

Transcript #10504343 - Candidate Swoop

Application #: 5542 - Vertibuck Pilot

Recording ID: 943 - Psychological review (Cutie Mark Achievement)

Interviewer: **[CLASSIFIED]**

Date: **[CLASSIFIED]**

Location: Miramare Airfield, Admin. Bldg. Room 224

Time: 0945 hours

Begin Transcript

Swoop: So, what, I just talk into the...

Voice of interviewer (muffled): Right into the microphone.

Swoop: Alright. So what do you wanna know?

Interviewer: Tell me about your cutie mark.

Swoop: My cutie mark?

Interviewer: It's fairly unique. I've never seen one like it.

Swoop: Well, what do you wanna know about it?

Interviewer: How did you get it?

Swoop: It's not that entertaining a story. You should ask Swept about his. (chuckles) Dad was so mad he almost didn't notice it, but-

Interviewer: Miss Swoop, we're here to talk about yours, not your brothers.

Swoop: Right, right. So, mine.

Interviewer: With as much detail as possible, please. And remember to speak directly into the mic.

Swoop: Right sure. (voice gets louder as subject scoots forward, chair scrapes against floor) Well. Like I said, it's not that great a story. I was off on my own, flying around a park in Manehattan. You know, practicing. I was still a young filly, just a few months over seven. Mom was in the department store across the street and knew I didn't like waiting for her in there, so she'd let me wait in the park.

So I'm about ten feet off the ground doing some acrobatics, and I start hearing some music. There was.. what're they called... organ grinder? Heh, that's a little dark. Anyway, it's one of those guys with the crank-operated music box and a monkey doing little tricks. And something in the melody caught me as I flew. I started going faster, easing into the loops in time with the music, twirling and rolling in perfect synchronization. My eyes closed on their own as I listened and moved. Pretty soon, the music ended, and I heard applause all around me. Opened my eyes to see a small crowd had gathered and were stomping their hooves for me. Even the monkey was clapping it's little paws. All I could do was grin and wave. When my mom showed up, she pointed at my flank and... well... she squee'd. Is that a word? It is now. I looked back and saw what everypony sees now: the winged double eighth note.

And that's it.

Interviewer: I see. Well, I think we've got everything we need here. (sounds of chairs being pushed back and two ponies standing) You're free to return to the barracks.

Swoop: Okay.

End transcription.