I said, lifting the log I rode, showing it's underside. It had been worn over halfway through by grinding on the mountain side.

Fallen Prime: All the more reason he should've been seriously injured! That log barely did shit for him! Hell, he should've impaled himself on some of the branches on the dead tree he hit!

"Fair enough." She smiled.

We climbed down the rest of the mountain, and found ourselves in a forested area. Gilda kept looking at me and smiling, or what I thought was a smile. It's hard to tell with just a beak.

Fallen Prime: Her facial expressions are easily readable on the show. And if everything still looks cartoony, that shouldn't change.

'No way, is she falling for me?

Fallen Prime: Oh my god. You can't have even spent more than an hour together. And she already likes you. This is some LTD relationship bullshit right here. And yes, we'll be drawing LTD and 3oM comparisons VERY often, I think.

I wonder. Is just Gilda mean, or are all griffins? If that's the case, I'll both fit in perfectly, and am probably the nicest griffin she's ever met.'

Fallen Prime: If there are so few nice griffins, do you really think she'd go for one?

"Hey, dumbass, over here." She interrupted my thoughts. I didn't care that she was calling me dumbass instead of Griffin. Honestly? It's not the worst thing I've been called.

Fallen Prime: I'd have gone with shit-gargling thundercunt, but to each his own.

"See that deer?" She was whispering. "Let's catch it."

Fallen Prime: I now envision a griffon season/deer season argument.

RingmasterJ5: Can't it be both?

"Let me guess, you're gonna fly over head, and I'm gonna chase on foot, driving it out in the open." I was whispering as well.

"You catch on quick for a moron." She teased.

Fallen Prime: Credit where credit's due. He's alright with deductive reasoning. Pat yourself on the back, because that's more than I can say for the protagonists of most other stories I've read like this. On top of that, it's a valid strategy.

"As I said, I may be an idiot, but I am by no means stupid. Just look at how I went down that mountain like a pro after plan A failed."

Fallen Prime: The proper term is "like a boss." The ACCURATE term is "like a derp."

She laughed again, then backed away before flying up, as not to scare the grazing deer. I looked up, and she signaled that there was an open field about 200 meters to the east. Since I was facing north, I had to circle around stealthily to the west. I pulled it off.

Fallen Prime: See? This fic isn't entirely awful. This is actually a relatively entertaining sequence-

Another thing you learn when everybody hates you

Fallen Prime: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaand you broke it. Good job.

is how not to be seen. Avoiding bullies, running from bullies, fighting bullies. Yeah, that was my life. So, not only was I good at hiding, I was fast, a quick thinker, and knew all the weak spots. Not a bad skill set when you're trying to survive.

Fallen Prime: True. But it's NOT a skill set you can just pick up from dealing with bullies. You realize this is going to be read by others who've had the same experience, right?

I signaled to get ready, and she started circling like the bird of prey she was. I crouched and moved in closer to the deer. I was directly behind it.

Fallen Prime: Close enough to jab it with a stick.

I got closer still, and it still didn't see me. I got even closer, it STILL didn't see me. I took one more step, and stepped on a branch.

Crack

Fallen Prime: Ah, the satisfying sound of an annoying protagonist's neck snapping...

The deer looked up. I stayed perfectly still. It didn't see me, but it knew it wasn't alone. It was looking around, and slowly started to move. I pounced.

Fallen Prime: Again, I don't terribly mind the hunting sequence. Yeah, yeah, victory for the Stu and whatnot, but he has to have SOME. And this one was a calculated plan rather than a fistfight. Although... it WAS discussed prior, and laying out your plans in fiction typically isn't supposed to go over well.
RingmasterJ5: Get ready to be annoyed by the MANY "planning" scenes to come.

The chase was on. It was headed east, just as planned. Gilda was flying over head. She was fairly fast, and had no trouble keeping up. I was running about as fast as the deer.

Fallen Prime: And now I bring a griffon's maximum land speed into question.

It would quickly dart around pieces of bush and undergrowth, while I would just bash through them.

Fallen Prime: That should hurt.

I watched how it moved, and used that to plan my course around trees and other obstacles. I was keeping up with it quite well. Suddenly, something changed.

Fallen Prime: The Fire Nation attacked.

RingmasterJ5: And that is something I'd actually want to read, as long as none of these guys are the main characters.

Everything seemed to slow down, I felt strong. I didn't even feel the pain from the branches hitting me.

Fallen Prime: Yeah... can I take back what I said about not minding this scene? It's just hurting me now.

It was a feeling I knew all too well. A feeling that I had felt often when dealing with those worthless punks at school. A feeling I loved. Adrenaline.

Fallen Prime: SHUT THE FUCK UP ABOUT THE BULLIES. WE GET IT.

We approached the clearing, but sensing the trap, the deer suddenly darted off to the left, and I followed in pursuit. Its changing direction meant that while I was headed directly for it, it was not headed directly away from me.

Fallen Prime: Thank you kindly, Captain Obvious.

I closed in on it and jumped, knocking it over and pinning it to the ground. I held its head down with my left claw, and its body with my right. It was trapped, completely overpowered. It looked at me with eyes begging me not to kill it.

Fallen Prime: Deers aren't sentient. I don't think they can plead for mercy, through expression or otherwise.

I drove my beak into its neck at the base of the skull just behind the ear, killing it instantly.

I had never killed an animal before.

Fallen Prime: Really? Because you seemed to know exactly what you were doing this entire time.

RingmasterJ5: Yeah... there's going to be this "survival instinct skills" bullshit a LOT in here.

The closest I had ever come was shooting a bow at a foam deer target. Although my eyes are bad and I needed glasses, I was an excellent shot, even better than my former friend who had been doing it for years. I was a natural.

Fallen Prime: What the fuck does that have to do with what's happening now? Does he ever use that talent, or is he just saying this to try and make Griffin look like a

badass? Key word being "TRY?"

RingmasterJ5: Sadly, this seems to WORK for the story's fans.

As a griffin, I didn't have my poor human eyesight. In fact, since I was at least part bird of prey, I could see far better than any human could. I could instantly focus on anything, no matter how small, between on the end of my beak to over a mile away.

Fallen Prime: You have NO GODDAMN IDEA how the vision of predatory birds works.

It was freaking awesome to not have to strain my eyes. Gilda flew down, and was looking rather impressed.

Fallen Prime: Those thoughts are so related to each other.

"Hey, nice catch. Ya killed it already? Seems like you at least remember that. Doesn't look like you carved up the pelt any." She was rather happy that I had killed it, but at the same time seemed a little annoyed that she didn't get to.

Fallen Prime: And she was SUPPOSED to, but you kind of stole her kill. Prick.

I felt really good with the whole 'hunter instinct' thing. Odds are, she did too.

"Yeah. Weakest point on a non armored body for a lethal strike is behind the ear, base of the skull. It's designed for movement, not protection, and so the skin is soft, there's very little padding. Severing the jugular or carotid artery is messy. The bone protecting the spinal chord has a gap, meaning the brain stem is unprotected. A single puncture will instantly kill, and sufficient blunt trauma will paralyze, possibly permanently."

RingmasterJ5: Holy shit, this guy's a serial killer.

Fallen Prime: You said you studied anatomy, right? You know human anatomy is NOTHING LIKE THE ANATOMY OF OTHER ANIMALS, right?

She seemed impressed by my knowledge.

"How do you know that? You sound almost like a doctor."

Fallen Prime: That or a professional murderer.

RingmasterJ5: One not smart enough to tell animals from people, apparently. Well, they *are* both meat, but that's not exactly good enough. Unless he eats everything he kills.

'SHIT, She got me. Think fast.'

"I don't know how I know, I just know. It makes sense to me. Maybe I was a doctor or something before I lost my memory."

Fallen Prime: Can I just punch this guy? Like, right in the face?

RingmasterJ5: What about the rusty sawblades?

Fallen Prime: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh yes.

Truth was, I was studying anatomy in school, hoping to get a job in the medical field. They didn't teach that though. I figured that out all on my own. So, technically it wasn't a lie.

Fallen Prime: Yes it was. You were never a doctor like you claimed to be. Studying to become one and BEING one are not the fucking same, and if you think otherwise, tell me: would you let someone who hasn't even entered med school yet perform a major operation on you under any normal circumstances?

I don't really like lying, but at the same time, I'm not just gonna tell her I'm from another dimension. I have to stick with my story.

Fallen Prime: You're bullshitting a story as you go along. Don't give me this crap about sticking with it.

"You have to be the strangest thing I've ever seen. Griffin, pony, or other." She was getting genuinely interested in me, and was losing her sarcasm.

Fallen Prime: HAAATE.

She still wasn't calling me by my name. I guess it's awkward. It would be like me walking up to a guy and saying 'Hi Human'. If A guy's name was Hubert Mann, it would be really weird.

"Yep, I'm not just your ordinary rabble, I'm a *grade A* freak." We both laughed at that.

"Alright, let's cook this sucker, I'm starved."

I was reading 'The Ballad Of Echo The Diamond Dog'

RingmasterJ5: Fun fact: That's the only fic even tangentially related to 3oM/LTD to ever make it on EqD.

and thought. An HiE, but he doesn't get turned into a pony, he get's turned into something else. Hey, that's not a half bad idea!

Fallen Prime: It's an ALL bad idea.

I'm totally gonna rip it off, and give it my own flavour. So seriously, it's one of the few fics I like,

Fallen Prime: "Eternal." "Frigid Winds and Burning Hearts." "Doctor Whooves: The Series." "Smoke and Mirrors." "Bittersweet." "Past Sins." "Pony Psychology" and "Secrets and Lies." "The Vinyl Scratch Tapes." "On a Cross and Arrow" and "On a Whisper of Wind." "Whip and Wing." "The Games We Play." "So Long and Thanks for All the Ponies." "It Takes a Village." "Progress." "Anthropology." "Two's Company, Three's a Crowd." "Beating the Heat." "Allegrezza." I'm only even scratching the surface. If you can't find good stories, you're looking in all the wrong places, because most of these require NO LOOKING FOR AT ALL.

RingmasterJ5: "Through the Eyes of Another Pony". That is all.

go check it out. Thank's for the inspiration, I hope you don't mind. So far, I actually like this fic. I'm not gonna update Ascended as fast as I updated Monster, because Ascended is a sequel, and I have to make sure I didn't do anything I already did. I'll alternate between it and Griffin the griffin, taking time off one to write the other when I get stuck.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter two: I can't even. More bullshit talents are pulled from nowhere to make Griffin look like he was superhuman in his past life, even though you stated that he was FAR FROM IT. The hunting scene fell apart the moment you started bragging about the main character's crawling and shooting skills, the latter of which was entirely irrelevant to the scene. And Gilda falling for Griffin... that reminds me of how unreasonably quickly Lance Greenfield got into Twilight Sparkle's metaphorical pants, but THIS IS TAKING EVEN FASTER TO HAPPEN. Seriously, it took my girlfriend three years to even develop any feelings for me, and another year to ask me out, so I know a thing or two about relationship pacing. And believe me, the rage at the lightning romance WILL be a running theme.

3. Life In The Wild

While I may not have ever hunted before, I have definitely dissected, and I've also flayed fish, so when it came to carving the deer, I knew pretty well what I was doing.

Fallen Prime: Fish aren't mammals, and the ones you catch and eat are not the rough size of a human. Neither is anything you dissect in school. And dissection has little to do with carving and NOTHING to do with hunting.

My claws are wonderful, they're like the perfect little knives, and made short work of it.

Fallen Prime: SHUT. UP.

Gilda went about draining it, while I gathered some leafy stuff and flint for a fire. I used to go camping all the time, and I've been to Indian reserves several times, as well as to geologist sites on class trips, so I know my way around nature.

Fallen Prime: Okay, first of all, I'm pretty sure they prefer Native Americans, and second of all, what the HELL do reservations and geologist sites have to do with nature other than you pretending you know what you're doing?

While I never could get the 'rub two sticks together' thing to work, I can tell rocks apart, and I know flint when I see it. There was a load of gravel at the base of the mountain, which, thanks to Minecraft, I know tends to have flint in it.

Fallen Prime: See? Just admit you learned your bullshit from Minecraft and spare me the geology crap.

RingmasterJ5: Ooh, can we spawn a shitload of Creepers everywhere this guy goes?

I guess all that gravel is what wore the mountain smooth. I found a pair of fairly large pieces. It helps when you have hands, or claws. I'd never be able to pull it off with hooves.

Fallen Prime: And behold, one of the few practical reasons for making your protagonist a griffon.

I found my way back to Gilda, who had a little camp set up, some broken logs to sit on. I tossed a bunch of twigs and dry leaves in a small clearing. We didn't want to catch anything on fire.

Fallen Prime: (grabs flamethrower) Maybe YOU didn't...

Sliding the rocks against each other, sparks came off, and the brush caught fire nicely.

"How'd you know how to do that?" She asked me.

"Same way I know everything else.

Fallen Prime: "Extracted directly from my anus."

Although this makes me think I wasn't a doctor. Maybe I'm a traveler. It would explain what I was doing in some badlands." She just smiled.

'Okay, she's DEFINITELY coming on to me.

Fallen Prime:
HATEHATEHATEHATEHATEHAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAATE!

Then again, I am pretty awesome since I got here, and in the show, I saw a very distinct lack of males around. Probably at least a 70% female majority.

Fallen Prime: Pfft. Only 70%?
RingmasterJ5: Males are the TRUE 1% in Equestria.

Oh shit, she's probably looking at me as a potential mate. Well, I was El Virgino on Earth, nothing says that has to stay the same here.

Fallen Prime: STOP EVERYTHING RIGHT HERE.
No. Nononononononono. He's human. His body is very distinctly that of a griffon, but his mind is still that of a human. That mind, if there's any sort of sense in it, should be wholly objected to fucking anything but another human. This was one of my VERY many problems with Lance and Twilight's relationship in LTD: he was a human, she was a pony, but within five days they're ready to screw, and within nine, when she learns he used to be human, they actually DO have sex, and SHE GETS PREGNANT. If you really want this romance in here... well, for one thing, don't make it start at first sight, and for another, this should be a huge moral dilemma for him. Technically, he's still human, so the rightness of screwing a griffon when he becomes one should be a legitimate and serious question on his mind. But you have him ready for the sexytimes right off the bat.
RingmasterJ5: And LTD had the whole "he was raped by a horse before he got to Equestria" thing, making that ten times as creepy.

Back there, I was a loser with a chip on his shoulder. Here, I'm actually pretty cool.

Fallen Prime: NO YOU ARE NOT.

I must be cool, since Gilda won't hang around people she thinks are lame.'

"What ya thinking about?" She asked. I had been staring off into space while the meat cooked.

Fallen Prime: Goddammit, story, now you have me seeing innuendos...

"Trying to remember stuff, it's not working. Who knows, maybe it's better this way. I feel... happy? And it feels unfamiliar. I mean, I've been happy before, I know I must have at some point, but this feels like *truehappiness*, if that makes sense. And if that's the case, maybe I'd rather not remember." It was a crock of bull.

Fallen Prime: Everything you've told her is a crock of bull.

I knew EXACTLY what happened, I just didn't *want* to remember. Maybe I'd get lucky and actually forget my past life.

Fallen Prime: You'd still have to keep track of the bullshit present you've created.

"Well, ya still did good today. You killed a deer, all on your own, carved it, and started a fire, and cooked the thing. Looks like you can handle yourself. See ya." She got up and started to leave.

Fallen Prime: Wait, really?

"And just where the hell do you think you're going?"

"You don't need me any more, so I'm leaving, you got a problem with that?" She looked annoyed.

Fallen Prime: Oh, I think I have a newfound respect for Gilda.

"You're damn right I do. You're going to sit your ass down and eat some of this."

"You caught it, it's not right for me to eat it, since you did all the work."

Fallen Prime: Good! Keep that mentality and get the fuck out of there!

'She has a sense of honour after all, I guess either she wasn't really all that bad, or my endless wit and charm

Fallen Prime: What happened to using actions and expressions to convey personality and emotion? STOP BLATANTLY TELLING ME WHAT YOUR CHARACTER'S LIKE AND TRY SHOWING ME.

is starting to rub off on her. After only two days.'

Fallen Prime: You were NOT in Equestria for two days. And to prove it, let me ask you this: what did you eat on the FIRST day? And if you say deer, I'm going to draw attention to the fact that you're claiming this scene, before they even start on the

deer, is happening on day TWO.

"Consider it pay back for saving my hide, and teaching me to fly."

Fallen Prime: Wait, what?

I smirked, or, what I thought was a smirk, given I have a beak and no lips.

"Who ever said I was gonna help you with that?" She demanded.

Fallen Prime: Oh, thank Christ. I thought you completely glossed over something potentially game-changing and important.

RingmasterJ5: This is what annoys me about this fic. The writing and stuff like that isn't half bad, the main character is just such a GIGANTIC Stu that he brings everything else down with him.

Fallen Prime: Don't give us bullshit about the definition of the term, because NOBODY can give a set-in-stone meaning, but one of the main traits is everything going their way. Inability to lose and instant girlfriend sounds exactly like that. And the cliched tragic back story is another mark off his scorecard.

RingmasterJ5: It gets so much worse next chapter. SO. MUCH. WORSE.

Fallen Prime: After all the times you've said that about LTD, I can't help but believe you.

RingmasterJ5: Even LANCE wasn't ever as big of a Stu as what Griffin's going to do in that.

"Well, you saw how well my first attempt went. Since I'm crazy enough to try that again, I'm gonna need someone around to make sure I don't splatter myself on some rocks.

Fallen Prime: You know. The SMART thing to have him do.

Which means that I still need you. Nope, you saved my life, and now you've gotta take care of me. Don't like it, too bad." I said with as much attitude as possible. She laughed, sat down, grabbed a chunk of meat, and started eating. I did the same.

Fallen Prime: Sigh... you're letting me down, Gilda.

'MEAT! Sweet and savory MEAT! It tastes soooooo much better when you kill, carve, clean, and cook it yourself.

RingmasterJ5: ...NO. Unless this idiot's ALSO a professional chef now or something.

I'm glad I'm not a pony, or I'd have to be vegetarian. And that would suck. Who can live without steak?

Fallen Prime: Vegetarians.

RingmasterJ5: I could easily live without steak, because bacon exists.

Fallen Prime: I don't even eat steak. I'm doing fine for myself.

RingmasterJ5: You're honestly not missing much. Think of it as "refined hamburger".

This venison was delicious.' Between the two of us we ate half of it. We decided that we would split the other half tomorrow. When she argued, I told her that since she spotted it, it was half hers, and if she wouldn't take it I'd knock her out and strap it to her back.

Fallen Prime: I'd say that's a dick move, but I'm always the one to suggest we tie one of my friends to the roof of my girlfriend's car regardless of whether or not we actually need the space.

RingmasterJ5: I'm a bit worried about what ELSE Griffin would do to an unconscious Gilda.

She got the picture, laughing again. We fell asleep next to a smoldering fire, bellies full.

The next day, my flying lessons began. She walked in front of me like Rainbow Dash when she was coaching Fluttershy on her cheering. *yay*

**Fallen Prime: ITLUERKFDBKUYIHF4O3THRC4OI
ahem Sorry, I just get excited at overwhelming amounts of adorable.**

She was in full coach mode. I caught on pretty quickly. After the day was over, I was already flying.

Fallen Prime: Well, I'll hand out a bit more credit here. He's taking time to learn how to fly. Lance just up and flew the moment he got to Equestria.

Having seen birds close up, I knew how they moved their wings, and practiced the motions,

Fallen Prime: Um... seeing birds moving their wings is far different from *actually moving your wings*.

getting helpful hints from Gilda. Even though I had never used mine before, they were fairly muscular.

Fallen Prime: I hate you.

Given some practice, I would be as good a flyer as she was.

We ate half the remaining meat. Instead of stuffing ourselves, we saved the other half for tomorrow, and we split it evenly.

"Well, ya taught me to fly.

RingmasterJ5: "Also, now I'm Applejack, apparently."

I really can take care of myself now. Here's your share of the meat. Thanks for everything. I guess I can let ya off the hook."

"You know, I could stick around." She said nervously.

Fallen Prime: Seen it. Other way around, but seen it. And why have their views completely reversed? Why does she want to stay, and why does he want her to go?

"What? Won't I be tying you down? I thought you wanted to be alone out in some forsaken waste filled

with dragons that want to make you a snack." Sarcasm really is my strong point.

Fallen Prime: Yes, I'm quite convinced of that.

"If you want me to go, then I'll just go!" She actually seemed hurt.

Fallen Prime: Oh my god. STOP GOING SO FAST WITH THIS.

"Hey, I never said that. I actually happen to enjoy your company, despite your personality." Nice save on my part.

"Well, what will you do?" She asked curiously.

Fallen Prime: What YOU should do, Gilda, is castrate him with a fork, tie him to a cactus, and play pinata with his entrails.

"Well, considering my knowledge and skill set, I was probably a traveler. I guess I'll do that again. See the world with my own eyes. I mean, I've got nothing to tie me to this place."

Fallen Prime: Well, I could find some rope...

"What, so you can end up half dead without your memories again?" She said sarcastically. We really are two sides of the same coin.

"That won't happen if I have a travel partner." I said, raising an eyebrow at her. She just smiled back, then scowled.

"I'm gonna end up saving your tail again, aren't I?"

"Yep."

RingmasterJ5: But not to any life-saving extent, as I'LL be the one doing most of the work.

A lot of Griffin's past is my own. I got bullied, but not to that degree. I've never been to an internet café, but I've been in one, I just went inside to see what it was like, but I was in a hurry and had to leave. As for the survival stuff, yeah, it's true. I really have been to Indian reserves, as well as geology sites. The rest is just common knowledge. It isn't? Oh, well, it is for someone with my interests. The bullies left me alone after I started giving them the Vulcan neck pinch, except it was a stab with two fingers. Much more effective.

RingmasterJ5: That did not happen. Ever.

OMG, An OC X Gilda ship? Yes.

Fallen Prime: No. NO. NO!

Final verdict for chapter three: NO!!!

RingmasterJ5: That's right, Fallen. Save your Eater for what's going to happen in THIS chapter.

4. I'm A Badass?

Packing up our food in makeshift bags made from the skin,

RingmasterJ5: Of course you did.

we took to the skies. Flying was awesome. I used to be afraid of heights, mostly because I didn't trust people not to push me off.

Fallen Prime: Oh, will you stop angsting already?

When I was a kid, still learning how to swim, I was standing on a diving board, and got pushed off when the instructor wasn't looking. I almost drowned. Instead of becoming afraid of water, I became afraid of heights. Go figure.

RingmasterJ5: You know, a good writer would explore the potential of having a character that has the ability to fly, *and* a fear of heights. But, instead...

Anyway, since I could now fly, that wasn't a problem anymore.

RingmasterJ5: ...THIS.

Fallen Prime: Transformers. Original series. The Aerialbot leader Silverbolt was afraid of heights. He had to suck it up if he wanted to lead his crew, but it never went away.

RingmasterJ5: I'd say that the author probably just meant "fear of falling", but then we get this to explain the height thing:

I'm not Fluttershy. And since my vision is about 500 times better than before, if I wanted, the ground would look really close.

RingmasterJ5: You're just making this worse by trying to explain it.

Fallen Prime: That must really do a number on his depth perception...

It did give me a sense of disorientation, but I got used to it. We decided to go back to the badlands, to the spot I appeared at. We met there, so it was a good a place as any to get started on the journey, wherever we decided to go.

Fallen Prime: Um... remember the dragons? I thought they were... a major... oh fuck, this is where he kills one, isn't it.

"So, tell me more about the regions." I knew a bit about Equestria from the show, but nothing about the rest of it.

"Well, there's Equestria, which is in the middle. It's filled with a bunch of lame ponies. Princess Celestia and Princess Luna live in the Capitol,

Fallen Prime: CANTERLOT CASTLE. Is that so hard to say?

built on the mountain in the center. Celestia raises the sun, Luna raises the moon, and that's what gives us our day/night cycle." She started. That much I already knew.

"Then we have the Griffin Dominion. We live in cave systems built in mountains, since there's a bit of worry about wild beasts. Nothing's worse than waking up to find yourself eaten by a mantichore.

Fallen Prime: So you can go to sleep alive... and wake up dead. Okay.

They don't like fire though. We're pretty low tech compared to the other areas. Normally we don't even have fire, which is why I was surprised to see what you did with the flint. Sucks having to eat food raw." She explained.

Fallen Prime: "Yeah, that's not how quotes work," I demonstrated.

"Really? They didn't even have fire most of the time? What the hell kind of dump is that? Geez. I could advance that country to the freaking industrial age in under a year. Then again, that would throw off the balance of power, and if griffins are anything like I think they are, that'd start a war.

Fallen Prime: Is that a bad thing? "Equestria: Total War" is one of my favorite stories.

"We have to trade what little we have with the Diamond Dogs to the west. We have them dig out the mountains for us to live in, but they get to keep all the gems. Otherwise, we don't have homes. It's a pretty raw deal, but we don't really have a choice." Gilda seemed sad. No wonder griffins are grumpy, they live in a third world country!

Fallen Prime: Harsh.

"So, you have to hunt for food, which is scarce,

Fallen Prime: Didn't have a problem finding that deer.

and there aren't many plants since you live in mountain areas. You have to trade all your valuables to the Diamond Dogs just to have places to live, and you don't even have fire? What the hell. I may not have my memory, but I know damn well that's wrong. Wherever I'm from, whatever I did, I did NOT live like that."

Fallen Prime: You're supposed to be a griffon. I think saying that could breach your cover. Pretty badly.

RingmasterJ5: It SHOULD, at least.

"Yeah, well what can we do about it. Lots of us are in Gem Fido, trapped underground, working as slaves for the dogs. No sky's to fly in, just dank, musty air for the rest of their lives, pulling heavy carts." Gilda was almost crying.

Fallen Prime: I don't mind this take on the griffons. Every other story has them as a powerful force, but having them be subservient by necessity... that's pretty original.

"So wait, you trade with them, but they also take you as slaves?" It didn't make any sense to me.

"Yeah, sometimes Griffins travel there to sell what they have. When you do, you have to bring all their own food and drink, or else the dogs will drug it, and you'll wake up in chains. Avoid back alleys, they like to string nets up and drop them on you." She was really upset.

"Seems like you know a lot about it." I said sympathetically.

"It's nothing you need to worry about." She got defensive.

Fallen Prime: I sense character depth for Gilda. Surprisingly, the story's actually getting a few things right.

RingmasterJ5: Yeah, this actually does have some good ideas. However, it also has the thing you're about to see later on in the chapter.

"So, what about the other areas?"

"Well, there's the Feline Jungle. It's got all sorts of weird things there. It's where the Daring Do book series takes place.

Fallen Prime: STOP MAKING SENSE, YOU'RE SCARING ME. But wait, I thought Daring was an explorer. Wouldn't she move past that jungle in other books? They don't ALL have to happen there.

Oh, I forget, you don't know about that. Then there's the Volcanic Wastes. They are exactly like they sound. Nothing can live there for long since the air is pretty toxic high up, and half the ground is lava. It's a haven for criminals and other's who would rather not be found, like runaway slaves."

Fallen Prime: Who, again, won't last long there.

She tensed up at the word slave.

'Wow I'm an idiot, either she or a family member is or was a slave for the dogs. Makes sense that they try that, I mean, I've seen them kidnap Rarity, and try to enslave the rest when they went to rescue her.'

"Then there's the Black Marsh. It's a fetid swamp filled with Hydra's, toxic gas, and all sorts of other nasty things. No civilization there. Finally, the Ring Sea, it's named that because it's like a ring on a finger.

Fallen Prime: I think she'd use the word "talon" rather than "finger."

Equestria is the jewel on that ring. It's a bloody utopia. The princesses take care of their little ponies, and leave the rest of the world to it's fate. They have overwhelming power, but they do nothing to help the other races."

Fallen Prime: I'm not supposed to be respecting this story, but it's throwing some great concepts at me. But, as Ring keeps informing me, it's all gonna fuck up pretty soon.

RingmasterJ5: That it is, Fallen. That it is.

