

<uSeaGM> ***Group 4 Session 82***

<uSeaGM> It is now late morning, and the afternoon is right around the corner. Whisper's sister has been sent on her way, leaving the group free to finish that shopping they'd been meaning to get to.

<uSeaGM> Red-cloaked guards stand in front of the imposing metal door in the side of the mountain that the Junkyard had been built around. Near the door are a few stalls selling goods, although far fewer than during the group's first visit. The stall owners almost all have yellow scarves, bows, or sashes and they seem to be passing the time by chatting to each other.

<uSeaGM> A grizzled stallion named Metal Jacket runs the weapon stall. He is the only stall owner that isn't wearing something yellow, and in fact has a red bandana tied about his head to hold back his mane. He sits behind a table covered in guns and ammo. Shelves beside him show more stock. Sitting at his side is a colt with a yellow bandana and a gas mask.

<uSeaGM> Some of the group have also met Angel Delight, and from her stall comes the alluring scent of hot mushroom soup. Perfect for hungry bellies, a claim supported by those who have tasted it already.

<uSeaGM> *Session Begins*

<Artifica> Having learned Genie's spell, Artifica spends much of the morning practicing it, learning to sense and commune (to the limited extent that she can) with the spirits of objects, repairing them.

<Artifica> It feels good, being able to touch Milia's world, if ever so slightly. And even better knowing that she is making the spirits happy, helping them by making what they inhabit... are?... useful again. Or, at least, more so.

* Prism was practicing flying, above the rest of the group. It seems she's gotten a LOT better at it, once Jasmine had taught her the basics.

* Jasmine_Mistplume was off by herself, reading to help calm herself down. She had been very down in the dumps lately and reading usually went a long way to picking her up

* Watch_Tower has been resting and walking about. It felt weird to not wear his armor...and to look like himself and he was trying to get adjusted to that.

* mimezinga is now known as AzuBerry

* Whisper ambles aimlessly through the vendors that are still present.

* AzuBerry is not really aware of what is going on, so decides to yawn and roll in the dust

* Artifica also seeks out Lavender Dream.

* Milia can feel the rumbling in her stomach. She hadn't eaten since the day before - at Genie's house - and the scent of the mushroom soup was not making things any easier. However, one sight of the pony working the food stall causes her to halt in her tracks. Maybe she wasn't so hungry.

<uSeaGM> Lavender can be found atop Milia's head, showing Mercy how to properly braid a mane.

* Watch_Tower keeps trotting about before deciding to watch Berry roll about in the dust.

* AzuBerry is doing it because it keeps parasites away. and for the fun. but it's just a side effect. the fun. parasites... ... no, really. parasites

* Watch_Tower chuckles dem fun parasites.

* Prism gracefully lands next to Milia, folding her wings in. "Something wrong?"

<uSeaGM> "She just keeps trying to tie knots~" Lavender replies absently. "Oh, you were talking to Milia."

* Milia had wandered to the other far side of the meager few stalls, idly scanning what they had for sale. At least, it appeared she was doing so. Her mind appeared to be somewhere else entirely. Prism and Lavender's short exchange had hardly registered, and it takes the zebra a few beats to realize she's being spoken to. "...mmm... hmm? Oh, uh, hey Prism. No, just... doing a

* Milia little... browsing. You know! For... stuff."

<Prism> "I was just practicing flying a bit. Saw you down here looking a little apprehensive."

* Whisper walks up to a shop keep. "Um, excuse me?"

* Milia chuckles, giving Prism most reassuring smile. She was also quite oblivious to the braiding taking place atop her head. "Apprehensive? Oh psh-AW-" an exaggerated wave of her hoof accompanies the protest. "-What makes you say that?"

<Prism> "Well, I was going to guess you just don't like fantastic mushroom soup."

* Milia scoffs. "Are you kidding me? I love it. I'll take mushroom soup over moon fish any day! Much less medicine-y."

* Watch_Tower doesn't particularly feel like subtlety right now and just approaches the guards staring at his friend. "What's got your eye?" He asks chuckling trying to play it off as idle curiosity.

<uSeaGM> Whisper's merchant stops talking with his neighbour and nods to Whisper. "Good morning."

* Jasmine_Mistplume looks up from her book and eyes several red-cloaked guards. Something about them has been bugging her for a while now. Putting up her book, Jasmine rises and begins to sneak up to one of them. "Hey there!" She announced herself, tapping on one of the guards shoulders. "Whats up?"

<Whisper> "Um, hi...I wanted to ask, uh, what's going on with all the red and yellow clothes? Is it some sort of clubs or something?"

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower's guard has a question of his own. "Is she a pegasus?" Jasmine's guard grumbles something about griffins not being much better.

<Prism> "Yeah, I'm not really too keen on the side effects of moon fish anyways. But I couldn't exactly explain that, since their livelihood and culture revolved around it over in Harborage." She sighs. "That just reminds me about Whisper's condition though."

* Watch_Tower turns back and looks. "I guess technically?"

<Watch_Tower> "She's not enclave if that's what's got your attention."

<uSeaGM> Whisper's merchant stares blankly at him for a minute before nodding. "Yeah, it tells everypony which caste you're in. Don't you do this on the surface?"

* Milia lets out a sigh of her own. One of relief. "Yeah... bum deal about his lungs..." she laments. "But we'll find a cure for him, yeah? Come hell or high water, we'll get him fixed."

* Whisper stares blankly. "Uh...no? Are...are the ponies here not from the surface?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume continues to poke the guard. "Hey! Hey hey hey! Racism!" She scolds the guard. "Not very nice, are you? I just wanna know what youre doing! Cmon. Just wanna have a chat!"

* Artifica pops in from the section of the junkyard that she had declared her workbench. "Oh, there you are, Lavender..." She pauses. "Nice look, Milia!"

