

~~~~~Fallout Equestria: D.A.S.H. - Session 26~~~~~

Peace and Harmony Are Hard to Come By

**Bullseye:** "Well, so..." Bullseye looks around in the dark, "About getting out of here..."

**String:** "Out is good. Sort of like it down here, though..." String mumbles.

**Echo:** "We should probably wait for your wounds to get a bit better," Echo mumbles, and looks around for a way out.

**Overmare:** It's still pretty dark, and not even Echo can see more than the small circle of light illuminated from Bullseye's horn.

**Little Stripe:** "That sounds good and all, but-..." Stripe starts, inhaling sharply from a spike of pain from her still quite broken leg, "...this REALLY hurts, you know!"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye shows a sting of psychological pain at Stripe's apparent suffering. "Well, I can't do much more than try to ease your pain... I can carry you though, feather weight!" Bullseye smiles at her. "We just need to find a way to get out!"

**Little Stripe:** "That... sounds nice, actually," she replies with a thankful smile, and carefully climbs up on his back.

**Overmare:** One could easily say that that hurts. A lot. And then one would not even come close to lying.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe gives a pained shriek when she accidentally puts weight on her broken leg, and tumbles down into a heap in the ground.

"Hnn..!" she groans. "It... might be best if you lifted me up instead, Bullsie..."

**Bullseye:** "Oh no, hun, I'll levitate you up! I'm not too strong in my leg though. I'll just see if we can find a somewhere to go, and I'll get you up, okay?" He pokes her nose with his.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe smiles and caresses his cheek with a hoof. "Sounds good, dear."

**Echo:** "Or I could carry her," Echo says, still trying to make out some way out in the darkness.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe turns her head to the large pegasus mare. "Oh! Well... yeah, I guess," she says, trying not to sound too disappointed at the prospect of not being carried by Bullseye.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye sighs a bit of relief. He doesn't really mind having Stripe on top of him (NUDGE NUDGE WINK WINK), but he's not too fit at the moment.

"Perhaps that'd be better. Thank you, Echo!"

**Echo:** Echo starts walking out into the darkness, searching for a way out. "You're welcome."

**Overmare:** As long as she stays within Bullseye's aura, she can actually see. Outside of it, however... darkness.

**String:** String stays with Bullseye. Light is still better than darkness, in her metaphoric book.

**Echo:** Echo backs inside the lit area again.

**Little Stripe:** "Hey, light bulb! Get a move on!" Stripe exclaims playfully from her place on the ground.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye marches forward.

**String:** String follows Bullseye

**Little Stripe:** "Er... Echo? A lift, please?" Stripe asks from the ground.

**Echo:** Echo walks over to Stripe and carefully lifts her onto her own back.

**Overmare:** It works pretty well, and Stripe only feels a slight pain as Echo's feathers brushes over her broken leg.

**Echo:** "Hold on," she says to Stripe as she trots towards the others.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe grunts slightly from Echo's quite uncomfortable back.

**Overmare:** The rest of the room seems to be more or less empty, save for the one statue that's left, sitting in a corner. It looks a lot like a small colt, crawled up against the walls, a look of pure horror on its face. A great part of its chest seems to be missing, blood frozen in stone dripping from it.

It seems way more realistic than it should be.

**Echo:** "Okay... Creepy."

**String:** String looks at the statue, pretty indifferent. "It's a statue," she says with a shrug.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe slowly shakes her head. "No... Considering those other... things, I really don't think that's just a statue..."

**Echo:** Echo walks closer to it. "You think it's another one of those?"

**Little Stripe:** "Hey, keep your distance! Remember you've got a passenger!" Stripe says to Echo.

**Bullseye:** "Should we really approach it though?" Bullseye asks, concerned.

**Overmare:** It doesn't seem to move like the others did.

**Echo:** Echo stops. "Well, it's not moving, so it seems safe."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe deadpans at Echo. "Yeah. Because everything is exactly what it seems to be here."

"Maybe it's a copy of that weird colt... What was his name? Foxtrot?"

**String:** "That might be the colt himself," String says in an attempt to prove Stripe's point. "Considering how weird stuff's been around here..."

**Bullseye:** "Oh, perhaps..."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe's eyes widen in realization. "Fuck, you're right, String! What if that actually IS him, and the one we met was the copy?"

