

<uSeaGM> ***Group 4 Session 80***

<uSeaGM> Last time the Spirit of Memories, Lavender Dream, had a very strange reaction after successfully crafting a talisman with Watch Tower, Milia, and herself. She was engulfed by terrible, overpowering memories which had somehow attached themselves to Watch during his time in the now-lost city of New Hope.

<uSeaGM> Jasmine was the first to try and physically snap Lavender out of it. Unfortunately, the moment Jasmine made contact she also felt the immense sense of loss that now consumed the little spirit. It reminded Jasmine of things she didn't want to think about, of things she had tried to bury. It was too much for her and she ran, needing some distance between herself and the spirit who had brought it all back to her.

<uSeaGM> Lavender Dream was saved by the combined effort of Mercy, Prism, Whisper, Watch Tower, Berry and Milia (who held Artifica's love within her heart). Together they were able to banish the darkness that threatened their friend and bring her back into their loving embrace. Also, Passion Spirit kisses are totally good for what ails you.

<uSeaGM> But what Lavender had said during her 'possession' reminded Watch Tower of the Voice he had heard in New Hope. This prompted the group to discuss the strange, tragic dreams they had each experienced when Lavender was still an Empty Dreamer.

<uSeaGM> While some of the dreams were very similar, Watch's was unique. At Artifica's request he talked though what he had felt and seen... all the way to its painful end. He saw megaspell missiles heading to New Hope but they detonated early, too high for the blast wave to scar the city. Their resulting flames did not fall onto the city either, but were instead drawn to, and then past, Watch's host.

<uSeaGM> But that was last time. For now there are a few tasks in front of our group. They have barding to repair, and perhaps some shopping to do. Artifica even has a spell to learn. There is also the small matter of Whisper's sister, still in her ceiling-cage.

<uSeaGM> Most of the group is still inside the old train platform, in various stages of hugging. Berry sits on a roof with her harmonica, giving their corner of the Junkyard some soulful background music. And Jasmine... is still somewhere outside, by herself.

<uSeaGM> *Session Begins*

<uSeaGM> Lavender Dream looks around from the hug she was sharing with Mercy, Artifica, and Watch Tower. A thought suddenly strikes her. "Hey... where is Jasmine?"

* Watch_Tower looks around. "She...does not appear to be here..."

* Milia finishes up tidying the room they were all in. She nods to herself, a job well done. The wasteland was a little cleaner, thanks to THIS zebra! Truly, an accomplishment worthy of the

ages.

* Whisper looks around and shrugs. "I think she ran outside for some reason."

* Milia looks over to Lavender and bites her lower lip nervously. "Yeah... She's, uhm... I think you may have accidentally...stirred some stuff up. She, ah, tried to snap you out of that whole...episode. It didn't end well."

<Watch_Tower> "Then we should probably go look for her."

* Watch_Tower sits up slowly.

* Milia turns to cast a look toward the open doorway. "She might just still need some space..." the zebra mutters. She couldn't deny she was worried.

* Prism stretches her wings a little. "I was just out with her, she's fine...maybe just a little more space, yeah."

* Watch_Tower makes sure that he put his pendent back on. The importance had been doubled.

<uSeaGM> Lavender looks down. "Oh, then that was... I think we need to talk with her. There was... it was something I saw."

<Whisper> "Wait...we need to talk to her? Like, all of us?"

<uSeaGM> Lavender nods. "Some memories should not be faced alone."

* Milia nods at Lavender. "I was wondering if something like that had happened... It happened with that Damp Squib mare, after all."

* Whisper gulps. "But Jasmine is...well...um...kinda, uh, crazy."

* Milia shoots a glare at Whisper.

<Watch_Tower> "all the more reason to talk to her then..."

* Whisper shrinks down even smaller and whimpers.

* Milia sighs at the stallion. "Stay away if you want, dude, but let's ease up on the shade throwing. Alright?"

* Prism frowns at Whisper.

* Whisper looks down at the floor and mumbles an apology.

* Milia looks back to the rest of the group, one at a time. "Alright... Let's see if we can go make sure she's doing alright, then." she looks to Prism, in particular. "You said you were just out with her, yeah? She's close by, I take it?"

<Prism> "She is. We were out flying together."

<Watch_Tower> "It'll be a little awkward if she is flying when we go to cheer her up."

* Milia hums thoughtfully to herself, mulling over the situation. She turns to head out the door, in search of catbird.

* Watch_Tower yawns and mumbles idly casting his usual perception increasing spell so that he can see without needing serious help and heads out...he is more than a little distracted by his new old necklace at the moment.

<uSeaGM> After a little searching, the group soon finds Jasmine_Mistplume on the ground. She was out of sight of the train platform, but she wasn't too far.

* Whisper follows along in the hunt for catbird, albeit with head hung low and favoring the back of the column.

* Prism follows along, hovering along with the rest of the group. Again, she was trying to get as much practice in as possible.

* Watch_Tower points her out. "I think that's her..." He squints to be sure.

* Milia cautiously approaches their gryphon companion. She didn't /seem/ overly upset... But that was hardly reassuring, given what she knew. "Heeeeey there, Jas. How's it, uh...hangin'?" the zebra hesitantly calls out.

* Jasmine_Mistplume seemed a lot more mellow than usual. It was a little eerie, considering that she had no apparent 'off' switch. She was in deep concentration, not even noticing the party approaching. In her talons she held an object that she was staring at intently.

* Whisper stops a few steps sooner than the rest of the party and sits at what he apparently thinks is a safe distance.

* Watch_Tower keeps his distance from her...He was kind of distant from Jasmine compared to Milia, Arti, or Berry. He felt kind of bad about that, but there wasn't much to be said.

<uSeaGM> Mercy turns around from her seat on Milia's shoulder and holler's "Are you okay back there Whisper?"

* Whisper looks up and glances around. "Oh, uh, I'm...yeah. I'm okay. Just gonna watch from back here just in case...um...stuff happens." He gestures vaguely.

* Milia pauses her approach in order to cast a glance back to the stallion Mercy was yellin' at.

<Watch_Tower> "Relax, Whisper nothing is going to happen." Watch says calmly

* Jasmine_Mistplume seems to be mumbling to herself, not even noticing Milia call out. She lets out a soft chuckle. One might be able to make out the words "properly proposed.... heh..." if they

listened hard enough. As soon as Mercy shouted, Jasmine's head jerked up, and she immediately placed the object she held under her wing and turned around. "O-oh....uh... heyyy guyyys!" She said, forcing a big smile on

<Jasmine_Mistplume> her face

* Whisper smiles weakly and waves to Milia.

<Prism> "Hi Jasmine!"

* Milia snaps her attention back to the gryphon. She returns the smile, though it's somewhat crooked and nearly as forced as Jasmine's. If awkwardness and unspoken tension were strawberries, they'd all be drinking smoothies.

* Artifica trots forward to Jasmine. "Hey there. You didn't come to us, so we decided to come to you."

* Milia approaches alongside Artifica. "You know... Just to see how you were holding up."

* Whisper redirects his awkward smile-and-wave to Jasmine_Mistplume, although it's probably hard to see behind so many other ponies. More hypothetical smoothies!

* Milia studies Jasmine carefully. Not carefully enough to have seen her book, however. Apparently, repeated severe trauma to - among other places - the head and face, left a zebra with various vision and hearing problems. At least her sense of taste was...arguably in tact.

<uSeaGM> Lavender Dream waves at Jasmine tentatively.

