

>The loud blaring of your alarm violently grabs you from sleep as the sun rises behind you.

>It's slowly becoming morning and the continuous repeating tone lets you know that it's also not the weekend. You have to actually get up.

>So you get up and fall out of your bed spectacularly. This is one of those mornings, isn't it? You sigh, eyes still closed and soon start trying to get up. Trying as standing seems exceptionably difficult.

>After a strange balancing game, you find yourself by your alarm to turn it off. Why it was on the other side of the room was beyond you.

>You open your eyes to see what your doing and notice a large stub, cyan in color.

"What the fuck?!"

>You fall onto your back and get a better look at yourself. You're covered in cyan fur, your legs look like hooves that weren't meant to be stood on, and there was a noticeable emptiness where your dick should be.

>You scramble to the large mirror in your room and find not you looking back, but a cyan horse instead. Your hair (mane?) looks like a light orange mess. The more you look yourself over, the more panic begins to set in.

>This surely is a dream, right? You've had dreams this vivid before. This has to be a dream.

>Then you notice the alarm and struggle to turn it off with your hooves. This wasn't a dream. Dreams don't have alarms like that.

>You sit in your room and start to sulk. Tears begin rolling down your face as you begin to process this. How were you going to go to work? Or school? Or even downstairs to deal with your parents?

>Oh god... you need to face your parents like this.

>You sniffle and finally start to collect yourself. The silence in the room helped. You needed to go downstairs. They'll surely be expecting you soon. There wasn't some bullshit way to get around that, your parents see you every morning before you eat breakfast and go. There was no easy way to go about this.

>You'll have to come clean to them and tell them what's up. You grab a blanket from your bed and wrap it around yourself. You can barely see but your reflection shows that you look like a small blanket bundle with eyes sticking out.

>It's silly and cartoonish, but it makes you chuckle. You then start practicing walking. Unless this was a dream or temporary, you figured you'd want to try and shake things off and get used to your new form.

>You thought it'd be like crawling but no, it's much more awkward. It's like if you were on your feet but your legs were short enough to let your hands reach the ground too. It's awkward to do and feels awkward, but you get it after some time.

>"Anon, what'd keeping you?" Your parents yell. Fuck. Maybe you could stall for a bit.

"Can't find my wallet!"

>That wasn't your voice. You didn't notice it before, but your voice was a lot higher. There was no way avoiding it now, you could hear your family rush up the stairs and to your door. Panic starts to set in again and more tears begin to form. Your blanketed self could only hide so much as they opened the door.

>"Anon?" Your mother asked as she looked down at you. You back away. You can't face your family, not like this. "Anon is that you? Why are you wrapped up like that?" You couldn't muster any words. A part of you was still afraid as you slowly cornered yourself against your dresser. Your mom knelt down and started taking some of the blanket off of you. Your checks were soaked in tears as you looked back at her and the shock that was in her eyes. She looked like she was gonna have a heart attack after seeing you.

>You start sobbing. The thought of disappointing her this much from something seemingly out of your control finally broke you. Your mom reached out and hugged you after finally gathering herself. You can't help but hug back and cry into her neck.

>You're a mess. You haven't been able to produce tears like this since you were a child. You weren't a child though, nor were you human. You were a small horse, a pony.

>Your mom soon removed the blanket from around you, where you sat in misery. The sun finally rose enough to shine in through the window. You could see yourself in the light and your orange mane looking like it was shining a bit in the mirror. You can't lie, you looked cute. You were a pony that looked like something from a cartoon and you looked adorable. At least this helped the mood a bit.

>"Anon, stay here. I'm going to call someone."

>And there goes the mood.

"Mom, who are you calling?"

>"I'm calling 911."

> How were the authorities going to help? Send you to a vet? Look up ways to take care of ex-human horses? That's stupid.

"What are they gonna do?"

>"I don't know."

"Then what's the point in calling them?!"

>"Because it's better trying than not doing anything!"

>She had a point. You let her do it as you sit in silence. You can't even begin to think about how your dad will react. He left for work a while ago. Poor man has to leave around 4 to make it on time. Later today, you'll surely see him.

>After a while, emergency dispatch arrives and looks you over.

>"Third one today," one of them mutters. You're not the first? Shit, what was going on? Who else got stuck like this?

>Your questions go unanswered as you're soon hauled away.

