

Aryanne Teaches History
A GUEST JUL 11TH, 2020 35 NEVER

Public Pastes
PowerMonitorClient
PSDARKP-13-07-202...
PowerMonitorMaster
Hadar/Yahav test c
Untitled
Lessononejava
Group Info
TheAPI / GUI #1

```
1. >Off on the horizon, a blazing sun gently crests a hill, bathing the sleepy town of Ponyville in its warm embrace
2. >As the rays of light delicately pierce through the windows of everypony's home, yawns can be heard all around
3. >Soon after, the intoxicating scent of coffee permeates throughout the air, encouraging the denizens of the tiny town from their homes
and into their daily routines
4. >Fillies and colts follow their parents to school to be dropped off, the pegasi in the sky dot the blue canvas high above with puffy
white clouds, and the hustle'n'bustle of the marketplace slowly begins to pick up in speed
5. >And in the midst of the daily happenings in Ponyville, a mare panics
6. "Nononononono!"
7. >Darting from a bowl of half-finished pudding to the oven, an alarm blares a hideous whine
8. "BEEP" "BEEP"
9. "I'm com-ING!"
10. >Unfortunately for her, in her haste of preparing the snacks for the day, she slips on a splotch of cream, her rump landing on the
cold, hard tile with a resounding "THAP"
11. "O-Oooooowwiiiiie..."
12. >Still determined to save the treats, the mare rises, briefly rubbing their exposed heart-shaped cutie-mark before continuing their
perilous journey and reaching the oven
13. >Upon opening the oven door, a frown starts to form on her face as she bears witness to the charcoal remains of her granpappy's super
special cookies
14. "Awww, nein..."
15. >Filled with unrelenting sadness, she drags a hoof across her face in frustration
16. >It could be worse, she could've waited till the last minute to prepare
17. >But a thoughtful mare thinks ahead and prepares early
18. >And thankfully for Aryanne, she is, in fact, a thoughtful mare
19. "Thank goodness I have until noon!"
20. >Undeterred by a minor hiccup, Aryanne removes the sheet from the oven and disposes of the burnt remains of what was supposed to be
delectable treats
21. >Setting aside the cookie sheet, she swiftly gets to work at preparing the dough, humming a cheerful ditty
22. "Diddididdidum, daddididdidum..."
23. >'I'll have to thank Veronika for sharing that wonderful song!' she thinks to herself
24. >'Maybe I'll pay her a visit and we can have the left overs! Hopefully she doesn't eat everything like last time, I really was looking
forward to that apple pie...'
25. >Through the mixing of ingredients and rolling the dough into balls with wappy hooves, it isn't long until they're placed on the sheet
and shoved into the oven
26. >Smiling to herself, she dusts off the flour from her hooves onto her apron, trotting back to the unfinished pudding to complete her
task
27. >'Speaking of pie, I should check the fridge...'
28. >Over time, the sun climbs higher throughout the day, and when it nearly reaches its peak, the joyful mare finishes drying herself off
after taking a hot bath
29. >Now a clean Aryanne, she practically hops back into the kitchen beaming with excitement and rapidly packs her saddlebags
30. >From the counter, the cool cookies are slid into a paper bag and thrown along with the apple juice boxes and pudding cups that fly
from the fridge, all of them somehow landing safely inside the empty bag
31. >Proud of her work, she closes the open flap and slides underneath the straps, standing to feel the weight of not only the special
goodies, but also a special package
32.
33. >Stepping out of her humble abode, Aryanne manages to keep herself from galloping to the Ponyville schoolhouse
34. >Today marks an important day, and she's happy to share in a bit of history
35. >"Morning Aryanne!"
36. "Morning Carrot Top!"
37. >The two mares wave each other on their way, relishing in the other's kindness
38. >'I wonder what they'll ask about the unification?'
39. >Suddenly, a worrying thought passes through the young mare's mind
40. >'Oh, I hope the wendigos don't scare them!'
41. >Putting away her anxiety, she continues to waltz her way to the schoolhouse, gradually coming upon the doors
42. "We wanna juice box, a juicy juice box, not your everyday ordinary!"
