

<uSeaGM> ***Group 4 Session 93***

<uSeaGM> Three layers of door seal Aquaria's entrance behind them, silencing the roar of magic weapons fire from the station platform outside.

<uSeaGM> The group find themselves in a plain white room with several doors. All are closed except for one, and the only other item of note is a sort of reception desk to one side.

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<uSeaGM> *Session Begins*

* Berry is still quite confused about everything that was going on... "mom... i'm scared..."

* Watch is still a bit despondent...He checks the desk slowly stealing glances as Milia and the others occasionally.

* Prism tries to distract herself. She couldn't cry now...so she'd distract herself by checking out the reception desk.

* Whisper steadies himself, taking deep breaths.

<uSeaGM> Searching the reception desk yields a small number of pencils and clipboards, and you discover a terminal built into the desk. The terminal is Locked and asks for an ID Card to be swiped.

* Artifica_ hugs Berry.

* Berry gets hugs from her mom, it is okay, feels brave enough to ask "mom... is birdcat coming back?"

* Milia's eyes are distant, vacant things. Her head hangs slightly, the zebra looking positively numb and wearing a flat expression. The sterile white locale that might normally give her pause seems to not register even a tiny bit. A heavy silence hangs around the zebra.

* Artifica_ admits, "... it's okay to be a little scared. Mommy is scared too. But we're together. And... we hope she'll come back to us..."

* Whisper walks around the room, looking over the walls. "I think maybe we're the first ones here in a long time."

* Berry "yes! i hope that too! maybe she will be back supersoon and will have a party hat!"

<Prism> "This place is too clean."

<Whisper> "How can a place be too clean?"

* Berry stares at both her mommies, full of positive thinking

<Prism> "More that it's completely untouched. I don't think we'll be facing chrysalids in here."

* Whisper nods. "I'm happy for that..."

* Berry "maybe she's already coming here! maybe she took a shortcut!" me lets mom go and flapflaps around looking for shortcuts, birds and hats

<Prism> "If anything, the hostiles we'll face here are probably robots. And they're not too hostile yet, given they ignored us."

* Whisper nods. "Yeah, I hope that continues."

<uSeaGM> Mercy hugs Milia's neck. "Jasmine's a fighter. There's no way she'll get beaten by a bunch of silly bugs."

* Berry flapflaps around, then sees a light and slowly flaps towards it...

* Milia doesn't sound convinced. Which makes sense, given that she doesn't /feel/ convinced either. "Ahh..." the zebra idly responds, her voice a mere murmur. "Yeah... sure..."

* Berry

<Berry> -BONK-

* Artifica_ whispers something about moths and Mercy.

* Whisper hesitantly approaches Milia and her assembled spirits.

* Berry keeps exploring the place. especially explores a high place where she can try taking away the silly armor with no disturbance

* Artifica_ keeps a close eye on her daughter.

* Watch checks the console he was curious what it was all about locked or not there must be something they can learn about it

* Berry is trying to take off the nightguard armor, perched on a door

* Whisper awkwardly fidgets before putting a hoof on Milia. "Uh...um..."

* Berry well, on the little space above the lights

* Artifica_ sighs... then casts a spell. Suddenly, she is surrounded by a swirling vortex of light

<Prism> Berry's antics remind her of something and she starts to adjust that armor she got earlier.

* Artifica_ disappears in a flash of brilliant white light...

<Prism> "...Artifica?"

* Whisper gapes as Artifica_ disappears.

* Artifica_ floats up to Berry, flapping large, beautiful wings the color of ice cream.

* Berry doesn't notice hornymom's poofing spell of not-being-there. is too focused on her criminal plan

* Berry sees new flapmom "woah! mommy?"

* Watch blinks his attention on Artfrica and smiling briefly. such a nice spell...

* Milia slowly turns her attention to the diminutive stallion. She says not a word, merely looking at him with a tired expression.

* Artifica_ smiles at Berry.

* Prism finishes up fixing the new armor for herself, removes her old armor, and then dons it. She gives her old armor over to Watch Tower. "It's not very good armor."

* Fridge|Sleep is now known as Fridge

<Watch> "I'm currently naked...anything is better than nothing." He starts to don it quickly

* Whisper slowly moves in a bit closer to hug Milia.

* Milia slumps into the hug. Her body ached.

<Prism> "Now...that terminal is interesting...should I try? I know that terminal outside was pointless to mess with."

* Artifica_ swoops down and joins the hugging.

<Watch> "go for it."

* Watch watches the hugging...and trots over...and joins in too.

<Prism> "If I had only it had opened....Jasmine...." She starts tearing up again, and then joins in the hug.

* Whisper doesn't say anything other than grunting as Milia leans heavily on him.

* Milia finds herself surrounded by the ponies she loved, wrapped in a sorrowful embrace. Slowly, the numb wall starts to break down and her eyes begin to mist. Maybe she wasn't too tired after all. The zebra silently weeps tears of grief. For all the spirit's infectious optimism,

Mercy's words unfortunately rang hollow in her ears.

* Artifica_ pulls out her brush and starts giving Milia loving brushies. Sometimes, the simple, little things like that can be better than any words.

* Whisper gently pats Milia's back.

<Watch> /me gives a last squeeze. "Prism...lets check the computer now..."

* Milia takes comfort in the loving brushies. She had begun to mutter something under her breath; something so quiet so as to almost be inaudible. A mantra of sorts... or a ritual. A ritual that was all too familiar. A ritual she hated: "...-When you awaken in the morning's hush / I am the swift uplifting rush / Of quiet birds in circled flight / I am the soft stars that shine at

* Milia night / Do not stand at my grave and cry / I am not there, I did not die..."

