

Conversion Bureau Off-Shoot

Based on Blaze's original idea

Might not follow his world's rules, but Meh, it's just a fan-fic of a fan-fic.

By: Anonsi (What's that? You want *more* film and book references?)

# Yellowstone

Part 4:

Where the Wild Things Are

Twilight had come to a monumental decision: the next time Princess Celestia asked her to leave her home to go on some quest to parts unknown, she would very politely, and with all due respect, tell her graceful monarch to go sit on her horn and spin for a while.

Twilight could barely hear herself think over all the screaming going on around her: Tall Leaf and Morning Dew were screaming, Busy Bee and Merry Gold were screaming, the very air was screaming, and last but not least, Twilight was screaming. The only ones not screaming were the humans. They had their teeth clenched and kept their bodies stiff, awaiting for the inevitable time when the Magna Rail would be reacquainted with the ground.

*'Use your magic!'* Twilight kept repeating in her head. *'What spell? What Spell!'* Teleportation would do no good. She needed to concentrate on a place she could see or a familiar area for that to work, and right now she didn't even know which way was up.

*'We're all gonna die! Oh Celestia I don't want to die! I haven't even kissed my first stallion! What about telekinesis? Maybe I could disrupt the tornado's spin? Size matters not, right? That's what Yoda said right?'*

Twilight reopened her eyes, and saw nothing but darkness outside. She only heard the sound of the howling winds and the other debris crashing into the section of train, which would no doubt be their tomb if Twilight couldn't do this. Closing her eyes once more, she focused on the storm and reached out with her magic. She reached out beyond the confines of the walls and felt the storm with an immaterial hand fashioned of pure will.

It was like putting a hoof into a raging river, and her concentration almost wavered from its chaotic movements. Twilight focused, solidifying her thoughts on the task at hand and began to grab hold of the very air.

It wasn't working, as Twilight should have expected. It was impossible to get a hold of the wind, as Dash would have been first to tell her. Twilight released her telekinetic hand, once again contemplating her friends. Eventually her thoughts turned to her ageless mentor, Celestia, and all she had learned from her. She remembered being taught the workings of magic, and some of the more basic principles of science, like how boats worked and how a Pegasus could fly.

A loud “THWUNK” from a tree denting the wall gave Twilight inspiration.

If she couldn't grab the wind, she would grab onto what the wind was holding. Everything, big or small left a wake in the wind, like how everything leaves a wake in water. So Twilight just needed to make everything else caught in the tornado spin the opposite direction, the resulting air resistance should cancel out the Tornado. Either that or the debris would just get ripped to shreds by the wind, but despite that possibility she had a very good feeling about this plan.

*'Size matters not. Size matters not. Size matters not. Size matters not. Size matters not.'*

With renewed vigor, Twilight once more reached out with her mind. She gripped a tree, then a few dozen more, and then a wide variety of wooden planks and steel rails that were once the track. She found the hardest thing to grab hold of the innumerable specks of dust and dirt that flew at near incalculable speeds, but she eventually held them all the same. Finally she took hold of the Magna Rail, possibly the largest and heaviest thing in this cyclone of death.

Her horn was glowing enough to light even the darkest storm, and the others present opened their eyes to see what could only be described as a pony with a fountain of light on its forehead.

With a scream of desperate defiance to a storm fueled by malice, she forced everything in the storm to spin the way she wanted. The force of exertion nearly knocked her out then and there, but she continued to push against the whirlwind with everything she had, spinning what she took from the cyclone faster and faster.

Within seconds, the tornado was disrupted, and lost much of its previous bluster. The howling winds grew quiet, and Twilight released her hold on all the objects under her power. All except the Magna Rail that is. She gave the train a soft and careful descent towards the now, much calmer, earth below.

After touching down, Twilight gave into exhaustion and passed out.

\* \* \*

From the aching pain in her head, Twilight knew she was alive. She had trouble opening her eyes, but she knew from the cool breeze moving across her face that she was outside. She heard the buzzing of bees around her, and she felt the hard earth and soft grass that she was laying on. She breathed in the smell of wildflowers and dirt. With a slight moan, she opened her eyes to the world around her.