What she described was actually similar to earth. Nations with natural wealth, beauty, resources, all

living in happiness, while the rest of the world starved and suffered from disease. Unfortunately, that was because the leaders of the suffering countries kept wasting the help they were getting.

"So, the princesses rule Equestria, who rules the Dominion, the dragon lands, and Gem Fido?" I asked.

Fallen Prime: Total asshats, from the sound of it.

"Nobody.

Fallen Prime: That too.

Dragons are solitary, and often fight amongst themselves over land. The land got scorched, and pretty soon all the plants and animals died, so now they come hunting in Gem Fido for gems to eat. And the Dominion for griffins. The dogs live in packs, each ruled by an alpha. They sometimes have skirmishes over land too, but they mostly get along with each other. They tend to pay off dragons with gems to avoid being eaten themselves, and in return dragons will sometimes level mountains for them, or tear up huge chunks of earth so they can keep digging. Since the dogs eat gems too,

Fallen Prime: They do?

they often times will fight dragons off. They learned to make weapons capable of hurting dragons, and have the range to hit them when they fly. We don't stand a chance against their hunting parties, and they often come here to capture slaves. Yet another reason we live in the mountains, out of reach. We need to fly them up there so they can work."

Fallen Prime: Oh my god, I should take notes. This shows a hell of a lot of thought and consideration.

RingmasterJ5: That...actually was something the defenders of this fic were talking about, that everything was planned far in advance.

Fallen Prime: I won't lie, it really shows in scenes like this that give background on the world.

RingmasterJ5: I'm not joking when I say that this has the FRAMEWORK to be a good fic, but then you get to scenes like, well, just keep reading, Fallen.

'Geez, life freaking sucks for these griffins, it's as bad as Africa, and has probably an equivalent amount of precious stones. (In case you didn't know, a lot of diamonds come from Africa)

Fallen Prime: ...shame that that couldn't extend to human politics. Not all of Africa is third-world. In fact, massive revolt aside, Egypt seems to be doing alright for itself.

"As for us griffins, we used to have a government, about 900 years ago. When Nightmare Moon popped up, wanting to take over the world, she promised us freedom from our plight, and prosperity if we helped her. We agreed. Who wouldn't under the circumstances? Then she got sent to the moon, and Celestia took our government apart for siding with her.

Fallen Prime: Holy hell, Nightmare Moon depth too.

We lost all semblance of organization, and wound up worse off than before. Now, there's actually only about 7000 of us left. All living separately. We're still called the Dominion, because we hope that one day we'll be able to rise up, fulfilling the dream of our ancestors of living a happy life, even though it

will never happen."

Fallen Prime: Seriously, why are you making these bits so fucking brilliant and the rest of the story SUCK?

RingmasterJ5: Seriously, this could be my headcanon, minus the idiot griffon going around with his "rebellion".

Gilda had it rough. All griffins did. Maybe that's why she had a bad attitude. Yet she was still full of pride. A bunch of people living all on their own isn't a country. They have no government. Nobody to look to. They were an abandoned people.

"Why not just move to Equestria?" I asked a stupid question.

Fallen Prime: Stupid? That's a legitimate question. Why spend your days in hopelessness in the Dominion when you can enjoy prosperity in Equestria?

"Well, for starters, they don't take kindly to meat eaters there, even if we're omnivores. Lot's of the things we eat here have rights there. Doesn't work to well if you try to eat a cow and the police show up. Especially since they're the only ones that have magic. Over here, cows, deer, donkeys, they're not sentient, they're just animals. It's different in Equestria. That land has magic running through it.

RingmasterJ5: See, this actually justifies the "normal" deer from before(but NOT the instant slaughter of said deer) in a way that actually...works. WHY CAN'T THE REST OF THE FIC BE LIKE THIS?

All the Equestrians living on it became smart, and got wings or horns, or whatever nature thing the earth ponies have. The animals living outside of it are mundane. They wouldn't take kindly to a bunch of us showing up all of a sudden, still stuck in our ways, needing to feed us. We'd be a burden to society, and just another headache to the royalty. We've still got our pride! We won't let ourselves simply become someone else's problem."

Fallen Prime: Wow. Just... I mean it, wow.

Gilda said that last part with a fire in her heart. She had explained quite a bit. So basically Equestria was a kind of 'garden of eden', and while anyone could live there, you had to live by their rules, which basically meant giving up everything. Your lifestyle, your heritage, and any family members who didn't come with you.

"Well, we're here. This is where I found you." She pointed to a spot on the ground.

Fallen Prime: You found the specific spot? How the hell?

We flew down to take a closer look. Checking around the area, I found nothing of importance. Looking around the rest of the landscape, I saw nothing. Just dead trees and scorched earth.

"Well, as much as I love the scenery, there's nothing of interest here, we might as well head back. After we eat of course. If we're lucky, we'll be back after nightfall, and we can find some animal asleep somewhere." I told Gilda.

"Heh, maybe you're not such an idiot after all." She laughed as she started to eat.

RingmasterJ5: And now, all praise will be replaced with hate. All the hate.

"By the way, since calling me Griffin is too awkward, just call me Grif,

Fallen Prime: If you do that, he'll become immovably lazy.

RingmasterJ5: But that means we can hit him with giant hammers!

or dumbass, whichever works for you." She laughed, and almost choked. When I looked behind her, I almost choked, and I hadn't even eaten anything. I saw a massive black silhouette. A shadow, of a dragon.

Fallen Prime: Well, fuck.

"SHIT! Gilda, we're leaving, NOW!" I yelled. Gilda looked up at the sky, and froze in fear. I had to buck her

Fallen Prime: TOO SOON.

to get her to snap out of it. (Soft paw pads are much less painful than claws or hooves) We took off into the sky. The shadow was chasing us. And it was gaining.

"Damn it, it's going to catch us. Into the clouds!" She yelled. I followed her, and so did the dragon. Once we were above the clouds, a stream of fire came pouring threw them. This was not a friendly dragon like Spike, nor a tired dragon like in Dragonsly, this was a hungry dragon, and he was all out of gems.

Fallen Prime: Why did I think of Duke Nukem when I read that line...?

"We can't keep avoiding him like this! Drop to the ground. He'll have a harder time maneuvering down there!" I yelled. Gilda nodded in agreement. We both flew close to the surface, with the dragon right behind us. This dragon was black, with red skin on it's wings.

Fallen Prime: Even the dragon has generic Gary Stu coloring.

We kept avoiding the bursts of flame that it sent our way, until one finally caught Gilda. She had first degree burns, nothing too serious, given time to recover. Unfortunately smokey wasn't going to give her that time. She fell to the ground, shrieking in pain, and couldn't move. She watched as the dragon came close. He ignored me, having caught his meal. He was going to kill the first friend I had in years, even if she was a bit bitchy. As a repressed person, who bottles up rage and saves it for later, this put me over the breaking point.

Fallen Prime: SUBTLETY IN ACTION. Stop just forcing character traits down our throats!

'Okay, boss battle time. Gilda can't move, and I'm not strong enough a flyer to escape this guy, even without carrying her. Even If I abandon her, It'll just come after me next, and besides, letting him kill my only friend in this world is gonna kill my social life.

Fallen Prime: No, not your social life!

I'm gonna have to kill it. It's 100 times my size, breathes fire, and has armored scales that are fireproof, and can deflect blows. The scales are also sharp, and rubbing against them the wrong way would be like a cheese grater. Wait, sharpened scales, I remember in episode two, that the scales can be plucked easily,

Fallen Prime: On a SEA SERPENT.

and they're not sharp if you hold onto the base. Best way to kill something is with the teeth and bones of it's own. But how? I can't go for the neck, because that's armored as well, and moves around too much. Underbelly? No, still too thick. Wings aren't a kill shot. That only leaves, *Gulp* *inside* the dragon.

Fallen Prime: I APPROVE OF THIS PLAN. EAT HIM, SCALY!

'I'll have to fly down his throat, but he'll roast me! Aha! Scales deflect flame. Okay, got the plan, now I hope I can pull it off.'

It took me all of 4 seconds to think all of that.

Fallen Prime: That explains why it's all complete and utter BULLSHIT.

I flew up, and using my claws, yanked a scale off of him. He howled in pain, I guess it's like having hair pulled. As I pulled the scale out using my claws, it sliced my palms, causing them to bleed. It hurt worse than a paper cut in between the fingers, but I had completed step one. The adrenaline and anger kept me from responding to the pain.

Fallen Prime: No, that's your Stu-ish invincibility.

The dragon noticed me, having painfully removed one of it's scales, and forgot about Gilda for the moment. It decided it'd kill me first, since she wasn't going anywhere. It breathed fire at me, which I blocked with the scale, using it as a shield. This also caused my claws to become slightly charred.

'I have to swing something heavy with hands that are burnt and sliced.

Fallen Prime: You say that as if it's going to hinder you at all.

How do I get myself into these situations?'

When the flame had cleared, I flew straight at the dragon. Gilda screamed something along the lines of 'Run you moron, you can't fight a dragon!' To which I responded.

"Watch me." Did I mention I have somewhat random tendencies that defy all logic?

Fallen Prime: You didn't have to, I picked that up on my own. THROUGH YOUR ACTIONS.

Like when I jumped down a mountain, unsure of whether I could fly, all the while being afraid of heights? Sometimes I just don't think normally.

badass.

Fallen Prime: GET THE FUCK OUT.

Gilda looked like her brain had melted. I walked over to her, she had seemingly forgotten her pain.

"What's the matter? Never seen someone kill a dragon?" I acted like it was a common occurrence.

"You magnificent, stupid, beautiful, DUMBASS!" She was throwing compliments in with her insults.

Fallen Prime: Brilliant deduction, Holmes.

"I thought you were dead! What the hell were you thinking!" She screamed.

"I guess when I saw you get hurt, I just went a little crazy." I said casually, licking the sour blood off myself.

"Why does dragon blood taste like lemon juice?" I asked to no one in particular. I tend to appear calm and ask stupid questions when I'm scared out of my mind. Helps overcome the mind numbing stupidity,

Fallen Prime: Oh no, it's failing completely at that.

and prevent's deer in headlight's syndrome. That, and acting sarcastically. Oh wait, I do that all the time.

"Can you move?" Another stupid question, she clearly couldn't.

"Yeah, I think I c... gaaaah!" She said, trying to put weight on her burnt back limbs.

Fallen Prime: HE went through a lot more than she did. WHY IS HE STILL PERFECTLY FINE!?

"No, you can't. Let me help you."

"I SAID I'M FINE!" She yelled.

"Well, I suppose I can just leave you here then." Of course I never would. I'm an asshole, not heartless.

Fallen Prime: Not convinced.

"Okay, fine. But you never EVER tell anyone about this." I picked her up, and slowly flew her to the place she had carried me to, up the mountain. I went down to the small forest we can killed the deer in, found some aloe plants, crushed em up, and made a salve.

Fallen Prime: Can you stop bullshitting new talents sometime soon? Kthxbai.

I'm no Zecora, but this would definitely help with the burns. It stung her a little as I applied it, but she felt better afterwards.

"I'm sorry."

"What?" She said confused.

"If I hadn't brought you out there, this wouldn't have happened."

Fallen Prime: Oh, don't do the "it's all my fault" thing. It doesn't work if you have no emotional attachment to the one blaming himself.

"Shut up. I went there all on my own. I didn't HAVE to go there. I could have said no."

"Yup, I guess it really is all your fault then. Enjoy being off your feet for the next three days while that heals, I'm gonna go get us some dinner."

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter four: I WILL END YOU. You had a lot of potential here, creating an imaginative outer world and making a much more sympathetic Gilda than I've seen in a long time. AND THEN YOU GO AND MAKE YOUR SUPER STU HERO KILL A FUCKMOTHERING DRAGON. Any credibility the previous chunks of lore gave the story was stabbed violently in the face by that one GODAWFUL SCENE. This really could've been a high point of what I've read so far, but you managed to turn it into a rock-bottom low as well.

5. Breakdown

"Oh Shit. What the hell! Son of a bitch!" Gilda watched as I paced around the cave, spouting random curses.

Fallen Prime: Obligatory Tourette's joke. Even though Tourette's isn't the curse-spouting one, but I can't think of the proper name.

"I could have DIED! What the hell was I thinking? Purposefully getting eaten?" Pretty much, as soon as the fear, shock, and adrenaline wore off after we had gotten to safety and Gilda was recovering, and I had caught dinner, my mind finally took the time to process what I just did, and just like her's when she saw me do it. It broke.

Fallen Prime: Really? That's the first time that's happened to you? You pussy. I've seen things you can't even FATHOM from this fandom; I've met my brokenness quota.

RingmasterJ5: Again, that classroom scene from LTD. All hope I had for humanity was lost in one fell swoop. Not because of the guy that wrote it, he was just taking orders. The fact that people LIKED IT just...astounds me.

"Hey Dumbass! Quit freaking out! It's over!" Gilda yelled, trying to snap me out of it.

"I just killed a full grown, hungry, angry, DRAGON!"

Fallen Prime: Where was your existential crisis when you took out the deer?

RingmasterJ5: Fallen, you should realize this stuff by now. We didn't see that because it wasn't going to move the plot along, as this will.

Fallen Prime: Sigh... what happened to the times when you could just have character moments?

RingmasterJ5: That died with LTD. When people realized that that formula WORKED popularity-wise, they ALL started aping it.

"Yeah, you did, and you saved both our lives. GET OVER IT!" Still trying to get me to think straight.

"I have to go back."

"What?" Gilda was confused.

"I have to see it again, with my own eyes. I have to know for sure. I have to make sure I'm not crazy." After killing a dragon, I want to go back to the spot where I almost died? I definitely am crazy.

Fallen Prime: Batshit insane.

"Then go. Go look at what you did, and then get your tail back here before you die again." She probably just wanted me to leave for a bit, my ranting must have been driving her crazy.

I left the cave after making sure she was settled in, and flew back to the spot. It was much faster. Partly because I didn't have the extra weight, and partly because I was getting better at flying. I flew over head, and I spotted it. Flying down, I examined my handiwork more closely.

Fallen Prime: It looked nothing like a table.

It's blood had poured out onto the ground, and it's body looked a little deflated, due to being empty of fluids. It stank, but not the stench of rot. It smelled sour, and the smell was overwhelming. I held my claw over my beak, and inspected to body more closely. I began to laugh.

Fallen Prime: Because dead things are funny.

"Heh,heh, heh, ha,ha! HA! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAA!" It was exhilarating. Standing in front of that massive corpse, knowing I had killed it. I thought that this is what Shadow of the Colossus must feel like.

RingmasterJ5: Clearly, you are not one for atmosphere.

A creature that can crush you like a bug, but you still fight it, and using nothing but your wit and determination, fell the beast.

RingmasterJ5: That is not at ALL what you did.

Then you come out of it drenched in blood with a wicked grin on your face. Suddenly, I felt like I was being watched. Again, from having to run, fight, and hide on my world, I knew when I was being followed, when someone was trying to hide from me.

Fallen Prime: Boo the fuck hoo.

"Who's there?!" I demanded. I heard a noise, and instantly jumped to the left. A net, with heavy metal balls on the end landed where I had stood not a moment ago. I ran to the dragon's body, found the spot that I had pulled a scale from, and drew another of the razor sharp ovals, this time, since the base was exposed, I didn't injure my claws, which had already been wrapped. It was much easier to hold when when my hands weren't in searing pain.

Fallen Prime: This guy has a healing factor that would make Wolverine blush.

RingmasterJ5: Yep, the question none of this story's fans could answer comes up again. "Does Griffin ever get injuries that last for a month or longer? Do they keep him from helping in further confrontations?" And from what I'm seeing so far, it looks like the answer is "NO" on both.

"Show yourselves!" Judging by the noise, there were more than one.

'Wait, more than one, means a pack, using tech like a net launcher, trying to kidnap me, a griffin.'

Loading

Done

Fallen Prime: You found something that worked, good for you, but you don't have to keep milking it.

"Come out you mutts! You'll make a fine rug for my cave!" The Diamond Dogs knew they had been found, and went on the attack. Another net flew, but was easily sliced in half by the scale I now held in my beak. They couldn't see my face properly, if they could, they would have seen my evil smile, a smile that screamed confidence, and never have attacked.

Fallen Prime: No, they'd still come for you. I think they know what overconfidence is.

There were only five, two with net launchers, now spent, drawing some poorly crafted swords. They looked like sharpened pieces of rock. Two with makeshift spears, and one with some kind of glass vials strapped to him.

'Chems huh. Either poison or explosives. When the glass hits the ground, it shatters, and the contents mix with the air. He's obviously the leader. He probably has some of each. Knockout gas for capture, and explosives for dealing with 'bigger' problems. They probably net their target, then knock em out, and haul em off. Too bad they're a little far from home, and I'm no ordinary griffin.'

Fallen Prime: You're not a supergriffon either. And you're ALSO pissing me off that you keep pulling this analysis stunt. It worked in *Sherlock Holmes*, but it's doing you no favors here.

The four dogs

Fallen Prime: Um... what? Weren't there five?

charged, and I easily dodged them. Back home, the punks had no skill or training with their knives, and I could easily deal with them. These guys had even less skill. When they saw that I didn't run, they started looking confused, but continued nevertheless. The first one was decapitated by my scale

sword in an instant. He didn't even let out a whimper.

Fallen Prime: JESUS! You're sure embracing your murderous destiny, aren't you!?

The second looked in horror as I drove my claws into his eyes. Dropping his pathetic spear, the dog clutched his eyes. The two who had dropped their net launchers looked at me with fear in their eyes as I cut off the second spear dog's head.

"What are you waiting for! Go get him! He is a male, and he is strong. He will haul many gems, and we can breed more slaves!" Said the leader with a whiny voice.

'I just killed two of them with ease, while standing in front of the corpse of a dragon, and they want to catch me to be used for breeding?

Fallen Prime: I certainly hope they don't mean with the Diamond Dogs...

I guess males really are rare in the pony and griffin species, while there actually seems to be an abundance of them in the dog population. I wonder why?'

I cracked my neck, and rolled all my joints. The dogs with their sensitive ears heard the cracking, and flattened their ears to their heads. Did EVERYONE have a problem with joint cracking or something? The other two dogs charged, and using my claws, I struck the nerves in their necks. Except my claws are like knives, and went right in, killing them both instantly. I stabbed my scale into the ground, and licked the blood off my claws. This was just too easy.

Fallen Prime: I thoroughly second that sentiment.

The leader began to run, having his entire squad wiped out.

"It was supposed to be easy! It's just a griffin! We've caught plenty of them! How did this happen?" The leader whined as it ran into the forest. He was fast, I was faster. I took my scale in mouth again, and chased him. I pounced him, knocking him onto his chest. His vials shattered, and he looked at the puddle of mixing chemicals with terror.

Fallen Prime: *He was retreating!*

"I killed a dragon, what made you think you'd stand a chance?" I laughed as the various substances began to mix in a sickening green and red. His eyes went wide when he realized that I was what killed it, not just some random incident. The dog began to stutter, and I just flew away. Once I cleared the tree tops, I heard a small boom, and looked down to see charred remains.

I went back to the dragon and took some of it's teeth. After taking the scales off it's arm, I took the meat off and stored it, then took several of the smaller bones from the wrist.

'I wonder how dragon meat tastes? That is if I can even cook it.'

Fallen Prime: Wow. You just kill five Diamond Dogs, and your only concern is the DRAGON YOU KILLED WAY BEFORE THAT.

I flew to a small river, and washed myself off. The water was frigid, seeing as how it was from melted

snow on the mountain tops. Still, it felt fantastic to be clean, and the water was pure and pristine. Taking a good look at myself in the water's reflection, it started to sink in. This was real. This was my new life.

Fallen Prime: I MISS LANCE GREENFIELD.

I decided to keep my scale with me, as a keepsake and tool. Using some strips of clothing from the dead dogs, I made a strap to carry it on my back. I also took the gems off the dogs. Eventually, I would probably need money, and these would fetch a nice price. Besides, gems are useful. I flew back to Gilda's resting spot.

"Well, I'm back, and I'm not crazy anymore. I got to have a bit of fun with some dogs,

Fallen Prime: "FUN!"

and got myself some nice swag."

At the mention of 'dogs' Gilda's eyes went wide.

"You moron, first you kill a dragon by flying down it's throat, then some diamond dogs? They capture griffins. They *enslave* griffins."

Fallen Prime: And it's bad that he killed slave drivers?

"Yeah, well, after the dragon, the five of them didn't really have a chance. Two are missing their heads, two don't have any spinal chords, and the last one is a pile of ash and charred bone. Got some nice stuff though."

It's funny. I wanted to go to Equestria to escape the violence and pain of my life, but now that I was here, it was kind of like an inhibitor had been removed. I killed stuff, and I liked doing it.

Fallen Prime: Even the story knows this logic is fucked!

I just killed five Diamond Dogs, that probably had families waiting for them. I didn't care. They attack me, so I killed them. Out here, there were no laws, nothing to bind. It was anarchy, but it was also freedom. I didn't have the oppressive authority, constantly keeping me down unfairly. If I got attacked, I could fight back, without worry of consequence.

Fallen Prime: Oh, shut up. Yes, nice little bit of continuity, but SHUT THE HELL UP.

I could live freely. There were no licenses, no taxes, no paperwork. If I wanted food, instead of having to try for a job, and not get hired, or get a hunting permit, I could just do it. No border patrol, because the only actual 'nation' was Equestria. We could go anywhere we wanted, nobody to tell us what to do.

Fallen Prime: More praise: you're still doing a great job of setting the world outside of Equestria up as an anarchistic dystopia.

Gilda looked strangely at me, as I began using a particularly large diamond to make a hole in the flat of the dragon scale, near the base. Once the hole was all the way through, I took the dragon wrist

bone, and jammed it into the relatively soft scale base. Then using pieces of cloth, I wrapped the bone, fed the cloth through the hole several times, then wrapped the bone again. After repeating this process, I had given the scale a handle. The scale's base was the hilt, and the scale itself, the blade. It looked like a fan, except it was razor sharp. It was kind of like a cross between a sword and an ax.

Fallen Prime: Crafting WEAPONRY. Does this HAVE to be a violent story? You've got a beautiful world set up, but I can't help but feel you're wasting it with having the hero be no morally better than the scum in the rest of the world. Seriously, why can't you develop your setting AND your characters?

Made of dragon scale, which is extremely durable due to the minerals from the gems they eat being used to form them, it was the equivalent of a diamond battle fan. I admired my craftsmanship.

"Has the range and stabbing capability of a sword, the weight and curvature of an ax, and the area of a shield, plus the leverage of a pole arm. It's almost the length of my body, and much lighter than if it were made of comparable metal. Dragonscale Greatsword. I think I like it."

Fallen Prime: I think you're just Stu-ing it up.

Once again, video games have made my life easier. This specific bit came from Monster Hunter. Examining the black edge of the blade, I noticed that even though it had sliced through a net with ease, as well as the neck bones of two man sized dogs, it didn't have a scratch on it. The only downside is that given it's size, I wouldn't be able to swing it in close quarters, on enclosed areas. It had to have room. The thing is, I also had my claws, sharp as knives, to be used in those situations, meaning I now had covered short, medium, and long melee range, plus defense.

Fallen Prime: And NO ONE sees the problem with making the Stu completely untouchable? No one but us called bullshit on this?
RingmasterJ5: Sadly, yes.

Gilda was just looking at me in amazement.

"What the hell are you? I can't decide whether you're an idiot or a genius, brilliant or mad. You show up out of nowhere in the badlands, no memory. You know how to make fire just using rocks, we normally have to venture into the badlands and fire something already burning and bring it back. You expertly kill a deer, then a dragon, then 5 diamond dogs, which are trained to catch griffins like us, then you make an amazing weapon out of the remains. You knew how to make a salve to deal with burns. What ARE you? There is no way that after all that, you don't remember anything. Don't lie to me."

Fallen Prime: And the lies unravel. This is going to end... just fine for him, isn't it.
RingmasterJ5: Seriously, dude, you should be used to this by now.

'CRAP, she got me. There's no getting out of it this time. If I don't come clean, this isn't going to work out. SHIT! I didn't want to do this.'

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Fallen Prime: Good start...

"Try me." She said. Right, she's just as stubborn as I am, of course she wouldn't give up.

"Okay, the whole amnesia thing? Complete lies. I remember everything about my past, I just *want* to forget it. As for what I am? I'm a geek, a nerd, a LOSER. I know things that are completely useless where I come from. Survival training isn't needed there, because there is no need to survive, it's taken care of. The problem is, by no longer needing to survive, we've forgotten how to live."

"But that doesn't explain the way you move, or when you first got here. You were stumbling over yourself, didn't know how to fly." She reasoned.

Fallen Prime: Dropping the bombshell in 3... 2... 1...

"That's because I'm not a griffin. A griffin who's name is Griffin? That's just stupid, although my parents really are dumb enough to think that one up. I'm a human. I'm a bipedal creature, much like a diamond dog, except no tail, no fur, no claws, and not stupid. We don't live underground, we live in buildings the stretch to the sky, in a world of grey stone."

She looked dumbfounded. Her mouth was agape, and she wanted further explanation, but she couldn't say anything.

Fallen Prime: NOW we're getting somewhere! Hurt, betrayal, disbelief... there's SO many places you could take this!

"Don't bother looking for humans here, because they don't exist. I was sitting in a café, a place where you go to buy coffee, and a guy came up to me and asked if I'd like to go to another world. Rather than telling him to take a hike, I told him why not, because my world sucks. He sent me here. When I woke up, I had a new body, and was looking at you."

"Your life couldn't have been that bad, compared to here." She tried to reason.

Fallen Prime: YOU'RE OKAY WITH THIS!?

"Oh? Have you ever had your head stuck in a toilet, right after it was used? As I told you before, I was a loser. That meant I got picked on."

"Then why didn't you fight back?" She didn't understand my world.

Fallen Prime: Why the fuck would she?

"Because those with authority favour some over others. My tormentors had friends in high places, I did not. Think of it like being whipped every day by a pony, but you can't turn around and fight back, because Celestia is watching the whole thing, and letting it happen. There is no freedom. There is no justice. The rule of the strong survive has gone out the window. Those with influence move up, and those without move down. Any without who try to move up get kicked down even farther. Here, I CAN fight back. Back there, it wasn't even an option." I had tears in my eyes, from remembering. I hadn't cried in years, but finally telling someone had been too much."

Fallen Prime: Oh god, the anarchy's being treated as GOOD? You know there are laws for a reason, right?

"How do you know so much?" Was her next question.

"Because my people don't have fangs or claws. In order to survive, we had to make some of our own. We couldn't kill,

Fallen Prime: Okay, that's hilarious.

so we made blades. When blades couldn't reach far enough, we made guns. Think of cannons that are small enough to hold, and don't need to be reloaded between each shot. We couldn't fly, so we built planes. They are kind of like flying carts, and can move faster than sound. Carts were too heavy to move, since we are weak, so we made them like trains, to move on their own. We easily got sick, so we made medicine, we were easily hurt, so we learned anatomy, in order to better repair damage, and to prevent it in the first place, we made armor. We learned about metals, gems, everything! If anything existed, we would find everything out about it, come up with 20 original uses, and limitless ways to use it with other things we already had. We're far, far more advanced than Equestria, and we don't even have magic, although a lot of what we do seems like it."

Fallen Prime: Slow down, man! You'll break her with input overload!

Gilda just sat in awe. The advancement my people made was ridiculous. Unheard of here.

"We perfected the art of killing.

Fallen Prime: Christ, MORE? Just slap an environmental message on it and call it *Birdemic*.

Right now, the nation I lived in has the ability to obliterate the entire planet. I don't just mean scour the surface of all life, although they can do that too, I mean literally destroy the rock they live on, blow it all into space. Speaking of space, we've already landed on the moon, and are building a colony there.

Fallen Prime: Since when?

We are so far ahead, and at the same time, so far behind. We've forgotten what it's like to fight for our lives. That is why this place is paradise to me. I truly feel alive! When I went back to the dragon, I never felt better. I did something that could only happen in dreams, and that's why I had to make sure it was real."

