

<uSeaGM> \*\*\*Group 4 Session 98\*\*\*

<uSeaGM> Last time the party went through a door (which wasn't there before) in search of their missing friend. They found themselves in the middle of an indoor blizzard, and had to stick close to Milia's fire to keep from freezing.

<uSeaGM> But it was easy to lose your way in the swirling snow, and Artifica (with Berry on her back) became separated from the others. They felt the chill seeping into their bones until a beautiful snow white butterfly landed on Berry. The butterfly somehow suppressed the blizzard around itself (and therefore around Berry and Artifica) and the mother and daughter were able to see the way back to their friends.

<uSeaGM> Artifica and Berry got back to Milia, Prism, and Whisper, but the butterfly flew away the moment it felt the heat from Milia's fire and the view-obscuring blizzard descended on them once again.

<uSeaGM> Berry had an idea, and she asked Stripey-Mommy to stop the fire. Sure enough, the butterflies came back. Lots and lots of them, they took a real shine to Whisper and settled on his back like a glittering white cloak. The storm calmed around them, and they were able to see the way forward to a metal door... which Berry promptly licked and gets her tongue stuck in the process.

<uSeaGM> With Mercy's help the filly was freed, and the party went inside the nice warm Observation room (the butterflies scattering when the door was opened). To the side of the open door is a clothes rack with a dozen sets of heavy winter clothing. As Whisper said, those would have been real handy to have about thirty minutes ago.

<uSeaGM> \*Session Begins\*

\* Artifica stares at the coats. "Naturally."

\* Artifica also returns to a more normal color.

\* Whisper is still hugging Prism close, trying to warm her back up.

\* Prism is so cold. She takes one of the coats and wears it to warm up a bit.

<uSeaGM> Mercy looks at her spirit partner. "I didn't know you could throw your voice like that!"

<uSeaGM> Lavender facehoofs.

<uSeaGM> Snow falling off the party members quickly melts into puddles on the floor. You can't help but notice that there weren't any puddles before you entered.

\* Milia narrows her eyes at the winter clothes. "Yeah, okay, you know what? Fuck you too, parkas." Like it was their fault all of this was happening. SCAPEGOATS.

<Whisper> "So, is there a terminal here that'll explain what we just walked through?"

<uSeaGM> Inside the room is a terminal and a set of advanced-looking meteorological instruments.

\* Milia regardless, starts radiating heat again, to speed up the whole 'warming up from standing in a blizzard' thing. Sure, she was on fire 'till the very end there... but, hey, it was still cold!

\* Whisper heads over to poke cautiously at the terminal once Prism is suited up.

\* Prism as soon as she's warm enough to regain some feeling, she heads over to the terminal and does her usual thing to check what the thing is.

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy settles down in Milia's flaming mane and looks as snug as a bug in a rug.

\* ChanServ gives channel operator status to mimezinga

\* mimezinga is now known as Berry

\* Notify: mimezinga is offline (irc.canternet.org).

<uSeaGM> From the terminal Prism is able to learn that the ponies here were studying these 'Snow White Butterflies' ('Object(s) 58') in an effort to improve upon the Ministry of Awesome's weather control program. According to the notes they feed on latent magic in the air and create blizzards to mask themselves from predators... and for fun.

\* Milia tries to stare up at the top of her own head to look at Mercy. She is maybe half successful, though the zebra can't help but smirk at the feeling of having her mane rooted around and nested in. Like Mercy was some kind of tiny little dog. "Comfy up there?"

<uSeaGM> Mercy purrs a "Yes."

<Prism> "Huh, interesting....they're kinda neat I guess. I don't think they meant any harm though."

<Prism> "I'm not sure how that would improve their program though."

\* Milia giggles quietly. She would point out that it was probably possible for the spirit to pull a similar trick considering she is MADE of flames... but that was far less adorable. So she doesn't!

\* Milia will instead look around the observation room, lookin' for evidence of a certain plague stricken unicorn's passing. Like... passing through, I mean. Not... not like, his corpse. Unless she finds that instead. Gosh, she hopes she doesn't!

\* Whisper looks at Prism and shrugs. "Um...maybe they wanted to use them as weapons? Seed an area with snow butterflies and it becomes an arctic wasteland."

<Prism> "And that's what annoys me about that particular ministry. Automating weather is such a bad idea, even when you eliminate a lot of annoyed pegasi who suddenly lose their jobs due to it. Not that the ministries were fountains of good ideas and intentions..."

<uSeaGM> Milia notices that one of the meteorological instruments is dedicated to keeping track of ponies (presumed to be 'Staff') who have entered the chamber by detecting their body temperature. Clearly this was because it was easy to lose ponies in there, as the party discovered.

<Whisper> "Yeah...they were created to win a war, I guess."

<uSeaGM> It may be possible to view logs from the instrument, but that'll need a science type to have a fiddle.

\* Milia was just looking for wet hoofprints considering Watch Tower would have been trekking through a blizzard, but a fancy device works too! She takes a look at it. Aaaaaand promptly discovers she lacks the know how to make it do science-y stuff. "Ummm... sweetie, can you take a look at this, please? I think it's a bit beyond me."

<uSeaGM> Milia also notices a distinct lack of wet hoofprints...

\* Milia hits literally a random... SOMETHing on the device. Honestly, she was just trying to gesture at it and accidentally bonked a hoof into it. "'Cause like, it looks real complicated and delicate and I don't wanna \*boop\*"

<uSeaGM> And then Milia presses all the right buttons! The log opens for her, and it tells her that they were the first warm things to be inside that chamber for two hundred years... it shows no sign of Watch Tower having entered before them.

\* Milia panics. OH CRAP DID SHE BREAK IT. "Ah, shit!... Woops!"

\* Whisper looks around for any exits the room might have.

\* Milia tenses up, eyes looking wide like a deer in headlights as the machine works. Generally machines and her don't get along, so she of COURSE assumes the worst. "Whaddidldowhaddidldo?!..." she rambles frantically.

<uSeaGM> Only one of the two other doors out of Observation room opens when Whisper tries it. A single path is there before him.

\* Whisper carefully peeks out into the hall, looking for any directional signs.

<uSeaGM> Whisper sees long stretch of white corridor. No signs.

\* Milia stays tensed for a good, oh, ten seconds, dropped into a completely unnecessary defensive posture, as though she would need to... pounce on something for some reason. Look, give her a break, it's instinct for her at this point. As she continues observing the device, it

becomes clear to her that... it's just giving her a log. Oh. Ha ha! How stupid of her. She was a stupid

\* Milia zebra sometimes. Most of the time.

\* Whisper steps back into the room. "Um, it looks like there's only one way forward from here."

<uSeaGM> Mercy peers down from above. "Wow, you're a wizard, Milia! What does the magic box say?"

\* Milia will then read her hard earned logs! Wow, what a shitty prize. It wasn't good news at all. She frowns. "Ahhhh... guys? Watch Tower didn't go through that door... or, at least, this thing has no record of him like... dragging his plagued ass through a butterfly blizzard."

<Whisper> "Oh...that's bad."

\* Prism thinks about what Milia just said for a moment. "Either...he's not emitting any heat, or...."

<Prism> "Watch can teleport."

