

# Through The Eyes Of Another Pony

## Chapter Three: Return of the Chapter



Author's Note: Props to Ice Storm for images per chapter! :D THIS PHONE IS LYING TO ME!

Author's Note: If you notice, while the writing style is mostly the same, there are perspective differences in each chapter. This is intentional, mostly to see what reactions are invoked from readers and what gives me the most to work with without taking away from the story.

Also, thank you for the overwhelmingly large response on proofreaders and artists. I didn't respond to everyone (there were quite a few) so if you didn't get an email from me, please don't take it the wrong way, I simply took what I needed and no more. :)

"I don't suppose this can wait?" I asked hopefully. That was the incorrect answer, if you could believe that.

And it all went downhill from there. I kid you not, my anxiety was hitting levels that my dad and his belt couldn't have brought out of a younger me in a million years. Regardless, remember those two plus hours I spent with Twilight Sparkle talking about humans and stuff? Yeah, it was like that, only I was looking at the business end of Celestia's horn the entire time. She was careful at least, avoiding the rough stuff as I had done earlier. I don't think she knew what to think of everything I said about technology, but she reasoned out that there had to be a structure that we built our lives around and technology was a pretty solid foundation to work off of. I was able to keep the subjects relatively tame for a very long time. Much longer than I thought I could, to be honest, thanks to her mercy but alas... Such a luxury did not last.

It was then she pulled off the soft-knit socks (they don't have gloves, don't forget) and decided

to slice into some of the juicier details. I can't remember exactly how we got to the subject itself, but I believe it was something about order and stability enforced by men and women with badges and uniforms, which led to lawbreakers, which led to jails, which piqued her interest a lot more than I would have expected. Sweet Celestia, please have mercy, on me. No, really. I'm begging here.

"So this jail you speak of... It's where one is put when they do not obey the law of your land, correct?" Celestia started, watching the 'Aw-Shit' look wash over my face like a bucket of cold water, "But not just any crime. More serious ones."

I gulped. You've no idea how much I needed a cigarette all of a sudden. I had just HAD one, too! I glanced at the other ponies. I guess my less-than-cool composure did not reassure anything about me to them because they certainly weren't jumping in to save me! In all fairness, I would have been curious as hell, too. Problem was, I was convinced she was going to ask me the details on how to get sent to jail. You know. Murder. Theft. Extortion. A few examples among many many others, none any nicer. And she was going to ask me in front of all the innocent ponies! That, Daisy, is something to grab your face and scream about.

I could see it already. Rainbow Dash becomes a pimp and starts the red light district on the south side of Ponyville. Twilight becomes the kingpin and organizes ponies into structured crime, employing Pinkie Pie as her chief drug dealer and a scary one at that. Rarity loses her shop to Twilight when she can't pay protection costs, so she becomes a strip dancer at Applejack's new bar and Fluttershy, devastated by everypony's fall from grace, would become a regular patron and alcoholic. I'm not sure what it says about me that I was able to think all that up in mere moments, but I'm rather certain it doesn't say anything good.

"Now, keep in mind my nameless little pony," she murmured, her eyes cutting right into mine. It was like Pinkie Pie all over again, only I was pretty sure it was going to be much worse if I gave the wrong answer, "If you lie to me, I will know it."

Let me sum up my oh so profound musings at the moment: Fffffffffffffuuuuuuuuuu...

"Have you ever done anything to be placed in one of these jails?" she asked, her entire body tensing for the possibility of action.

And I nearly fainted with relief. I inhaled deeply as the tingling sensation of safety suddenly fluttered about all over me. You put that in a cigarette, and you'll be a millionaire in no time.

"No, Princess," I said with a grateful smile, "The few laws I broke were either accidental or extremely minor misdeeds called misdemeanors. I've never hurt anyone or anything without just cause and I certainly don't want to see anypony here harmed. You've no idea just how much it would hurt me to see that happen."

Celestia stared at me through that one revealed eye of hers for several seconds. Just as I started to have another internal panic attack, though, she smiled quite warmly, sending me back into relief euphoria.

“I’m glad to hear it,” she said with a smile, “Now, about your name...”

“HOORAY! IT’S TIME TO NAME NO-NAME!” Pinkie Pie launched herself at least eight feet in the air. Apparently, she was waiting for this part with abated breath. Not sure why. Was it really that important?