* Prism heads over to the terminal.

* Milia sniffs and looks back to Artifica. She was the one giving a hug this time. "Th-thanks, sweetie..."

<Prism> "Hmm, if I disconnect this from the network, I might be able to pull up some local functions."

<Watch> "hopefully it's setup to allow it to reconfigure to the network

<Whisper> "Um...where did you learn that rhyme?"

* Milia wipes her eyes before answering Whisper. "O-oh, it... I learned it when I was just a filly. D-dunno where it came from... but we'd say it when we lost someone. It was... supposed to make it hurt less, and remind us that s-someone doesn't stop being with you even if they've died."

* Milia laments, adding quietly, "...It never did help as much as I wished it would..."

* Whisper hangs his head. "Yeah..."

<uSeaGM> Prism is able to disconnect the terminal from its network without a problem. The terminal starts being a little more helpful.

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<Watch> "Not to teleport...wasn't going to anyway..."

<Prism> "Artifica, Watch, do NOT attempt to teleport."

<Watch> "preconceptions..."

* Whisper looks over at Prism. "Uh, any luck with the computer love?"

<Watch> "uhh that last one..."

<Prism> "Non-Euclidean, what...."

<Prism> "How is this place even possible."

* Watch swallows. "We're...not in ponyville anymore toto..."

* Whisper blinks. "Non you what now? What does that all mean?"

<Watch> "so umm...not magically warded...just a strong potential of winding up somewhere...uhh not here I guess"

<Prism> "We'd best stay together and NOT split up."

<Watch> "Yeah..."

* Whisper gets up and walks over to Prism and Watch. "What are you two talking about?"

<Prism> "This terminal. Go ahead and read it."

* Whisper pages through the menus, looking more and more alarmed. "W-what...this sounds really scary..."

* Prism selects map.

<uSeaGM> The screen goes all black and then starts to fill up with green wireframe shapes. It keeps going. Layer after layer of overlapping lines and squares and circles and spirals. The image continuously shrinks so more and more can fit on the screen. Everypony watching starts to go cross-eyed until it stops abruptly, claiming it cannot update without a Network Connection.

<uSeaGM> A little note pops up amidst the squiggles that very helpfully says: [You are not here].

* Whisper gulps. "Oh no..."

* Watch tries to remember the map as he saw it...

<Whisper> "This looks...really bad..."

<Prism> "How the..."

<Prism> "I guess we'll figure it out....hopefully."

<Watch> "hmm...I might need to learn some new words for directions..."

* Watch shakes his head

<Prism> "Wish we had rope or something to trace where we've been."

* Prism looks at the pencils and clipboards. "Hmmm..."

<Watch> "That seems like a good idea..."

<Watch> "a shame I don't carry rope...Gold would be laughing at me for that..."

<Whisper> "Prism, do you think making a map will work? It was too complex even for the computer..."

* Prism shakes her head. "We don't need a map of the whole facility."

<Whisper> "I guess."

<Prism> "We just need to track where we are and where we've been so we don't get lost."

<Whisper> "Yeah...that's worth a shot. Can you draw okay without your magic?"

<Prism> "I learned to use a pencil in my mouth before I even learned to use magic."

<Whisper> "Oh, right. S-sorry..."

<Prism> "Don't apologize." She nuzzles Whisper.

<Watch> "Perhaps we should mark some on the walls...and one on the clipboard?"

* Whisper nuzzles back.

<Prism> "That's a pretty good idea."

<Watch> "I mean some rooms may look the same...and with noneclidian space...well we might wanderer into a room from one exit into another entrane...and well if we have it marked it'll be easier to document..."

<Watch> "So uhh right...group up...and meet at the open door...oh! reconnect it to the network

* Prism does so, reconnecting the terminal to the network.

* Whisper stays close to Prism.

<uSeaGM> The terminal reboots with network connection and once again asks for an ID card to be swiped.

* Watch pokes a hoof through the doorway.

<Prism> "We aren't going to get much else out of that terminal."

<Prism> "So may as well return it to the way we left it."

* Milia had caught at least most of the relevant bits she could understand. 'Stay together', mostly. The rest? Mostly (completely) lost on her. She'd never even /heard/ the word Euclidian before today.

* Artifica_ is still gently brushing Milia, hugging her with her sings. "What's going on?"

<Watch> "I think what is going to happen is we will end up getting a keycard...and coming back here until that big door opens..."

* Prism takes both pencils and clipboards.

* Milia looks over to the group at the terminal. "S-so do we need to go through one of the little doors? Do we know where we need to go?"

<Watch> "nope"

<Prism> "No. The map...is worse than useless."

* Whisper gulps. "We're just gonna...wander in, I guess."

<Prism> "There's a very high chance we are going to get lost."

* Milia looks over to the array of closed entrances. Well... the one was open. That was straightforward, at least. "Well, I can guess where we should /start/..."

* Prism marks the wall here with a circle.

* Prism and then adds a circle to the clipboard.

* Whisper observes Prism, staying close to her the whole time.

<Watch> "and I can confirm...at least putting my hoof through didn't kill me"

<Prism> "Let's press on?"

* Watch nods and takes a step through

* Whisper nods. "Y-yeah...let's go."

<uSeaGM> Through the open door is a long white corridor.

* Milia nods at Prism. She hurt, but she couldn't just sit here and wallow. They had a job to do, after all. Time would pass whether she was moving or not. "R-right..."

