

Disclaimer: The PPC was originally created by Jay and Acacia. My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic belongs to Hasbro, Portal to Valve, and World One to itself. Rainbow Factory belongs to the author Aurora Dawn, who can keep it until the end of time. I'd like to thank my beta reader, firemagic, for her help.

Thunder Run

The DoSAT technician withdrew his head from inside the console and closed the maintenance hatch with a lazy slap. He placed the defective logic core on the cubicle's battered table and wiped his hands on a greasy rag.

"There you go, one fully repaired console unit. There shouldn't be any more portal problems with that new logic core in there," he said to the two occupants of Cubicle 5294 as he stuffed the rag between his belt and trousers. He glanced at his PDA, then picked up the toolkit at his feet. "Well, gotta go now. Some poor soul has managed to wedge his foot in his console's drive belt." The technician left the cubicle whistling a merry tune. Angus sat down on the cubicle's mini-fridge and pulled a sandwich from underneath him. Gaspard sat down at the table and started to fill out a post-action Intelligence report form. He glanced at the logic core lying on the table. That thing had sent him into a trollic last time he was on Action duty and after a week's worth of plotting whilst working in the Sorting Room, he had devised a suitable punishment for it. All he needed to do was to hook the core up to a microphone and dump it in the room filled with screaming robots somewhere in Aperture Science... and ignore the fact that he was getting revenge on an inanimate object.

"It's gotten real quiet now that Fire Flash and Taldaris have moved on to actual Floater duty. I'm going to miss 'em," said Angus as he retrieved a bottle of root beer from the mini-fridge. "I'll tell you what though, Nasir is being transferred back to this cubicle. He says he found a nice little shawarma place in New Caledonia so we're all gonna go down there next time we have a working lunch."

Gaspard looked up from the report. "Oh, I know what I'm having, sir. There's a beef shawarma wrap with my name on it..."

"Naw, grilled chicken is the way to go, buddy. That and some spices..."

“I beg to differ, sir. Beef is definitely the superior meat.”

Before the spies could expound the virtues of their favourite meat, the newly-refurbished console [BEEEEEP]ed. Angus punched the “Accept Mission” button a bit harder than necessary and the beeping died off with an [eeimgonnamakeyoupayforthatleep]. Gaspard stood up and walked to the console, catching the transcripts as the printer violently vomited out the papers.

“Lesse here... Oh, this one’s for me. Oh, YES! I finally got a mission in Equestria! I’ve been waiting so long for this, sir! I’ll be able to go and buy pastries at Sugarcube Corner, see Zecora’s hut, and...”

Angus put a hand on the junior agent’s shoulder. “Whoa there, Sparky. The Duty comes first. What does it look like?”

Gaspard flipped through the transcript. “Well, it rambles about something called Spectra... A sinister industrial setting... Song lyrics? Really? Anyways... Okay, it’s set in Cloudsdale, so a pegasus disguise will be needed to walk on clouds. The comms earpiece will have to be set on record to get the in-fic commentary... Fic looks well written though.”

Gaspard walked over to the console’s right side as Angus typed in coordinates and set his disguise. A portal opened in front of the teenager, revealing the pure blue sky above Equestria. Cloudsdale was visible nearby, its Ancient Greek-style buildings standing out against the clouds that made up the floating city. But there, in the distance, there was a...

“Uh, sir? There’s a big blurry spot in the sky out there.”

Angus tore his eyes away from the console screen. “Great Scott, yes. And look at this: the position and time readings are off the scale! It’s like a plothole swallowed the skies outside of Cloudsdale. People don’t seem to be noticing the blur, even when flying right next to it... Heavens above, the continuum is trying to quarantine the area.”

“But sir, that only happens to things like...”

Angus turned to face Gaspard, a grim expression masking his usually cheery features. "Class Four disturbances. We've got a doozy on our hands this time, eh? Can't be worse than *My Immortal* though: we had to redefine the entire Alert Index after that debacle..."

The junior spy, whose face was draining itself of colour, nodded slowly as he stared at the blur in the sky. "Class Four," he muttered. "Just my luck."

Angus looked from his coworker's face to the console. "Yeah, I know how you feel, buddy. I had the same reaction when they needed extra intel on that massive crossover mess in Harry Potter... FaCe ThE StRaNgE, I think," he said, taking care to pronounce the capital letters. "That was a right mess, that fic. Tell you what: the more thorough your report is, the better prepared the Agent team will be to fix the 'verse. When you're gonna come back, I'm gonna drag Nasir over here and we're all gonna go out for shawarma together. How does that sound to you?"

