

Silly-Talk

Overmare: The room they enter is nearly as big as five of the rooms back in the Stable were. In reality, it's not as much a room as an entire apartment. In the middle of the apartment, the part the door leads to, is a round room with soft looking cushions and even a boxy TV! Three hallways lead from the round room. Likely, the hallways lead to the bedrooms, seeing that there are no beds in the round room.

"This will be your rooms for the duration of your stay. It's not much, but it's something for now," Soul says and motions towards the room. "Down the hallways, you've got the bedrooms and bathroom, as well as a smaller kitchen."

String: String parks the box in a corner of the round room, next to the television and starts building her own little world with the toys from her own box.

Echo: Echo pushes Stripe's bed inside the room and parks it in the middle. "Not much, huh..." she says, looking around the room.

Little Stripe: "Huh... Looks pretty nice, actually."

Bullseye: Bullseye inspects the TV box.

Overmare: The TV makes noises, and ponies start running in it!

Overmare: "Well, it's not an ugly place, no," Soul says with a slight smile, looking up at the dome-shaped ceiling. "You'll find that you have more or less everything you need in here. However..." He pauses and looks down at Stripe with a smile. "I would like you to just remember where it is right now. There's somepony I want you to meet."

Echo: Echo sighs and starts pushing the bed outside again.

String: String glares. Interruptions in the building of worlds are nothing that any god would enjoy. Or so she thinks, at least.

Little Stripe: "Who would that be, then?"

Bullseye: "Holy hellhooves!" Bullseye jumps backwards in surprise at the box's sudden noise.

Overmare: Soul looks at Bullseye with amusement, before raising an eyebrow. "Are you always this easily impressed?" he asks, before shrugging and turning to Stripe. "That would be Mtume, the zebra who, together with me, is in charge of this place."

Bullseye: "This box. It is one of dark magic!"

Little Stripe: "He is a bit stupid at times. And, Soul..." she says, frowning slightly in thought, "Why are there so many zebras here?"

Overmare: Soul smiles sadly. "Refugees. They're followed and killed in their own country, so they escape to Equestria for a better future." He shakes his head. "But Equestria isn't better. The zebras working here are all of a single tribe, one of the oldest zebra tribes. Mtume took them here and... we protect them. So far, we've been able to keep it hidden from MoM. We've got four different ministries holding our backs directly, so MoM, even if they suspect something, doesn't dare to do anything against us directly."

Little Stripe: "And... what are they doing here, exactly?"

Overmare: "They're helping us." He motions towards the door. "Walk with me, and I'll show you."

Little Stripe: "Yeah. Sure. I'll just go ahead and walk. That'll go just fine." Stripe deadpans.

Echo: "Is there any other way we can move Stripe? This bed isn't exactly fun to push." Echo says from behind said bed.

Little Stripe: "Are you implying anything, Echo?"

Echo: "Not at all Stripe, not at all." Echo smiles behind the bed.

Overmare: Soul smiles. "Or, she can stop being lazy and try to walk on her own. I'm certain the effects of the Med-X are over."

Little Stripe: Stripe looks suspiciously at Echo through half-closed eyelids, before turning her attention to... her legs. She carefully starts testing her limbs to see if they move properly.

Overmare: They do! Hip hip hooray!

Echo: "So, are they fine again?" Echo asks Stripe.

Little Stripe: "Huh... Seems you're right, Soul," she says, and rolls off the bed, wobbling a little as she lands.

Echo: Echo pulls the bed back in again. "String, you coming?"

String: String grunts and gets up, grabbing Teddy and a small model bird before walking over to Echo. "Yeah, guess so." She tosses Teddy across her back and examines the toy bird as she waits for something to happen.

Bullseye: "It has to be powered by some remote magic... I wonder if I could implement whatever images I want into that thing," Bullseye murmurs to himself as he's following the

others.

Little Stripe: "What images would you insert in it, then?"

Bullseye: Bullseye does nothing but give Stripe a very suggestive glance.

Little Stripe: Stripe chuckles slightly and smirks back at him, before turning back to Soul. "So, where are we going, then?"

Overmare: Without a word, Pure Soul walks out through the door. Once outside, he motions towards the trees. "The holy Maisha Mtoaji, the life giver. Mtume brought with him seeds of these trees, and through the combined effort of both zebra and unicorn magic, they've grown this big in just a few years. MoP has used their leaves to create better and safer healing treatments, especially for foals. The roots, when refined, can cure nearly all known poisons."