**Bullseye:** "This shit's cray cray." Bullseye summarizes before heading towards the colt.

**Little Stripe:** "Just be careful, Bullseye..."

**Overmare:** As Bullseye closes in on the colt, the light starts to shrink closer and closer to him. He can see more details of the statue, as if the light focuses and reflects the tear-formed details in the corner of its eyes, the reflection of another pony in its eyes and the inside of the pony that can be seen through the hole in the chest. As a doctor, Bullseye knows very well what once have been located where the hole now is.

**Bullseye:** "Uhm... Hello there little one? How are you... doing?" he asks meekly. Apparently, he's not doing too well.

**Overmare:** No. He's not doing well.

**String:** String thinks Bullseye is delirious if he has to ask that.

**Echo:** Echo walks closer to the statue.

**Overmare:** Nothing at all happens with the statue. It stands as still as... well, a statue.

**Little Stripe:** "So... do we just leave him... err... it?"

**Bullseye:** "I... Guess so." Bullseye turns around and starts walking in another direction.

**Overmare:** Going around the circular room leads the group to a flight of stairs! Whoop whoop!

**Bullseye:** "Whoop whoop, stairs!"

**Echo:** "You first, Bullseye."

**Bullseye:** "Prfft!" Bullseye retaliates, sticking out his tongue, before marching up the stairs.

**Little Stripe:** "Up we go, feather girl!" Stripe exclaims and presses her rear hooves to Echo's sides in an attempt to get her moving.

**String:** String slips past Stripe and Echo and follows Bullseye upwards.

**Echo:** Echo turns her head around to look at Stripe. "You do realize I can just tip you onto the ground, don't you?"

**Little Stripe:** "Well, you could do that, but... That would be mean."

**Echo:** "Well, so is calling names, isn't it?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe gives the big pegasus a quizzical look. "Well... yeah? What's that got to do with anything?"

**Echo:** "You called me 'feather girl' again..."

**Little Stripe:** "Yeah, but that's not name calling! That's just for fun!"

**Echo:** "Whatever you say, zebra." Echo starts walking up the stairs.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe takes a not-so-light bite to Echo's ear. "...Don't."

**Echo:** "Ow ow ow ow! Echo tries to shake her ear loose. Not the smartest thing to do..."

**Little Stripe:** Echo's shaking causes Stripe to slip off her, though she fortunately doesn't land on her broken leg. She does however let go of Echo's ear before it gets ripped from her skull. Mostly. There might be some blood.

**Echo:** "Gah!!!" Echo falls over from the pain coming from her ear.

**String:** String turns around and looks at the silly pony lumps in the stairs.

**Bullseye:** "What the hell are you two doing!?" Bullseye turns to see the commotion. "Ah! Echo! Don't drop her, she'll shatter!" Bullseye darts back down the stairs.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe rolls her eyes. "Sheesh, Bullsie. I'm not made of glass, you know. Ouch, though."

**Echo:** "She started it!" Echo whines.

**Little Stripe:** "I did not!" Stripe whines back.

**Echo:** "Did too!"

**Little Stripe:** "Did no-... Are we really doing this?"

**Echo:** "Uhm... I guess? Doing what, exactly?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe sighs, chuckling lightly. "Never mind... I'd really prefer if I wasn't lying on the floor anymore, though... Hint, hint."

**Echo:** "Yeah, yeah..." Echo gets up and pulls Stripe off the floor.

**Little Stripe:** "Thanks," she mumbles as she once again settles in on Echo's back.

**Echo:** "Just no name calling, okay? And don't touch the wings," she says, and starts walking up the stairs again.

**Little Stripe:** "It's not name calling! But... fine. What about the wings, anyway?"

**Echo:** "They are sensitive."

**Little Stripe:** "Oh? ...How sensitive~?"

**Echo:** "Very."

**Little Stripe:** "Huh..." This starts a quite disturbing train of thought in Stripe's head. Disregarding the joy in teasing Echo, Stripe is actually kind of curious about this. After all, pegasi anatomy isn't really something she knows. Yet.

"So... Sensitive as in... 'Ouch, that hurts', 'Hey, that tickles' or... yeah..."

**Echo:** "You don't have to know."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe giggles softly and playfully pokes Echo in the back of her head. "I'm sure I don't have to. But I'm curious!"

