# Pony-mon: Gotta Friend 'Em All!
by RaspleZS

## Chapter 001: New Game

Miles, a black earth pony with yellow mane & tail, woke up to a sight of all blue.  A white box appeared at the bottom of his sight, and a very light pink, nearly white, winged-unicorn faded into view above it.  The box started filling with text.

```
[Hello. I'm Princess Celestia.
 Welcome to the world of Equestria. ▼]
```

```
[There are many creatures here,
 but mostly there's ponies. ▼]
```
A purple unicorn pony appeared in a flash of magic next to Princess Celestia.

```
[In this world friendship is very important.
 It's magic, even. ▼]
[You will need to befriend many others to help
 you achieve your goals. ▼]
```

```
[Your adventure in friendship is about to begin... ▼]
```
The unicorns, text box and blue faded away to reveal a forest.

"Oh, come on!" Miles complained to no-one in particular, "I just got done with that, did I not?"  He started his life as an Umbreon, but has been thrown into/through a few other games. He had just finished being a trainer running through the trainer's side of a Pokémon adventure. Through it all he had kept a red and white, hook handled, parasol, (preferring to  call it an umbrella) [from Kirby's Dreamland] as his weapon of choice, and wore a green Kokiri hoodie [from the kingdom of Hyrule]; he kept the hood up most of the time.  Nearly everything else didn't stay with him.

The black pony looked around.  It was dark like a forest should be, not too dark.  He thought he heard a roar, an evil clucking, or maybe even a 'Moose-staash' in the distance. "Where in Equestria am I, anyway?"

A panel bordered in vines popped down out of nowhere...

```
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
~ ( Everfree Forest ) ~
```
Miles facehooved. "Really? That Poké-Trope is here,

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ too?" He shook his head, "Fine..." and started walking.

Two steps into his travels he saw a `(!)` and heard a text box:
```
[...: Wait! ▼]
```

"Oh, geez... is everypony going to talk like this...?" Miles muttered under his breath. A zebra with a mohawk and a large, tight gold necklace had stepped out of the hut Miles hadn't noticed before.

```
[Zecora: Beware! Beware, you with the black coat!
        I'm here to teach you, do not bolt! ▼]
```

"Wha...?" Miles said.

```
[Zecora: Friends are needed for what you seek.
        To get them you cannot be meek! ▼]
```

A little tune indicating 'battle' played.
```
♪doo-da-loo-la-loolooloo♪
[A friendly Applebloom appeared! ▼]
[Applebloom: Howdy! ▼]

[What will Zecora do? ▼]
   ►[Greet]   [PARTY!]
 [Befriend]  [Run Away]

[Zecora: Hello. I'm Zecora. ▼]
[Applebloom: Nice to meet you! I'm Applebloom. ▼]

[What will Zecora do? ▼]
    [Greet]   [PARTY!]
►[Befriend]  [Run Away]

[Zecora: Would you like to be friends? ▼]
[Applebloom: Sure! ▼]
```

A tune indicating a 'successful friendship' played.
```
♪ da-da-da-dadadada-dada ♪
[Zecora befriended Applebloom! ▼]
```

"Gee, this feels familiar..." Miles rolled his eyes.

```
[Zecora: Befriend 'em all if you can!
```

```
                    After all, that is the plan! ▼]
```

"Yeah, I will do that..."  Miles replied sarcastically.  Zecora and Applebloom entered the hut, leaving the black earth pony alone again.  He walked on, leaving the forest.


~~~


Before long, after not meeting anypony else, Miles entered a new area.  It was a town of average size with plenty going for it, not over or under developed.  Various shaped building were scattered about, and ponies were milling about going about their business.  Another panel popped down, this time it was a pair of conjoined pink ovals.

```
 ╱‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾╲
 > Ponyville <        "Oh, thank you!" the black pony smiled. "I did not want to have to
  ╲_____╱  'befriend' everything between here and--"
```

Out of the sky came a grey blur with a messenger bag.
```
[A friendly Ditzy Doo crashed into Miles! ▼]
♪doo-da-loo-la-loolooloo♪

[Ditzy Doo: MUFFINS! ▼]

[Miles: Of course, I spoke too soon... ▼]
```
He was annoyed enough as it was to not notice his speech was in a text box.