Applejack suddenly blushed, looking quite embarrassed, “Ya’ll mean No-Name ain’t his real name? An’ here I thought he just had a coupl’a weird folks!”

You’ve no idea, AJ. You just don’t. My parents have... ... No. I’m not going to start that rant. We’ll be here all day and even if you’re not on a time budget, I’ve got things to do.

Spike interrupted it all by bringing out a new load of Lo Mien, passing out a bowl to each of us. Now let me be the first to clear the air. Spike’s done some dumb things in his life, which we can all say is true about each of us. Stupid, however, is not a trait you can attach to him. He saw me cook this stuff once. And I didn’t stop to explain anything to him, he just watched as best he could. On his own, he recreated the recipe and the quality made mine look like Burger King sitting next to a four-star formal attire dine-in.

“Spike, this is new!” Celestia exclaimed, giving the food an odd look, as did everypony else until they noticed me and Twilight tear into it like a couple of ravenous barbarians, “W... What is it?”

“Lo Mien,” he said with a shrug. Spike is rather dry when he’s in his work mode, I noticed, “The nameless wonder there showed me how to make it. Alien or not, he’s given me that.”

“It looks like worms!” Applejack declared with a queasy look upon her face, “Ah mean, Ah know they ain’t but... Ugh.”

“Oh, so they’re NOT worms!” Pinkie was suddenly overcome with relief and immediately shoved her face into her own bowl. That was the last I saw of her serving, because her head didn’t come out until it was gone. I mean that dish was clean enough to put back up by the time she was finished with it.

Celestia finally gave it a try and was instantly hooked. Oh yeah. Spike’s the man, and I was man by proxy. That’s what I keep telling everyone. We made pointless small talk for the next hour or so, my name having been completely forgotten about again (For those of you on the edge of your seats, yes, I did eventually get one. Chill.). It was kinda surreal actually, once I began to think about it. We had faced a pretty intense and potentially life-changing situation back there, but they were either that naive or were just troopers and weren’t letting it get to

them. Honestly, I couldn't tell, but their comfort levels increased my comfort levels like some card game multiplier so I was pretty okay about the whole thing. Maybe this kinda stuff happened all the time and Hasbro was just missing all the good stuff, I wondered.

Then I started wondering if this was all being recorded by Hasbro which sent me into an internal paranoia fit. What if my boss saw me ponying it up in Equestria and fired me for not showing up for work?! ... Yeah, I was getting way ahead of myself, to be sure. As was a policy in my life, I decided to let it go and play it by ear.

Worst case scenario #1: I go back home and enjoy my relatively simple and generally enjoyable life.

Worst case scenario #2: I'm stuck in Ponyville. (I mean... THE HORROR, right?)

"I'm breaking for a smoke," I announced as I took to Twilight's balcony, letting them all chat it up as I got some fresh air. When I stepped out, I was met with a night sky and a flankload of confusion. I pulled out my smart phone to check the time.

*8:32 pm*

Now, I don't want anyone to believe I'm crazy and think I argue with inanimate objects all the time but my first reaction was 'NO, IT'S NOT!' I hadn't even been here for eight, much less nearly fourteen hours! And my battery was full! And I had five bars of Internet signal! Why I had Internet, I'll never know. Equestria was blowing my mind on levels that I didn't think were even remotely shakable. Eventually, I ended up blaming Pinkie Pie for it and moved on.

I shook my head in disbelief, put away the phone, and snagged a cigarette before pausing, a thought having occurred to me. I pulled the box out and was struck with absolute JOY when I opened it up to see it was still full sans one cigarette. I think I heard a chorus of angelic pegasi. Magical cartoon world had advantages, everyone. Big ones. Never ending box of smokes. That's huge, for all you non smokers. You just don't know. You just don't. I smiled as the cigarette lit itself and leaned onto the railing a bit, relaxing for the first time in the entire day. Confound these ponies! They drive me to exhaustion!

"How about some company," I heard Celestia's voice behind me. I didn't bother shutting the door so I had not heard her approach. It wasn't like I was wasting AC, right?

"Sure," I consented, not bothering to look back, "Maybe you can help sort a few things out."

"I would be happy to try," she responded softly.