It was a sunny day, the skies were blue as they could be with a dozen or so fluffy clouds over head. Before her was a vista of wide open fields and hills that went far off into the distance, covered in rich golden grass and dotted with the occasional tree. Twilight rested in a comfortable bit of shade under an old maple tree with sprawling limbs and wide leaves atop a hill. She had to remind herself that she wasn't in Equestria several times.

“Good morning sunshine!”

Twilight spun around to see Morning Dew sitting next to her, making two circlets out of flowers and grass. The wreckage of the train was downhill, resting peacefully in the midday sun.

Twilight was still groggy, but was able to ask, “How long have I been out?”

“Oh, for about a whole day. We were very worried after that miracle you pulled, but when you started talking in your sleep we knew you’d wake up.” Morning Dew’s smile was like bottled sunshine and filled with the kind of love that the unicorn recognized being on her own mother’s face.

Twilight did not know she talked while she slept, and was curious what was on her subconscious mind. With a slight, curious smile she asked, “Did I say anything interesting at least?”

Morning Dew giggled, “Well most of it was nonsense, but...” She blushed.

*‘Uh oh.’*

“...something tells me that this, ‘Big Mac’ fella would love to ‘buck your apple orchard’ anytime.”

If dying from embarrassment were possible, Twilight would have keeled over then and there. She looked down at her hooves and tried to think of some sort of explanation, as if she’d done something wrong.

“OH! Um...yeah...Big Mac is a...Ummm...brother of a friend and he’s...well...BIG! And you see he...it...I don’t really know him that well and...” Twilight knew she was sputtering, but couldn’t stop.

A reassuring nod and smile came from the older mare, “No need to worry Miss Twilight, Mr. Hawk promised not to tell anypony back east about it. Why when he heard it he didn’t so much as grin he was so worried about you. And it’s nothing to be ashamed of besides, why when Tall Leaf and I were young I...”

“HAWK KNOWS?!” Twilight liked Hawk, but he was a human, and she heard from a reliable fashion minded unicorn that humans were incorrigible gossips.

As if she summoned a vile phantom, “What do I know? Twilight? Is that you?” Hawk and the fillies crested the hill and made their way towards the two.

“Miss Twilight!” both fillies shouted as they galloped towards her. “I’m so glad you woke up! Busy Bee was crying she was so worried!” said Merry Gold as she gave Twilight a hug with her neck.

Busy Bee snorted, “I was not! And even if I was, you were the one thinkin’ we was all dead!”

Twilight rolled her eyes for what seemed like the millionth time since yesterday begun. With a small clearing of her throat, Morning Dew caught the two squabbling fillies, and presented them with the floral circlets. The two sisters instantly forgot all about their argument and began to run towards the ruins of the Magna Rail with their new flowery crowns.

“Well then,” said Morning Dew, who stood up, “I’d best go help my husband with the salvaging. He’s always puts too much weight on his back.” She trotted down the hill after the fillies, calling to them to stay close.

Hawk finally spoke, “That was some stunt you pulled back there Sprinkles.” Twilight looked him over before responding. He had buttoned his over shirt, and now wore a long brown duster coat over it.

“Well,” Twilight looked back towards the train, “judge me not by my size Agent Hawk.” They both proceeded to laugh it up for a good few minutes before Zorro exited the wreckage. He now sported a black poncho made from what appeared to be wool, and a black wide brim hat that was much stiffer than Hawk’s. When Zorro saw Twilight awake, his expression brightened considerably.

“My dear niña! It is good to see you up and about! I was getting quite jealous of Agent Hawk constantly being by your side!” Twilight blushed slightly.

Hawk called out to him, “What’s the damage Z?”

“My diagnosis? You have abandonment issues.”

Hawk sighed, “To the train Z.”

Zorro put a hand to his hip and another to his chin, “The only thing I got working was the GPS. And, my you’ll never guess where we ended up my friend!”

“Canada?”

Zorro chuckled and replied, “Close amigo! We’re about four miles away from the town of Ten Sleep Wyoming!”

Hawk beamed. "Son of a bit..." he glanced at Twilight, "...gun! That tornado took us far! Right kind of it, if not for the whole trying to kill us part, eh Twilight?"