She finally understood. I didn't cry, I fought back the tears.

"So, the reason you let me call you dumbass, the reason you snap when you get mad, and kill everything, the reason you can move, think, and everything that fast..."

Fallen Prime: "is because you're the ultimate Stu?"

"Is because I'm used to it. When you're being hunted by those who want to hurt you, you learn to hide. When you're being chased after they found you, you learn to run. When you've been caught by them, you learn to fight. When you beat them, and they call you names, it doesn't hurt anymore. I learned everything I could about staying alive, because, one day, I intended to go to one of the few

untamed places left on my world, and live like I'm living now. I knew exactly how to kill that dragon, because I've run the simulation a hundred times in my head.

Fallen Prime: FUCKING NO.

Dragons don't even exist in my world. I have 60 different plans for surviving a zombie attack, even though zombies aren't real.

RingmasterJ5: No, you should prepare for REAL apocalypses. Like... strawberry jam falling from the sky or something.

Then again, neither are diamond dogs, griffins, magic, or talking ponies, yet here I am."

"This whole time, all of this, is like a dream to you? Nearly dying, having to fight for your life, facing enslavement by diamond dogs, killing." She didn't know what to say.

"They come for my blood, but drown in their own. As I waded through the river of those who have fallen before me, I

RingmasterJ5: "take a look at my life and realize there's nothing left/Cause I've been blasting and laughing so long/That even my mama thinks that my mind is gone"

laugh, even as I am struck down, because I had fun. I know that one day, my body or wit will fail me. Someone stronger, faster, or smarter will come along, and they will best me. It's all about climbing to the top, then staying there as long as you can, having fun along the way. That is why I want to travel. I want to see it all, and sit on top of the world, even if just for a moment. I might get called a hero, I might get called a tyrant, I might get called a dumbass, but at least I did something worthwhile. Back home, there ISN'T anything worthwhile to do, so we die of boredom. Don't tell me that when you're chasing a deer, you don't feel excitement. Don't tell me that when you catch it and kill it, you don't feel proud. Don't tell me that when when you eat the spoils of the hunt, it doesn't taste far better than when it is simply given to you. That is what being alive is about. Doing something with the time you have."

Fallen Prime: Huh? Oh, sorry, I was busy building you an emo corner.

"You thought about this a lot, haven't you?" Gilda asked.

"When there is nothing else to do, all we can do is think. Sometimes, I think we think too much."

Okay, I went a little poetic in this, a little philosophical, and a tiny bit earth sucks, but this IS from the POV of a teenager who hates EVERYTHING. What do you expect?

Fallen Prime: Angst and bitching. And it was there in spades.

Final verdict for chapter five: I can't take this. I can't fucking take this. How the hell do stories like this keep drawing fans? LTD's fanbase is unholy, and 3oM's isn't far behind. 3oM had alright framework that I could build on to rewrite the story with Killjoy, but LTD... I had to go completely from fucking scratch. Lance is the only constant. And yet... that IRREDEEMABLE story had a larger fanbase, and more

comments than any other story on FIMFiction. It pisses me off that something so devoid of likable elements could get so popular while infinitely better stories like "Longing for Harmony" are wallowing in obscurity. It's criminal, and it makes me sad. Oh, and your chapter sucks, no surprise.

6. On The Road Again

"So, you're not even a griffin, but some alien?" Gilda was still trying to wrap her mind around the fact that I wasn't even from her universe.

"Yes and no. I am an alien, and I wasn't a griffin, but I am one now.

Fallen Prime: "CHANGELING!"

RingmasterJ5: As we've had troubles with authors about this before: That was a joke. We know that these chapters were posted before the Changeling reveal.

I told the guy I didn't care what happened to me, what I looked like, as long as I wasn't something lame like a dog or a cow. Apparently, he had a sense of ironic humor, and made me into Griffin the griffin. As far as I can tell, I'm entirely griffin now, nothing left of what I was but my memories."

"So, what else about these 'humans'?" She asked.

"Well, we eat pretty much the same stuff griffins eat. Fruit's, veggies, grains, although no hay, flowers, or grass, and meat, but it has to be cooked. Think of a human like a really tall monkey, with no tail, and the only fur it has is on the top of it's head. Less suited to agility and strength, and more suited to stealth and cunning. One of the favorite human pass times is problem solving. Puzzles, riddles, whatever makes us think. The other favorite human pass time is treating others like dirt. There's just something satisfying about dominating someone, making them feel worthless, watching them cry. I normally keep to myself, but bullies liked to pick on me. They stopped though, after I started doing it back, and found that I was *much* better at it than they were."

Fallen Prime: That stopped being about the human race and started just being about you.

"You know, I know a certain purple unicorn who would just *loooooove* you."

Fallen Prime: Murderous griffin from another universe? Yeah, no.

Gilda said. Time for me to have some fun with her.

"Let me guess, she's an egghead who loves books so much her house could be a library, and she'd murder me with questions about my world." I knew exactly who she was talking about.

"Don't do that, it's just freaky." She said wide eyed.

"Well, I AM a freak."

Fallen Prime: You don't say.

After a couple days, Gilda's minor burns were fully healed,

Fallen Prime: See? Having Gilda sustain wounds that require time to heal is good for the story. DO THAT FOR YOUR HERO.

and we were ready to set out. We spread the map in front of us, and looked for a place to go.

"Well, from what you've told me, Gem Fido is a death trap. I'm not looking forward to going to dragon country any time soon,

Fallen Prime: "We can't stop here. This is dragon country."

and Black Marsh sounds terrible. That leaves exploring the rest of the Dominion, the jungle, volcano land, and Equestria. Equestria seems nice enough, but we'll have to go vegan while there, I don't feel like getting thrown in a jail for eating one of the citizens,

Fallen Prime: Oh, suck it up.

and since I looted these gems, we'll have plenty of cash while we're there, so we can get by. Volcanic wastes are full of criminals, who are probably disturbingly like me,

Fallen Prime: You just admitted your protagonist was no better than the scumbags that gather at the volcanic wastes. And you still seriously expect us to be sympathetic towards him.

and I've had enough dirty air in my world for a life time.

Fallen Prime: Nope. This is *Birdemic* now, I don't even fucking care.

I come from a pretty cold climate, so I'm not a fan of the heat. Then there's the jungle. Lawless, some adventure, a bit of a fight, but not as much as a dragon. Maybe pull an Indiana Jones and grab some loot from an ancient temple or something."

"Indiana Jones?" Gilda didn't get the reference.

Fallen Prime: As she shouldn't.

"Only one of my world's biggest badasses. Raids ancient temples for priceless relics, which he sells to a museum for big money. From what you told me about Daring Do, he's pretty much the human version of her, and from what you've told me of the jungle, it's going to be like the jungles of South America. Too bad just like Daring, he's just fiction."

"Daring Do's not fiction, those books are based on her adventures. Sure there's a little creative changes, but it's all real. She's actually there right now." Gilda said. I was taken aback.

Fallen Prime: Daring Do is an actual living historical figure. That sounds like a setup for something somewhere down the line. And again, little things like this that appear to set up new plot points show the planning that so many claim has gone into this.

'Right, of course she's real. Duh. Just because things like that don't happen in my world doesn't mean they don't happen here. Just like dragon slaying doesn't happen in the real world.'

"Well, sounds good enough to me! Although, unless we feel like flying over the ring sea, we'll still have to go through Equestria. Maybe we stick to the shore. I've been to the beach enough times to know how to survive there too."

Fallen Prime: Oh, COME ON! Give me one scenario, ONE GODDAMN ENVIRONMENT, that Griffin isn't magically prepared for thanks to the power of plot! YOU LOSE ALL DRAMATIC TENSION WHEN YOU PUT THE HERO IN NON-THREATENING SITUATIONS. RingmasterJ5: I'd like to throw this guy into the Chest. He'd NEVER make it past ???.
[/referencenoneofthereadersaregoingtoget]

Gilda agreed, and the two of us took off, carrying our stuff in some backpacks I lifted from the diamond dogs. She insisted on carrying our stuff, because I had been feeding her for about the past week, and I had my great sword to carry.

Fallen Prime: I don't see what's so great about it.
RingmasterJ5: Helps if you see the Latin translation: "Deus ex Machina"

Besides, she was the better flyer, and the stuff we had wasn't that heavy. We found the shore pretty quickly, and started heading west. It was getting late, so we settled down for the night.

Fallen Prime: Not awful storytelling here, but the pace of this scene seems rushed.

We didn't have to worry about being hunted that much, since most things didn't go near the shore, preferring to stick to the cover of the forest or mountains. Still, we weren't going to take any chances, and I offered to take first watch. When my watch was over, I woke Gilda for hers.

"Hey, your turn. Something happens, get me up, k?"

Night was uneventful, and we both got up early.

Fallen Prime: Oh no. I think I know what this is. You're trying to speed up the scenes to get to the fighting. Instead of, you know, using this as an opportunity to further explore Griffin's character and interpersonal relationship with Gilda. You're doing fine with Gilda - great, even - but you still haven't given me a reason to care about Griffin. And piling on talents and tragedies does not a sympathetic character make.
RingmasterJ5: Yeah, when there's no world-building going on, it's just going to be fight scene, planning, hunting, fight scene, planning, hunting, repeat until infinity.

"Hey Grif, I was wondering about something.

Fallen Prime: "Do you ever wonder why we're here?"

On my watch, I found a hole with a bunch of rocks in it, filled with water. It definitely wasn't natural." Gilda told me.

"Ah so you found it. Watch was pretty boring, so I decided to get some food for today."

"We can't eat rocks moron." She said.

Fallen Prime: Once again, we're graced by the presence of the mighty Captain Obvious.

"No, but we can eat clams."

"Clams?"

Seriously? She didn't know about clams? Then again, griffins lived in the mountains. They probably don't go to the shore that often. Diamond dogs eat gems, and ponies don't eat meat. Whatever lives in the jungle probably stays away from the shore, so not knowing about them is completely reasonable.

"They look like rocks, but they're actually a kind of shellfish. They bury themselves in the sand in the area between high and low tide. Ya just dig your feet into the sand, and if you feel something hard, pull it up. If it's flat, it's a sand dollar, and you throw it away, or make jewelry or whatever, if it's round and oval, it's a clam. You put them in a hole or a bucket full of water, and leave them over night. They spit out all the sand inside em, and then you crack em open, like this..." I put my claw along the line, and split the muscle in two.

Fallen Prime: Griffin the homicidal maniac claims another life.

"Then ya eat em. You can eat them raw or cooked. You can put them in a stew, or place them on hot coals, and eat them straight.

Fallen Prime: As opposed to eating them gay? How even...

RingmasterJ5: That's when you cook them in an Easy-Bake oven. Which barely does anything at all, but still counts towards the "gay" flavoring.

As long as we're by the shore, we'll find plenty, and since, by your reaction, they're not widely known, there's no chance of over fishing them. They're only found in salt water though, so we won't find them by rivers. As long as we stick to the sea, we'll never starve." I said, sucking down the clam meat. Sure, it was chewy, but that was half the fun. Think of it like fish and salt flavoured gum, except a little tougher, and you can swallow it.

Fallen Prime: That helps nothing. That sounds nasty.

RingmasterJ5: Ew.

Gilda cracked one of her own open, and choked it down.

"Gah!"

"Trust me, in a few days, you'll get used to it. Once we get to Equestria, we'll buy a pot and some buckets. Then we can cook them, and clean them out in fresh water. That'll be a lot better than raw, and from a salt water hole." I laughed. She laughed weakly. She didn't buy it. Still, it was better than starving, and she'd get used to it eventually. We ate the clams, (what, you expect us to carry them? Those things are freaking heavy!) and then headed out. At the end of the day, we were a day away from the Equestrian border. Eating some rabbit meat we saved, (sorry Fluttershy)

Fallen Prime: Are you really?

RingmasterJ5: Well, meat is meat, I'll give him that one. I know if I ever found myself in Equestria, reports would suddenly appear of pigs disappearing from Sweet Apple Acres.

and some berries we had found, we settled in for the night.

"Hey, Gilda, get up." I whispered.

"What? It's way too early for my watch." She was annoyed at having to wake.

"We've got company. 4, If they think they can sneak up on us at night they're wrong. Can't tell what they are yet though, I just saw the flash of their eyes."

Fallen Prime: Changelings?

She was awake now. We were far from dog country, but we were just as far when I ran into that hunting party before. We were close to Equestria, but why would ponies come to the Dominion?

Fallen Prime: Merciless masochism? If you've seen my riffing queue, you know how well I can relate to that...

Still, we had to figure out what they were before taking any action. Since we were heading to Equestria next, being wanted for murder would not be a good start.

Fallen Prime: Our definitions of "good" seems to diverge in places.

Gilda took to the air, while I hid behind a small sand dune. Our eyes were much better than theirs, be they ponies, dogs, or whatever. They came out of cover, and I could see that they were on all fours. Moving at that pace, dogs were normally upright. They were chatting, making a lot of noise. Judging from that, they weren't here for us. They probably didn't even know we were here. I motioned to Gilda, who flew down, and we approached the group cautiously. Gilda didn't like ponies very much,

Fallen Prime: Wait, what? You don't show them finding out what they are? PACE YOURSELF, STORY!

so we decided I better do all the talking.

"Heya, what's happenin!"

Fallen Prime: And the hostile forces, now alerted to his presence, ganged up on him and curb-stomped his sorry ass. THE END.

Gilda was surprised at how I changed my tone. I whispered that I didn't want to come off as someone like me, since I'm not the nicest person, and would rather see if they were useful, hostile, whatever, before I screwed things up. The four ponies just looked at me and laughed. One of them tripped on it's own feet and fell.

"Geez, their freaking drunk of their asses.

Fallen Prime: Berry Punch left Equestria?

No wonder they're all the way out here, and at night. Must've been one hell of a party for them to wander all the way here."

"Wanna throw em in the ocean to sober em up?" Gilda asked.

"Nah, they're so drunk they'll probably drown. Let's just leave em there. They'll snap out of it eventually."

"Come on, it'll be funny." She said with pleading eyes.

Fallen Prime: Hello, flashbacks to the beach chapter of 3oM.

"True, but still, no. If anything, we should wait for them to pass out. Then you lay down next to that guy, and when he wakes up, say, 'Hey handsome' and watch as he pisses himself." My idea was met with a light tap to the skull. We both started laughing like we were the drunk ones.

"Hey dude, what ya doing in a net?" One of the ponies asked his friend.

'A net? Why is there a net?'

Loading

Done

Fallen Prime: Will you STOP already!?

"Hey Gilda, looks like some mutts are crashing their party."

"So?"

"I'm letting you call this one."

Fallen Prime: "Here's the phone number."

"What?" She didn't get it.

"Well, we can let those dogs drag the ponies away to be slaves for the rest of their lives, and we get left in peace. Odds are we won't run into any more dogs, since they'll be busy hauling them back home. Then we make Equestria tomorrow, and continue on our way."

"Or?" She asked.

"Or, we jump in and save them. We kill the dogs and loot them, get to be the hero's,

**Fallen Prime: > kill and loot
> heroes**

**RingmasterJ5: No, Fallen, you have it all wrong. Here:
>kill and loot**

>hero's

and blow off some steam." As we were talking, another one of them fell, also trapped in a net. The third was still face in the sand passed out from being drunk, and the fourth, a mare, sat there in fear. She started yelling for help. Gilda face-clawed.

RingmasterJ5: And tore her own face open.

"Ugg,

RingmasterJ5: I... don't think now's the time to talk about footwear brands, Gilda.

fine, let's go bail them out."

She took to the air, and I drew my weapon, holding it in my mouth. It was a little too heavy to carry this way, so the tip was in the sand. As I ran at the group, it drew a thin line in the sand. Gilda let out a shriek, and the dogs looked up.

'Nice distraction.' I brought my blade up, in a diagonal slash, and severed one of the dog's arms. I reared up, took the blade in my claws, and made another cut on the same angle, in the opposite direction, making a deep gash across it's chest. The rest of the dogs looked at me. The leader, carrying chemicals, took one of the vials and threw it. Gilda landed on him, burying his face in the sand. The vial landed harmlessly in the soft white grains at my feet. I picked it up, and chucked it, making it shatter on the third one's face. He passed out. The fourth one ran. The fifth one ran to his leader. Gilda and I walked to the trapped ponies, and took their net's off. The leader had gotten his face out of the sand, and turned to face me.

"I wonder how dog meat tastes?" I asked, not actually wanting an answer, (I heard it's terrible).

RingmasterJ5: Actually, I've heard otherwise. Not that I've ever had them, but Cocker Spaniels are apparently pretty good stuffed with yams and served with mashed potatoes.

He whimpered and ran. The dog I had slashed wasn't dead, but he was wounded, he ran as well. The fifth one grabbed his passed out partner before heading into the woods.

Fallen Prime: See, Griffin? You don't need to turn every scuffle/rescue into a massacre. In fact, this is the more morally sound option, though you probably could've done without killing the few that you did.

"Damn, I guess we don't get to loot them now. That sucks." Gilda said, coming up beside me.

"Oh well, you win some, you lose some. Although I think we won a bigger one by letting them go."

"What do you mean?" She asked.

Fallen Prime: "Now we almost look like we could arguably pass as potential good guys possibly maybe! Right?"
RingmasterJ5: Not in the slightest.

"Well, they're gonna run home with their tails between their legs, and they're gonna tell their alpha about how a pair of griffins kicked their asses. Don't forget that these guys are here to catch us, these ponies were just a more enticing target. There's no need for net launchers if the prey can't fly, and we're still in griffin country. Telling their boss that the five of them, prepared to catch griffins, were beaten by two of them after they wasted their net's on a bunch of hapless ponies. Not only will they be humiliated, but their boss is gonna tell the other alphas. The two of us suddenly went to the top of the badass chain. We've got a reputation now. They're gonna be afraid of us."

Fallen Prime: "The pussies."

"Won't they just come after us, with bigger numbers?" She asked.

"Yes, they will. But that's the thing. They're cowards. They are probably afraid of their alphas, after all, if they weren't, they'd take them down to try and become the new alpha. It's pack mentality. They are taking a rabble, and trying to temper it into an effective fighting force using fear as the pressure. There is strength in numbers, but that's the only strength they have. Put pressure on the right spots, and they fall apart. You see how fast they ran when you buried the squad leader's head in dirt? He's the leader because they are afraid of him. You beat the leader, so now they're even more afraid of you. If we beat an alpha....."

Fallen Prime: "We can fragment it and turn it into multiple AI's! What could go wrong?"

"The whole pack falls in line." Gilda finished my sentence. "And if we beat all the alphas..."

"Stop, we don't need to beat ALL the alphas, just most of them. The rest will fall in line after that, because they don't wanna lose their position. But yeah, after that, we own Gem Fido."

**Fallen Prime: Oh my god. "Griffin the Griffin" is turning into a game of Risk.
RingmasterJ5: Eh, I prefer Quarrel.**

"Then why are we headed to the jungle instead of there?" She asked.

"Because they are alpha's for a reason. We have no idea where these guys are in the chain of command. We beat them easily, but I don't know if we can take an alpha.... yet. We'd have to fight through a small army first, then deal with the alpha himself. I have no idea how tough they are, but they must be reasonably strong. Sure, I'm a crazy badass,

Fallen Prime: You're crazy to think you're a badass.

but I'm no trained fighter. That's why were headed to the jungle."

"So, we train a bit in the jungle, get tough, then what?" She asked.

"Then, we make a pack of our own. We get a bunch of loot, get rich, and head to the volcanic wastes. Odds are, since it's a crime nest, we'll be able to find some criminals for hire. Mercenaries of all flavours.

**Fallen Prime: I feel like Griffin is what TV Tropes likes to call a Villain Protagonist.
What hero would gather a group of criminals for the purposes of slaughtering**

"And when did you have the time to think of all this?" She asked.

"Just now.

Fallen Prime: Congratulations. You just bullshat the entire plot of the story.

Well, I was working on it for a little bit before, but this is when I got all the pieces put together. It's a pretty good first plan, but we can change it along the way if we need to."

"What makes you think the griffins, or anyone will follow you?" Gilda was asking an awful lot of questions.

Fallen Prime: They're called plot holes, Griffin. She's just pointing them out for you.

RingmasterJ5: They're big enough to drive a Mack truck through.

It was a little annoying, but I couldn't just leave her in the dark. I'd need her for it too.

"Well, the griffins will follow me if we get that far, because they've been looking for someone to lead them for the past 900 years.

RingmasterJ5: ...NO. GRIFFIN IS NOT GOING TO BE THE GRIFFON MESSIAH. NO.

They have their pride, and a fire in their hearts. If they see us, leading a small army, telling them to come with us, get their friends and loved ones back, and make the dogs pay for ever crossing us, odds are they'll fall in.

Fallen Prime: The plot holes ARE that big...

RingmasterJ5: And that was pretty much how Hitler rose to power.

As for the others, this thing on my back. How'd I get it? Oh, I just killed a black dragon and ripped the scale off his dead body, then chopped his arm off for the handle. No biggie. I don't know about you, but killing a dragon brings some pretty serious street cred. That and greed is one of the easiest ways to control others. We're gonna go raid a poorly defended hole full of precious gems, who's with me?"

I have to say. Even with my sarcasm, I make a pretty convincing speech. At least I thought.

"Bahahahahaha. You had me going there. Taking over Gem Fido? That would be the revival of the Dominion! Come on, get your head out of the clouds."

Fallen Prime: THANK YOU FOR SEEING REASON. You constantly succeed in making Gilda the best character in this story.

She looked at me, and saw that I wasn't laughing.

"You're serious?" She said with her mouth agape. I am nothing if not ambitious.

Fallen Prime: So you're nothing.

RingmasterJ5: Nah, he's definitely ambitious. However, that doesn't mean he's actually GOOD at fulfilling his ambitions.

"Hey, we might not make it that far. Then again, we might. If we fail, we only die.

Fallen Prime: No, that sounds like a rousing success to me.

If we succeed, you and I rule a country three times the size of Equestria. We're just gonna go as far as we can, and have fun along the way."

"You AND me?" She asked skeptically.

"Well yeah, you'll have been there with me for the whole ride. Can't just cut you out of the equation."

"You're crazy you know that?"

"If I wasn't crazy, I would be dead.

RingmasterJ5: No, you have it wrong. If you weren't a Stu, you'd be dead by now. Hell, for some of them, death isn't even a problem. God just sends them back five minutes later.

Fallen Prime: LTD flashbacks... *sob*

In fact, I would have told that guy at the café to piss off, and wouldn't even be here. Crazy brought me here, crazy killed a dragon, crazy wasted 10 diamond dogs, in groups of five, which we now know is the standard for their hunting parties,

Fallen Prime: If Gilda lives on the run from them, she could've told him that long before he tried to fight them.

and crazy just might take over the world."

Fallen Prime: M. Bison: *OF COURSE!*

RingmasterJ5: What are these idiots going to do tonight, Prime?

Fallen Prime: The same thing they do every night, Ring...

RingmasterJ5: Try to take over the - okay, how likely is it that none of the people reading this will even get that reference?

Fallen Prime: If they don't, we shall weep for their childhoods.

"What about Equestria. Assuming we get that far, there's no way we can go up against the princesses. Their army isn't that much, but it doesn't have to be. They're GODESSES." She said.

"True. We couldn't attack Equestria, because those two hold the ultimate power. Even if we could beat them, then there would be nobody to raise the sun or moon, and we'd have dug our own graves."

Fallen Prime: Is that the only reason you're steering clear? And did you really imply taking over would require KILLING LUNA AND CELESTIA?

"So then what?"

"Pranks."

"Pranks?"

Fallen Prime: No. Fuck you.

"Once we own a country, we send her a hundred letters a week, all of them asking her stupid questions, such as 'Do you like bananas?', until she get's so pissed off that she tries to do something about it. In my world, messing with someone till they do something out of character, then laughing at their reaction, is known as trolling.

RingmasterJ5: Technically, I guess. But, don't be mistaken, that's the lowest, least intellectual form of trolling there is. There's so much better, inventive things that still classify as "trolling".

Fallen Prime: *shifty eyes*

I'm exceptionally good at it.

Fallen Prime: This whole story's a trollfic? You magnificent bastard.

RingmasterJ5: I would LOVE it if that was the case. But, again, there's so much better trolling. I once made a bunch of teenage girls ABSOLUTELY BELIEVE that they hacked into an account I had on an old fanfiction site. Beat that.

I asked that diamond dog what dog meat tasted like. Given the fact that we just kicked his ass, I wanted to drive the fear straight to his heart. Celestia is probably a serious pony, having to run a whole country, and I'd love to see her lose her cool."

RingmasterJ5: That wouldn't work. She'd just send you to the moon. Hell, she SHOULD already have done that.

"So, once you take over the Dominion and Gem Fido, if you get bored, you're going to prank the only beings in the world who you can't beat? Forget liking bananas, you ARE bananas."

"And I love every second of it."

**Do you like bananas? Well I know where you can go bananas....
ON THE MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNN!!!!!!! Just remember that Griffin is a brony, he's seen the fanfics, the animations. While everyone else would just think it's funny,**

RingmasterJ5: You misspelled "retarded".

he'd think it's hilarious.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter six: Great job on taking all possible suspense and tension in the upcoming story, and bashing its testicles with a jackhammer by telling the viewing audience EVERY PLOT DETAIL. And to top it all off, the plot is absolute bullshit! I don't mind the ragtag-group-of-crooks band of heroes concept, but this is an unlikable jackass planning to win *hardened criminals* over to his cause. A cause that I'm absolutely certain someone else must have thought up before, but

had enough brain cells to not try to do it. By all rights, these should be literally impossible odds, and the trials put in Griffin's way should push him to his limit, some even putting him out of commission for a good long time, at which point you can cut to the other characters - possibly the criminal army - either revolting and deserting or trying to push forward. THAT would be a very interesting thing to see. BUT NOOOOOOOOOO, the fucking thing can't bother to tear away from its strong and sexy superhero savior and stubbornly refuses to let anything significantly bad happen to him. This is wish fulfillment, an author trying to put a caricature of himself in a story and make that character more powerful and successful than the author could ever hope to be. Ego-stroking is not story-writing.

I have two rewritten stories I'm overseeing, both of which I built the plot foundations for, and I can say this from experience: having a core concept does not equal planning. You set up back stories and created a captivating world, and I truly do commend you for that. But if that retarded outline is all you had for plot, then you have a long way to go. You can't just set events to happen, you need to know how they'll happen and how they'll lead into the next. If you really want to know how I went about planning the 3oM and LTD total overhauls beyond plotting, I will gladly tell you step-by-step what we all did to make sure it was planned and ready before even typing the first words of the first chapters. What I predict from here on out for THIS story, based on that summary, is a disjointed mess of random recruitment and unconnected battle scenes. And I swear to Christ, if you massacre all these extras and STILL let Griffin just walk off every undeservedly minor injury he sustains, I WILL FIGHT YOU ON THE SIDE OF THE STREET.

No. That's not even the biggest insult. The biggest insult is that you show me the plot, I HATE the plot, AND YOU STILL WANT ME TO READ. Most fandoms try to make haters STOP reading if they hate the story, but you're still desperately trying to make me give it a chance. If I even had a choice at this point, I'd be screaming "**FUCK YOU!**"

And I'm not exaggerating that for the sake of a joke. This story and its fans legitimately piss me off in ways I've only experienced twice before. People need to stop reading and writing these goddamn OC-heavy HiE Gary Stu wish fulfillment fics, and they need to stop getting popular, because this shit is a cancer and a plague.

7. Too Peaceful

"So Gilda, you in?"

"Ah what the hell, sure. It's not like I had anything better to do." She replied.

Fallen Prime: Fuck you, Gilda. Just... fuck you. Every ounce of fuck you.

"That's the spirit!" It's funny, when you don't care what happens to yourself, you suddenly become capable of great things. It's because you're willing to take a shot that you never would have thought about before, for fear of failing.

"Oh, first things first, we have some very drunk ponies to deal with."