* Jasmine_Mistplume turns to Artifica. If she had lips to bite, that would probably be a thing she was doing right now. "Oh.. Im... Im great! Never better! Just....-" Her eyes wander over to Milia, and then to the spirit on Milia's shoulder. Immediately she looks away from Lavender. "Actually, I think I'll just... Take a lap around the junkyard! Gotta stay in shape, yknow? okbye!" She turns around and attempts

<Jasmine_Mistplume> to take off into the air but in her haste, the book that she had hidden underneath a wing fell out, dropping to the ground. She turns back around to pick it up, and energetically dusts it off. "O-oh.. clumsy me!" She says, with a nervous chuckle.

* Prism flies on up to Jasmine. "Are you okay?"

* Artifica answers for Jasmine_Mistplume. "No, she's not. And as her friends, we should help."

* Artifica adds, "If she'll let us."

* Jasmine_Mistplume picks up the book and holds it to her chest. "I'm fine!" She blurts out to Prism, backing up a bit. "I mean... fine.. just fine." She says, this time, a little more reserved

* Milia inhales sharply, not wanting to let the catbird flee. "Jas, please stay and talk with us..."

We're really worried about y-" her words trail off as she spots the book fall from Jasmine's wing. "...huh."

* Watch_Tower figures that Jas was just bothered by whatever Lav had done. He takes a look at the book and...isn't really surprised...a lot of ponies liked the daring doo series...and it fit her heroics...certainly enough.

* Milia tries to take the conversation a different direction, at least for the moment. She doubted direct confrontation right off the bat would be productive at all. The zebra manages a slight chuckle, and does her best to give the gryphon a sincere smile. "I didn't take you for a reader, Jas."

* Whisper stares off into space, pondering the book Jasmine dropped.

* Prism just gives Jasmine a worried look.

* Jasmine_Mistplume avoids eye contact with Milia, mostly because Lavender was sitting right there on her shoulder. She falls to her rump, clutching the book tight to her breast. "W-well... why not? This book is really great! Its got all kinds of neat things! Its got adventure, its got heroes and bad guys..... Its got a lot of.... stuff!" She tries to defend herself. Although there was definitely more to it.

<Whisper> "Y-yeah...the Daring Doo books are really good..." Whisper immediately looks as though he wished he'd stayed quiet.

<uSeaGM> Lavender whispers something to Milia.

* Milia whispers something quickly back to the spirit. She was blind in MANY regards, but she wasn't /that/ blind.

<uSeaGM> Lavender nods and then she drops behind Milia's neck, sitting on her back out of sight.

* Watch_Tower finds himself kind of awkward here as well they seemed to have that handled...

* Milia shifts her attention back to the defensive gryphon. She plops to her haunches and raises her forehooves in a conciliatory manner. "No, that's cool! Reading is cool! Stories are great! They can inspire you and pick you up when you're down and make you feel all sorts of rad things."

* Milia however, raises an eyebrow at the last bit of Jasmine's spiel. "'Stuff', huh?"

* Artifica nods. "I've read some powerful ones in my time..." Ugh, that made her sound old! "...But I haven't read that one before. Tell me about it?"

* Whisper quietly and slowly makes his way closer, finally taking a seat beside Artifica.

<uSeaGM> "Thats better!" Mercy yells at Whisper.

* Prism tilts her head.

* Whisper turns crimson red upon hearing Mercy's words and immediately buries his head in his forehooves.

* Milia can't help but snicker quietly.

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Yeah... stuff!" She replies. She turns towards Artifica. "Um... well.... Its about this explorer! She is a pegasus named Daring Do, and she goes around looking for artifacts of old lost civilizations! But the bad guys are also after them too! Because they usually have super powers n stuff that would help them take over the world. Theres this one bad guy named Ah...Aho.. Ahooyzotluh" She

<Jasmine_Mistplume> seems to struggle with the name. "Its... its hard to pronounce... but.. anyway, he wants the rings of destiny so he can plunge Equestria into eternal summer! But Daring Do wont let him! It's -" She pauses, realizing how into describing the book she was getting. She had gotten rather excited. "Um, its.... good."

* Whisper mumbles assent from his hidey-hole. Such as it is, anyway.

* Milia 's mouth curls into a genuine smile seeing Jasmine describe the book. Her enthusiasm was genuinely encouraging to see. It was easy to see that the book clearly meant a lot to her.

* Artifica nods sagely, listening.

* Milia giggles quietly. "Damn... It sounds awesome, Jas.-" That was the honest truth, by the way. It DID sound pretty awesome. "-You seem to know it like the back of your claw. Read it before, I take it?"

* Artifica cocks her head, "That sounds... pretty amazing. Where'd you get it?"

* Whisper finally returns to his hooves, although he's still rather red-faced.

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "I... found it. Before the slavers caught me" Jasmine replied. And it was true, although it still seemed she was holding something back. "I read it all the time, while I was a slave." She admitted. "I knew how to keep it hidden, and it was all I really had, other than the occasional Spritebot wandering close enough for me to listen to."

* Milia 's expression falls. No wonder the book was so important to her. Stories that can inspire, indeed. "I'm so sorry, Jasmine... That must have been so awful..." she says, making the understatement of the century. Stay tuned next for her thoughts on the ocean. 'It's kinda wet,' is what she might say about it.

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy floats towards Jasmine_Mistplume. "Hey, that sounds Great! Could

you read some to me? Huh, could you? Could you?"

* Prism smiles at Jasmine. "Reading is the best."

* Jasmine_Mistplume stands back up, and shakes her head. "Its fine! Thats all behind me now! You dont have to worry about that!" She says to Milia. "Really!" She insists. It was something she had convinced herself of long ago. She then turns towards Mercy who seemed very interested in her book. "Oh...um... sure!"

* Watch_Tower swallows. He probably didn't belong here during this moment. He politely excuses himself. "I'll...go pick up our shopping or something..."

* Milia opens her mouth to comment, though no words come out. Seeing the gryphon's focus shift towards the tiny passion spirit's request, the zebra concedes that perhaps now isn't going to be the time to go any further. "If you say so, Jas..." she mutters. Turning to Artifica, the zebra begins speaking in a low voice (she also scooted Lavender around so she could speak to her as well.) "I think we're gonna have to take another crack at this at some point..."

* Milia sighs. "Roam wasn't built in a day, I suppose."

<uSeaGM> Lavender nods.

* Whisper silently excuses himself to go shopping as well.

* Artifica nods to Milia.

* Prism stays with Artifica and Milia. She was worried about Jasmine, though all she could offer was silent encouragement since she was at a loss for words right now. She also had to speak to Artifica here soon.

* Artifica admits to being interested in hearing Jasmine read too. If both Jasmine and Milia love the book, it must be good.

* Whisper lags a bit behind Watch_Tower as the two head off.

* Watch_Tower cared too...,but there wasn't anything he could do...and he didn't want to crowd her.

* Berry didn't really listen to the story, but is now watching from above the roof like a good old vulture

* Berry flapflaps her ears and then scratchhes her neck with one of her rear legs, then yawns

* Watch_Tower waves to Berry upon spotting her the movement reminding him that he had something important to ask her.

<Watch_Tower> "Hey Berry I need...to ask you something.'

* Berry hop from the roof and facelands in front of watch "...owie"

* Watch_Tower winces. "Are...you alright?"

* Berry gets up and rubs her nose "i think yes... i... i don't know...." seems quite sad

* Watch_Tower gives Berry a hug...gotta get them while they're still free

<Watch_Tower> "I...wanted to ask you if you knew if your cape was alright...I am going to try something to fix mine..."