<Prism> "Yeah, I'm just...worried. I trust Watch to be able to keep it from spreading, but it's going to remain on my mind until we find a more permanent solution for it."

<Prism> "Hi Artifica."

* AzuBerry keeps rolling in the new dirtiest dirt she just found. now 20% rollyer

<Prism> "Ugh, these guards keep staring at me."

* Artifica waves to Prism. "Hello." The looks to Lavender again, "May I borrow you for a moment?"

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower's guard flatly replies. "Pegasi are traitors who abandoned Equestria.

They are not to be trusted."

* Milia waves to Artifica, beaming a grin to her. Her comment causes some confusion in the zebra, however. "Wait, huh? Nice loo-... wait, what are you two /doing/ up there anyways?" she comments, trying her best to look up, but not really succeeding at all, considering it is very difficult to look at the top of your own head.

<uSeaGM> Lavender stops braiding. "Hi Artifica. Sure I can come with you." She floats off her zebra perch and lands on Artifica instead.

* Artifica smiles, "Don't worry, Milia. It's very stylish. All the zebras are doing it this season, I hear. Very in."

<Watch_Tower> "Well she was a unicorn...,but something changed her into what she is now." Watch doesn't bother lying at this point. He's only racist not openly hostile.

* Artifica winks, then turns and walks out with Lavender, finding a place that is a little more private to ask, "Lavender, will Berry get her memories back? If so, can you say when?" She is a memory spirit, after all. If anyone should know about these things, it would be her.

* Prism would be REALLY uncomfortable with Watch telling random ponies personal stuff about her though.

* Milia giggles, feeling the ugly memories once more buried under the warm tones of the pony she loves. "I'm trendy without even knowing it..."

<uSeaGM> Whisper's merchant shakes his head. "Nope. We live in Sanctuary Station. Although I guess the surface isn't as bad as it used to be... still, home is much nicer."

* Milia then turns to Prism. "Wait, you're getting looks? From who?"

<Whisper> "Oh...okay. So, what are the castes you said something about?"

<Prism> "Those stupid guards."

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower's guard nods. "Oh? So like, a spell or something?" His griffin-poked friend adds. "Maybe. Pegasi are supposed to have feathers not... bat wings." The first guard replies. "Well all right. But we're still watching you."

* Milia 'hrrrm's. She was definitely no stranger to looks herself, what with the whole stripe situation. Following Prism's comment, she glances over to the guards to see that the statement is true. "Pricks..." she grumbles.

* Watch_Tower considers saying more...,but he feels he'd done enough to stop them from displaying open hostility at least. "Yeah magic can do all kinds of weird things...I happen to be quite good at that kind of magic in fact." He grins. "Just keep watching me maybe you'll see

something strange." He chuckles and starts to trot away....hopefully after that...

* Milia was, admittedly, making many assumptions. But, to her credit, they were probably accurate.

<uSeaGM> Lavender scratches her chin as she thinks about Artifica's question. "Hmm... maybe. It was a really big physical shock which caused her to forget everything. She might remember things herself given time."

* AzuBerry decides it's a good moment to start creating trouble and goes sniffing a red cloaked guard

<Watch_Tower> They'll ignore the fact they've also got a zebra, two spirits, and a Berry with them and focus on a potential trouble maker...He was beginning to understand why ponies had such fun messing with him back home...trolling guards is fun..

<uSeaGM> Lavender continues, but she seems reluctant. "I could... bring her memories back sooner."

* Prism hrmphs.

<Whisper> "Like, what do the red clothes and yellow clothes mean?"

* Milia sighs to her batpony friend. "It's shitty, but just try to ignore it for now... They aren't worth your time."

* Artifica thinks. "I don't want to hurt Berry. I'm happy to let them come back naturally, but... I'd like you to talk to Berry about memories. Find out what she wants." She stares down. "I don't want her hurt, but I don't want her worrying herself or feeling bad because she cannot remember."

<uSeaGM> Berry picks out a tall stallion with a red and gold cloak to tug on. Guardian Angel leans down and tussles her mane. "Hello there. Your name was Berry, right? Angel told me about you. She didn't mention your wings though."

* AzuBerry "hello, i'm berry!" smiles widely "wings?" looks at her own back "maybe he was super distracted? want to see me fly? i'm superfast flyer!"

<uSeaGM> Whisper's merchant replies after a time. "Red cloaks are the Soldier Caste. Blue for Science Caste. Yellow is for crafters and merchants. You know, good old salt-of-below-the-earth ponies. We're the Domestic Caste."

<Prism> "For the record, Milia, all that stuff that happened at Harborage and on the ship. Water under the bridge. I have a pretty good view on how things are now."

* Whisper nods slowly. "Oh...okay. Uh, do the guards not like fliers or something?"

<uSeaGM> Whisper's merchant blinks. "Pegasi are traitors who abandoned Equestria."

* AzuBerry goes on talking "wings are super busy matter. you have to chew them a lot."

* Watch_Tower keeps trotting around looking for something to occupy himself occasionally checking to see if the guards were paying attention.

* Whisper backs up a step at the curt response. "Oh...oh! Right, um, with the clouds and stuff," he mumbles. "Well thanks and bye." He turns and starts making his way back to the large door. Hopefully he can find the others there.

<uSeaGM> Guardian Angel nods along with AzuBerry. "Well I've hardly ever seen a donkey, let alone a flying donkey." He smiles. "I'd love to see you fly!"

* Milia rubs the back of her neck awkwardly. "Oh, uh, yeah... The boat stuff. That sure was..." So many words to use. So /little/ of them adequate. "...fun. I think that trip to Harbourage threw us /all/ for a loop."

* AzuBerry flapflaps her wings and does a little loop on herself "it's quite hard to not bonk the muzzle on stuff but it's pretty fun... mom is a unicorn instead... i was a groundpony too, says mom, but i got magicked... i dont' remember all that, though"

<uSeaGM> Lavender manages a smile for Artifica. "Sure. I'll talk to Berry later."