She was checking her map for the town of Ten Sleep. When she found it. She couldn't believe the math. The tornado had moved them nearly a thousand miles in less than ten minutes. She didn't question it though. She was tired, her head hurt, and a town meant a soft bed to rest on. "Let's just go Mr. Hawk. We still need to get to Yellowstone after all. And with that Magnet Train out of commission, it's gonna be a long walk." They were halfway down the hill before Twilight remembered something. "And Agent Hawk..."

"Yeah Sprinkles?"

"If you tell anypony about what I said while I was asleep, I'll turn you into a newt."

\* \* \*

They entered to edge of the town of Ten Sleep in the evening, when the sun loomed just above the horizon, and the sky had turned pink and orange. All the ponies took a minute to admire the sunset while the humans seem preoccupied surveying the town with binoculars. Twilight savored the moment of silence, as the last hour or so of walking, Busy Bee had been questioning Agent Hawk unceasingly.

Morning Dew gave a sing-song like sigh before saying, "Simply beautiful. Celestia must be watching over us."

Zorro looked up from what he was doing, "Let us hope so señora, the town of Ten Sleep lies abandoned and it's overgrown with vegetation," he got up and walked towards the ponies, "it is likely that newer, and less friendly, residents have moved in."

"Like cannibals?" inquired Busy Bee.

Hawk stood up, "Let's hope not. If Zorro tastes half as good as he talks he won't last the night."

\* \* \*

The town was deathly quiet and there was no sign of life. Rows of houses and other buildings looked dark and empty. There were hardly any cars on the sidewalks or driveways, and the grass in the yards had grown wildly out of control.

“Where is everypony?” asked Tall Leaf.

“Gone,” replied Hawk, “at some point or another, everyone in town either left or died.”

Merry Gold looked nervous, “So it’s a…” she gulped, “...ghost town?” She gazed at the long shadows and empty houses, some of which had their doors wide open, as if inviting them to enter.

Zorro was first to assuage her fears, “Do not worry little one, there aren’t any actual ghosts. We are safe from the dead.”

“That’s reassuring,” said Twilight.

Within minutes, Hawk had found a house he deemed, “Adequate,” and soon after Twilight was experiencing de ja vu. Hawk had gone to the front door and knocked three times. When there was no reply, Hawk turned to the rest of the group, shrugged, and kicked the door in. The entirety of the Garden Family jumped. As Hawk entered the house, his large black duffel bag in tow, Zorro gestured to the ponies to follow.

Tall Leaf hesitated, “Miss Twilight,” he said, “isn’t this illegal?”

“Don’t worry,” replied Twilight straight faced, “he is the law.”

Twilight moved into the door and gave a smile to Zorro as she passed by. He returned it and then looked to Tall Leaf who still stood in the waning light. With a shake of his head, Tall Leaf entered the house mumbling, “This is ridiculous. Simply ridiculous.”

Night had fallen, and with a final look around, Zorro walked into the house and closed the door as best he could. Hawk had extracted an electric lamp from his bag and laid it on the coffee table in what was once the living room. Soft blue couches sat around the table, slanted towards the T.V. on the wall, and most of the seats were occupied by ponies. Morning Dew was currently humming a song to her children as much as herself and her husband.

Hawk moved an ornate armoire in front of the front door, blocking it and preventing it from opening. He then made a series of odd hand gestures to Zorro, who nodded and began searching the house.

After a short time, Zorro returned and declared, “Clear.”

Hawk, smiling wide, opened his duffel bag and said, “Dinner time!” He passed around bottles of water and Zorro passed around the food.

The ponies were given pony meal packs, something the humans had made years ago

for the pony on the go. They came in little sectioned off trays and were sealed in plastic. The meals included carrots, small cucumbers, grass, some oats, dandelions, three cubes of sugar, and a box of apple juice. Even though she could taste the lack of freshness, Twilight delighted in the meal. Meanwhile, Hawk and Zorro had what seemed to be plastic bags that had the letters "M.R.E." emblazoned on them.

"Get anything good Z?" asked Hawk.

"Chicken soup, and you?"

"Beef stroganoff."

Twilight didn't want to think about what they did to the poor chickens and cows in order to fit them into those little bags.

After dinner and everyone found a spot to settle, Twilight made her own small globe of light which hovered around her horn, much to the amazement of the two fillies. The house was only one floor, and she could see not only the kitchen from where she was sitting, but also the hallway which must have led to the bath and bed rooms. It was remarkable how neat and tidy everything was, and horrifying that everything had just been left behind. The couches, the rug, the table, even the pictures on the walls had not been touched in some time. It was like sitting in a tomb.

