

~~~~~Fallout Equestria: D.A.S.H - Session 1~~~~~

Welcome to the New World

**Overmare:** Another lazy day in Stable 98 A, and you've taken a break from the work and are, as usually, together for lunch. The cafeteria is filled to the brim with ponies, single voices hard to make out in the buzz but the general mood seems, like always, happy. A guard pony stands at the door, lazily watching over the ponies he might have to pull apart, should a fight start.

Not that a fight had happened in a long time, but the protocol stated that every public room should have at least one guard on duty at every given time. A protocol that had been reinforced the last year, as had every other aspect of the security. Evil tongued ponies whispered that the Overmare, Magnate, was starting to get afraid that somepony would overthrow her and take her position. With her leading without any offspring, the entire stable would end up in a crisis should something happen, but she holds her power firmly to prevent this.

This is nothing you are concerned about though, as you sit in the cafeteria eating your apple pie, talking about anything that comes to mind.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye takes a bite out of his apple pie. His delicious apple pie. Celestia, wasn't apple pie as sent from the goddesses?

He leans over to Little Stripe. "Hey," he says with his mouth full, "did you hear about Pinpoint? She supposedly got it together with Flowers yesterday!" he continues, spraying the innocent Little Stripe with crumbs. "And that'd be, like, totally embarrassing, as they're cousins and all..." He slouches back and takes another bite, mindlessly scouting the room around him.

**Overmare:** The room is full of ponies eating their lunch. Your eyes quickly find Flower and Pinpoint sitting together at a nearby table, glaring menacingly at you.

**Little Stripe:** Little Stripe sighs and wipes the apple pie crumbs off of her. "Really, now? Is that the most exciting thing happening today?" she says in a fairly bored tone, taking another bite from her apple pie and casually pulls up an issue of Mare-Do-Well.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye smiles and waves at the grumbly pair and gives them a knowing wink of his eye before turning back to Little Stripe, "Well... Yeah. I got a patient earlier. Serious business. A colt had... scraped his knee!" Bullseye exclaimed in over-dramatic horror. "The mother was of course horrified, as they always are. A band-aid and a lollipop later and everything were all fine." He sighs deeply. "Urgh, is my job dull... I'll hit up the shooting range later, if I get the time. All the lethally injured patients in line with murderous sicknesses such as a cold or a headache..."

He takes another bite from his pie that promises to shower Stripe with the next self-pitying monologue.

"So... What have you been up to that'll come to beat my oh-so-very exciting gossip?"

**Little Stripe:** "Oh, well..." she starts, looking a little dejected.

"Can't say I've got anything better. I traded Heated for a Daring Do novel that I hadn't read, but not much else..."

**Overmare:** The buzz of chatting ponies is suddenly interrupted by a sharp crackle, followed by the stern voice of the Magnate herself, Overmare of Stable 98 A.

"Bullseye and Little Stripe, please report immediately to nearest security personnel."

The short transition ends with another sharp crackle. The other ponies in the cafeteria returns to their conversations, some of them casting quick glances towards you when they suspect you won't notice. Two ponies who make sure to be noticed are Pinpoint and Flower, both of them giving you a sly wink.

**Little Stripe:** "What? We haven't done anything! Right, Bullseye..?" she says jokingly, looking at Bullseye. "Well, at least not THAT wrong..."

**Bullseye:** "Oooooo Daring D... Gh-" Bullseye gives a little twitch upon hearing the unexpected sound booming out of the speakers. He cocks his eyebrows and jumps off the bench. "Huh? What's this about now?" His eyes open wide in realization. "Oh damn... Did they find out about me snatching them extra bullets from the range? I didn't take a lot, I just.... no, I think I hid my hoofmarks pretty well... Ah wait, is it perhaps because I drew those... incriminating pictures of Dew Drop? No, I hid those under my bed..."

He starts walking to the door leading out of the cafeteria, a puzzled look on his face. "Or was it the moonshine? I didn't brew it THAT strong..."

**Little Stripe:** "Uhm... Bullseye? Shouldn't we be going the other way?" she says, raising an eyebrow.

**Bullseye:** "Huh, I, what..?" he says, coming out of his deep pondering, "Oh... Oh right, yeah! Hah, security personnel, right..."

**Little Stripe:** "By the way, did you really draw Dew Drop?" she asks, whispering.

**Bullseye:** He leans his head towards Little Stripe as they start walking towards the nearest security pony. "You betcha! And I ain't that bad a sketcher... I know you want to see them." He smiles, narrowing his eyes conspicuously.

**Little Stripe:** A small blush appears on her face. "Well, maybe I do..."

**Bullseye:** "Anyway, let's deal with this first. Whatever it is."

"Eyo, Sunshine!" Bullseye shouts to the buck guarding the door. He reaches out his forehooves

towards him, "I did it. I took the last brownie. Cuff me and throw me in the dungeon! I deserve it!"

**Little Stripe:** "Bulls', I don't think it's about the brownies..."

**Overmare:** As you approach Sunshine, the giant buck looks down at you, scowling.

"So it was you who took my brownie? Anyway, it doesn't matter. The Overmare wanted to see you, and I am to escort you there. Follow me, ladies."

He turns around and exits the cafeteria, barely passing through the door, without looking back to see if you follow him or not.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, come on then, let's see what this is all about," she says, turning to follow Sunshine.