* Berry picks her cape "what, this? havent' this been like this since the beginning?" seems a bit clueless

* Artifica trots up a moment later. "Are you okay, Berry?"

<Watch_Tower> "no...it was once something really beautiful..."

* Berry smiles to mo, but it is a fake smile "i.... uh... i'm okay?" then gives th cape to watch "oh, if you can make it pretty, i'd like it, thank you please...."

* Artifica scowls a little at Watch_Tower then smiles.

<Watch_Tower> "I don't know for sure if I can...,but I want to try." He smiles.

* Watch_Tower cowers a little from Arti's scowl.

* Artifica gives Watch_Tower a reassuring smile. "Go ahead. Please. Make it like it was, if you can. I have to... check with Prism about something." She turns and gallops off to try to learn Prism's spells before she loses them. Being a mechanic was a life's dream. Those spells are very special. Too special to allow to be lost.

<Watch_Tower> "uhh...hey Arti...is everything alright?"

* Watch_Tower swallows. "Alright."

* Prism was still with Jasmine and Milia, just being slightly idle. "Oh, hey Artifica."

* Watch_Tower carefully takes his cape from his bags. Where he'd folded it's burned, torn, and tattered bits into a small square and sets it down. "Would...you mind folding yours?"

* Berry after giving the cape to Watch_Tower, the donkey filly trots next to mom and just stays with her, saying nothing

* Artifica slows to a trot. "Prism, about those spells you got from Genie, would you have time to try to teach them to me?"

* Watch_Tower shrugs softly and folds hers himself then.

<Prism> "Yes, I do. I've been wanting to teach them to you, before I forget about them. I think I can impart how to do them at least, even if I don't have a horn anymore."

* Milia will leave Jasmine to read to Mercy, and Prism to chat with Artifica. She heads back toward their rooms - memory spirit in tow - and after getting a certain distance, turns to her. "So it was pretty bad, huh?... What you saw from her?"

* Watch_Tower closes his eyes and thinks back upon his time in new hope...he'd been doing that a lot lately...,but one of...the things that kept him sane...well...sane enough...was trying to figure out what was going on. \

* Watch_Tower remembers how he and Overclock had kept doing experiments trying to figure out what was up with time...He'd done his best to study that in detail...and well he kind of came up with something...he'd never tried it...,but he knew it was possible. He focuses on the cape and making it whole...and on the way it used to be...and the importance it held to him.

* Watch_Tower opens his eyes and watches as the clock is dialed back upon the capes...the threads reweaving themselves the charred and burned fragments regrowing...until for a time at least...that which was broken was made whole...if only for a little while.

* Watch_Tower blinks and smiles as he hugs his cape close...it felt a little stronger than he remembered...but he was just so happy to see it whole again...it probably looked strange to see a stallion hugging a piece of fabric like that but he didn't care.

* Whisper wanders into the bazaar area of town, now alone.

* Watch_Tower hops after Whisper after tying his cape on and putting Berry's in a pocket. "Wait up Whisper

* Watch_Tower chases after Whisper then

<Prism> "Artifica, do you have anything in need of repair we can use to demonstrate the spell?"

* Whisper idly wanders the market, not sure what to do.

* Artifica thinks. "Not... really. Watch_Tower is mending Berry's cloak." She thinks. "Perhaps we can find a broken toy that we can mend and give to Berry?"

* Berry keeps staying close to her mom and listening to the duo talking about fixing things meekly ask "can you fix mister roachie?"

* Prism nods. "That's a fantastic idea."

* Prism gets searching the junkyard for a broken toy for a demonstration!

<uSeaGM> Outside the Junkyard is looking very similar to how it was when Whisper first joined the group, except without any visiting caravans. Perhaps the heavy curtain of clouds covering

the sky made them less inclined to make the journey. Because of the lack of visitors there are very few market stalls set up in front of the imposing metal door in the side of a mountain.

<uSeaGM> The red-cloaked guards in front of the door still remain wearing their power armour or other military gear. But today their line is not particularly ordered and some are sitting around chatting to each other. When they see Whisper approaching they begin form up again... more or less.

* Whisper turns and ambles away from the door, looking like a good little visitor, quick to obey Da Rulez.

* Watch_Tower looks at the guards and tenses a little feeling naked without his own armor...,but they didn't attack the last time they were here so...it should be fine.

* Berry "mom, i dont' want a toy, i.... i hurt super bad mr roach i... i'm bad pony... i don't want to be a bad pony but i can't fix mr roach i was silly now i'm sorry but i can't fix it what can i do?"

* Watch_Tower looks about still looking for Whisper...12 per don't mean jack sometimes.

<uSeaGM> Of the few stalls currently there, Whisper recognises an older, gruff-looking stallion at a weapon stall. Metal Jacket was his name. He'd been the one to give Whisper his Infiltrator rifle.

* Whisper seemingly appears besides Watch_Tower. "Oh, hey Watch. Did you bring our stuff to trade?"

* Watch_Tower jumps startled. "oh crap...no I think I left my stuff back in our rooms."

<Whisper> "Oh...uh...well...what do we do then?"

<Watch_Tower> "I guess I'll run back and gather up the stuff."

* Prism finds a suitable toy (I think). "Uh, I think it went....that you're supposed to touch it with your magic, Artifica."

<Whisper> "Can't you just...magic your way back or something?"

<Watch_Tower> "I could...,but that take energy...and I just...spent a lot of it...on doing something personal..." He looks to the side.

* Artifica nods. "Touch it with my magic. Like telekinesis? Or healing?"

<uSeaGM> After a little delay, Lavender answers Milia's question. "Yes I... I saw something. A griffin... Jasmine's father? He hide her away somewhere safe and told her to stay quiet until he came back... but he didn't come back."

<Whisper> "Oh. Uh...I guess we'd better go get it. Or one of use should, I dunno." Whisper

shrugs.

<Prism> "Telekinesis would do nicely."

* Milia rests against the side of the building. She stares vacantly ahead, focusing at nothing in particular and letting her eyes relax. A sigh escapes her. "Ahhhh, shit..."

* Berry just sits there and lets the adults do their stuff... maybe mom will tell her what to do later

* Watch_Tower starts to walk back to their rooms gathering up all the stuff to be sold/fixd and floats it in a big pile.

* Whisper looks back at the giant door while Watch is gone. Too bad nothing ever seems to go inside...

* Milia rubs her temples wearily. "I get really tired of the world sometimes... Y'know?" she grumbles over to the memory spirit.

<uSeaGM> Lavender looks down and nods. "I know the feeling."

* Milia looks over to Lavender. She extends a foreleg, welcomingly. A gesture that says 'come nuzzle into my side for hugs'.

<uSeaGM> Lavender nuzzles, and is soon joined by Mercy. Who was always on the look out for nuzzling.

* Milia blinks a few times, as Mercy appears. Seemingly from nowhere! "...Do you have a sixth sense or something, Mercy?"

* Watch_Tower accidentally bumps into Whisper carrying a pile of stuff

* Whisper is promptly knocked onto his face. "Oof!"

<uSeaGM> Mercy just grins. "Of course! It's like, my specialty."

<Watch_Tower> "oh crap sorry!" He moves the pile out of the way and looks down. "I...couldn't see you through the pile of stuff."

* Whisper stands up, rubbing his snout. "'S'fine," he mumbles.

