

I wasn't always a bitch with a shotgun ye know. oh no, not at all. I used to be my dear buck Silver Cure's starry eyed bitch. 10 years back time, our Overmare declared the outside world safe. Well, perhaps not exactly safe but, with our non replenishable resources on decline it was sure as hell safer than being trapped underground when the air filters ran out. So we started to prepare.

Now I was a part of stable 7, and I bet that number was there just to taunt us because there was nothing lucky about that stable. We had new epidemics running rampant every few years decimating our population every time. Our medical staff was triple the original stable tech guidelines and we still had a hard time keeping up with all the sick ponies and ponies who got themselves into bizarre accidents. Apparently part of the medic bay was used as "security" back then. Why ever you would need a security force to keep tabs on ponies beats me, we could barely keep ourselves alive even when we co-operated.

So you can see why we were eager to get out. But not only to get away from that deathtrap. The wastelands was quite brutal as well, or so we heard, and those fuckheads up here decided that the best way to take care of each other is with ammunition rather than cooperation. So the Overmare had ordered to educate everypony in our stable to in medicine before setting out and to "*heal wastelands*" and "*show a better way*". Heh, yeah, I bet you can see where this was going, but we sure as hell did not.

Tho, considering the circumstances we got lucky. Yeah, stable 7 got lucky for the first time in history. The first group we encountered was not raiders but steel rangers. Yeah yeah, I know. The group that goes around murdering stable dwellers and taking their stuffs. But this encounter was different. Because we had already left the stable and we invited them to take every fucking screw in that stable if they wanted to. We even offered help in exchange for protection. Our medical science was on a level beyond that of anything else in the wastelands. With a few of our best doctors joining the Steel Rangers force and educating them, we had a good relationship going on.

Too bad the benefits for that relationship didn't extend to low ranked bitches like me and my husband. Soon after the rangers was done dismantling our stable, anypony who was not part of the top scientists or doctors. But that was all good, we were here to heal the wastelands after all. Well, they didn't dump us back into the wastelands empty hooved. We all got a copy of a book called '*The Wasteland Survival Guide by Ditzzy Doo*' in exchange for our pipbucks. Yeah, they kinda

buttfucked us on that deal but I gotta admit, without that guide the wastelands would have been much more of a struggle. And they would probably just killed us if we refused anyway.

So me and my buck set of in one direction, bold and ready to face the wastes with our new survival guide and medical skills. We were gonna make so many friends. A few days of scavenging and steady traveling we came upon what looked like the remains of a small skirmish. Nothing was looted and both sides seemed to have suffered heavy casualties. The only pony alive was a poor yellow mare with pink mane. She had a heavy fever and what seemed like a day old infected wounds. Nothing me and my buck couldn't handle so got our supplies out and started fulfilling our destiny.

The mare came about the next day, I was outdoors preparing some food when my stallion shouted at me telling that she was about to get up. Trotting in the greet our first patient, what I saw when I got in is something I'll never forget. She had immediately repaid the favour by BITING SILVER'S NECK OF! I was shocked, I was sad, but mostly I was just fucking angry. Immediately grabbing the cunts shotgun and blowing her fucking head of before she even noticed I was there.

So yeah, I wasn't always a bitch with a shotgun. And to be honest, I'm not a bitch with a shotgun now either. I'm just borrowing this piece until I'm done amputating the cancer in this wastelands you lot call raiders.