* Watch trots down the hallway and looks back

* Milia gets up and follows the group, sticking close to her fiancé.

* Prism stays with Whisper.

* Whisper cautiously steps through the door with Prism.

<Whisper> "Huh...a hallway. I was...expecting worse."

* Prism shields her eyes with a bat wing. "I can tell this color scheme is going to get annoying. The walls are so bare."

* Milia is only just now noting how alien this level of clean really felt. It was... oppressively so. "At least there're no turrets here... Turrets and me don't get along so great."

* Whisper looks at Prism with concern. "Will you be alright love?"

<Watch> "wish we'd have let Berry keep the crayons from before"

<Watch> "just let her loose on the walls here"

* Milia agrees. "These walls need a mural..."

<Prism> "Yeah."

* Whisper nods. "It'd be nice..."

* Watch continues on ahead a bit.

<Prism> "Something promoting equality. It'd be a nice contrast to Sanctuary."

* Whisper continues down the hall slowly, still keeping within leg's reach of Prism. "Yeah, it would."

<uSeaGM> The corridor turns one corner and then another, until it reaches a set of stairs. Blue stairs going up and red stairs going down.

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* Milia furrows her brow as they continue trotting. "So... what in the hell does non... uh..." she struggles with the word. "euclidean-" Nailed it. "-even mean?"

<Prism> "Well, since we don't know where we're going. I vote red."

* Whisper blinks. "How...how do we take the red stairs? It's impossible."

* Milia halts at the brightly indicated steps. "Err... sure, that works for me."

<Whisper> "The stairs are on the ceiling..."

* Milia stares at the ceiling of the red corridor. "Why are there stairs on top, too?..."

<Watch> "we slide down the ramp?" He looks at the floor beneath the stairs"

<uSeaGM> There are red stairs going down where you would expect them to be.

* Watch tries them.

<Watch> "oh and Milia...RED"

* Milia starts trotting down the red staircase. She only takes one step, before looking back to Prism, expectantly. "Were we marking landmarks or something?" the zebra comments, recalling the circle drawn on the main room's wall.

* Whisper nods. "Yeah...maybe make a mark before we go down?"

<Prism> "Yeah. It might help."

* Prism marks another circle here.

* Watch frowns. He missed that old joke of theirs.

<Watch> "perhaps a direction indicating which way we are going?"

* Prism draws an arrow.

* Milia smiles at Watch tower, though does not reciprocate. She might have been forcing herself to move, but she was not in the mood to make many jokes sadly.

<Watch> "so...this color is kind of aggravating..."

* Whisper waits until Prism is done making markings before starting cautiously down the stairs.

* Milia nods, before continuing down the red steps. "At least it's a break from all that /white/..."

<uSeaGM> You take the red stairs down to find another white corridor that quickly makes another turn. A few corners later, and you reach a set of stairs that look identical to the one before. Blue stairs going up and red stairs going down.

* Prism marks triangles here.

<Watch> "check for the marks?"

* Prism looks for marks she's made.

* Whisper looks downcast. "But...huh?"

<uSeaGM> The arrow is here, but it's faded.

* Milia levels a flat expression at the stairs. "You'd think with a multi floor facility like this they'd put an elevator or something..." she grumbles.

<Watch> "huh..."

<Prism> "Okay, now that's weird.

* Milia also mighta maybe wanted to press a button to make up for the one she missed in Sanctuary.

<Prism> "The mark is faded...."

<Prism> "...this place might be moving us through time."

<Watch> "hmm..." Watch takes a snack cake from his backpack.

* Whisper looks around nervously. "Wait, what? Will we walk out super old or something?"

* Milia glances over to the wall. Wait, what. "Wait, what."

* Watch opens it and sets it down. "Once more?"

<Prism> "That mark I made is now faded."

<Prism> "Unless somepony came by with an eraser and rubbed it a little, somehow the arrow I drew is fading."

* Milia spins around, glancing rapidly between the stairs and the way they had come. "But... then... where did we just /come/ from?"

<Whisper> "From...here?"

* Watch trots back to where they came from.

<Prism> "...to test a theory, let's try retracing our steps."

<Prism> "Back to the lobby."

* Whisper nods. "Uh, sure."

* Prism heads back through the corridor to where they just came from.

* Whisper stays right next to Prism.

* Milia 's expression grows worried, confused, and conforried. (I may have made that last word up.) Hesitantly, she follows the group back, hoping this will make sense... eventually.

* Artifica_ offers. "Maybe elevators had a hard time only going up and down?"

<uSeaGM> Going back around the corners brings the group to the red stairs they had taken before (heading up from this direction).

* Prism heads back up them.

* Whisper follows along beside Prism.

* Milia nods. That made sense in a place that made no sense. "Or maybe it just went nowhere at all..." she mutters as she trots back up the /first/ set of red stairs.

* Prism checks for the mark once they're back up.

* Watch checks for the snack cake and the arrows!

<uSeaGM> The group finds a room identical to the one before, except for the fact that they entered via the red stairs. On the floor is a snack cake looking exactly as it always had. The arrow is even more faded, and the other mark is harder to see as well.

<Prism> "...huh."

<Prism> "Even more faded."

* Whisper blinks. "This makes no sense..."

* Milia tilts her head. She's at a complete loss. "B-but we... I mean... wait..."

<Prism> "Blue?"

* Whisper nods quickly. "Yeah. Blue."

* Milia falls to her haunches and rubs her head. "Maybe it'll give us give us better luck..." /She/ didn't even believe that at this point.

* Prism makes a third mark, a pentagon.