* Prism smiles. "I'm certainly a different pony coming past all that, and for the better, too."

<uSeaGM> Guardian claps his hooves for AzuBerry.

* Milia chuckles at Prism's comment. "Different pony indeed. That's good to hear, though! You /do/ seem to be weathering the weird much better now. Even the weird that happens directly to you."

* Whisper spots Prism and Milia and approaches them. "Hey, what's up?"

<Prism> "Hey Whisper."

* Milia looks the batpony up and down. "So, like... Is it weird, not having your horn anymore? You taught Arti some magic, right? Does that mean you still remember how to do it, you just can't?"

* Milia waves at Whisper as he approaches.

<uSeaGM> Mercy stands up on Milia's head and lifts the zebra's mane into a mohawk. "Hi Whisper!"

* Whisper waves to everyone present, but blushes and quickly looks away from Mercy.

<Prism> "It's getting harder and harder as I settle in, and as I learn to fly, but I knew enough

about the spell to teach Artifica it. And yes, it is pretty weird. I get embarrassed when trying to pick stuff up with magic, when I can no longer do so."

* AzuBerry decides she annoyed the soldier long enough, so she politely says bye and trots looking for some more adventure

<Whisper> "Um...so apparently the guards here don't like pegasi."

* Milia can't help but smirk. "And now you get to find out how gross and dirty the world really is.-" she playfully teases. "-If it's not grimy and filthy with ultra grosso wasteland gunk, it's probably covered in spit from other ponies picking it up or using it before you."

<Prism> "Good thing I'm not a pegasus."

* Whisper chuckles nervously. "Y-yeah, good thing...oh, and apparently these ponies have some caste things or something? That's apparently the reason they wear those colors."

* Watch_Tower trots up at that point. "Yeah...though if they ask just show your wings....oh really?"

* Milia blinks. There was a word in there she wasn't familiar with. "...What's a 'caste'?"

<Milia> "Like...magic? Cast...magic? No?... Anyone?..."

* Milia has the feeling she's off base here.

<uSeaGM> Mercy nods helpfully. "Yeah, you say 'abracadabra' and then a magic happens."

* Milia nods. "Ah ha. So every pony here can cast magic. Got it."

* Whisper shakes his head. "Um, no, I don't think it's that."

<Watch_Tower> "I'll fit right in then." He chuckles.

<Whisper> "It's...I think it's like their place in Junkyard? Like, their job or something?"

<uSeaGM> AzuBerry notices that she is being watched by a colt with a yellow bandana and a gas mask.

<Watch_Tower> "but it's more societal roles."

<Whisper> "Um, I remember the ones wearing red are soldiers, yellow means shopkeepers and stuff, and blue is science."

<Watch_Tower> "Wonder what Green would be."

* Milia thinks on the explanation given to her. "...Wait, so it has nothing to do with magic or like...fishing? That's stupid! Why doesn't it use a different word or something then?"

<Watch_Tower> "Well it could also do with crafting...like pouring stuff into a cast"

<Watch_Tower> "...or those things ponies wear when they break a leg...those are casts too..."

* Whisper looks at Milia and shrugs.

<Watch_Tower> "oooh or with plays where most ponies break their legs where ponies are Cast"
He grins

<Prism> "Anyways, I don't like this place all of a sudden."

* AzuBerry flapflaps down and smiles at the colt "hello i'm berry! i'm exploring places looking for adventure! who are you?"

* Whisper looks at Watch_Tower for a moment. "...Do you have to talk so much about broken legs?"

<Watch_Tower> "It's continuing the line of logic..." Watch frowns. "sorry."

<Watch_Tower> "For what it's worth Prism...not all the ponies here are jerks...Both the Angels I met were really nice...and once we're done here we don't have to return."

* Whisper fidgets with his hooves and looks away. "I know, it's...uh, never mind. I don't like this place as much anymore either."

<Watch_Tower> "I've been kind of eh to it since I was originally here." He shrugs. "so...do we have much else to handle here before we check in to go into the tunnel system and hope that we don't get lo...oh right!" He face hooves. "I found out something."

<Watch_Tower> "It's not a straight tunnel like we'd thought it was...it's a series of tunnels."

<uSeaGM> The colt mumbles to AzuBerry through his gasmask. "Hi Berry. I'm Scamper."

<Whisper> "Oh great...underground places are always scary in the Wasteland."

<Whisper> "And having lots of tunnels that could maybe be full of ravenous feral ghouls or crazy robots just makes it worse."

* Watch_Tower closes his eyes a moment trying to recall the exact details of the conversation he'd had

* AzuBerry "hi scamper! what were you doing? you have a cool mask, i have a mask like that too! lookit!" takes her gas mask and puts it on

<uSeaGM> "Wow! Do you need it to breathe up high?"

<Prism> "Yeah, Angels are fine and all but, the good majority of this place....I have nothing but

harsh words for."

<Prism> "They can't even tell the difference between a batpony and a pegasus."

* Whisper nods. "Yeah, they're just...I dunno, it's like they're mean on principle. Anywhere Prism isn't welcome I'm not welcome either."

<Watch_Tower> "Well at least there hasn't been a lynch mob...those are never fun...and the merchants aren't hiking the prices...that happens too."

* Jasmine_Mistplume stomps her way towards the group, mumbling and grumbling, her talons crossed. She had had enough of those guard ponies. "Can ya believe the nerve of those guys?! Jerks! This town is full of jerks!"

* AzuBerry "i... i don't know... i always stay low... i never went higher than a roof...."

<Watch_Tower> "Anyway...if I recall right..."

<Watch_Tower> "He said that their tunnel system is quite vast some of them even extending to Zebra lands."

* AzuBerry looks up at the sky and at how big it is, is lost in a dreamy trance for a moment.... yeah... how high could she fly?