**Bullseye:** "Oh my, girl talk..." Bullseye stops in mid run, rolls his eyes, and heads back up the stairs.

**Echo:** "It doesn't hurt."

**Little Stripe:** "Ha! I knew it! While we're on the subject... is it true that pegasi get... wingboners?"

**Echo:** Echo turns her head and just stares at Stripe.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe innocently looks back at her, smirking slightly. "...What? Do you find the subject embarrassing?" she teases.

**Echo:** "Hmm... Should I tip you down on the other side this time?" A hint of red on Echo's cheeks can be seen, even in the bad light.

**Little Stripe:** "Hey, I'm just making conversation! No need to be all grumpy! Stripe's smirk is

even less inconspicuous than Echo's blush.

**Echo:** "I'm not grumpy!"

**Little Stripe:** "You are the grumpiest of grumps! Isn't she, String?" she calls out to the filly, disregarding the fact that she'd probably want nothing more than to disregard the two chattering mares.

**Echo:** "I'm not grumpy!" Echo tries to stare down Stripe.

**String:** String looks surprised at Stripe and Echo "I dunno, I haven't got any proper reference point..."

**Little Stripe:** "Well, now you do! She is most definitely a grump!"

**Echo:** "Want me to smack you?"

**String:** "Umm... I dunno..." String mumbles and makes sure to keep out of Echo's reach.

**Little Stripe:** "That's what a grump would do, Echo," Stripe states matter-of-factly, still smirking all over the place.

**Echo:** "Well, then I guess I am a grump." Echo raises her hoof slowly.

**Little Stripe:** Crap.

"Well... you're a nice pony too, so you wouldn't hit anypony just because of that, right?"

**Echo:** "Did I ever say that I was a good pony?" Echo asks thoughtfully.

**String:** "Umm... Bullseye to the rescue?" String semi-shouts at him.

**Little Stripe:** "I second that motion!" Stripe quickly agrees.

**Echo:** "Relax, I'm not gonna hit you." Echo lowers her hoof and starts walking again.

**Bullseye:** Bah!

**Little Stripe:** ...

Stripe pokes Echo's left wing.

**Echo:** "Oh you are so asking for it," Echo mutters under her breath.

**Bullseye:** "Girls, break it up! We have some important walking to do!"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe opens her mouth to retort, a smug smirk on her face, but halts herself at Bullseye's remark, and sighs. "Fine..."

Also, her leg really hurts.

**Bullseye:** Then don't piss off the pony carrying you.

Bullseye doesn't say that.

But he would have.

**String:** String doesn't say anything. She doesn't really know how to react anyways. As usual.

**Echo:** "No more poking or you walk, alright?"

**Little Stripe:** "Not that I CAN walk, but sure..."

**Echo:** "So no poking then."

**String:** String may or may not consider poking just to see what happens.

**Little Stripe:** "If it really is such a big deal, then... fine." Stripe sighs again, and goes quiet. In lack of something to occupy her mind, her broken leg makes itself heard through some very pesky nerves, screaming at her brain. Not too pleasant, to be honest. In order to at least have something other than the screaming nerves in her head, she starts quietly humming a song to herself.

**Overmare:** Reaching the end of the stairs, the group finds a door, perfectly fit into the wall in such a way a door should be to prevent ponies to pass it without opening it.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye opens the door. With his head.

**Overmare:** ...It's hard to open a door that swings inward with one's head. Especially while standing as Bullseye does on the stair case.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye knocks the handle open with the help of his forehead and horn.

**Overmare:** ...No

**Little Stripe:** "Bullsie, dear... I'm quite sure that's a perfect example of how to not open a door."

**Bullseye:** Bullseye sighs and then open the door with his magic. "Yes dear."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe smiles amusedly at him. "You awe us with your tremendous skills, oh horned one." Stripe is quite pleased with her current role as a back seat driver. She then peers into the possibly mystical things behind the door from her vantage point on Echo's back.

**Echo:** Echo waits for Bullseye to move.

**Overmare:** It seems to be a hallway. A clean hallway, cleaner than anything the group has seen since leaving the stable. A voice can be heard from further down the hallway, where a door

seems to open up to another room.

