

Yellowstone the Series

“Minisodes”

A My Little Pony Fanfiction based off a fanfiction of another fanfiction of Blaze’s original
Fanfiction: The Conversion Bureau.

So many Fanfics

By Anonsi (Should be dead, but strangely is not)

Last Bell

The school bell clanged loudly as it sounded the beginning of class. Today more than any other, young Julie did not want to go to school. Tomorrow was the day when the places where people became ponies opened. Her parents were both so happy when the announcement was made.

But Julie was not. She was trying to be happy like they were, but she just couldn’t bring herself to share in their excitement. The more her parents talked about the Conversion Bureaus, the more the young girl avoided them and buried herself into her diary. To the young girl, it was like they weren’t even her parents anymore. Before the announcement, Julie and her mother and her father would stay up late and watch old movies, or read stories to each other, or just talk about anything and everything that came to mind. But now all they did was watch the news about ponies, or read the articles in the paper about ponies, and talk about nothing except ponies.

Julie adjusted her favorite, and only, bonnet and entered the school. Her classroom was on the first left after the entrance and in addition to being marked with, “*Ms. Megan’s Class*,” it also was plastered with the various pieces of arts and crafts she and her friends had done over the years. The girl sighed, the thought that this might be the last time she ever read the familiar words weighed on her like a ton of bricks. Taking a deep breath, Julie opened the door.

The woman that looked up from her desk as the door opened and beamed a loving smile at Julie was probably the nicest person the young girl had ever met. Ms. Megan wore her golden hair in a pony tail tied up with a big red bow like she always did, and had on a gorgeous white and yellow sundress. “Good morning Julie,” she said cheerfully, “Come in and take your seat, we’re about to begin.”

Julie forced a smile as she nodded and took her seat next to her very best friend Tiffany. “Hey Tiff,” she said quietly and lacking any emotion.

Her friend responded in the same chipper tone she always did, “Mornin’ Julie!”

Ms. Megan got up from her desk and began writing the day’s lesson on the blackboard in

her beautiful handwriting. "Alright my dear students, today's lesson is going to be about a topic that I'm sure many of your parents are talking about." She finished writing and stepped to the side, allowing the students to read the word "*Ponification*."

Julie grumbled under her breath at the all too familiar word.

Ms. Megan sat on the front of her desk and asked the class, "Okay kids, as most of you probably know, tomorrow the ponies will open Conversion Bureaus all along the East Coast. According to the news these Bureaus will be turning humans, like you and me, into ponies. So I thought it would be a good thing to ask all of you what you think about it." Fourteen out of her fifteen students raised their hands immediately, some of them stretching their arms as far as they could go in the hope of being picked first. After scanning the crowd, Ms. Megan pointed at a boy in the seat next to Julie, "Jason, how about you start us off."

The boy Jason stood up and excitedly said, "I want to be a pegasus so I can fly, and not get sick or anything!" He sat back down as the rest of the class gave an assortment of giggles at his enthusiasm.

"Well I guess that means you are in favor of ponification then Jason," said Ms. Megan chuckling. "All right, who wants to talk next?"

Julie kept her hand down again as the others raised theirs, and instead buried her head in her arms. Her mind began to drift off as her friends answered her teacher one after the other. She thought of the day her parents and her had a picnic under a big tree on top of a hill. She remembered the picture of that day that hung on the wall, and how she was the only one who still looked at it.

"Julie?" asked Ms. Megan.

The young girl raised her head quickly and sat at attention, "Yes Miss Megan?" It was somewhat difficult to ignore the slew of laughter from the other children, but Julie managed to not blush from embarrassment.

Her teacher gave her a warm smile and said, "It's your turn to tell us what you think of the ponies and these Conversion Bureaus."

Julie failed to hide her displeasure, "Can I do math problems instead?"

The other students and Ms. Megan all laughed, but the teacher didn't relent, "Sorry sugar cube, but I'm afraid not."

Sighing, Julie stood up and looked around the class, "My mom and dad are really excited about it, and they really really want to do it." She sat back down and waited patiently for the

topic to change.

Ms. Megan cocked an eyebrow however, “Okay Julie, but what do *you* think about it?”

Julie looked around the classroom, at all the eager and confused faces of her classmates. A sudden fear gripped her throat and she could only say a few small words, “I...I don’t know.”

