

Lyra Cocta Melum

Phrase 2

Lyra couldn't see. It was too dark. Something was covering her, a fabric of some sort. With a bit of magic, she levitated it up and away. Though blurred, she recognized a wood ceiling. Looking around, she realized she was at the head of a bed. Her body ached so badly that any attempts to move anything below her neck-

Wait, I have my body back!

Lyra was overjoyed. She hopped out of bed immediately, ignoring the paralyzing agony she'd been stuck in just a second before. Well, she ignored it until it struck her in full force. The unicorn fell over, whimpering in pain. Slowly, she stood up again. Looking over the room, she focused on what was atop her most recent resting place. The bedspread had a printed pattern, lyres and harps. At the end of the bed was a green quilt, with a similar pattern, but the harps were replaced with small wrapped candies. This was her room, from her house, in Ponyville.

It was just a dream, I'm still alive!

Oh man, I wonder what Roseluck would think of this.

Hell, Bon Bon too . . .

As Lyra remembered the name, she began to cry. All thoughts of that mare held a tinge of sadness to them, and she could find no explanation for it. Things as simple as sharing a piece of cake, or sitting on that bench . . . none of them were happy, not anymore. A knock at the door brought her out of her musings.

*Who would be knocking on my **bedroom** door?*

The door swung open, and in walked a blue pegasus with a green, flowing mane. The sunlit bedroom was replaced with the dark brown room she had almost fallen asleep in before.

Oh, no no no no please no! I'm still stuck in this he-

Wait, what does 'hell' even mean?

"You're awake, finally. Thanks for sa-"

"Onassis?" Lyra interjected.

"Yes, Lyra?"

"*What does 'hell' mean?*" she said.

The pegasus stiffened at the mention of the word, eyes widening in something very similar to horror.

"Well, uh," she stammered, "it's a made up place that bad, uhm, *ponies* go to when they die. *Frikking* mannerisms . . . Hey, how about that new body of yours? It'll feel a little rusty at first, but you'll get used to it."

She was dodging, but Lyra *did* find her sudden re-embodiment to be a more important topic than a random word nudging itself into her vocabulary.

"It's, nice . . ." she said, not mentioning the pain out of thanks for the 'gift.'

"You had to be spoon fed quite a bit of beef stew while you were out, but in the end, I think you'd agree that it was worth it." Onassis said with a smug grin. Lyra looked back at her, eyes wide, with a mortified expression.

More . . . m-more meat?

"I know what you're thinking!"

If you did you would have let me remain in my bodiless state you-

"How can I ever repay you! Feeding me *in bed*, restoring my *beauty*! Oh, lady *Puren*,

how can I make this up to you?"

...
Lyra was so taken aback by the demeanor used in the mare's incredibly inaccurate presumptions that she didn't even notice her breach of character. Instead, she gaped with the closest approximation to an angry scowl as was possible when utilising an open mouth. Onassis, again assuming wrongly, took the unicorn's look of enraged incredulity as a sign of confusion over the mention of her *other* title.

"Uh, Onassis, lady Onassis!"

"I. **Hate.** You."

"So, how was your rest?" someone said, peeking from the door-frame into the room.
Oh thank god, Roseluck's here, someone who's not completely insane . . .
Wait, god . . . ?

"Roseluck, what happened? I remember the fight, and Onassis going down . . . what are you wearing!?"

The vanilla mare had stepped in, revealing her new, startling appearance. She was wearing a long, black robe. It was covered in etches of roses inlaid with crimson fabric. Everything, excluding her head, hoof tips, and the end of her tail, were abstracted from view by the cloak. Lyra immediately went back to gawking.

"It's, well, I'll explain later." Roseluck said, shying away in response to her friend's shock.

"Alright. How did the battle end? How was I, I guess, *knocked out*, for a couple of days?"

"We won, I think . . . you jumped on top of Onassis, screamed something really, uh, inappropriate? Anyway, these big green and yellow things flew through the air and crushed the spiders. You passed out once they were all gone."

Lyra didn't remember any such thing. It sounded plausible, given the circumstances. Minus the 'inappropriate' bit, Roseluck probably mixed up Onassis' speech with her own.

"You bombed." Onassis said, with a matter-of-fact tone.

"I whatted?"

"Used a spell with a suicidal pretense." she replied, again, matter-of-factly.

"But . . . *I don't know any spells aside from basic levitation!*"

Onassis shrugged, "Obviously that's not true, whether conscious or not you know *something* offensive."