Twilight saw a picture on the wall of the human family who must have lived here previously, and she trotted closer to get a better look. It was a father, mother, and beautiful little girl all smiling on a sunny day under a familiar looking maple tree tree.

*'They look so happy. I thought humans hated their lives so much and that was why they all were so ready to be ponified. But why would they abandon this? This isn't so bad.'*

Twilight entered the kitchen for curiosity's sake. There was a sliding door to the back yard and moon light illuminated a tire swing which hung from an old, unkempt looking tree. The fridge was immediately next to the entrance, so she looked at the calendar that was magnetized to its side. It was from two years ago. There was only one day circled for the entire month, the day Twilight remembered as the day the camps opened. She flipped through the calendar's earlier entries, and it was pretty run of the mill: doctor's appointment, dentist, Tiffany's birthday party (bring gift!). But after the day the camps opened, there was nothing. No plans at all.

The lack of future plans really disturbed Twilight, as she continued her tour of the house. Hawk and Zorro were in the living room talking with Tall Leaf and the others. Busy Bee wasn't taking her eyes off of Hawk. Twilight chuckled at the thought that maybe she wasn't the only one with a secret crush.

She passed the bathroom, the master bedroom which was in disarray, and finally arrived at a door with a wooden plaque hanging from a nail. It read, "Julie's Room." Twilight had to know whose old life she be spending the night in.

With a push, the door opened revealing a room so pink, Pinkie Pie would have perfect camouflage. There were teddy bears and dolls lining the walls, all neatly put into their place, and on the comfy looking bed was a book. It was the little girl's diary.

'*Dare I?*' she asked herself as she hesitantly approached the book. Her curiosity could not be contained, she had to know. After checking to make sure no one was around, she magically lifted the book to her and opened it, turning to the last entry. It coincided with the camp's opening day.

*'Dear Diary,*

*I don't want to be a pony, but mom and dad say life will be better that way. They said I wouldn't have to live in a mean world, or pay for other grown ups problems. I like ponies, but I don't want to be a pony. I like being me and Miss Megan said to be happy with who I was and I am. But mom and dad aren't so I guess they will be happy if we are ponies. I want them to be happy, so I will be a pony for them. I will miss Tiffany and Miss Megan. I hope they recognize me if I see them again.*

*Goodbye Diary.'*

Twilight closed the book, and drew it close with her magic. She felt something wrong had happened in this place. She returned to the living room with a dour expression. Zorro was staring out the window, looking for something, and Morning Dew was cuddled up next to Tall Leaf. Both of them had fallen asleep on the couch. Hawk was on the opposite couch entertaining the endless supply of questions the fillies seemed to have.

"And...do humans really have machines that let them fly?" Busy Bee's voice was strained as she struggled to stay awake.

"Eeyup."

"I'd like to...to fly...one...zzzzzzzz," Merry Gold had fallen asleep next to her sister, who in turn curled close to her and followed suit.

"Good night," she said.

Hawk replied in a tired, but tender voice, "Good night Busy Bee."

With that, the two fillies fell asleep, and Hawk rolled his head towards Twilight. Quietly he said to her, "They're just like cats: cute as heck when they're asleep, but they makes it impossible for you to move or get comfy."

"It is rather precious amigo," said Zorro from his watch, "I do not think I've ever seen you



so..." Zorro strained his mind for the right word.

"Cuddly?" offered Twilight.

Zorro nodded and smiled, "Si, cuddly fits well."

Hawk simply replied, "Whatever," and looked at the book that Twilight had in her magic's grasp, "Find something interesting Sprinkles?"

Twilight hung her head a bit before asking, "Hawk, do you know why so many humans got ponified?"

Hawk furrowed his brow, "I can't speak for all of 'em, but if I had to guess, I'd say they were thinking that their lives would be better as tiny horses."

Twilight wasn't satisfied, "*WHY* would they think that though? Have you seen this house? It's absolutely lovely! Us ponies thought that humans lived in misery and squalor, but..." she trailed off looking towards the picture of the family. "...but this family didn't. So why?"