<Prism> "He might have tried doing that....I hope he didn't."

\* Whisper nods. "Yeah, the rules for this place include no teleporting."

<Whisper> "But one of those previous logs also stated that one of the scientists was sure the rooms were being rearranged..."

<uSeaGM> Mercy props herself up on an elbow. "Well at least we know he's not buried beneath the snow somewhere in there."

<Prism> "I'd probably be more worried about the first one."

<Prism> "A being not emitting any heat is immensely unsettling."

\* Milia nods at Mercy's comment. "Yeah... good to know. And I doubt he teleported... if he even set one hoof in that room, I think this thing would have picked it up." Probably.

\* Whisper gestures to the exit. "So...only one way forward."

<uSeaGM> Lavender listens to Whisper and then rubs her chin. "You may be right. Perhaps the door led somewhere else when Watch stepped through it."

\* Berry wakes up, is all sniffy and sorry

<Whisper> "Well, is there anything else to check here or do we keep moving?"

<Prism> "Maybe eventually we can find a key card and be able to navigate this place at least semi-normally."

\* Whisper nods. "That would be really helpful."

\* Milia rubs the back of her neck, now more worried than ever. "Yeah... let's keep moving." The object numbers were beginning to worry her. The butterflies were 58. The toaster was 61. That implied... a lot of objects. "Please, for fuck's sake, don't make us go through every single one..." she pleads to whatever invisible force might be listening.

\* Artifica considers that. "A door that leads multiple places, depending on... what? The time of day. The mood of the pony entering? Mane color?" She frowns. "I absolutely wouldn't put that past this place."

<Prism> "Maybe the freaky layout of this place has something to do with something stored here rather than being naturally like this."

\* Whisper shakes his head at Artifica. "The scientists journal we read didn't say that. It was worse. They said it was like someone was intentionally messing with the layout. And whatever it was didn't seem friendly."

\* Milia adds, "And whatever it is, it ain't spirit-y in any way. I wasn't gettin' a /thing/ the couple times I tried to sense them. So, I got nothin'."

<Whisper> "So, uh, who's going down this hall first?"

<Prism> "N-not me."

\* Berry feels miserable, but offers "i miss the pretty butterflies"

<Prism> "I'm starting to get a bit scared of this place."

\* Whisper nods. "I've been scared since the start..."

\* Milia raises a hoof. "I can take point... I'm good at taking abuse." Her body shudders involuntarily. "... Just... anything but teeth, this time." she adds. ANYTHING. BUT. TEETH.

<uSeaGM> Through the door and into corridors again. More twists, more turns, and then a door and a room.

\* Berry more aa'-choos

<Prism> Really, it was only the Bill of Mortality that scared her. But if there's more stuff like that, then this place is to be feared.

\* Artifica shakes her head. "You've taken enough abuse, love. You should stay on my back and rest. For at least a week."

\* Whisper talks to himself as they approach the next door. "Please be a nice thing, please be a nice thing, please be a nice thing..."

<uSeaGM> This room seems to be a cross of 'containment chamber' and observation room. At the centre are two glass cases. One contains a lasso, a black hat, a black domino mask, and a black cape that look about the right size for a foal. The other looks like it used to contain a similar (although larger) costume that was later removed. All the second case contains now is an acoustic guitar.

<uSeaGM> The desks and terminals being in the same place as the 'Object' and the lack of any security give you the impression that it was considered completely harmless. Even the cases are only kept closed by a simple lock. Beneath the guitar's glass case is the name label: 'El Kabong' and beneath the small costume: 'Baba Looey'.

\* Whisper blinks. "Okay...this looks...not terrifying. But we should still check the terminals first."

\* Whisper starts rifling through the desks and drawers.

\* Milia lets out a half-whimper-half-laugh and practically whines, "That sounds... so tempting, sweetie." She had... definitely taken enough abuse today. Arti was right about that.

\* Prism goes to do her terminal thing.

<uSeaGM> The desks contain little of interest, but they do have some hoof-drawn fanart of 'El Kabong and Baba Looey'.

[http://th06.deviantart.net/fs70/PRE/i/2013/225/8/c/el\\_kabong\\_1959s\\_by\\_katrinakity-d6i1q5l.png](http://th06.deviantart.net/fs70/PRE/i/2013/225/8/c/el_kabong_1959s_by_katrinakity-d6i1q5l.png)

\* Berry points eyes on guitar... so... .so.... pretty....

<uSeaGM> ... But wait! What's this that Whisper has found hidden underneath the bottom drawer? It's a small metal key! It looks like a perfect fit for those locks.

\* Whisper takes the key. "Well, we can snag this stuff if it turns out to be harmless. Any luck yet, Prism?"

<uSeaGM> The terminal gives Prism some possibly useful information. 'Objects 23-A and 23-B' were the costumes worn by the famous donkey duo El Kabong and Baba Looey. They had run tests to see if the costumes imparted any of the cartoon-like 'powers' that the donkey duo had demonstrated. Aside from the costumes themselves being very resistant to damage, nothing special or repeatable was observed.

\* Artifica wipes the sneeze from Berry's nose. Then looks at the others. "Any idea if this is 'safe' or not?" She missed any such sign.

\* Milia trots up to her fiance and gives her a soft nuzzle. "... We need a vacation, after all this is over. Like... like... a twenty year vacation."

<Prism> "Just some interesting costumes that are resistant to damage."

<uSeaGM> Prism also finds an electronic note written by the head scientists involved: 'Of course we haven't had any useful results. We're only allowed to test on convicted felons! And so far only /pony/ felons. These costumes were worn by /heroic donkeys/, remember. I'll be taking one of the costumes with me topside for some proper tests. We do not have time to sit around waiting for breakthroughs, there's a war to win!'

<Prism> "They tested things ponies....even felons?"

\* Prism starts shaking, getting rather pissed off.

\* Berry tries getting into the room

\* Prism mutters. "I am glad these assholes are long dead."

\* Whisper steps up and gently puts a leg around Prism. "Yeah, it was pretty awful. Thanks for working your magic on the terminal, love."

\* Berry tries opening the guitar case with the best tool she has: tongue

\* Berry lick lick lick

\* Artifica watches Berry, ready to step in if it looks like she might lick to the center.

<Whisper> "I dunno, does anyone think the guitar and costume are work taking?"

<uSeaGM> On the wall has a sign saying: 'Object 23-A and 23-B - Safe'

<Prism> "Hey Milia, I'm half tempted to start taking lessons from you in hitting things hard with your hooves."

\* Milia looks at Berry's starry eyed reaction to them. She turns to Whisper. "I know /one/ filly who might."

<Prism> "I don't see the harm in giving them to Berry."

\* Whisper holds out the key. "Well, this should open the cases right up."

\* Milia chuckles at Prism. It's almost a joyless laugh. "I don't recommend it. Seriously."

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy floats down onto Prism's head with her legs crossed, going all 'wise master'. "The trick, my student, is to yell something while you punch. Like: ORAORAORAORA!"

\* Berry tries headbonking the glass, now feels miserable, aah-chooey and has headache

<uSeaGM> Berry's licks don't seem enough to get the cases to open... but she might have more luck with the key Whisper was holding out to her.

\* Berry notices the key, has a great idea! "hey! can i borrow that key?"