Echo: Echo follows and looks at the trees in a new light.

Little Stripe: Stripe looks up at the trees, frowning slightly. "That's... pretty impressive, especially for a tree."

Bullseye: "Yeah, sounds like hoovedoo to me!"

String: String glares at the trees while still examining the toy bird, looking for anything interesting at all, like keyholes, interdimensional traveling devices or clockwork mechanisms.

Overmare: Soul nods. "Yes. And that's not all." He motions towards one of the doors. "Let me show you."

Little Stripe: Stripe follows, though not quite sure if she should be excited or cautious about all of it.

Echo: Echo follows too, still looking around.

String: String walks behind Echo, without showing much interest in what Pure Soul is talking about.

Bullseye: Bullseye follows.

Overmare: Soul continues down the hallway he now enters. "They've taught us the way they live. Some have even enlisted in the Equestrian Army, while others have agreed to train some of MoA's elite groups in zebra warfare and tactics here."

Little Stripe: "And this is all done in secrecy? How?"

Overmare: "Secrecy for whom?" he asks with an amused smile. "All the ministries except MoM are part of this, and Celestia, even if she doesn't agree with the training, has accepted this

facility as a zebra sanctuary, as long as we keep them within our borders."

Little Stripe: "Didn't you say that Morale doesn't know about the zebras?"

Overmare: Soul shrugs. "Not officially. The zebras are never present the few times a MoM representative gets here, but they might have gotten their hooves on the documents that Celestia signed. Either way, they haven't done anything against it, and I doubt they plan to."

Little Stripe: "Huh. So that's what you do here? The training, I mean. Can't really see how that would be so opposed."

Overmare: Soul's smile slips some. "No. That's not the main thing we do here at the Sky Temple." He shakes his head. "I'll show you, come with me."

Little Stripe: "Stop being so bloody mysterious! It's not impressive at all, you know. It's just annoying."

Overmare: "Oh, who said that I'm trying to impress you?" he asks with an amused smile. "I mean, if I was, I would just let my... great something grandcolt watch the telly all day."

Echo: "Please don't. We don't want him to get any lazier than he already is," Echo complains from behind Stripe.

Little Stripe: "You know, we DO know what a TV is. We had a few of them back in the Stable."

Overmare: "Huh... then... does he always react like that?"

Bullseye: "Magic box of evil..."

Echo: "Too many blows to the head is my theory."

Little Stripe: "The only thing one can know about how he will react is that you don't know how he will react."

String: "TVs are stupid. I hate them." String grunts from somewhere behind them.

Overmare: "Huh..." Soul shake his head. "Anyway, the reason I'm not telling you straight out is that not everyone at the facility knows about it. Only those who works on it and... well, you, soon. But before I show you, I want you to meet Mtume himself."

Little Stripe: "Then... why would you show us?" Stripe asks, now quite suspicious.

Overmare: Soul's smile wavers some. "Call it intuition, if you want." He shakes his head. "I don't know why you are here, or how you got here, but as I've understood it you're not going to stay for long. If this knowledge can't help Equestria in our time..." His smile disappears and he frowns as he turns towards one of the doors in the hallway, motioning for the others to go inside.

"Maybe it can help you in yours."

Little Stripe: Stripe pauses for a moment and looks at Soul, not quite understanding him, before walking through the doorway.

Echo: "How would it help us? We don't even know if we can go back..." Echo says as she follows Stripe through the doorway.

Bullseye: Bullseye is curious enough now to remain silent.

String: String puts the toy bird away in a pocket on her suit as she tires of examining it (considering she found no keyholes, clockworks or interdimensional traveling devices) and follows behind the others through the door.

Overmare: The first impression of the room they enter is... tranquility. Even though it's not bigger than the other rooms they've been in, barely bigger than the living room they were given to stay in, it feels... different.

The second impression is that the room is greener.

Trees grow around the room, spreading their branches towards the dome-shaped ceiling that is made in glass to let the sun shine in from above. Bird song fills the room, and in the background the sound of water running down a small waterfall into the rivulet which twines through the room can be heard.