"That sounds good, sir. Well, I'll be off then. World to scout and all of that," said Gaspard as he stepped through the portal...

And plummeted to the ground.

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>> ACCESSING AUDIO LOGS [FJSI-0987] FROM DoSAT A/V DIVISION ARCHIVES...
>> DOWNLOADING AUDIO LOGS...
>> DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.
>> VIRUS SCAN... COMPLETE.
>> PLAY
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This is a Department of Intelligence report for the story [Rainbow Factory](#)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-

Cmonwingswingswingsgimmesomewingsdammit!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-

OH, WINGS! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

Fyflyflyflytheresacloudjustthereperfectohgodsdarnbotchedlandingowowowowowow....

Well, I forgot that it takes a few seconds to put a disguise on. How embarrassing. I thought I was gonna die.

Anyways, this is the audio log of Spy thirteenth Class De Grasse, reporting on a fanfic named... Ah, the *Rainbow Factory*. Due to safety measures, I've been quite literally dropped off about two hundred metres away from the city. Behind the floating city of Cloudsdale there is a massive spherical area that appears to be a blur in the sky. When I look at it, I feel compelled to look away and forget about it. My guess is that it's the continuum trying to fight back against the badfic by isolating it from memory.

I've landed in Cloudsdale and am walking straight through the city to get to the blur. Everybody- no sorry- everypony- wait- no- uh... Let's just stick with familiar terminology, shall we? As my coworker noted before entering the fic, everybody seems to be ignoring the hulking distortion sitting next to their city.

As I get closer to the disturbance, I can hear the fic's narrator starting to whisper the Words. Let me see if I can boost the earpiece's input here...

[Word-tracking enabled.]

However, no one knows how individual Spectra is made. Supplies are never seen being brought in, leaving not even a clue what goes into a rainbow. [...] To become an employee of the upper Rainbow Factory mean sacrificing any life outside those black walls. [...] Those few who ever managed to make it out not in a body bag were twisted and disturbed, too damaged to ever bring themselves to talk about it.

Whoop-de-do. Grimdark much? Sinister factory setting, mentally broken workers, and body bags. Yes, that's right ladies and gentlemen, body bags in Equestria. I can't wait to get more of this stuff.

I've flown through the blur-barrier without incident and have landed on a rather open field of clouds with a coliseum nearby and a big Generic blocky factory-type building in the background, complete with red brick walls and smokestacks. I feel *drawn* to the coliseum, as if there's something that I have to do there. Let's have a look, shall we? Upon entering, I find Scootaloo calling out to an OC named Orion, telling him to hurry up as to not be late for their final flight test. So far so good. I've found the protagonists. Then the fic drops these lines on me:

Those that failed their tests were looked down upon in the worst of ways, shunned, and hated. Cloudsdale had always bred a form of nationalism amongst it's occupants. If you weren't the best, or didn't show the potential of being the greatest, you weren't allowed to be part of the 'glorious collective'.

Right then. Charge for instilling a purist society in Cloudsdale. Minor SPaG mistake in this bit but that just pales in comparison with what's been said here.

I've managed to sneak into the empty stands where I have a pretty clear view of the entire proceedings. The young pegasi are given pre-test instructions and await their turn. The first candidate, Aurora Dawn, seemed to pass her flying test with flying colours but her wings gave out at the last second, making her plunge head-first into the cloud floor below and splintering her wings.

Oh man, that looks bad. The Words infer multiple compound fractures and dislocated wings... and the screaming. By Celestia, I can hear the screaming. If I can just... no, she appears later in this fic. As much as I want to help her out, I can't do that for fear of interfering with the plot. Hell, I can help her. I want to help her. But I *can't* help her. A spy's sole duty is to be an observer, not a rescuer. In all honesty, I sometimes wish that I was an Action Department Agent again so that I can have the pleasure of personally fixing this mess.

Wait a minute, something's going on down there. One of the candidates, Orion, has

actually talked back to the evaluators and flew down to the injured pony so that he can help her. Good on you, friend... Especially when failure to complete the flight test is punished with banishment from Cloudsdale. Note to agents: this one demonstrates outstanding courage, selflessness, and moral integrity. Possible future Agent material should he be rescued and placed in the Nursery.

Aaaaand here we go: the brown stuff has hit the fan. Scootaloo, distracted by Orion tending to Aurora Dawn's injuries, clipped a ring and failed her test. She cries over her fate for a few seconds, then moves over to Orion to help him carry Aurora towards the corridor reserved for those who have failed the test. I'd better keep up and see how far off the deep end this fic is going to plunge...

