

## Legacy of the Pegasi

### Chapter 1: Memories and Warnings

Soarin' drifted aimlessly through the halls of the Wonderbolts headquarters in Cloudsdale, observing the various photos and pictures that adorned the walls. He had just finished up a particularly grueling day of aerial maneuvers at practice, and had decided to take his time and try to relax on his way out. He stressed the word try; the recent weeks had been harder than usual, and not in physical sense.

A light blue pegasus, Soarin' was a member and second in command of the Wonderbolts, Equestria's own stunt flying squad. Orphaned at a young age, he had latched onto the one thing that he loved, flying, and flew with it. His perseverance and determination put him at the top of his class in Flight School, furthering propelling him as he dominated the various flight tournaments and amateur stunt shows. Immediately thereafter he had joined Equestria's Pegasi Air Force, and applied to the Wonderbolts. Soarin' smirked. *That had been a good day*, he thought remembering his acceptance into the elite military flight team. He was the youngest member ever to join the group, something he still took pride in.

Exiting the compound, Soarin' found himself gazing out over Cloudsdale to the horizon. He was a Wonderbolt, a goal he had set for himself since his parents' death. A role model and well respected throughout Equestria. It had not been easy, but the reward had been worth it. And yet these attempts at self assurance did little to help. He sighed, seating himself on the edge of the cloud. "Why do I feel like something isn't right with me?" He said to no pony in particular. For weeks now he had felt uneasy and tense, expecting some great disaster to show up out of nowhere. Sleep had been difficult to come by, and thoughts of his parents' mysterious death kept coming to mind.

The light blue pegasi glanced off into the distance. Just outside the weather factory, a group of weather pegasi were preparing what appeared to be a massive storm. Black clouds rumbled as stray lightning bolts erupted throughout. Soarin' flinched at the sight, painful memories tugging at his mind. Images of his parents flashed before him. The three of them had been at a Wonderbolts show in Cloudsdale, Soarin' recalled, as he continued to drift into his memories, still staring at the billowing storm clouds.

*The cascading sound of cheers filled his ears. Thousands of pegasi were around them in the Cloudseum, eyes glued to the aerial display as the Wonderbolts twisted, weaved and criss-crossed across the stadium. A young, light blue colt was no exception.*

*"Look Dad, there they go! They're going into their final routine!" Soarin' heard his much younger self exclaim, as he jumped excitedly in his seat. He was practically there this time, an observer in his own memory.*

*"I see them son; they're really something aren't they? Maybe you'll be there someday!" His father, Wind Runner, yelled back over the crowd, drawing a wide grin from the young colt.*

*Soarin' smiled briefly at his father's comment, but it quickly faded. It had been such a good day. Why and how had it gone so wrong? He shuddered. He knew what was coming next. He had seen it many times before.*

*Soarin' turned forebodingly to his mother, dreading what was about to happen.*

*"Wind Runner?" Soarin's mother called out, an extremely worried look on her face as she stared off beyond the stadium to the horizon.*

*Soarin's father didn't immediately answer, still enthralled with display before him. "Watch carefully now Soarin'", he said, extending a hoof towards the Wonderbolts. "Cloud Burst and Firewing are about to pull off one of their best moves."*

*"Wind, please come look at this." Soarin's mother called again, her voice filled with worry.*

*"Hrm? What is it Starlight? What's the matter?" Soarin's father turned to his mother, his voice serious after seeing the worrisome looks from his wife.*

*Off in the distance, where his mother had indicated prior, was a collection of black storm clouds, hanging sinisterly off in the distance. Soarin' gave them a dreadful stare. The clouds were as black as coal, billowing and twisting violently in place, as if they were barely being restrained from a violent and uncontrolled outbreak. Though the rumblings could not yet be heard over the cheers of the crowd, small but vicious bolts of purple hued lightning jumped and even arced around the darkened mass. Worse still was the fact that there were no pegasi nearby; the monstrosity was acting of its own accord.*

*"I've never seen anything like it." Soarin's mother exclaimed to her husband, glancing worriedly over at the young colt, who was still too enthralled with the show to notice. "It's like the clouds from Everfree, but..."*

*"But we're no where near the forest," Soarin's father finished grimly. "And there wasn't supposed to a storm today; I gave the order myself."*