She just came out and stood there by me. I started to speak, but I found that I just didn't know where to start. Thankfully, she understood. I mean, how often do you find yourself dropped

amongst your favorite fantasy idols, dramatically altered in form, and thrust into an adventure all in one the same morning? If you say more than once in a lifetime, I envy you. Because all things considered, this was *still* better than getting a personal shout out in the second season!

“What’s wrong?” her voice was full of concern. Motherly, even. Like Mother Teresa, only much more magical. And cool. In fact, I’m pretty sure pony makes everything cooler. And you know exactly just how much cooler, too.

“I’m just trying to think of where I can start,” I admitted, shaking my head with a sigh. The list of questions wasn’t long but each one was of equal importance.

What was the Nightmare?

How did it know I was human?

Why did it think it knew me?

What brought me here and why?

Was I endangering the ponies by being here?

Why do I have fire related powers?

Where the hell were Rarity and Fluttershy? ( Like I said. Equal importance.)

“You’re troubled,” she stated. She didn’t ask. She could tell. I’d say that was creepy, but I’m fairly certain you learn to pick up on damn near everything after the seventh century or so. Or not? Hell, I’m not immortal, I’m just guessing. How many immortals do you know? Yeah. Shut up.

“Eeeyup,” I confirmed, channeling my inner Big Macintosh before taking a long drag off my cigarette and letting it out with a sigh.

“The Nightmare?” she pried just a bit, taking the liberty of blowing the smoke away with a flap of her wings. Smoker’s code 101: Go where people aren’t if you’re going to smoke, especially if they ask. If they follow you as you smoke, they lose all rights to whine about it. Except Rarity. Rarity is allowed to whine, as she has made an art of it and it’s a thing of beauty to witness.

“Among other things, but yeah. That’s one of the bigger ones,” I answered, staring up at the moon with a pony shaped landscape. I’m fairly certain we need to find a way to get a pony’s head on our moon. I was pretty jealous of the Equestrian one and the only answer is Lunar terraforming (Or landscaping. Whichever. Not picky.) one onto ours. So whoever might have the influence into getting that underway, I would appreciate it.

“Tell me about it,” she said softly, casting a quick spell to create a breeze that sent my smoke downwind of her. Clever alicorn is quite clever.

“Well, it’s just... I don’t know where to start, Celestia,” I huffed as the soft wind picked up my mane and gently let it list to and fro. Wind in my hair was always a great feeling for me and this

helped me to become strangely at ease with confiding in the royal pony, "I mean, I don't come from a world like this one. I come from, what I feel I can reasonably call, a balanced world. There's a lot of good, a lot of evil, and a lot of stuff in the grey area. But not here. It's all clear cut here. It's so surreal, it goes entirely against everything I know. Not to mention the very science of everything! I've been here less than twelve hours and it's gone from dawn to late in the evening. So after the entire day, I'm still not certain that I'm not having just a crazy dream. Don't pinch me, by the way."

"It's not to your liking," she deduced from my attitude.

"No," I shook my head, taking a quick puff before continuing, "I love it. It's amazing. I feel like Fluttershy when she first met the forest critters. It's blown my mind. I mean, I didn't have a terrible life back home, but being here is just cool. Do you know how many people would commit atrocities just to be in my place right now? Well, probably not many actually, but they'd go as far as their consciences would let them, no doubt! Hell, I'd fight for this opportunity!"

"But... Why?" she was genuinely confused. I don't think I was reassuring her at all. Hey, she asked (No, she didn't.). I was just being honest, right?

"It's... hard to explain," I said with a sigh, "I could try and elaborate for hours and it still wouldn't make any sense, most likely. Suffice it to say, Equestria may not know of Earth but that's not the case, the other way around. And a lot of humans ADORE the ponies of this world. But also, a lot of humans don't."

"Your race must be very exploratory to have breached such a gap between our worlds on such an account," she mused mirthfully, smiling at me like a mother would at someone else's cute child. That was a welcome change, actually. Tired of ponies looking at me like I had a third, independently-roaming eye.

"I'm pretty sure my being here had nothing to do with humanity," I confessed with a laugh. That was the last thing Equestria needed. Not saying humans were evil, but I don't think a non-brony could have brought anything to the table for Ponyville, "I'm pretty certain it was something here, Princess. I just don't know what."

"Would you like to ask any questions?" Celestia offered politely, tilting her head with a smirk.