"You know, this game is quite boring. Too... organized."

**Little Stripe:** "Er... that's weird... Isn't it? Seems weird, I think."

**Echo:** "That something is clean, you mean?"

**Little Stripe:** "I dunno," Stripe honestly replies.

**String:** String steps past Bullseye, yet another perk of being small, and suspiciously eyes the wall. "Umm... I sort of had expected to come up at the same place we got down from..."

**Little Stripe:** "Either way, we can't stay here all day! I'll bleed out, or something! Well, not really, but still. Still hurts, though, I'll have you know."

**String:** "Onwards!" String proclaims and marches three steps forward before stopping again.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye cautiously walks into the corridor.

**Overmare:** The corridor stands perfectly still. Or, at least it seems to do so.

Further down to the left, a door leads out from what appears to be a house. Glass panels let sunlight through. Real sunlight!

From inside the house, the same voice can be heard again. "Yes, I know you like to play this game and... Urgh, fine, you win."

**Little Stripe:** "Who is that?" Stripe asks nopony in particular.

**Echo:** "Is that... sunlight?"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye is in awe by the sunlight. "Wow, the magic powering that lamp must be exhausting as heck!" he says to himself.

**Little Stripe:** "Whut? Sunlight? Really?" Stripe asks, excitement rising in her voice.

**Echo:** "Well, it looks like it, at least," she says, and walks towards the door.

**String:** String follows Echo toward the door.

**Little Stripe:** "This place is... weird. Doesn't look like what we've seen of the wasteland at all. Then again, we hadn't seen our own copies made of stone before, either..." Stripe quietly ponders.

**Overmare:** "What do you mean 'we have guests'?" The voice pauses for a moment before continuing again. "Of course I trust your ears!"



**Bullseye:** Now Bullseye reacts. "Wha-? Sunlight? But how..?"

**Little Stripe:** "Get a move on, Echo! Get that door open!"

**Echo:** Echo goes over to the door and tries to open it.

**Overmare:** "Hey, look! We actually have guests! How marvelous!" A snap of some kind is heard, and suddenly it seems like the entire hallway is mirrored. Instead of the doorway, the group now faces some kind of... creature.

"And four of them at that!"

**String:** String jumps a little as the thingy appears. "You can see this too, right?" she asks, hoping that she don't have to act night vision pony again.

**Echo:** "Y-yeah."

**Little Stripe:** "Wha-... what?" Stripe stares incredulously at the creature in front of them, not quite believing what she sees.

**Bullseye:** "Aw shit."

**String:** "That! Whatever it is!" String points for Stripe.

**Overmare:** The creature lowers its head until it's in eyelevel with String. "Why wouldn't they be able to see me?" He raises a claw and looks at it, twisting it in front of him. "I'm not invisible, am I?"

**String:** "N-no," String answers, taking a step back. "It's just that t-they couldn't see in the dark earlier..." She takes a few more steps backwards.

**Little Stripe:** "You stay away from her!" Stripe bursts out in sudden protective anger, pointing an accusing hoof at the creature. "String, get back here!"

**Echo:** Echo is staring at the creature, mouth hanging slightly open.

**Bullseye:** "You touch a strand of her mutated hair and you'll be more dead then a rat in a radiation chamber!" Bullseye threatens.

**String:** "Thanks da- Umm... Bulls'..." String mumbles and glares at him. She doesn't really like radiation chambers.

**Overmare:** The creature suddenly snaps its eyes up to look at Stripe instead. With a snap of his fingers, he disappears. "Oh, I'm not dangerous," he speaks up from behind you. "And I will not hurt her."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe instinctively tries to whirl around to face the creature, but that is not quite

the most effective move to make on somepony's back, so she instead almost falls off.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe slaps a hoof over the side of Echo's head. "Wake up, you fucking slowpoke!" she shouts at her.

**Echo:** "Hey, what did we say about the name calling, Stripe?" Echo focuses on the annoying mare on her back and tries to ignore the thing in front of her.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe sends her a are-you-seriously-doing-this-right-now glare, before snapping her eyes back at the creature.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye also does a one-eighty degree turn before being able to respond to String. "What are you?"

**Overmare:** "I could ask you the same." The creature smiles as he stretches back. "You're not from here. I've never seen a foal like that... not here. And you come in here, threatening me, when I'm doing nothing more than being the host of this evening!"