*"Then what are they? Where did they come from?"*

*"I don't know. Those clouds aren't from Cloudsdale, or from any factory I've ever seen." Soarin's father took a moment to focus on the distant sight. He visibly shivered as a chill ran up his spine. "I have a bad feeling about this. Those... cloud things, whatever they are, they aren't natural. We should-"*

*Wind Runner stopped mid-sentence, as a collective gasp arose from the cloud stadium. A deafening rumble had erupted in the distance, shaking the Cloudseum from the sound wave alone. The elder Soarin' stared bleakly at his family, as the audience turned toward source of the sound. However, the source was no longer a small collection of clouds on the horizon. Whatever restraint had been on the blackened clouds before ceased, allowing the mass to erupt, growing exponentially in size with every roll of thunder and bolt of lightning.*

*"We need to go! NOW!" Soarin's father yelled, doing his best to guide his family out of the stadium, as torrents of rain began to bombard them from all directions, the sky now a threatening mixture of darkness and evil red hues.*

*"MOM! DAD! What's happening!?" Soarin' watched his younger self struggle alongside his father,*

*fear and terror etched across his face. Massive bolts of lightning erupted from the storm, dancing ever closer to the stadium, lighting up the sky.*

*“Quick, climb on my back!” Soarin's father yelled over toward his son, kneeling down quickly. The gale force winds that enveloped the stadium whipped at his mane and drove the rain like tiny whips, lashing out from the storm.*

*The crowd began to panic, some pegasi taking to the sky, while others vainly attempted to pack through the stadium's exits. But escape would be difficult. The now massive thunderhead had not only reached the stadium, it had overtaken it, all in a matter of seconds.*

*“Wind Runner, it's too dangerous to fly!” Starlight called out to her husband, now screaming over the terrifying orchestra from the storm. The elder Soarin' recognized his mother's concern glancing above the Cloudseum. Fleeing pegasi in the sky found themselves in a perfect storm: a pegasi's living nightmare. The driving rain obscured vision, while the tornado force winds buffeted the airborne ponies like rag dolls. Those still in the stadium watched on in horror as pegasi were thrown to the earth below, others blasted by the arcing stream of lightning that seemed to imprison the stadium.*

*“We don't have a choice! This storm will tear the stadium apart!”*

*As if on cue, funnel clouds poured out from the tempest, striking at the massive pillars of the stadium. The Cloudseum began to pull apart, gaps forming within the seating, as the winds and funnels pulled at opposite ends of the cloud structure.*

*The three pegasi took to the sky, as Soarin' simply hovered in place, physically impervious to the calamity that he had seen many times before. He maintained a pained, but sullen stare, the worst was almost upon them. Upon him.*

*The younger Soarin' gripped around his father's neck, his face buried in his fathers mane. “Hold on!” Wind Runner called out to the young colt. “Starlight, dive! It's the quickest way out!”*

*The two parents dove at a near vertical angle, doing their best to dodge lightning strikes, pegasi, and the winds that threatened to end them.*

*It's about to happen, Soarin' thought. His father would reassure him that everything would be okay. At that very moment a vicious cross wind would take hold of Wind Runner, separating the two. A stray lightning bolt would quickly kill him. His mother would reach for him, only to have both wings incinerated by a pair of electric bolts. She would fall to her death.*

*“Soarin'!” His father called to his petrified younger self. The elder Soarin' winced, fighting back a tear. “We may be leaving you...”*

*Soarin's eyes shot open. That's not right, he thought to himself. He didn't say that!*

*“You have to be strong,” his father continued, as the pair plummeted towards the bottom of the stadium. Tears slowly drained from the elder Soarin's eyes, as he continued to hover in shock. It was as if he was hearing his father speak to him for the first time since his death, his voice clear and firm.*

*Soarin' felt the shockwave from a massive rumble of thunder behind him. He spun around in disbelief. Where did that come from? Before him, the storm was changing. While it still raged about the stadium, a massive funnel cloud began to form above the trio of escaping pegasi, arcs of lightning bouncing within.*

*"Soarin'."*

*The Wonderbolt snapped back to his father's suddenly serene voice. He found himself flying alongside his family. The three were still attempting to escape the storm. But something was different still.*

*His father looked directly at **him**.*

*Soarin' gasped, catching his breath in his throat. "D-Dad?" He let out weakly, choking on his words.*