* Milia giggles at the response and curls her leg gently around the two of them. She returns to her vacant staring, though a smile has crept onto her face. "You two are wonderful. You know that?"

* Watch_Tower offers a hoof. "So...uhh I am really bad at figuring out where to sell things..."

<uSeaGM> Aside from Metal Jacket and his assorted weapons is a food cart run by a visibly pregnant earth pony mare wearing a yellow sash. The smell of warm mushroom soup wafts over

the clearing.

* Whisper takes Watch_Tower's hoof and rises. "Uh...probably at the vendors? That's...what they're there for." He stares at Watch, rather bewildered.

* Watch_Tower 's stomache growls.

<Watch_Tower> "I smell food..."

* Whisper nods. "Yeah...that soup smells pretty good."

* Watch_Tower goes to check out the food cart.

<Watch_Tower> "I am a slave to my stomach."

<uSeaGM> "Aww, we love you too! Don't we Lavender?"

<Watch_Tower> "oh! that reminds me...how are your lungs doing?"

<uSeaGM> Lavender blushes.

* Whisper follows along. "Uh, they're doing fine so far. I mean, they're not fine but I'm not coughing all the time at least."

<Watch_Tower> "That's good...I have to say...it feels a little weird sustaining a spell all the time..." He admits

* Whisper looks down at his hooves. "Well hopefully you won't have to."

* Watch_Tower gives Whisper a hug mid trot before setting the pile of stuff down outside the stall. "I am certain either Prism or Artifica will manage to cure you."

* Artifica tries touching the broken toy with her telekinesis. "Like this?"

* Whisper nods. "Prism will. She's really smart. As long as we can find some sort of lab, I think she could fix almost anything wrong with a pony."

* Milia gently gives the two of them a squeeze. She remains silent for a few moments, before looking down to the spirits in her huggy grasp. "...How are you feeling, by the way? Holding up alright?" She can't help but let her gaze linger on Lavender, in what was an incredibly transparent gesture.

<Prism> "Yeah. Do you notice that it feels wrong? Like it's off? That's because the toy itself wants to be fixed...it wants to be used."

<Prism> "You'll need to lend strength to its spirit with your magic."

* Artifica tries to sense what Prism is suggesting. She tries to "listen" to the toy which her

magic. Even send a little prayer to the spirit of the toy.

<uSeaGM> "Yeah we're fine. Totally fine. And nospirit said anything embarrassing to any other spirit. Nope. Right Laven~... Lavender?"

* Berry watches her mom doing magic, but can't really feel any happiness in it, the insect slaughter still lays heavy on her conscience making her feel unworthy of a toy or anything else than a scolding

* Watch_Tower tries to get the attention of the pregnant mare.

<Whisper> "So...we're getting breakfast I guess?"

<Watch_Tower> "I'm getting me some mushroom soup"

<Watch_Tower> "also don't discount arti. she is really smart too."

* Artifica pauses... "Just a moment."

* Artifica looks to Berry. "Where is Mr. Roachie?"

<uSeaGM> Lavender hesitates. "I'm still a little shaky from what happened earlier. It wasn't a place I wanted to go back to. But..." She gives Mercy a sly smile. "I'm pretty sure I heard something back when you were all helping me."

* Whisper frowns. "I didn't...that's not what I meant...I know she's smart too. I just," he blushes slightly, "Well, I'm more familiar with Prism. That's all."

<Watch_Tower> "So...I see"

* Milia nods to Lavender. The spirit still seemed a little shook up, certainly, but she was happy to hear that Lavender was feeling stable. And Mercy's comment...

<uSeaGM> The yellow-sash mare smiles warmly at Watch_Tower and Whisper. "Good morning. Are you two with the filly and the griffin I saw yesterday?"

* Berry raises a hoofie and looks under it "there's some here...."

* Watch_Tower nods.

* Milia 's curiosity is piqued. Piqued so much it just flew off into the atmosphere. Good-bye, curiosity. Have fun in space. Don't make any shady deals with any star monsters. They're bad news. "Ohhh? I /see/." She starts to grin. "Let's say somespirit /had/ said something of that sort. Purely hypothetical, of course..."

<Watch_Tower> "That would be Jasmine and Berry"

* Whisper hangs back and lets Watch do the talking.

* Berry "i... i don't think he can be fixed... i'm a killer forever and ever and i will never be a good pony again... i'm sorry mom..."

<uSeaGM> Lavender grins. "/Purely/ hypothetical."

* Milia raises an eyebrow. "...What sorta thing might have been said?" She clears her throat awkwardly. "Errr... That is... If it's not too theoretically private."

* Artifica looks down at the squashed bug sadly. "I... don't think I can heal him, Berry. I'll try..." And she does. Her horn glows, building in brightness, as she pushes healing magic into the dead creature.

* Artifica has a spell meant to pull someone back from the moment of death... but everything she knows about the spell says it won't work on someone unless they have been dead for under a minute... at least, that's how it works with ponies. But, for Berry, she has to try anyway.

<uSeaGM> "Well, some spirit might confess her love for another spirit. In that hypothetical situation. That might be a thing that could happen, right Mercy?"

* Berry looks at the magic with no hope in her eyes and sighs

<uSeaGM> Mercy's cheeks glow a little brighter. She tries to say something but she squeaks instead.

* Milia giggles. That squeak was too cute! "Oh, Mercy... It's okay... I had heard what you said when you finally brought Lavender back to us. Part of me just wanted to know if you were serious about it. But, then again... I suppose if you weren't, it wouldn't have had the effect it had, would it?"

* Watch_Tower looks to Whisper. "no need to be quiet"

<Watch_Tower> "Get a bowl of soup and eat and then we'll sell stuff."

* Whisper glances at Watch_Tower and then steps up to the counter.

<uSeaGM> It turns out that Mr. Roachie was hardier than Berry had given him credit for. After Artifica's spell replaced some of his internal goo his antenna start to wiggle.

* Berry gasps and quickly puts mr. roachie down "he's fine! HE'S FINE! MOM YOU ARE THE BEST MOM EVER!" hugs supertight Artifica and starts sobbing out of joy and all the guilt she accumulated in the last hour

<uSeaGM> Mercy looks up at Milia. "So you're not mad? Whisper said something about just having a single special somepony... or spirit."

<uSeaGM> Mr Roachie is hungry and he seeks sweet things inside Berry's bags.

* Berry doesn't really notice the bug going in her bags, is too occupied hugging mom

* Watch_Tower idly pesters the pregnant mare for an answer?

* Whisper is about to speak to the soup selling mare when he stops and glances at Watch_Tower. "Uh...Watch? We should probably sell some stuff first. I, um, don't have any caps to eat with."

<uSeaGM> Mr. Roachie locates old snack cake crumbs. Nom nom nom.

* Watch_Tower waves a hoof. "I actually kept some of money separate from Milia so I still have caps"

* Milia cocks her head down at Mercy. "Mad?... Shit, Mercy, why on earth would I be mad? I'm happy for you two! Like, damn, yes please, let's get some more love in the world! Goddess knows we /need/ it." She takes a moment to think on the part about Whisper's comment. "And... I think... Ugh, okay, this is sorta hard, because like... I can only tell you what works for me. And it's

* Milia definitely not the only way to go about it."

<Whisper> "Oh...uh, so are you offering to buy breakfast then?" Whisper looks at Watch_Tower quizzically.

* Artifica gasps, surprised herself. And hugs Berry back.