**Bullseye:** "Yes sir." Bullseye replies to the big buck in as female a voice as he can muster, "Mind you, I have my period at the moment, and I really would need to use the bathroom" He batted his almost non-existent eyelashes and withheld a wry smile as he followed Sunshine.

**Little Stripe:** "Did you really have to shout that across the whole atrium, Bulls'?"

**Bullseye:** "And yes, Stripe, I think I did!" Now he didn't care to keep his smile hidden.

**Little Stripe:** Little Stripe narrows her eyes and sighs. "You're impossible, you know that?"

**Bullseye:** "And that's why you like me!" he beamed at Stripe.

**Little Stripe:** "I guess that's true," she answers with friendly smile.

**Overmare:** "The bathroom can wait, I've been told to take you there directly, no sooner, no later." He seems to be ignoring everything else you're saying.

**Bullseye:** He leaned in close Stripe, whispering, "And the fact that I'm not a mare didn't even occur to him. My, we have a philosopher here..."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe leans close to Bullseye, whispering lowly. "Did you know he didn't get a single question right at the CAT?" she says, nodding at Sunshine.

"Sure, he's strong like a bull, but not much else..."

**Overmare:** Sunshine seems not to notice how you literally whisper behind his back.

**Bullseye:** "Hahaha, well that has to be some kind of a wonder in itself! Now I just feel bad for the poor colt!" Bullseye walks over to the big buck. "Sunshine... It's okay... We still love you," he says without further explanation on why this would be relevant information for Sunshine to hear at this point. He gives him a genuine and slightly sad smile and then slips back beside Stripe.

**Overmare:** Sunshine stop in his tracks, shrugs, and then resumes walking again.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe looks at Bullseye with a did-he-really-just-do-that look.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye answers with a firm you-bet-your-pretty-little-flank-I-just-did-do-that look.

**Little Stripe:** She shakes her head at this. "Like I said, impossible," she says with a chuckle.

**Overmare:** The corridors you walk in have the same grey walls as the rest of the stables. A few ponies are trotting around, most likely on their way back to their jobs. Some look at you, whispering between each other as you pass them by. Sunshine, however, doesn't seem to care and just trots on, seemingly unaware about the other residents who hurriedly get out of his way.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye gives the passing ponies a strange look. Why do they whisper and give him those funny looks? Well, he'll sure give them something to look at!

He makes his eyes go in different directions and put out his tongue at them, proceeding to press his lips to it whilst breathing out hard, producing a wet sort of 'Prrrrfffft'-like sound.

**Little Stripe:** "Do you realize how many rumors this is going to start, just from us walking with Security after that announcement?"

"And that isn't helping, Bulls'..." she adds, looking away and tries hard not to laugh.

**Overmare:** The ponies look horrified back at Bullseye, some of the louder mares whispering, "And he's a doctor here! How can we let him be the one responsible for our foals? The Overmare should have his title removed!"

**Little Stripe:** "You know, you should really try to be more mature. At least until your shift ends," she says, trying to be the voice of reason.

Snickering, she adds, "Can't deny that you're right, though."

**Bullseye:** Bullseye sighs and corrects his posture a bit. "Yeah, I guess you're right, Stripe. Ain't good that they all lose complete confidence in the local medical facility, I guess... Good thing I have you to straighten up my act when I get carried away!" he says, smiling at Stripe. "It's just... I hate it when ponies are all stiff and dull! ... Let's just see what's going on here, so I can respond with the proper amount of silly!" he declares, somehow cheered up.

**Little Stripe:** "That is probably the most sensible thing I've heard today. Celestia knows that the Overmare could use five whole buckets of silly."

**Bullseye:** "Haha, oh yes! Could you imagine me as the Overmare?" He stops in his tracks, "... Could you imagine me as a mare?" he ponders as he started walking again. "Damn, I would be hot!" he exclaims, lost in thought and imagination.

**Little Stripe:** "I think I can imagine that..." she says with a joking seductive smile and gives

Bullseye a flank bump.

Stripe's eyes suddenly widens as she comes to a terrible insight. "Celestia! If you run with gossip now, how bad would you be if you were a mare?!"

**Bullseye:** The expression of sudden, slight shock on Bullseye's face must have been rather entertaining for nearby ponies as his nose has a habit of getting wrinkled in a funny little way when he get surprised. He shakes his head slightly, and quickly regains his cool. "Filly, I'd be worse than Dew drunk during the Overmare's birthday!" he laughs.

**Overmare:** Your walk comes to an end at the doors outside the Overmare's office. Sunshine activates the intercom.

"I'm here with the two requested dwellers, Overmare," he says in his rumbling voice.

No answer is heard, but the door slides open with a familiar hiss. Sunshine takes a step to the side and motions for you to get inside.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, ladies first, Bulls'," she says and laughs a little.

**Bullseye:** "As they say, beauty before age," he responds and trots in.

**Little Stripe:** "Beauty before age? Bulls', you're three years older than me..."

**Bullseye:** "And no one could tell, eh?"

**Little Stripe:** "GAH!"

"Oh, uhm... Overmare? We're here now, as per your request."

**Overmare:** Magnate, Overmare of stable 98 A, stands facing away from you as you enter her office, looking out over the Stable she's in charge of through the window behind her desk. Her mane, colored silver by age, hangs long around her magenta coat. At her desk lies a bowl filled with something that seems to be paper, and two small notes are placed on her desk. The sound of the door closing behind you makes her look up, her eyes fixating on another point in the window.