43. >Singing under her breath to calm her nerves, Aryanne approaches the doors that separate her and her civic duty.
44. >'You can do this Aryanne, you can do this. You've been through tougher things, and this isn't gonna be hard. YOU. CAN. DO. THIS!'
45. >Puffing out a sigh, she takes a final, deep breath and opens the door
46. >'Go time...'
47.
48. >Stepping through the threshold of destiny, the brave mare enters the room filled to the brim with bright-eyed, innocent fillies and
colts
49. >In unison, they all turn their heads away from the teacher to her
50. >'-nd if you look at Equestria long ago, you'd-hello Aryanne!'
51. >Cherilee, now aware of her presence, trots over to her and smiles warmly
52. >'Class, this is our guest speaker for the day. Say hello!'
53. >A mixture of enthusiastic and unenthusiastic 'hellos', 'hi's' and a singular 'howdy' rings throughout the air
54. >'Hi everypony! I have something suuusuper special to share!'
55. >Removing her saddlebags, she flips open the flap filled to the brim with treats, a collective cheer echoing off the walls
56. "Come and get it!"
57. >A tidal wave of sugar-hunting predators washes over the desks and chairs of the room, rapidly homing in on their candied delights
58. >'One at a time. One at a time!'
59. >Even though Cherilee yells for order, the tide of excitement ignores her pleas and instead crashes into Aryanne
60. >Savagely, they snatch their respective goodies without mercy and rush back to their seats, their starvation of desserts satiated from
the sugary tribute
61. >But in the midst of the chaos, three fillies take the time to hug the poor and battered mare
62. >"Thank you Aryanne!"
63. >After personally showing their appreciation, the three young fillies march back to their seats with their treats in tow
64. >As Cherilee shakes her head at the recent mauling, Aryanne steadily rises from the ground, swaying to-and-fro
65. >"Ahen!"
66. >"Thank you Aryanne..."
67. >Once her eyes cease rolling endlessly from the whiplash, she returns to her saddlebags and flips open the other flap
68. "That's not the-omry fefial fing I hafe ta fare!"
69. >When she raises her head from the inside of the bag, a large, decrepit book rests firmly in her mouth
70. >Ignoring the groans of the children, she saunters over to a podium sitting prominently at the forefront of the class
71.
72. >Setting the book down on the podium beaming with pride, a filly frantically waves her leg in the air
73. >"Yes Applebloom!"
74. >"What's that Aryanne?"
75. >Looking up from the aged, cracked leathery cover, she reminisces about how she asked that same question to her old granpappy
76. >And so, she repeats the same words she was told long ago
77. "This old thing! It's a book handed down from generation to generation, and in its pages are the writings from the ponies of our past.
I've written in it, and one day, the next generation will write in it."
78. >Closing her eyes, she somehow manages to hold back a river of tears and recomposes herself
79. "But what's special about this book is that it was originally a diary from before the unification."
80. >Flipping the cover open and sifting through the many pages lamenting the cold, she finds the first passage to share
81. "And these are his thoughts."
82.
83. -----
84. -----
85.
86. >Trudging through the snow, I witnessed something peculiar: a lone figure, shrouded in a cloak, lying on a patch of ice. Against my
better judgement, I approached the thing. Before I was going to throw a pebble, it breathed and I panicked. I didn't hit it,
thankfully, but the pebble landed on the ice beside it.
87. It didn't react.
88. In hindsight, what I did was stupid, but I had nothing going for me. When I pulled back the fabric, there was no vile creature inside.
It was a pegasus, and it was a mare. And then, she awoke.
89. I'd love to say I scared her more than she scared me, but I'd be lying. We both panicked and ran in opposite directions.
90.
91. >I hate the cold.
92.
93. >Found some berries from a lost bag today, lucky me...
94.
95. >Today was something, and I don't know where to start...
96. >Woke up and it was freezing, as usual, but it was somehow colder. I can't explain it, but as the day progressed, I started to feel
worse and worse. I thought I was getting sick at the time, but I know better now.