In the middle of a small clearing amongst the trees, balancing on a staff, that is itself balancing on a smaller staff, is a zebra. His eyes are closed, but he still gives off the feeling that he sees everything around him.

String: String hears the birdsong and instantly grabs the toy bird in her pocket, throwing it in the air and says something along the lines of "Fly, my friend! Be free!"

Overmare: The toy bird crashes down.

String: String looks at the crashed toy bird. "Oh well... Was worth a try at least," she murmurs and recovers the bird, sticking it back in her pocket.

Little Stripe: Stripe freezes as she steps inside, and quickly takes in the very exotic and... alive room. She also finds herself staring at the zebra, amazed at how he can keep his balance.

String: String suddenly notices the zebra. "Oh, look, it's another one of these weird-tailed striped ponies!" she exclaims happily.

Echo: Echo's jaw drops a bit at the sight.

Little Stripe: "That... is... awesome."

Bullseye: Bullseye is having trouble grasping the very concept of this kind of room even existing and can't utter anything other than a low "Radical..."

Overmare: The zebra slowly open his eyes, calmly and silently looking down at them.

Little Stripe: Stripe wordlessly looks back at him.

Overmare: After a few moments, he nods to himself. With slow, controlled moments he jumps down from the stick onto the grass, leaving the sticks balancing behind him. "These... They are the ones you told me about?" he asks with a thick accent and a voice that seemingly hasn't spoken in a long time.

String: In an attempt to examine the balancing stick for hidden balance-thingies, String tries to become invisible and sneak around the zebra.

Overmare: The zebra seems to completely ignore the little filly.

String: String takes this as that her sneaking skills are totally super OP. Like a high-octane kung fu super hitman on the side of right and drunk on the blood of evil ninjas in a boss fight. However, after thinking that whole thing she realized that she had no idea what it meant. But it sounded awesome.

Bullseye: Bullseye stares with fascination at the zebra. There are features there he can recognize from a certain someone. Features he can appreciate.

Little Stripe: Features he should shut up about. Sorta.

Overmare: "Yes. These are the ones," Soul says with a nod. "This young, energetic and completely idiotic unicorn here is my great great great great... a few more great, I believe, grandcolt." His smile widens. "And this zebra," he motions towards Stripe, "would be your equally great grandfilly."

Little Stripe: Stripe's smile didn't widen. At all. One could even say that it had a negative value, as she glared death at Soul.

Overmare: Soul seems unaffected

Little Stripe: "SHUT. UP!"

Echo: Echo giggles a bit at Stripe's outburst.

String: And as usual, String doesn't give a crap about the others and instead goes on to use her whatever-it-was-something-something-powers to examine the balancing sticks in search of special balancing-thingies.

Overmare: It balances completely unreasonably! It's like a balancing stick of balancingness!

String: String suspects that the stick must possess a high balancing bonus. This could come in handy. Plans for stealing it are instantly developing in that small radioactive brain of hers.

Overmare: "My... grandfilly?" The zebra looks from Soul to Stripe, a thin smile on his lips. "Are you playing tricks on me, Soul? I have a young daughter, not grandfilly. This is not her."

Little Stripe: "I'm gonna be completely honest with you," she starts, her tone menacingly low as she slowly marches towards Pure Soul. "That. Is not funny. That. Will make you LOSE YOUR BLOODY JAW!"

Bullseye: Bullseye is at a complete loss of words. He can see how this is not so strange, given the circumstances, but he does not feel like fueling that fire.

Overmare: Soul raises an eyebrow at Stripe before chuckling, apparently not concerned about his jaw at all. "You know, Stripe, I thought you would be a little happier than this, meeting you old grand... let's just call it granddad, shall we?" He shakes his head. "You can't deny your heritage, Stripe. You're a zebra. His blood," he points at the zebra, who, although still calm, looks a bit confused, "runs in your veins. The tests don't lie, I performed them myself."

String: String looks around, making sure no one's looking and then grabs the stick in order to steal it, ignoring the fact that it is so long that she would never be able to hide it.

Overmare: The lower stick quickly finds itself in her greedy hooves. The stick balancing on that stick, however, quickly falls on her head. Balancing stick: one, radioactive (although not as much now as earlier) ghouly filly: zero.

String: With a grunt, String glares at the other stick and kicks it aside. It is obviously not as powerful as the smaller stick. Because everyone knows that all magic things are small. Relatively small, at least.