\* Whisper blinks. "Um...yes. I was offering it to you."

<Prism> "In the off chance we find one of these scientist ponies alive, I suggest we make things very painful for them."

\* Prism seems to have developed a vindictive streak.

\* Whisper glances back at Prism worriedly. "Um, are you okay love?"

\* Berry "thankies!" gives whisper a slimy lick on his nose and tries pening the guitar case

<Prism> "Yeah, 200 years, but who knows with this fucking place."

\* Berry also, opening

<uSeaGM> The key fits the lock. It opens with ease.

\* Whisper finds himself blindsided by a lick on his nose. "Uh...you're...welcome?"

\* Milia regards Prism curiously, and speaks a tad apprehensively. "... And that would be why I don't recommend it."

\* Berry the filly grabs the guitar and looks at it with a smile "it's... so shiny..."

\* Berry sniffs the guitar... not very effecting with dripy nose. then decides to lick it. tastes like music.

<Prism> "I guess there's no punishment for unethical practices anymore..."

\* Berry sits, turns the guitar and tries playing a couple notes

\* Prism says, annoyed, to herself.

\* Whisper moves to sit next to Prism. "Um, well, I guess not. Seeing as the wasteland doesn't have any sort of offical legal system."

<uSeaGM> "Sure there is. You just got to find them and then, ORA!"

<Prism> "Somehow I don't think Milia would like that."

\* Whisper fidgets awkwardly. "Well, I'm sure she has reasons for not liking it."

\* Milia shakes her head. "Mmmh... no, no trust me, I'm fine with bad people getting what's coming to them. Trust me. If I said othertwise I'd be one'a them hippo-crits." She trots over to Prism, speaking rather plainly. "I just know what it does to you." The zebra taps a hoof to the side of her own head. "Up here."

\* Berry sneezes and smiles. this guitar is large, noisy and shiny. so best and louder music!



\* Whisper blinks. "Oh. So...then...if doing the right things does bad things to your head, who can do the right things?"

\* Berry "mom! mom! listen! i found a thing!" it is impossible NOT to listen to the guitarcyde performed by the diminutive but clearly cruel and soulless donkey

\* Milia continues, "When you take a life... I mean, it's never a good thing. But, when you do it with a gun... it's... I dunno... it's a little impersonal. That feeling of actually /doing/ it is dulled a little bit. There's a loud bang, a muzzle flash... and suddenly the person is on the floor, not breathing anymore."

\* Artifica notes idly, several minutes past the time of appropriate comment, "I don't think ghouls emit body heat. I wonder if the machine would have been able to detect them."

<uSeaGM> Mercy cheers on the performance. Berry was playing with passion, at least.

<Whisper> "But Prism was asking about punching..."

\* Berry when cheered, doubles her efforts. plays louder and stronger and berry's music takes life and has the same karma as Dr. Mengele or King Sombra

\* Milia looks between Whisper and Prism. "But when you do it with your hooves... you /feel/ it. You feel their bones breaking. Hear the grunts and whimpers every time your hooves come down on them. You are front and center for the pain you are inflicting on them. And you can feel that /exact/ moment where that vital part of their body snaps and breaks, and the vibration shoots

\* Milia right up your leg and nests itself right into your head."

\* Milia shakes her head. "... Too much of that will do bad things to you. That's all I'm saying. And it's why I say I don't recommend it."

\* Whisper looks down at his hooves. "So...either you kill and it messes with you...or you cower and hide and it messes with you. So you're fucked either way."

\* Artifica begins cheering Berry too.

\* Milia pats Whisper. "Use a gun." is her ultimate advice.

\* Berry is totally getting better (not)! is almost sure she was born to play this noisy thing (or to torture souls, that is)! goes virtuoso and probably some angels just died of pain.

<Whisper> "What? So you just go nuts slower that way?"

<Prism> "I've seen so much terrible stuff lately, it's really difficult to keep any sort of morality. Between those who designed and worked here, those racist fucks back in the other side of the tunnels, Whisper's siblings, those mercs that nearly blew us up..."

\* Milia beams a forced smile at Whisper. "Yep!"

<uSeaGM> Lavender looks down. "Kill when you have to. Not when you want to."

<Whisper> "Might as well just use the gun on yourself if all the options are this terrible..."

<Whisper> "I always figured being able to hit back would make things better."

\* Berry decides she's good enough with her guitar and goes opening the scene costume box

<uSeaGM> The key opens that box too. Berry now has a Baba Looey costume!

\* Artifica wonders aloud to Milia, "Stripeymommy? Should we keep the guitar? Our daughter might become quite the musician!"

<Prism> "I'm sick of trying to be a saint when there's so many that really deserve comeuppance. So I guess that's pretty bad for mental state too..."

\* Berry tries the costume!

\* Berry it feels... black

\* Whisper looks at Prism and shrugs. "Maybe that's it, though. Maybe some ponies just deserve to die, and it isn't worth feeling bad for them when you kill them."

\* Artifica watches Berry. "How is it?"

\* Milia trots over to Artifica, giggling. She gives a little belated cheer for Berry's... 'performance'. "She'll have DJ-P0N3 demanding a live performance in no time!"

<Prism> "It's gotten a lot easier to pull the trigger lately."

\* Berry puts away the other cape, puts on the black cape, the hat and then the mask, then grabs the guitar and turns toward her mommies

<Whisper> "You mean on regular monsters, or monsters that look like ponies?"

<Prism> "Both."

<Prism> "There's no difference."

\* Whisper nods slowly. "I, uh, haven't really had a chance to shoot at ponies for...a long time."

<Whisper> "But the regular monsters were never a problem. The ones that looked like ponies always were, because you could never tell the difference between them and the good ones until it was too late."

<Prism> "And that's what I'm wrestling with currently..."

\* Milia stomps her hoof gently in applause. It was a mom thing. "Oooh!" she marvels at the costumed donkeysus. "Do you have a stage name, honey?"

\* Whisper nods. "After it's too late for you, though...you can at least save somepony else the trouble, right? After all, if they're bad enough that they might hurt or kill again is killing them really bad?"

\* Berry tries playing habanera. bizet raises from grave and shoots himself in the ears

<Prism> "While we're here....I don't think Watch would mind me using this armor that Berry discarded earlier."

<Prism> "So do you want this armor, Whisper?"

\* Whisper perks up. "Oh, sure. This leather stuff is light, but it doesn't help much against...well, most things."

<Prism> "I think you should have some protection. Besides...this armor is oddly fitting for me."

\* Whisper smiles and nods. "Yeah, it is."

\* Milia just beams proudly as Berry proceeds to butcher a timeless classic. Hey, it wasn't timeless to /her/. 'She just... needs a bit of practice.' the zebra thinks to herself.

\* Berry jumps on random mom back and goes on practicing with her guitar

\* Prism gives Whisper her armor, and wears the set she was carrying.

\* Whisper looks at the set of armor. "Oh, uh, Prism. I dunno if I can get this on all by my lonesome...I might need some help." He looks away and blushes.

\* Berry is nao butchering guitar on stripeymom! this time it is romeo and juliet, by deer straits

\* Prism finishes her dressing maneuver, and helps Whisper with his. "Somehow I think you're just saying that...but I don't mind at all!" She giggles.