* Watch closes his eyes a moment and thinks about it.

* Prism looks up the blue stairs.

<uSeaGM> The blue stairs are blue.

* Prism takes a deep breath and heads up the stairs.

* Milia starts heading up the blue stairs, expecting very much to see a snack cake at the top and three faded marks.

* Whisper starts up the blue stairs as well, looking very nervous.

<uSeaGM> You take the stairs to find another white corridor that quickly makes another turn. A

few corners later, and you reach a set of stairs that look identical to the one before. Blue stairs going up and red stairs going down.

* Milia lets out frustrated yell. "OH COME ON!"

* Whisper gapes. "But...but..."

<uSeaGM> On the floor is a snack cake looking exactly as it always had. The arrow is almost gone, and the other marks faded.

<Prism> "The pentagon and triangle I made recently are gone, but the arrow is still there, but faded."

<Prism> "Okay....yeah, marking is useless."

* Whisper hangs his head. "We're stuck...we'll never get out..."

<Watch> "well..."

* Prism sighs. "Any ideas? Keep going on one color until we're frustrated enough to scream?"

<Watch> "We could try going all three ways at once?"

* Whisper gapes. "But...but we're not supposed to split up!"

* Milia stares incredulously at Watch Tower. "What happened to 'stay together'?"

<Watch> "splitting up briefly to try it."

<Watch> "it's just a thought."

<Prism> "Seek out a guide."

* Watch sighs. "The other plan is just going straight until we come up with something new....a guide?"

* Whisper shakes his head and warps his legs around Prism defensively. "N-no! No splitting up!"

<Prism> "Is what the terminal said."

<Watch> "until we are comfortable enough to navigate on our own"

<Prism> "I am not going to split up here. I've already lost one friend today."

* Milia stares back at the 'exit', if it could even be called that anymore. "What happens if we go back /that/ way-" she says, thrusting a hoof at the corridor's direction. "-more times than we've gone down stairs?"

<Milia> "Or... up, I guess"

<Prism> "That's worth a try, Milia."

* Whisper nods. "Yeah...go back. That's good. Let's do that. Together."

* Milia isn't sure whether she should be happy or /terrified/ that her suggestion actually managed to stay afloat when it comes to something like this. She was so far out of her depth she couldn't even see the bottom of the pool.

<Prism> "I'm completely out of ideas. Lavender, Mercy, Artifica?"

<Watch> "well lets go for it...at worst we might wind up...in the lobby"

* Milia regardless, heads back down the stairs and tests it out (providing everypony else was ready to move.)

<Whisper> "I'm with Milia's idea...let's go back."

* Prism follows Milia.

* Whisper follows Milia as well.

* Watch tags along too

<uSeaGM> This time, going back around the corner let's you see that the path behind you isn't what you remember it being. The stairs you came up or down are gone and instead there is another white corridor leading to a wide white chamber.

* Milia halts. "Um..."

* Whisper blinks. "Oh crap."

* Milia facehoofs. "That... wasn't what I was hoping would happen." she laments.

* Milia shoots a shaky, nervous grin to the rest of her group. "B-but hey, progress is progress, right?"

* Whisper nods. "Yeah..."

<Watch> "already...hating this place..."

* Watch smiles. "but progress"

* mimezinga is now known as Berry

* Little_Gloom offers, "Do we have a bouncing rubber ball? Maybe tossing it down the stairs...."

* Little_Gloom is now known as Artifica

<Watch> "I considered getting one..."

* Artifica offers, "Do we have a bouncing rubber ball? Maybe tossing it down the stairs...."

<Watch> "kinda regret not having one"

* Prism looks around the wide white chamber..

<uSeaGM> The chamber is empty and the walls are bare. The only item of note is a sign on the ceiling.

<uSeaGM> It reads: Don't Look Down.

* Berry sniffs air, then offers "i'm hungry"

<Watch> "I am going to regret this..."

* Watch does

* Artifica chuckles wryly. "Well, it could be worse. When we first went up the blue stairs, I was mentally betting that we'd find ourselves in the same place, but the symbols drawn on the walls would be less faded. Including the one we just drew which would somehow be /more/ new than when we drew it."

* Berry "Duh... Ow... An.... Teeh..." is almost exhausted from reading. sits to regain strenght

* Milia glances up at the sign. "Don't look down? Why? What's down?" She says... /almost/ looking down. Something inside her told her that she should probably adhere to the signage plastered in this super crazy no way place.

* Whisper freezes, looking at the sign. "W-what do we do now...?"

* Artifica enfolds Berry with her ice cream colored butterfly wings.

<uSeaGM> When Watch looks down, the floor melts away and the party falls.

* Whisper screams in terror as he falls.

* Berry flapflaps and tries catching somepony

* Milia frowns. With a whimper: "... Don't look daaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

* Artifica flapflaps and swoops to catch Milia

<uSeaGM> https://docs.google.com/file/d/0B7_2-YbjBwHUOXIJc01aWkM0S1E/edit

* Watch has to resist the urge to teleport.

* Prism flaps, and tries to slow Whisper's descent.

* Berry is in a loss of grabbable ponies, decides to save the last option, watch.

* Milia flails in the air, fumbling about trying to get her flight talisman out of her bags.
/Thankfully/, she doesn't have to, as a pretty winged ice cream wife was there to catch her.
"What the fuck?! The fuck was that?! This place is fucked up! Fuck! FUCK that noise!" she stammers, wiggling a bit in Artifica's grasp.

* Watch squirms a bit he was trying to remember where he'd placed his flight talisman...