"I'll be taken back here, right?"

>They nod. It wasn't hesitant, but it wasn't confident either. Whatever the case, you figure you might as well try and take it dry eyed for a while. A part of you feels like more was waiting for you at your destination.

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>It's been hours. You've probably crossed states by now to some disclosed desert. It wouldn't surprise you, people turning into colorful horses would probably warrant some internment camp type situation.

>Along the way, one or two other ponies end up in the van. One of them had wings and was constantly twitching them. Probably getting used to the new limbs on her back. The other was a normal pony like you and was ramming into the wall and shouting at the drivers. He also had trouble standing and was falling over constantly.

>"Where are you taking us? What kind of cover-up is this anyways?" He shouted. His angry rambling seemed to be centered around other conspiracy theories and how true they were. You really couldn't care.

>You were sitting down and watching his display with your winged friend. This guy's been going at it for a while now and honestly, it's your only entertainment here.

>"So when did it happen for you?" The pegasus asked.

"This morning. I woke up like this."

>"Dang, at least you didn't see yourself change." Apparently this person was named Linda originally, but is considering a name change after all this happened. After all, her form reminded her of this show and she felt like she should go by naming conventions from it as well.

>Another loud bang came from Mr. Conspiracy until he finally fell over again. He just sighed this time. Maybe he finally gave up because he didn't bother getting up. Just stayed laying down and angry.

>"So what about you Anon? Thinking of any names?" No, you're more concerned about if you're ever gonna go home or become human again. Also wondering about what happened in the first place.

>The red pony finally got up and walked over to us. "I'll tell you what happened. These assholes were working on this bioweapon that they call P0-N3 and someone broke a container with it and tainted the air with this."

"That sounds like one of the most far fetched explanations I've ever heard."

>"So you think this was all magic?"

>You're not sure if magic exists or not at this point. Linda says that unicorns might also be a thing and that they have magic so who knows.

>"Just trust me on this and keep in touch. I'll start working on an escape plan once we get to our little prison." The van stopped, speak of the devil.

>Two men in hazmat suits opened the back of the van. They didn't say anything, we just hopped out and entered a building in the middle of nowhere. Yeah, you're gonna have to either wait for things to get sorted out or break out.

>The building looked a bit like a prison on the outside minus the fence, but the inside was more like a hospital. There was a front desk, long hallways, and everything.

>You and your party eventually end up in a room full of other ponies, each with some sort of ring around their hoof. There were pegasi flying around the room awkwardly and unicorns with horns occasionally glowing faintly.

"What was that about magic?"

>"Probably a side effect for unicorns. Just keep an eye around and an ear open. I'll start making friends."

"Must not be your first prison break if you're already thinking of a plan."

>"Just thinkin' for the future. You want friends all around in these places, staff included." Whoever this guy is, he's probably done this kind of thing before. Maybe he was a convict or a POW before ponification.

>An announcement rang as screens flickered on around the room.

>A coat of arms with a white and blue unicorn pegasus hybrid circling appeared on the screen as a woman began speaking. "Welcome to Camp Canterlot, a pony's paradise. Here is where you will be staying as you become acclimated to your new forms. As most of you have gathered, everyone in your room has some unique aspect to them. Some of you can fly, some of you are hardy, and some can even do magic. While this is all nice, the most important special part of you is your mark. This reflects..."

>You started to tune everything out at this point. It started devolving into a speech about friendship and being special and "calling this place home." Prison break is the only way out. It's just too nice to be some rehabilitation facility.

>Then, a ring was clamped on your hoof. "This ring is for naughty ponies. If you break any of the rules, these will document you and give you a kind hearted behavior fix."

>They just clamped a fucking shock collar to your arm. Leg? God, this was gonna get annoying.

>Finally, the announcement ended and everyone was led out and given a number. Probably room assignments. You and your accomplice eventually come to a split in the halls.

>"My room's this way. We'll talk about getting out later, but for now we'll focus on getting these bands off." You nod and start going off in the other direction when he stops you one last time. "By the way, call me Incognito for now."

"I'll just stick with Cog. Call me Anon."

>"Right. You start by getting a look at these. I'll see about getting some people on my side." You say your goodbyes and find yourself at your room. For a prison bedroom, it's pretty spacious.