97. >When I trotted near a mountain, in the distance I saw a massive cloud of white racing across the grounds of snow. It was a blizzard.
I galloped to the mountain and was lucky to find myself a cave. Diving inside, it proved to be a good shelter, despite it being very
dark. As I felt my way deeper inside, I tripped on a small bundle of sticks. It took a while, but I got a fire going in the back of the
cave.
98.
99. >But as soon as I got that fire roaring, who would've guessed I'd have a visitor? It was that same figure in the cloak. Neither of us
wanted to leave with the blizzard outside, and so we circled each other around the blazing inferno. On and on we went.
100.
101. >Maybe it was loneliness, maybe it was fatigue that made me weak, but I sat and stared at her. Unexpectedly, she did the same.
Her name is Lily.
102.
103. >Blizzards don't last this long, and I'm stuck in the meantime with Lily. I'm glad there's a lot of wood lying around.
104. >It's funny, we talk of our lives, our dreams and aspirations, yet we still clutch onto our belongings thinking it will be stolen at a
moments notice as we sleep.
105.
106. >When we awoke, the blizzard was gone, but as soon as we exited the mouth of the cave, we saw another on the horizon. When we went
back to our spots, Lily swore when she opened her bag. She was out of water. When I opened my bag, I realized I was out of food.
Never would I have thought that I'd be sharing with a pegasus, but there's a first for everything.
107.
108. >Morning came, and when we both left the cave, we left each other. I'll never forget you Lily.
109.
110. -----
111. -----
112.
113. >"Yes Sweetie Belle?"
114. >"Why didn't they stay together?"
115. >Running a hoof along a foreleg, Aryanne attempts to muster an answer
116. "Ponies back then weren't the... best to each other. It wasn't uncommon for some to be alone."
117. >Having heard what she had to say, Sweetie Belle's eyes droop in sadness
118. "But things are different now, and that's a good thing Sweetie."
119. >Offering a brief smile, she returns back to the large tome
120.
121. -----
122. -----
123. >More of the same: snow.
124.
125. >Running low on everything. If I don't get lucky soon, I'm... stay positive, you'll make it.
126.
127. >I knew it would pay off to be positive! Knew it! I'll be set for weeks!
128.
129. >I saw Lily again midday, lying on a patch of ice. I called out to her, but she didn't respond. When I pulled back her cloak, she
seemed more bone than anything, but she was breathing. Somehow woke her up and fed her berries. It doesn't look like she can move much.
That's fine, I'll carry her if I have to.
130.
131. >Of all the snow I've trekked through, no matter how deep it could be, it doesn't compare to carrying Lily. It's laughable how slow I'm
moving, but I'm not leaving her behind.
132.
133. >Couldn't find shelter, and I couldn't get a fire going last night. Only thing we could do was huddle together for warmth. It was...
nice.
134.
135. >Last night, we found a good spot for shelter and made a good fire. Instead of sleeping a part, we kept close. I've never felt warmer
in my life.
136.
137. >Lily felt she could walk on her own today, and although we were slow, we were making ground faster than me carrying her. Good, my
back's been aching something fierce.
138.
139. >Who knew that when you have a party of two, food dries up faster? I didn't, and neither did Lily.
140.
141. >I hate to write this as it's probably just nerves, but I feel like we're being watched.
142.
143. >Another day passes by, and yet we live. Our stomachs empty and certain weightless. I thought we'd have more time. I thought we'd find
some food by now, especially since the skies are clear and a certain 'pegasus' can fly.
144. >Maybe Lily was a mistake.
145.
146. >Sso. Hungrry. And colld. Can barely write from the jitters.
147.
148. >Four letters. F. O. O. D. Food. Today, we were lucky and found a patch of berry bushes UNPLUCKED! This was more food than we've found
in a long time! Finally, a full stomach... If it hadn't been for Lily, we wouldn't have found it.
149. I don't wanna think about what would've happened if it wasn't found.
150.
151. >I think we've developed a routine: Lily searches from the sky and I on the ground. It's been working out well so far.
152. >Again, I can't help but feel that something's eyes are piercing into our backs.