* Artifica notes, "Squirming doesn't help."

* Whisper grabs onto Prism as tight as he can. "Oh goddesses we're gonna DIE!"

* Milia cranes her neck back to look at the unicorn. "Thankyousomuchsweetie!..." she yelps out anxiously.

* Milia promptly stops squirming. "Oh! Shit, sorry..."

* Watch applies his. "thank berry!" He applies a hug as soon as he gets his flight talisman attached.

<uSeaGM> Anypony glancing up can see that the 'floor' they fell through is back again.

<Watch> "lovely."

* Milia snorts. "How did ponies /work/ in this place?!"

* Berry watches up and frowns "this place is a bit weird"

* Watch closes his eyes a moment. "Hey Whisper for the sake of safety you are getting some wings too."

* Whisper is too busy panicking to notice what Watch is saying.

* Watch casts Wings for Whisper and briefly removing his own talisman himself.

<uSeaGM> The only way is down.

* Watch slowly descends upon his heavy stone'y colored wings.

* Whisper only panics more upon sprouting a pair of wings he has no idea how to use. "Oh goddesses I'm MUTATING!" He flails around wildly with his wings. "Prism you have to drop me! For your own safety!"

* Prism descends slowly, because fall damage sucks.

<Prism> "Whisper, Watch just magicked you. Don't worry."

* Whisper stops shouting, but continues hyperventilating.

<Watch> "Relax...and just flap them slowly."

* Berry and down she goes! "WOOOOOSH!"

* Whisper is still glassy-eyed and looked about frantically. It seems he only hears Prism right now.

* Prism just tries to keep Whisper calm as best as she can, while helping him descend.

* Berry "look mom! i can make a donkey boom!" only, she can't

* Artifica smiles to Berry and follows, carrying stripeymommy.

* Milia waits patiently and doesn't squirm even a bit like a good passenger who doesn't want to fall to their death!

<Watch> "okay...Milia want a set of wings now? or flight talisman?"

* Watch has relaxed enough now that he was undercontrol of his own fall. "I...think I am approaching my limits...,but I should have enough for shields...or anything we strictly need..."

* Milia glances up to Artifica to see how the unicorn was handling the strain of carrying her. She seemed to have it pretty good. "We should be fine... we're getting close to the bottom I think. I've still got a flight talisman if something like that happens again."

* Berry grabs stripeymom's tail in her teeth and helps hornymom

* Milia feels like a piece of cargo being lowered by crane.

<Watch> "except...as I just discovered...flight talisman...isn't exactly easy to use quickly...so put it on for now..."

<uSeaGM> As they reach the bottom, the group encounters a strange wave of resistance that dramatically slows their already controlled descent. It feels a bit like trying to swim through invisible treacle.

<Watch> "okay...never actually...in danger...still"

* Berry closes wings and does the floaty thing in the invisible tentacles!

* Milia shivers a bit as they pass into the descent field. /Weird/.

* Whisper still looks pretty out of it, glancing around for whatever is slowing them down.

* Watch shivers a bit. "I...don't know if this feels good or bad...,but I do know I want out"

<uSeaGM> The party gently touches down in a white room that is almost a copy of the one they fell from. However, the room's single exit goes somewhere new. Also the floor here doesn't get stage fright.

* Artifica thinks the people who made this place deserved one of Pinkie Pie's special parties.

* Whisper immediately clasps Prism in a tight hug upon setting down, shaking.

* Milia stares down at the floor for a good, loooooong time. /Just/ to make sure it was like... you know, doing it's fuckin' job right. She baps a hoof against it for good measure.

* Watch stares up and then looks around.

* Prism hugs Whisper back.

* Whisper softly cries into Prism's mane.

* Artifica hugs Milia, then turns and gives Whisper a hug. "You going to be okay?"

* Whisper whimpers softly.

* Milia returns the hug, nuzzling Artifica gently.

* Milia frowns at Whisper. He was a lot more shook up from that fall than she had expected.

* Whisper sniffs and then tries actually talking. "F-falling...d-don't like it. And th-then...m-m-magic wings..."

<Watch> "if...you don't like them...just keep them until we are outside..."

* Milia will glance through the room's exit while the party gives Whisper a moment to calm down. She makes /double/ sure to stay within sight of everyone else.

<Prism> "You do realize we're going to be in here for a really long time; right?"

* Whisper looks back at his new, temporary wings. "I...they're...nice. Th-thanks. J-just...already falling and scared, so I panicked."

<Watch> "yeah...those wings should last several hours..."

<uSeaGM> Through the door is another white room, although much smaller and made of an assortment of blocky panels. A grey-metal pony made elevator looks out of place amidst its sterile alien-like surroundings. The elevator requires a keycard.

https://docs.google.com/file/d/0B7_2-YbjBwHUYUyYUJwVGZVNXM/edit

<Prism> "Damnit, I want a keycard."

<Whisper> "I wanna get out of here."

* Milia 'hmm's to herself. She trots back to everypony else. "Well, we've got an elevator /now/, at least."

<Artifica> "I really don't want to get into an elevator in this place."

* Watch closes his eyes. "you know I really wish we had a keycard writer..."

* Berry explores the room

<uSeaGM> A sign beside the elevator lists what you might find on this floor: Object Containment. Advanced Medical. Security Central.

<Prism> "Advanced medical....huh."

* Watch carefully trots about and checks out those blocks

* Whisper 's eyes light up. "M-medical? Can we go there first? Pretty please?"

* Milia looks absolutely crestfallen when she says: "...No button."