Fallen Prime: "We did promise to be their designated drivers in case this happened..."

"I am NOT laying down next to them." She was quite firm.

"Well, then I guess I'll have to. It's way too good an opportunity to pass up." I said, laying down next to the mare who had been calling for help before. She had passed out shortly after we saved them, as did the rest, so nobody overheard the plan.

Fallen Prime: And what effect would it have had on the plan if they knew? They're drunkards, so I doubt they'll be seen as viable sources of information. Plus, it's not of any genuine threat to Equestria.

"I can't believe you're actually gonna do it. It's way too embarrassing." Gilda was wide eyed at the fact that I was actually gonna go through with my plan.

"Yeah, but we know the truth, they don't because they're drunk. It's gonna be way more embarrassing to them. If you're too much of a wimp, just go stand over there to watch their reactions." I said, putting my wing over the dark pink pony, (just a shade lighter than Cherilee)

Fallen Prime: Wait. I was KIDDING about Berry Punch. Is this really her!?

Calling Gilda a wimp was a sure way to get her to go for it. Again, social engineering for the win.

"Okay, fine, but I'm gonna get you for this later." She said, laying on the sand.

"I know you will."

We stayed the rest of the night. I had the two mares under my wings, and Gilda had the two stallions under hers. Using our wings like blankets kept the drunks warm on the cold sand. Gilda kept glaring at me for making her do it, but I just grinned at her with my trademark stupid grin, telling her it would all be worth it when they woke up, which they did come morning.

Fallen Prime: This is stupid. So very stupid.

"Ow, man my heeeaaaaaad." The first stallion awoke.

"Man, that was some party huh." The second one waking up.

"It sure was fun *Hic*" said one of the mares, still a little drunk.

"Let's do it again next week." Said the other mare. The four earth ponies started getting their senses back, and realized that they were covered in feathers. I nodded to Gilda that now was the time to put the plan into action.

"Well *hello* handsones." She said in a sultry tone. They suddenly went wide eyed.

"Hey gorgeous and beautiful, I had a *wonderful* time last night." I said, standing up and pushing the two mares together gently with my claws. They were still a little tipsy, so they didn't quite know what was going on. I put my head between theirs, letting them feel my soft feathers. "You two were great." I whispered.

Fallen Prime: Okay, this is a bit amusing.

They suddenly figured out what must have happened, and jumped away from me. They started running in circles like mad mares.

"Shall we go another round?" Gilda asked the stallions. They jumped as well, and ran to their mare friends.

"AHHHHHHHH. Us, with HER, You, with HIM. All of us, with THEM!" They started freaking out. Gilda and I just fell over laughing at the bunch of idiot ponies. They bought it, hook, line, and sinker.

"You were all just soooooo persuasive, we couldn't help ourselves!" I laughed.

"You two wanted me at the same time!" Gilda scoffed.

Fallen Prime: ...okay, we get it. Ha ha, toying with drunk people.

One of the mares walked up to us.

"You think *hic* this is funny? Taking advan... advan.... advantage of us poor helpless mares in our moment of weakness?" Said the pink one.

"You were hardly helpless, I could barely keep you off me." I said smiling.

"And us! We were, umm, seduced by your friend. We'd never do something like that!" The stallions were trying to make up excuses.

Fallen Prime: Yeah, this has gone on way too long.

"Hey Gilda, should we let them in on it?"

"Yeah, I guess so, we've had our fun." She said, laughter slowly dying down.

Fallen Prime: And the story knew it too.

I explained what really happened, how they had gotten drunk off their asses, wandered all the way here, and almost got sent to a life of slavery by some diamond dogs.

"We decided to have a little fun with you, and make you think you did *that* with us, so you'd think twice about getting so drunk next time. Do you know what would have happened if we hadn't been here?"

"Yeah, so we woulda been caught, but princess Celestia wouldn't leave us hanging." One of them said.

Fallen Prime: "She'd just hang us!"

"Yes, she would have. You wandered off. Heck, it could be MONTHS before anyone realized you weren't coming back. And once they did eventually realize you were missing, they'd have no idea where you went. Princess Celestia is busy with royal duties. She can't just go off on a wild pony chase.

As for guards, even if they did figure out where you were being held, there's no way that a bunch of ponies, not used to combat, could take on a whole pack of Diamond Dogs on their home turf, underground. Face it. Because you decided to get wasted, you almost lost your freedom."

"Then why'd you save us?" Another questioned.

"Gilda?"

Fallen Prime: Ooh, is this development time for Gilda? Do we get to see what her beef with the Diamond Dogs is? Considering how this was handled before, I actually want to see this.

"Because I know about slavery all too well. I was taken to Gem Fido as a child. I escaped, and fled to Equestria, leaving my whole family behind. Nobody should be a slave, especially not just for having a wild night. You ponies live in your little utopia, and have no idea about the real world. Just because Equestria is all sunshine and rainbows, doesn't mean the rest of the world is. In the Dominion, we have to fight, just to survive, just to live free. Every day, we face slavery by the dogs, and death by the dragons. You have your little paradise, and the rest of the world rots. You don't know anything, and that's why I can't stand you.

Fallen Prime: See that? All that, up there? That is proper handling of a tragic past and cynical worldview. You could completely take out Griffin and his crazy scheme, and you'd be left with a thoroughly embittered griffon trying her damndest to survive in the Dominion under threat of dragons and Diamond Dogs, yet refusing to return to the ponies' utopia because of her pride and inability to relate to those who have never truly suffered. A fantastic character and a fantastic setup for a fantastic story... but this shit isn't by any stretch about her, and the story we're given feels like it's ripped from *Pokemon Mystery Dungeon* gameplay.

Let's go." She motioned to me, and she took to the air.

"You better head home you four. Those dogs might still be creeping around somewhere, and we won't be around to save you. I suppose since we're headed in the same direction, you could just follow us for a bit, but we'll end up leaving you behind eventually." I took off as well, the black scale flashing the sunlight.

"Well, that went well. We got to humiliate some ponies, then humiliate them again, and we finally changed em for the better. Personally, I hate drunks. My dad was one, and it wasn't pretty.

Fallen Prime: And this is you fucking up past-life info delivery with Griffin. Par for the course.

I finally learned what happened to you too."

"I don't want to talk about it." She said with a glare.

Fallen Prime: You talked plenty about it earlier.

"I don't blame you at all. We both have pasts we'd rather forget, but I *CAN*

Fallen Prime: See that? Italics. You know how to use them, obviously. So why are thoughts STILL not set up properly?

forget mine, since it was in a different world. You can't. And that's a raw deal."

Fallen Prime: Gilda's easily capable of forgetting her past too. It's definitely better for her character that she doesn't, but she could.

We flew for a while, and crossed the Equestrian border. As soon as they passed it, everything felt different. It was like the sun shone brighter, the grass was greener, the air was warmer, or cooler, all depending on what you wanted from it. The ocean was a brighter blue, and all the smells that hung in the air were pleasant. A small tingle could be felt. It was as if it wasn't even part of the planet, like the ring sea had originally gone all the way around, and a magic meteor crashed, making the country. It felt like a completely different world.

'Oh look,

Fallen Prime: GOD FUCKING DAMMIT!

happy, playful little ponies, all going about their daily lives, not a care in the world. Reminds me of Pinkie Keen,

Fallen Prime: "FEELING Pinkie Keen." Seriously, if you gave a shit about making sure you had the proper episode titles, you'd have SPELT GRIFFON CANONICALLY RIGHT IN THE TITLE OF THE STORY.

when she was just rolling in the grass, humming, to pass the time. It's actually really annoying.

Fallen Prime: I... urgh.

Hold on, stop. I'm thinking like a bully now. I'm mad at them because they're happy? What the hell is wrong with me? Isn't this what I wanted to come to Equestria for in the first place? Wasn't this kind of bliss the goal? Geez, I'm almost like Gilda.'

"Let's keep moving, the air here is too sweet. Let's head into town, we need to get some stuff anyway."

Manehatten, the Equestria version of Manhatten, The Big Apple, New York, whatever other names you want to call it.

"Oh look Gilda, snobs who think they're better than everyone else! Isn't this place wonderful?" I love sarcasm.

Fallen Prime: I would very much enjoy seeing this character in pain.

"Ugh, don't remind me."

"Well, as much as I love meat and fish, I think I'm in the mood for some fruit, gotta pawn off these gems though, and since this place is all high brow, we'll get a better price than most anywhere else.

I'm not sure of prices and conversion rates, so I'll need you with me for the economics. We go in, I put the gems on the table and shut up, you do all the talking."

"Got it." She acknowledged.

On entering the gem traders, we saw a great many high class 'hoity toity' looking ponies,

Fallen Prime: Somehow including Hoity Toity himself.

glancing around for something that caught their eye. Apparently, that something was me. I didn't get it.

"Ahh, welcome monsieur et madame, right zis way si vous plait. The owner said in the heaviest, most fake french accent I've ever heard.

Fallen Prime: Are you just saying it's fake because you can't write a believable French accent?

"What can Pierre do for you today? Perhaps a lovely dia monde for the special geirl?" Ugh, he was pissing me off. Gilda too. She looked like she was ready to snap his neck.

Fallen Prime: No, Gilda, go for Griffin instead! END THIS STORY!

Change of plans.

"Actually, Pierre, it's not what you can do for us, it is what we can do for you, if you catch my drift."

Fallen Prime: I desperately hope I don't.

I raised an eyebrow at him, Gilda calmed down. Pierre smiled.

"Ah, yes, come zis way please, to zee VIP room, first one on zee left."

"What happened to you shutting up and letting me do the talking?" She asked.

"You looked like you were gonna lose your cool. I was gonna shut up, AFTER I put the gems on the table, but I've got a feeling he's gonna railroad us. Besides, I hate these high class types. This could work to our advantage. You go for the intimidation route, and he'll be much more inclined to deal with me, since I'll come off as more reasonable, and that way, we can get a better price. I just need you to make sure he doesn't try to rip us off. You took a look at the prices as we came in right?" I asked.

"Yeah." She replied.

"Good, if he tries to give us anything less than half for gems of comparable size and quality, we walk. If he goes for half, we work him up to 65%" I'd never done this before, but again, movies.

Fallen Prime: Just because you see something happen in a movie DOESN'T MEAN YOU NOW KNOW HOW TO DO IT. If you tried the movie version of hacking, you'd accomplish NOTHING.

Since this was technically a T.V show, they probably have the same characteristics.

"Now, what iz eet zat you came to talk with Pierre?" Ok, I'm putting an end to this right now.

"Pierre, drop the accent. You're not fooling anybody, and it's just making things harder on all of us."

Fallen Prime: First rational thing Griffin's done this entire story.

"Oh thank Celestia, I hate having to keep that up. Most often clients prefer to deal with a 'cultured' pony. I have to wear an air of high society, so I don't let on that they're dealing with a sleeze." Suddenly, he held his tongue.

"Oh, I already know you're a cheat, that's why I've brought my associate, to make sure things gosmoothly" He eye'd Gilda, who crossed her arms and gave a scowl. This was going to work out rather well.

Fallen Prime: That's because you're the Gary Stu hero and everything must go your way.

I got him to admit that he'll try to rip us off, which I didn't know for certain, and now he KNOWS I know, so he'll be more inclined to NOT try it. Of course, he still will, but just to much less of a degree.

I put the bag on the table, and opened it to reveal a load of bright, shiny gems, all of varying sizes and type. He looked at each closely, and Gilda watched him to make sure he didn't try anything funny. He knew she was watching, otherwise while he held a gem with his magic, he'd try to slip one off the table with his hoof.

"Hmm, for all these, I'll give ya 1500 bits."

'1500? That sounded like a lot, but then again, we were dealing with gems here.'

Fallen Prime: That was written like a part of the story rather than a thought in his head. Why can't you just admit you can't handle your character in any sense of the word?

I turned to whisper to Gilda, and he moved his hooves. She slammed her claws on the table, grabbing them, not letting them move at all. She whispered to me, I scooped up the gems, and stood up.

"Goodbye Mr. Pierre, I am sorry to have wasted your time." I said, beginning to walk out.

"Alright, 2000." He said, Gilda still holding his hooves. I looked at him, and raised an eyebrow.

"Okay, fine, 3000, and not a single bit more." He was desperate.

"3500, and we forget all about you trying to rob us just now." I knew where to apply pressure.

"Fine, 3500." He wasn't too happy about it.

Fallen Prime: "I would've gotten away with it if it weren't for you meddling kids!"

"Thank you very much Pierre, it was nice doing zee business with you." I laughed. Gilda finally let go of his hooves. He handed us the bits, which we counted three times, and made sure each piece was legitimate. I didn't think he'd try counterfeiting, but this was just to add the extra intimidation, as we *slowly* counted them out, and checked each coin. He was sweating. We passed him his gems, and walked out. We took to the skies, because we didn't want the ponies on the ground to see us laughing our asses off.

"Even in a utopia, we can still find a den of slime and villainy. I guess Equestria isn't too peaceful after all."

Fallen Prime: With assholes like Flim, Flam, Trixie and Blueblood (to name a few) floating around, it's hard to believe that everypony gets along and that everything's happy.

Dear Princess Luna,

Is the moon made of cheese?

Sincerely, Griffin.

Fallen Prime: This is gonna be a thing from now on, isn't it. SHIT. Final verdict for chapter seven: This was one of the better chapters, I'll admit. This time you expanded on Gilda's past, which I was really happy to see, and while there were definitely still elements in play that annoyed me, none of it overshadowed the major character development given to the (ugh) *love interest*. This does give the faint hope that it will get better as the story progresses, as this was the first chapter where the good outweighed the bad. However, the chapter immediately prior enraged me more than any before it, which instead tells me that the chapter quality will never overall improve and just remain in a constant state of change, with the majority of chapters never accomplishing the relative quality this one did.

8. New In Town

"Gilda, I just realized something."

"What is it Grif?" She asked.

"Ponies are idiots."

Fallen Prime: That's it. I already hate this chapter, and it's gonna need to pull off a fucking miracle to redeem itself in my eyes.

"You're just figuring that out now?" She said sarcastically.

"What I mean is, the ponies are naive, and where there are naive ponies, there will be those who will try to take advantage of them, like 'Pierre' back there. The thing is, he's naive too. I also took a look at the gems out front. I figured we'd only get 5000 bits for ours, 3500 is 70%. We got more than I expected out of him, because he was too stupid. We knew he would try something like that, which is

why there were the two of us. He tried it anyway, and got caught. Most morons think everyone else is one. We also think that we're smarter than everyone else, we just can't let it go to our head, or someone will surprise us."

"You never cease to amaze." She replied.

Fallen Prime: If by amaze you mean put to sleep, absolutely.

"Well, we've got 3500 bits, let's buy some fruits and veggies, but not here. Everything is priced higher here, we'd be wasting our money. Let's head to the next town."

Gilda pulled out the map, and scowled. "Ponyville."

"What's the matter?" I asked, knowing damn well what the issue was.

"In all Equestria, the lamest ponies live there. That purple bookworm I told you about,

Fallen Prime: Not insulting.

a pink pony that is way too hyper,

Fallen Prime: Going to strangle you.

a snob who'd fit in perfectly here,

Fallen Prime: That's just harsh.

some farm hick,

Fallen Prime: Oh, you are scum.

a scaredy cat,

Fallen Prime: RUSTY SAWBLADES.

and...." she trailed off.

"Let me guess, judging from what you've told me, it's a group of friends. All that's missing is the athletic one, who's also an idiot."

Fallen Prime: You really don't like the show, do you. It looks like you can't stand the main characters of a character-driven series, so why put up with the series? And I can't even tell if I'm asking that to the character or the author, because it's hard to tell where one ends and the other begins until the fighting starts.

Me, again knowing everything.

"I told you to stop that. Yeah, I used to hang with her, back when she didn't suck, then she started hanging around a bunch of lame ponies. She changed, and now we're not friends anymore." She said, looking sad, but trying to hide it.

"Yeah, back on my world, I had a couple friends. I made a change for the better, started doing something fun, something they didn't like. Just like that, I was all alone in the world. Part of the reason why I'm here I guess. It sucks being without friends. I guess we have each other now."

Fallen Prime: That would work as a bonding moment if I liked Griffin in the slightest.

"Heh, yeah." Gilda said weakly. What I said struck a nerve. "Well, I say we go somewhere else."

"Can't, that's the only town on the way to Canterlot. Unless you'd rather eat more raw clams."

Gilda gulped hard. "Point taken. If you don't mind, I'll just fly over town while you do business. I don't really wanna go back there, and I don't think they'd let me back in either."

"Alright, then tell me a little more about each of them." I knew ALL about them already.

Fallen Prime: Then don't fucking ask. The only ones she ever really ran into were Rainbow Dash, Pinkie Pie, and (only ONCE) Fluttershy; the other three were only at the party and hardly, if at all, said a word to her. So she shouldn't even know about them, and I doubt she has the best idea of Fluttershy's personality from one chance encounter. In short, you already have that info and she's not a reliable well of information.

"Why?" She asked.

"I wanna know what to look out for."

Gilda explained each of their personality traits, or what she knew of them. It was all old news to me, but I listened anyway. I couldn't let her know that I secretly adored those 'lame' ponies, while I had to agree that Pinkie was too hyper, and Rainbow was too cocky.

Fallen Prime: Guess what? Two favorite main ponies. You're edging ever further into my infinite pool of hatred.

We'd probably end up butting heads.

"Okay, got my list. A bucket, some cooking knives, some tomatoes, potatoes, leeks, lemons, don't need chives cuz I can just find em. Need a small pot for cooking, a folding stand to hold the pot, an ax to get firewood.... Oh! Some backpacks to make carrying it all easier. Should probably get rid of my animal skins, walking into town looking like a bloody mess is a sure way to send the wrong message. Keepin the sword though, it looks badass. Okay! I'm all set."

"So, you gonna name it?" Gilda asked me.

"Name what?"

"The sword."

Fallen Prime: If he planned to, he would have already.

It's unique, and if you're gonna be king one day, you gotta have a name for your legendary blade." She laughed as she said king, letting me know she wasn't serious.

"Hmm, Midnight Rain. It's dark as a cloudy night and my enemies blood shall fill the heavens. Sound good?"

Fallen Prime: NO.

"You dork." She giggled.

'Gilda. Gilda. GILDA giggled? HER of all people, ponies, griffins, whatever, **GIGGLED?**

Fallen Prime: You can use bold, italics, AND underlines. and yet you can't set the fucking thoughts up properly.

"Laugh it up hot stuff."

"It's too complex. Try something simpler." She said blushing at my compliment. I know for a fact she likes me, might as well make her know I like her. Never thought I'd ever be in Equestria, and now that I'm here, I'm falling for the last one I ever expected.

"Hades."

"What does that mean?" She asked.

"In Greek mythology, the same mythology that has griffins, Hades is the god of the underworld. He has a skeleton face and wears black robes.

Fallen Prime: Not according to Disney. Or *Clash of the Titans*.

RingmasterJ5: Or the *God of War* series. Wait, does he mean the Grim Reaper?

Fallen Prime: Or Ghost Rider? Same initials.

The gates of the underworld are guarded by his pet, the three headed giant wolf, cerberus.

Fallen Prime: Let me guess. Written before "It's About Time" made Cerberus canon.

To enter the afterlife, you are taken by boat across a river of blood by a skeletal ferryman. People would put a coin in the mouth of their dead loved ones, because when the ferryman took them across, when they got half way, he'd ask for payment. If you didn't have it, he'd dump you in the river where the souls of the wicked dead would drag you down and make you feel the pain and cold of drowning for all eternity."

"Your weird alien species is seriously fucked up." She said dumbstruck.

Fallen Prime: Yes we are, Gilda. Yes we are.

"And you know something? That's just the entrance, and it's not even near the worst afterlife we've thought of." She shuddered at the thought. I wasn't gonna tell her about Dante's Inferno, I didn't feel like cleaning griffin puke off my feathers.

Fallen Prime: This isn't too bad. You seem pretty knowledgeable in mythology. The only problem is how totally out-of-place it is here since you're just trying to name a goddamn sword.

"Alright, so, I'll meet you at the edge of town.... here." I pointed to a spot just south of Sweet Apple Acres on a local map. She nodded and flew off, telling me she'd find a place to take a quick nap. Diamond dogs don't come anywhere near,

Fallen Prime: Okay, the fact that you even know what the Diamond Dogs are tells me you've seen "A Dog and Pony Show," so you know how bullshit that is.

and there aren't any thieves either, so it'd be safe. She took all our collected gear and carried to to the meeting place, while I headed into down. We had been flying for a while to get there, and I wanted to rest my wings.

As I walked into town, some background ponies I recognized started staring. Lyra and Bon Bon, the turquoise unicorn sitting in her usual human like manner, Roseluck and Carrot Top (also known as golden harvest)

Fallen Prime: We didn't need that clarified. I'm pretty sure your readers know who she is and what both her names are.

RingmasterJ5: Also, you forgot to capitalize her nickname.

I spotted Derpy slamming into a lamp post not once, but three times before finally deciding to go around it, having a private laugh to myself.

"HI! I'm Pinkie Pie and I saw you walking into town and thought you must be new here in Ponyville because I'm friends with everypony in Ponyville so I'd remember all of them and I don't remember you which I definately would because you're the second griffin to ever come here and ooh what is that on your back it looks heavy but it's shiny and I saw you walking all alone and I thought if you're all alone and you're new that you probably don't have any friends here and what better way to make friends than to..." I put my claw over her mouth about half way through that, but she just kept talking through it, and it was easy enough to figure out what she was saying.

Fallen Prime:okay. I'll deal with wall-of-text speech from Pinkie, since that's kind of her thing. You did alright here, with her speech and with the reaction to it. As much as I love her nonsense, it's basically canon that she's a chore to put up with sometimes.

"Listen up, I don't like parties because I feel awkward at them, pies are fine, but cupcakes are too sugary. Eating too many sweets will make you sick, I'm not here to stay I'm a traveler who just passing through to buy some supplies. This thing on my back is very shiny and heavy, and it's also very *sharp*. It's a tool and memento of my journey, and I would appreciate if you didn't touch it, not that you could damage it but I don't want you to hurt yourself. As for friends, I do have a friend who I'm meeting later, after I buy my supplies. We want to keep moving, and I don't want to waste any time here. I really just want to get what I need and leave. Even though I could understand everything you said you are much too hyperactive for my tastes, and if you don't want to direct me to what I'm looking for, then please get out of my way."

Fallen Prime: And THAT pisses me off. She's only trying to make friends, as is her unpaid profession, and there was *no call for that at all*.

'Okay, I was a little mean,

Fallen Prime: YEAH you were.

but I have a schedule to keep. Next to Rarity, Pinkie is actually my least favorite.

Fallen Prime: Oh, you-

She's too hyper and too happy.

Fallen Prime: No she-

Sure, she's funny and she's friends with everyone,

Fallen Prime: Exactly-

but from my time on earth, you get it in your head that anyone who's THAT happy has something seriously wrong with them,

Fallen Prime: You son of a-

and me having pretty much no friends at all makes me just about incompatible with her.

Fallen Prime: Just let her-

She's sweet and I'm sour. Since we're not making a sauce to go on rice or chicken balls, nor are we a package of candy (although given what she eats, she could be mistaken for one), we don't mix well.'

Fallen Prime: *STOP! SHUT UP AND STOP!!!*

This is the one thing I absolutely can't stand about these stories. The gross mishandling, misinterpretation, and flat-out *insulting* of my favorite character from the show. "Living the Dream" turned her into a complete non-dimensional caricature and fed her drugs and alcohol. "Three of Me: School Society" got her to *rape the story's protagonist* and then slowly started to drop her completely. In those instances, though, there was no plot course, and the handling of everything in general was just as clumsy.

Oh, but THIS. This gives me the air of you knowing exactly what you're doing. Yes, I know, she has unholy amounts of energy. Yes, I know, she seldom drops her smile. Yes, I know, she has a mob of friends all across town. But you say all that as if it's all the worst thing in the world to be like. You've seen what she's like when you take all of that away. She's not happy unless her friends can be happy too, and she makes sure that they are. Hell, she can't be happy unless she can have friends, and if they abandon her, she spirals into frustrated depression. It's not because she's always happy that she has so many friends; it's because she has so many friends that she's always happy. And that happiness, combined with her choice of diet, gives her an unrelenting positive energy that infects those around her to bring a smile to their faces. There would more than likely be a lot more miserable ponies in Ponyville if Pinkie were never there to cheer them up. She's the very ponification of fun, the

embodiment of good times, and if anything makes her happy, it's laughing with her friends and sharing her fun with them.

AND YOU JUST SHAT ON ALL OF THAT.

I can understand why people wouldn't like Pinkie Pie. I respect your opinion of her; it's not said opinion I'm getting pissed at. It's the way you're *flaunting it in the story and shoving it in my face*. One of my favorite authors on the site despises her, but he still writes her as one of the most sympathetic and likable characters in my favorite story from him. He also loves Rainbow Dash and yet turns her into the fic's antagonist. The point I'm trying to make is that not liking a character is not an excuse for not writing her properly. And it's CERTAINLY not an excuse to have your asshole self-insert list off all the myriad ways YOU hate her.

This disgusts me. You disgust me. And yet you STILL want me to read. Well, *fine*. I will, but not for pleasure. You managed to kill every positive sentiment I had for the story in one paragraph, and you're not even done with Pinkie yet.

I'm going to enjoy ripping this thing to shreds and exposing it as the overrated piece of garbage that it is.

tl;dr **FUCK YOU!**

RingmasterJ5: Okay, I'm going to let you take this one, because... I'm a bit scared now.

"You mean you DON'T want to be my friend?" She said, giving me the sad eyes. Too bad for her I'm immune to them.

Fallen Prime: All the rusty sawblades in the world are not enough for you.

"I'm afraid not." I said, throwing her a ragged piece of tied rope from my pack that I specifically prepared for this moment ahead of time. (Afraid not, A frayed knot, get it?)

Fallen Prime: You're not funny. You will never be funny.

Pinkie looked at the rope for a moment, thinking about what I said, before she burst out laughing.

"You've got a great sense of humor! Are you sure you don't wanna be my friend?" She asked.

Fallen Prime: I'm glad he doesn't. She deserves better.

"Listen pinks, that shiny thing on my back? It's a *weapon*. Where I come from is not a nice place, and I had to do not-very-nice things to survive there. It's made from a dragon's scale. I'll let you guess how I got it. Here's a hint. I'm a great big mean meanie pants, and you don't wanna get involved with me. I'm just going to pick up what I need, then I'll be out of your hair."

"Don't you mean mane?" She asked quizzically. "And you can't be all bad if you're funny and talk the same way I do."

Fallen Prime: Oh, he's all bad. And if you saw what he thought of you, you'd think so too.

"I talk the same way you do because I want you to understand that I'm dangerous, and to stay away from me."

Her mane fell flat. I just gave her the Ponyville equivalent of 'fuck off'.

Fallen Prime: EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!!!

I felt kind of bad about it, but I don't feel like getting a migraine from having my ears talked off.

Fallen Prime: Do it, Pinkie!

Given that I'm part bird now and they're inside my head, that would be a bad thing.

Fallen Prime: DO IT, PINKIE!

"Hey, cheer up kid. It ain't all bad. You've got plenty of friends, you don't need me to be one."

"I never said anything about big mean meanie pantses, or anything about cupcakes or parties. How did you know?" The pink party pony asked, having calmed down. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her tail twitch, but I didn't let on that I saw it. I looked up to see a flowerpot falling. I grabbed it in my claw and spun around. (I have good reflexes when it comes to catching things, comes from having things thrown at me a lot),

Fallen Prime: You must REALLY LOVE making me loathe you with every fiber of my being.

walked up to her sitting on the ground, and set it in front of her.

"Same way you know when something's gonna fall."

'DAMN that was cool.' It's not technically a lie, since in theory, since she exists partly outside the 4th wall, she is aware of all the happenings of the universe should she actually try to look at them.

Fallen Prime: ALL the happenings? No pony has that kind of power. Not even Celestia herself.