Hawk gave a sigh through his nose, "I dunno, maybe they were tired of paying taxes, or getting sick, or living in fear that some accident would hurt their loved ones. It's impossible to say Twilight. They did what humans have always done: take the option that makes their lives easier. So this family abandoned their old lives for a chance at a better one."

Twilight put the book into her saddlebag, a frown spreading over her face.

*'You can't steal something that someone has abandoned.'*

She laid her head down onto her saddlebags, lost in thought. They were more comfortable than she thought however, as weariness eventually took over and she fell asleep without a sound.

\* \* \*

It was near midnight when the howling started and awoke Twilight from her deep sleep. She stared up in a half awake state, wondering what all the noise going on outside, but she soon recognized it as the baying of some hungry predators. She looked towards the window and saw Zorro looking out the window, not moving an inch.

"What is it?" Twilight asked the man, concern heavy in her voice.

He didn't look away from the window, "Feral dogs. Around maybe...twenty? They've been circling the block for two hours. I think they finally decided what to do with us." Zorro chuckled a bit.

Twilight however, was worried. Celestia had mentioned beasts from human lands, and she did not like the word 'feral' one bit. "What do you think they are going to do?"

"They are going to attack this little house and eat us up. Please niña, go wake everyone. I'm afraid Hawk may have been right about how delicious I am." Zorro was absolutely calm as opposed to Twilight who was beginning to panic.

The unicorn decided to wake Hawk up first, as it was officially his job to protect the group. He was asleep on the couch, with two little fillies sleeping soundly, curled up close to him. One of his arms lay over top the both of them, almost like he was protecting them even while asleep. Twilight nudged him with her hoof. He blinked his eyes open, and mumbled something about a donkey before asking, "What's wrong?"

"Zorro says twenty feral dogs are going to attack us!" Twilight was trying to whisper, but her voice was thick with panic. She had never had to defend herself from wild dogs before, and wolves never left the Everfree Forest.

Hawk rolled off the couch, waking the fillies up who blinked and mumbled, trying to go back to sleep. Even in her panicked state, Twilight let out a small d'aww when Busy Bee gave a small noise and curled tighter as Hawk's body heat left the couch. Hawk was less enthralled by it, and seemed to show signs of worry. He moved to the window, and replaced Zorro who was currently stirring Morning Dew and Tall Leaf from their slumber.

There was another round of howling, which quickly sobered the Garden family from their sleep.

"What's going on? Hawk, what's makin all that racket?" Tall Leaf was wide awake and stretching his legs out.

"You're about to find out," Hawk turned to the group, "Alright, Zorro, you and Twilight cover the back door, me and Tall Leaf will make sure they don't push through the front. Morning Dew, take the fillies and go into one of the rooms back there and barricade yourself and the others inside."

Without hesitation Morning Dew took hold of her children, her voice being as calm as possible. "Come on darlings, double time. Hoof it! Come on!" She trotted the two into the hallway and moved them into Julie's Room.

"Mom? What's going on? What's all that noise?" Busy Bee was terrified, and looked back as she walked, "Isn't daddy coming with us?"

Twilight's stomach felt like a pit, and fear was starting to eat away at her. Hawk however was sifting through his bag, and with an "Ah-ha!" he extracted a hunting rifle and a bandolier of ammo. Zorro had drawn his sword, a thin blade with a slight curve, and slowly chopped at the air. No doubt warming up for what was to come.

"Alright, Tall Leaf, if one of their heads comes into view, buck it up. Now, you have to hit to kill, alright? If you don't they'll just keep coming." Tall Leaf gave a vacant stare, but blinked out of it and nodded.

"R-right. Hit to..." he gulped, "...kill." Hawk gave him a pat on his neck and moved into position at the window.

"Well little one," said Zorro to Twilight, "shall we?" His smile was somewhat comforting, but Twilight was still barely keeping it together.

They entered the kitchen and looked through the sliding doors that separated the house from the back yard. There were seven dogs prowling, looking at them, licking their lips while moonlight reflected off their eyes, making them seem like little, glowing, yellow discs. Three of them were sniffing at the base of the door, and then got on their hind legs and began to scratch on the glass. Twilight heard similar noises from the front of the house.