>"Oh hey Anon!" You turn behind you and see Linda at the open door, flying shakily. She must be your roommate. They probably went over that in the announcement but the talk about love and friendship started making you sick.

>"Wow, this is exciting! I wonder if they'll put a computer in here or let us mail to our families!" Poor deluded Linda.

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>It's been about a week since you first arrived here. New ponies arrive every other day, each as disoriented as the last. This place is gonna run out of room at this rate.

>You walk into Cog's room. It's decorated with various papers covered in scribbles from him getting used to writing without fingers. His roommate, a blue and white unicorn that people call Moonlight, has various broken computers littered around the room in an attempt to make a keyboard for hooves.

>Oh right, naming conventions. You hate them. Linda started going by Glittergold and called you Seashine. You wouldn't mind, but everyone's doing this now. You and Cog are the only ones that call each other as such. It's just getting obnoxious now.

>Anyways, you came here to get a status update from Cog. Moon's in on it thankfully and is working to get the rings off.

>"So here's the rundown," he started. "There are no cameras around this entire base, but guards are everywhere, life is nice and cushy to make it where people don't want to leave, and these rings can hear and see most to all of what we do. Unless we can get these off, there's no escape plan."

"How's that coming anyways?"

>As you say that, Moon gets zapped behind Cog. It's not a quick static shock, you can see his mane smoke a bit afterwards. It's violent and painful.

>"Work in progress. Until progress is made, pretend that this escape plan doesn't exist."

"So this conversation that they can hear?"

>"We're saying that we're cancelling the escape plan. They'll probably put us on a list but nothing too bad should come of it." He went back to his desk and started drawing again, probably a map of the facility.

>"Live your life as a pastel horse for the time being," Moon stated. "If anything happens, Hotblood and I will let you know."

"Hotblood?"

>Cog grumbled, "I fucking hate these nicknames."

>So off you went, exploring this facility. It may have looked like a prison from the outside but it felt more like a castle on the inside. Everything was stylized to seem nice and royal and people loved it.

>You always see others walking around and being nice to each other as if you're in some pony utopia or something. Maybe this escape idea is a bit of an overreaction. Then again, you would like to see normal society again. Not really humans as they're standing in hazmat suits with cattle prods all over the place, but at least how normal america is.

>You soon return to your room. Lind- Glitter is gone at the moment and left feathers around the room. You really stopped caring about that at this point. You just want to stop and think about what to do around here. Until someone makes some sort of hardware that can accommodate hooves, you have the option of reading or social interaction. Neither of which appeal to you in the slightest.

>You decide to just lie on your bed for a while and reflect on everything. How this all even started, how it all got here, and why these thoughts of niceness didn't initiate your gag reflect.

>The lack of any negativity in this place is suspicious and a bit disgusting, and yet you enjoy it. Maybe later, you'll try finding a friend as bitter as you and Cog. Maybe get a group of unicorns together to bring magical havoc to this place. It could use a bit of general rebellion.

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>Be Moonlight

>You've been working all day on trying to get this ring off. You haven't eaten and the constant shocking from your attempts make you unable to sleep. It might be starting to get to you.

>Meanwhile, there's Hotblo- Incognito, still working on being able to draw using a pencil in his mouth. You recommended that because that's what they do in the show, but you've never tried. It looks difficult.

>You walk up behind him and look to see how things are going. It still looks like random scribbles and is visibly making him frustrated.

"Hey Incognito."

>"What is it?"

"Have you tried using a ruler or something to make better schematics?"

>He processes this and facepalms. You float a ruler over to him. You remember trying to use it earlier to brute force your shackle off but that didn't turn out well.

>You sit back down and start fiddling with the ring again. Back to the regularly scheduled pain session.

>"Jim."

"Hm?"

>"How much do you think they're paying attention right now?"

"What do you mean?"

>"They said that they'd be documenting 'bad ponies' and I think your constant attempts at shackle removal might get their attention. So where's the attention?"

>That's true. In these situations, guards are normally sent at some point to deal with this. Where are they?

>A light blipped on on the ring. "This ring will have more voltage added as you continue your attempts. A few guards are entertained by watching your display, but I advise against continuing for your safety."

>How did you miss the speaker on this thing?

>"Good to know you employed nice an friendly guards."

>There was no response, but the both of you knew that was heard. They really don't care about this, do they? Now you need to get this off, just to spite the guards.