She's far too active to concentrate on it, so it acts out on her body instead. Like how when she had her freak out she knew something was gonna happen at froggy bottom bog. I was aware of things the same way, combining my reaction times with my audience perspective. Apparently, that was the WRONG thing to do. Her mane became poofy again, and she started yammering all over again.

Fallen Prime: *Excellent.*

"You mean YOU have Pinkie Sense too? Although you're not a pinkie, you're a griffin, so is it griffin sense? It does different things than my Pinkie Sense does, so it must be different. Do all griffins have that or just you?" She kepts throwing a million questions at me before I had a chance to answer any of them.

Fallen Prime: And soon you'll drown in those questions and DIE.

"Listen, if you help me find the things I need, I'll answer your questions the best I can." I said, holding my claw over her mouth again. She nodded, and I handed her my shopping list.

"Okay, potatoes, tomatoes, tee hee, those rhyme, leeks, lemons, knives, a pot, a bucket, and a folding cooking stand? Are you some kind of traveling griffin chef or something?" She asked with earnest.

"I guess you could say that."

"Ooh, can you cook something for me? I bet the food you make is really good!" Oh boy, I didn't want to have to tell her this.

Fallen Prime: Oh, HERE we go.

"I don't think you'll like the food I make."

"And why not?" She asked, batting her eyelashes.

"Because I'm a griffin, and most griffins eat *meat*. Last I checked, ponies were vegetarians."

"Oh. Okay. I guess you're right." She looked a little sad, but hey, she wanted to know.

Fallen Prime: Stop making her sad, dammit!

"Ah, here we are, variety store." She said, perking back up again. I checked through the store, finding the bucket, knives, pot, and backpacks, and cooking stand that I needed. I paid for them all with haste, ignoring the strange look I was getting from the store owner, telling me he thought I was gonna try and steal something.

'Damn racist.'

Fallen Prime: The suspicion isn't unfounded. Gilda stole during her time in Ponyville.

"Okay, so now it's just the market place. I should be able to find everything I need there, then I'm outta here."

"Wow, traveling the world? I know you just started but wow. Even fighting a full grown dragon and winning, you must be super strong."

Fallen Prime: "Wait, no, maybe that means you're one of those Gary Stus, in which case, I'm not supposed to be talking to you."

Pinkie was impressed. I left out the bloody details. I just told her that it went after my friend and I fought it off.

"Not really, I'm just super smart."

Fallen Prime: Bullshit.

"Oh, you didn't tell me your name!" Pinkie exclaimed.

'Here we go.'

"Not gonna, you'll laugh at me."

"No I won't." She defended herself.

"Pinkie Promise?" She looked stunned that I knew about that, but just as her friends chalked her behaviour up to 'Pinkie being Pinkie', she didn't question it. She went through the silly ritual before I gave a sigh.

"Griffin."

"Well duh, I know you're a griffin, what's your NAME?" Oh boy.

Fallen Prime: Goddammit. The "Who's on first" thing was already done. Stop repeating it.

"Griffin." I said again.

"I promised I wouldn't laugh, just tell me your name!" She squealed.

"My name is Griffin. I'm Griffin the griffin. My parent's were unimaginative, and I have to explain this to every per... pony I talk to." I was annoyed, then I was mad.

Pinkie Pie, despite making a trademark Pinkie Promise, laughed at my name.

Fallen Prime: NO. NO. I don't care where canon was at this point in the story, the Pinkie promise is SACRED, and its namesake wouldn't break it herself.

As soon as the laughs came out, she put her hooves over her mouth, and looked at me with desperation.

"Goodbye, Pinkie." I began to walk away. She just sat there on the street, her mane went flat, and she began to cry.

Fallen Prime: Oh my god. She's not THAT emotionally fragile.

"GILDA!" I heard a yell come from the sky as I was tackled by a blur.

"You dare show your face in Ponyville again after what you did. When I saw you talking to Pinkie, I thought maybe you had changed, maybe you came to make things right. Now you've gone and made her cry. NOPONY makes Pinkie cry."

Fallen Prime: Kill him, Rainbow! You have no right to be stupid enough to think he's Gilda, but KILL HIM, RAINBOW!

'Shit, I'm about to be murdered by Rainbow Dash. Wait, did she call me Gilda?'

I jumped to my paws, using my wings for stability as I crossed my forearms, holding my claws out in front of me. It's not a very good move to use on humans, because human's have their feet planted firmly on the ground. Rainbow Dash was flying, and she'd never see it coming.

Fallen Prime: "That's EXACTLY it!"

"No, you're ugly, now what did you do to Pinkie!?" She yelled.

"I didn't do anything. Why don't you go ask her?"

Pinkie had watched the whole thing, and explained, leaving out all the details.

"I made him a Pinkie Promise, then I broke it." She said sobbing. Rainbow's eyes went wide at the thought of Pinkie Pie herself breaking her own trademark promise.

Fallen Prime: THE STORY ITSELF KNOWS HOW WRONG IT IS.

"Who are you anyways?" She demanded. I gave a sigh.

Fallen Prime: And STOP DOING THIS!

"Griffin." Here we go again.

"You're name idiot." She was annoyed.

"First you tackle me, then you call me a girl's name, then you molest me, then you make fun of my looks, and finally, you insult me because my name is ironic. Pinkie, you said EVERYPONY in Ponyville is your friend? With friends like skittles here, who needs enemies?" Chew on that Dash, maybe that'll take your ego down a notch.

"You are by far the WORST pony I've ever met, and I would prefer never to see you again.

Fallen Prime: NO NO NO! NOT RAINBOW DASH, YOU COCKBITE!

As for you Pinkie Pie, I forgive you, but I still won't be your friend, you... shouldn't get involved." I said, trying to look like I'm holding a hidden pain in order to make the fact that they won't get to know me even worse. I'm a terrible person, you know that?

Fallen Prime: YES.

I just met two of the mane six, and I just made both of them cry, even though it was their own faults.

Fallen Prime: NO!!

Pinkie looked a little happier, but Dash had tears in her eyes. In order to not be seen crying, she flew off to what I assumed to be above the clouds.

"I hope all your friends aren't that mean Pinkie, or else I'd have to reconsider your offer since I'd fit right in." I said as I walked to the market square.

Fallen Prime: YOU ARE THE BANE OF MY EXISTENCE.

Hey! Griffin is an asshole! But you all knew that, didn't you?

Dear Princess Celestia,

What is the airspeed velocity of an unladen swallow?

Fallen Prime: What do you mean? African or European swallow?

Sincerely, Griffin.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter eight: FUCK YOU.

This chapter marks the complete and total loss of your privilege to tell me the story ever gets better. If your "hero" is going to treat my two favorite characters like this, there is no hope for him or the story. I DARED to hope chapter six would be the worst it got, but then THIS. From the looks of things, you're going to make every even chapter the worst thing I've ever read. And when I say that, keep in mind that I've seen a story where Pinkie Pie violently molests Pound and Pumpkin Cake, so I don't use "worst thing I've ever read" lightly.

But you know what? I'm thankful for that. I'm glad this story killed all my naive hope for it in just eight chapters. I'm glad Griffin chose to irreversibly cross the Moral Event Horizon and cement his place as the most despicable protagonist I've ever seen. It just makes all this that much sweeter.

You know... I tried to be civil. I tried to be as fair as I could. I tried to give this fic a fighting chance, and it pleased me to see it fight back at times. I went in knowing I'd likely not enjoy it, but I still put in the effort.

I'M DONE BEING NICE NOW. I hate this story. Hate hate hate this story. It has potential, plenty of it, but that only makes it worse because of how it WASTES IT ALL. Griffin is an amalgamation of every Gary Stu I've ever seen and more, with his stupid and inconsistent backstory and the inability for ANYTHING IN HIS NEW LIFE to go wrong. And he's a supreme fuckhead, which makes him even less tolerable. The story as it's laid out in chapter six is the laziest fucking thing I've seen in a while, and I've already talked enough about it. And you have no idea how to differentiate between writing a character and writing yourself, and thus Griffin's views on the mane six are in turn yours. AND YOU SHOVE THEM IN MY FACE AND DESTROY THE CHARACTERS I LOVE MOST.

And the kicker? Not once did I exaggerate there. No script, no jokes; that is my unfiltered, genuine rage, every word and letter of it. I'm hurt by this story. Seriously hurt. Which means I now don't have to feel sorry for anything I say about it from here on out.

9. Explanation

I walked through the market, picking up all the fruits and veggies I needed,

Fallen Prime: And now we can add comma abuse to this story's infinite list of crimes.

'Well, now I've gone and done it. I just made Pinkie and Rainbow cry, although Pinkie crying wasn't really my fault,

Fallen Prime: YES IT WAS.

and she did look happier when I said I forgave her. I'm a brony, but the first thing I did when I came across the mane six is make them feel bad. What the hell is wrong with me?

Fallen Prime: EVERYTHING.

I guess maybe seeing it in real life takes some of the shine out of it. Now that I've seen them face to face, instead of being some kind of idol, they're just regular people, ponies, whatever. I should probably apologize.'

Fallen Prime: YOU ARE NOT DESERVING OF THEIR FORGIVENESS.

RingmasterJ5: But EVERYTHING has to go right for this idiot, so we're probably going to see him get it, aren't we.

As I walked through town, I came across Carousel Boutique, home of my least favorite of the mane six, Rarity. I always thought of her as stuck up. Element of generosity.... sure, she's generous, but what she gives, other than her tail that one time, is nothing to her.

Fallen Prime: You clearly hate the mane six. WHY DO YOU LIKE THIS SHOW?

RingmasterJ5: You should realize this by now. Writing fan-pandering MLP self-insert Stufics is an easy way to get droves of mindless fans.

What does she know about sacrifice, giving up something important to her for someone else?

Fallen Prime: Okay, Rarity's my least favorite of the mane six too, but I still really like her. STOP HATING ON RESPECTABLE CHARACTERS.

Oh well, I'll at least *try* to keep my manners.

"Welcome to Carousel Boutique were everything is sleek, chique, and magnifique, how may I help..... you....." The white unicorn said her welcome, but just stared when she saw me walking in.

'Great, she's racist too. Well, good luck Spike, you'll need it.'

Fallen Prime: I really just want to choke this guy with his own intestines. Is that so wrong?

"I'm not really sure. I met some ponies earlier today, and well, I said some things I shouldn't have. I kinda want to apologize, but I'm not sure where I can find them. Pinkie Pie and Rainbow Dash? I heard you were their friend. While I know Pinkie will be at the bakery, I have no idea where the rainbow one went."

"I'm right here." Dash said, stepping out from the back.

Fallen Prime: Please have a shotgun. PLEASE HAVE A SHOTGUN.

'Rainbow Dash in Rarity's shop? What the heck would she be doing here? Well, at least that saves me the trouble of hunting her down.'

"Listen, about earlier, I..."

"You're MEAN!" She didn't even let me apologize.

Fallen Prime: Well, she's far from wrong, but *RAINBOW DASH IS NOT LIKE THAT.*

"I'm mean? You called me a girl, tackled me, did something highly inappropriate while trying to knock me out, called me ugly, then made fun of my name. I've never seen you before, and you fly at me with a physical, verbal, and sexual assault. I came here to apologize, maybe get you something to make up for it, but at the rate you're going, I'm about to change my mind." Now let Rarity chew her friend out.

"You kept egging me on!" She defended herself.

"Hmm, yeah, but I never once *insulted* you. I teasingly called you sweetheart, and tried making light of the compromising situation we found ourselves in. The entire time, you never thought about how I felt, so yeah, I blew my fuse."

"You make Pinkie cry!"

Fallen Prime: NO NO NO! You're not even having Rainbow Dash properly argue! This is a manufactured heap of shit created to serve as YET ANOTHER UNDESERVED VICTORY for the worst son of a bitch to ever be labeled a protagonist.

As we kept shooting points back and forth, Rarity kept looking between us, wondering what the other would say in their defence.

"I did nothing of the sort. I made her promise not to laugh at my name, because it's a soft spot for me. She promised, and then she broke her promise. Griffin the griffin? Do you have any idea how awkward it is for me during introductions?"

"Well, that's still no reason to be rude darling." Rarity stated.

Fallen Prime: Rainbow and Rarity are in the right. I refuse to side with Griffin. EVER.

"Have you ever been beaten half to death after your so-called friends betray you, then leave you in a ditch to die? Have you ever walked home two miles on a broken leg in a rainstorm, up to your ankles in mud? Has anyone ever tried to drown you by dunking your head in a *freshly used* toilet? Have you ever gone to a formal gathering, only to have other guests rip your clothes off you to embarrass you?"

Fallen Prime: SHUT UP!

Things may be all sunshine, lollipops and rainbows around here, but it's nowhere close in the rest of the world."

"What do you mean?" Rainbow asked.

"My friend was a slave to the diamond dogs, her family is still trapped underground, hauling gems for them. She hasn't seen her mother in years. The dogs don't have any choice either, because if they

don't come up with enough gems, they all get eaten by dragons. You've got your precious princesses to protect you, you know who we griffins have? NOBODY. I guess it makes me just a little bit pissed off, and then I come here. I saw the look you gave me when I came in. I get the same look from everypony I pass. The look that says, 'What are YOU doing here?' The look telling me to go away and never come back, just because of what I am. I'm just sick of putting up with all the *merde* I keep getting, and it makes me grumpy. Get it?"

Fallen Prime: STOP! FUCK YOU! STOP!

I'm so sick of this. Griffin is the absolute worst kind of Gary Stu, and this scene shows exactly why. He's won absolutely every confrontation thrown his way with no serious injury, everything he DOES sustain heals instantly and is never important again, and he can't even lose arguments and relationships because the plot loves him too much. All this... AND HE'S STILL TREATED LIKE HE'S THE VICTIM IN ALL THIS.

Rarity thought back to how she had been captured by the diamond dogs, and the thought of ripping the *clothes* off somepony was unbearable. Rainbow thought about why Gilda might have been so mean, did she have family, trapped in the mines? She never saw Gilda's parents, and assumed she didn't have any. Rainbow asked Rarity what I meant by *merde*, and she whispered that it meant I was tired of all this bullshit, but I was trying to be polite.

"Just what is that thing on your back?" Rarity asked, trying to break the tension. "It's beautiful, but ominous at the same time."

"It's my weapon, a cross between a sword, hammer, ax, and shield."

Fallen Prime: Where the fuck did the hammer part come from!? Seriously, someone draw this fucker with that exact vague description and STILL TELL ME THIS IS A PRACTICAL AND PLAUSIBLE WEAPON.

RingmasterJ5: The "sword" part is the strangest for me. Isn't this supposed to be a scale or a tooth or something? Well, that could be a triangle, which would have the "hammer" on the fat end, and the "axe" on the sharp end. But...how does that count as a sword? Swords are LONG and pointy.

Fallen Prime: See? Even when we try to explain it, it all falls apart! And that's even trying to do it WITHOUT the goddamn shield part, which kills it entirely. How are you supposed to even hold or swing this damn thing?

RingmasterJ5: Trying to think..all I can come up with is a giant scale with a handle on the bottom, with the hammer, axe, and sword edges on each sides. Aside from being extremely hard to use, HOW WOULD THAT BE A SINGLE, UNREFINED SCALE?

Fallen Prime: This is the worst idea since sword-chucks.

RingmasterJ5: At least THOSE have a way to kill people through fake generosity. Gift them the chucks, watch as they immediately chop their own head off.

Fallen Prime: Ah, fun mental image of that happening to Griffin. How welcome it is.

It's made from the scale of the black dragon I *killed*. It tried to eat me and my friend, so I pulled a scale out of it's arm, flew down it's throat, and choked it to death."

"That's terrible!" Rarity exclaimed.

Fallen Prime: You're telling me. I had to sit there and read it.

"Yeah, well, when you've been drenched in your own blood all your life, pretty soon you start fighting back. We got attacked by Diamond Dogs while her wounds were still healing, and I killed them without batting an eye. THIS is why I didn't want to be Pinkie Pie's friend. Look at her. She's happy, she laughs. Stealing someones laughter is the worst crime you can commit, because when you stop being happy, you stop being alive.

Fallen Prime: WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING TO PINKIE PIE IN THE FIRST PLACE!?

Even though griffins struggle everyday, they still have their pride. These are OUR burdens, and we will not force them on someone else and steal their smile."

"Then why are you telling us this?" Rainbow asked.

"Because I want you to think the next time you're about to insult a griffin. You have no idea what they've been through."

"You didn't seem too upset before." Dash spat back.

Fallen Prime: She has a point. You're changing how you show your feelings about it far too often. Hell, you're even changing your feelings about it.

"Because when you live like I do, you either get a sense of humor, or you fall into misery. The griffins are living in misery, and I intend to get them out of it or die trying. Have you ever felt hopeless? Because there is an entire nation, their number's dwindled down to under 7000, feeling hopeless. Countless more held as slaves in Gem Fido, all of them hoping they don't get eaten by dragons. They are kept from their friends and family. Griffins like to fly as much as pegasi do, but they will never see the light of the sun or the open air again. It's like having your wings cut off."

Fallen Prime: STOP. ANGSTING.

Rainbow gulped, opening her plumed limbs, taking a nervous look at them before putting them back.

"Sorry I ruined your day, I'll just be getting the last of my things and be on my way."

I walked out of the boutique and headed for the iconic library tree. I felt a little better after apologizing to Dash, who had finally been given an indirect explanation for Gilda's behaviour, and Pinkie who was happier since I had forgiven her. Rarity was still trying to wrap her mind around how the entire griffin species was reduced to slaves while the princesses did nothing about it, and started to wonder how many of her imported gems were the products of slave labour.

Fallen Prime: None, because she doesn't import. She finds the gems herself with her tracking spell. The more I read, the less convinced I become that you know a damn thing about these six.

"Hello, oh um....." Twilight looked at me, standing in her doorstep.

'Not her too. Seriously? Is everyone gonna give me that look? Fine, let's see how she likes this.'

Crrrraaaccckkk

Fallen Prime: What? Oh, sorry, I was so mad at this story for its interpretations of half the mane six that I had to go out and kill something. It didn't help.

'The snapping of bones is so satisfying. I had that kink in my neck for the past week. Comes from sleeping on dirt.'

Twilight visibly shuddered. It seems this entire world has joint cracking as a pet peeve. It snapped her out of her trance though, as she continued.

"How can I help you?" She asked sweetly, although trying to avoid eye contact.

"I'm looking for some books."

"Title? Author?" She asked, hoping I would hurry up, get what I needed, and leave.

Fallen Prime: OH NO. NO. Twilight Sparkle is the ABSOLUTE LAST PONY you pull that on. She has firsthand experience with being the outcast, both during her first days in Ponyville and during most of her life in Canterlot. She, at least, should be tolerant!

"Content." I replied, not knowing of any book titles or writers. "I need books on Diamond Dogs, the Feline Jungle, Volcanic Wastes, the Ring sea, applied chemistry, herbology and potion making, metallurgy, and gem craft, as well as a non unicorn guide to magic."

Fallen Prime: Jesus! Take the whole library, why don't you.

"Ehm, that's quite a list....." She said nervously. Me being a griffin putting her off.

'Okay, time for some charm.'

"From the sign outside, you live here in the library, and organize these books yourself. I'm sure someone as talented as yourself, living in a storehouse of knowledge, can handle it." Twilight is one of my favorites. She's just like me. She's logical, precise, has OCD, is socially inept, until recently was a shut in, and likes to think a problem through before tackling it because she's afraid of failure. She's basically me as a female without my bad attitude.

Fallen Prime: And exactly how many of these traits have you exhibited throughout the story? AND BEING TOLD HE HAS THEM DOES NOT COUNT AS EXHIBITING THEM. Twilight's only my fourth-favorite among the lead cast, but I love her to death because she ACTUALLY IS like me. We share a love of reading and liberal use of sarcasm. On top of that, she's intelligent, which I can relate to and easily pull up the school records to prove, and just like me, she's a ball of awkward in new social situations but becomes a very open individual among those she's closest to and comfortable with. Whenever I write her, all I have to do is write me with a couple tweaks to not make her a bitch. And yes, I am VERY pissed off that Griffin's playing favorites with the mane six and being an asshole to the ones he hates. It makes it infinitely worse that the ones he likes are treated so well.

RingmasterJ5: That's...actually a good comparison. People like us are the Twilights of people who read MLP fanfics. Who's the idiot fans of fics like this, though?

Fallen Prime: A fusion of Trixie and Derpy with a dash of Diamond Tiara.

RingmasterJ5: ...As much as I try, I can't fuse their names in any way that looks anywhere near normal. Dermond Trixpy?

Fallen: The Great and Powerful Derpy Tiara?

RingmasterJ5: Sure. Actually, wait, wouldn't Snips and Snails be a bit more fitting than Derpy?

Fallen Prime: Yes. YES. But THAT won't work as a name.

RingmasterJ5: The Snail and Powerful Snips Tiara?

Fallen Prime: Let's go with that.

Twilight blushed at the compliment. Realizing that I had an appreciation for books put her at ease.

Fallen Prime: And you're pulling a Lance and bullshitting the book thing. Where was this trait earlier?

I'd often spend time in my local library, learning all those things geeks learn, so I was no stranger to pages and bindings. She seemed to lower her guard a bit, and went off to find the texts I asked for.

"What's that thing?" I heard a voice ask. I already knew who it was, Spike.

"Sword made of dragon scale."

"How'd ya get it?" He asked.

"Dragon ate me, but I'm really chewy. He swallowed me whole and choked." I figured I'd try and be funny. Spike knows what it's like to be a doormat, and I happen to be particularly fond of his 'go get em' attitude despite all that. He let out a bit of a laugh, the thought of me being 'chewy' to a creature who could grind diamonds to dust with it's teeth being too much.

Fallen Prime: You're keeping Griffin as the focal point of the story. This means that every time the narrative mentions other characters' mental states, HE'S READING THEIR MINDS. No, I won't chalk it up to suspension of disbelief, because this is VERY POOR FORM FOR WRITING TO EVER DO THAT.

"Here you are, so, um, how long will you be checking these out for?" Twilight asked as she returned, levitating a large number of books. I scanned through them, putting what I actually needed, practical knowledge, in a smaller pile while pushing the rest off to the side.

"They for sale?"

"Um, no. Only for lending. Sorry. What do you need these for anyways?" She asked.

"I'm a traveler, and these will be useful in my travels. Please don't kill me with questions." I replied packing the books into my backpack.

"Why would I do that?" She asked.

Fallen Prime: Because he's a terrible, awful shitface that needs to die.

'Shit, well, time to tell the truth, and make it so ridiculous that she'll never believe it. Then use the confusion to escape with the goods. She'll be thinking about this one for the next year.'

"No reason. No reason at all. I am a completely normal, average, everyday, uninteresting griffin, and definitely not an interdimensional alien in disguise." I said, purposefully using a bad poker face.

"Wait, WHAT?" She exclaimed, stunned. I cleared my throat, and in my best imitation of Yu-Gi-Oh abridged's Marik, said.

"Ignooooooooore me!"

Fallen Prime: That's not how you paragraphs. And I'm not laughing at the reference at all. I love Yu-Gi-Oh Abridged, but this is an unfunny way to make a reference.

As I ran out the door and took to the sky. I flew as fast as I could to my meeting place with Gilda, who I found resting on a cloud above Sweet Apple Acres.

"Hey Twi...." Spike asked, poking the purple mare.

"Yes Spike?" Twilight asked.

"You do realize that he just stole those books, right?"

Fallen Prime: SON OF A BITCH! DESTROY HIM!

"Okay Gilda, time to move!" I said as I pushed her off the cloud, interrupting her nap.

"What's the big idea moron?" She snapped as she woke up, clearly annoyed.

"We need to make ourselves scarce. In a few minutes I'm going to have a very mad unicorn chasing me because I just stole some books from her. Forget Canterlot, we're headed due east to the shore, then due south to Stalliongrad."

We flew till we reached the ocean, then headed south till night fell. After we got some dinner, and set up the clam bucket, we finally got to talking.

"So just what happened in Ponyville?" Gilda asked.

Fallen Prime: "I raped all of my likability in the ass. Why?"

"Well, I got bombarded with questions by Pinkie Pie, who became all depressed because she promised not to laugh at my name and did. Then I got tackled by Rainbow Dash, who thought I was you. Then she accidentally molested me. Then she called me ugly. I blew up at her, and she flew off crying. Felt like kind of an ass afterwards, so I went into the snob's house to buy her something frilly, which she would probably hate given her personality, and found she was already there. Then I explained both of our attitudes to her, without me giving you away. Finally, I picked up some practical knowledge on where we're headed, and since I couldn't take the books with me, I made the librarian spaz out by indirectly telling her that I'm an alien, using the resulting confusion to escape with the goods."

"Geez, in a single day, you turned the most important ponies in that dump on their heads." Gilda laughed.

Fallen Prime: Applejack and Fluttershy were nowhere in that mess. And AJ's probably one of the single most important ponies there.

"Yep, and I also learned that while I can take care of big enemies, small fast ones are a problem for me. Dash threw me for a loop. Turns out, she's actually pretty skilled in one on one combat."

"Yeah, she is a black belt in karate after all." She reminded me.

'Oh yeah, back in the episode before Applebloom joined the crusaders, Dash was trying to teach her martial arts. Wow, how did I not remember that?'

Fallen Prime: You know, if you remembered ANYTHING ABOUT THE SHOW, this may have been less insulting to the mane six and more tolerable to read.

"If I can get taken down by that pony, there's no way I'm in any shape to deal with a nest of dogs. From now on, we've gotta spar daily, build up strength and hone our skills. I'm good with Hades as is,

Fallen Prime: YOU'VE USED IT ONCE.

because I practiced kendo on a rare occasion, (one of my geek friends was into that, and we sparred a couple times before he found out I was a brony), and played way too much monster hunter."

"What's that?" She seemed intrigued.

"It's a game where you go around killing dragons, sea serpents, and whatever else is unlucky enough to get in your way."

"You mean you've done this kind of thing before?" She seemed shocked. "I thought you didn't have dragons in your world."

Fallen Prime: Ugh. I like the culture-shock stuff in stories I like that call for it, but when it comes up in stories I hate, it comes off as annoying.

"Because it's not real, it takes place in your mind. Kind of like a controlled hallucination. You take on the role of a character, and with up to four other people with you, undertake massive hunts, controlling the body from a third person perspective. I learned how to fight with this thing by watching the motions of my character. You don't have direct control, more like giving commands from afar."

"That's way too confusing." She said holding her head.

Fallen Prime: It's not your fault, Gil. He's shit at explanations.

"Just think of it like this, I've watched over a thousand stage performances of armed combat, performed by professional fighters. Eventually, you pick up on it. Using it myself, there were some key differences between real life and the game, but humans are adaptable, and we pick up on things quickly. Take any job, no matter how complex. Make a human do it over and over for an entire month.

By the end of the month, he'll be a master at it. That's the problem. There is nothing we can't overcome with a little effort, so next to nothing is WORTH the effort. When you excel without even trying, life gets boring. We're *too* good for our own good. I expect in two months I'd be able to beat Rainbow in unarmed combat, if I do it every day. I'm not sure how Equestrian karate differs from earth karate, but just by watching her I could see she was full of openings. I couldn't get in those openings, because my body and reactions are too slow, but I could see them easily."

"So, even you aren't perfect." Gilda said with a huff.

"Nobody is. I'm just better at getting close."

Fallen Prime: *You make me angry.*

Dear Princess Luna

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

Fallen Prime: Six.

Sincerely, Griffin.

Now his inner brony is satisfied that he wasn't a complete ass to the mane six, he's tries explaining video games to Gilda. Oh joy.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter nine: I don't give a flying fuck that he made amends with the mane six for being an insufferable prick, because he should never have been an insufferable prick to them in the first place. Pinkie Pie and Rainbow Dash deserve far better than the piss-poor treatment they get here, both in terms of their personalities (LEARN TO WRITE THESE CHARACTERS) and the way your fuckdick of a hero treats them. And while I love all three of them, it pisses me off that you vilify them and treat Twilight as the best thing since sliced bread.