\* Whisper blushes harder. "Oh, w-why I would never do something like that!"

\* Artifica winces a little but still applauds. Her daughter is totally going to get a music cutie mark... except (her face falls briefly) donkeys don't have cutie marks. Well then, (she grins again) Berry will have whatever donkeys have... for music!

\* Berry has an ear for music! but is deaf!

\* Milia is now a walking sonic deterrent. Gophers, moles and birds beware. Good thing she has pretty bad hearing damage!

<Prism> The illusion probably had no effect on her....maybe adjusting her colors to fit Luna's

guard more.

<Prism> "This armor, while heavier...feels a lot better."

\* Berry now with lyrics! "THER IS! A HOUS! IN NEW OATLEANS!" gasps for air "THEY CALL THE RISING SUN!" gasps "AND IT'S BEEN! THE RUIN! OF MANY POOR FOALS!"

\* Prism flattens her ears and whines a little.

\* Whisper puts his hooves over Prism's ears.

<Prism> The new clarity of senses she felt from the armor could not have come at a worse time!

\* Berry has another fit of sneezes and is forced to stop singing for a while. peace at last

<uSeaGM> Only one door out of this room opens for you.

\* Milia is pretty sure she didn't remember the guitar solo in this song being 7 minutes long. Hey, Berry was just putting her own spin on it! That was what musicians did. As a singer herself, she could relate. Sort of. She never quite... /screamed/ the lyrics in the manner that Berry did.

\* Milia gives a tiny 'awwww'! Both out of motherly concern and because she thought Berry's little sneezes were super adorable. "Feeling icky, sweet-heart?"

\* Prism raises her ears again and groans. "...ughhh. Hey Whisper, that armor suits you pretty well."

\* Whisper looks down at himself and blushes a little. "Oh, well thanks. I like it."

\* Berry "i feel all mopey... maybe i'll nap a few minutes?"

\* Milia smiles, craning her neck back to look at her daughter who still sat atop her. "Are you cold at all? Do you want me to warm you up?"

\* Berry hugs the guitar "nope... i'm fine"

\* Prism steps up to Milia, Berry and Artifica.

<Prism> "We ready to get going again? We're still looking for Watch after all."

\* Milia nods. "Okay... maybe when you wake up you can have a snack and it'll help you feel better."

\* Whisper stays next to Prism. "Yeah, we shouldn't leave him waiting any more than we need to."

\* Berry opens her eyes wide "i'm awake! noms now!"

\* Milia chuckles. She looks to Artifica. "I'm sure hornymommy can give you a little something, if

you ask /reaaaaal/ nicely and say please."

\* Milia still didn't have her saddlebags. You know... because of the... ugh... teeth.

\* Milia then nods at Prism. "Yep. I'm good to keep moving."

<Prism> "Uh, how do I look by the way?"

\* Berry stares at Artifica "mom? i can has tasty stuff, berry please?"

<Prism> "I feel like a cosplayer."

\* Whisper pecks Prism on the cheek. "Beautiful," he says with a blush.

\* Milia appraises Prism's new appearance thoroughly. After a moment, she gives an approving nod. "Cash money." is her judgement. Batponies in nightguard armor just looked cool.

\* Berry "you have scary wings..."

\* Whisper bats his eyes at Prism just a bit. "And, uh, how do I look?"

\* Milia will then head out with her group as she is assuming they are doing.

<uSeaGM> Corridors again. Did they ever end? There had to be some limit to them, right? No, left. You went left there. Or did you? You can't shake the feeling that you might all be walking around inside some optical illusion...

\* Whisper groans, rubbing his head with a hoof. "This place gives me a headache..."

\* Berry hornymom is not giving food. this is a problem, butr berry knows the solution! she will play guitar for food! yay berry! smart ass!

\* Artifica looks for tastestuff to give Berry.

\* Berry and while the group trots, the guitar screams again in pain "ON A DARK DESERT HIGHWAY! COOL WING IN MY MANE!"

<Berry> \*wind

\* Berry "... up ahead in the distans, i saw a shimmering light.... my head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, i had to stop for the night...."

<uSeaGM> And then there's a door. A big one. Thick reinforced metal surrounded by red hazard stripes. **[NOW ENTERING HIGH SECURITY CONTAINMENT]**

\* Artifica floats out Milia's saddlebags which show damage from being set on fire. Then recalls having emptied the contents before setting them ablaze. She roots around in her saddlebags, wishing for a PipBuck, until she finds yummysnacks. She floats one over to Berry.

<Prism> "Uh oh."

\* Whisper looks at the door and gulps. "Oh no..."

<uSeaGM> To one side is a control panel which will open the door with the push of a button. It doesn't seem intended to stop ponies.

\* Berry gather noms but now there's a dark dangerous door, she has to sing at least another verse

<Whisper> "S-so...are w-we ready?"

\* Milia just stares up at the giant door with a look of absolute disdain on her face. "... This ain't nothin' but what bullshit is."

\* Artifica stops in her tracks, staring up at the door. "Well now..." She sits and puts her forehooves to her temples, "ommmm, ommmm... a vision is coming to me. Whatever is fucking with the geography here lies beyond that door."

<Whisper> "Let's just hope it doesn't fuck with US."

\* Berry "there she stood in the doorway, i heard the mission bell... and i was thinking to myself, this could be heaven or this could be hell..."

\* Berry "... welcome to the hotel coltifornia..."

\* Milia slaps a hoof down on the button. Old habits die hard. "You heard the psychic mare. Let's put a stop to this garbage facility built by garbage ponies, get you some new lungs, save Watch Tower, and get the fuck out of here!"

\* Berry now she can eat something, and she does

\* Whisper nods, pulling his rifle out.

<uSeaGM> The door opens to a another corridor stretching left and right. Along the opposite wall are multiple doors that are well spaced out, reminding you of the corridor that connected The Bill of Mortality, The Stormcloud, and Dusk. However, when you step into the corridor, you see an exact copy of yourself doing the same to the left and to the right. Infinite copies of yourselves in each direction, like standing between two mirrors.

\* Prism readies her positively gigantic rifle as well.

\* Artifica puts the saddlebags away with an apologetic I-can-explain look thrown Milia's way.

\* Whisper looks at Prism's weapon with just a little envy. His jaw drops at seeing the copies.

<uSeaGM> There /aren't/ multiple doors to go through on the opposite wall. It's the same door. Repeated over and over. With the exact same group of you looking in the exact same direction.

And yet, you aren't quite convinced that it's just a trick of the light...

\* Milia looks at the burnt saddlebags with a tiny frown. "Well... at least you didn't treat them as badly as she did..." she says to Artifica while gesturing at a certain Spirit of Passion.

\* Berry looks perplexed at the lottapines here. "ponies!" zips towards one group to make friends sooner than now!

<uSeaGM> As Berry shoots off to the left, another Berry approaches the group from the right.

\* Artifica whimpers slightly. "We got separated. I needed to keep Berry warm. It was the only thing I had that we could try to burn." She waves a hoof, "They didn't burn long! We put them out again because of the butterfly!" In truth, the fire probably did a lot less damage to them than the bullets she shot into them to light them.