I had to stop myself from asking if there were there any pony-physics professors accepting students, but figured it would only kill my already suffering mind. After a moment of reflection, I nodded at one that I felt needed to be addressed.

"Sure, what do you know about the Nightmare?" I lazily put one leg up on the railing and braced it up to allow me to lay my chin on my hoof as I turned to face her.

“Not much,” she admitted, killing my hopes with a two-word combo.

“Oh,” I said with a bit of a frown, taking another drag off my cigarette since it was already there, “Well, worth a try.”

“But I know someone who does,” she said in a matter of fact tone. I blinked, not understanding at first. Just as I asked, she nodded her head out at the sky. Still not fully caught up, I took her lead and looked back out at the sky before getting a rush of DUH in my face.

The moon. Princess Luna. She had spent a thousand years with the Nightmare. She would know it best, naturally. I mean, I don’t know about you, but I’ve not even known my sister for twenty years and I can read her like an open book. And that’s including us not even sharing the same body (Thank god!).

“Princess Celestia,” I started, biting down on my cigarette somewhat before letting a determined smirk creep along my face, “You are a genius.”

“Oh, I’m sure you would have figured it out on your own,” she replied, shrugging her wings modestly, “Luna should be waking up any moment now, so we can leave as soon as you like.”

I’m a grown man, but I’m not above puppy-dog-eyes pouting over certain things. My Little Pony is one of those things. Pride doth not cometh beforeth the pony. So pout I did, which had a remarkably shocking effect on Celestia. Note to self: Celestia does not like to see unhappy ponies, even if they’re humans deep down.

“I’ll be able to come back to Ponyville, right?” I asked, fearful I might be stuck in Canterlot for a while. I didn’t have a mirror, but I’m pretty sure my eyes were as big as saucer plates. Any more moisture and the tears would have been rolling, no doubt.

“Of course!” she reassured me with a laugh, which sent me back into relief land, where naught but the most comforting feelings roam.

“Then let’s motor!” I declared, flicking my cigarette with a grin. I paused. I looked back over the balcony, looked back at my ~~hand~~ hoof (that is so hard to remember not to do), and resisted the need to bite something for letting reality mess with my brain yet again. How I flicked that cigarette without fingers, I’m not sure, but it was definitely a flick. I caught sight of it spinning off into the distance just before it hit the ground. I was forming the suspicion that Equestria as a whole was just screwing with me by that point.

“Motor?” Celestia asked, arcing her unhidden eyebrow. Right. Ponies don’t have cars. Except for that one Applejack toy with the Twilight cardboard cutout in the back (that still blows my mind when I think about it. I mean, what the hell does one need a Twilight Sparkle cardboard cutout for, anyway?). I’m pretty sure that doesn’t count, though.



“Never mind,” I waved her off, replacing it with something more appropriate, “Let’s make tracks.”

I hopped back down to the ground floor, genuinely excited to get some light shed onto my situation. I’m pretty sure Sun Tzu didn’t mention anything about ponies in his Art of War, but he did say that knowing one’s enemy and knowing one’s self would pretty much assure victory for Equestria. I may have taken a few liberties, there. Either way, I wanted to be as ready as possible for that stupid cloud and this would help me get there.

“Hey guys, I’m going to Canterlot tonight, but I’ll be back!” I exclaimed as I rushed back out to the center room of the Library.

“Shhhh~!!!”

Everypony looked back at me with a shush from their respective benches. Almost everypony, that was. Rainbow Dash waved at me from her perch on one of Twilight’s empty shelves before lazily pointing at Applejack, who was already out like a light. She was greedily taking up an entire bench, lounging on it upside down. She was snoozing peacefully with one of her legs occasionally kicking at what I can assume was a non-existent apple tree. You know, like a dog does sometimes? Only dogs wish they were that cute. Because they aren’t. Not even close. Even recalling this causes me to seize up with just how adorable that was (HHHNNNNNGG!). After resisting the cardiac arrest of cute and the diabetic shock of sweet, I toned it down a tad, wiping the sweat off my brow. You may think I’m exaggerating, but I nearly died then and not a single pony would have understood.

“So, Canterlot,” I repeated, keeping it down with a smile.

“What for?” Twilight asked as Pinkie Pie decided to get up and slowly sneak over to Applejack.