10. Training

"Oof." I let out a puff of air as I fell to the ground, Gilda putting her claw to my throat.

"Alright, I give. You really are good at this."

"That's what now? Sixteen to three?" She smirked as she let me up.

"Seventeen to five actually."

Fallen Prime: I call bullshit. We don't see Gilda best him, we only have their word that she does. Which I refuse to believe after those stunts with the dragon and Diamond Dogs.

"I thought you said you were good at this?" She mocked me. "I mean, you're a dude, so you have more muscle, and you said you had to fight before you got here. What happened?"

"Well, for starters, I used to walk on two legs. It's this body. I could weave around my enemies before because I was a lot more graceful. This body is stronger, can fly, and has claws but it's a lot more.... bulky. That and I have to go on all fours, which means often times my claws aren't free, and going on my hind legs is no good because I'll have them cut out from under me, and make myself a bigger target for ranged attacks. I have no hand to hand experience with this form, and no quadrupeds from my world have martial arts for me to watch. That does however mean that if we come up against some kind of ninja Diamond Dog, they won't stand a chance because I've seen it all already. It's like I was born and raised to fight the mutts."

Fallen Prime: I counted seven hundred sixty-two dead brain cells thanks to that bullshit. From a technical standpoint, it's right, but I STILL HATE THAT A BULLYING TARGET IS A SUPERHUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE. You'd think the bullies would stop once they realized they could be stood up to.

"And that's why we're doing this." She said as she pinned me for the 18th time.

"Yep."

After she had beaten me 30 or so times,

Fallen Prime: I almost guarantee this bit was put in to get people who called Griffin an invincible hero to shut up. And it doesn't work because it's such a half-assed insert. Why are his scarce failings an afterthought and his victories glorified?

we took a break to eat. I drew the clams from the bucket, filled the pot with water from a nearby river that fed into the ocean, and had Gilda start the fire on the beach. I had taught her how to find and use flint, which she swore once we got back to the Dominion that she was going to show everybody. Also, as a side note, only ponies, sheep, cows, and donkeys say everypony. Griffins, Diamond Dogs, and dragons that aren't raised by recluse unicorns say everybody or everyone.

Fallen Prime: "Everyone" is still commonly used in Equestria. If you paid any attention to the show, you'd fucking know that.

This made adjusting a lot easier, and no pony would question my word selection.

"You know, these claws

Fallen Prime: THEY'RE TALONS!

are beyond useful. It's like having razor sharp little knives that are good for everything from combat to cooking." I commented as I sliced some of the vegetables. Adding the clam meat to the cream based broth first to let it cook thoroughly, followed by potatoes for richness, and finally chives for flavour. I let it simmer for a couple minutes before pulling out some bowls and spoons that we had gotten in Manehattan, since they were cheap.

"Alright, dig in!" I ate heartily, while Gilda picked at it, not actually eating.

"Come on, we had em in a bucket overnight so there's no sand or salt, and it won't be chewy because they're cooked. It's really good!"

Finally, Gilda took a real mouthful this time, and her eyes went wide in shock at the taste. It was good to say the least. Better than raw venison by any measure. She threw her silverware into her backpack, and gulped the chowder down, eating straight from the bowl.

"This is fantastic! Where'd you learn to make this?" She demanded.

Fallen Prime: "There's a lot you can learn from the shit you pull out of your ass."

"Library. Not this one, one back home. I was planning on surviving in the wild, so I needed to know how to cook, and had been on vacation a couple times to the southern beaches."

Fallen Prime: You know there's such a thing as being too prepared, right? When would you ever need to fight to survive on a beach?

"Well, when we finish our round trip, it looks like I'll have a couple new tricks to show everyone. It may not be flawless, but this will certainly help with the starvation problem. I mean, there were so many of these things, we only had to dig for a minute to get enough!" She exclaimed.

"That's because they were unknown up till now. They multiplied like mad without anyone digging them up. Also means that our army will never march on an empty stomach. But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Stalliongrad is a day away by air with all this gear. Now that our bellies are full, let's get a move on."

I had become a much better flyer in that time. Gilda, being faster, normally flew in front, letting me watch how she flew, as well as get a glimpse of her rear end now and then.

'Damn it Griffin! Get a hold of yourself. Now is not the time to be thinking about that!'

Fallen Prime: I already explained why that's awful.

Still, I was getting better, and could carry more weight. I started hauling more of the gear as I wanted to build up muscle, and flying faster at that. About half a day to Stalliongrad, I spotted a peculiar sight. The super speedy cider squeezey,

Fallen Prime: It's a proper noun. Super Speedy Cider Squeezey 6000. CAPITALIZE.

with Flim and Flam riding it. Something didn't look quite right though, it didn't look the same as I remembered it. I motioned to Gilda that I wanted to take a closer look. We flew down, pushing the clouds down with us to use as cover.

'Man, being able to move clouds is awesome. Too bad we can't sleep up there, because our gear isn't enchanted to stay up with us.'

"Look at that brother. That caravan was loaded with goods."

"You're right dear brother, who woulda thought that the bust we had in Ponyville would be the start of our good fortune!"

"You are correct dear brother, with the super speedy cider squeezey's speed, we were able to hit that

group of merchant carts and make off with the goods lickity split!"

"I wonder if we'll get bounties after this? Flim and Flam, the famous bandit brothers! Sounds catchy huh?"

Fallen Prime: What the hell? I never thought Fim and Flam would resort to theft. I just saw them as the types to twist capitalism in their favor.

"Indeed it does! Why, pretty soon we'll be known all over Equestria! Respected and feared!"

"Hey Gilda, looks like those two had a deal bust in Ponyville and have turned to crime."

"So? What's it to you?" She asked, annoyed.

"Well, I'm giving you the call on this one. We can either leave em be, barter with them although they sound like con artists, or kick their asses and take their ride. Scratch that last one, looks like it's powered by their combined magic, and they said they don't have bounties. If we take em down, then they'll twist it and make us the criminals, pinning the blame on us for robbing those merchants. So, do we trade in stolen goods, or do we pass?"

Fallen Prime: I say we take off and nuke the site from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

"We got everything we need, I don't like ponies, and those guys are just as likely to try and rob us. Pass." She said, not wanting to put up with more 'Pierres', especially given the annoying way they spoke.

"I'm inclined to agree. They wouldn't do for combat experience anyway. If they need to work together to move that thing, they're probably not too powerful. Let's give them a little surprise instead."

"What do you have in mind?" She asked. I whispered in her ear, and she got a devilish smirk.

Fallen Prime: The brothers had best prepare their anuses.

Pushing my cloud down at the pair of con artists, it clung to the ground, making a dense fog.

Fallen Prime: Because that's how fog works.

"Brother, I can't see anything because of this fog, where did it come from?"

"No idea brother, let's get out of here!"

"I can't see the road brother, I don't know where to go!"

Suddenly, the fog was gone, as Gilda emptied her rain cloud on the pair, drenching them. They looked absolutely miserable. They looked to the sky and in the distance saw a pair of bird like creatures, and could have sworn they heard laughter.

Fallen Prime: That was a little dickish. But then, all pranks are.

"Well, that was fun, what now?" Gilda asked.

"Well, now I know that rather than just scum, there's actual crime here in Equestria too. Probably not too much though. Given that this is a utopia, there aren't going to be many who would risk getting kicked out of it."

"What about you?" She inquired.

"Well, becoming a wanted criminal would definitely make things more difficult, but at the same time, I'm pretty sure at some point we're gonna HAVE to commit crimes, like with these books. I couldn't buy them, and renting them meant staying in town a very long time to read through it all. Neither option would work, so I broke the rules.

Fallen Prime: "Screw the rules, I'm a Gary Stu!"

I'll probably get off easy.

Fallen Prime: I did NOT need to know that.

I only took like six books, and I have a feeling Twilight won't miss them, or can at least easily replace. This way, I get the books we need, and we don't have to worry about memorization. As for other, more serious law breaking, we'll just make sure we don't get caught won't we? After all, humans are masters of cunning, stealth, and deception."

Fallen Prime: No, seriously, take up stand-up comedy. This is hysterical.

"So, I'm teaching you martial arts, you feel like teaching me how to use a sword?" Gilda suggested.

"Nah, big sword like this doesn't really suit your style, and smaller ones won't really be effective given our anatomy. It's perfect for a great bumbling oaf like me, but for you, it lacks *finesse*. You'd probably like a bow better. Attack from afar, precise and unseen. Can't have two heavy hitters. Here, I'll explain the standard combat triangle.

Fallen Prime: Courage, wisdom and power?

You've got up close and personal tanks, meat shields basically. They take hits like nothing, but are left open to precision. Then you have the fast and precise rogues, assassins or rangers. They can get in, deliver a lethal strike, then get out. Brawlers like me have a tough time dealing with them, because we're slower, and they just dart around us."

"Like how Rainbow Dash kicked your ass?" She gave a snide remark.

Fallen Prime: I'll say it now that most of the initial *RIGHTEOUS FURY* has worn off: that's the only loss I'm convinced Griffin had. I highly doubt Rainbow Dash would use deadly force to subdue him, and naturally, she didn't. But hey, now you get to sit there and wallow in the fact that your self-insert sucks more than Rainbow Dash. Which honestly says little because Rainbow's the shit, but still, you don't like her and you basically admit through your self-insert that she's better than you. And don't pretend he's NOT a self-insert. Don't even fucking try.

"Don't remind me. Anyway, the exception is if we're heavily armored, they can't get through the thick skin. No matter how fast you are, if you can't get through the defense, you're screwed. The final point on the combat triangle is specialists. Spell casters, potion users. They are weak and slow, but can have some devastating abilities, like Ddog knockout gas or explosives, or unicorn magic. Area of effect abilities won't do jack against an armored target, they'll just power through it, while dehabilitations, such as acid to eat away armor, or knockout gas, are effective because it's almost a guaranteed hit. Those things won't work on the faster fighters because they'll just dodge, so instead, when facing a fast opponent, specialists should use area of effect or guided attacks. They don't do as much damage, but the low armored rogues can't take that much of a beating anyways, so it's better to get a grazing hit than missing with a strong one."

Fallen Prime: I feel like I'm reading a walkthrough for a real-time strategy game.

"So, you rush in and give them the beat down, while I pick them off from afar?" She was starting to understand.

"Yep, but we do have a problem."

"We don't have the specialist. For this to work effectively, we need a third group member." Gilda proclaimed.

"Under normal circumstances, yes, however, I am highly abnormal. A brawler with high intelligence? Very rare.

Fallen Prime: And still absent.

See these books? 'Herbology and Potions for the Budding Alchemist, and Practical Chemistry? Perfect for making our own things. Sleeping gas, smoke bombs, poisons, flash bombs, whatever. Both of us can use them, meaning while I am a melee fighter and you are the ranger, we can both double as specialists. Specialists are the hardest to deal with, because they're unpredictable. If I toss a flash bomb into a group of enemies, while they're disoriented, I can run in and smack em around while you pick them off unseen. If they get too close to you for comfort, and you can't handle them in close quarters, you throw a smoke bomb and escape. It mean's we have to analyse each situation carefully, but I think we're more than capable of doing that."

"You think of everything, don't you?" She asked.

Fallen Prime: Yes, and that's just ANOTHER REASON YOU'RE A GARY STU. When you make your hero practically omniscient, it's not fun to read about him. ESPECIALLY when he has no right to be omniscient.

"Just about. Other than those, I got books on the jungle and volcanic waste, because we'll be heading there, as well as one on the ring sea, as we'll be sailing on it, and a book on diamond dogs so I can learn more about how their society functions, what to expect from them, blah blah blah.

"What about these ones on metals and gems?" Gilda inquired.

Fallen Prime: "What about them?"

"Well, once we've got a base of operations set up, some workers, and have resources like gems and metal in our stockpiles, we're going to want to start using it to make better weapons and armor, among other things. Once we've got ourselves going, I'm gonna rush civilization straight to the industrial age. I didn't think I should, because of the pollution, but given the state the dominion and badlands are in anyway, and the fact that magic can be used to clean up, I think we can safely pull it off without risking a climate change. Still, I'm gonna be careful what knowledge I give away. My home went too far with a lot of it's tech, and some things are better left NOT being known."

"Like the power capable of destroying the planet?" She asked.

"Yeah, that is one thing that should never have been made. Luckily, the rest of this world lacks the ingenuity to go nuclear, so I'll be carrying their secrets to my grave. I have no desire to watch the world burn."

Fallen Prime: You talk as if you know how to make nuclear weapons. And if you do, I highly doubt bullies were the only people after you.

Dear Princess Celestia,

When is a door not a door?

Fallen Prime: I'd say when it's a wall, but that doesn't stop the Kool-Aid Man.

Sincerely, Griffin.

When is a door not a door? When it's ajar. Griff goes over his plan for world domination in more detail, explaining why he needed those books, as well as a bit of his morals, and the standard combat triangle.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter ten: Okay, you're NOT actually going to piss me off with every other chapter. I just figured, after four, six and eight, that it was going to be a trend. Instead, it's just going to be a string of irritation that stretches the entire story. Thanks for clarifying that.

I looked a bit ahead to pretype the final verdict disclaimers and center-align the author's notes and chapter titles. Looks like next chapter is where the plot actually starts and we're introduced to Trixie as the first member of the ~~Midnight Crew~~ criminal army. I already went over how stupid I thought the army-building plot was, but the fact that it takes ten chapters of buildup before its actual execution is criminal. Basically you just gave us a 25-30,000-word *prologue*. The point of a prologue, though, is to build up the larger story and give a little bit of background on the situation, but this is such a piss-poor waste of ten chapters in that respect. Nothing of value is accomplished but the development of the world outside Equestria and *a single character*, and said single character isn't even the main character. Gilda's personality and backstory are static and consistent, while Griffin gets new bullshit thrown in every two seconds.

No. You know what it ACTUALLY succeeded in doing? In ten chapters, the story succeeded in pissing me off more than LTD and 3oM:SS combined. AND I DESPISE LTD AND 3oM:SS.

11. Breakout

"Hey Gilda, I noticed something about the map.

Fallen Prime: "It's actually a five-year-old's crayon drawing."

The further south we go, the hotter it gets, with the volcano's and jungle at the very bottom. Shouldn't there be more? I mean, it SHOULD get colder again, and eventually turn back into an arctic like area again."

"Well, nobody really knows what's down there, because nobody has ever gone there. I mean, I presume there's something down there, Ahuizotl had to come from somewhere.

Fallen Prime: Are you implying Ahuizotl's from the Arctic? Because that's a load of shit.

but it hasn't been explored by any Equestrians. It's too far from home. Nobody's explored the southern hemisphere. You're not thinking of going there are you?" Gilda explained.

"Oh heck no, I've already got my plate full planning a rebellion and slave revolution, let's just leave the exploring to Daring Do."

"I was wondering, why is it you can talk so calmly about upsetting the balance of power of this entire planet?" She asked.

Fallen Prime: THANK you, my good friend. Why the fuck is any of this-

"Humans.

Fallen Prime: Should've guessed.

There is never less than 4 wars happening at any time, between various countries, for various reasons. Most are actually rebellions, civil wars, that sort of thing. Hear about them all the time, kind of makes you numb to the idea. The fact that I'm actually going to be leading one however, has me scared shitless, but, we can worry about that when we get there."

"Well, here's Stalliongrad. It's the size of Manehatten, but more low key, and has a bit more crime." Gilda stated.

"Well then it's right up our alley isn't it? We just gotta watch out for guards, since security will be tighter, but this place could probably be a haven for us. Let's go see what kind of trouble we can get into."

Fallen Prime: I wish, against all laws of the story, for it to be of the lethal variety.

Stalliongrad was like a tossed salad of ethnicity. There were unicorns, earth ponies, pegasi, diamond dogs, and griffins. Wherever you get a mix like that, there was sure to be some racial differences,

Fallen Prime: It's not "racial" when we're talking entirely different SPECIES.

resulting in violence. Guards would be on top of things. This also meant there was a huge opportunity.

"Hey Gilda, see that food stall? Go make a scene. 'Accidentally' bump into it, then apologize and help to clean up. While you're doing that, I'll start a minor scuffle to draw attention, and you swipe some stuff."

"I'm all over that." She said with a smile.

"Oof. Oh no! I'm so sorry, let me help you clean that up." Gilda played the role perfectly.

"Oh um, okay? You don't have to do that." The earth pony mare said, beginning to pick up some of the fallen fruit.

"Oh, but I must. I knocked it over, I have to help clean up." She replied.

Fallen Prime: Stop giving Gilda this dialogue. My retinas are imploding at the sight of it.

"You know, some ponies say that griffins are mean, I don't see where they get it from." The middle aged mare said with a smile. Gilda started feeling guilty for what she was about to do.

"It's just so hard to make a living nowadays, it's nice to see the young folk helping out. Gives ya faith in the world again." Gild gulped.

"Hey! Watch where you're going buddy!"

"You watch it, ya no good bird brain!"

"You wanna say that to my face?"

"Whats da matter? Your ears to full of feathers ta hear straight?"

Fallen Prime: Okay, what the hell is happening? Who's arguing?

"What's going on here!" A guard came to deal with the commotion. Gilda was still cleaning up.

"Ohh, um, nothing sir. Nothing at all."

"This stupid bird bumped into me. Now apologize before I break your beak!"

"Whoa, hold on, we don't want to have a problem that this nice guard will have to deal with." I said, throwing on the charm.

"What's a griffin doin with a weapon anyways? You know they're banned in the city." The pegasus I had bumped into said.

"Weapons banned in the city? I see plenty of ponies with em."

Fallen Prime: "There's a unicorn right across the street with a rocket launcher!"

"That's because only *griffins* are banned from having weapons in the city." The guard said matter of factly.

"Racist."

"Hey, you're lucky we don't declaw you before you come in. Now give it here." The guard said as the pegasus left.

"I don't think so. I'll be needing this when I hit the jungle in three days, and I went through hell to get it. I'm just getting some supplies, then you won't see hide or hair, or feather, of me again."

'Shit not good not good.'

Fallen Prime: I think Griffin finally took a glance at the first ten chapters.

"It's too late for that. You can check it in at the jailhouse, then come and get it when your chores are done. Now come along peacefully, you don't want to make any troubles for this nice guard to have to deal with." The armored pegasus said with an evil smile, repeating what I had said to the pegasus.

Fallen Prime: I saw that. You didn't have to tell me.

"Alright, I'll buy 10 bananas. Here you go. Have a nice day, I gotta go make sure my partner isn't in any trouble."

Fallen Prime: "Here's your money keep the change hellodoggybye."

Gilda said, glancing over to where I was. Apparently, she had felt guilty about stealing from that pony, because she already had a hard time so she decided not to. Fate smiled it seems, because if she had, we would have both been in jail for theft.

"Oh, Gilda, you're done? Well then Mr. Guard, we'll just be leaving your fair city and be on our way."

"Sure you're free to go, just leave *that* here with me." He replied.

"Can't do that. As I told you, I need it. We're headed to the jungle next, and I'm gonna be hacking through vines and saber tooth tigers, something I can't very well do without it."

"Too bad, no griffins can carry weapons in the city. Since you brought that incredibly valuable looking thing here, I'm afraid I'm going to have to confiscate it. Sucks to be you."

'Damn guard. He's confiscating it so he can sell it and make a load of bits, not because I'm dangerous. I can't let that happen. Looks like I'm about to become a criminal.'

Fallen Prime: Oh, like you weren't already. Murder, theft, trespassing on other universes, being alive... your rap sheet's HUGE.

"Well then, it seems we have reached an impasse. I can't leave here without it, and you won't let me leave with it. I'm sure we can work out some sort of deal. There must be a legal method of resolving

this. Perhaps some bits to handle the proper paperwork?" I knew how to handle these kinds of situations.

"Oh of course, now if you'll excuse me, I have to go get the 'paperwork'." The guard headed into the back room, leaving my weapon with me. There was of course, no paperwork. It was a bribe. One I didn't intend to actually pay. I was just buying time for me and Gilda to figure things out.

"Hey hotshot, we got trouble?" And stupid question of the year award goes to....

Fallen Prime: The incoming audience, for "Is this story any good?"

"They're not gonna let me leave with it, and there's no way I'm leaving without it. Right now he's in the back, discussing my bribe with his boss. Soon as he comes out, I'll knock him out, you get the next one. Then we take anything valuable and get out. Damn, I didn't think the guards would be corrupt."

Fallen Prime: I can't believe I'm giving you tips on how to be a better criminal, but just book it.

"So, we're gonna have bounties after this aren't we?" She asked.

"Unless they forget what we look like, yes."

"You are planning to escape? Allow the Great and Powerful Trixie to accompany you." Said a voice from one of the cells.

Fallen Prime: Well, motherfucker.

'Aww HEELLLLLL no.'

"And why would we do that?" I turned to the blue unicorn.

"Trixie has amazing magic the likes of which you peons have never seen! She could be of use to you in your travels." Trixie replied. Gilda's eye began to twitch.

"Is that so, if you're so amazing, why don't you just let yourself out of that cell then?"

"Erhm, um." Trixie shy'd away.

Fallen Prime: Okay. That was a nice little moment. I'll let you have that.

"How did someone so 'great and powerful' get in jail anyways?"

"Trixie has, well, she was shown up in Ponyville by another unicorn after she made a boast and.... failed to prove it when the opportunity arose. She lost all she had in an attack by an ursa minor, and now she has taken to..... stealing in order to eat." She explained.

Fallen Prime: Hello, fanon Trixie fate cliché number 719.

I began whispering to Gilda.

"Okay, so, plus side, she's a unicorn, and judging by her boasting, she's an illusion caster. Could be useful. Down side, her attitude. If she got caught stealing, then she's probably got nothing on the side of subtlety, which is a fact backed up by her bragging. She's probably useless, dead weight. If we bring her with, she'll take the first opportunity she gets to stab us in the back. We'll have bounties after this, and she'll turn us in for a pardon and some quick bits. That and we can't stand her attitude. Your call."

"Isn't it obvious? We leave her to rot." Gilda replied. "She's useless, obnoxious, she can't fly so she'll just slow us down, and she'll just turn us in. By the way, I'm glad you're letting me make so many decisions."

"Agreed on all counts. If you're gonna be queen one day, ya gotta know what's best." Gilda blushed. If I was gonna be king, and she was gonna be queen, did that mean we would be a couple?

Fallen Prime: Fuck you. Sideways. With a rusty sawblade. So hard that even your tetanus will have tetanus.

"Silly pony, Trix are for kids! Hope you like prison food. Hey, it's better than starving, and it's much better than what we're going to do. Come with us and a talentless hack like you will just end up dead. That and I don't feel like carrying your fat ass all over the planet. Besides, you'll be out soon anyway. Stealing food isn't that serious of a crime."

"Well, um, Trixie didn't steal food." She looked at me wondering what the hell I meant by 'Trix are for kids'. Gilda just chalked it up to being 'A human thing'.

Fallen Prime: RUSTY SAWBLADE.

"I stole... jewelry. How was I supposed to know the lock box was enchanted to track the magic of whoever last used it? I'm afraid I'm in here for at least the next ten years. If you don't take me with you, I'll just have to tell the guards who you are so they can hunt you down."

"And we are? I don't recall giving you our names, and our descriptions are pretty basic as far as griffins go. The only identifier is this thing, and we won't even *be* in Equestria that much longer. No, I'm afraid that you have no leverage on us.

Fallen Prime: You have that goddamn thing on your chest. That's ID enough to nab you again. And Gilda, since Trixie can easily inform the Guard that you're not traveling alone. And every second spent in Equestria is another second closer to that capture. Let's face it, you're not the tactical messiah, and reading the plot outline will only help you so much.

What's more, now I know for a fact that you'd sell us out first chance you got. Enjoy life in prison, TGPT. By the way, speaking in the third person is stupid, and *Twilight* says hi." I smiled evilly.

"Ready? I'm gonna have Hades at the ready. You knock on the door, then move out of the way, and I'll hit him over the head with the flat. Then you pounce the guy in the back and knock him out. We'll grab anything we think we can use, then bolt. I was really hoping we wouldn't have to do this, but It looks like we've got no choice."

"Yeah, there's no way we're giving up Hades, not after you were such a badass and killed a dragon to get it." Gilda remarked. Trixie's eyes went wide.

"Killed a... a.... a DRAGON?" She shouted.

"Yeah, in the badlands. This thing is made from one of it's scales. Can cut diamond if I swing it hard enough.

Fallen Prime: And you know that HOW?

Now be quiet."

Knock knock knock.

"Yeah, what is..." *DOOOOOONNNNNNGGGG* The guard fell over unconscious as the flat of the scale made a ringing sound on his helmet. Gilda dove through the door, pinning the head guard, pulling his helmet off, and giving him a face full of fist.

"Oh hey, look. Bow's and arrows. Looks like they do have them here. Makes sense, pegasi don't have magic, and flying means they need to be able to do some ranged stuff. Gilda, take three of them, and as many quivers of arrows you can carry. I'll take more arrows as well. The front is guarded, so we fly out the back, and we don't stop till we're in the jungle."

"Please, take me with you! I'm begging you! You can't just leave me here!" Trixie started to cry.

"Why?"

"Because you're strong. Unbelievably strong. You killed a dragon. You just knocked out two high ranking guards like it was nothing. You're headed to the jungle, and you aren't afraid at all. Trixie is.... I am.... weak. I call myself great and powerful, but it's a lie! It's a lie to cover up my weakness! You two are so strong, you work so well together! Maybe if I stayed with you..... maybe I could....."

"Not suck so much?" Gilda spat. I freaking love that griffin. Trixie just nodded.

Fallen Prime: Trixie's one of my favorite one-shot antagonists. The fact that your writing has not stopped reflecting your views of these characters, coupled with the fact that you're shoving the contrast with mine in my face, makes me hate this thing even MORE.

"You said it was my call, right Grif?" I already knew where this was going.

"That I did." Gilda picked up the keys and threw them at Trixie's hooves.

"Let yourself out, and then shut the hell up. If we get caught because of you, you're tonight's dinner, got it?" Trixie gulped as she opened the magic proof lock with the key, not saying a word.

"Oh, and ditch the duds. We're going incognito, and you'll stick out like a sore thumb."

"Thumb?" She asked inquisitively.

"Never mind. You wouldn't happen to know any invisibility spells would you? Don't say anything, just shake your head."

Trixie nodded.

Fallen Prime: I'll buy that she has invisibility spells. I always thought of that sort of thing as illusory, and if that's Trixie's specialty, she should have no trouble doing it.

"Good, make us invisible. Gilda's carrying most of the gear, so I guess I get you. We're flying out of here. Don't scream, and don't lose concentration on the spell, or I'll get really pissed off. When I get pissed off, I kill things. Like dragons."

Fallen Prime: Our hero, everyone!

We threw as much stuff as we could on us, and I grabbed Trixie just as her horn began to glow. With a shimmer, all three of us blinked out of existence, unable to be seen, yet able to see each other.

"Now, don't touch anything, or the illusion shatters." She said.

"Great, so how the hell do we get out of here then?" Gilda asked.

"Stand by the door, and be ready to fly out as soon as it opens." Gilda stood to one side of the prison door, and I with Trixie now on my back, as it was easier, on the other. I cleared my throat, and lowered my voice to mimic that of the guard.

"What? The unicorn has escaped! Guards! Get in here!" I bellowed.

Fallen Prime: Retarded idea. So, of course, it works completely, right?

The two guarding the front door opened it, and Trixie held it open with her magic. The guards walked in to the cell to investigate. With a slight magic push, they fell on their faces inside, and the cell door closed on them. We flew out the open door and into the sky.

Fallen Prime: *I loathe you.*

"Just close your eyes Trix, it'll be better if you DON'T look down." Trixie, riding on my back, had a death grip around my neck, squishing herself into my feathers, trying desperately to keep her mouth shut. We flew as fast as we could with our burdens, making it out of the city. We flew for about a half a day before night fell, and we decided to have a rest.

"Alright, you can turn off the spell."

We all shuddered back into view, myself and Gilda fine, but Trixie looking like she had seen a ghost, but also exhausted at the same time.