\* Whisper waves a little to the other Whispers.

\* Artifica looks up in alarm as Bery zooms off. The blinks. "Well, this will be fascinating."

<uSeaGM> ...Like she had gone off the Pacmare screen on one side and come on again on the other.

\* Artifica stares. "Maybe this is 'containment'."

\* Milia 's frown curls up into a smile, hearing the explanation. "Don't worry about it. I'm just happy they kept you safe, then. They're just ba-haaAAAAAUGH WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE." Endless feedback loops where you could see yourself extending outward to infinity were slightly disorienting.

\* Berry licklicklicks somepony's face

<uSeaGM> Beside the door is a sign. 'Object 06 – Tera'

<Whisper> "How do we get OUT!?"

<Prism> "Tera level threat? Oh shit."

<Prism> "Might as well check the observation room at least."

<Whisper> "IS there an observation room!?"

<Prism> "Why wouldn't there be?"

<uSeaGM> Mercy shrugs. "There's only one way to find out."

\* Milia stares up at the door. She had just opened a big, ominous door. A tinier one like this was no big. Even if it was... tera. "You read my mind." \*push\*

<Prism> "Regardless, what else are we going to do. Let's go forward."

<uSeaGM> Through the door is an 'Observation room' but unlike any you have seen so far. There are no windows, and instead of a simple door into the Containment chamber there is an airlock. There is a terminal, like the other Observation rooms, but where the windows would be is a set of large flat screens filled with distortion and static.

\* Whisper shrugs. "This room officially broke ALL the rules already."

\* Prism heads over to the terminal and works her magic.

\* Whisper stays right next to Prism. The REAL Prism.

<uSeaGM> Above the airlock is a sign:

**[BLINDING HELMETS MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES WHEN ENTERING THE CHAMBER.]**

And below that:

**[FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, ACTIVATING OBJECT 06 WILL RESULT IN YOUR IMMEDIATE DEATH.]**

<Prism> All the Prisms are real, and all equally adorable.

\* Milia 's eyes narrow. "Well clop my cloaca, this sure looks fuckin' fun."

<uSeaGM> Beside the airlock are a set of clothes hooks with a dozen black helmets hanging up. They are big enough to cover a pony's entire head and completely block all outside light. On inspection, you see that they have small screens on the inside that are similar to 'Observation room's' own screens, but they are also no longer working.

<Whisper> "Oh no...the helmets are broken!"

<uSeaGM> Built into the wall is a small guard post where a guard could sit comfortably for long periods of time. There's a small console for monitoring security; it doesn't control anything but it can tell you which of the doors leading out of this place are locked.

<uSeaGM> The guard cubby also has a small locker for gear that requires a key.

<Prism> "Artifica...how's your magic?" She thought about the blinding helmets.

\* Whisper checks which doors are locked and which aren't.

<uSeaGM> Also on the wall are two [IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS] containers. Inside one is a Ranger Sequoia revolver (with 10 rounds of .45-70 Ammo), and inside the other is a small, intricately wrought gemstone. Its container is labelled: Life Surge Gem, single use



only.

\* Whisper gawks at the gun. So shiny...

<uSeaGM> After a few moments, Prism accesses the terminal:

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ECmjFnBp0CYCA0ns-E-6KlpBIMg8qszHM1\\_6rnLKQq4/edit](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ECmjFnBp0CYCA0ns-E-6KlpBIMg8qszHM1_6rnLKQq4/edit)

\* Whisper groans upon checking the console. "Oh no...only one way forward again, and it's through the containment unit."

\* Whisper steps up beside Prism to read.

\* user1\_\_ is now known as Revolver

<Prism> "Oh dear...."

\* Whisper gulps. "So...we take the revolver and gem, for sure."

<Prism> "This can only end in tragedy."

\* Milia removes a helmet and inspects it. She idly taps a hoof to its side. "Well... maybe we can get Mercy and Lavender to guide us through the room if we can't get these online."

\* Whisper hugs Prism. "Let's hope not."

\* Prism checks to see if she can get any of the equipment in here back up and running.

\* Milia then reads the terminal description. Her blood runs cold. "Shit..."

\* Whisper looks at Milia. "Yeah."

<uSeaGM> Lavender swallows after reading along with Milia. "I... um... I think Mercy and I should leave this one out..."

\* Milia amends her previous statement after reading it. "Yes... yes you should..." she mutters.

\* Whisper looks at the guard locker. "Where's the key from before? Maybe it fits here."

\* Milia does not even want to imagine if a spirit locked eyes with it. It would either try to kill them and fail, leading to an endless chase, try to kill them and /win/, which she does not even want to think about, or default to attacking milia herself since she is the spirits' shaman.

\* Berry is curious pone. does not understand. is clearly a trotting problem in this situation. is unaware of all of this

<Prism> "Milia...you might want to keep Berry from, you know...trying to befriend the horror."

\* Milia had that very same thought. She trots over to Berry, and kneels down. Her face is very

serious. "Berry... sweetie... this next room that we are going into is going to be very, /very/ dangerous. Okay? It's REALLY, SUPER important that you listen to your mommies and do exactly what they say in order to stay safe. Do you understand?"

\* Whisper fishes out the key from before and uses it on the guard safe.

\* Berry smiles and nodnods. ears flaps everywhere

\* Milia nods and smiles, giving the filly a tender nuzzle. "Good. You're a brave filly, and I know you'll do just fine."

\* Berry smiles. mommy is always nice with her, even when she doesn't really understand what is going on

\* Prism loads the special rounds into her anti-material rifle. She assumed they were the dragon killer rounds.

<uSeaGM> Whisper's key doesn't fit the lock, and in his fumbles he drops it! But when he goes to pick it up he spots a second small key hidden near the ground of the guard cubby.

\* Whisper picks up both keys and tries the new one in the lock. "Well, thanks for the little things, right?" he mumbles.

<uSeaGM> The second key works. Inside the locker is a set of Pink MOM Riot Gear and a Markspony Carbine with 40 rounds of Armour Piercing 5.56mm ammo.

\* Whisper 's eyes bulge. "Oh sweet Celestia," he mutters.

\* Whisper clears his throat. "Uh, so Prism...I think I just found some new armor for myself. No offense."

<Prism> "Huh?"

\* Prism looks.

<Prism> "I hope you like pink."

<Whisper> "If it's this armor? Pink is fine by me."

\* Milia shoots a look at Whisper. "... Is there something wrong with pink otherwise?"

\* Milia liked pink.

\* Whisper thinks for a moment. "Not really, no."

<Prism> "Sometimes stallions have a problem with the color."

\* Whisper pulls out the Markspony Carbine, which is also pink. "Good thing, too, one of the

Ministries really liked the color."

<Prism> "Hey Milia, do you think dragon killer rounds might have an effect on it?"

\* Milia rolls her eyes. "/Stallions/." she derisively emphasizes.

\* Milia then simply shrugs at Prism. "Worth a shot? Why, do you /have/ some?"

<uSeaGM> Mercy starts to list pink things that she likes.

<uSeaGM> Lavender quickly shuts her up.

<Prism> "I have two."

<Prism> "At least I think they are dragon killer rounds."

\* Milia then amends that statement, "I mean... hopefully it won't /come/ to that."