"We should put these on those camera guys once I get them off."

>That got a chuckle out of him. You start another attempt at shackle removal when you're interrupted by a loud yelling and flurry of colors from outside your door and quickly passing by.

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>Be anon

>You recently gained the attention of most to everyone in this place that wants to get out and started a small rebellion. Well you actually just got a few ponies mad at the guards and somehow got that spread around.

>Now, you're leading a stampede through the facility. You don't know where you're going, you don't know why they're not stopping any of you, but you know that this is really fun.

>Your mob soon finds itself ramming into the lobby door and getting stopped.

>Oh hell no.

>All of you start hitting the door in angry prisoner fashion. Earth ponies are in the front, ramming with all their might. Unicorns are doing something with magic on the door in the back. Pegasi are all pushing into the top of the door.

>It's a glorious riot. Then, you hear a crack on the glass.

>This is happening.

>You punch the cracked spot and break a hole through the door. More bits of it start breaking off until the mob floods into the lobby.

>In that moment, every single pony in that room is zapped. You should have expected this.

>Your shock seemed more violent though. Because while everyone eventually got up and started moving back, you were stuck there. Every time you tried getting up, you got zapped again.

>Two guards came by at some point and looked down at you. You figured one of them had a needle as he kneeled down and you felt a sharp pain in your ass. That was the last thing you felt until you passed out.

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>You soon find yourself awake in an office. Well office would be a generous way of putting it. It's decorated more like a throne room.

>You feel sore everywhere. Standing feels like a massive feat, let alone walking. You're not chained up, thankfully. Your shackle is still on you though. Maybe you'll hold off on your plan until you can get this thing removed.

>Wait, you're in an office. Shit, this probably the warden's office. You slowly move over to the chair in front of the desk and sit down. This won't be a fun conversation.

>And so you sit and wait. No one's in the office at the moment but looking around or leaving don't seem like a good idea at the moment.

>As you shake away the thoughts of investigation, the door opens behind you. You turn and see one of those pegasus unicorn things on the other side. Glitter informed you that they're called alicorns, which rolls of the tongue a bit. She slowly walks in and takes a seat on the other side of the desk, but not without removing your shackle first.

>You only noticed when the sound of it hitting the ground registered to you. What was going on?

>"I can trust you won't try anything. I only did that so we may speak privately." She's tall. Like twice as tall as you are. She has a white coat and a flowing main that never seems to stop moving. You feel like you've heard of this person before.

"Are you mad about the whole breaking into the lobby thing? If you'd like, I could avoid property damage in my next plan of attack."

>She sighs. "Why did you do that? Ponies were happy here and you disrupt that for what reason? What are you trying to accomplish by putting them in harms way like that?" She doesn't sound mad, she sounds concerned. Genuinely concerned.

"I want to go home."

>"I can't let you leave here."

"Why not?"

>"It's not in my power t-"

"Aren't you the warden? Shouldn't you be able to just let me and my friends out of here?"

>"I wish, but this is for everypony's and everyone's safety."

>You raise an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?"

>"There was an accident and a research team and I let lose an experimental disease we called P0-N3. I was inspired by my daughter to try something like this. Imagine, pacifying countries by putting them into harmless ponies."

"It got out, didn't it?"

>"Someone knocked over a container and released the virus across the facility. It was much more unpredictable and contagious than we thought and soon spread."

"This is a quarantine, isn't it? How fast is this spreading?"

>"Within the year, America might just end up as Equestria." You didn't exactly know what that place was, but you've heard it mentioned. Must be ponyland.

>"I'll let you go without your ring if you can get your friends to just agree. I don't want more ponies getting hurt by my group's mistakes."

"What happened to the rest of the team?"

>"They all ended up as characters from the show, me being Celestia. There are facilities like this either keeping ponies safe or working on a cure."

>She gets up and starts moving towards the door. "This is more than I'm supposed to tell you, but I trust that you'll make the right choices. Please, keep your friends safe."

>You leave the room and soon get escorted back to your room. This was... quite a lot of sci-fi bullshit. You'll need to process this for a bit.

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>Be Celestia

>Well that's what you've been nicknamed at this point. You just finished a call with the head of the research team, Twilight. The cure is slowly being made, but the rate is not giving a bright future.