*"You have to protect yourself..."*

*The funnel cloud above began to spin more violently.*

*"You have to be prepared, it's going to happen again, all of this..."*

*Above the storm seemed to roar in anger, letting loose a vicious barrage of thunder and lightning.*

*"You can stop it, we know you can." His father finished calmly. Both Wind Runner and Starlight gave their shocked son a weak, but proud smile.*

*"M-Mom, D-Dad, what, w-what are y-yo-" Soarin' could hardly speak, tears and years of forgotten pain pouring throughout his body.*

*Thunder, almost like an enraged scream, again erupted from above.*

*"We love you Soarin'." Both his parents smiled at him lovingly.*

*Fear, panic, and a harsh realization struck Soarin'. He quickly looked between his father and mother, desperation on his face.*

*"No. Dad, Mom, please you can't." Soarin' sputtered, realizing what was about to happen. "Don't go. Don't leave!"*

*The funnel cloud above exploded downward, a massive column of swirling wind and electricity. It engulfed them, tearing Soarin's parents from his sight.*

*"NO!" Soarin' screamed, pushing his wings as hard as he could, trying in vain to reach his parents. Suddenly, his energy began to leave him, his vision fading in and out. He heard the thunder and vaguely saw the erratic lightning strikes within the funnel cloud, and then suddenly nothing. He had been thrown out of the vortex, his small colt body limp as he fell backward. The last thing he saw was a rapidly dissipating storm, and the streak of a yellow and blue haze diving after him.*

Soarin' opened his eyes slowly. The storm clouds and weather pegasi were still there. He was still sitting on the cloud, as if only a moment had passed. He felt exhausted, both physically and mentally.

*What*, Soarin raised a hoof to his eye, trying to stem the tears that still flowed, *was that?* He had never had a dream like that. The change in the storm and... his parents. A sharp pang struck the Wonderbolt. They had spoken to him. Soarin' did his best to swallow back fresh tears, but a few still escaped.

It had been years since the Twin Storms, a pair of otherworldly thunderstorms that had descended upon Cloudsdale out of nowhere. Learned ponies and scholars had called it an unexplainable phenomena, unlikely to ever occur again. And yet his memory, *or whatever that was*, Soarin' wasn't sure, told him that it was going to happen again, and that he could stop it. It was too real to ignore, but Soarin' didn't really have much of a place to start. *It had all been so vague. What did you mean Dad?* Soarin' thought wistfully, glancing out again to the now storm-less horizon.

After a moment he sighed. "Ah buck. Maybe I'm just crazy."

"Well, I know I've said it before, but you really shouldn't take those kinds of things to heart Soar."

Soarin's ears perked at the distinctly feminine voice behind him. He rose slowly and turned to meet his Captain and best friend in the world, Spitfire.

"Hey Sp-" Soarin' started, before the mare cut him off.

"Woah, hang on a sec. Soarin' are you alright? You look like you've been... crying?" Spitfire gave the stallion a somewhat quizzical and concerned look. She knew Soarin' better than anyone, and it took a lot to bring him to tears. *Unless...*

Soarin' shuffled in place awkwardly, not really sure how to respond. "I uh, I was uh, thinking about..."

"Your parents?" Spitfire guessed, a knowing tone in her voice.

Soarin' sighed. "Yeah. Just a weird, dream, day-mare thing. Nothing to worry about." *Cause I sure as hell don't know what to do about it*, he added mentally.

Spitfire trotted lightly over to him, placing a foreleg on his back. "Are you sure? Do you want to talk about it?"

Soarin' smiled, feeling better at that moment than he had all day. He could always rely on Spitfire. "Nah, I'll be okay."

Spitfire stared at Soarin, not entirely believing him.

Soarin' faltered. "Okay fine. If its still bugging me, I'll talk to you about. Promise." The stallion looked over to his friend hopefully.

Spitfire smiled. "Good. Can't have you distracted with our next show coming up."

Soarin' grunted. A show would be good. A good ol' adrenaline rush Wonderbolt style would clear his head. "Sounds like a plan. Where are we headed?"

Spitfire spread her wings and gently alighted into the air, Soarin' following alongside her. "Well, I figured since we've been through all the major cities lately, a change of pace would be good. Our next show is in Ponyville."