"Two hundred years. No, not two hundred years. Not yet." She turns around, looking at you, her hard grey eyes seemingly piercing you.

**Bullseye:** "Since we run out of the last crates of fresh food? That would explain a few things..."

'Oh right! Not silly till I knew the subject was the rule!'

**Overmare:** "This stable is, as you very well know, providing itself with food from the Apple Orchard. This is not the time to joke around, Bullseye."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe lightly puts an elbow in Bullseye's side. "Behave, remember?" she whispers

through her teeth.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye grunts a little but casts his eyes down and nods slightly.

**Little Stripe:** "Sorry for derailing this so quickly, Overmare. Why were we called here? We haven't done anything wrong, as far as I know."

**Overmare:** "Do you know what happened one hundred and ninety nine years, three hundred and sixty four days and twenty three hours ago?" she asks, looking at you with her hard eyes.

**Little Stripe:** "Uhm... history weren't exactly my strongest subject..."

**Bullseye:** "... I... Uhm..." Bullseye is on his way to crack something involving potatoes and large bunnies, but deems it best to shut up, "... No, not really."

**Overmare:** "At that point of time, this Stable was sealed, the Stable doors closing and protecting us from the outside world. War raged, and our ancestors were chosen to survive down here."

**Bullseye:** "Yeah, the war and all that. What... Does that have to do with us two? Right now?"

**Little Stripe:** "Yeah. What he said."

**Overmare:** "I'll tell you. Come over here." she says and motions you to her terminal on the desk.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye trots curiously over there.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe trots up and checks the terminal screen.

**Overmare:** Her terminal shows you a countdown, red digits showing the numbers "55:02", numbers that quickly counts down to "54:59" and keeps going down. At the bottom of the screen is a small line of text written out.

*Greetings, Overmare of Stable 98 A. If you see this then it means that it has been (or is close to) two hundred years since Stable 98 A was sealed. The doors will open when the countdown reaches zero, and two ponies will be needed to close it again. The password to close and/or open the seal is 'Pure Soul'.*

*Have a nice day*

*//Stable-Tec*

**Little Stripe:** "Wait... does this mean we have to go outside? I mean, OUTSIDE outside?" Stripe looks both horrified and excited.

"It says two ponies. Why couldn't you just have chosen somepony from security for this?"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye reads it. Then he reads it again. He proceeded to read it a third time as he wasn't sure his eyes had registered the words correctly. Tricky inventions, the eyes. Sneaky. They are known to play tricks on a pony. Especially if said pony dwells too long in the darker reaches of maintenance. Long story short, they are not to be trusted. Upon going through the text a fourth time, Bullseye concludes that what he sees must be true, else his brain is tricking him in direction he'd need a doctor to handle. Which was a problem, since he was one.

"But..." he says, fear and shock in his eyes, "there is nothing out there! How can we survive? What if it's toxic? And yeah, shouldn't security fix stuff like this?"

**Overmare:** "You were the two chosen by sheer chance. I drew names from the bowl to choose which ones. I thought it would be bad manner for me to give this chance to see the outside, if so only for a brief moment, away without giving everypony an equal chance to it."

**Little Stripe:** "More like an equal chance to die in various horrible ways..." she mumbles lowly.

**Overmare:** "And I could not help but smile to myself when I saw who I had drawn." she says, the hardness in her eyes disappearing and making way for a smile. "I thought you two would like the outside?"

**Bullseye:** "Uh-" Bullseye started, dropping the words in mid-sentence. Seeing the outside... he had always fantasized about the outside. What would it be like? And the sky. He had read of the sky. It was supposed to shift from marine blue to raging fiery colors to a pitch black vastness filled to the brim with shiny lights. He had even dreamt of flying in a completely open space. The world outside was supposedly huge! Bigger than ten Stables combined! Maybe even a hundred. It would be amazing to get to see it. Scary, but amazing.

It would be worth it!

"Yes... Yes, I do! I want to see it! We'll do it!" He remembered something and looked at Stripe. "If... you want to that is..." he asked her with an apologetic smile.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, yeah, I guess I kinda do... I want to go out there, gallop over the plains and feel the 'wind' (she said this word with some awkwardness, as if she's had little practice with it) in my face and mane... but I can honestly say I'm scared to death of it..."

She slumps a little, feeling ashamed for almost wanting to bail on this once-in-a-lifetime chance.

**Bullseye:** "Well, you and me both sister!" Bullseye exclaimed happily and nudged Stripe lightly in her side with his hoof. "It'll be the scariest thing we've ever done. I'm chilled to my very bone by the thought," he said, radiating happiness. "But think of the stories we'll have to tell! When others can sit and dream, we can actually tell them how the outside really looks! It will be amazing! Living on the edge. We're proper daredevils you and I." He winked at her, holding a hoof on her shoulder in a somewhat comforting manner.

**Little Stripe:** "You're right... Daring Do faced lethal beasts and traps on a daily basis, but still

she always pressed on..."

"Yes. Yes, I'll go"

**Overmare:** "It's settled then." Magnate says, cutting in between continuing conversation. "I believe you know the way to the stable door, and if not then it is the locked door at the maintenance floor. The key is here." She lifts a key from a drawer with her magic and floats it over to Little Stripe.