<Prism> "They were with this bigass rifle when I found it."

\* Berry yawns. remembers she wanted to take a nap earlier. it could be a good time now.

\* Berry does the only thing that could actually keep her out of trouble! decides to take a nap!

<Prism> "Watch...we'll get in there, and it'll not be there."

<Prism> "Anticlimactic, but a good way to fuck with our nerves."

\* Milia closes her eyes. "I'm going to flip my shit if that happens, so help me Prism..."

\* Prism looks at that ranger sequoia.

<Prism> "Hmm..."

<Prism> "Can someone break the glass? No use leaving this here."

\* Whisper dons his new armor and slings the rifle over his shoulder.

\* Milia unceremoniously fires off a flaming punch at the glass. MAYBE shoulda tried to just open it normally first.

<uSeaGM> The glass breaks, allowing access to the Revolver, its ammo, and the Life Surge gem.

<Prism> "Thanks." She takes the ranger sequoia and the .45-70. "I use revolvers at short range. Artifica could make good use of that gem."

\* Milia nods. Honestly, it was just a little too satisfying for her to break something in this place. Celestia knows it had given them enough grief.

\* Prism curiously checks the revolver to see if it was already loaded, and that the .45-70 is just spare.

\* Berry has a filly sleeping on her back, should pay attention to how loud she gets

\* Milia would try to be extra super quiet! She promises she won't explode no more glass cases while Berry is napping on her, no way no how! Unless she comes across more that she needs to open. Or even just wants to. You know what? Make that a half promise. Berry was a heavy sleeper, right?

\* Prism stows her police pistol for now. She had more ammo for it, but the sequoia was going to be more useful for now.

\* Whisper stands up, working his legs to test the mobility of the riot armor. "I feel...I feel...this wierd word keep popping into my head to describe myself."

\* Milia raises an eyebrow. "... Pretty?"

\* Whisper shakes his head. "No...it's wierd, I didn't even know this word until now and I still dunno what it means..."

<Prism> "You look great, Whisper."

<Whisper> "What's a 'kawaii'?"

\* Whisper blushes at Prism's compliment, though it can't be seen through the riot armor's mask.

\* Prism would never even think about selling her police pistol. She was kinda attached to it, weirdly.

<uSeaGM> Prism checks over the screens on the wall and the small ones in the Blind helmets. She can tell that they were supposed to form images using an external source of sonar, but whatever that source was its stopped working.

<Prism> "The sonar thing isn't working." She looks around for that thing, if it was in this room. "Either that, or they don't work until we're in the room."

<Whisper> "Is the recieving part still working? We could try making noise of our own. The computer said that thing in there didn't react to noise at all."

<uSeaGM> Lavender Dream nods. "Sonar is just another word for Echolocation, isn't it?"

\* Prism puts a helmet on, and tries using her armor's voice amplification. "Marco!"

<Prism> "Polo!" She had no clue what that meant, just that it was something ponies did.

\* Cerberus is now known as Berry

- \* Berry is now known as Mimezinga
- \* ChanServ gives channel operator status to Mimezinga
- \* Mimezinga is now known as Berry
- \* Notify: Mimezinga is offline (irc.canternet.org).
- \* Berry wakes up! game time! "POLO!"

<uSeaGM> The screens fizzle with static but don't do much else. Even amplified, Prism's voice is being too muffled by the head-encompassing Blind helmet.

<Whisper> "Any luck?"

<Prism> "Huh, they work....but it was just static."

<Prism> "It must rely on some outside source of noise>"

\* Whisper sighs. "Great..."

<Prism> "Berry...when we go in there, do you think you can play us some songs?"

\* Berry "sure i can! i just dreamed a new one!"

<Prism> "Just to test that theory....Whisper, come here and make some noise near my helmet."

\* Whisper steps up beside Prism. "Does this work?"

\* Prism feels like an actual bat right now, as opposed to a bat pony.

\* Berry readies her guitar, puts her mask and hat on and tries the chords

<Prism> "No, need more noise."

<Prism> "I don't know, try singing something."

\* Whisper shifts awkwardly before starting to sing the tune from a post-war radio play for foals.

\* Berry plays some notes to give some mood to whisper's song.

<uSeaGM> Ghostly images start to coalesce on the helmet's internal screens. Prism is able to work out the rough locations of the ponies and walls around her.

<Prism> "Yeah, they work great."

<Prism> "The helmets are fine."

<Prism> "We'll just have to do this while we're in there."

\* Whisper smiles. "Oh good! Maybe we can get through this room safe after all!"

<uSeaGM> The wall-screens don't show anything... since they were supposed to just look inside the cell.

\* Prism takes off her helmet, and goes to that guard post to check which doors were locked.

\* Berry has started to guitar. can't stop now

<Whisper> "I checked already Prism. There's only one door open, on the far side of the containment room."

<Prism> "Just checking to know exactly which door we'll need."

\* Whisper nods. "Oh, right. Good call."

\* Berry "one long freak ass time ago in a town called kickapoo, there lived a humble family, religious through and through..."

\* Milia , if she wasn't already proud of Berry's guitar playing, would be, now that it becomes clear that it is their best shot at navigating the mummy's room. Since she WAS, however, already proud, it merely intensifies a great deal.

\* Milia gets a helmet for Berry, but refrains from putting it on her daughter quite yet. That would wait until they were actually ready to head in. She looks at Mercy and Lavender. "You two... you can disappear, right? Or hide in somepony's saddlebags if not?"

\* Prism puts her helmet back on.

\* Prism chuckles darkly. "What do you think Jasmine would have done in this situation?"

<uSeaGM> Lavender nods. "We'll hide inside Watch's talisman. Just keep it in a closed bag."

\* Whisper swaps his riot helmet out with one of the sonar helmets.

\* Milia gestures to Artifica's saddlebags, where Watch Tower's talisman would be at the moment. "Not a problem."

\* Milia 's expression immediately falls upon hearing Prism's comment. "... Something stupid and dangerous, probably." she spits, joylessly.

\* Berry is now going through her ethnical career.

\* Berry "KOYANNISQATZSIIIIIII!"

<uSeaGM> Mercy and Lavender slip inside Artifica's saddlebags.

\* Prism takes the gem to give to artifica later (read: when she returns from AFK)

\* Berry is being noisy but not blindy

\* Whisper secures his sonar helmet and steps into the airlock. "Okay, no use waiting any longer. Everypony ready?"

\* Prism heads into the airlock. "Yes."

<Prism> "We aren't getting any younger."

\* Milia will do her best to not think about Jasmine. It still hurt too much. Instead, she reorients her focus on the task at hoof. First, she leans down again to Berry. "Berry, sweetie, we need to wear these neat-o helmets while we're in there. I'm going to put one on you, and it's really important that you not take it off no matter what until we're safely through. Okay?"

<Prism> "...that's probably a different room."

\* Berry is a bit worried "is it scary?"

\* Whisper thinks a moment. "...Let's skip that room."

\* Milia smiles. "Nope. And do you know why?"

\* Berry 's eyes grow larger "why?"

\* Milia boops Berry on the nose. "Because your music is going to keep us safe and show us where to go!" she says cheerfully. "Do you think you can do that? Can you keep playing for us and protect us?"