Okay. So the trio is shipped off by flying carriage to wherever they're being exiled by three gruff pegasi who keep reinforcing the notion that those who fail the test are worthless pieces of junk. The fic is being quite annoying by constantly shoving this piece of information up my nostrils. In fact, the delivery is about as blunt as bludgeoning someone with a brick with the words FAILURE IS BAD carved into it.

I've managed to squeeze myself into the back of the carriage, allowing me to almost sit by the youngsters as they wonder where they're going to be exiled to. Considering the title of the fic is *Rainbow Factory*, it doesn't really take much imagination to guess where they're headed. I do wonder what the pegasi are used for... child labour, perhaps? If so, then I can picture the rest of this fic taking place in some sort of Industrial Revolution-era factory with all of the children hunched over machines in miserable working conditions. Then again, considering the information I've already been given about this fic that seems like an overly optimistic turnout.

Looking ahead in the transcript, it looks like it's several hours of transit to wherever Scootaloo and co. are going so I'll use that time to finish up that calculus homework due tomorrow... and the World One historical essay... and plan out that oral presentation for French. That thing's been bugging me for ages.

...darn it. Writing without hands is harder than it looks like. Maybe if I hold the pen in my mouth I could do something here...

Lectheeee... the antiderivative of fecant *fquared* theta *fquared* is tangent theta *fquared*... apply chain rule... one ofer two theta timff tangent theta *shquared*... evaluate from quarter pi to free quarterch pi...

If thif thing *shtill* on? Whoopff, let me turn that off fo' now.

[In-fic commentary paused.]

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[Resume audio recording of in-fic commentary.]

Something new: somewhere halfway through the journey the carriage switched drivers and a masked pony peeked into the cabin to look at its occupants right after I stepped out to stretch my legs. The fic focused on the one identifiable trait of the masked pony: its eyes.

All that was visible were rose coloured eyes, staring indifferently at the three ponies inside.

There's only one main character with that eye colour. I am not liking where this is going. Can Rainbo-uuuuuuuuuuuuuuurrrrrrkkkkkkk!

Ugh... Sorry about that. I've never gotten used to scene shifts. Just to finish that thought, Rainbow Dash is the only main character that is both a pegasus and has pink eyes. Seeing her dressed up like this and somehow not reacting when she sees Scootaloo inside the fail-wagon is really suspicious.

The carriage has stopped and the three youngsters are escorted to a factory-like hallway. Scootaloo remarks that it's eerily similar to the inside of the Rainbow Factory, the one right next to Cloudsdale. Aurora Dawn seems to confirm this, as she thinks that the two trips- from the coliseum to the drop point and from the drop point to here- took roughly the same amount of time. A quick glance at my RA's positioning menu shows me that we are indeed in the heart of

the so-called Rainbow Factory, complete with a generic Ominous Industrial Setting With Pipes And Machines and... ponies in black suits and masks? Are you kidding me? They look like evil henchmen from a Bond movie for crying out loud!

Seriously speaking though, the fact that the trio did one big circle to reach the Rainbow Factory seemed a bit odd to me until I realized that it's there to give the original drivers the illusion of actually sending those who failed the flight test into exile. The drivers come back home, spread the story, and *voilà*, the truth remains a secret. Clever.

The three youngsters are greeted by Dr. Atmosphere, who proceeds to bludgeon the reader with yet more "FAILURE IS BAD, WORTHLESS MEATBAGS". He's now telling them that they're going to the upper floors where this Spectra substance is made and- WHAT?

Hm? What's that yelling? Who was that? Hey, you! You there, yes, you with the black vest! What are you doing here?

What, me, sir? Oh, er... um... Message for you, sir. I just received this week's report from Production, Doctor. It's... um... appalling. The, er, Spectra production has gone down slightly and we're expecting some showers all across the country, sir. We need to step up production a bit more to fill the quotas...

You bothered my introduction just so you could pester me with your figures? What are you doing without your mask and suit, worker? Give me your name and department!

Oh, sorry, sir. Terribly sorry. Oh, it seems I've attracted a little crowd. Sorry. But before I go... I *jucht* need *eff*eyone to *shtare* at the end of *thich shtick* for me, it'*ff* quite important.

FLASH

You lot go back to work. I was never here and there was no commotion in the hallway. Carry on. As for you, Doctor, as soon as you finish your little tour, go and find yourself a nice hard wall and smash your head really hard against it, okay? After that, you will forget me and the fact that I gave you that order. Thank you and have a nice day.