```
[What will Miles do? ▼]
    [Greet]  [PARTY!]
 [Befriend] ▶[Run Away]

[Couldn't escape... ▼]
[Ditzy Doo shook Miles's hoof! ▼]

[What will Miles do? ▼]
    [Greet]  [PARTY!]
 [Befriend] ▶[Run Away]

[Couldn't escape... ▼]
[Ditzy Doo continues to shake Miles's hoof! ▼]

[What will Miles do? ▼]
[Miles: Oh, fine... ▼]
```

```
      [Greet]   [PARTY!]
   ▶[Befriend]   [Run Away]


   ♪ da-da-da-dadadada-dada ♪
   [Miles befriended Ditzy Doo! ▼]
   [Ditzy Doo continues to shake Miles's hoof! ▼]


   [Would Miles like to give a nickname to Ditzy Doo? ▼]
   ▶[Yes]   [No]
   [What should the nickname be? ▼]
   D-E-R-P-Y-_-H-O-O-V-E-S [Confirm]   [Cancel]
```
Miles thought for a moment, '*Hmm... Nah.*'
```
   [Confirm] ▶[Cancel]


   [Ditzy Doo joined Miles's adventure! ▼]
```

Miles sat there looking at the wall-eyed blonde-maned grey pegasus pony, contemplating. He lowered his eyebrows to an angry position and stood up. "OK. No..." he growled. "If I have to 'battle' my way through this adventure, fine. But I refuse," he stomped a hoof down, "refuse to do it with text boxes the whole way through this world!"  He added in is head, '*It would be very dry, reading everything in text boxes!*'

Ditzy Doo looked at the angry black pony with one eye, and a roof across the street at with the other eye.  She saluted Miles, and flew off to finish her deliveries.
```
   [Ditzy Doo left Miles's party. ▼]
```

"Well, she was a lot of help..." Miles paused, "Not."  After fuming and grumbling himself calm he decided to check out the shops and other buildings in town.

He entered the nearest one, a pink and purple building that sort of looked like a merry-go-round from the outside. Inside there were shelves filled with bolts of fabric, along the some of the non-shelved walls were ponnequins with variously completed dresses and one or two sewing machines. "I wonder where this is..." Miles wondered aloud, towards no-one in particular.

Nothing happened.

"OK, I spoke a little hastily before... I could use the 'sign posts', please..." He asked of no-one in particular.  A panel that looked like an unrolled bolt of fabric popped down.

```
|@/‾‾‾\___/‾‾|    A white unicorn filly stopped Miles before he got too far into the shop.
| |          |    [Sweetie Bell: Rarity is the 'Element of
| | Carousel |                   Generosity', but she's also a
```

```
| |  Boutique  |                    little vain. ▼
| |            |                    Use that to your advantage if you
|_|/⎺\_____/⎺                       want to befriend her. ▼]
```

"Thank you?" Miles said, confused for a moment.  Then he realized he was going to have a 'Gym Battle' for friendship and sighed.

"'Thank you' for what, Zecora?" said Rarity, a indigo-maned white unicorn pony & the shop owner.  Then she corrected herself, "Oops, pardon me, sir!  Your hood confused me."  She bowed a little bow as an apology.

"Not a problem.  My name is Miles, by the way."

"And I'm Rarity, dear.  May I help you with something?"

"Well, I am new to this area and I'm looking for a wa--"

"A new outfit?  I can understand!" the dress making pony interrupted, jumping to conclusions, "Look at how old and tired your cloak is!  However did it not fall apart on you?"

Miles frowned, "But, I like my hoodie..." he stopped himself short. '*I think I need to befriend her,*' he thought, '*otherwise I will probably not be getting anywhere.*'  "Um, yeah...  I guess it is a little tattered..." He cringed at the thought of losing one his prized possessions. '*At least she does not want to replace my umbrella, Aerolithos.*'  Miles's umbrella was precious to him because he had been charting his adventures on it, but the only thing that stayed from world to world was just a random star chart on one panel.

"And that parasol!" Rarity remarked, with timing.

'*No. No. No. No. No. No. No...*' Miles pleaded in his head

"Wherever did you find such an elegantly designed and patterned item?"

'*Whew.*'  Miles said the first plausible thing to come to mind, "I think I found it at a second hand store...  I cannot remember for sure..."

"You must let me borrow it to jolt down a few designs I'm suddenly thinking of!  And more are coming!" Rarity's horn glowed as a piece of paper and a pencil floated to her and she started to sketch.  "Inspiration CAN come from anywhere!" she dropped a raised hoof in a fashionista's way.

'*Ack!  "Borrow Aerolithos?"  I cannot...*'  Miles shook his head, "I am sorry, Miss Rarity... But I just could not let it out of my sight..."

Rarity stopped sketching, and started pouting, "But...  The inspirations...  New designs... You can't deny me those!"  She started walking to Miles.

Miles started backing towards the door, "I... I just cannot let Aerolithos go..."  He heard a "Hmph" as he went out the door.