“We’re going to talk to Princess Luna about the Nightmare,” I informed her as Celestia caught up, “We figure she’ll know a few things.”

“Not a bad idea,” Twilight said with a nod, her face turning to one of horror as she caught Pinkie Pie out the corner of her eye, “Pinkamena Diane Pie!”

I looked over to see Pinkie Pie holding a paint brush in one hoof, a painting palette in the other, a beret on her head, and a thick curled faux-moustache on her snout. She looked back at us with a happy grin, jerking her tail back and forth in anticipation. I wouldn’t have stopped her but that was just me. I was too curious to see what she was going to paint onto AJ’s poor sleeping form. Twilight, however, was the mom of the group and took control with an iron hoof! Pinkie shenanigans would not be tolerated!

“You put that down and let AJ sleep!” she commanded through her teeth, to which Pinkie’s ears

drooped unrealistically low.

“I’d offer for you to come with, Twilight, but uh,” I nodded at Pinkie with a smirk, “Somepony obviously can’t be left alone without supervision.”

“Don’t worry about it,” she replied with a shrug (to clear the air, it takes a certain kind of head movement to convey a shrug without hefting one’s hooves off the ground. As weird as this might sound, that likely sated the curiosity of many a bronny!), “I’m happy to stay here.”

“You go on if you want, Twilight,” Rainbow Dash said as she floated down off one of Twilight’s shelves, smirking softly, “Me and Spike can keep the Pink Menace under control.”

I snorted at the incredulity of that remark. Fat chance, Dashy. I glanced over to see Pinkie yawn loudly before smiling over at us like a maniac. I think she was trying to act innocent. I also think she failed to sell it!

“You don’t think I can?” Rainbow Dash gave me a challenging smirk.

“One day, maybe,” I replied with a soft raspberry, (Hee! I raspberry’d Rainbow Dash!) “When you can manage to actually outrun her.”

She didn’t think that was very funny. I did. That’s what mattered, deep down.

“No, really, I’m fine,” Twilight insisted, interrupting the upcoming argument, “I actually want to stay and study that crater to learn anything I can from it.”

“We shouldn’t be long,” Celestia pointed out, “A day or so. Perhaps not even that.”

“What about No-Name’s name!?” Pinkie suddenly remembered, not pleased with the idea that it would be put on hold, “We were going to make a game out of it!”

“Tough Kitty Toenails, Pinkie. We’ll hash it out next time. Promise,” I swore with an encouraging smile.

“But... But...” she protested softly out of consideration to Applejack before rearing up on her back legs to flail her hooves about, emphasizing her frustration. I had to look away. Ponies were packing excessive amounts of adorable into a single quarter hour and I’m not sure how much more I could have handled, but I got the impression it was smaller than a bread box.

“Don’t worry about it, Pinkie,” Rainbow Dash reassured her with a wink, “The Princess won’t name him. We’ll be fine.”

“Okey Dokey Lokey,” she responded, particularly deflated at the moment. I chuckled and gave

her a hug, which seemed to help improve her mood considerably. I'm not going to bother explaining how pony hugs work. It wasn't like that spinning trick Pinkie and Twi did in that one episode, and it'll just sound awkward if I try to explain it. Just accept the fact that it was a hug and move on.

"I take it you're leaving right away, Princess?" Twilight asked Celestia as I disengaged from Hug Pony Maneuver #2.

"As soon as he's ready," she confirmed with a nod, "Do you want to give me your friendship report before you leave?"

I'm not sure where I found a quill, ink, and paper so quickly, but I did. I kinda blocked out everything but the event that was about to take place. I set them down by Twilight.

"Please, write it out," I was in PERFECT control of my voice, if you could believe that. It wasn't even remotely easy, but I managed it, "I'd like to keep a copy."

You could have run a nuclear power generator's current through me and it wouldn't have excited me even half as much. I think I began to hyperventilate a tad once she picked up the quill with a smile because for the umpteenth time, everypony started to stare at me like I was crazy. And I was. Crazy with joy. It kinda left me numb all over as I focused every single sense of mine on Twilight and that damn quill.

"And... And read it aloud," I think my voice was a whisper.

Twilight's expression told me she was doubting my mental health. That didn't matter to me at the time, just as long as she began to write and enunciate that friendship report.