**Little Stripe:** Little Stripe trembles a little as she grabs the key in her mouth, before putting it in her tail.

**Overmare:** "Now, I count on you two. Report back to my office at once when the door is closed."

**Little Stripe:** "Well then. Shall we, Bulls'?" she says in a cheery, somewhat trembling voice and offers him her hoof as a true lady.

**Bullseye:** "We shall." he replies with a smile and holds her hoof a manner true to a gentlecolt, as they starts towards the door.

**Overmare:** The Overmare smiles to herself as you depart.

**Little Stripe:** Little Stripe surprisingly at least makes it out of the Overmare's office until succumbing to uncontrolled giggles.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye gazes upon her with the disgusted look of an upper-class pony eyeing the common proletarians. "Hardly a manner fit for a lady!" he states with a serious tone to his voice. He's able to keep it up for about two seconds before his lips starts to tremble and he gives up the loudest of laughs in quite a while, stumbling over Stripe as he did so.

**Little Stripe:** "Oh my!" she exclaims after the giggles had subsided. "I sure as sorrels hells didn't expect that! And sorry for the giggling..."

"Or... perhaps not"

**Bullseye:** He would accept her apology if it wasn't for the fact that he was quite busy trying to keep his lungs remaining in his body through this fit of laughter.

**Little Stripe:** "No, seriously. This is not the time for laughter," she says, her lips still twitching with withheld giggles.

**Bullseye:** "I..." he starts, gasping for air, "I... Oh my, I just can't keep serious for this long without all this humorous energy building up, needing to vent! I have this serious need to joke things aside," he asserts before suddenly turning serious. "It's like a sickness, really..." It takes about a second for his mouth to go wide again, and he giggles out the last bits of air as he rises to his hooves and starts towards the door.

**Little Stripe:** "Yeah. You're the laugh-sick doctor of Stable 98 A. It's a tragedy, really," she says, and then follows him to the maintenance floor.

**Bullseye:** "Oh cruel irony, how thou mock me with your constant presence!" he dramatizes as he reached the door, nodding for Stripe to open it up.

**Little Stripe:** She raises an eyebrow in mock indignation at him and snorts before unlocking the door and entering.

**Overmare:** The room you enter is bigger than most of the rooms in the stable, almost as big as the cafeteria. The walls here are brown from dirt and a thick layer of dust covers the floor. Three dim red emergency lamps light up the room. At the far end from you stands the tall Stable door, "98 A" being written in large yellow text on the iron.

**Bullseye:** "And here we are..." Bullseye exclaims with a nervous huff of air, "the moment of truth!"

**Little Stripe:** "Moment of truth, huh? More like the moment of... of... something. I don't know where I was going with that. Meh"

She shrugs and walks up to the door and says loudly, "Pure Soul".

**Overmare:** *It's not very effective.*

**Little Stripe:** "Or... were we supposed to wait until it opened?"

"Well, this isn't very exciting..."

**Bullseye:** "... Beautiful. Let the pros handle this!" Bullseye trots over to the door and gives a quiet 'ahe-hem' and then roars with all his heart, "PURE SOUL!"

**Little Stripe:** "Yeah, like that would work."

**Overmare:** A fourth light, a yellow one in the roof, starts to rotate.

**Little Stripe:** "OH COME ON!"

**Overmare:** A loud, shrilling sound fills the room as a large balk emerges from the roof and slowly moves towards the black door that leads to the world outside the Stable. The balk hooks into the door and slowly rotates backwards, taking the door with it. When the thick door is fully outside of its hold, the balk moves to the left, making the door roll to the side and reveal the world outside.

Dim red lights illuminate the rough stone acting as floor, walls and ceiling. A sharp curve further away blocks the view of what might lie there. But the things that attract your attention are the two terminals, standing just outside the Stable door, one on each side, flickering with their characteristic dim green light.

**Bullseye:** The smile on Bullseye's face cannot be accurately represented in text.

**Little Stripe:** "Huh. That's... quite something..."

"The walls are... rough. And NOT squares. Weird"

**Bullseye:** "This was rather... Anti-climactic! I was expecting open plains and fiery skies! This is... just another hallway. And an old and icky one at that! Prfft, okay, let's do this!" He trots out hard, disappointment quite obvious.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, true that. I'll quote you one this one. Let's do this!"

Giddy with excitement and nervousness, Stripe trots over to one of the terminals.

**Overmare:** The terminals' green light shows only two words.

*<Insert Password>*

**Bullseye:** Bullseye trots up to the terminal to the right, entering the words Pure Fool, before quickly erasing it and replacing it with Pure Soul.

Enter.

"Now what? We head back in?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe also types in the password on the other terminal.

*Password correct. Welcome User.*

*Running system check.*

*System check finished.*

*Connecting to Stable-Tec.*

*Unable to connect, connecting backup server.*

*Backup server down.*

*Terminate update process.*

*Stable door status: Open.*

*Do you wish to close the door? [Y/N]*

**Little Stripe:** "Wait a minute, we can't come back in?" she exclaims, suddenly very nervous.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye hits [Y], then looks up, "Huh what?"

"Wait what!?"

**Little Stripe:** Facehoof.

*Closing sequence initiated, Stable door closing.*

A loud rumbling is heard as the Stable door starts to roll back in place, faster than it moved before.

**Bullseye:** "WHAT!?"

**Little Stripe:** "Run?"

**Bullseye:** "RUN!"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe quickly starts galloping back towards the door.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye gallops for his precious life!