Ms. Megan’s eyes told the young girl that her teacher wasn’t going to let her off that easy. Before the woman could speak, the bell for recess rang and all the other kids practically galloped out the door. Only Julie and Ms. Megan stayed behind. Her teacher walked over to Julie and put a comforting hand on the young girl’s shoulder as she knelt down and looked into her eyes. “Is there something wrong Julie-bean?”

The girl gave her teacher a forlorn look and asked, “Can I ask you a question?”

“Anything,” she replied.

“Do you like the ponies?”

Ms. Megan thought for a moment before responding, “I can’t really decide that until I meet one in person, but from what I’ve seen of them on the TV, I would say that they’re decent enough folk.”

Julie took off her bonnet and began wringing it in her hands, “Would you like me if I was a pony?”

Her teacher did not hesitate to respond, “Of course I would. As long as you act like the smart little girl I’ve had the joy of teaching for three wonderful years, then I will always love you no matter what.”

“Really? You wouldn’t think I’m weird?”

“As long as you’re happy with who you are, I’ll be happy.”

Smiling in earnest for the first time today, Julie leaned her head against Ms. Megan’s chest and let her teacher wrap her up in a big warm hug.

* * *

“...and that concludes today’s lesson class.” Ms. Megan sat on the front of her desk as

the kids began to pack up their belongings, eagerly chatting amongst themselves. After they packed up, she clapped her hands to get their attention for some final announcements, "Now, it's Mark's birthday tomorrow so that means no homework..." The class gave a short cheer before letting Ms. Megan continue, "...and what else?"

All as one they shouted, "A PARTY!" There was a great deal of cheering as the children got up from their seats and ran out the door. Once again Julie was the last one to get up, but unlike before, she was giving the sweetest smile she could. Walking towards the door, the young girl adjusted her backpack and bonnet before saying, "Goodbye Ms. Megan!"

"Before you go Julie-bean, there's something I want to give you," said the woman as she dug through her desk. Finding a small note card, she scribbled something down and handed it to the young girl.

"What's this?" asked Julie.

"It's my cellphone number. If you ever need to talk or need help with anything at all, just call and I'll be there for you."

Julie looked at the note card like it was made of gold and then back to her teacher with an expression of pure joy, "Thank you Ms. Megan!" Julie gave her teacher a quick hug before turning and leaving. "I'll see you tomorrow!"

Ms. Megan grinned from ear to ear as she watched the girl skip down the hallway, and by the time the bell that tolled the end of school rang, she had already decided what she would bake for tomorrow's party.

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The scent of homemade chocolate chip cookies filled Megan's nostrils, the woman allowing herself a content sigh as she rolled her car up into the school's parking lot. As soon as she did, she saw that there was something terribly wrong. The lot was vacant. Completely and utterly empty of every car but her own. As she stepped out of her car and saw that the front door to the school was hanging wide open, a deep pit grew in her stomach. There was no noise other than her footsteps on the gravel as she approached the school's entrance.

She walked through the open doors and towards her classroom. The once loud and rambunctious classrooms were eerily silent. As she arrived at her door, she found that it was ajar. She quickly opened it for any sign of anyone, but was only rewarded by an empty classroom. The sight made the pit in her gut grow even deeper.

Megan sat down at her desk and placed the plate of cookies on her desk. She eyed the

clock above the door, and read aloud, "7:45." It was early in the morning, but *someone* should have been here.

Her thoughts immediately turned to her students. She took out her cellphone and opened it up. No missed calls, no voice mails, not even a text message. She began calling the homes of every one of her students, only to get the answering machine each time.

"Sorry, we're not here right now. Leave a message after the beep and we'll get back to you as soon as we can."

"If you called and no one picked up, it's because we've left to get ponified!"

"This is the Monroe residence, please leave a message after th-BEEP!"

"No one is here right now, please leave your name and number and we'll call you."

"If you've called for Mark, Janet, or Julie Edens, then I'm sorry but we've left town permanently. Have a nice day!"

Tears rolled down Megan's cheeks as the reality of what was happening set in. The children, *her* children, were gone. She placed the phone on the desk and stared at it, hoping to God that it would ring just once. As she waited for the call that would never come, she rested her head in her arms and began to sob. They were all gone, and they weren't coming back.

They had abandoned her.