* Artifica adds, "The rooms which are supposed to be fixed have disturbingly unstable geometry. Imagine the ones that are /supposed/ to move."

* Milia gently bonks a hoof to the side of her head. "I don't think I'm /able/ to."

<uSeaGM> Turning around, the way behind you has changed again.

<Watch> "Really getting tired of that..." Watch whines

* Whisper eeps. "This place keeps changing too much!"

<uSeaGM> Before you is a long wide corridor covered in blocky shapes, similar to the room with the elevator. High up the wall on one side, way out of reach by hoof, exhaust-like openings shine with blazing brightness and plaster the opposite wall in light. The only exits at ground level seem to be farther ahead, at the end of the corridor.

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* Berry "mom! MOM! i accidentally the whole room before!"

* Berry also, the new room is a lot more interesting. flapflaps down the corridor

<Watch> "I...don't want to lose this elevator..."

* Milia stares back at the elevator. They had no keycard, so... that way was closed for now. She gallops down the hallway after Berry, not wanting to get separated from her. "Berry, don't go off

by yourself! You might get lost!" she calls out.

* Watch follows the berry down flapping slowly after.

* Whisper looks at Prism. "D-down the hall I guess?"

* Berry stops when mom calls for her and waits, sighing

* Prism nods.

* Whisper heads down the hall. "Prism...th-thanks. Y-you saved me."

<Prism> "Of course."

* Whisper shivers and looks at his wings. "I kinda wish I was in a place we could relax and I could enjoy these."

<Watch> "I promise you when we get out...you'll get that chance."

* Milia catches up to the speedy filly. "**hooh*... It's okay to explore, but this place changes a bunch, and if we get separated, we might not be able to find each other again. We have to be extra careful here, okay?"

<uSeaGM> The corridor is quite long and you can see two doors at the end.
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<Prism> "Is there any possible reason for a place like this?"

<Whisper> "If we even make it out..."

<Prism> "Oh right, of course, ponies of the old days were morons."

<Watch> "well...I kind of understand..."

* Milia glances up to her daughter. "Which door do you think, Berry?" Really, without any signage... either was as good as the other.

<Watch> "when I was watching Sweetie belle...she got a phonecall...and apparently nothing every leaves aquaria..."

<Whisper> "Do we even know if ponies made this place?"

<Watch> "and well if you want to seal things away...."

* Artifica keeps a close eye on Berry, re-emphasizing what Milia said. "Be sure not to wander, Berry. This place could separate us and we might never find each other again."

* Milia glances back to Whisper. "The terminal back at Sanctuary made it sound that way..."

* Artifica adds, "You're too precious to lose."

<uSeaGM> Luckily the two doors lead to the same path. You are back to plain white corridors.

<Prism> "Living it up at the hotel....can't remember the lyrics to that song."

<Whisper> "Okay, Prism is right. They were stupid to make a place like this. Or evil."

<Prism> "Both is more likely."

* Berry frowns "i don't kow, they're all pretty!" thinks for a moment "let's do it the fun way!" closes her eyes and jumps in a random door

* Milia follows behind Berry, keeping her in sight no matter what. She's thankful that both doors appear back to the same place. Back to...

<Milia> "...White."

* Milia mutters this word with palpable disdain.

* Berry "mom... maybe we're all dreaming?"

* Berry tkes her own tail and bites it superhard!

* Artifica winces.

* Artifica casually comments that anything with this much white needs black stripes to break it up.

* Milia recoils. Tails were sensitive! Well, /anything/ would be sensitive when you chomp down on it like that.

<Watch> "uh..." Watch trots in looking about

* Berry "OWIE!" runs in circles and yells and cries and has a really big bo!

* Milia reaches a hoof out slowly to Berry. "Uh... are you okay, sweetie? Didn't that hurt?"

* Milia pulls her hoof back. "... Yes it did." she answers.

* Berry cries a lot and baws and sobs

* Berry hugs the nearest mom and sobs "i want to go home!"

* Whisper watches sadly and sighs. "I can't believe it, but I think I do too. It'd be better than...all this danger and death."

<Watch> "Home would be nice...,but the world...is kind of in danger..."

* Whisper whimpers. "I know..."

* Prism nuzzles Whisper.

<uSeaGM> The corridors twist and turn so much you start to wonder if you are going in circles, when it abruptly ends in a wide well-lit room. On either side of the room are secure metal doors with control panels. At the centre of the room, on a little plinth, is a toaster. Beside the toaster are a variety of medical instruments and a hospital bed.

* Artifica pets Berry and holds her.

<Watch> "oh! we are on the floor with all that stuff."

* Whisper nuzzles Prism back appreciatively. Upon entering the new room he looks around. "Is...is this medical?"

* Watch goes to investigate perhaps the only thing he'd know how to use in here...the toaster

* Berry while petted, climbs on hornymom's back and tries napping a bit so the owies will go away, maybe

* Artifica admits, "I want to go home to. But we can't until we shut of the machine that is hurting people. Jasmine let the bugs chase her away so we could do that, and we don't want to disappoint her."

* Prism looks at the medical instruments, and the toaster, a little more carefully.

* Artifica also realizes as she says this that she really has no home.

<uSeaGM> The toaster looks like a fairly common model of toaster with two slots in the top for bread. What is remarkable is its thin, spidery mechanical arms and frontal dot matrix display. The display spells out: {Hello.}

<Prism> "Hello."

* Whisper is looking around the room when he stops and stares at the toaster flatly. "Uh...is the toaster talking to us?"