Oh man, that was way too close. That Doctor ordered the guard ponies to *taser* the younglings! Tasers! Violence, for goodness' sake! Charge for possession of uncanonical technology and... horrible modifications to a pony's anatomy. The guards grew human hands on the ends of their legs to be able to grip their weapons. What's been seen cannot be unseen... unless you have Bleeprin, that is. Bottoms up.

Now I'm in a room... oh wow. There's a tall machine in the middle of a room connected to six vats full of Spectra. Fillies and colts are hanging around and looking desolate on the factory floor, watched by the hand-hooved guards. Something's wrong here, and it's not the creepy hand-hoof ponies. Aside from the fact that I'm a pegasus pony standing in a room with a cloud floor looking at brightly-coloured pegasi guarded by some sort of mutant guards, the only thing that seems off is the big machine. Once again, I feel *drawn* to it. It has to be important. Eh? What's that red stuff up there?

At the top of the stack was a single opening, red with rust despite the rest of the machine to be shiny and clean.

This place is too well run to have their machines coated with rust. Speaking of machines, the big one looks sorta looks like my mother's coffee grinder: there's a great big opening at the top and tubing leading off of the central unit into a reservoir and-

It's a juicer. The red stuff is blood. The raw materials are sitting on the floor. It's a big pony-fed juicer. They're stuffing children in there to make Spectra. No, no, nonononononono, this is wrong, no, that can't be it, can it? I mean, who'd think of that? No, it can't be... Wait! There! There's a small one trying to escape! Come on, come- oh no, he's been struck down by the guards' tasers. He's there, crumpled on the ground, not moving...

Now there's a speech being given to the crowd by the some of the factory officials:

By now, you've all clearly determined that you are not going into exile. There is no deportation. There never was. You are in The Factory. You will never leave The Factory. And while you may be called useless, that's also not entirely true. You're worthless to the

flock as a Pony. But, you still have purpose! Purpose to all the ponies in this land, far and wide. You get to help us make rainbows! Beautiful, magical rainbows, doesn't that excite you?

No, no, no, please, please prove me wrong. Please just make it an Industrial Revolution workplace. The pony with the pink eyes steps up to the front to continue:

A thousand years ago, when Celestia banished Luna from Equestria and sent her to the moon, she was charged with three tasks. She originally was in charge of raising the sun, and showering the land with rainbows. But, with the moon being an additional task, she had to hand down the responsibility of rainbows. Celestia entrusted the Pegasi of Cloudsdale to make the rainbows for her, from then on. For the first dozen years, we were given powerful unicorns to help create Spectra. Spectra is pure pigment, pure colour. Everything is full of Spectra, but you can't just harvest it. You can never separate colour from an object. So it was made artificially with magic.

Okay, spellcasters. That makes sense. But surely they must have died some time ago? Wouldn't Celestia have noticed that the Factory was still churning out rainbows a hundred years after the first batch of spellcasters were sent? Charge for stupidity. Hey, I wonder what would happen if Canon!Celestia were to enter this facility? Food for thought.

That is, until our top engineers made a breakthrough. They discovered an ingenious way to extract pigment, and it was so beautiful even a simple machine could do it. But it couldn't be done with just anything. The conditions had to be right. [...] The mysterious pony whipped off her mask, unveiling more than her rose eyes. Her skin was a light cyan, and her mane was a gorgeous rainbow.

No. Please, no. It *is* Rainbow Dash giving the speech after all. Wait, what am I saying? This is an outright replacement. There is no possible way this is canon!Dash speaking.

It had to be live ponies! Only in ponies, where magic and Spectra ran freely together!

Damn. Damn this, damn this impostor, damn this machine, and damn this entire fanfic!

Oh and look: we've got a nervous breakdown on our hands here. Impostor!Dash is yelling after Scootaloo for "failing her" by botching the flight test, saying that the Factory was interested in her ever since she- no- the real Dash pulled off the Sonic Rainboom for her potential Spectra-making abilities, and implying that the money they gave her was how she paid her massive house above Ponyville. Look at that rage! She's completely mental! It seems that Scootaloo's failure to pass the test drove her mad. So much for "element of loyalty" if she's concentrating all of her pain and anger on one of her friends for such a stupid reason. I'm one hundred percent sure it's an impostor now.

All right, I've had it up to here with this crap. I don't need to stick around to know the end: Scootaloo will try to escape, persistent as she is, and she will probably be thwarted and be turned into friggin' pony juice. Aurora Dawn will probably be stuffed in there too for good measure. I'm declaring *Rainbow Factory* badfic on the grounds of the mass corruption of Cloudsdale's ideals, having a tone wholly inappropriate to the original setting, SPaG mistakes, creating a monstrous Rainbow Dash character replacement, making an uncanonical machine that makes rainbows out of people, somehow overlooking Celestia's intelligence, and pissing the [CENSORED] out of a PPC agent. More charges to come when I finish reading this.