<uSeaGM> Scamper nods. "Oh... I wear this so I don't breathe too much outside air and then blow away. But if you have wings then I guess that isn't so bad."

* Whisper looks up at Jasmine_Mistplume. "Yeah, we were just talking about that."

<Watch_Tower> "and that it's fairly likely that it was part of an underground railway."

* AzuBerry tilts her head "blow away? you can do that? is it dangerous?" is learning important stuff

<uSeaGM> Scamper nods again even harder. His saddle bags jingle jangle. "And I have metal in my bags too, to weigh me down."

* AzuBerry is now worried "i don't wat to be blown away! what can i do!"

* Milia was listening to Watch Tower's explanation when Jasmine approached, seeming rather agitated. "Uh oh, Jasmine's heated." she comments to nopony in particular. Her rather amusing display of indignance elicits a laugh from the zebra, however. "Yeah, preach it, sister! Junkyard, more like Jerk Yard!"

* Prism nods at Jasmine. "Agreed."

<Watch_Tower> "Still not the worst place I've ever visited."

<uSeaGM> Scamper tilts his head. "You need something heavy!"

<Whisper> "Same here. I've seen worse."

* AzuBerry tooks around for something heavy! super fast super now! flies around looking frantically for something heavy yesterday!

<Watch_Tower> "I'm sure I could make a joke about manehatten here..."

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Its just....! They're all...! UUUUGH!" Jasmine lets out a frustrated groan, unable to find the proper words. She turns around towards the racist guards, sticks out her tongue and blows a giant raspberry in their direction. "PPPPPPBBBBLLLLTTTTTTTT!"

<Whisper> "But...it's still...I dunno, I feel like Junkyard could-" Whisper stops and stares at Jasmine_Mistplume, completely bewildered.

* AzuBerry passes superfast next to prism and Whisper
"ohnoeohnoeOHNOEOHNOEohnoeohnoe!" doppler effect

<Milia> "In another life she could have been a speech writer..."

* Whisper flattens himself against the ground as Berry rockets past. "What was that!?"

<Watch_Tower> "That was a filly going approximately mach two."

<Prism> "Wow, I think that was Berry. She's pretty fast."

* Watch_Tower says in an exaggeratedly uninterested tone before chuckling.

<Watch_Tower> "Yeah no kidding."

* Milia stares to watch Berry rocket past. "...I think Berry's having Berry problems."

* Whisper rises slowly. "Y-yeah..."

<Watch_Tower> "Anypony...plan on handling that...because if not I've a silly idea of how to catch her."

<Prism> "I'm not as fast as her."

<Whisper> puts a foreleg around Prism and gives a soft squeeze. "You're prettier, though..."

<Watch_Tower> "I find myself suddenly glad my uncle isn't here...he'd have the perfect response for that."

* Milia laughs at the sheer velocity of the donkey. There was no way she could hope to keep up with her. "I don't think /any/ of us are. Ehhh... I'm sure she can handle it, whatever it is. Filly be doin' it for herself."

<Watch_Tower> "Aww I was gonna try catching her in her cape using it like a net."

* Jasmine_Mistplume sure as hell going to try. "Wait! Berry wait up!" She shouts, taking off towards her

* Prism blushes and nuzzles Whisper. "T-thank you."

* Whisper blushes in return. "Well it's /true/...I bet you're like some kind of...sky dancer when you fly, or something."

<Watch_Tower> "wai...well that was fast."

* Watch_Tower watches Jas shoot off. "So...what's everypony up to?"

* AzuBerry lands somewhere in the junkyard and is now filling her bags with stones

<Prism> "Haha, I'm still learning."

<Prism> "It hasn't been so long, so being airborne still feels weird to me."

* Milia shrugs at Watch Tower. "Killing time by browsing the world's smallest marketplace. It beats incinerating failed art projects."

<Milia> "Speaking of which..."

<Prism> "Anyways...if somepony could pick me up some ammo and medical supplies, that'd be nice. I don't think my presence would be welcome shopping."

* Whisper smiles. "I'm sure you'll get the hang of it. I mean, that magic made you a full bat pony, right?"

* Milia will turn to look at Metal Jacket. She came here with a purpose. Well, two purposes, but one of them she was ignoring for the moment, despite how hungry she was. Slowly, the zebra approaches him.

* Jasmine_Mistplume catches up with Berry and lands in front of her. "H-hey! Berry, that was awesome! You went like... SSSHZOOOOOM!" she makes the best 'going fast' noise that she can. "Whyre you in such a hurry?... and What are you dong with all those rocks?"

<Whisper> "Oh, um, I'll stay with Prism. I'm not very good at bargaining. I just need more ammo too."

<Watch_Tower> "So...I'm going to go check in with Angel and see if their council is done having a meeting...or if I should buy a package of toy soldiers and kill a couple hours."

<Prism> "Town's run by a bunch of racists."

* Milia narrows her eyes ever so slightly, mane still mohawked and braided. Also Mercy's still on

her head. It's a very interesting look.

<Milia> "...Afternoon." she awkwardly greets. Okay, play it cool, Milia. Maybe he won't remember you from last time.

* Whisper looks at Prism. "So...you wanna...talk, I guess? We could go back to the station, away from all the jerks if you want."

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket nods at Milia. "Hmm. Welcome back. Are the blue eyes okay?"

<Prism> "Yeah, let's go back."

<uSeaGM> "Interesting... mane-thing you've going on there- what the hey is that?!" Metal says, suddenly pointing at Strange Mercy.

* AzuBerry looks at jasmine in panic "i don't want to be blown away! if you dont' keep heavy stuff on you the wind will take you away!" is a little bit (just a bit) scared

* Whisper gets up and starts heading back to the train station with Prism.

* Watch_Tower goes forth and seeks out Angel.