*'Think of a spell think of a spell think of a spell.'* Twilight's mind raced at what to cast. It was difficult to concentrate with all the scratching and howling the dogs were making. Zorro stood next to her. He had slung the front of his poncho over his shoulder revealing his sword arm, "Stay calm, niña. I'll keep them at bay. You concentrate on scaring them off." With a nod and sudden feeling of calm, Twilight thought things out.

"You might want to cover your eyes Mr. Zorro."

Then the attack began. All at once every dog Twilight could see charged the doors, and with a loud BANG, smashed into them. The doors shattered and Twilight enacted her spell. A magnificent blast of light erupted forth from every orifice in the room. Zorro moved his arm over his eyes just in time to avoid being blinded, but the dogs were less successful. Blind and confused, they yelped and whined, running wild in random directions and crashing into just about everything in the kitchen.

"Ha ha! Well done my darling!" Zorro cheered patting Twilight on the back, "Let us show these dogs the way out."

Several booming sounds came from the front, followed by an equal number of yelps and shouts. "HA! Another one bites the dust!" Hawk's voice was almost gleeful. Twilight glanced back and saw Tall Leaf bucking a snout that had wedged its way between the door. She saw

Hawk with the rifle taking aim and firing at the dogs that were assaulting the front. When she faced forward again there was the maw of a feral mastiff rushing towards her, murder glowing in its eyes. Time moved slower, and Twilight opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out.

A quick flash of steel passed between her and the dog, and after an instant, the creature was on the ground with blood flowing from a wound across its face. The warm red liquid spilled out from it and all over the floor as the dog twitched to the ground.

Twilight's scream finally caught up with her.

Hawk looked back, "Twilight?!" He was about to stand up to make sure she was all right when a large rottweiler jumped through the window and attempted to snap its jaws around Hawk's neck. The hound's bite missed, but it did knock the man onto the ground, where it continued to go for his throat. Tall Leaf was bracing himself against the door, and looked on in terror as Hawk grappled with the wild dog. Hoping the armoire could hold the pack at bay long enough he rushed over to the dog and bucked him as hard as he could.

There was a snapping sound and the dog flew a good two feet off of Hawk, landing with a whimper. The man breathed a sigh of relief, stood up, removed his revolver, and shot the dog through the head, causing blood to spray over the carpet. "Thanks," was all Hawk said before retaking his position and resuming his shooting.

Tall Leaf stared at the dead dog for what seemed a long while. Its leg twitched, and Tall Leaf began to feel very sick.

Twilight had stopped screaming and watched as the blood from the dog slowly spread towards her. She meanwhile was backing up to avoid stepping in it. Zorro was slashing at any dog that got close with such speed and grace, Twilight could swear that he was dancing instead of killing.

The dogs she had blinded lay strewn about the kitchen, cuts and stab wounds across their bodies. She looked outside and saw other dogs prowling, but keeping their distance. Their looks of hunger now shifted to looks of fear. Fear of the human who stood amongst their dead, with no signs of exhaustion or fatigue.

The dogs hung their heads in defeat and ran off into the darkness. Hawk had stopped firing his rifle, and Zorro gave a small bow to the retreating dogs. They had driven them off.

"Tall Leaf," said Hawk, "Go to your family, and wait there with them. Don't come out until me or Zorro come to get you, alright?"

"Right," he responded in a shaky voice, eyes never leaving the dead dog in the room.

Hawk continued, "Twilight, you can go with him if you want, me and Zorro are going to clean up the bodies so the kids don't have to see."

After a moment of thought, Twilight shook her head, "No, it's alright, I'll help." *'It would go*

*faster with my magic,'* she thought.

Twilight started in the kitchen, where pools of blood had spread almost everywhere. Putting her mind on the task on hand, she levitated the bodies out the door and into the back yard. When they rose, blood dripped off of them, and Twilight had to avert her eyes, else she might have thrown up.

Afterwards she went out through the front, past a wet red spot in the middle of the room. The bodies of no less than eight dogs littered the street, all of them had one hole through either their heads, or hearts. Hawk and Zorro were carrying the bodies behind the house, and using her telekinesis, Twilight lifted the remaining ones and followed them.

Twilight laid the bodies out in rows, and tried not to look at them. Every time she did, she would see something that made her stomach turn inside out. Whether it be a collar with the dog's name tag on it, or just the dead faces of the poor mutts, she would grow sick.

"What do you want to do with them?" asked Zorro.