<Watch> "hi"

<uSeaGM> {I am the Pony Repairtoaster.}

* Watch laughs

<uSeaGM> {Do you have a pony in need of repair?}

<Watch> "all yours Pri"

* Berry has a owie in the tail for an unknown reason. can't really nap. decides to try and find a solution for the owie. flights to the other repair toaster "mum... what is this?"

* Watch is still stifling giggles.

* Milia comes to the same thought. "Where... /is/ our home?" she asks quietly. The town hall in Hope seemed such a distant memory at this point... it was a good question.

<uSeaGM> When Berry approaches, one of the toaster's thin metal arms sticks a bandaid over her tail owies.

* Berry tries reading the thingies on the toaster, is not really a good or fast reader...

* Artifica blinks at the Pony Repairtoaster and laughs. It's good to laugh.

* Prism looks at Whisper, and then back at the toaster. "Uhh..."

* Berry Happy berry! tail is fine! "mom! mom look!"

* Whisper looks at Prism, and then at the toaster. "Um..."

<Prism> "What kind of repairs can you make?"

* Berry hugs the repairtoaster! best kitchen first aid contraption ever!

<uSeaGM> The toaster starts to list medical condition after medical condition. Including 'tail owies'.

* Prism patiently listens for lung replacement.

* Milia manages a chuckle at the sight of the toaster. It was so delightful! "... Can you actually toast bread, too? Or is that just your kickin' rad 'do?" Maybe headslots were a fashionable look for robots.

* Whisper blinks at the confusing medical terms. "Prism, what's...uh...um...I can't pronounce half of these."

<Prism> "Is major organ replacement among your functions?"

<uSeaGM> All text suddenly blanks off of the screen as Milia speaks. It is replaced with: {Would you like some toast?}

* Milia opens her mouth; nothing comes out. She closes it. Opens. Closes. Opens. She finally manages a confused "... yyyyy... yeeeeees?"

<uSeaGM> {Please insert bread.}

* Whisper looks around. "...Do we have any bread?"

<Watch> "I have the other snack cake?"

* Milia perks up. "Oh, crap, uh!..." she fishes out the food sack they had been given, rummaging around for something slot-shaped. She was pretty sure they didn't have any bread, but she recalls there being something like some of those pre-war toaster pastries or something that never seemed to go bad...

<Watch> ",but lets wait until Whisper is repaired before we try that"

* Whisper blinks. "You can toast snack cakes?"

<uSeaGM> {How about a toasted muffin?}

<uSeaGM> {Nothin'?'}

* Milia wrinkles her nose. They had one... but it was brown sugar and cinnamon. /Unfrosted/ brown sugar and cinnamon.

* Artifica watches with amusement.

* Milia , like she was gingerly placing a piece of trash in a receptacle, gently puts the toaster pastry in one of the slots. "Does that work?"

<uSeaGM> The toaster toasts happily.

<Artifica> "Well, at least it's happy."

<Whisper> "How can you tell?"

* Whisper looks totally confused.

* Berry explores this new room, sniffs stuff and licks other stuff

* Prism nickers, annoyed.

* Milia nods in agreement. "Toasters should toast. It's good to have a purpose."

* Whisper pats Prism on the back gently. "It's alright love...it'll only be a few minutes more. Not like I'm gonna start dying before then. We've got that much time at least."

<uSeaGM> *Ping!* The snackcake is toasted.

* Milia applauds gently. "Woooo!" she quietly cheers.

<Watch> "so...it's toasted..."

* Whisper gestures. "See? All done. Now we can ask it about lung replacement."

* Berry finds a very interesting toasted thing, looks at it with interest

* Berry maybe if she looks at it very much they'll let her taste it?

* Milia takes the piping hot toaster pastry in her mouth (in the back of her mind being quite thankful for the whole heat resistant thing) and back away with it. She holds it... unceremoniously in a hoof. "So... anyone want to /eat/ this? 200 year old fresh toasted bland?"

* Milia spots Berry eyeing the pastry with great interest. "... Would you like a snack, sweet-heart?"

<Watch> "pass"

<Watch> "Those things as a whole are terrible"

<uSeaGM> {Would you like some toast?}

* Artifica blinks. "Yes, Milia. Let's repeat that mistake."

* Whisper pokes a hoof into the air. "Uh, mister repair toaster? Or misses? Miss, maybe? Do you replace, uh, lungs?"

<uSeaGM> {Yes.}

<Prism> "This one is up to you, Whisper."

* Artifica looks up, blinking. And then, just to be cautious, "What do you replace them with?"

<Prism> "I can't make a judgment call whether this is a good idea or not. This sort of tech is rather unknown to me."

<uSeaGM> {Please provide replacement lungs.}

<Artifica> "Naturally."

* Whisper looks at Prism nervously. "Uh...we don't have replacement lungs," he says to the toaster.

* Milia tilts her head. "I /don't/ think we have a set of those in our food bag."

<Prism> "We have to find some of those."

<uSeaGM> {Would you like some toast?}

* Berry "mmmmmmmaybe"

<uSeaGM> {Please insert bread.}

* Watch idly continues search the rest of the area.

<Watch> "maybe...we can find something here?"

* Berry gladly noms the toasted goodness!

* Milia puts a hoof to her chest, wounded! "I'll have you know there's /probably/ no tobacco in this bland, inoffensive taste experience! It just needs to cool down a bit before sh-" her comment, sadly, does not finish, as Berry nabs it before she can /actually/ do the cooling.

* Whisper looks over at the metal doors. "Maybe one of those has more lungs?"