* Milia releases a sigh of relief. He was being rather cordial. Well, until he noticed the spirit on her head. "Okay, in order: Yeah, the blue eyes are fine. They had some problems with some giant killer squids but it's all good now because we punched, shot, and blew them up till they were no more. Which leads me into your /second/ question."

<uSeaGM> Angel greets Watch_Tower. "Hello again."

* AzuBerry when is done filling her bags, she smiles at jasmine "all done! now we go back to a new friend i made! he's cool and has a pretty mask!"

<Milia> "Funny story, actually... maybe not 'ha ha' funny, but, oh, you know what I mean... those squids sorta killed me, and guess what, now I'm a shaman!" She plops to her haunches and waves her arms around. "WoooOOOooooOOOoo!~"

<Watch_Tower> "Hey you catch word from the council about their meeting?" Watch asks curiously.

* AzuBerry barely moves with all the stones she collected.

* Milia glances up. Still not any more able to see the top of her head than she was before. "This is my spirit buddy and apparent personal stylist, Strange Mercy. Say hi to the nice ponies, Mercy."

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket is dumbfounded. "... She's making kissy faces at me?"

* Artifica says, "Yes, she does that," to Metal Jacket as she trots past, collecting more scrap for

the armor repairs.

* Whisper turns to Prism. "So...I guess we can talk and stuff? Um, what did you do for fun? You know, before you met us?"

* Milia simply nods in agreement to Artifica's comment. "Uh huh."

<Prism> "I was just mostly really devoted to my work, reading anything I could get my hooves on, fixing, then animating toys, that sort of thing."

* Jasmine_Mistplume blinks at Berry's reply. "Wha...? I've never heard of something like that happening before!" She feels the cool breeze and then looks at Berry, who seemed to be struggling with the rocks shes collected. "But how are you going to fly with all those rocks?" She moves up to her. "I have a better idea! How about if you start to blow away, Ill catch you? I dont think I can blow away. Im not as

<Jasmine_Mistplume> small as you"

<Prism> "I liked this place, too. Ugh...I think even the mushroom soup is going to stop being so good now that I really know what the score is here."

<Prism> "I guess I needed that reminder, hey, the wasteland is a really shitty place after all. As if getting hit by a missile wasn't reminder enough."

<uSeaGM> "A spirit? Um, well how do you do, Strange Mercy." He focuses back on Milia, where things were a little bit more normal. "I'm glad the blue eyes are okay. Their fish makes a nice change from mushrooms every day."

* AzuBerry "iu don't fly! i dont' want to be blown away!" drags her bags around with scarce success

<Prism> "I try assuming the best about others, which is why it hurts more when I run into stuff like this."

<Prism> "And it hits really close to home too, since my family was very much the same way."

* Watch_Tower waits for an answer from Angel.

* Jasmine_Mistplume 's eyes widen. "Butbutbutbut...! You loved flying! Flyings great. Look!" She leaps up into the air and does a couple flips before landing. "Its like you can go anywhere you want in the world! Its so fun! Why do you think you're gonna blow away, anyway?"

* Whisper flattens his ears. "Oh...I didn't know it was that bad..."

<uSeaGM> Angel shrugs. "Could be hours. Sorry. Their meetings take a while."

* Watch_Tower chuckles. "Figured as much...well I'm off to do something foalish for lack

anything better to do to kill time."

* Milia scrunches her nose. "You don't eat the moon fish, do you? That stuff is like... like if a fish got into unflavored radaway or something."

* Whisper tries giving Prism a consoling hug. "I'm sure out there somewhere there'll be a place for us."

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket shakes his head. "Can't say I've ever tried 'moon fish', no."

<Watch_Tower> "know where I can find some toy soldiers?...the little green plastic ones?"

* AzuBerry listens to milia and seems confused "but... if i fly and i fly and i fly and i never come back? i dont' want to go away from mom...."

* Milia nods to herself. "Good. I wouldn't recommend it. Unless your insides are rotting or something. Then it's /great! Uh, anyways..."

<Prism> "I read in my books that there was a time long long ago where ponies were in danger of dying out because they wouldn't work together."

* Milia leans in, trying to be all secretive. "I need to... buy some stuff."

* AzuBerry "also... i had a..." thinks aboutr the term "a wut." nodnods, satisfied with the term she got "I was looking up at the sky and... ah... i felt like it was calling me, you know... i asked myself... how high can i go? and... and then i fel like i was leaving everything behind and... and it scared me"

<uSeaGM> "Toy soldiers? I think Hasbro makes some of them. Check out the stalls. One of them might have some of his stuff."

<Prism> "I wish more ponies would read that book."

* Whisper nods sadly. "Yeah...I guess the war was really just that all over again, huh?"

* Watch_Tower first seeks out Hasbro

<Prism> "Less the war and more the state of things now."

<Prism> "Books like that and all the stuff I read about Equestria, pre-industrialization make me wish we could get back to that. But I'm starting to wonder if it's a hopeless cause."

<Whisper> "Oh. Yeah, that works too." He pauses. "Do you think she actually helped?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume smiles at Berry. "But.. just because you fly really really high doesnt mean that you dont ever have to come back down! Flying is great! But you dont have to do it all the time. You can always come back down! You arent leaving anything behind at all. Not even mom. I promise you! And... if you ever DO blow away... Ill be there to catch you and bring you back

home!"

* Watch_Tower ends up finding the weapons stall and Milia first...guess he should pass the Party's caps over first...and maybe get some ammo.

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket rubs his chin. "Oh a purchase is it? Well you've come to the right place." He waves Artifica over as well. "And you're in luck because I've got some special 5.56mm rounds like you asked for last time."

* AzuBerry looks at Jasmine_Mistplume and then at the sky, then again at jasmine "what if once i find the sky's top i don't want to come back... or if i forget down here? what if i get lost in a way i don't know i had a place where to go back?"

* AzuBerry yells for no particular reason "i has 5 whole caps?" is a bit confused... why did she do that?