```
[Got away safely...]
```

```
/‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾\
> Ponyville <
 _____/
```
Miles walked a few paces before stopping and smacking his face with his hoof.  "What did I just do?  I just ran from an easy 'battle'..."  He shook his head, "Well, if I am lucky I can go back in and try again..."

Turning around and entering the boutique again...

```
|@/‾‾‾\___/‾‾‾|
| |           |
| | Carousel  |
| |  Boutique |
| |           |
|_|/‾\_____/‾‾
```
...the white unicorn filly was standing there, but didn't stop Miles.

Miles looked her.  She looked sort of bored.

Out of curiosity he said, "Hi," to her.

She responded by repeating what she said before,
```
[Sweetie Bell: Rarity is the 'Element of Generosity',
               but she's also a little vain. ▼
               Use that to your advantage if you
               want to befriend her. ▼]
```

Out of politeness, and a little confusion, Miles thanked her again.

"'Thank you' for what, Zecora?" Rarity said again, as well.  Then she continued to repeat the event, correcting herself, "Oops, pardon me, sir!  Your hood confused me."  She bowed another little bow as an apology.

'*She does not remember this all just happened?  Just as well, I guess...*'  Miles introduced himself all over again, "Not a problem.  My name is Miles."

"And I'm Rarity, dear.  May I help you with something?"

Miles thought for a moment, '*I should probably keep the event-chain going.*'  "I am new to the area and was looking for..." he trailed off, knowing Rarity was going to interru--

"A new outfit?  I can understand!  Look at how old and tired your cloak is!  However did it not fall apart on you?"

"But I like my hoodie..." Miles repeated himself, to a point, "But, yeah I guess it is a little tattered." '*I guess a new hoodie would not be a terrible idea... But here comes her noticing Aerolithos...*'

"And that parasol! Wherever did you find such an elegantly designed and patterned item?"

Miles repeated the first plausible thing that had come to mind, "I think I found it at a second hand store... I cannot remember for sure..."

"You must let me borrow it to jolt down a few designs I'm suddenly thinking of! And more are coming!" Rarity's horn again glowed as a piece of paper and a pencil floated to her and she started to sketch. "Inspiration CAN come from anywhere!" she dropped the same raised hoof from before in a fashionista's way.

Thought he knew he needed to, Miles thought it over, '*I think I must... It may just stroke her ego...? It would be generous, at least...*' After a little internal dialogue he said, "Sure..." trying to not grit his teeth, and he held out his umbrella for Rarity. "Please... Be careful with Aerolithos."

Rarity smiled, "Of course, darling! I always take extra care with a friend's property!" Rarity's horn glowed and the umbrella levitated to her.
```
♪ da-da-da-dadadada-dada ♪
[Miles befriended Rarity! ▼]
```

Miles looked around. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what, dear?" Rarity said, examining Miles's umbrella.

"Nothing." '*OK, first, I will keep the 'successful befriending' tune, too,*' he thought towards no-one in particular. '*And, second, that was easier than I thought it was going to be. I guess the first 'Gyms' usually are... I can only hope it will be that easy all the way through! Minus retries, of course.*'

"It will take me a little time, Miles, dear. Why not go to Sugarcube Corner for a treat? They have the most delectable pastries," suggested Rarity. "I'll head over there when I feel the inspirations are done."

"Hmm. Not a bad idea. I think I will try it out," Miles said as he rubbed his chin. He started to head out the door...

"Hey, mister!" Sweetie Bell, the filly that told Miles about Rarity, stopped him on his way

out, "How'd you get your Cutie Mark?"  She pointed to his flank.

Miles looked towards his back leg and thought for a moment, '*How do I explain an Umbreon's rings in this world?*'  He finally answered, "I do not want to talk about it..." and left.