**Overmare:** As you approach the door, a loud crackle is heard, followed by a stallion's voice. The voice sounds old and filled with sorrow, but with a hint of iron hiding somewhere within it.

"Hello. My name is Pure Soul, second Overstallion of Stable 98 A. I want to thank you, on behalf of the Stable, for sealing it up after the shutdown."

The voice dies out, and following in the silence is the loud rumble as the Stable door closes, the thick, iron door with "98 A" written on it sliding in place and sealing the Stable once again.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, FUCK you, Pure Soul! Let us back in!"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye stops before his precious face is crushed by the not-so-precious Stable door.

**Little Stripe:** "Hey! Watch your precious little face!"

**Bullseye:** "Fuck shit FUCK with a cupcake on top! Now what? Panic?"

**Little Stripe:** "I'm in."

**Bullseye:** Bullseye consider this. "Seems awfully tiring, though... Maybe if we knock..?"

**Little Stripe:** "Hm... nah" Stripe turns around, screaming like a filly charging the meanie who stole her favorite comic book, and bucks the door for all she's worth.

**Overmare:** A low clonk is heard when your hooves connect with the doors surface, but no effect is received. Delirious

**Little Stripe:** "So, you wanna do this the hard way? We'll do this the hard way! Come on, Bulls!"

You've got a tough head!"

**Bullseye:** "Well, they don't call me 'Bull' for nothing!" he shouts and rams his head straight into the door. Bullseye doesn't need an Overmare's post telling him that that wasn't very effective, the two seconds loss of consciousness and throbbing headache proved that well enough in itself.

**Little Stripe:** "Well... fuck."

**Bullseye:** "Well ya'll, that didn't quite work out as plan... HEY, when did you turn two? I don't remember allowing that!" he exclaimed before collapsing to the ground, rubbing his head.

**Overmare:** A noise is heard behind you, followed by something hitting the floor. A damped "ough" can be heard.

**Bullseye:** The headache starts to wear off as Bullseye regains his stance and curiously glances towards the curve of the cave. "What in all of Equestria was that?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe jumps into an awesome combat stance and looks around, wary.

"Who's there?! Show yourself!"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye cautiously approaches the source of the sound. "Hello? Anypony there? Or... Anything else..? If you're something else, you needn't answer really..."

**Overmare:** Rounding the corner is a pony, two strange things coming out from her back.

**Bullseye:** "Woah! Mutant pony!"

**Echo:** The newly arrived pony stares intensely at Bullseye. "Watch your mouth."

**Little Stripe:** "MUUUTAAANT!" Stripe yells, and immediately charges against it.

**Bullseye:** "It talks! It's a scientific marvel!" He stares horrified at Stripe, "Stripe! Goddesses be damned STOP!"

...

Bullseye sighs and charges Scary Mutant Pony.

**Little Stripe:** She comes to a screeching stop halfway to the SMP. "Wait, what? It talks?"

**Bullseye:** Bullseye doesn't stop fast enough and slams hard into Stripe's rear. "Oooof!"

**Little Stripe:** "Watch where you put that muzzle of yours!" she exclaims, a faint blush on her cheeks.

**Bullseye:** He looks at his muzzle, lodged quite awkwardly close to a rather private area of

Stripe's. "Aaaah! Mare rear!" Bullseye pulls out and sits hard on his rump.

**Little Stripe:** And consequently receives a light buck.

**Echo:** "Of course I talk," she broke in, looking very offended. "I'm more surprised that you're still able too"

**Little Stripe:** "And just what do you mean by that?"

**Echo:** "Well, you've been living down here on the infected surface."

**Bullseye:** "Ooof! That was... not entirely uncalled for, I guess. Still, though... ouch!" He flicks his mane out of his face and looks up at the weird mutant pony.

**Little Stripe:** "It's a very fine one, don't forget that!"

**Bullseye:** "Plot!" There is no explanation following this statement.

"So uhm... What are you really?"

**Echo:** "I'm a pegasus of course. What, has the surface really hurt your brains that much?"

**Bullseye:** "That's not even a word! And what of all this surface crap?! We just came out of Stable 98 A! Is there even a surface left?"

**Echo:** "Yes there is a word called brain, though you might have forgotten about that."

"Oh, so the Stables are still in function?" she asks, looking surprised. "Well of course there is a surface!"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe makes a mocking impression of her, "There is a word called brain... Do you take us for some retarded security ponies?"

**Bullseye:** "Yeah, 'cause they are, like, stupid, and we're all smart-like!" Bullseye gives a quite silly angryface and crosses his fore hooves in protest.

**Echo:** "Well, you don't even know what a pegasus is, so it seems to be something wrong with your heads."

**Bullseye:** Bullseye decides to cut the silly for a moment and rises to his hooves with a painful groan. "All jokes aside, do you know if there is any way we can get back in through that door? You seem to know stuff," he asks the pegasus.

**Echo:** "Well, unless you have something very high explosive, and then I mean really high, then your best chance is that it gets opened from the inside. Why are you two out here anyway?"

**Little Stripe:** "My hooves are explosive enough!" Stripe exclaims, and makes some presumably

cool fighting moves.

**Bullseye:** "Well, shoot... We were asked to seal the doors as they were about to reopen. Then the fucker just closed on us! I mean, how rude is that?" he grumbles.