* Prism hugs Whisper.

<Whisper> "Um, Prism? Did you need anything besides ammunition? I just remembered there's something I want to look for at the shop. I could run over there and ask for both of us."

<Prism> "And there....is where I agree with the Rangers. A lot of tech and advanced magic is way too dangerous in our hooves. We're too irresponsible for it. However, the Rangers are just as irresponsible, if not moreso. They use it to bully others. And no, I'm fine."

* Watch_Tower approaches. "Hey Milia...almost forgot to pass along the money from selling stuff."

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Do you think you would forget the ground or not want to come back?" She asks. "Because I know Berry, and Berry would always want to come back." She smiles. "And I will go up there with you, if you want me to! That way, youll never be lost!"

* Milia glances over at Watch Tower. "Aw, snap! Chaching. I was /wondering/ where all that crap went. I was half way worried we got robbed or something."

* Artifica trots over to look at the special rounds.

* Milia combines the power of the cap bag with the less small cap bag. By their powers combined, they are!... Slightly more caps than before!

<Artifica> "And they say zebras can't do magic."

* Whisper nods. "I won't be long. I know what I'm looking for an I can run pretty fast. When I come back, do you want to try learning to shoot without magic? Or something like that, I dunno."

<uSeaGM> Artifica discovers a box of 100 x 5.56mm AP rounds. Success!

<Prism> "I have an idea how, but I think I'd like you to show me."

<Prism> "I pick things up very quick."

* Milia does a series of elaborate, mystical hoof gestures. "My powers are great indeed." she then makes a noise like a breeze swishing through a tree's branches. *shwishhhhhhhh*

<uSeaGM> Mercy also *shwishhhhhhhh* es.

<Watch_Tower> "and by your powers...you now have no idea the exact count of caps in the bag"

* Watch_Tower grins

<Watch_Tower> "and neither do I"

* Whisper nods to Prism. "Right, of course. I'll be back soon." He dashes out, back to Metal's stall as fast as he can go.

* Milia face hooves. "Dammit."

* Artifica ooohs. And then bats her eyes at the money holder.

<Watch_Tower> "Well there WAS something like one thousand twohundred in it before..."

* Milia 'thbbbt's. "I'll count 'em later... I'd rather keep the money split up between all of us from now on, honestly. Somehow, the trying-to-get-sober-zebra-who-is-also-on-fire-a-lot-of-the-time doesn't exactly seem like the most reliable money holder, and having to get into the group stash every time anyone wants to make any purchase whatsoever is lame as all get out."

<Watch_Tower> "ah well have fun counting."

* Whisper skids to a halt in front of the stall. "H-hi guys...I...uh...just remembered something..." He starts looking through the weapon mods on display.

<Watch_Tower> "I always have kept my money separate." Watch chuckles.

* AzuBerry seems scared, shuffles her hoofies in the ground "maybe i go back with mom... maybe..." seems very uncertain, as if a lot of stuff is troubling her in the inside... probably all the questions she had and all the stuff she is discovering

* Whisper picks up some extended magazines and puts them on the counter. "Um, Milia, will these be okay? Or does that put us over budget?"

* Milia glances down at the magazines, then to the big ol cap sack. "Yeah, should be good. Unless we get gouged. But that's not gonna happen, iiiiiiiis iiiiiiit?" she sloooooowly looks over at Metal Jacket as she says that last bit.

<Watch_Tower> "Hey Jacket Got a scale?"

<Watch_Tower> "We can just weigh the bag and go by weight save us about an hour counting caps."

* Jasmine_Mistplume frowns, and picks up Berry and puts her on her back. "Well, with all those rocks its gonna be hard to get back to Arti. How about I take you back to her and while we go back, maybe we can talk some more. Is there anything else you are worried about?" She asks, a gut feeling telling her that something else was up

* Whisper nods. "Thanks." He promptly bolts back out the door and back to the train station.

* AzuBerry nodnods and puts the rocks away, then climbs on jasmine's back and lets her be her steed, bu is still a bit sad

* AzuBerry only, berry is super good at hiding her sad and all her 'weeeee!' and 'faster! go faster catbird express!' are obviously ways to dissimulate her sad. totally... dissimulation... stop staring

* Prism sighs, extends a wing and looks over it. "They really are pretty." She mumbles. "Sure wish this town wasn't racist so I could join the others at shopping."

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket nods. "Yeah I got a scales. We use it to weigh bullets though."

<Watch_Tower> "Figured you would...while I'm at it got 40mm pulse grenades or Plasma?"

* Whisper ran back into the train station, panting. "H-hi...Prism...all done...we can practice now."

* Milia tosses the sack onto the counter. "If it saves us the trouble? Go nuts. Weigh away!" She then turns to Artifica. "Oh, umm, hey Arti... I was actually thinkin'..."

<Prism> "Okay."

<Milia> "...Do you wanna get like...rings or bracelets or something? For the, errr... engagement? I think it would be kinda... nice."

<Whisper> "Um...did you wanna try shooting or something else? The only other thing I know much about is hiding, but usually ponies don't want to learn about that. I don't know why, it keeps keeping me alive."

* Jasmine_Mistplume doesn't press the issues. She just simply smiles at Berry, and speeds up on her command. "Ok, well, if you ever feel like you need someone to talk to, I can listen if you want!" She says.

<Prism> "I'd like to learn both."

* Whisper smiles a little awkwardly. "Oh, okay! Uh...which one first, then?"

<Prism> "Hiding...feels like something that my...uh, kind should be good at, since I take to the

dark a lot better."

* AzuBerry at jasmine's words, the filly stops for a moment and asks in her ear (even if she doesn't have ears) "do... do you think i'll forget things again and again?"

* Whisper nods and frowns. "Um, Prism? What's it like when you see in the dark?"

<Prism> "My eyes suddenly adjust and focus, and I can see a lot now that I couldn't before."

