

Prologue: Viva Las Pegasus

Excerpt from the combat diary of Sunlight Forger, Sergeant of the 6th Recon Squad "Dusk Rangers" of the New Equestrian Republic:

1400 hours. We've reached detonation point. Rad levels are stable, no signs of Taint or mutated wildlife of any kind. Honestly, I really don't know what Captain Stonetree was expecting to find down here apart from rubble, bones, and ash. I guess he wanted closure for what happened here. NER's finest recon squads have been stuck shifting through debris here for four months though. There has to be some better reason for this.

1811 hours. Fried the lock of a trapdoor and uncovered a passage leading to an underground level. We searched for survivors, but ended up fending off the local automated defense systems, we've only found a terminal and a locked safe.

This might be what Captain Stonetree wants us to find. The terminal contains a brief text log and the command to open the locked safe. The vault, on the other hand, contains probably the most complete model Stable-Tec PipBuck I've ever seen. It has both the memory mod and extended storage. The content of the log-file from the terminal is copy-pasted below:

Congratulations. If you're reading this, then you have no doubt been able to breach the security of this bunker. I can only assume you are no raider and are definitely interested in what I've got to say. Probably because you're looking for answers to what happened to New Pegasus, and no doubt you know my role in its destruction. All the details are in the PipBuck that lies now inside the safe. Basically, it's a memory storage device with all my life in it.

There are some things you must know first, though. I know I'm looked upon with disgust, as the evil traitor that selfishly abandoned his friends after having used them for his own devices. That is no lie. I know I was no role model. Actually, many times I look back at my life in shame and regret. Don't get me wrong, though. I don't regret any of my actions. I regret not having enjoyed the little moments of true happiness I had in this soulless world we live in.

That doesn't matter anymore, since I'm already dead and you're looking at a screen inside a rad-proof vault under the ruins of what once was a beacon of light in the middle of the Wasteland. My feelings won't bring back the dead, won't avenge the injustice. However, I needed to tell my story, I needed to keep a record of what I went through in this world. I wasn't always like the pony the world says I was. I once was a peaceful colt with a bright future in the peace of a Stable. Life is a harsh mistress, though, and she taught me a great lesson. Don't fight the power. And you know what? I rebelled. I fought the power with all my might, until I became the power; then others fought me.

And even if the former is true, the lesson of my life is another. Trust no pony, because everypony lies. Everypony is selfish in the Wasteland. Everypony is cruel. Everypony is disloyal. Everypony is dishonest. Keep your friends close, and your foes closer.

However, I think I'm getting carried away with philosophy, which isn't my intent at all. As I've said, I'm here to tell a story, the story of my life, and of how I came to be the leader of New Pegasus, just to end up destroying it. Take a look at my PipBuck and you'll see what I have to say.

Farsight.

2000 hours. We're back in basecamp, and I've decided to activate the PipBuck to find out what we have been digging for. I've latched it to my hoof in order to be able to search the contents of the memory array. All checks positive, device running. Accessing data storage. Life Diary found, starting playback...

CLICK!