**Little Stripe:** "Oh, uhm, sorry..." She blushes lightly.

"Worst door I've ever met."

**Bullseye:** Bulls' looks at Little Stripe. "Haha, that's okay! You'll be a handy protection out there if we ain't getting in again!" Damn, was she cute flinging about like that... Gah, no no so yeah in yeah pegasus yeah okay yeah focus. "So... What're you doing here, mutan... pegasus girl?" Ohoho.... NO!

**Echo:** "I'm taking cover from the rain."

**Little Stripe:** 'What is he doing? Well, never mind.'

"What? Rain? You mean like, cloud showers?"

**Echo:** "Well, that's one way to describe it... Oh and by the way my name is Echo, and I'm guessing you" she points at Stripe, "is named Stripe."

**Bullseye:** "Oh, rain!" Bullseye practically beamed. "I've always wanted to see that! Can we go there? Please Stripe! Pretty pleeeeeease~?" Applebloom would have felt challenged, given the puppy eyes Bulls' mustered.

**Little Stripe:** "I'd love to! But, isn't the surface filled with radiation and poisons and whatnot?"

"Echo, huh? Is that the sound your skull makes when you knock it?" Prfft!

**Echo:** This earned Stripe an angry glare.

**Little Stripe:** "Well, all pleasantries aside, yes, you're right. I'm Stripe. Little Stripe, as a matter of fact."

**Bullseye:** The laughter Bullseye had to choke was almost too much. Damn, she's funny too, the little vixen of a mare... Whatever, so yeah, " uhm, yeah... But we can't just stay here for all eternity, can we?"

**Little Stripe:** "I'd really prefer not to. This is already getting boring," she says, looking around in the tunnel. 'Ah, look! Rocks! And look over there, more rocks!'

**Echo:** "Well, it was raining outside earlier, but it may have stopped now," she says, looking over the way she came from.

**Bullseye:** "Yup! I want to explore! I mean, how bad can the outside be? Maybe there are other

nice ponies out there we could ask for advice?" he said with an aura of positive energy.

**Little Stripe:** "Soo... you're sure there aren't lots of invisible scary-death-beams all over out there?"

**Echo:** "Well, I'm still alive, aren't I?"

**Little Stripe:** "Well, if you put it that way..."

"Sure, let's go! I wanna see the rain!"

**Bullseye:** "Wooho! Stripe, grab my tail!"

**Echo:** Echo sighs wearily.

**Little Stripe:** She leaps behind him and bites down on his tail. "'DV'NT'R!"

**Bullseye:** "ADVENTURE!"

Bullseye marches along the corridor towards what probably is the opening to the hallway.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe bounces along behind him.

**Echo:** Echo follows the two overly excited ponies.

**Overmare:** The tunnel seems to go on forever, but everything has an end.

The tunnel ends in an opening which leads out to a platform.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe trots up to the platform, looking around.

**Bullseye:** Bullseye heads up on after checking the surface out.

**Overmare:** A silent wind blows past you, its cool air chilling your skin beneath your coat. Gone are the sounds from the generators, not even the constant buzz from the lamps can be heard out here, nearly complete silence instead taking their place. No walls block your view. Despite the dim light, you can see farther than you have ever seen before.

The landscape is bare, mostly rocks except for a few dead trees sticking up the brown dirt. Other shapes can be seen lying in the soil, but what it is you cannot say.

A notice is suddenly announced from your PipBucks, and on closer investigation you notice that your location has been updated. Instead of stating "Stable 98 A Entrance" as it did when you worked with the terminals, your location has been updated with a single line: "Cloudsdale". More than that, you can see that "Stable 98 A Broadcasting" is offline, and a new broadcast frequency has shown up, this one under the name of "DJ-Pon3".

**Echo:** "Well, at least it stopped raining."

**Bullseye:** "Wind... Sky... Vast open plain..." There seems to be a momentary stop of process in Bullseye's poor little head as he stares wide-eyed ahead. Suddenly something clicks.  
"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! I'm gonna fall!"

**Little Stripe:** There was a soft thump as Little Stripe's rump hit the platform, as she struggled to take in all the NEW screaming in her face.

**Echo:** Echo looks over at the other two ponies. "Are you two okay?"

**Bullseye:** "I'm gonna die... And I'm going to die falling upwards! This just ain't right! Stripe, don't you DARE let go of my tail!"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe blinks for a few seconds, and then stands up on her hind legs with her fore hooves in the air. "WOOHOOOOO!"

"Eat this, you bloody boring cave-thing!"

**Bullseye:** "I knew it! You're a crazy pony!"

**Little Stripe:** "Let go? Oh, your tail."

**Bullseye:** "You... AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

**Echo:** "What ever did I do to deserve this?" "You two sure you aren't mad?"

**Little Stripe:** Stripe gets the brilliant idea to jump on top of Bullseye, pinning him down. "Now you're not going anywhere. Happy pony Bulls', now?"

**Echo:** "Could you two keep it down? Somepony could hear you."

**Little Stripe:** She hangs her face down in front of Bullseye's, inches away. "Isn't this AWESOME?! Where bucking OUTSIDE!"

**Bullseye:** "Ahh..." Bullseye is fighting a sudden surge of blood being replaced within his body, more accurately towards his facial regions, recoloring them in a way that would have fitted nicely as decoration for Hearths Warming Eve. "Ah yes, happy Bullsie now..." He smiled.