<Whisper> "Does everything turn kinda greyed out and all, but you can still see it?"

* Milia glances over to Metal Jacket. "Do you even carry stuff like that? Umm, like, jewelry? Does /anypony/ here?"

<uSeaGM> "No plasma I'm afraid. But I do have two 40mm Pulse grenades for sale."

<Prism> "Yeah, sort of like that."

* Jasmine_Mistplume suddenly stops in her tracks, and looks up at Berry. She frowns and picks her up and holds Berry in front of her so she could look at her in the eyes. "Berry, you dont need to worry about that. What happened was an accident. Forgetting stuff is very very rare, and it happening twice to one pony is like.... a million bazillion to one chance! I think its more likely that youll start remembering

<Jasmine_Mistplume> stuff than forgetting again"

* Watch_Tower nods. "Add them to the piles of stuff we're getting." Watch smiles.

* Whisper looks up at Prism. "Uh...I don't know why but...mine do that too, somehow." He chews his lip. "Do you think I've got some sort of mutation maybe? I can't remember a time they didn't do that."

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket ponders Milia's question. "I don't carry jewelery, no. But somepony will be making that kind of thing inside. I don't think they're out here today though."

* AzuBerry nodnods and smiles a bit "uhm... if you say so, then... thank you..."

* Milia hangs her head. Her dreams just got a steam roller dropped on them and they couldn't punch fast enough.

<Watch_Tower> "I'm sure when we head in when the council are done having their meeting Milia you can track him down." Watch smiles.

<Prism> "Maybe it's genetic?"

<Prism> "Perhaps inherent to my kind as well."

* Milia nods at Watch Tower. "Hopefully..."

* Jasmine_Mistplume nods in response and returns the smile. "Everything will be okay!" She says, and puts Berry back on her back. "Lets go see how your mommies are doing."

* Whisper nods, taking a steadying breath. "Y-yeah...sorry. I just got worried that maybe I might have something wrong with me from being born in the Wasteland. All the Taint and radiation sometimes makes for pretty nasty mutations, I've heard."

* AzuBerry follows jasmine flapping her wings and mostly slowly orbiting the griffiness

<Prism> "I wouldn't call it a negative."

<Prism> "It's a positive one."

<Watch_Tower> "And if not...you could try forging your own bracelets...they don't even need to be gold." He smiles. "and It'll be cool seeing if you can heat up enough to melt metal." He chuckles. "oh! speaking of cool...Hey Jacket got any missiles?"

<Prism> "Take pride in it!"

<Whisper> "Oh, w-well I meant something /besides/ the eyes! They've helped me out more than once."

<uSeaGM> Jacket's eyes open wider. "You want missiles? You ponies ask for the craziest things."

<Whisper> "Anyway, um, how about some shooting first? You still have some ammo, right?"

* Milia scoffs. "Oh pffff... You act like it's WEIRD for people to come by asking for jewelry or high explosives or vice grips..."

<uSeaGM> Jacket coughs. "Yeah, and I still don't sell those."

<Watch_Tower> ""the missiles or the vice grips?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume chuckles as Berry circles around her. "You're pretty good. But can you keep up?" She starts to pick up some speed, even lifting off the ground herself and hovering while making her way back towards the others

<Watch_Tower> "Because I could go either way"

<Prism> "Yeah, I do."

<Prism> "Some."

<uSeaGM> "Both. Either."

* Milia deflates a tiny bit. "Awww."

* Whisper smiles. "Okay, great! I'll just set up some more targets in the junkyard, come on!" He trots out the door, heading towards where he had practiced his own shooting before.

* Prism follows Whisper.

<Watch_Tower> "worth a shot..." Watch pauses trying to think of something suitably absurd to ask. "hmm...You wouldn't happen to know where I can find a pocket watch like the ones...dangling from here?" He pulls out the strange hat Overclock had given him so long ago.

* Whisper sets up some more old cans and bottles before taking a spot next to Prism. "Um, okay, so I've never taught anypony before...uh, try shooting a target and we'll see how you do I guess?"

<uSeaGM> Jacket shakes his head.

* Prism uses the mouthgrip for her gun, which takes some getting accustomed to.

* AzuBerry reach for the others when she arrivs with jasmine. trots next to the hagglers and chirps "hello!"

* Watch_Tower dons the hat. "Well then I'm off to buy some toy soldiers."

* Milia smiles down at Berry. "Heya Berry, did you uhmm... fix what you needed to? You, or... your blur, rather, looked pretty worried about something."

* AzuBerry "i was scared to flight in the wind and forget i had a mom but jas told me it's all right and i still remember i have a mom and... uhm... where is mom? uuuuh! pretty! what are you buying? what is that? and that? and those? can we buy one of these?"

* AzuBerry tries climbing in a crate

* Whisper verbally corrects Prism's shots, occasionally stepping in to adjust her stance.

<uSeaGM> Scamper trots up to AzuBerry. "Hey, you blew away super fast. Did you find something to put in your pockets?"

* Milia cocks her head at the curious donkey. "Oh, uhh, sure, Berry. Do you see something you want?"

* AzuBerry pokes her head out from the crate and shakes her head "eeeehnope... but i found a friend who told me i should be fine... also, all those rockswere making my back hurt a lot..."

* AzuBerry smiles at milia "i want a happy!"

* AzuBerry flaps one of her long ears for a moment "and a poninja suit!"

* Prism then starts taking shots at targets.

* Milia blinks at Berry. "Well I mean, some ponies think caps can buy happiness, but /I've/ always thought you need to find happiness in the stuff you can't put a price on, like love and friendsh- ah you know what? I need to stop talking. A poninja suit? Sure, we can see about getting something like that for you!"

* AzuBerry looks back at scamper "hey! want to play barter? i have a toy i don't use!" shows her red racer to the little masked pony "wat to barter it for something?"