\* Berry "i can playy all day and night long and PAR-TAY LIKE NEVER BEFORE!"

\* Berry waits for mommy to put the helmet on

\* Milia 's smile shifts into a wide grin, and she gives the filly a playful mane rub. "Good girl! Okay, now after I put your helmet on, just get up on my back and start playing your bestest, most loudest song."

\* Milia will then put the helmet on Berry.

\* Prism 's ears are going to hate her after this.

\* Milia fastens it as securely as she can, before hoisting the donkey up onto her back. Then, she carefully puts her own helmet on after heading into the airlock with the others.

<Prism> "Berry, when you play your music, the helmet will light up and you'll be able to see stuff."

\* Berry plays songs! plays her bestest songs! like... ah...

\* Berry like the garage band guitar lead she is!

<uSeaGM> When everyone is wearing a helmet and assembled in the airlock, one of you reaches over and pulls the nice big lever that was easy to see through the sonar vision. The door behind you closes.

\* Milia can't help but smile behind her helmet. Berry must be playing her little heart out.

<uSeaGM> And the door ahead of you opens allowing you into the cell.

\* Whisper takes a careful step inside.

\* Prism steps inside.

\* Milia will carefully weave her way inside, Berry atop her back.

\* Berry is going all riff and loopy and even striking poses and yelling superloud and is seeing a whole ocean of crowd in front of her, rising hooves, wearing t-shirts with her name on them, singing her songs. is seeing everything and goes REALLY WILD

\* Berry takes flight, playing as lud as she can, does a loop all around the room fling a few inches from the wall and not stopping for nothing

<uSeaGM> The colourful vision granted by the sonar shifts and swirls across the floor and walls. The cell isn't huge, you can 'see' both walls in what passed for you peripheral vision.

<Prism> All they had to do was reach the other observation room.

\* Prism thought that was at least pretty simple

<uSeaGM> During Berry's flight she nearly flies straight into something tall and hunched over. But she manages to avoid it and to hold onto her guitar. What was it her mommy had said? Oh yeah, keep playing. Her music was keeping them safe.

\* Whisper carefully navigates the room, avoiding the eerie figure.

\* Berry then, lands sliding on her knees, playing in front of the tall thing like in a battle of the band guitar duel. passes the guitare behind her neck and plays it from there, then jumps, lands on the helmet, spinning and plays, plays, PLAYS!

<uSeaGM> With the source of the guiding sounds farther away, the rest of the party suddenly find that their vision around themselves is much worse.

\* Milia hesitates. Shit. SHIT. She starts to panic as soon as she feels the weight shift off of her back. She never told Berry to stay on her back. DAMMIT!

<uSeaGM> In her sudden panic, Milia trips over something on the ground (or perhaps just her own hooves) and her helmet slips off her head and rolls away. She must not have strapped it on



properly...

\* Whisper freezes at the sound of Milia falling. "Who was that!?"

\* Prism grabs Milia. "Keep your eyes closed."

\* Artifica starts to reach out, thinking that her hoof would help... but then, would Milia know it was hers?

\* Artifica pauses. "Milia, can you hear me? Everything is okay. Keep calm..."

\* Berry is obviously still playing

\* Milia lets out a sharp shriek as she trips and falls, her helmet tumbling away from her. She almost -- ALMOST shoots her eyes open to look for Berry and appraise herself of her surroundings. But then, she realizes she doesn't need to. She can hear the playing, now that her ears are unmuffled. Berry was fine... she was freaking out for no good reason.

\* Prism feels around for Milia's helmet.

\* Whisper helps search for the missing helmet.

\* Milia keeps her eyes screwed shut as a familiar touch is placed upon her. It was Artifica. That alone was enough to calm her. Taking a couple moments to stop herself from freaking out, she slowly stands back up and takes the hoof in hers, letting her fiance guide her.

\* Berry this stupid helmet is not doing its work at all! the ponies in the back rows aren't hearing a thing! the filly grabs whatever is in front of her and headbonks it, because headbonking stuff with technological equipment makes it work better. that's given

<uSeaGM> Object 06 doesn't react to the bonk, but something strange happens with Berry's helmet...

<uSeaGM> Suddenly its radio starts working as a megaphone.

\* Berry has now a loud and clear voice, amplified. this means that she's going lead voice!

\* Whisper picks up Milia's helmet. "Somepony bring Milia here, I got her helmet."

\* Prism leads Whisper back to Milia as best she can.

<Whisper> "Thanks Prism."

\* Berry stops the guitar for a moment and goes monologue. "so yeah, i'm a kid, and i'm also a goopher, and a whiner and a mcspazzatron! but most of all... i'm... i'm... I'M...."

\* Berry "I'M A GOOFY GOOBER!"

\* Artifica holds Milia. "It's okay."

<uSeaGM> Artifica's voice is muffled by her helmet, but being so close Milia is able to understand her.

\* Whisper approaches Milia and Artifica with Prism leading him. "Here, I got Milia's helmet."

\* Berry also, the room is now as loud as a twisted sisters concert

\* Artifica helps Milia get her helmet back on.

\* Milia is trying her best to stay calm. She gives a nod. A gesture that might only be vaguely perceptible to sonar vision. But still, she hadn't looked... she'd be okay.

<uSeaGM> The sonars light up, now showing the way clearly throughout the cell. Once helmets are on they could make it to the other airlock in under a minute.

\* Berry that's okay, berry's musical number lasts more or less 2 minutes and an half

\* Whisper turns and makes for the airlock with all due haste once the helmet is dropped off. He pulls Prism along. "Come on, it's time to go!"

\* Milia takes the helmet from Whisper and places it back on her head. Her hearing becomes muffled once again, but she can see! Her first words back over the radio are: "... Berry's a goofy goober."

\* Milia then looks to Artifica. "Thanks, sweetie... that was almost really bad."

\* Prism gets into the airlock.

\* Berry is playing really, REALLY loud. and 'dis good. is performing on front of whatever 06. and this is... well. not good?

\* Milia calls out over radio. Whether or not Berry's is currently working is another matter entirely. "Berry! Sweetie! Follow mommy, please!..."

<Prism> "Can somepony please get Berry?"

<Berry> is done with her number, and now the only fan remaining in the room is the tall guy. stops singing and reaches for her bags

\* Milia lets out a grunt of frustration. Okay, here comes the panic again. She gallops over toward the filly.

\* Berry picks a piece of paper, puts some sort of autograph on it, then trots towards the exit. and since she doesn't see a thing, takes off her helmet and simply exits the room

\* Prism closes her eyes, takes off her helmet, and uses her voice amplification from her armor,

and yells for Milia and Berry..

\* Whisper tries putting a hoof over Prism's eyes.

\* Berry sighs. here goes the totally badass exit. puts helmet on, plays guitar and goes out singing

\* Berry "HELLO MY BABY, HELLO MY DARLING, HELLO MY RAG-TIME GAL!"

\* Milia skids to a halt as her sonar cuts. There is a small echo that looks to be a small pony trotting across the room. And then suddenly the sonar vision is back! She trots along with her daughter, MAKING SURE SHE EXITS THIS TIME.

<uSeaGM> Berry and Milia are able to join the others in the airlock. Everypony is accounted for. All that's left is to pull the lever.