**Little Stripe:** "Actually, Echo - was it Echo? - I'm not quite sure I'm not mad, seeing this..."

**Bullseye:** "Yes, awesome indeed... Really. Bloody. AWESOME!" Bullseye suddenly exclaims as he flips Stripe one hundred and eighty degrees about, flinging himself on top, "We're bucking OUTSIDE! It's what I've always dreamed!" He looks up to the sky. HAH, the sky! It thought itself so large and awesome. Well, just wait until it meets Bullseye! He'll give it bloody awesome!

**Little Stripe:** "Hey!"

**Bullseye:** Outside... This really was a dream come true. He sat down again and closed his

eyes, retracting from Stripe, just letting the wind blow his mane about his face.

**Little Stripe:** "Oooh, wind..."

**Echo:** "Yes, my name is Echo, and this is the glorious wasteland," she replies, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

**Bullseye:** "Wasteland... It sounds beautiful..."

"Wastey-wasty-wasteland~ Wastiddy-wastlandity wasteland!"

**Echo:** "It isn't beautiful, it's an irradiated shithole."

**Little Stripe:** Stripe turns to look at Echo with a sad, almost hurt look. "Ahw, don't be such a buzz kill"

**Echo:** "I'm just being realistic, that is all."

**Little Stripe:** "Realistic schmealistic. This is adventure right here!"

**Echo:** "Yeah, about that adventure..." she starts, glaring at the two others. "If you don't keep it down you might get it sooner than you want."

**Little Stripe:** She takes a few steps forward, enjoying the wind in her face and mane.

"Why didn't I bring my cape, Bulls'? Do you realize how awesome it would look in the wind?!"

**Bullseye:** "Aw yes! You would have looked like Daring Do in this setting!" He smiled.

**Little Stripe:** "More like a combination of Daring Do and Mare-Do-Well! Awesome wild wastelands and awesome cape, that's like, DOUBLE the awesome!"

**Bullseye:** "Oh yes! The awesome would have been doubled! Though you do look quite alright as it is now~" he said narrowing his eyes suggestively.

"Fitting with the wasteland I mean, all rough, poisonous and filled with radioactive areas!" he continues, grinning widely.

**Little Stripe:** "Ahw, that's just mean, Bulls'! I think..."

**Bullseye:** Bullseye hoof-nudges her in the shoulder. "Aww... You know I'm just messing with you, Stripe!" He smiles softly. "You're quite the charming mare. Especially with those beautifully choreographed dances you showed us in there!"

He reached his hooves into the air and gave a buck with his rear leg, leaving him balancing on just one. Or rather, not balancing it all. Faceplanting would be more accurate a description.

**Little Stripe:** "Pisch, now I know you're joshing me. Although compared to you... yeah, I guess I

am" she says with a smirk.

"Oh, right, Echo. Keep it down. Let the adventure come looking for us, and when it comes, we lie in ambush!" she says in hushed voice to the big pegasus.

**Bullseye:** "Oh great, now I'm bleeding from my nose..."

**Echo:** "Do you two even know what irony is?"

**Little Stripe:** "It's something that is very iron-y?"

**Echo:** Facehoof.

**Little Stripe:** "No, seriously, I do know."

**Bullseye:** "Of course!" Bullseye gives the pegasus a do-you-think-we're-stupid-ey? kind of look, "It's something, usually grey, quite heavy and very similar to iron but not really. It can be any material really... But how is that related?"

More smirking. Smirking is what Bullseye does best. It's not entirely easy to know whether Bullseye is just kidding with you, playing stupid, or if he actually is that dumb.

**Echo:** "So what are you two going to do now?" she asks, ignores Bullseye's comment completely.

**Little Stripe:** "Bulls'... Smirking usually works best when you're NOT bleeding from your nose..."

"Do? We're gonna do EVERYTHING! Maybe split the 'everything' in small bits and pieces, but still."

**Bullseye:** "Yeah, I guess. But the blood tastes quite irony in a way, making it at least related." He smir... Well, he smiled bloodily, at least.

**Little Stripe:** Stripe stares at Bullseye for a few seconds, before bursting out in another fit of giggles.

**Bullseye:** "Yeah, what she said! We're going to see it all!" Bullseye exclaims and throws out his fore hooves to demonstrate the size of 'all'.

"Well... Do you know a good place to start, feather-girl?"

"Like... Is there anywhere remotely inhabited by ponies?"

**Little Stripe:** "Although..." Stripe started when her giggles had diminished, "something nice to eat first would be nice." Her stomach accentuates this by rumbling loudly. "All this awesome is wearing me down."

**Bullseye:** "Mhm, awesome can be tiring. I should know! We need chow!"

**Echo:** "Well, this place is inhabited by ponies, but you don't really want to meet them." She smacks Bulls over the back of his head. "And it's not feather girl."

**Little Stripe:** "You are too a feather girl! You are a girl, and you have feathers, it's as simple as that!"

**Bullseye:** "Ow, sorry then feather-MARE... Why is the world after my head today? It's a delicate piece of genius."

**Echo:** "As for food, I ate my last before going to sleep, so I'm all out."

**Little Stripe:** "So you DON'T have any food. Right. Where is the nearest apple orchard?"

**Bullseye:** "Yeah! Can't we just go to where you came from? Are there more food there?"

**Echo:** "W-well, I can't really go back. And even if I could, you wouldn't be able to follow me!" She then turns to Stripe. "Apple orchard in the wasteland? Really?"