Crud, Orion is going to be put in the machine! Damn, I can save him. I can fix this, I just need... If I can just... No. The Rules have to be upheld. No interference. Never. Even when witnessing a preventable death. "The world will restart when you leave," the manual said. "The Agents will be able to save them later." In the meantime... it will repeat itself. Yeah. The Agents *will* save them later. Whew. Mustn't worry. Follow instructions. Yeah. Hm? Oh god, the machine is wringing Orion like a dishrag! Dontthinkaboutwhatshappeningbehindyoudontlookdontlook... Hey, what was that noi-

Oh god.

It's over now. Orion's been turned into green and red Spectra. Haha. It's funny, I've just witnessed bloody murder and the only thing I can think about is that there are "**six square vats**" of Spectra despite there being seven colours in a rainbow. Haha. Man, that's so weird, I don't feel anything. I mean, I saw Orion stuffed into a grinder but... meh. Doesn't register. Hey, wait a

minute: there are only six colours in Rainbow Dash's mane. So it does make sense. Haha. I think I may be in shock. Haha.

This is spy thirteenth Class De Grasse signing off. Haha.

[End of recording.]

PPC Intelligence Report

Fic: Rainbow Factory ([Link](#))

Description: A factory built somewhere in a completely insane purist!Cloudsdale uses young ponies who fail their flight test as raw material for a machine that makes rainbows, with Rainbow Dash at the head of the program.

Problem passages: Hm... where to start? Here's a sampler:

1. **Those that failed their tests were looked down upon in the worst of ways, shunned, and hated. Cloudsdale had always bred a form of nationalism amongst it's occupants. If you weren't the best, or didn't show the potential of being the greatest, you weren't allowed to be part of the 'glorious collective'.**

Suddenly Cloudsdale is a ultra-purist society divided into fliers and non-fliers? I wonder if these people understand the definition of "second chance".

2. **With nods, three [guards] at the rear leaned forwards and jabbed [Scootaloo, Orion, and Aurora Dawn] with tasers, shocking them to the ground. Dr. Atmosphere whinnied in laughter as they all yelped and fell, and continued into a soft chuckle as they all stood up again.**

Firstly, striking children for no good reason. Secondly, somehow managing to squeeze tasers in Equestria. Thirdly, I witnessed cartoon ponies growing human hands where their hooves should be so that they can properly grasp the uncanonical weapons. I'm afraid that no amount of Bleeprin can drown *that* one out.

3. **“It had to be live ponies! Only in ponies, where magic and Spectra ran freely together!” Rainbow Dash threw her head back and laughed maniacally. “Only then could the Spectra be separated! And it was such a beautiful idea, such a wonderfully horrible idea. It worked so well; we could create exponentially more rainbows, of better quality with real Spectra. And it finally gave us a way to prevent Cloudsdale from being tainted by all those horrible pegasus which couldn’t fly! Ahahahah!”**

The complete and utter destruction of Rainbow Dash’s character. She would never contemplate the mass extermination of those who fail some stupid flight test, nor would she possess an evil laugh that would make Dr. Evil cringe. Implying that rainbows are made from the bodies of children stuffed into some sick machine constitutes a major offense.

OCs and type

- Orion: Pegasus male. Audience surrogate.
- Aurora Dawn: Pegasus female. Sacrificial lamb.
- Doctor Atmosphere: Pegasus male. A very unpleasant person.
- Rainbow Dash replacement.

Offences against canon:

- Creating a fanatical purist society in Cloudsdale
- Having hands grow on hooves
- Presence of uncanonical technology
- Existence of a pony juicer used to make rainbows
- Mass murder of children in order to make aforementioned rainbows
- Creating a Rainbow Dash Replacement
- Killing off Scootaloo
- SPaG issues

Additional comments: After leaving the fic and going over the paper transcript, I find out that yes, Aurora Dawn dies at the hooves of the enraged Dash Replacement during an escape attempt. Scootaloo tries her hardest to evade the guards but she is eventually cornered and presumably killed.

Enclosed with this Intelligence Report is the necessary paperwork enabling the Agents sent into this one to use the Simulation Generators should they want to rescue Orion and Aurora Dawn.

Recommendations: Rescue OCs if possible, terminate with extreme prejudice.