~~No, I'm not going to write it out for you. It's mine. If you want one you can go get your own!~~  
~~THIS FRIENDSHIP REPORT IS SPECIAL! IT'S MINE YOU D~~

Due to the interference of a certain annoying pony, I've been pressured into giving you that which belongs solely to me. Your gratitude had best be unending. I will know if it isn't.

*Dear Princess Celestia,*

*Today I learned that there's always more to a pony than meets the eyes. Even knowing that, though, one shouldn't hold their secrets against them. Suspicious though it may seem, assuming the worst is a quick way to a bad start. I was treated with the opportunity to meet the strangest pony ever and even though his eerie knowledge, as well as the lack thereof, about many things set me off guard at*

*first, I can honestly say that he's already left his mark,*

*If I had done as many ponies had soon after and suspected him of being the cause of a frightening event in our town, I would not have had the chance to let him enrich my life the way he did in only a single day. Not to mention I might have lost one of my best friends, and thankfully, I don't have to know what that is like.*

*All in all, I can safely say that everypony deserves that first chance and likely more than that! I can also say with complete certainty that, even though we've yet to name him, I'll never forget him. I can only hope that everypony else is able to benefit from ponies such as him as well.*

*Your faithful student,  
Twilight Sparkle*

*P.S. Please tell him to stop shaking like that, I'm about to bust out laughing at him.*

I may or may not have been trembling like a little kid watching his favorite scene in his favorite movie. We'll never know for sure, I guess. I also might have been curled up listening to it like a bedtime story. Mysteries that will never be solved, no doubt. I will admit to manly tears, though. Because that's exactly what they were. You couldn't have refined the manliness out of them because that's what they were composed of in their entirety!

"No-Name," I heard Celestia say with a chuckle, "Stop shaking like that, please."

I just want everyone/pony to know, I did try to stop my hypothetical shaking that we'll never know really happened or not, but it would seem I had theoretically failed.

"You can have the original if it makes you happy?" Twilight offered, rolling it up with her unicorn magic and floating it my way. I got those silver sparkling stars around the edge of my vision. For those of you that don't know what those are, those are an early warning sign of losing consciousness.

"No-Name really liked your Friendship Report, Twilight!" Pinkie Pie pointed out yet another damned metaphorical elephant in the room.

"A little too much if you ask me," Rainbow Dash whispered with a laugh. I had almost forgotten why everypony was being so quiet. Adorable Applejack.

In all honesty, folks, I was just glad they weren't asking why I was making such a huge deal out of it. That would have been difficult to explain. Like, why-are-you-in-my-backyard-watching-me-change-clothes difficult. I gently reached out and took it with my mouth before stashing it away in the nothing. I immediately pulled it back out to make sure I could take it out whenever I wanted. I swallowed with quite possibly the biggest grin in my life, only to have it challenged when the ~~goodbyes~~ see-you-laters came next.

"T-Thank you," I said, getting back to my hooves, a tad shakily, "Sorry, that was just awesome. I need a cigarette."

"On our way," Celestia offered as I smiled up at her, "Say farewell to No-Name, everypony. And think of a name while we're gone, if you don't mind. If we don't get him one soon, we're going to get stuck thinking of him that way!"

"See ya, No-Name!" Pinkie enthusiastically bonked her head right into mine. Yeah. It hurt. Not her. Just me. I saw cartoon stars, which annoyed me, actually. I didn't need some frigg'n stars to let me know that my head hurt like it had just been smacked with a waffle iron!

As I recovered, I turned to see Rainbow Dash smiling at me with an upraised hoof and a smirk, "Don't take too long, No-Name."

I brohoof'd Dashy (SO AWESOME!). Yeah. That was epic. I'll spare you the details, I'll just say that if my smile had gotten any larger, the top of my head would have fallen off. It earned me a whole new set of crazy stares, but I was finally starting to learn to ignore those.

"Take care, Stranger," Twilight said with a smirk, "And good luck. Try and see if you can't talk Princess Luna into visiting some time."

I gave a hoof salute with a nod as I turned to Celestia.

"I've been trying for quite some time but she's quite the recluse," her sigh was actually not something I'm used to hearing from her. She's always the smart, optimistic and benevolent ruler that always sees the best in every situation, you know? Totally made me forget about my cigarette.