<Watch_Tower> "Sure"

* Berry simply keeps hugging her mother's neck and won't really let it go any soon, so her mom should simply go on with her training with prism and keep a berry necklace for now

<Whisper> "Um...thanks."

* Berry or a berry scarf. very hipster. so filly. many classy. wow

* Milia thinks hard for a moment. "But like... Okay, some ponies... or zebras, as it were, only want one partner. And, that's totes okay. But, others might be comfortable with something else. What's important is like... you gotta talk this out with the ponies... and spirits... and whoever else you may be involved with. See what they're looking for."

* Artifica tells Berry sternly, "That was... mommy being lucky too. Dead is... almost... always permanent." She looks Berry in the eye. "You understand?"

* Milia nods to herself, sagely. "Love comes in a buncha different shapes and forms... and there's no one right answer."

* Berry nodnods "i will never ever hurt annything nevermore i promise!"

<Watch_Tower> "why do you ask miss?"

* Berry proceeds in putting away all the stupid dangerous weapons she has

* Watch_Tower vaguely recalls ordering a bowl of her mushroom soup the last time they were here

<uSeaGM> The mare smiles. "I thought you might be with them. I hadn't heard of any new arrivals and I didn't think they were travelling alone."

* Whisper shakes his head, which only barely reaches over the counter. "No, they're not."

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy tilts her head, perhaps half understanding what Milia has said. "Soo... do you love us then?"

* Artifica smiles and hugs Berry again. "Now you take good care of Mr. Roach. He's yours to take care of now."

<Watch_Tower> "well technically we're returning...I think I bought from you once...I looked more like a nightguard back then."

* Milia chuckles at Mercy's somewhat confused response. Maybe she was laying on a bit too much at once. "...Of course, Mercy. I love the both of you a lot. Maybe not in the way I love Artifica... but-" she scoops the two of them up and hugs them gently to her chest. "-nothin' but love from /this/ zebra."

* Berry nodnods agai nto mom and keeps sobbing and hugging her, probably she won't let go nevermore

* Artifica hugs back happily.

* Artifica finally looks back up to Prism, her daughter still hugging her. "Try again?" She turns and focuses on the toy.

<uSeaGM> The mare seems surprised at Watch_Tower's statement. "You must have looked quite different then. Well I'm happy to welcome you back."

<Watch_Tower> "well it was kind of a long time ago from my point of view." He smiles. "I do remember the soup and having some with Milia."

<uSeaGM> Mercy enjoys the hug. "You here that Lavender? We're loved!"

<Prism> "Yeah, try again..."

<uSeaGM> Lavender chuckles from her cocoon of stripey hooves. "There is a little something else though that hasn't been said yet, Mercy..." She pauses for effect, and then echos Mercy's

earlier question. "Soo... do you love me then?"

<uSeaGM> Mercy swallows, and then quietly replies. "Yes. I love you."

* Artifica considers, and floats over some excess material from the junkyard's plentiful supply. She once again focuses on the toy, listening to it. Trying to communicate with the spirit in some small way and feed it what it wants.

* Milia can't help but gasp and squeal. At the same time. She tries to suppress it. She really does. It ends up sounding like a tiny, rising 'uaahuAHH!' sound.

<Prism> "Very good...that's basically the spell."

* Prism flaps her wings some, and flies off to go find Whisper and Watch.

* Artifica gasps for a second time. "...wow."

<uSeaGM> Artifica's magic wraps around the toy, flowing into it and seeping into its surface like it always belonged there. It draws the material Artifica had provided in with it and the toy is restored to its former glory.

* Whisper stands at the soup stall as Watch_Tower and the mare talk. He idly paws the ground and looks around to see if anyone else from the party has arrived.

<Watch_Tower> "so a bowl of soup for Whisper and myself please?"

* Artifica whispers, "Hey, Berry? I have something for you..."

* Berry looks at her mommy "yes, mom?"

* Prism locates them, and comes in for a landing, folding in her webbed wings. "Heya Whisper and Watch."

* Watch_Tower looks up and smiles. "Hello"

<uSeaGM> Lavender smiles and kisses Mercy on the cheek. "I love you too." She wraps her tail around the Fire Spirit's.

* Whisper smiles weakly. "Oh, uh, hey Prism. How are you?"

* Artifica floats over the toy. "Take good care of this too. It wants to play with you."

<Prism> "I'm pretty good, you?"

<uSeaGM> "Soup is 5 caps a bowl-" the yellow-sash mare starts to reply, but when Prism lands she 'acks!' in surprise. "Oh my goodness, are you?... I had thought they were just in stories."

* Berry looks at the beautiful <INSERT NAME OF TOY HERE> and gasps in awe "is it... for

me?"

* Watch_Tower chuckles remembering back when everypony thought he was a vampony. He counts out fifteen caps and sets it on the counter. "a bowl for her too"

<Whisper> "Um, I-" Whisper is interrupted by the other mare's exclamation of surprise.

<Prism> "Well..." She blushes, sort of embarrassedly. "We're kinda, well, rare." She didn't want to explain it, not like it's a very believable tale. So she would just go along with it.

* Berry hugs her new toy "thankyouthankyouthankyou mom! i love you so much!"

* Artifica smiles super happily. "I love you so much too!"

* Milia smiles, leaning back and basking in the moment, and certainly not wanting to interrupt. She was simply grateful that the two spirits were sharing this special moment with her. Things like this, they kept her going.

* Whisper stays quiet, and simply takes a seat near Prism.

<uSeaGM> "Your wings are beautiful," she says, pouring out 3 bowls of hot mushroom soup.

* Watch_Tower enjoys his soup nice and slow

* Whisper takes a bowl of soup from the counter and hoofs it over to Prism.

<Watch_Tower> "After this we'll go shopping"

<Prism> "Thank you. Oh soup? I love soup." She smiles happily "Thank you." And she starts eating her soup, slowly.

<Watch_Tower> "I remember having a bowl of this stuff before leaving for my date...it was amazing stuff."

<Watch_Tower> "and Whisper looked like he could use a meal...so here we are." He chuckles

* Whisper takes his bowl and resumes sitting by Prism. He looks at his soup, but doesn't touch it. "Um, Prism..."

* Prism puts her spoon down and nuzzles Whisper. "Yes?"

* Berry hugs her new ragdoll and smiles with joy

* Whisper doesn't look up from his soup. "Um...are you still mad at me? I...I wasn't trying to be mean, Jasmine is just...well she's kinda scary sometimes."

<Prism> "You should try being more sympathetic. And no, I'm not still mad at you."

<Watch_Tower> "Should I let you two be alone? I can do the selling while you two talk..."

* Whisper smiles weakly. "Okay...thanks."

<Prism> "No, don't leave us Watch."

<Prism> "Eat your soup."

* Whisper starts eating his soup, finally.

* Watch_Tower looks at his mostly empty soup bowl. "alright...I just kind of feel uncomfortable with dealing with other ponies personal...stuff...that is actually why I left to handle buying stuff..I care about Jasmine, but I don't know how I could help...or..."

* Watch_Tower babbles a little.

<Prism> "I'm done talking about it."

<Whisper> "That's okay. I don't want to be insensitive, but...it sounded like that conversation was ending when me and Watch left. So, what did you do, Prism?"

<Prism> She reluctantly answers, not really liking to talk to Whisper about anything involving magic or flight. "Taught Artifica that Restore spell before it becomes to weird for me to process."

<Watch_Tower> "That sounds like an interesting Spell..." He looks at his cape. "I don't think it'd have helped on our capes..."