>And then there's those three that were trying to escape. Out of trust, you decided to let one of them off the grid and you haven't heard anything yet. About a day later, though, the other two disappeared as well.

>Every time you hear them on somepony else's ring, you feel a pit form in your stomach. Not from the overhearing of plans, but from the lack thereof.

>Perhaps you should go in person for the announcements this morning. Just to keep an eye out for those three.

"Would everypony please meet in the center today? I have a special announcement."

>God, this is going to freak most of them out. They already became ponies and had a nerdgasm at the thought. You honestly expect a few to faint at the mere sight of you.

>And then there's the actual announcement. You don't have anything special other than talking in person. What's something you could make up that would support the need for this?

>"Warden, the infected inhabitants have gathered and are waiting."

"Thank you Philip. I will be down there in a few minutes."

>You're not getting rid of their rings. You're not doing the student bullshit for any of them. What is there?

>"Why not let a few of us out for a day?"

>You turn and look at your surveillance console. You know that voice.

"Anon?"

>"You should give props to Moon here. Now we have two way communication."

>That little shit. She's really going to use this to get her and her friends out. After all that trust you gave her?

"We've gone over this already, I can't let you out. It's a matter of safety."

>"Just one day, let us go out and have some fresh air. At least feel the actual sun again instead of see it through windows."

>They can't run, even if they wanted to. We're in the middle of nowhere and none of them can drive the cars left here. Perhaps... you can arrange something.

"One day. I'll make a small park outside and you and your friends can go for one day after you get decontaminated."

>"Hm... I think that's a fair deal. What do you think guys?"

>Sounds of affirmation were heard. Okay, crisis avoided.

>"Any other suggestions we should make?"

>Crisis still in progress.

"I'm already breaking enough rules by talking to you three in general. I'll make an announcement about a raffle and we'll go from there."

>"Fine. Deal. See ya at the announcements 'princess'"

>Then silence. You sigh in relief. These three are going to be the death of you if you're not careful. Hopefully Twilight can hurry up with a vaccine or something.

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>Be Anon

>You're laughing your ass off with your friends. You have sun butt in your hands and she knows it. Maybe you should milk this a bit.

"What else do you think we could get from this?"

>"I think outside contact would be a good start," says Moon. He's almost got something for the keyboard. You don't understand how it works but it does.

>"I'd like to at least sit down with her, one on one," Tin says. "Maybe she'll remember me from that old lab."

>You're already getting what you want. Probably horse instincts kicking in, but running around on grass sounds like a fun idea. If magic is as you keep hearing, she can make that happen.

>Glitter stops by the door and looks in on our senseless cackling. She probably went to get us for the big reveal of the warden.

>"There you are! What are you still doing here?! Announcements are going on!"

>Right, you agreed to keep this a secret. What's a good cover story?

>Tin piped up and said, "I walk talking about how we're gonna get out of here! It's a pretty funny joke, right?"

>... Well he's not wrong.

>The four of you arrive. The room is filled with ponies, all murmuring to each other wondering about this announcement.

>Finally, the screens turn on with a little jingle and that coat of arms from before.

>"Good day, my little ponies. I would like to thank you all for coming today. The summer solstice is coming up and I feel a celebration is in order. A celebration so special that I would like to tell you the details in person."

>All of that sounds very last minute. It makes sense with the whole solar theme, but no one cares about a day like that in reality. Everyone eats it up though. Most can't contain their excitement.

>A door opens on the side of the room. It's the same way to the staff section of the building. Out of it comes the warden in her full glory, towering over the guards as well as the ponies. There's a thud behind you as you see Glitter, passed out.

>A few more faints, gasps, and general fangirling could be heard from the room. Most seemed to be confused as to why this was the case.

>She chuckled. "Please, calm down. I can't talk over all of you. It feels wonderful to finally meet you all like this and I'd love to talk with every one of you. But I have business waiting for me once this is done so I'll keep this short. This celebration will be held in a week from now and we will be working on decorations and planning in that span. I can't do this alone though, so I'll need some help from somepony."

>Oh don't you fucking dare.

>The crowd goes frantic as people try to get selected for "the honor of working with Celestia." She's going to chose your group. You're not stupid, you know how this works.

>The crowd parted as she began walking through, looking around for people to select. Finally, she stops at you. Her smile began to look a bit sinister as she stared down.