Hawk replied in a tired voice, "Well, leaving them here would make a feast for scavengers, but it might take a while for them to show up. We could bury them, I guess, give the worms something to work with."

"We should bury them," said Twilight. She didn't want to have to see the bodies ever again.

"Right," said Hawk, giving a look of concern towards Twilight, "got a spell for moving earth?"

As a matter of fact, Twilight did. She first used it to help Applejack irrigate her apple orchard. How she wished to be back there right now, away from this scene. A glow emanated from her horn, as the dirt beneath the dogs displaced itself, and buried the corpses.

Once they were all properly buried, Hawk and Zorro went inside to get the others. Twilight remained in the moonlight, and had a moment of silence. She could only think of the lives she had helped to end, she wanted to say something, but couldn't manage it, so she thought it instead.

*'I'm sorry.'*

\* \* \*

The morning came, and Twilight had barely gotten back to sleep before the sun came out and woke her. Last night seemed like just a nightmare until she left the master bedroom and saw the red stain in the living room. Grimacing, she went through the recently opened front door

and took a few deep sighs, trying hard to suppress the memories of last night. Hawk and Zorro's voices could be heard coming from the garage, and the sound of a car starting broke the silence of dawn. An open roof jeep drove out onto the street followed by a smiling Zorro. Hawk was at the wheel and he parked it in front of the house.

Leaning out the side Hawk smiled at Twilight, "Need a ride little lady?"

Twilight stared at him for time, processing his smile. He wasn't bothered by what happened last night. He gave no sign of regret or pain for the lives he took. She eventually gave a weak smile back and said, "Yes, thank you Agent Hawk." Her voice lacked any kind of emotion.

The Garden family came out of the house, somewhat blurry eyed. The fillies' eyes revealed that they had been crying last night, and Busy Bee was eerily silent. Zorro and Hawk helped them all into the car, while an awkward silence dominated the air between the humans and the ponies. The back of the car became filled with ponies and Hawk's duffel bag. Zorro took the front seat and Hawk the driver's position.

Zorro looked at Hawk, who looked back at him. Hawk gave a heavy sigh, and then eyed the ponies. The Garden family was huddled together, staying close to Tall Leaf. Twilight was apart from the others and was staring off into the distance, her mind wandering. Hawk faced forward.

"I think we could all go for some breakfast."

"What do you have in mind?" asked Zorro.

"Chateau Minuit?" Hawk replied, grinning.

Zorro place a hand on the side of his head, "Madre de mierda," he sighed.

Hawk laughed, "Watch your language young man, or you'll get no ice cream."

"Ice cream?" Busy Bee's sad face had disappeared completely, and Merry Gold's was following right along. "I love ice cream!" said both in tandem. They then began listing off what flavors were their favorites and which ones they wished for.

Twilight had snapped back to reality, and concluded that eating ice cream was an idea she could get behind. After all, Pinkie Pie had always given her some in the past when she was, as Pinkie described, "a sad Mc-Sad-y face," and it cheered her up.

Hawk smiled at Zorro like he had just won a bet, "Well then, shall we play some music?" Hawk turned on the radio, and adjusted the station. After a moment or two of static, he found what he was searching for as a voice spoke from the radio.

*"...ey hey hey! It's me Jim Carter, the bringer of all the good music that you love! It's time*

*for some news and then some tunes. First up is some news about our little pony friends, taken straight from the mouth of the president. Seems that the first family of settlers is moving out to Yellowstone with a full blown US Marshal for an escort, and possibly the slickest train I've ever seen. If you all are listening, then good luck to ya. Here's a little ditty called Day by Day, sung by the one, the only, Dorris Day. Safe travels friends."*

And with that, melodious tune sprang forth from the radio. They ponies were enamoured with it, and let the lyrics wash over them. Morning Dew in particular was listening intently, always ready to learn a new song.

The car drove away from the house, away from the dead dogs, and Twilight let out a sigh of relief. Every moment they spent getting close to Yellowstone was another moment closer to going home. She drifted off again, this time thinking about transferring back to her old home in Ponyville, back to where things weren't so violent.

*'Where I won't have to see dead dogs.'*

Death in a MLP Fiction?  
Well it is a western!  
Allegedly.  
Part Five coming in a Week!  
Maybe!  
I'm no good with deadlines!