A new, female, voice appeared, grabbing the trio's attention.

"What are you doing? We don't have all day, get Lyra onto the stretcher and pull her out!"

"Who's that?" Lyra asked quizzically.

"Derpy." Onassis said, immediately receiving a smack to the back of the head from Roseluck.

"It's Ditzzy, you remember her, right?"

"That mail pony with the wall eyes?" Lyra said, hushed.

At that very moment, a light grey pegasus with a blond mane stepped in. She looked at Roseluck and Onassis with a glare. Onassis sighed. After staring at them for a few seconds, she turned to Lyra with a deadpan expression. This would have made the green unicorn rear back in a display of submission, but the grey mare's eyes made her look considerably less serious than she intended to be.

"You're Lyra?" she said.

"Yes."

"Good. You missed a lot. And you need to take the sacrament if you plan on being of any use in battle."

"Sacrament . . . ?"

Alright, who turned out the lights?

Vinyl Scratch was used to parties ending earlier than expected, but surely a *royal* party would be able to avoid such scheduling issues. She was being paid to DJ the entire night and *dammit*, she was going to do just that. Princess Luna had personally requested her for the position. M.C. for the Fall Moon Celebration. It was an honor she'd never really *wanted*, but she gladly accepted it when the offer arose. She noticed, finally, that not only were the lights out, but the music had stopped.

Great, the electricity is out. I wonder if they've already started getting it back up. Eh, might as well go tell somepony- Oh, right. No light, no signs . . .

Alright. I'll just wait.

The crowd is awfully quiet. Shouldn't they be panicking? I mean, really.

Odd, nopony's stepped up and tried to calm them, despite their evident lack of panic. Isn't that the standard protocol for this sort of thing? Somepony addresses all the patrons, says something about how they've got to stay calm if they want to stay safe, then another pony says something that makes everypony run around, hollering and screaming . . .

Huh.

The darkness surrounding the white unicorn was broken as a hole opened in the ceiling above. A rope dangled down from it, and a grey pegasus slid down it, landing just in front of Vinyl. The pegasus slowly turned, looking for something. She stopped when her eyes met the unicorn's.

"You're," she said, before bringing a hoof to her chin and scratching it, "Vinyl Scratch! Just the pony I was looking for!"

Vinyl nodded.

"My name is Ditzzy Doo. And, how do I say this . . . we're both dead. But don't worry! It's only temporary!" throwing her hooves forward, a motion meant to calm the unicorn. It was ineffective, and unnecessary. It did, however, prompt a look of perturbation.

This pony is crazy. Or maybe she thinks I'm crazy enough to believe her. Maybe she has something to do with the power outage. She could be an obsessed fan, trying to get my autograph in an overly elaborate plan.

"We need to get moving, there's another pony I need to find that is probably going to be a lot more uncooperative than you . . ."

Before she had the chance to object, Ditzzy had grabbed her by the hoof and flown them both out through the hole she'd appeared from just a moment ago. The roof, or what Vinyl thought was a roof, was covered in sand. Green sand. A little ways off from the two ponies was a waterfront, blue in hue. They were on a beach. Across the water, a mass of light, *the sun*, could be seen creeping its way either above the horizon. *It had to be morning, right? But that couldn't be . . .* The sky, no, the (real) *ceiling* provided the ambient illumination accompanying

what could only be an impossible sunset.

*What the hay is going on? My drink wasn't spiked **again**, wasn't it? Might as well ride this one out, maybe have some fun while it lasts . . .*

Relinquished from the hooves of the pegasus, she trotted around the beach. Every step was accompanied by a note,

Balls. I'm definitely tripping them.

"You can stay here for now, It'll be a bit before I've found that other pony . . ."

Using several straps, Ditzzy attached a strange apparatus to one of her front hooves. It was a rod, extending from the Pegasus to the ground. At it's end was a small disc. She flew above the beach, keeping device inches above the sand. It clicked every so often.

What in the world could that be?

Vinyl cantered beside her, pointing a hoof at the beeping dingus in a very crude attempt to ask it's owner what it was. She ignored the unicorn for a bit, only responding to the prodding after the fifth or so try (Vinyl couldn't move and talk at the same time, and had to reposition herself a few seconds after every stop).

"You want to know what this is?" she said.

Vinyl nodded with a smile.

"It's *like* a metal detector. But it's not detecting metal right now, it's-"

Ditzzy stopped speaking as the beeping of the detector increased in tempo. She rotated slowly, looking for a point that elicited the most noise. When she found it, the device let off an unsettling screech. The pegasus slapped her free hoof against the detector and the noise stopped.