>She moved her head down and asked, "How would you like to work with me on this event?" Before Tin or Moon could object, you replied.

"My friends and I would love to help organize this!"

>Glitter finally got up, looking dazed. She looked up and saw miss sun and almost fell over again. "Now them, would you four follow me?" She could barely move when she heard that.

>Moon used his levitation magic to bring her along as we all followed Celestia back to the door.

>"These four have graciously volunteered to help with the upcoming events. I would love all of your help, but sadly this is meant to be a surprise. And where's the fun in knowing what the surprise is?"

>She continued to monologue and go on her normal daily info dump before bidding them farewell and leading us through the staff door. The whole time, she kept this aura of professionalism as we were led to her office.

>We all wanted to try talking, but Linda being here and knowing about our previous conversations prevented that. It would make sense why she was brought along too.

>Nevertheless, it looked like you were working with royalty. Truly moving up in the world now.

>The five of you continued through the halls until reaching the office. You, Tin, and Moon wearing a shit eating grin the whole time.

>She's got you in some position of power over things now. You could use this to break out at some point.

>That being said, Glitter was still frazzled and trying to compose herself. Poor thing could barely walk, let alone fly.

>You finally reached the office of the sun, where Celestia sat down at a desk and sighed.

>"You three owe me quite a bit for this. I hope we can at least make some agreement after this is all finished."

>You chuckle to yourselves. Tin finally speaks up, "All we ask is to leave. Is that really too much of an issue?"

>"Yes. You know exactly why."

"So how do you plan to go about this 'celebration' anyways?"

>"You tell me Anon. You've been such a great help with everything else so far, you might as well come up with these plans as well."

>You stop and think for a moment. The facility is pretty big so there's a lot of room for anything at this point. Then again, outside still sounds like a fun idea.

>"Well things already look like a city, why not try doing something to make it like a carnival?"

>You all turned to Moonlight. He almost never said anything and kinda just did his own thing while being in on our plans.

>"Sun themed too, but there's gonna be a special bit about it as well."

>Celestia looked confused. She already seemed to like the idea thankfully.

>"You're going to have to raise the sun."

>You and Tin both looked confused. That's impossible, even with bullshit magic. Warden Celestia, however, seemed to understand. At least that's what we gathered from the worry on her face.

>Linda finally entered the conversation at this point. "What did I miss?"

"We're planning the celebration, remember?"

>"The Summer Sun Celebration! Right!"

>That's not what she called it. What is that?

>"I'm so honored that you'd let us help organize that! I can't wait to see you raise the sun in front of everypony!"

>You and Tin looked at Moonlight. He just nodded. Whoever he was before, he knew his shit.

>"Yes, neither can I," sun warden chuckled. "Now, how about I let you and Moonlight here sort out the decorations. Hotblood, Seashine, how about you two help with the events."

>You could see Tin cringe at the name. Knowing him, you should do the talking while Glitter's here.

"We'd be delighted to."

>"Wonderful. How about you two stay and discuss this with me. Team Decorations, I'll provide everything you'll need. Just list it out for me first, please."

>Moon simply nods while Glitter starts flying around happily. The two eventually leave the room and just the three of you are here to talk.

"So what kind of events do you have in mi-"

>"I have no idea. They never go over this in the show. You two are going to give ideas because otherwise, we're gonna disappoint a lot of people."

>Tin sat on his haunches and folded his arms. "And what's in it for us? Keep in mind, we could spill the secret very easily."

>"I can't let you go outside, you know why. As for anything else, well I do have magic. Think of something and I'll probably be able to do it for you."

>He sighed. "Fine. We'll be thinking of sun themed everything until then."

"I want to see some of the other facilities."

>The both of them look at you in disbelief. It was a stupid request, but curiosity is a powerful thing.

"I know there are others, you said it yourself. I want to see what they're like."

>"Anon, you know full well that's even less possible than just leaving."

>"Actually..."

>You both turn to Celestia. What does she have planned?

>"If none of the higher ups found out, we could do this. How does the Crystal Camp sound?"

"Why not do a circuit around all of them?"

>"No."

"Fine, crystal prison then."

>"Glad we could make an agreement." She walked up and opened the door. "Now you two go and make more plans. I need to call a few people."

>With that, you both walk out. Now to plot.