* Whisper continues coaching Prism as she gets more used to firing by mouth instead of magic.

<Prism> "I think I got it. I don't want to waste any more ammo than I need to."

<uSeaGM> Scamper nods. "A scooter? Cool! What do you want for it?"

* AzuBerry thinks about it "i have no idea... a stable toy you don't use anymore maybe? i am a supertough pony so i don't mind if it is a colt toy but i like filly toys more..."

* Whisper nods. "Yeah, you look like you're getting used to it. It probably won't be an issue from now on. So, uh, any idea where we can practice sneaking?"

<Prism> "Not sure!"

* Whisper furrows his brow. "Uh...hmm. I guess we could practice here, maybe? With all the trashed buses and trains and tanks we could go over the basics, at least."

* Prism nods.

* Whisper looks around and sidles up to a decayed train car. "Uh...this is kinda wierd when somepony is watching, but here goes. So, the first thing you gotta do is stay out of open areas. You're harder to spot and hit if you're close to stuff."

<uSeaGM> Lavender takes over Mercy's spot on Milia's head. She busies herself undoing the destruction wrought by her fiery partner.

* Whisper tries slinking along. "And, um, there's this...you do it with your hooves so they don't make much noise." He glances pointedly at his hooves. "I'm not totally sure how to describe it."

* AzuBerry waits for scamper to offer something for the scooter

* Artifica checks back with Milia. "Make sure we have food and water and Sparkle~Cola we will need. I'm going to hunt for candies for Berry."

<Whisper> "Hmm...let's see...you're using a revolver, so it probably won't have a silencer. Uh, just try to stay back from windows when you shoot. Leaning out of them shows everypony else where you are."

* Milia nods at Artifica. "Oh, right! Food! And water! Those are kind of important, aren't they?" Seriously how did she forget those?

* AzuBerry smiles at her mother from inside the merchant crate "mom! i'm being super bartery! look!"

<uSeaGM> Scamper thinks AzuBerry's offer over. "I don't have any cool stuff with me to trade, I'll have to get some from my room."

* Artifica then double-checks with Jacket. "Oh, did she remember to ask about some vice grips?"

* Milia shrinks down slightly, turning a deep shade of red.

<Prism> "Yeah, but to be fair, I haven't had much opportunity to get a better gun for sneaking."

* AzuBerry "sure! just give me something you don't want anymore so you won't be sad!" gives her scooter to the colt "here! see you later!"

* Artifica smiles down at Berry and shows appreciation for the donkey filly's barter skill.

<Prism> "I also have my assault carbine, too."

<uSeaGM> Metal Jacket openly chuckles. "That she did! Afraid I still only stock guns. Sorry about that. You might have better luck elsewhere."

* Whisper nods at Prism. "Right, I'm sure we can handle that at some point. And it's still an idea to keep in mind. Now what else...oh, yeah. Sneaking tip #1. I read it in a zebra spy manual."

<uSeaGM> The gentle breeze shifts direction, wafting the smell of hot mushroom soup towards our group. Several of their tummies start to rumble...

* AzuBerry flapflaps outside the crate and lands on mom's back, nuzzling her in the neck

* Milia squeaks bashfully. Accompanied by a very unflattering growling of her stomach.

<Whisper> "Patience. If you've got a good hiding spot don't move until you need to. Staying still is the biggest thing that makes something hard to spot."

* Artifica considers where she might find those, and asks Jacket, "Do you have a handypony supply store or a boudoir enhancements kiosk anywhere here?"

* Artifica returns berry's nuzzles.

<uSeaGM> He shakes his head. "Nothing like that out here. Very few shops are set up outside today. Not many customers on account of the weather."

<Whisper> "Other than that, it's mostly about recognizing small spaces you can fit in. I guess

that's where we get a break, huh?" Whisper smiles a little at Prism. "But that's mostly experience. You get used to eyeballing where you can fit."

* Prism smiles and puts a wing around Whisper. "Thank you very much for teaching me so much."

* Whisper blushes furiously and looks away bashfully. "Oh...y-yeah. I didn't even realize I knew that much..."

* Milia will finish up the transaction and scoop up the goods they were buying, as well as the ridiculous surplus of caps they now found themselves in possession of. Seriously, had they ever had this much money before?

<Prism> "You do. You don't give yourself enough credit."

* Prism lovingly nuzzles Whisper's neck.

* Whisper leans into Prism, trying to hide his tears.

* AzuBerry feels nommy "mooom! can i eat somethng?"

* Milia clears her throat rather awkwardly. The hunger was getting too bad to ignore. Especially since food had to smell so /good/. "In /any/ case... Thanks, dude. See you around."

<uSeaGM> Jacket nods. "You're welcome."

* Prism pats Whisper. "You okay?"

* Milia will trot up to Artifica and Berry. "Are you guys starving too? Because I'm so hungry I could eat a..." she trails off. How did that saying go again? She was too hungry to remember. "Err, whatever. Does soup sound good?"

* Whisper sniffs. "Y-yeah...s-sorry. I just...I never had anypony treat me like this before. I...is this...is this what being valued feels like?"

* AzuBerry is nibbling arti's ear. hungry filly is hungry

* Milia blinks at Berry's nibbles. "...I'll take that as a yes."

<uSeaGM> Mercy nibbles Milia's ear. Because spirit see spirit do.

* AzuBerry mom has a flavor. she tastes like earwax... bleh

* Milia jolts as her ear suddenly gets pleasantly warm and nibbled. Her ears were her weak spot! "Hnnnnnrrghk!" she gurgles, shuddering in surprise.

<uSeaGM> "Stop teasing our zebra," Lavender chides.

<Prism> "I definitely value you."

* Whisper pulls Prism into the tightest hug he can manage. "Thank you," he rasps.

<uSeaGM> *End of Session for Group 4*

Meanwhile, Roundabout sets about becoming worshipped as the God of a small bee hive.