**Little Stripe:** "What? What else would you eat out here? Rocks? I have a hard time imagining that. I mean, I once tasted a Stable table, and that's like, almost rock, right? I'll tell you, it wasn't very tasty."

**Bullseye:** "No apple orchard? No go back get food? How do you people live out here? And yeah, rocks are totally not eatable! I mean, bleh..."

**Echo:** "Well I don't know what there is to eat down here! I just got here!"

**Little Stripe:** "Seriously. They're rocks!"

"What do you mean you just got here? You live here, right?"

**Bullseye:** "Wait... You're from a Stable too?"

**Echo:** "No, I'm from up there," she says, pointing towards the skies.

**Bullseye:** "What? How can... What?"

**Echo:** "You are really totally clueless aren't you? Pegasi can walk on clouds, silly."

**Little Stripe:** "Excuse me for a second, I think my mind just got blown. Did you just say 'walk on clouds'?"

**Bullseye:** "Clouds? As in those big balls of steam in the sky? Yeah, I'm not buying it!"

**Echo:** "Walk on them, sleep on them, make houses of them. I thought that was common knowledge."

**Little Stripe:** "They look kinda tasty, though. Are they?"

**Echo:** "No."

**Little Stripe:** "That's weird. You're weird. Feather girls are weird."

**Bullseye:** "Second that!"

**Echo:** She glares angrily at them. "Do you want a ride down a cliff?"

**Little Stripe:** "Ooh, do they have those out here?!" Her eyes seem to fill with stars as her imagination is filled with rollercoasters down massive cliffs.

**Bullseye:** "Can we go look at one? They are really high, aren't they?"

**Echo:** Echo once again feels the need to facehoof.

**Bullseye:** "Like, higher up than from maintenance to the roof of the Overmare's office?"

**Little Stripe:** "I'll bet."

**Bullseye:** "Damn that's high... Several feet...."

**Echo:** "I'm not even sure why i'm still here with you two."

**Little Stripe:** "Because we are the best company ever?"

**Bullseye:** "Because I am so incredibly handsome, and she so adorably cute?"

**Little Stripe:** Brohoof.

**Bullseye:** Brohoofed.

**Echo:** "You two are impossible." She flares out with her wings, and then grimaces in pain.

**Little Stripe:** "Oh! Are you hurt?"

**Bullseye:** "Woah! What's up with the feather girl?"

**Echo:** "It's nothing, really," she says as she with great effort folds them back.

**Bullseye:** "That's not nothing! That's quite the something, I'd say! Trust me, I'm a doctor. Here, let me see that..."

**Little Stripe:** "He actually IS a doctor, despite how weird it sounds."

**Echo:** She sighs. "I'm not really sure if I can trust you two."

**Little Stripe:** "I'm not really sure I can trust you, but you're the only pony around here, so..."

**Bullseye:** "Look, you really need to get that checked." Bullseye started as he clicked into the formal doctor's role. One he wasn't too comfortable with, but at least knew and was used to. "So here's the deal: stop whining, shut up, and tell me a good joke and I will see to it that you don't hurt yourself, or lose your capability to fly altogether!"

**Echo:** "Just check the damn wing."

**Bullseye:** "Thank you~" Bullseye trots up to Weird Mut... Echo's side and lifts up her wing, "Sorry if this hurts a bit."

**Overmare:** At a closer inspection can you see that the muscles in the right wing are strained.

**Bullseye:** "Yeah, they're worn out, nothing too bad. You'll get your flight back in no time; just see to it that you keep your wings to your side. Just spreading them will cause further damage. You'll be up and about in no time!"

**Echo:** "Not like flying ever did anything good to me," she mumbles lowly to herself.

"Thanks for helping."

**Bullseye:** "That's quite alright. I'm a doctor. It's what I do!" He smiled at the pegasus.

**Echo:** "Well, what do we do now?"

**Little Stripe:** "Like I said: how about some food?"

**Bullseye:** "Yeah, food. Food sounds good! Let's go..." Bullseye steps up on one hoof and does quite an ungraceful pirouette and falls flat on his belly, pointing a hoof in front of him, "...in that direction!" He scrambles to his feet.

**Little Stripe:** "Sure, why not," she says, shrugging.

**Overmare:** The outstretched hoof points directly at the entrance to the tunnel.

**Little Stripe:** "Or, perhaps not."

**Bullseye:** "... Well, the opposite then!" He waves with the back of his hoof lightly.

"You're so picky~"

**Echo:** "Well, we're not finding anything standing here, so shall we get moving?"

She starts walking in the direction Bullseye pointed the second time.

**Little Stripe:** "That, is a good idea, Echo." She smiles and pats Echo lightly on her head.

**Bullseye:** "Indeed! Not that it really is the time for adventure!" Bullseye practically skips ahead of the group. "Oh this will be so awesome!"

**Little Stripe:** "Yay, adventure!"

**Overmare:** Thus we leave our heroes for this time, as they start their travel into their unknown.

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

200 XP rewarded.

Footnote: Level up! New Perks!

Little Stripe: Thief (+5 Lockpick and Sneak)

Bullseye: Gun Nut (+5 Guns and Repair)

Echo: Friend of the Night (Your eyes adapt more quickly to the dark)