<Prism> "Someone pull the lever so I can open my eyes, please."

\* Whisper pulls the lever.

<uSeaGM> The airlock closes behind you, and the way into the other Observation rom opens.

\* Prism stows her helmet. If they were coming through at some other point, she'd need it again.

\* Artifica marvels. "You sure know a lot of songs, Berry!"

\* Whisper swaps his helmet back to the riot armor helmet, stowing the sonar helmet as well.

\* Milia rips off her helmet. "These. Things. Fucking. BLOW." she seethes at the helmet. It just... FELL OFF OF HER HEAD.

\* Berry smiles, proud "was i awesome or supergreat?"

<Prism> "I thought they were neat. Did you fasten it properly?"

\* Artifica also stows her helmet. And sheepishly offers Milia her saddlebags to store hers in?

<Prism> "You were supergreat, Berry."

\* Artifica answers Berry, "Superawesomegreat."

<Whisper> "You were...uh...one of a kind!"

\* Milia will take Artifica's offer and put hers in her saddlebags. "Probably not..." she grumbles in response to Prism.

\* Prism investigates the new observation room.

\* Whisper follows Prism. "So, uh...I wonder what's in here?"

<Prism> "I have a feeling things like that thing are a sign of things to come in the next few rooms."

<uSeaGM> It looks like the previous one except... most of the gear is missing. The 'in case of emergency' stuff is already gone and the guard locker is empty. Perhaps they had had an emergency?

\* Milia then looks down to Berry. "You did great, sweetie... but you jumped off my back and I didn't know what happened to you. You remember I said it was dangerous, right?" Her voice carries a hit of subdued anguish.

\* Whisper gulps and nods. "Y-yeah..."

\* Berry smiles "it wasn't dangerous at all! i even met a new friend! he loved my songs! i even gave my autograph to him!"

<Prism> "That was a terra level threat. The thing that chased those chrysalids was an exo level threat."

\* Berry then whispers to her mommy "now i am a star...."

<Prism> "That thing is an unstoppable killing machine if you look at it."

<Prism> "Now just imagine what that other thing could've done to us."

\* Whisper shivers. "I don't want to, thanks."

<Prism> "Though I find myself wondering what would happen if that exo thing stared at this thing."

<Prism> "Nevermind...who would win in a fight game is a bit juvenile right now."

\* Whisper shrugs. "That...might solve the problem. Sorta. Either one would win, or they'd just fight each other forever."

<Whisper> "And everypony could just stay away and stay safe."

<Prism> "Let's get going."

\* Artifica still keeps the contents from Milia's saddlebags in her own, since Milia's has bullet holes.

<Prism> "There doesn't seem to be anything here."

\* Milia inwardly curses to herself. WHY was she having so much trouble explaining this to her? Milia hesitantly responds to her daughter, frowning. "Berry... honey... the thing that was in that

room IS what was dangerous... if you looked at it without your helmet on, it would have killed you." Her heart sank, telling the filly this... but it was clear this was not the time, nor

\* Milia the place, to sugar coat things when they came up.

\* Whisper nods and keeps moving forward with Prism.

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy pokes her head out of Artifica's saddlebags. Her eyes are closed. "Is it over? Can I look now?"

\* Artifica teases, "No. Go back to kissing Lavender for a while longer."

\* Berry frowns, a bit "so... i performed in front of a bully pony? like... like those things on the train? why didn't you tell me, mom?"

<uSeaGM> "Yes ma'am!" Mercy cheers, before submerging.

\* Artifica leaves Berry's question for Milia. She's earned the awkward.

\* Milia sighs. "... Because I didn't want to scare you. And that was wrong of me." 'Because I thought it would be good for your wellbeing if I keep treating you like a helpless child, despite everything I know about you.' is another way she might phrase that. And does, in fact. At least, in her head, anyways.

\* Berry looks down, ears flop down "i... i didn't know... i... i'm sorry..." sniffs, maybe it's the cold, maybe she's sorry to have scared her mommy... are those tears?

\* Berry tacklehugs milia mom "I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T WANT TO BE A BAD FILLY!" baws like a foal "I- I- I... it was the CROWD! they made me sing LOUDER! and they wanted a SHOW! the... the stage changes you! I... I never wanted to leave mommy!"

\* Milia catches the charging filly in a hug. A gnawing pit forms in her stomach. To review: Milia had almost gotten Berry killed because she kept coddling her when it wasn't appropriate, and now the poor donkey felt /guilty/ about it and was sobbing. Real mother of the year stuff here, Milia. "Shhh... Berry, sweet-heart... it's not your fault. I wasn't... you're not a bad filly,

\* Milia okay? I made a big mistake, not telling you everything."

\* Berry doesn't listen. sobs and hugs, probably will stop when she will fall asleep

\* Prism opens the door.

<uSeaGM> Through the door is, you guessed it, a corridor!

\* Milia then adds, "When we get out of here, I promise you can play for a crowd of ponies who /aren't/ bullies, okay?" She gives a gentle squeeze.

<Prism> "Oh a corridor. We haven't passed through one of these in ages!" She deadpans.

<uSeaGM> It looks fairly short though.

\* Prism takes point, since Milia was calming down Berry. She moves forward.

\* Whisper sticks with Prism.

\* Berry is hugging mom's neck like fancy necklace. is also falling asleep, letting mom's neck go. will soon need anymom's back

\* Artifica joins in hugging Berry.

\* Artifica helps wrap Berry in a big family hug.

\* Berry surrounded in momhuggings, falls victim of the ZzZzZzs

\* Milia takes comfort in a good ol' Family Hug. Literally the best kind of hug, no matter what Mercy might say otherwise about the mouth variety.

<uSeaGM> You are through the far door before you realise it. Before you even remember stepping through it, actually. In fact, some of you are sure you weren't even half way down the corridor...

<uSeaGM> When you suddenly find yourselves inside a containment chamber. At the centre, going from floor to ceiling, is a stone pillar.

<uSeaGM> It starts to crack.

<uSeaGM> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XUhVCoTsBaM>

<uSeaGM> Chunks of rock as big as a pony's head fall away.

\* Whisper steps closer to Prism, alarmed. "What's this!? What's going on!?"

<uSeaGM> As an adonis-like stallion, seemingly carved from stone, pulls itself from the pillar as it shatters behind him. It makes a tall, masculine, striking figure whose lean musculature wouldn't look out of place in an anatomical guide. Its face is covered by a stone mask which seems to be held on by a set of rib-like spikes that dig deep into his skull.

<http://imgur.com/jzy470l>

<uSeaGM> Across its brow are large marble or granite protrusions forming into a crown of ram-like horns with sharp points. From the centre of its forehead, splitting the crown, is a large scimitar-like horn. This sharp, savage thing has none of the elegance of a unicorn's horn.

<uSeaGM> The mask gives it a look of pain and fury, framed by a long black and grey mane like a pattern of shifting rocks. The colouring continues all the way to its elongated tail that ends with

a flared flourish.

<uSeaGM> ~Wryyyyy~

<uSeaGM> \*End of Session for Group 4\*

<uSeaGM> [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G65pvuTFR\\_A](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G65pvuTFR_A)