<Prism> "It just involves helping the spirit of something become whole again."

<Whisper> "Oh...uh, okay. Well, um...I looked at the door." He looks back over his shoulder at the assembled guards. "I...don't think I can sneak in."

* Watch_Tower blinks

<Watch_Tower> "Things have their own spirits?"

<Watch_Tower> "oh...wow I can only imagine how much harm I've done with my magic..." He closes his eyes thinking how many times he's magically sculpted things together for various reasons.

<Prism> "Yeah. That's like when ponies like myself and Genie talk about machine spirits."

<Prism> "Those are the spirits involved."

* Prism looks at Whisper. "Heavily guarded, huh."

<Watch_Tower> "oh...so not like Mercy or Lav."

* Watch_Tower sighs relieved

<Watch_Tower> "and if you wanted to sneak in...you know I could provide a distraction..."

<Whisper> "Yeah, it's heavily guarded." Whisper looks at Watch_Tower warily. "What do you mean by 'distraction'?"

<Watch_Tower> "well just between you and me...I saw Jasmine and I saw those wrecked tanks and for some reason I want to cheer her up by letting her drive one around."

<Watch_Tower> "and something tells me every guard around will want to investigate."

* Prism blinks. "Whoaaaaaah."

* Whisper blinks as well. "A tank. You want a tank."

<Watch_Tower> "Well it was just a passing thought."

<Watch_Tower> "I don't think I could actually pull it off...,but the spell I'd use...worked on something smaller..."

<Whisper> "Okay, Prism...I know you said to be considerate but I /really/ don't think Jasmine should be given a tank."

<Prism> "Well, it'd be a distraction."

<Prism> "A really really good and effective one."

<Watch_Tower> "I know right?"

<Watch_Tower> "I know it'd also be a really bad idea."

* Whisper looks at the door, then back to Prism and Watch_Tower. "Uh, one other problem. That door is big, and has no apparent keyhole or terminal. I mean, if I get in I think I could stay unseen, but getting in is the whole problem."

<Watch_Tower> "Alternatively...I could try some other spells..."

<Watch_Tower> "which reminds me...I need to talk to Storm front..."

* Artifica would like to buy something nice for Milia. But has no money of her own. So will instead will keep an eye open for something nice to remake for her.

* Whisper looks worried. "Just...don't hurt him. And Watch...if you...if you go in his head and see anything involving me..."

<Watch_Tower> "I...want you to be there...it's the only way you'll...learn to trust me...is to see..."

<Prism> "Though that distraction....it might hurt ponies around here, and I wouldn't like that so

much. So yeah, not the best idea."

* Whisper gapes at Watch_Tower. "You...you want me to do WHAT!?" he squeals.

<Watch_Tower> "I...wanted you to be there to make sure I don't mess with anything." He says quietly.

* Artifica finds her way back to Milia.

* Whisper stares off into space, obviously affected by this.

* Milia is sitting against the train platform with Mercy and Lavender cradled in her hooves. A content smile has made its home on her muzzle, as she stares off at nothing in particular. Sometimes a quiet moment to just relax and think was what the zebra needed.

* Watch_Tower sighs and stands up. "never mind..." He finishes the bowl and floats the pile of stuff toward the weapons stall intending to get business done...he was starting to feel tired of ponies being afraid of him.

* Milia catches sight of her approaching fiance and waves a hoof at her. "Oh, heya Arti!" She calls out.

* Whisper looks at Prism. "Prism...I...maybe he's right...but I don't think I can face that alone. I c-can't go back there." Tears well up at the corners of his eyes. "Please..."

<uSeaGM> As Watch_Tower, Whisper, and Prism finish their soup and talk beside the food stall, they notice that a tall stallion with a red and gold cape has detached from his post to walk towards them. He looks every part the Captain of the Guard... and an anxious expectant father. "Hey Angel. Is everything alright?"

* Watch_Tower blinks and looks at the guard for a moment he'd mistaken the pony for somepony COMPLETELY different.

<uSeaGM> The mare chuckles. "Yes Angel, we're fine. I told you, I like the outside air. These are some ponies who arrived yesterday, although it seems they've been here before."

* Prism looks down. "It's not my call."

* Watch_Tower watches the two interact smiling a little to himself.

* Whisper reaches out a shaking hoof to Prism. "W-well...it's okay with me..."

<uSeaGM> The stallion named Angel blinks and then gives a salute. "Ah. Yes, well, welcome to the Junkyard."

<Watch_Tower> "Been here before but thanks." Watch says shaking his head a little torn from his own thoughts.

<uSeaGM> The two spirits hum to each other in Milia's hooves.

* Prism looks up and puts a wing around Whisper. "You're going to have to use your own judgment on this one. You're strong, I'm sure you can figure it out."

<Watch_Tower> "Nice to meet you Angel?"

* Whisper looks at Prism, confusion painted on his features. "F-figure what out?"

<Watch_Tower> "Have you had any messages come by?"

<Prism> "What to do in regards to Watch."

* Whisper puts a foreleg around Prism and squeezes. "...maybe I should hear out his reasons for wanting me there. But...if we have to do.../that/, will you be there with me?"

<uSeaGM> "It's nice to meet you too," the pair reply together, before chuckling. "My name is Angel Delight," the mare explains, "and this is my husband, Guardian Angel."

<Prism> "Yes, of course."

* Whisper smiles and hugs Prism tighter. "Thank you."

* Watch_Tower smiles. "Nice to meet the both of you...I'm Watch Tower. The Batpony is Prism and her colt friend is Whisper."

<uSeaGM> "It's nice to meet the rest of you, too." Says Guardian. "But, messages? What sort of messages were you expecting?"

<Watch_Tower> "I'm not entirely sure, but we've got business in the tunnel and we sent it along to get handled."

* Whisper clasps Prism's hoof. "Oh, um...Mercy knows...something. I don't think she realizes exactly what we did, though."

<Prism> "Hiya." She waves one of her wings. She's definitely getting used to having them. "Pft, haha. I think she'll figure it out sooner than you think."

* Whisper blushes a bit. "Y-yeah, I guess. I just...I dunno. I still would feel...weird talking to anyone else about it."

<uSeaGM> He frowns. "You have business inside? I haven't heard of surface ponies being allowed inside for years." He scratches his chin. "But the council did call an unscheduled meeting. Perhaps this is what they were discussing." He shrugs.

<Watch_Tower> "Well...at least we know they got the message then."

<Prism> "It's nothing to be ashamed of."

* Watch_Tower briefly ponders asking if he'd know a good place to get armor fixed up...,but that didn't concern him much

* Whisper blushes. "Yeah...", he nuzzles Prism, "because my marefriend is the prettiest in the whole wasteland," he finishes softly.

* Artifica is smiling when she returns. She looks down at Milia and the spirits. "You three look happy. That's good to see."

<Watch_Tower> "so I'm curious...is it true that tunnel leads all the way to aquaria?"

* Milia grins at the mare. "Right back at you." She takes a moment to consider what she said. "Uh... Except for the part about there being three of you. *AHEM!* Um... yes. Dammit. That could have been /so smooth/..."

* Artifica laughs. "My smooth zebra."

* Artifica lays down next to Milia and the spirits. "Berry's happy right now. Prism taught me that spell... the one that helps me fix things by... communing? Sort of?... with the spirit of the item that wants to be whole and useful again."

* Artifica looks to the spirits, "Does that sound right to you? How should I say that?"