~~~

```
/‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾‾\
> Ponyville <
_____/
```
          "Well," Miles said to himself, "That was not so bad.  And if I have to 'Befriend 'Em All', I guess I will 'train' on the way to Sugarcube Corner, cannot be too strong for a 'battle'."

Just then he spotted a lone yellow pegasus pony with a long pink mane.  He approached her and simply said, "Hi!"

"eep!" `[Fluttershy escaped... ▼]`

"Of course..." Miles smirked, "There would have to be ponies that would run.  Oh well."

Being new to town, he looked around before spotting a building decorated with candies and pastries, including a cupcake topping the roof.  "That must be 'Sugarcube Corner'.  I do not see anything else that looks bakery like."  The short trip to the bakery was uneventful.  All the other ponies Miles passed were in conversations with each other.  He didn't want to bother them, and no-pony seemed to think to bother him.

Entering the bakery a panel bordered by candy canes, with cupcakes and gumdrops in the corners, popped down.

```
© / / / / / / / / /ũ
/                  /
/ Sugarcube Corner /
/                  /
ũ/ / / / / / / / / ©
```
     A bright amber earth pony stopped Miles on his way in.
     `[Mr. Cake: Pinkie Pie is the 'Element of`
     `     Laughter'. ▼`
     `     Her love of parties makes it easy`
     `      to befriend her. ▼]`

"Sweet, I would like another easy 'battle'."  Miles felt his confidence go up, "This should be a piece of cake."

"Did someone say 'cake'?"  Miles vision was suddenly filled with a grinning pink face.  "You know what cake means?" a pink earth pony asked excitedly, "It means party!  Well, not always, but it does enough of the time that I would say 'cake=party'..."

Miles tried to interject, "Yeah, I guess I said 'cake'..."

The pink pony didn't hear and kept going, "...they're only fun with more than one real pony, of course..."

Miles tried to greet the pink pony, "Hello?"
"...was too sophisticated, until the house was literally brought down..."

Miles turned to leave, "I guess I will go then..."
[Couldn't escape... ▼]
[Pinkie Pie used Chatter! ▼]

[Miles: Why did it suddenly go to this style? ▼]
'*And why am I talking in a text box?*' he thought as he noticed this time. '*So be it...*'

[What will Miles do? ▼]
[Miles: Well, 'Greet' and 'Run Away' didn't work...]
    [Greet]  [PARTY!]
▶[Befriend]  [Run Away]

[Miles tried to befriend Pinkie Pie. ▼]
[Pinkie Pie didn't hear. ▼]
[Pinkie Pie continued to cause an Uproar. ▼]

[What will Miles do? ▼]
[Miles: OK, one last thing to try...]
    [Greet] ▶[PARTY!]
 [Befriend]  [Run Away]

[Would Miles like to bring in Ditzy Doo?]
▶[Yes]  [No]

[Ditzy Doo appeared. ▼]
[Ditzy Doo: MUFFINS! ▼]
[Pinkie Pie calmed down... briefly... ▼]

[Pinkie Pie: Oh! Three's a crowd,
            and a crowd's a party enough for me. ▼]
[Pinkie Pie used Fling. She threw cupcakes
 at Miles and Ditzy Doo. ▼]

[Miles and Ditzy Doo used Swallow. ▼]
[Miles gained a sugar rush! ▼]
[Miles whited out... ▼]

Next:
Chapter 002: [But it got away...](...)