* Berry starts tearing, says nothing, but her ears immediately flop down and her eyes are filled with tears

* Berry then, has a bad case of reface

<uSeaGM> The toaster waves a tube of bonjela mouth ointment at Berry.

* Berry lastly, starts running around looking for anything fresh and as soon as she's given the tub, she sticks her tongue in it

* Milia yelps out 'BERRYNOIT'SHOT!', but it is far too late. The lesson learned from this was: Milia needs to stop giving things to Berry. It always ends in tragedy.

<uSeaGM> Berry's burning tongue is soothed and numbed by the ointment.

* Berry cries and looks at strypeymom with "why mom, why" eyes

* Milia stares on, looking down at her daughter with a look of sadness and horror. Berry's look was a piercing gaze. "I'M SO SORRY." she agonizes.

* Whisper walks over and examines one of the steel door and control panel setups.

<uSeaGM> More spindly toaster arms wave around healing potions in the direction of Berry.

* Artifica pets Berry softly.

* Milia was doomed. There were no mailboxes around for her to rescue Berry from.

<uSeaGM> At the push of a button, Whisper opens a door via its panel.

* Artifica thinks aloud, "We need to keep this toaster. It would make a wonderful medical assistant."

* Whisper yips and jumps back from the door a bit.

* Berry licklicks the potion with hr tongue, hides in hornymom's legs, is still not sure of what she

did to deserve stripeymom's hate.

<uSeaGM> The door opens to an observation room. From this side there are one-way reinforced glass panels that let you look inside the containment chamber. A sign states: Object 61 – Safe.

* Whisper steps carefully into the observation room and peer through the glass at 'Object 61'.

<uSeaGM> Whisper can see Berry, Artifica, Milia, and Prism around the toaster.

* Whisper blinks and looks back out of the door he came through, into the toaster room.

<uSeaGM> Whisper sees the same thing.

<uSeaGM> Inside the observation room are desks, clipboards, lockers, and a terminal like the one they had seen in reception.

<Prism> "This isn't advanced medical."

* Whisper slowly walks out of the observation room and goes to poke Prism. "Uh...love? There's a terminal..." He seems dazed.

* Prism looks at Whisper. "Huh?"

<Whisper> "Uh...there's a terminal. I don't...know what to do with it."

<Whisper> "I...I'm gonna check the other doors instead. I'll be careful."

<Prism> "A terminal. Could you show me?"

<uSeaGM> There are two doors leading out of the observation room too, but we aren't dealing with them this session.

* Whisper nod and leads Prism into the observation room. "Uh...there." He gestures to the terminal.

* Artifica levitates out her brush and brushies Berry. "Milia didn't mean for you to be hurt, love. She's really sorry."

* Prism makes her way to the terminal and tries what she can at it.

* Watch follows along since his search of the medical lab didn't do anything

<uSeaGM> Using the same trick as before, Prism is able to get local access by disconnecting it from the network.

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1aLcUPeYpVjA2t8HNnTBCn-_7ui4JznV5Uu5h0X72-8l/edit

* Milia is laying on the floor, forelegs covering her snout in shame. A muffled 'I was gonna blow

on it...' can be heard being whimpered.

* Whisper blinks reading the file on 'Object 61'. "Wow...this place just gets creepier and creepier..."

<Prism> "Huh, interesting. Though I hope Milia doesn't need medical treatment requiring Object 61 anytime soon."

<Whisper> "Me neither."

<Prism> "You know, so far, if this place's layout weren't so maddening, I'd sorta like it."

<Whisper> "I guess...I just wanna find medical."

<Prism> "It's been some time and nothing's tried to kill or work against us."

<Watch> "well keep in mind...it referenced safe."

<Watch> "and umm...the turrets said something of a different class..."

* Whisper nods. "Yeah...hey, should we check the lockers in the room back there? Maybe they have something useful."

* Watch goes to check the lockers then

<Prism> "Maybe."

<Watch> "If there are lab coats I am calling dibs..."

<uSeaGM> The lockers are locked.

<Watch> "anypony have any bobbypins...I want to try picking it before I attempt to remove the door"

* Whisper steps out into the larger room and tries picking one of the locks.

<uSeaGM> Whisper successfully picks the lock and finds 1 Healing Potion, 2 Banadages, and a hoof-written note.

* Whisper pulls out the note, curious, and reads it.

<uSeaGM> 'It didn't use to be this bad. It's getting harder and harder to find my way even when I know where I'm going. I swear things just change when I'm not looking and I've heard of ponies getting lost and ending up /inside/ of the containment rooms. Is this some sick joke? Honestly, sometimes I feel like the path is being laid out in front of me by some malevolent watcher.'

* Whisper gulps. "Uh...Prism, love? Th-there's some medical supplies here you might want..."

<Prism> "Hm?" She trots over to the locker. "Oh, thanks, Whisper."

* Prism obtains the potion and bandages.

* Whisper hoofs the note to Prism. "R-read this..."

* Prism reads. "Oh dear."

* Whisper nods. "Y-yeah...even this place is awful and evil. Apparently."

* Watch carefully removes the doors of the lockers

<uSeaGM> Inside the first Hard locker is 2 more healing potions and 5 bandages. Inside the second is a spare Dr's Coat.

<Watch> "should...make armor...out of these...things

<Watch> "More medical stuff.

<Watch> "and a coat..." He checks it for an ID badge

* Watch also dons the coat.

* Prism grabs the bandages and potions.

* Watch idly rifles through the pockets. "I...dunno if it suits me...,but I did call dibs"

<uSeaGM> *End of Session for Group 4*