* Milia snickers. "Smooth like sandpaper..." She mutters. The zebra then takes a moment to appreciate the song the spirits are humming to one another, as well as listening intently to Artifica.

* Artifica watches the spirits too. "Right now, we really are one big... very odd... happy family."

<uSeaGM> Lavender smiles happily. "That sounds right, Artifica."

* Artifica grins. "I like that. I really like the idea that I'm somehow helping the spirits of these things."

* Milia lets go of the two spirits, shifting herself to a laying position as well. She leans over and nuzzles the mare affectionately. "That's amazing! Unicorn magic will never stop amazing and surprising and sometimes terrifying me. Mostly the first two. Especially in this case."

<Milia> "So did you test it out on something?"

* Watch_Tower idly examines the guard pony while he waited.

* Artifica chuckles wryly. "Unicorn magic is nothing compared to what you do."

<uSeaGM> Guardian Angel blinks at Watch_Tower. "What's Aquaria?"

<Watch_Tower> "an underwater facility that...presumably connects to your tunnel..."

<Whisper> "Hey Prism...any idea what the place behind that door will be like?"

<Whisper> "You think it'll be like a Stable?"

<Prism> "No, not really. I'm excited to see it."

<Watch_Tower> "Presumably top secret...which might explain why you don't know it..." He sigh he probably messed that up.

<uSeaGM> "But it is true that our tunnels go for miles. Supposedly some even reach zebra lands."

<Whisper> "Do you think this 'Aquaria' will be a whole underwater city or something? I mean, I know it sounds silly, but...hey, we've seen weirder, right?"

<Prism> "I don't think it will."

* Whisper looks at Prism and smiles a little. "What's your weirdest guess then?"

<Prism> "Probably an incredibly sterile place."

<Watch_Tower> "wait...tunnels?"

<Watch_Tower> "like plural..."

* Watch_Tower swallows. "Well bugger."

<uSeaGM> He chuckles. "I heard that the tunnels were originally built hundreds of years before the war. The Underground Railway, or something like that."

* Milia blinks at her fiance. "What I do? You mean blindly stumbling around with my shamanism and alchemy, causing various catastrophes that the people around me then have to fix?" She shakes her head. "Oof, sorry... Now's not the time for me to throw a pity party for myself. It's just..."

* Whisper chews his lip a moment. "You think...maybe they'll have cybernetics down there? Just maybe?"

<Prism> "Hey, that's certainly a possibility!"

* Milia looks over to Artifica. "What you do, and who you are, is nothing short of amazing. Just yesterday, you simultaneously saved my life, /and/ Berry's. Like, at the same time."

<Watch_Tower> "oh...well that's better then."

<Watch_Tower> "I hope we can get a map then."

* Watch_Tower rubs the back of his head. "so there is an entire tunnel system...down there..."

* Whisper simply snuggles Prism and sighs contentedly.

<Watch_Tower> "well...I guess I know what to expect..." He considers. "I should probably buy some more pulse grenades..."

* Whisper leans in so close Prism can feel his breath as he speaks something softly in her ear. He then pulls back and looks away, blushing.

<uSeaGM> From somewhere nearby Artifica, Milia, and her spirits, comes a strange fizzing-pop sound. Like a bottle was being uncorked backwards. Then comes a familiar voice.

<uSeaGM> "Well, hello there."

* Artifica blinks.

* Artifica looks around.

<uSeaGM> "I do hope I'm not interrupting anything. Just pretend I'm not here."

* Milia closes her eyes. "Sweetie... Please tell me I didn't just hear that."

* Artifica sighs. "We both didn't hear that."

* Watch_Tower looks over to the others. "and I take it I'm going to need to keep myself busy for a while." He sighs. "Know anywhere good to get some fancy armor repaired Mr. Guardian?"

<uSeaGM> Roundabout has returned. He has a suitcase, sunglasses, beach shorts, and a t-shirt that says 'I went to the Crossroads and all I got was this lousy t-shirt.'

<uSeaGM> "Metal Jacket will be the pony to talk to." He nods to the group and then returns to his post.

* Milia stares forward, nodding furiously, a grimace of determination on her face. "Yup. We certainly didn't hear that." She glances up at the spirit - clearly acknowledging his presence - before staring forward again. She remains silent for a couple more seconds.

<Milia> "...Didn't see that, either."

* Prism blushes too, pulling Whisper close with one of her wings, giving him a kiss. "Heheh, oh you."

* Watch_Tower nods. "one stop shopping...good to know"

* Whisper giggles. "Um...but first we should probably do some shopping. Too bad being an adult means /all/ the various 'adult situations', huh?"

* Watch_Tower waves a hoof. "I've got this Whisp...go have fun."

<Prism> "Yeah!"

* Whisper blushes further at Watch_Tower's remark. "Oh! Uh...well...if you're okay with that. But how do you know what we need or want from vendors?"

* Milia 's willpower breaks fown finally. Fine. She'll bite. Slowly, she turns to stare back up at Roundabout. With a sigh, she asks: "...How did you even /find/ us?"

<Watch_Tower> "Ammo for you, ari, and Pri. Fixing up armor for those of us hit by missiles or perhaps the talon armor if it's better." He starts to list off.

<uSeaGM> Roundabout crosses his arms. "Charming. And after I gave one of your dear friends her heart's desire..."

<Watch_Tower> "Missiles and Grenades for Jas and I if we've left over." He sighs softly. "I usually pay attention to what we need."

* Whisper digs into his bags and pulls out some battered leather armor. "Actually, I kinda wanted this armor fixed. It was Storm's Armor, but I figured I'd use it now."

* Milia glares flatly at him. "Yeah! For /completely selfish/ reasons! And you went all ironic twist on her, too! Then you came on really strong and made a couple of us super uncomfortable! Can you understand why I might be a /little/ noided out here?!"

* Watch_Tower floats the armor up looking at it before setting it across his back. "Alright...that works."

* Whisper smiles. "Thanks." He turns back to Prism. "So...what do you wanna do until then?" he paws the ground nervously.

* Artifica looks at Milia. "Are you spirit-magnetic or something?"

* Watch_Tower looks to Guardian. "Does this place have a decent place to drink? I've a feeling I don't want to play try not to walk in on my friends today."

* Milia buries her snout in her forelegs. "...Probably..."

<uSeaGM> Roundabout places a hand over his chest. "Oh you wound me, fair maidens. Is it my fault that I wished to be free from the shackles of servitude? Or that my heart blinded my good manners when it beheld such a vision of loveliness?"

* Milia uncovers her snout, glancing back over to the spirit of chaos. "That second one? Yes! Yes it is!"

* Whisper paws the ground nervously. "Um, I know this might be an odd request Prism..."

<uSeaGM> "Well, what if I had been smitten by love at first sight. What then?"

* Watch_Tower goes to handle the shopping I guess since the guard is clearly distracted by more important things heh

<Prism> "Err....um."

* Milia 's mouth is gradually shifting into an exasperated frown. See, see lookit. Lookit it go. 'Nyooooom!' That's the sound it makes as it does.

<Milia> "That doesn't entitle you to get all up in her business, dude! You don't even /know/ her!"

<Whisper> "Can...can you bring down a cloud? I dunno if it'll work, but I wanna see if I can feel it."

* Prism flies up to go find a cloud.

<uSeaGM> "How was I supposed to know that Sweet Melody was different to other Spirits of Passion?"

* Milia beams an incredulous look to Roundabout. "...Who?"

* Milia is really wheeling out all the indignance she can muster for this one.