"Here we go . . ."

She shoved her front hooves into the sand, producing a pony sized hole.

So she's abducting another pony now? Well, three's a party . . .

"Hold onto this rope," Ditzzy said, sticking a braided coil into the unicorn's open mouth, "thanks." Vinyl obligingly bit down on the fibrous mass.

Where'd she get this stuff from all of a sudden?

The pegasus dived into the hole with the other end of the rope in her teeth. After a few moments, and some muffled speech that Vinyl couldn't yearn any meaning from, she popped out with another pony in tow. It was Soarin, a member of the Wonderbolts. Vinyl remembered seeing him at the party, dancing near the front. He wasn't wearing his uniform.

Is this stuff communal? Maybe I should look into getting some of this stuff later on, I know a couple of ponies that I'd like to share a trip or two with . . .

"Alright, now that Soarin's here, Vinyl, would you mind explaining how you died? I don't think he'll believe he's dead without your testimony . . ." Ditzzy said.

Or not. Died? This weirdass mare and her questioning is probably the reason I don't know what I'm on right now. Stuff that actively questions your state of life usually doesn't do very well on the market . . .

"Uh, Vinyl . . . are you listening?"

Signing with her hooves, the unicorn answered Ditzzy.

<I don't know what you mean by dead>

The pegasus looked at the movements with a nonplussed stare. She turned to Soarin, who simply grinned while shrugging back at her. Turing back to the unicorn, Ditzzy asked "Are you mute?"

Vinyl nodded.

"A mute DJ?"

Vinyl nodded again, attempting to convey annoyance at the question by increasing the

speed and length of her head's horizontal movements.

"Okay, I can work with this," she said before plucking a feather from her wing. "ushe dis oo rye in th' san'."

The unicorn promptly transcribed her previous message with the makeshift quill. Ditzzy looked it, and frowned.

"Okay . . . Soarin, do you remember what happened before you ended up here?"

"Well, I think . . ." he said, stopping for moment to ponder, "*I died*. Me an' Spitfire were dancing together at the Fall Moon Celebration. There was this loud sound from above, and then the roof fell in . . . I was crushed, and I don't think anypony could have survived that."

"Was Vinyl there?" Ditzzy said, squinting.

"Yes, of course! She was the DJ, up front . . . oh . . . yeah, you were crushed too. The first girder landed right on top of you, Scratch."

The [removed for readability]?

"Wait, you are Scratch, right? I mean, without the blue hair and purple shades, it's a little hard to see the resemblance." Soarin said, squinting. He didn't get an answer, because the second he mentioned the mare's lack of shades, she was bounding to the waterfront. She looked at her own reflection. White mane. Red eyes.

No, no, I can't have lost my shades, oh no no no . . .

And the dye . . .

Oh man, I promised I'd never be caught dead without either, my father is going to kill me!

Unless I'm already dead. Or . . . it could be part of the trip . . .

She scrambled back to Ditzzy and Soarin and began writing in the sand.

<Don't tell anyone about this!>

"Why? I think you look kinda cool." Soarin said.

<Where I come from, this 'look' is a death sentence. Albino ponies are treated like dirt, and any of them that manage to do anything special in their lifetime are *killed* as an example to the rest>

"Vinyl, where the hell is this happening?" Ditzzy said.

<Stalliongrad>

"Damnit, the elements need to know about this . . ." she said, angrily.

Elements?

"Why'd I have to up and die now? I could have stayed in the library and looked for information, stuff like that . . . Twilight could have been leading the others to there first instead of Fillydelphia, oh, *damnit!* I'm thinking out loud, aren't I?"

<what what what> Vinyl wrote. The message was ignored by the other ponies.

"Ditzzy, are you alright? Your eye's, uh, kind of . . ." Soarin said.

"Oh no, no! That was supposed to be fixed! Nothing is working out like I planned . . ."

Ditzzy hung her head to the ground, crying. The blue pegasus trotted beside her, lying down and meeting her saddened face with one of confusion and console. Mostly console, he hoped.

"A church?!" Lyra exclaimed. "Roseluck, tell me you didn't go off and join some kind of cult while I was out . . ."

The unicorn looked at her companion with a pleading expression.

"They're not a cult, they don't even have any silly faithy things to blather on about during sermons! And plus," she said, leaning up to Lyra's ear, "Onassis isn't allowed inside."

"How soon can we get to this place?"

"We'll be there in a bit."