"Well well well, the misfit magician was actually useful. Well, sorry Gilda, looks like we won't be eating her tonight. Ya did good Trix. You kept up the spell the whole time, and you didn't scream when we flew. Looks like you CAN be quiet if you try."

"What can I say? Trixie has many talents." She bragged.

Fallen Prime: ...okay, I really can't complain about her portrayal. She WAS kind of a one-note character, and that was her one note.

"Okay, rule number one, drop the attitude. Stop boasting, and stop talking in the third person. Griffin the griffin thinks it's annoying, and Gilda the Rageful will probably strangle you if you do it again.

Fallen Prime: And... you're stripping her of that note. I don't know how to take that. On the one hand, you could move in a direction that works wonders on her character, like you've done with Gilda. On the other, you could completely rape her.

Rule two, we're in charge. Remember, WE bailed YOU out. Rule three, you do NOTHING unless we discuss it first. As you may have noticed, I let her make the call on whether or not we'd let you out. We share decision making. You're the newbie, you haven't earned it yet. I'm unofficially the leader, because I'm a FREAKING GENIUS, and I know what I'm doing.

Fallen Prime: I'll take "Common Bullshit Boasts" for \$500, Alex.

If I say to do something, go right ahead and question it, you may very well have some useful input. If we're in deep shit, don't question it. I may not have a cutie mark, but my special talent is thinking fast and kicking ass."

'That sounded so freaking cool!'

Fallen Prime: LOLNOPE

"We keep up a pretty fast pace, and we can handle ourselves in a fight. Before we came here, Grif killed a dragon by ripping off one of it's scales, slicing his own claws up in the process,

Fallen Prime: You only JUST remembered that happened. Even if it's been a week, there should be scabs and a little bit of pain left. Injuries don't just magic away. No. OH no. That's why Trixie's there, isn't it? To be the fucking MAGIC MEDIC!? RingmasterJ5: ...Probably, from the looks of it.

then letting himself get swallowed so he could stab it in the throat. When push comes to shove, he's a damn psychopath, and a good one at that. I'm here to keep his head on straight, and back him up when he's being a dumbass. You move too slow, you get left behind. You can't take care of yourself? You'll die. He had his ass kicked his entire life till he got sick of it, and I was a runaway slave. The only way you get any stronger is by writhing in pain under oppression.

Fallen Prime: Or, you know, lifting weights. Hitting up the gym.

We've both done plenty of that, and are set to do a whole lot more. You stick with us and you really will be great and powerful in no time, if you survive that is." Gilda was totally in on the 'Scare the shit out of Trixie' plan.

"What are you two?" Trixie asked nervously.

"We're badassess. Specifically, she's a bitchy griffin, and I'm an interdimensional alien in disguise. I'd

ask who you are, but I already know.

Fallen Prime: "You're the Batman." [DarkKnightRisesreference]

You're a braggart who's only skill is illusion magic. That skill is exactly the one we need for what we're planning."

"And what are you planning?" She asked nervously. Together, with a smile, we replied.

"We're going to take over the world."

Fallen Prime: M. Bison: *OF COURSE!*

RingmasterJ5: *Gilda and the Stu/ they're Gilda and the Stu/ One's...I can't think of anything that would perfectly fit the same number of syllables. And, again, this fanbase isn't going to even get this reference.*

Stay tuned for Trixie's reaction. Remember, she's off her rocker right now in fear, so she's not questioning the ones who just busted her out. Also, find out why Gilda decided to save Trixie. Silly rabbit! Trix are for kids!

RingmasterJ5: That's an absolutely fucking pointless reference.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter eleven: Well, I think I'll have to give this the same praise I did chapter seven. The chapter did have moments that annoyed me, but overall, there was a bit more good than bad. The strongest point was probably the introduction of the *Grrrrreat and Powerful TRRRRRRRRRRRRIXIE!* The best parts were the ones where you just let the characters banter with each other. It's proof that you don't NEED to just use the story as a platform for bitching about life and killing things dead. You do have a knack for giving flat characters depth, and this is one of the places it shows most. But I still maintain that you have no damn idea how to make a character from scratch. In short... I still don't like the story (dear GOD no), but here's a nugget of quality that almost makes me want to.

12. Test

At hearing Gilda and my explanation of the situation, Trixie broke out in laughter.

"Alien? Take over the world? Bwaaaaaaahhaaha." She cackled, clearly not taking us seriously. She rolled onto her back laughing.

Fallen Prime: See that? Trixie's reaction up there? Gilda should've reacted like that too.

"That's a good one, now who are you, really?" She asked.

"Hey, you don't wanna believe me, that's fine. As for taking over the world, at this point, we can't touch Equestria,

Fallen Prime: (pokes Equestria) Touch.

and we may never be able to, but we can take all the northern provinces if the plan works out. Either way, we busted you out, and if you don't stick with us, you'll just wind up right back in jail. As long as you do stick with us, you gotta follow our rules. By the way, we don't trust you. Not in the slightest. Me and Gilda trust each other because at several points in our little adventure, one was helpless and the other bailed them out.

Fallen Prime: You only got "bailed out" when Gilda found you unconscious in the badlands. You've done every bit of bailing out since.

You're the newcomer, so we'll be watching you. Right now will be your only chance to leave. After we reach the jungle, it's going to get a whole lot more dangerous, and if you try to leave then, you'll just die. So, do you go back to jail with an extended sentence because you escaped, or do you risk your life trying to keep up with us?"

Trixie thought for a moment, before responding.

Fallen Prime: "SPLUNGE!"

"Well, there's no doubt that you're both crazy, but you're strong, and I want to get strong too. Beats rotting in jail. Okay, I'm in."

"Very well. Rule one,

Fallen Prime: How many first rules do you fucking have!?

every waking moment, you will be practicing your illusion magic. Subtlety is the most important. Invisibility, silence, distraction, confusion. Up till this point you've been putting on flair and making a big show. That'll just get you killed. You need to be like a ghost, and be able to manipulate your opponents.

Fallen Prime: Okay, I kind of like that touch too. Trixie needing to put her skills to different uses than she's accustomed to. Having to sacrifice flair for practicality.

Let's say you have two very powerful enemies, who you are unable to defeat with any weapon or attack spell, how would you fight them?" I asked the blue unicorn.

Fallen Prime: "Wet yourself and run?"

"Well, no destruction or binding spell would work, and summoning a weapon wouldn't work either....."

"You cast a spell on one to make him see the other as an enemy, so they attack each other." I said annoyed at her inability to figure it out on her own.

Fallen Prime: How did you expect her to come to that conclusion? There are probably a million other, equally valid options.

"Oh, yes, of course. Another scenario!" She tried to make it look like she knew all along.

"One enemy, standing by a cliff. He's too strong to move, magically or other wise, and is heavily

armored, as well as fast. You need to kill him."

Fallen Prime: "And your Smart car can only hold one passenger."

Trixie thought for another moment, unsure. The three of us continued to walk towards the jungle for about a half hour while Trixie was deep in contemplation.

"Trixie, by this point, the enemy has noticed you and has killed you. You lost your life, failing the mission. Now, when the invasion comes, the guard will alert the rest, and the entire army dies."

"Well, Mr Alien, what would YOU have done?" She said in an annoyed tone.

Fallen Prime: "Well, what you should do is go home and *reevaluate your fucking life!* YOU BOUGHT A SMART CAR!"

"I would have used illusion to make him feel hungry, then I would have made the cliff appear to be solid ground, and put a feast above it, mimicking the sight and smell. He would have walked towards the meal and fallen off the cliff. Then I would have placed a copy of him at his post, so as not to alert the rest. And I would have thought of it in less than 30 seconds.

Fallen Prime: That is so goddamn convoluted and nonsensical I can't even words anymore.

It's one thing to come up with a plan, it's another to come up with a *good* plan, and it's something entirely different to come up with a good plan QUICKLY. That is what you'll be training. I'm may be a griffin now, but my original body was weak, slow, and didn't have any weaponry. Stealth and cunning were my specialties. You have much to learn, young grasshopper." I said the last part like Mr. Miyagi, giving a slow bow.

"Umm?" Trixie was confused.

"Don't ask." Gilda face clawed. "It's an alien inside joke or something. He pulls this crap all the time. You'll get used to it."

Fallen Prime: "But it never stops hurting."

"Ooooooaaaaaaay. So, where are we going?" The unicorn companion asked.

"Feline jungle. We're gonna kick ass, get tough, get rich, and have a blast." I replied.

'That would have been so much cooler if I had a pair of sunglasses.'

Fallen Prime: No, then you'd have looked like MORE of a dick.

"So, Griffin, if that is your real name, how do you know that insufferable unicorn Twilight?" Trixie asked.

"Stopped in Ponyville a while back. Needed books. Couldn't buy em, so I stole em. As for how I know about you, stories get around."

"So, they're still talking about my failure in that hick town?" Trixie looked sullen.

"Don't worry about it. Given where we're headed, odds are we'll never see that place again."

"And where are we headed? That jungle can't be the final destination if you plan on taking over the world, no matter how ridiculous that sounds." She asked.

Fallen Prime: Sorry, Trixie, but pointing out how retarded the plot is won't stop it from happening. Believe me, I know. I watched it happen. So many people died...

"All in due time. You'll find out eventually, when I trust you more. Oh look, we're close to the border, and we've got company."

We crouched low behind a hill, spotting a camp in the valley below. Myself and Trixie were laying low by cover, while Gilda flew high to watch our backs, in case something snuck up from behind. Looking at the shadowy figures cast by the camp fire, they were ponies, 6 of them, unknown type. Some were having a sparring match, while others worked to unload a broken cart. After Gilda made sure there wasn't anyone else around, she flew back down.

"Okay, so, we've got 6 I believe, can't tell their type.

Fallen Prime: "If I had to guess, though, I think they like the strong, sensitive types."

Care to confirm Gilda?"

"Seven, I spotted one in a carriage they had set up. The six that are there are all earth ponies, can't tell the one in the carriage." We had practiced given situation reports, no fluff, but all the important information.

"What would 7 ponies be doing out here, this far from town?" Trixie asked.

"Well, they might be travelers planning on entering the forest in the morning. It seems likely since if they were bandits they would have made camp IN the forest for cover, and wouldn't have made a bonfire that is, unless they have reinforcements hidden in the treeline and are trying to bait some would be bounty hunter. No. 7 is way too many for bait. They'd have no more than three or four, or else they wouldn't get any bites. 7 is way too many for any average fighter to take on.

Fallen Prime: When did Gilda become the leading expert on bandits? Or is that Griffin? Seriously, can't you do a better job of keeping track of who the hell's talking?

No, they must be preparing for a jungle raid. Either that, or they're noob bandits. The carriage though, it's way too fancy for bandits to have, unless they stole it."

"Noob?" Trixie didn't understand.

"Slang for newbie, as in, greenhorn, someone who has no idea what they're doing because they haven't been at it very long. In other words, you Trix." I insulted. Gilda laughed, then quickly stifled it to not alert the camp.

"Okay, so, Trixie, time for you to see how we make decisions. We assess the situation, then vote on it. You don't get a vote this time around because you're the newcomer, and you don't know how we do things. Pay attention though, eventually, when we trust you enough, we'll cut you in on it."

Fallen Prime: I understand telling Trixie to just sit back and observe the decision-making process, but you don't have to phrase it like "Stay back, bitch, you're not pro enough for this." Sure, tell her she should learn through observation before anything, but don't degrade her while you do it!

We all huddled together, while at the same time looking out once in a while to make sure we didn't get snuck up on.

"Okay, so, first we need to figure out who they are, they might be adventurers, in which case, they could be of use to us, trading and whatnot. Or, they are extremely foolish bandits, so we have a raiding opportunity. Or, they're merchants, and we could raid them, but then we'd have an even higher bounty. The final possibility is a V.I.P escort. We need more information on what we're dealing with before we decide. Gilda, lower a cloud and take a look from the sky, I'll sneak up close with Trix with an invisibility spell."

"I thought you said we'd vote on it?" Trixie said.

"We vote on things that have more than one option. No matter what the outcome, it would be stupid to not figure out what we're dealing with. Even if we do nothing 'bout it, if there's a wasp in the room, I wanna know where it is. Might turn out to be a honey bee, which I can follow back to the hive for a snack, savvy?" I said the whole thing in my best mimic of Jack Sparrow.

"So, first you're a martial artist, and now you're a pirate?" Trixie mocked.

Fallen Prime: Sparrow's not exactly the archetypical pirate. Now, if he were doing a Barbosa impression, I'd believe that Trixie jumped to that conclusion.

"Indubitably my dear, now, let us make haste, else we risk losing our quarry." This time, with a high society British accent. She just shook her head.

Fallen Prime: Ouch. I am SO glad you did so little with Rarity, because reading her dialogue as written like that would've been godawful.

"The things I get myself into."

Gilda flew overhead, hiding in a cloud, while myself and the Great and Powerful annoyance crept up on foot, hoof, claw, paw, WHATEVER! We had the invisibility spell on, her riding on my back because it was much easier to cast it on only one target, and her hooves made a lot of noise. I told her before we got close that if she said anything I would just leave her with whoever these ponies were, so, she kept her mouth shut the entire time.

Fallen Prime: They're gonna need to be on good terms for this to really work out in the long run, aren't they? I don't think intimidation and threats are the way to go.

I still had to avoid the fire, lest they see our distortion by the fire, or a stray ember dispel the illusion.

Fallen Prime: I kind of like the fact that the invisibility spell is so fragile. For one thing, it really does give a feel for Trixie's imperfection and serves as a critical flaw in her facade. I half-expect that that little bit wasn't even intentional. For another, it forces her to be extraordinarily careful, which, again, is sort of new for her. And to anyone who's just skimming this doc, let me just put this up in nice clear letters: I'M SAYING SOMETHING NICE ABOUT THE STORY, AND THIS ISN'T THE ONLY TIME.

If she wanted us to get out, she would tap me with her hoof. Sneaking around, I looked in the window of the carriage and spotted a stately looking unicorn whom I recognized very well, even with a pillow over his head. We left the camp, returning to our original spot, where Gilda met us.

"Well, looks like you didn't screw up Trix, that's two in a row. Good job. It's nice to have a a lucky streak."

"What else did you expect from the Great and Powerful...." She was interrupted as Gilda grabbed her around the neck, but not too hard.

"I mean, thanks. I'm glad I didn't mess up." She corrected herself.

"See, you can teach a Trixie new tricks." I laughed.

Fallen Prime: ...okay, I love that you're developing Trixie into less of a braggart, but again, I think positive reinforcement goes much further than threats of violence.

"So, turns out Mr.Carriage is a unicorn, all professional. Any idea who it might be?" I knew exactly who it was, Prince Blueblood. As for why he slept in the carriage while the rest of the group, obviously guards, slept outside, was plain to see. Of course, I *shouldn't* know who the prince is, so I just played it off.

"Prince Blueblood. Wonder what he's doing all the way out here?" Trixie asked.

"Probably on some tour thing, showing himself off to all the towns. Why would he be near the jungle though?"

"I don't know of any jungle towns, but there might be one." Gilda said.

"I think it's more likely the cart broke down somewhere in the plains, so they pulled it to the nearest source of wood, being the jungle, to try and fix it."

Fallen Prime: And there are plains within easy cart-dragging distance of a jungle? Yeah, no.

"That doesn't make much sense, I mean, the cart is plenty big for all the stuff they had, plus the ponies. Why not just salvage the carriage to fix it?" Gilda asked.

"Because Blueblood is egotistical. He'll make ponies go way out of their way, even endangering the whole group, just to spare himself some comfort."

"Says miss ego herself.

Fallen Prime: Up until that line was delivered, I had NO IDEA that the previous line was Trixie's. You're doing an AWFUL job at showing dialogue. AWFUL.

Well, odds are they're not hostile, so if we want, we could probably trade with them or something come daybreak. They most likely weren't prepared for a breakdown, so they might not have an ax, and will be trying to kick trees down to use to repair it. Ol princy won't be doing any work himself, so they'd probably be happy to have some help. Okay, so, our options."

I cleared my throat, preparing to explain what we could do.

"One, we help them out. We may not get a reward, but we just might. Having royalty on your side is always a plus, especially given that we're criminals. Influence is a good thing. They probably haven't gotten word about us having bounties, because if a courier had gotten out here, they wouldn't even be here. No downsides.

Fallen Prime: Except for, you know, the possibility of them not wanting help like you think they do.

Option two, we trade with them. see what they have, let them see what we have in return, try to strike a deal for something we need. No downsides.

Fallen Prime: Except for, you know, the possibility of them not wanting anything you have or thinking it's not nearly worth what they already have.

Option three, we sneak in under cover of night, steal what we want, then make for the forest. Upside is we can get more stuff, although we're pretty well supplied from Stalliongrad. Downside is we'd be pissing off royalty, and just as having friends in high places is good, having enemies in high places is bad, if we get caught, which at this point, I'd say is 50/50.

Option four, we attack, then we can take our time picking through the loot once they're dead. We'd be able to haul a lot more stuff with that carriage, but it would be hard to maneuver through the dense jungle. We'd also get huge bounties for murdering royalty, which is bad. We'd have all of the Equestrian military after us, maybe even the princesses themselves.

Option five, we kill the guards, taking the prince hostage for bits. We'd get a huge head start on our funding, but it would be bad, for the same reasons as option four.

Option six, we do nothing. Leave them to their fate, and continue on our journey." I explained all the things we could do.

Fallen Prime: Oh my god, do you not know how to do quotations at ALL!? You're not supposed to just restate what they did! Don't blatantly say that they explained their plan or used heavy sarcasm, because we already saw them explain their plan or use heavy sarcasm.

"Killing? That's horrible! Why would we do that?" Trixie was taken aback.

"Hey, I never said we were going to, I simply made it an option. It's my job to think of ALL

possibilities, even if some of them are very bad idea's. Also, just to let you know, at some point in the future, we WILL be killing. I've killed 10 diamond dogs and a dragon. There's more to come, you can bet on it. Gilda, what's your take on this?"

Fallen Prime: "I think you're off your goddamn rocker."

"Well, option one, two, three, and six.

Fallen Prime: "All at the same time. I want to see how badly you fuck it up."

I don't much like the idea of having to put up with a snob, but we might get some influence in Equestria, which is a good thing. It wouldn't hurt to just see what they're willing to trade, even if we don't end up making a deal. They have more than enough goods, so we could just take what we need and go, but it'll be pretty hard to go unnoticed with all six of them on guard, even though they probably will go to sleep soon. We'd have to silently kill a guard or two. Or, we just ignore them. Any of those work for me."

"Well, I don't want to go around pissing off anyone with power, and we have more than we need, so I'd say stealing is off the table. Again, we have pretty much everything we need, so there really isn't any reason to trade with them, unless they have something really hard to come by, which I doubt it.

Fallen Prime: So why was trading even an option?

So, we either leave them alone, or we help them out. Since we're undecided, I'm making the decision yours Trix. So we put up with the snob, delay our journey, and put in a hard day's work without guarantee of reward, or do we just leave them be?"

"Ehm, let's help them." Trixie said nervously. I could read her like a book.

"Let me guess, you hope that by helping the prince, you'll be able to get out of your prison sentence, then go back to your old life? Yeah, this would be a perfect way to lose the bounties we no doubt have. Well, whatever, I made it your call, so, we help them in the morning. Let's get some shut eye. I'm taking first watch with Trixie, I don't trust you enough to not just make off with all our stuff."

Fallen Prime: *POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT. Go ahead and acknowledge that Trixie still needs to earn your trust, but don't be mean about it.*

Morning came, me and Gilda awoke ready to start the day as soon as Celestia's sun came up. We had to kick Trixie to make her wake up.

"Geez sleepy head, we were both awake half the night, and we're up. You had a full night's sleep, and you're still groggy.

Fallen Prime: Um... she had a watch shift too. She slept as much as you did.

We have work to do, remember?" I kicked her gently again, making her roll onto her hooves.

"Alright alright. Ugg, do you always get up this early?" She complained.

"Yes, we do. Because if we don't we'll get eaten. Or kidnapped, or arrested, or something. We wake up

at dawn every day, and go to sleep past midnight. Just another thing you'll get used to. Oh look, you're awake. I don't see you practicing your spells."

"And now you're a drill sergeant. Joy." She said, wiping the sleep from her eyes with her hooves.

"First order of business, breakfast. We each get a banana.

Fallen Prime: I know where you can find PLENTY of bananas...

The point is not to fill yourself up, but to get enough energy to last you till lunch. You can't march on an empty stomach, but a full one makes you waddle instead. Let's go."

Jungles are full of food, so we didn't have to worry about wasting ours. We ate quickly, then headed to the camp. The carriage was a bright white, designed to be pulled by two, while the covered wagon was dull, designed for efficiency instead of glamour, also meant to be pulled by two. Finally, there were two armored ponies, clearly the convoy guards. As the three of us approached, with Trixie making herself invisible, Gilda on a cloud above, and myself coming up in plain sight, the agreed upon method of approaching uncertain targets, I was halted by the guards.

"Halt griffin!" One of them huffed.

"Oi! Ow'd you know ma name?" I said whimsically.

Fallen Prime: If by whimsically you mean unbearably, absolutely. You know the best way to write a British accent is to NOT WRITE THE ACCENT, right?

The guards looked at each other confused, then pointed at me.

"Ah, roight. Names Griffin the griffin. Noticed you lot in in a bit of a pickle with that there broke cart. Ya need any help?" I was giving the 'Ello Guvna' accent used by peons a couple hundred years ago. It meant I wouldn't have to explain my name, if they thought I was some bumpkin.

"No, griffin, we do not require your assistance. Now, be on your way." They huffed.

Fallen Prime: And just like that, plan A falls apart. Told you they'd shoo you away.

"Ya shore? Ya might wanna ask da big boss is dat there fancy carriage about it. He prolly want's ta be on his way, and I think I can elp ya." I said, pointing at the carriage. Trixie had cast a spell prior, letting me and Gilda see her while she was invisible. She looked kind of like a ghost, a partly see through version of herself. She face hoofed. One of the guards went to go ask the prince, while the other moved to be directly in front of me. I just blew on my claws, nonchalantly, waiting for him to return. The prince came out of the carriage with the guard, walking directly up to me, looking me in the eyes.

"Hmph, let me guess, you're hoping for some kind of reward for your work?" The prince said, looking down on me even though I was taller than him.

Fallen Prime: How tall is Griffin? Because Gilda was taller than the average pony, but she didn't tower over them. If Griffin's the same height, he might be eye-to-eye with Blueblood.

"Is that a question, or an offer?" I said in my normal tone, confusing the hell out of the guards.

"Hmm, what services could a lone griffin provide?" He asked.

"Well, I can tell you need wood, otherwise you wouldn't be so close to this jungle. I can easily cut down trees with my blade, as well as make them the right size and shape to fix your cart. As for being alone..." I flicked Trixie, who's sudden appearance as the spell shattered made the prince jump back. Gilda, seeing her cue, dropped from the cloud she was on, landing next to me.

"What is this?" He asked afraid, as the guards moved to intercept the new targets.

"We're just offering some help is all. We're quite skilled. If you don't want any assistance, we could always just continue our journey into the jungle..."

"What? Why in Equestria would you WANT to go into that damned place?" He asked shocked.

Fallen Prime: Well, technically it's not IN Equestria, so...

"To each his own. You prefer high society, and I prefer fighting for my life in an unforgiving location. It's quite a rush."

"No, I'm afraid that we're perfectly capable of taking care of this ourselves, now, be on your way you ruffians." The prince said nervously. The guards moved closer together as he backed away.

Fallen Prime: See? Unwanted. Now go back to the nice emo corner I made for you and cry in it.

"Fine by me. We don't want any trouble. Climb on Trix, we'll land somewhere in the jungle. Don't want to be ambushed by any cats or anything on our way....." I stopped moving. I closed my eyes, listening, feeling.

"GILDA TAKE TO THE SKIES! TRIXIE! VANISH! FIND SOMEWHERE SAFE AND DON'T MOVE!" I drew Hades, standing on my hind legs.

Fallen Prime: Okay, what even. How did he know? Or is super nature sensing one of his Stu powers?

"What is the meaning of this drawing your weapon in the presence of the prince, You're under arr...." The guard was cut off as a net landed on him. Suddenly, he was dragged underground, screaming. Two of the worker ponies who had either been pulling the cart or chariot met the same fates, disappearing suddenly.

"What's going on!" The prince yelled, crying nervously.

"Shh, stay quiet and you'll be safe. They have sensitive ears." I whispered. He gulped as he stepped back. A small hole appeared under him, with a net springing out of it. I grabbed the net as it surrounded him, pulling up on it with both arms as I elbowed the prince out of the way. I tugged and yanked till the diamond dog on the other end popped right out of the ground. I twisted around, slicing him clean in half with my blade.

Fallen Prime: That makes twelve sentient things you've killed now. In a week. You know that's serial murder, right?

"What in the name of Celestia..." The other guard said.

"Diamond dogs. Slavers. What the hell are they doing this far south, unless they have a warren right under us. Damnit, I wasn't expecting this."

Blueblood just stared at the body of the dog, still twitching despite not having his lower half. He started to vomit. A dog appeared behind him, about to grab him and drag him down, when Gilda dropped out of the sky, grabbed him, picked him up, lifting him high into the air. A couple hundred feet up, she dropped him. I saw Trixie out of the corner of my eye, being very still and very silent, still invisible. She had a look of unrequited horror on her face as she watched the whole thing unfold.

Fallen Prime: NATURAL REACTION. I think Gilda should've been like that too, but NO, SHE'S IN ON IT.

Another dog popped up, this on receiving a swift bucking by the remaining guard. The other two earth pony workers ran over to us, making a circle. Gilda was picking off dogs as they popped up, throwing them into the air, causing them to fall to their deaths. Their 'hide underground' strategy wasn't working, so the whole lot of them popped up.

"30? Are you freaking kidding me? We're right on top of a whole nest of them!" I yelled.

"How'd they know we were here?" The guard asked.

"Vibrations. Under this dirt is solid rock. They could feel you because you're hooves make solid contact. Can't feel me because I have soft pads.

Fallen Prime: On your HIND LEGS. I think talons would make just as much noise as hooves.

Then they pop out and drag you down to work in the mines. Or eat you. Which ever." I explained, blocking a gas vial with Hades. I held my breath to not inhale the gas. It worked. The guard passed out and got dragged under.

"This isn't working! DAMNIT!" I yelled, slashing a net as it came forwards. "There's too many! You two, run your asses off. Get to town and tell them what's happened. I'm going to cover your escape. Gilda, grab the prince and get him to safety! I'll take care of Trix!" The two earth ponies headed off, running for their lives, me clearing a path for them with my blade. Gilda swooped down and grabbed Blueblood, as I slashed a net that would have snagged both of them. She then headed off to Stalliongrad as fast as she could go. Trixie was standing perfectly still by a tree, still invisible.

"Wait griffin!" Blueblood cried as he was lifted into the air.

"Aw, don't tell me the little baby is afraid of heights." Gilda mocked. "And the name's Gilda, remember it!"

Fallen Prime: Wait, are we looking at Gilda's perspective now? A little warning would've been nice. An extra click of the Enter button is not enough to signal a scene transition.

"No, I live in Canterlot Castle, I've been looking down from on high for a while. What about your compatriots, and my guards and servants? Are we just abandoning them?" He looked worried.

"No, you don't know Griffin. He's had a shitty life, been kept down. Then again, so have I, but him, he's different somehow. He never said in detail. First he's normal, whimsical even, playing pranks and whatnot. He spoke like a country bumpkin to your guards and normally to you just for kicks. Then, he gets mad. When he gets mad.....