**Little Stripe:** "You-... what?" Stripe is confused. And angry. Okay, maybe the major part of that anger is fear, but still. And a little bit of panic.

**Overmare:** "You have taken all the trouble to come here and visit, so of course I'll have to invite you for dinner!" He snaps his fingers again, and suddenly they all find themselves seated around a table in what would appear to be a dining room. Various dishes, ranging from salads to bread and pies, are placed on the table.

However, they are not alone at the table. On the other side of the table, next to the strange creature, is a bunny seated, glaring hard at the creature and rapidly stomping a paw on the floor.

**Little Stripe:** Now certainly seems like an appropriate time for panic. "Whawhawhat the fuck did you just to?!" Stripe yells out, trying to look everywhere at once.

**Overmare:** "I invited you to dinner, of course!" He smiles apologetically at the bunny. "I'm very sorry, Angel, but I think we will have to play that match another day."

**Bullseye:** "You look so stressed. Are you late for something?" a quite traumatized Bullseye asks the rabbit.

**Overmare:** The bunny just looks at Bullseye before he sticks his tongue out at him.

**String:** "I'm not hungry," String states, mostly because she has no idea what to say, do, think or look. Or what colour her mane is. The last thing is entirely irrelevant for the situation but the thought did slide through her head.

**Echo:** Echo looks around the room, trying to take everything in at once.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe's breath starts shortening, her eyes widening and ears flicking to and fro. "Dinner?! DINNER?! What the fuck is going on?!"

**Overmare:** The creature rolls his eyes, clearly annoyed. "Why would you come here if not to visit? And I would be *such* a terrible host if I didn't even treat you to dinner, wouldn't I?" He takes a bit of bread and swallows the entire loaf whole. "Try the salad, it's delicious!"

**String:** "I'm not hungry," String proclaims bluntly once more and stares at the table.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe seriously wishes that she could faint right now and no longer have to deal with all this. The rest of her body doesn't seem to agree, though, and instead settles on trembling.

"I-... I don't..."

That seems like an intelligent enough answer at the moment.

**Overmare:** The creature blinks. "You... didn't come here to visit?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe takes a short, deep breath, trying to steady herself. She's not all that successful. "No! Where even is 'here'?!"

**String:** String nods violently at Stripe's question before turning to look at the thingy properly. She realizes that even if she saw it earlier she did not really look at him. "And who are you?" she asks.

**Overmare:** "Well, I call this place home. A bit to the north we have Horseshoe and to the west is Cloudsdale. Somewhere further to the south is Canterlot... You're not from here at all, are you?"

**Little Stripe:** "I... We... Horseshoe?" Stripe continues her streak of thoroughly thought-through thoughts. She at least seems a bit calmer now, since nothing has started shooting, kicking or radioactivating. It's a word.

"We were in Horseshoe before... before whatever this is..." she quietly murmurs, her voice quavering.

**Overmare:** "Sounds like me that you're quite far from home. Now, take something to eat and tell uncle Discord all about your problems." He looks at the bunny, who appears to be laughing. "What?"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye's ears perk up. "Discord? As in the spirit of chaos and... well, discord?" Bullseye's voice changes into something more relatable to awe. "The greatest prankster that ever lived in Equestria?"

**String:** "Discord? Who's that? Oh, wait, never mind..." String would probably blush if she had blood to blush with.

**Little Stripe:** At the same time, Stripe voices her reaction. "Discord? As in the evil turn-everything-into-cotton-candy chaos god?" She not-so-discreetly scoots away from him.

**Overmare:** "Busted." The spirit bows from where he sits, something that actually doesn't look as ridiculous as it sounds. "Although... I'm not allowed to make the cotton candy anymore. Apparently, that's dangerous for the weather control team." He harrumphs and crosses his arms over his chest. "Like it was MY fault that they decided to clear the sky!"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe just stares incredulously at him, getting more and more convinced that this is some weird-ass dream by the minute.

**Echo:** "How would cotton candy be dangerous for a weather control team?" Echo asks quietly.

**Bullseye:** "So? Why do you care? Aren't you supposed to be the demi-god of mischievous...ness?" Bullseye asks in a voice one would recognize from certain fan-colts of a blue and silver show pony.