* Prism brings down some cloud for Whisper!

* Whisper smiles. "Thanks. I just always wanted to see how this might work..." He tentatively pokes the cloud with a hoof.

<uSeaGM> "Sanguine Moon?" he tries.

* Whisper blinks as his hoof passes through the cloud. "Hmmm..."

* Milia groans. Just groans. "Oh, you wad lord... You don't even know her name..."

<uSeaGM> "I was close though, surely. Do I get points for that?"

<Milia> "Negative!"

<uSeaGM> "Oh, poo."

* Whisper musters up his courage and sticks his head into the cloud.

* Whisper 's head reemerges, now very wet. He blinks. "Um...I guess I should've seen that coming. Thanks anyway Prism."

* Milia rubs her eyes, tiredly. "Look, dude, like... Aren't you free now, or something? Don't you have like... spirit business you need to get to?"

* Prism kisses Whisper, drawing him into a hug.

<uSeaGM> "Yes. But arranging all the bar mugs into a neat pyramid every time the barkeeper's back is turned does get old after a while. So I thought I would pop back and see how you were all getting on."

* Watch_Tower does the shopping

* Milia looks to Artifica with pleading eyes. Eyes that scream: 'SAVE MEEEEEE'

* Whisper returns the hug happily. "It's okay. I just wish I could share the sky with you."

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Meeeerccy where are yooou" A familiar voice calls out. "do you want me to read more to you?" It was Jasmine, and she was approaching where Milia and Artifica were sitting outside.

<uSeaGM> Roundabout snaps his fingers. "Strange Mercy! That was it."

* Milia sighs at Roundabout. "We're doing... fine. Good, even oh heY JAS WE'RE OVER HERE!" her voice gets several orders of magnitude louder as she calls as much attention to her and Artifica as possible.

<uSeaGM> He spots Milia's less-than-impressed expression. "Hmm, but I think the moment has passed. I'll leave you now but I'll be around... and about."

* Artifica looks just as helpless. Then turns to the chaos spirit...

* Jasmine_Mistplume hears Milia and turns her head towards the direction the voice came from. "Coming!" She shouts back, as she makes her way back towards them. Her gaze immediately turns towards Roundabout as she approaches them. "H-hey! Hey its you!" She runs up to the spirit "Heyyyy! Have you thought it over? Have you changed your mind? Thats why youre here, right?"

* Artifica tsks. "Sorry, mini-discord, but Strange Mercy is a lesbi-spirit. There's not enough S.A.T.S. in the wasteland to give you a chance to hit that."

* Milia 's mouth falls open, as she looks to Artifica. She is literally speechless from that sick burn. Her speechlessness doesn't last long, however:

* Milia does that thing where you like, whoop one arm in the air because someone just got stunted on hardcore. The horse version of that. She does that. While yelling.

<Milia> "YOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

<uSeaGM> "Yeah, she's taken!"

<uSeaGM> Roundabout double blinks. Things had turned all of a sudden. "Be-ji-bu-" he

stumbles. "I-um. Well."

* Jasmine_Mistplume grins. "I knew it! Well, Im ready whenever! Lay it on me!" She announces, seriously misinterpreting the scene that was happening right now

<uSeaGM> He droops a little, and looks over at Jasmine_Mistplume. "You again. The griffin who wanted super powers?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume rolls her eyes. "Well of course! That -is- why you're here."

* Milia leans over to Artifica, whispering excitedly. "YOU ARE SO COOL!..."

<uSeaGM> "Alas my dear, the enchantment binding me to that lamp was more than just a prison. I can no longer bestow such a thing upon you even if I wished to do so myself."

* Jasmine_Mistplume 's eye visibly twitches. She raises a talon and points it like a finger at the spirit "But... I... you... thats not..." She seems incredibly flustered. If she had teeth she would be gritting them right about now. "BUT I'VE SEEN YOU DO THINGS!"

<uSeaGM> "Like this?" he says, taking off his head and juggling with it.

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "YES YES YES YES. COME OOOOOOOON YOU CANT SAY YOU DONT HAVE ANY MORE POWER! JUST LOOK AT THAT!" She turns towards Milia and Artifica, beak agape, just pointing at the shenanigans Roundabout was doing, seeming utterly flummoxed

* Watch_Tower approaches their temporary residence with the strangest look on his muzzle as he looks at the talisman he was wearing around his neck.

<uSeaGM> Roundabout catches his head and puts it back on, but backwards. He turns around to face Jasmine_Mistplume again. "Well, what would you like me to do? You seem so disappointed. I could give it a try, at least."

* Watch_Tower opens the door only after a curtesy of making sure there weren't any moans from the other side "this thing is making me feel the dangest tingling...anypony know what is up wi..." He looks around. "woah...crowded room...and asshat's back."

* Milia 's mirth turns to a vague sense of impending horror. Oh, shit. He was actually going to try something?

<uSeaGM> "And my abductor returns. Your friends at the Crossroads said something about a bill but I seem to have left it behind. No matter. I'm sure the interest they charge you won't be too bad."

<Watch_Tower> "if you're talking about flap...he has no friends...and what are you doing here?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume seems to calm down somewhat as Roundabout offers to try to grant her

request. She balls her talons up into a fist and pumps it into the air. "Yesss!" She shouts excitedly, before she suddenly straightens up, clearing her throat. "Yes, well, I wanna be a part dragon part gryphon (with dragon wings, dont forget the dragon wings!) kick butt super hero with... with flame breath and... and... and

<Jasmine_Mistplume> ... um, oh and I wanna be fifty feet tall and... oh I want my talons to be strong enough to slice through anything! Yeah! And... and.... and... all the bad guys should fear me!" Jasmine gets REALLY into it.

<Watch_Tower> "uhh...is she really asking the chaos spirit for favors?"

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Did I mention the dragon wings?!"

<uSeaGM> Roundabout shrugs. "I got bored so I came back. Now, let's see... dragon wings you say?"

* Prism nuzzles Whisper.

* Milia just clutches her head, fearing the worst. This was like a train wreck in slow motion.

<uSeaGM> The Chaos Spirit frowns in concentration, then clicks his fingers. *SNAP*

* Whisper returns Prism's affection. "So...since everypony else is busy...what do you want to do?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume 's head nods up and down violently. "Uh huh! Uh huh! Uh huh!" She says in excited agreement

<Milia> "Jas? Are you sure this is a good idea?..." she takes a moment to appreciate the irony of her being the voice of caution, in ANY situation.

<uSeaGM> With a *Poof* of smoke Jasmine has a pair of dragon wings!... Tiny dragon wings. On her butt.

* Milia facehooves. "Oh, fuck me it happened again..."

* Watch_Tower snickers and then laughs

<Watch_Tower> "uhh...congradulations?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume blinks, and takes a look at her wings. She frowns when she sees that they were her normal old bird wings. ".... aww...."

* Milia climbs to her hooves. She trots over to Jasmine and pats her on the back, consolingly. "Better luck next time, Jasmine..."

<uSeaGM> Roundabout looks down at his snapping fingers sadly.

* Jasmine_Mistplume kicks at the ground, with a grumpy look on her face, not even realizing she once again had asswings. She mumbles something unintelligible under her breath

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy floats over and pats the other spirit on the back. "There there. Um, at least you tried?"

<uSeaGM> Roundabout sighs and droops some more. "Thank you my dear. Sorry about earlier. And sorry about that. Sorry everyone."

<uSeaGM> *End of Session for Group 4*