Fallen Prime: "He loses control and turns into an enormous green rage monster." [Avengersreference]

Did you see his weapon? It's made from the scale of an 80 foot tall dragon. He killed it. He ripped it's scale off with his bare claws, getting all cut up,

Fallen Prime: It's like you're just saying that now to say "SEE HE GETS HURT STOP HATING AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Where's the serious, debilitating injuries? And why does he instantly heal from the non-fatal ones? Slashing your palms wide open DOES NOT JUST HEAL IN A WEEK.

flew down it's throat while getting scorched, then killed it from the inside. I watched him do it. When he came out, he had a maniac look in his eye. Afterwards, he acted like it was nothing. He asked me why dragon blood tasted sour. He's a berserker. It's like he has an entire lifetime of unrelenting rage that he couldn't let out, and now he can. All I can say is, if he's about to do what I think he's about to do, I pity those diamond dogs. Coming from a griffin, that's saying something."

Fallen Prime: Not really. I feel sorry for them too, because they have to be in this story.

Flying into the air, since I no longer had to worry about the ground crew, I slashed net after net with Hades. They couldn't bring me down. I flew higher than the dogs could throw their chemicals. I put my sword on my back and drew my bow.

"Remember. Remember. Hold it on an angle. Breathe out. Draw it all the way, fletching just next to your cheek. Breathe in. Hold, and let go."

Whooooosh

Thunk

Fallen Prime: ...so I was right about you using the archery thing later on. I'm still mad at the way you presented it in the first place, though.

"Boom headshot! Ya like that ya damn dog! Yer a hell hound now!" I laughed. I let loose a couple more arrows, picking off six of the unarmored dogs before the rest, no longer able to get at me, fled underground. I grabbed Trixie, dispelling her invisibility, and flew atop the carriage.

"Here you are Trixie. Take some arrows. They can't feel your vibrations up here. Cast invisibility on yourself, but not the arrows. Then send them straight into the dogs while keeping yourself hidden. I'm going to make a ruckus to bring them back up. You pick them off while I play a little whack a mole. I'm gonna have to trust you here. We could just escape, but dogs happen to have valuables. Last I checked, valuables are valuable, and I LIKE money. We'll kill as many as we can, then take whatever we can use and sell the rest."

"But, that's murder!" She said quietly, trying to not attract attention.

Fallen Prime: Look around you. Dog corpses everywhere. You really think Griffin gives a shit if it's murder?

"Yeah, but they're trying to kill us too. Or capture us, and make us spend the rest of their lives as slaves, digging up gems for them. They're criminals. We'd be doing this world a favour. Let's not forget how they tried to kidnap the prince, and succeeded in taking both his guards, as well as two innocent servants. They're dangerous, and we'll DEFINITELY get a reward for taking care of them, especially since we saved the prince. This is your test. If you can do it, we'll walk away heroes, a whole lot richer, and you'll be able to stick with us. If you can't, I'll either die or be made a slave, as will you, since I'm your ride out of here."

"Then why don't we just leave?" She asked.

"Because it's not your choice rookie, it's mine."

Dear Princess Celestia,

How do ponies hold things when they don't have fingers?

Fallen Prime: The same way Strong Bad types with boxing gloves on.

Sincerely, Griffin.

So, can Trixie really kill? What's going to happen to the captured ponies? Well, don't ask me! Just read the next chapter!

Fallen Prime: I dared to have hope. I dared to dream that Griffin would see a conflict he couldn't "badass" his way out of without a permanent scratch. I dared to believe this massive ambush would be what finally fucked him over, their sheer numbers overwhelming him and seriously hurting him. His massive beating could've even been a nice moment for Trixie to step up and fend for herself, finally proving her worth to him.

Doesn't that sound so much better from a storytelling standpoint? BUT NOTHING LIKE THAT HAPPENS, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T TELL STORIES.

For the record, Ring's read the next chapter too, at least enough of it to resolve the cliffhanger here. And he still maintains that Griffin never has his failing. He still insists that Griffin's still made out as the same untouchable fuckstick he's been the whole story. Which means that not only will Trixie be robbed of that crowning moment, but Griffin STILL shines as the unlikable GOD FIGURE that the story likes to make him.

Seriously. Fuck you. Stop doing that.

RingmasterJ5: Only one chapter left until I can finally see just WHAT these people want me to see by reading on. And I have a feeling that you and me are going to keep ripping the fuck out of it.

Fallen Prime: And it deserves it. Next chapter, I'll give my final impression of the story itself as of that point.

13. Freedom

"Well, I hope you have a strong stomach. Just focus on making the arrows hit them in the head or chest. Wounding them isn't enough, you want to go for the kill. Also, keep up the invisibility or they'll catch you, and make the arrows come from angles other than where you're standing."

"You want me to do that all at the same time?" Trixie looked like I had just told her to move the sun itself.

'Oh wait, unicorns CAN move the sun, they just passed that job to Celestia since she's better at it.'

Fallen Prime: Or Celestia just moves the sun because, oh, I dunno, SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN!

"Yep, it's gonna be tough. This is why I wanted you to practice your magic nonstop, because we're going to be doing shit like this ALL THE TIME.

"I can't, it's just too much, all at once." She said, looking sullen.

"Okay, then, instead, just focus on the leaders."

"What?"

"Diamond dog leaders carry special chemicals, some explosives, some knockout gas. If you see one with a bunch of glass vials, those are your targets. I can handle the rest of them, I just have trouble with specialists. If you see one of them throw something, just grab what he threw and toss it back at his face okay? You should be able to do that while staying invisible, and you wouldn't be killing anyone.

Fallen Prime: They have explosives and acid in those vials. Throwing THOSE in their faces would kill them. Dumbass.

Think you can handle that?"

Trixie gulped. "I, I think so." She stammered.

"Good enough for me! Okay, let's do this!"

Fallen Prime: "LEEROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOY-"

I jumped down and began stamping around, nodding to Trixie as she went invisible again. Nothing.

"Come and get me ya mongrels! Aw, what's the matter? Ran home with your tail between your legs? Afraid of the big, strong griffin? Am I too macho for ya?" I taunted. Still nothing.

'They must not be able to hear me. How can I make more vibrations?'

I hefted Hades up, took to the sky, then dove straight at the ground, smacking it with the flat. I could feel the vibrations all up my arm. I stopped for a moment, feeling the ground. Some vibrations echoed my own. I jumped out of the way, doing a somersault with blade extended, cleaving the head of the dog that popped up under me in two.

Fallen Prime: I can't even picture that happening with a weapon that hefty and silly.

I landed hard on my side, or purpose, to make myself give off more signals. Darting out of the way, I watched a small shuffle in the dirt, bringing the flat of Hades down on it just as the dog's head popped up, killing it with the impact. Another five fell before I saw dirt shuffling all around me. The dogs appeared once again above ground.

"Ha, stupid bird, you should have flown away. Do you think you can fight all of us on your own? We have more nets! You can't escape any more!" One of the leaders said in a high but gravely voice. If only they could see the look on my face. I didn't care how many there were. I didn't see enemies, I saw targets. So many valuable things to be had. All I had to do was kill them. They were just some dumb dogs anyway.

Fallen Prime: Okay, you're treading dangerously close to Rorschach mentality. And Rorschach's fucking PSYCHOTIC.

'Damnit, I need a good one liner. Oh wait, I know!'

"Sit. Stay. Roll over. *Play dead.*"

Fallen Prime: Arnold Schwarzenegger would be ashamed.

I said the last one with malice. One of them got pissed off and charged. I just punched him, knocking him to the ground. After ripping his windpipe out, I looked at the rest of the group that had surrounded me.

"Next."

"Well, here we are princy, Stalliongrad. I'm gonna split. See ya around, or not. What ever." Gilda said to Blueblood, dropping him off.

"Wait, where are you going?" He called to her as she began to fly away.

"Back to my team, I gotta make sure Grif doesn't get himself killed, and Trixie is way too pathetic to handle herself." She replied.

Fallen Prime: GIVE HER THAT CHANCE TO STEP UP AND FUCK SHIT UP. STOP MAKING GRIFFIN DO IT ALL.

"So soon? I mean, you just flew both of us all the way here, at least rest a bit." He offered.

"No, you see, we're kind of criminals, so I can't really stay in town too long." She said before she began to fly off.

"Then, you were planning on raiding us?" He asked. She stopped to answer.

"Nope, we really were going to help out. We decided together what would be best."

"Why'd you help? If you're bandits, or criminals, on the run, then why'd you fight to protect me?" He said curious.

Fallen Prime: "Because if we didn't, we wouldn't have a plot."

"Cuz we felt like it. That, and we hate diamond dogs. Don't like it? Deal with it." Gilda shot back before flying off. She was already gone so she didn't hear Blueblood yell 'Thank you'.

Fallen Prime: Please. Gratitude, from Prince Blueblood? The fuck are YOU smoking?

"Criminals? I wonder what their bounties are?" Blueblood walked into the prison and looked at the wanted board. As the city has high crime, everyone who passes through has their picture taken as a standard procedure, although those who enter the city aren't aware of it.

"Ah, here they are. Wanted ALIVE, Trixie the unicorn, wanted for jewelry theft, theft of government property, and prison escape, 40 bits. Gilda the griffin, wanted for assault of an officer, resisting arrest, theft of government property, and prison escape, 60 bits. (Unknown) the griffin, Wanted for assault of an officer, resisting arrest, possession of a deadly weapon, assault with a deadly weapon, assisting in prison escape, disturbing the peace, and theft of government property, 120 bits. Believed to be traveling together, they are highly dangerous, as well as cunning. While they did attack guards, their attacks did not result in death or any permanent injury, and are believed to be acts of self defense." He read with a look of shock on his face, replaced by a look of satisfaction.

Fallen Prime: Yep. See? Ulterior motives all up in here.

"Well well, looks like they had a spot of trouble in town. Should I give them amnesty for their actions? Hmm, no, that's the princess's call, not mine, and they almost seem like the kind who'd be happy with their faces plastered in every town. Looks like they're wanted alive. I should keep track of them. I owe those glorious ruffians a debt of gratitude, the least I can do is make sure the wanted posters stay at wanting them 'alive' only. Oh, and have auntie send some soldiers to rescue my servants and guards. Can't have them living out the rest of their lives in some mud hole.

Fallen Prime: I should've expected nothing less from this scumbag, but... that's a sadistic way of showing gratitude.

"What's the matter mutts? I'm just one griffin. I thought you all like capturing us, I mean, you trained for that right?" I laughed as I stood atop the corpses of about 12 dead dogs. Two of their leaders had been knocked out by gas due to the interference of my invisible unicorn friend.

"You are no mere griffin! You are DEMON! All our blades shattered! All our nets, slashed! All our

spears fall short, and all our vials blow up in our faces! You are cursed bird!" One of the leaders shrieked, clutching a fresh stump.

Fallen Prime: I agree entirely with this Diamond Dog. Griffin's an abomination.

"Know that I who have tasted the meat and blood of dragons show no mercy to those who oppose me! My blade hungers, and you are its fill!" I think I'll just milk the whole cursed thing for what it's worth.

"Meat and blood of dragons? It cannot be!" One of them yelled in fear.

"His blade! After hewing his foes, it has no flaw, it's has no stain! It is dragon scale! He speaks true!" Another one said with fear.

Fallen Prime: STOP MAKING HIM A DEITY.

"Silence, he cannot be the one of prophecy, he is griffin!" Another argued. I just stood there, listening to them fight amongst themselves and I shot one in the back.

"You know, when you're fighting someone, you really ought to pay attention to them. Especially if they have the spirits fighting for them."

"Bah, ghosts do not exist! They are old pony tale!" One of them grabbed a vial, only to have it explode in his hand, blowing it off. He cried in pain, only to be silenced by another arrow from me.

"What do you want from us!" One of the remaining 10 asked. This one was uninjured.

"I want the release of all the slaves you have, not just today, but of all time. Every single one who is working against their free will shall be brought before me, and you will never take another into slavery. I want them brought to me. If you try and hold back, I'll know, and I'll take one life for every slave you tried to keep from me. I will go underground to hunt you down if need be. I also want all the gems you are carrying, as well as the vials. Give me what I want, and I will spare your lives."

Fallen Prime: And they don't tell him to stuff it and gang up on him because...

The three still living leaders discussed it amongst themselves. There were several barks, yips, and growls.

"Fine. We will release the slaves, and give you some gems and vials in return for sparing our lives. Go!" One of them motioned to the remaining dogs, who dug their way underground.

"You are lucky we do not have alpha, or or you would have been slain on the spot, worthless bird!" He spat in my face.

"You are lucky that I agreed to spare your lives, or YOU would have been slain on the spot, worthless mutt." I spat right back at him. "Go bury your dead and tend your wounded, I think enough blood has been shed today. Just remember the name Griffin, because one day, you'll only be able to say it with the title 'King' in front.

Fallen Prime: Griffin's starting to remind me of Shoutmon from *Digimon Xros Wars*. Except I LIKE *Xros Wars*, and Shoutmon's gotten his ass completely handed to him

for going up against odds like this.

Oh, and fix that damn cart. Having something broken like that pisses me off."

The dogs pulled the four ponies they took, being the two pegasus guards, the earth pony workers, as well as two very tired, scared, and dirty unicorns, two pegasi in similar states, and two naked diamond dogs, from the ground. They were all wearing chains. They placed them in front of a small pile of gems. The chemical vials I had already stored safely in special holders the dogs had given me, putting them in my backpack. The slaves looked very afraid, but also squinted their eyes against the sun they hadn't seen in so long. When they saw me, carrying a blade and covered in blood, their eyes shrank.

"Give me the keys." The dog did as he was asked. All they could see was my dark blade reflecting the setting sun. I looked to the cart, it had been repaired. One of the unicorn looked at me and began to cry.

"So, this is it? You have no more need for us, so you're sacrificing us to appease this demon griffin to save your own hides? You're despicable!" Then she simply resigned herself to her fate. She figured I was going to eat them or something.

Fallen Prime: It wouldn't surprise me if you tried.

"Dogs, I suggest you find a new home, because I am fairly certain that Prince Blueblood will be coming back here with an army to wipe you out. I told you I'd spare your lives, which I shall, since you have held your part of the bargain. The royal army however, will not. I have no control over them, and they are also coming for me." I said. The diamond dogs whimpered, ears pressed against their heads, as they dug back underground to tell the remnant of their troupe to high tail it out of there.

"Demon Griffin? Sacrifice? Why yes, I suppose that's correct. They have given you to me, and now you are mine to do with as I please."

Gilda flew down and landed next to me. She didn't say anything, she didn't want to ruin the moment.

"What are you going to do? Eat us? You blasted bird! I hope you rot in Tartarus for this." A pegasus stallion raged.

"Why no, I'm letting you go." Really? They thought I was going to eat them because I'm a griffin? Why is everyone in Equestria so racist?

"Um, what?" They asked.

"He's letting you go morons. It just so happens that he's a patron to those who suffer in slavery. So he had them get you out. I hope you all remember this. Friggin ponies, I swear..." She began muttering at the end.

Fallen Prime: Have I mentioned that I hate this story? Because I hate this story.

"Hey Trix, the dogs are gone, you can come out." Trixie appeared on the top of the carriage, looking really upset. She slowly walked past the pile of bodies, looking like she was going to be sick. I looked away from the corpses. It's never good, looking at death. I was just more used to seeing blood because I had coughed up way too much of my own. I actually used to be squeamish, but I got used

to it.

Fallen Prime: WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU STILL GOING ON ABOUT THAT!? AND THAT'S DIFFERENT FROM SEEING A PILE OF MUTILATED CORPSES!

Gilda walked by, letting everyone but the pair of slave diamond dogs go.

"Hey Trixie, how'd you learn to move things with magic without having a visible magic aura around it?"

"I'm not sure, I think my invisibility covers things I affect with my magic too. As long as I release the field before the thing I'm holding touches something, I don't pop back up. I actually went visible a couple times briefly when I hit them with the vials, but I quickly put the spell back on." The unicorn explained.

"Well, good. This is the third time in a row you didn't screw up, and because of that, not only were you effective in combat, but the added fear factor made those dogs think I'm some kind of evil spirit. That, and you learned a new trick. You see? Your first real fight, and you're already WAY beyond what you were." Trixie blushed at the compliment. She was unused to getting a real compliment, and not just acceptance of boasting. She actually did something right, and it felt good, and a lot better about having just assisted in causing the death of a bunch of diamond dogs.

'Well, she's easily corruptible.'

Fallen Prime: I was going to call it honest character development, and it definitely is, but that last bit about killing the dogs ruined the moment for me.

"Geez hotshot, you made a mess around here." Gilda finally spoke up after releasing the ponies and spotting the pile of bodies. "I'm guessing Trix didn't suck?"

"Yeah, she actually proved useful. I'm glad you decided to take her with. If she's not boasting, lying through her teeth, or trying to swell her ego, she can get stuff done. You did real good today. Because of you, not only do we have a load of gems for bits and vials for weapons, but 8 pony slaves get to go home to their families." She smiled a warm smile. She had been an instrument in the murder of over 20 diamond dogs,

Fallen Prime: Said as if it were an achievement.

but she had saved 8 ponies, ponies with friends, loved ones, jobs.

Fallen Prime: And the Diamond Dogs didn't have any of those?

"As for you lame ponies, I suggest you go to Stalliongrad. Prince Blueblood is there, tell him what happened here today, and that he is to take care of you and help you find your way home. If he asks why, tell him that Gilda of the Griffin Pirates sent you, and is calling his debt. The city is that way. If you meet a bunch of guard ponies, tell them to take you to him." Gilda instructed.

"Pegasi, you have been out of the skies for far too long, stretch your wings and take flight! Guide your fellows to the city, and deliver these letters to the prince. Do not open them, and tell him that they are for the princesses. They contain very important information.

Fallen Prime: Oh god, they're THOSE letters, aren't they.

This is the price of your freedom. Earth ponies and unicorns, as well as you guards, load up the carts and take them to the city. I think the prince will be missing his carriage." I smirked.

The former slaves began crying out of joy. It was too good to be true. They were finally free. They could go home.

"What is your name?" An older unicorn asked.

"I'm Griffin, and that's all you need to know." I said with a scowl.

"I've been in that mine for the past five years. I missed the birth of my grand daughter. I gave up hope on ever getting out, ever seeing Celestia's bright sun again. Because of you, I'm free, I can go home to my family, retire, live happily. I can't thank you enough." He said in the classic grandpa voice.

Fallen Prime: There are a hundred "classic grandpa voices."

"You will have thanked me enough if you stop talking. I hate all that sentimental crap. Get your wrinkly old carcass out of here, ya old coot." They loaded up the cart and carriage, guided by the pegasi, heading towards Stalliongrad and safety. "By the way did they really release all the slaves?"

"Yuppers, they were mite scared of you young'un, and with good reason." Even though I insulted him, he just smiled and went on his way.

"Griffin Pirates? Where'd you come up with that?" I asked, now that we were alone.

"I um, just thought it was catchy?" Gilda shrank.

"Well, it is catchy. Alright, I guess we're the Griffin Pirates now. Ahoy matees, avast ye scurvy landlubber!"

"Oh great, he's a pirate again." Trixie scowled.

Fallen Prime: All my condolences to Trixie right now.

"Oh come on, it's just a bit of fun."

"By the way, where'd you learn to fight like that?" She asked.

"Told ya, I'm an alien. This body is slower than my old one, and not nearly as nimble. I got into a lot of fights, all of them vs bipedal creatures like the dogs, so I know how they move. I could see how they were going to strike before they did it, meaning I could dodge pretty easy. Still got a couple scratches, but no big deal.

Fallen Prime: And I basically guarantee that they all heal at the very next syllable he speaks.

They should have put poison on those spears. Idiots."

"So, what about them?" Gilda asked me, pointing at the diamond dogs.

"Hmm, well, first we need to have an initiation." I hefted Hades, putting it to each side of Trixie's head, before putting it back in its sheath.

"I had my blade right next to your head, but you didn't look at it, you looked at me. Means you trust me with your life.

Fallen Prime: Why is it so impossible to treat your audience like intelligent human beings- ohhhh. Right, because they're your audience.

I see no reason not to do the same. Congrats, you're officially a member of the Griffin Pirates. You get voting privileges. Now, let me see. Option one, we kill the dogs, although we don't get anything from it other than sadistic satisfaction. Number two, we let them go. Number three, we make them part of our merry little crew. Number four, we leave them here in chains. Gilda, you get to narrow the options down first, and Trixie gets to pick from what you leave behind."

"Works for me." Gilda and Trixie said.

"Okay, well, they were slaves, so they're probably not too impressed with their own kind, and they'd be quite happy with us for saving them. They'd probably like to join us. If they refuse that we could do any of the other three."

"Okay, so we ask them to join us, if they refuse, what do we do Trixie?" She thought about it for a moment.

"If they refuse, we let them go. Killing them is pointless, and leaving them in chains is just cruel."

Fallen Prime: I didn't mention it before, but... I kind of like this method of decision-making. Granted, I still think it's stupid that Griffin thinks of all these scenarios off the top of his head, but I love that they agree on their next course of action. Hell, I'd love to see the conflict that would arise when they CAN'T agree.

Once we had decided amongst ourselves, I walked over to the pair of clearly afraid diamond dogs.

"Here's the deal ya scoundrels, I wanna know why you were slaves."

"We, we were taken. There was a fight between alphas a long time ago. Our's lost. We were taken to unfamiliar mines in Gem Fido. The alpha wanted to expand, so he sent us and some of the other slaves under pony land to kitty cat jungle to work in mines there. Tunnel goes all the way under country, comes up in bottom of mine. We send gems back through tunnel."

"Is that so? That is very interesting. Most likely they're going to fill the tunnel in so the royal guard doesn't find it and follow it back. By the way, did they release ALL the slaves?"

"Yes, they did." The other one said in a low tone. Plain and straight to the point.

Fallen Prime: How many times are they gonna say yes before you're convinced? Are

you really that desperate to kill the rest?

"What about the prophecy? The leader said something about the prophecy."

"There is an old tale, the tale of the wolf. We are but dogs, he is a noble beast. He would slay dragons and free the diamond dogs from their wrath. It is said that he would come again as a conqueror and unite the dog packs, but you are not him. You are a griffin."

Fallen Prime: Knowing Griffin, he probably KILLED that wolf.

"You know, it's kind of funny, I was actually planning on taking over Gem Fido. You know something? FUCK your prophecy. I don't see some mystical diamond wolf anywhere, so I'm gonna beat him to the punch. You have two options, you follow me, do what I say, and get to be high council members when I take over the whole damn world, or you go home, believe your stupid superstitions, and die when I topple the whole system. Your choice."

'I would look so much more badass with a pair of sunglasses. Too bad I'd just break em. I'm really getting good at these speeches.

Fallen Prime: You'd look like a tool, and you're shit at speeches.

"We will follow you. You may not be the chosen one, but following you leads the promise of a better life. You are strong. We will become part of your group of bandits. Besides, we no longer have a home to go to." They replied.

"Good, just to let you know, we don't trust you, not even slightly. If you want to get anywhere, you gotta earn the trust. We make the decisions, you just follow them. If I want your advice, I'll ask for it. Got it?"

The dogs nodded. I unchained them, half expecting them to run or attack us. They did not.

"Alright we're headed to the jungle. Newbloods,

Fallen Prime: Why are you calling them newbloods? It sounds stupid.

pack up. I don't care what your names are, those are your slave names. I'll give you a new name when you've earned it. For now, you are newbloods. I wanna get out of here before the army shows up. Having a bounty isn't good when you're surrounded by military."

*Dear Princess Luna,
How do magnets work?*

Fallen Prime: MoThErFuCkIn MiRaCIes.

Sincerely, Griffin.

Well now, they've become five. Will the dogs be loyal? Any questions you have regarding these chapters, post them in the comments and I'll get to them in a later chapter. Also, next chapter is going to be short, but funny as well. I'll give you a hint, it has to do with something Grif said to the pegasi.

Fallen Prime: Final verdict for chapter thirteen: Goddammit, another fighting chapter. These always tend to be the weakest ones. They're not good like the character-development chapters, and they're not *INFURIATING* like the Ponyville chapters. They're just... BORING. In a good story, these would be completely badass, the highlights of the story. But there's zero tension because the hero has no shot at losing, and when the hero has no shot at losing, there's no point in rooting for him to win. And as you just dropped the Diamond Dog slaves into the group without even naming them, I feel absolutely no connection to them. You've given me no reason to give a shit about them, so I won't.

Alright. Here it is. My final view of the story. All joking set aside, we're in complete honesty mode. Ready?

"Griffin the Griffin" is the perfect shining example of wasted potential. Unlike "Living the Dream" and "Three of Me: School Society," I can actually see why this story has a fanbase. I just can't see why it's so big. At all. It doesn't deserve all this. And I'll break down exactly why.

First off, the characters. Griffin himself just isn't a likable protagonist. He's a self-aware asshole who wins more battles than he has any right to. And tragedy in a backstory is acceptable when applied in moderation, but you just laid it on and kept building it up to the point where every mention of his past life became a chore to look at. None of his skills are plausible for a self-proclaimed wimp, especially not if the description of himself in the first chapter is how we're meant to see him. I would allow him a few things - maybe taking some self-defense classes once things got seriously out-of-hand - but the story throws new abilities his way every time he needs to survive something without a scratch.

Gilda and Trixie are by far the strongest characters in this entire thing, and I found myself genuinely enjoying them. You took a pair of two-dimensional characters from the show and gave them actual depth, gradually developing them as the story progressed. It doesn't show quite as much with Gilda, considering how little about her lifestyle she's needed to change since Griffin popped into her life, but I *loved* the background you gave her. And Trixie's already come a long way from the egocentric assclown she was in "Boast Busters," and she's a lot better for it.

But everyone else was unimportant and forgettable, and *DON'T GET ME STARTED AGAIN ON THE MANE SIX.*

The story is... I can't even think of what I want to say about it. It just seems like the setup to an episodic battle-of-the-week story, like *Power Rangers* or something similar. In and of itself, that doesn't seem that bad, but the end goal - total conquering of the outlaw world - is a tired one. I once again bring up *Digimon Xros Wars*, which was about Shoutmon's quest to become king of the Digital World. This looks almost exactly the same, right down to the opposing-armies thing. I'm calling it coincidence, of course, because *Xros Wars* wasn't the first to do the same damn thing either. It just had much better execution, and I gave half a shit about the main characters. ALL the main characters. And the pacing is just incoherent - there are some scenes that this story just clumsily blasts through, and others it drags out for far too long. It took until chapter eleven for them to actually really DO anything important to their nonsensical cause.

The setting, if nothing else in the story, is gorgeous. Regrettably few stories try to move outside of Equestria, and those that do only branch out to certain areas. You have a whole world mapped out, from Gem Fido to the griffons' Dominion to the jungles and badlands. And the unhappy relationship between the griffons and the

Diamond Dogs is by far one of the most interesting concepts the story hands out. My final point for now is the overall grammar. It's great for the most part, not distracting significantly from the story (for better or worse), but the handling of dialogue just... bugged me. The mistake that's made every time a character talks is one that should have been removed entirely from the equation by the end of grade school. On top of that, there are lengthy strings of conversation that don't identify who's talking, making some scenes difficult to understand.

So no, I didn't take a shine to the story. In fact, I have a deep disliking for it, one I really have no other clue how to convey with words. It has SO much potential, but most of it is ultimately wasted. BlackWing, you have a serious gift for world-building, and you've done an astounding job of adding depth to a pair of bit characters from the show. Everything else... needs work. In some cases, a LOT of work.

Unfortunately, there's a ban now on rewrites being posted as new stories, so that's not an option. I'm certain that's not what you want anyway, since you apparently have a grand adventure planned out that'll make this fic one of the longest the site will ever see. And no, I'm not asking you to go back and make twenty thousand ginormous changes that'll shatter the story as we know it. But it just doesn't feel like enough has been done here to meet the story's gargantuan potential. This could have been SO MUCH MORE.

At the end of it all, I don't have much desire to continue reading for the hell of it. Oh, Ring and I are gonna keep doing this, but if I were just casually reading the story, I'd have been turned off by the first chapter. Even if, somehow, I kept going and put up with all the flaws, I'd have dropped fucking everything and quit completely at chapter eight without ever looking back.

RingmasterJ5: And, next part, I can actually CONTRIBUTE to this thing, giving my real first impressions of what's to come. Should be interesting.

Fallen Prime: Probably not the GOOD kind of interesting.