"Well, if anyone can shake things up for her, it's an alien pony with a tendency to lose his mind over anything!" Rainbow Dash said with a laugh, hoofing me in the shoulder hard enough to leave a bruise. What was it with Equestria and bludgeoning me at every turn?!

"Ow," I replied, rubbing the spot with a whine, "Quick, Celestia. Let's escape before the friendship gets truly dangerous. It's already started to directly assault me."

With that, we said the last of our goodbyes and slipped out. It would be a lie if I were to say I

wasn't already missing them four steps from the door. It was kinda painful knowing deep down I might be leaving for my home any point in the future, but at the same time, I wasn't going to let that spoil my time with the ponies.

Just before I could ask about how I was going to fly to Canterlot, Celestia cast a spell to summon her amazing Sky-Carriage of awesome. I didn't even wait for her say so, I just hopped onto it and did a small spin, ready to get this show on the road. Sky. Whatever. She gave me a smile to let me know I was still on the endearing side of ridiculous and not annoying (yet).

As we flew, I found myself thinking about Twilight's Friendship Report. She was so trusting of me, having not known me for an entire day even. What was said in the report was true, but at the same time, I found myself asking just how often did I not give someone that second and first chance. I know I always felt justified not giving away my trust so easily, but if I had met me instead of Twilight at the Library, the me that arrived would have been having a much rougher time.

The wind began to pick up my mane as the Sky-Carriage accelerated, which caused me to zone out somewhat and slowly push my concentration off the subject. I forced my mind to stop wandering randomly and focused on the fact that everypony (Or the ones that mattered anyway) was so trusting of me. Surely they had more reasons to not be so indulging, did they not? I decided to inquire, rather than keep silent about it.

"Celestia," I murmured for her attention, which she readily gave with a yawn. My guess was she wasn't used to staying up so late. Then again, if the days were less than twenty hours like they seemed to be, that made perfect sense.

"Yes?" she replied with a smile, tiredly looking my way.

"Ponies are so giving and kind," I said, narrowing my eyes, "Everyone I met today was enough to affect my life by themselves. Having met and been around them all, though... I just don't see how you could come to trust me so freely. I mean, I could have been a carnivorous beast that had the magic to disguise itself as a pony!"

"Indeed, you might have been," Celestia said with a smile, obviously not taking the idea very seriously.

"So why did you trust me?" I asked.

"Because Twilight trusted you," she answered simply, shrugging her wings. That just wasn't fair! Not even slightly fair!

"Why did Twilight trust me?" I pressed, too curious.

“My little pony, do you think Twilight foolish?” she asked, smirking at me as though I were a child.

“Well... No?” I really didn’t. I wouldn’t have gone to her if I thought she was, obviously!

“Do you trust her judgement?” she was asking as though she already knew the answer. And she did. Fffffppt~! Know-it-all.

“I... I guess so?” Yeah, I knew where this was going.

“Does that answer your question?” she said with quite possibly the smuggest grin on her face. I almost submitted to the urge to call her Trollestia to her face. No, I’m not that stupid, don’t bother asking if I did.

“Okay, okay, point taken,” I said with a sigh, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it with my grumpiness, “Do you ever get tired of being right?”

“Sometimes I try to think about what it would be like if I was,” she replied, her sarcasm spurring my urge to laugh.

“That must seem so silly,” I said with a chuckle, taking a relaxing pull off my Mareboro. It was good. And I hated it for being so good.

“Indeed. ‘What *that* must be like!’ I keep thinking to myself,” she said, laughing softly before letting it trail off, “Truthfully, though, my nameless friend, I am wrong quite often. I simply wait until I know I am right to take action. It’s very difficult to think with that sort of patience, but I’ve had a long time to get used to it and it has paid off many times.”

“That’s pretty admirable,” I replied with a nod before spotting Canterlot in the distance. Wow, it really wasn’t that far away at all, I thought to myself before continuing, “It always was quite a sight.”

“You’ve seen it before?”

“I’ll have to sit everypony down one day when I know it’s safe and explain just how I know everything I know,” I answered with a nod, “Until then, just assume that I can read your mind or something.”

“Oh, I already know you can’t,” she said with a slight titter.

“Of course you do,” I don’t even know why I bothered, sometimes!

[Chapter Two!](#)

[Chapter Four!](#)