Overmare: The not-so-magic stick lies defeated in a pile. Victory by knockout!

String: String marches back to her friends, for once victorious, with her brand new loot hidden behind her, tucked inside the belt around her waist. And of course happily ignoring that the stick is so long that it is clearly visible both in front and behind her. It is thus not really hidden.

Little Stripe: "I don't care about your fucking tests! You hear me? I. Don't. CARE! Why can't you all just LEAVE ME ALONE?! What's so fucking difficult about that?!" she yells in Soul's face, before sending a hoof towards his jaw.

Overmare: Her blow doesn't even land properly before a striped hoof deflects it. Mtume has moved quickly to stand between Stripe and Soul, now looking at her with calm eyes. "She is

fierce," he says slowly, his eyes never leaving hers. "Just like her."

Little Stripe: "Kupata mbali nami!" she yells at his face too, before trying to push through the two ponies and out of the doorway. – *(Get off me!)*

Overmare: "Wewe kuzungumza lugha ya mababu zenu," he says, releasing her hoof. "Wakali kama chui, na neema kwamba changamoto hata bibi yako." – *(You speak the language of your ancestors. [...] Fierce as the leopard, with a grace that challenges even your grandmother.)*

Little Stripe: Stripe looks taken aback, blinking rapidly as she processes what he just said, and then processes that she had just been able to process that. "Kutomba wewe!" she yells at no one in particular. – *(Fuck you!)*

String: String rolls her eyes at the silly stipe-ponies, clearly ignorant of the gravity of the situation.

Bullseye: Bullseye nods as if agreeing with whatever Stripe said. She's probably right. He'll just assume she said something clever.

Echo: Echo looks at Stripe, opening her mouth to say something, but then closes it again with a click. Better not get the angry zebra even more angry.

Overmare: Mtume looks at Stripe, raising an eyebrow. "Ni lugha vile kweli ni muhimu, mtoto?" He slowly shakes his head, gently placing a hoof on her shoulder. "Urithi wako haina kufanya wewe ni nani, hatua yako gani." – *(Is such language really necessary, child? [...] Your heritage doesn't make you who you are, your actions do.)*

String: String looks amused. Or well, she would, if it wasn't for the silly radsuit-helmet-thingy covering her face.

Little Stripe: Stripe closes her eyes, looking down for a moment, before looking back up at her supposed ancestor. "Najua kwamba..." she says, a hint of dejection in her voice. "Ni tu ... Wao kushika akiniambia mimi ni kitu Najua mimi si, na ni pissing mimi mbali! Mimi uaminifu hawajui nini, ni tu gani!" – *(I know that... [...] It's just... They keep telling me I'm something I know I'm not, and it's pissing me off! I honestly don't know why, it just does!)*

Overmare: "Labda kwa sababu ndani, wameweza kutambua kwamba ni ukweli. Wewe ni hofu jinsi ya jirani yako kutibu wewe, na badala kupambana nayo kuliko kukubali." He smiles softly at her, before shaking his head. "Katika kuwanyima urithi wako, unaweza kufanya wewe mwenyewe katika mazingira magumu na maneno rahisi. Na kukubalika kuja hekima. Kuangalia ponies hizi kwamba kutembea dunia na wewe. Unadhani uaminifu huduma kama wewe ni pundamilia au la?" – *(Maybe because deep inside, you've realized that it's the truth. You're afraid how your surroundings will treat you, and rather fight it than accept it. [...] In denying your heritage, you make yourself vulnerable to simple words. With acceptance comes wisdom. Look at these ponies who walk the world with you. Do you think they honestly care whether you're a*

zebra or not?)

Bullseye: Ah yes, quite.

String: String thinks this is going a bit out of control.

Overmare: Pure Soul slowly leans closer to Bullseye, quietly whispering, "I didn't know he could talk this much."

Little Stripe: Stripe sighs, and looks over at the other ponies in the room. "Baada ya kuweka ni kama kwamba... it does sound kinda stupid." – *(When you put it like that...)*

String: "Silly-talk," String remarks.

~~~~~ End of session ~~~~~

*Editor's note: While I am quite confident that no one reading this will be able to understand Swahili, if there are, I apologize for the probably horrendous grammar of those parts. Google Translate was our friend while writing this.*