**Overmare:** "It got stuck in their feathers. HILARIOUS too look at, but apparently Celestia didn't think so." He rolls his eyes, and suddenly starts to mimic the pony in question. "You can't do that anymore, Discord. You have a responsibility towards Equestria, and that's NOT to harm the weather control."

**Little Stripe:** "Celestia? You spoke with Celestia? Now I know I'm dreaming." Stripe never really believed in any of those old stories about mares in moons and shining sun goddesses. Sure, they were some good stories, but not much more.

**Bullseye:** "Why didn't you turn HER in to cotton candy?" Bullseye is very coltlike in his entire expression by now.

**Overmare:** He snorts. "And get turned into stone again? No thanks. It might not be fun like this, but it definitely beats being a statue! Besides..." He winks quickly and snaps with his talon. Suddenly a small, pink cloud floats in the air between you. "What she doesn't know won't hurt her, right?"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye squees like a filly and dives onto the cloud.

**Overmare:** The cloud is, obviously, not strong enough to carry him.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye's head smashes into the floor and takes zero damage. At this rate he would almost heal up achieving head injuries.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe gives an involuntary giggle at seeing Bullseye crash through the sticky cloud.

**Overmare:** The draconequus laughs at the sight. "See, that's fun! I don't understand what those feather brains complained about!" He wipes a crocodile tear from his eye. "Hilarious!"

**Bullseye:** A muffled 'huhuhu' can be heard from the floor as Bullseye's body bounces a bit in his fit of giggles.

**Overmare:** Discord turns towards Stripe again. "Now I know that you're not from around here. Where are you from?"

**Little Stripe:** "...Horseshoe. Sort of," she replies, feeling a lot more calm now when she's convinced that she's just dreaming.

**Overmare:** Discord rolls his eyes. "Sort of?"

The bunny looks very bored as he gnaws on a carrot and looks down at everypony.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, Bulls' and I are from a Stable in the area, but we've been walking around the place the last couple of days."

**Overmare:** "...Stable? You mean those hideous things that Stable-Tec is building in the area?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe raises an eyebrow. "...What do you mean with 'building'? I thought they were all wiped out two hundred years ago."

**Overmare:** "Oh dear..." He blinks and looks towards the hallway. "You... What happened before you got here?"

**Little Stripe:** "We... fought."

**Overmare:** "Before that?"

**String:** "We walked."

**Little Stripe:** "We were in some kind of weird cellar under a REALLY weird - and pretty cool - house. The floor down there was filled with these glowing ze-... unreadable symbols, and then we found some statues of us that started attacking us!"

**Overmare:** "...I wondered where I put those."

**Little Stripe:** "What. "Stripe fixates him with a harsh glare. "You made those?"

**Overmare:** "But, attacking? They would never do that. They were simply created to mirror others. A toy, nothing else."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe snorts in anger. "A TOY?! Mine broke my fucking leg before I could kill it!" she yells at him, motioning to her right foreleg.

**Overmare:** "They... shouldn't be able to do that. Did something else happen? A bright light? A mirror?"

**Little Stripe:** "Well, they did!"

**Overmare:** "They're harmless! So tell me, did you see something else that was... out of the ordinary strange down there?"

**Bullseye:** "There were those lines in the floor!" Bullseye waves an arm up at them from down on the floor.

**Little Stripe:** "Harmless?! I'd show you 'harmless' if they hadn't broken my damned leg!"

**Overmare:** "Urgh, settle down already, before I give you worse to care about than a broken leg. I think I know what happened. Someone's aggression was mirrored into them. They're delicate beings, and not meant to be exposed to violence of that degree."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe glares angrily at him before settling back down, grumbling to herself. "What, so you're saying WE made them attack us?"

**Overmare:** "Well, not precisely you. If what you say is true and the Stables were bombed... 200 years ago. You didn't happen to step through a portal or something down there?"

**Little Stripe:** "Well, there WAS some kind of creepy dome-like thingy before we met them..."

**Overmare:** "...My time and dimension in space portal! I wondered where I had put that. Or... is it will put? So hard to keep track on, really."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe takes this opportunity to stare wordlessly at him again.

**Echo:** Echo was way ahead of Stripe on that.

**Little Stripe:** Fair enough.

~~~~~ End of session ~~~~~