153.
154. >We woke up to our bags open and some food gone, but nothing else other than small hoof tracks, and when we followed them, it led to
nothing.
155. >Guess my paranoia wasn't unfounded after all.
156.
157. >After some hushed arguing, we figured it'd be best to fake being asleep and catch whoever it is in the act.
158. >Here's to hoping it works.
159.
160. >A little filly. A little. Filly. Was stealing our food...
161. >The unicorn's name is Breeze, and she lost her parents a while ago. Even though we're already struggling enough as is, we can't abandon
Breeze.
162.
163. -----
164. -----
165. >"What happened to Breeze's parents?"
166. >"Scotaloo!"
167. >Before Cherilee has the chance to hear her further, Aryanne raises a hoof
168. "It's ok Cherilee, questions are good!"
169. >Lowering her hoof, a small frown forms on her muzzle as her eyes fill with sadness
170. "I don't know. I wish I could tell you Scoots, but all I know is that Breeze found herself a new family."
171. >All she could offer was a reassuring smile, and when she returned to the tome, she herself remembered asking her granpappy that
question, too
172. >Aryanne wished she got a different answer, and decided to shield the children's ears from those words
173.
174. -----
175. -----
176. >No sign of Breeze's parents anywhere. Poor filly.
177.
178. >Came close to a group of strangers, and they didn't look friendly. We're lucky we weren't spotted.
179.
180. >I know it's strange to say, but it's not as cold as it used to be when I'm around these two. Hearing Breeze giggle while Lily plays
with her just... I can't describe it. It's amazing.
181.
182. >Found some more berries, and we were able to get more from inside of the bush because of Breeze! Also, I noticed something as I
watched Breeze and Lily: they both eat the same way! Oh, it's so cute! A little nibble here, a little nibble there... how did I not
notice this before?
183.
184. >Today was mostly clear, but the winds are starting to pick up. Something tells me this isn't a good sign...
185.
186. >Another blizzard, but we should be fine. We have food. We have warmth. We have each other. Besides, time flies when a hoof attacks a
filly's snoot and said filly makes a silly face!
187.
188. >Even if the winds died down, it wouldn't matter: we're blocked in. Lily and I have been taking turns at shoveling the snow, but it
just keeps going on and on as we dig a deeper tunnel. What's worse: we're running out of food.
189.
190. >Just finished my shift on dig duty. Never knew I could get this sore and-
191. >The tunnel's finished, and it looks bad over there. We leave in the morning.
192.
193. >Writing while resting. Need to be quick. Left shelter. No food. Cold. Up forr hours.
194.
195. >Will it evverr endd?
196.
197. >Breezeee cant walkk. Lilly I change in carry
198.
199. >too tired Lilly gone I carry both mus go
200.
201. -----
202. -----
203. >Aryanne closes the book, much to everypony's dismay
204. >"W-what happened next?"
205. >"Yeah!"
206. >Returning the book back to her saddlebag and retrieving an old page, she sits down in front of the fillies and colts before her,
resting the page on the ground
207. "The pages after that are gone."
208. >Everypony's eyes in the room go wide, including Cherilee's
209. >"What do you mean 'gone'?"
210. >Looking down at the ground, Aryanne rubs a hoof on her foreleg
211. "No one in my family knows what happened, but all that's left of his writings is what he wrote to Lily after they came out of the
blizzard. This... is what my family and theirs share."
212. >Clearing her throat, she mentally prepares herself for what she must do next
213.
214. -----
215. -----
216. >"In the snow, I found a lily
217. >And in the breeze she flew.
218. >When things got dark, cold and chilly
219. >She flew right back, who knew!"
220.
221. >A fire started, warm and hot
222. >We kept right close, it's true.
223. >With food in mind, we trudged and sought
224. >And found somepony too.
225.
226. >We shared, we laughed, we cried and sang
227. >We did what we could do,
228. >After all that's said, all that's done,
229. >Somehow we made it through."
230.
231. -----
232. -----
233. >Finishing up at the Ponyville schoolhouse and waving goodbye, Aryanne trots back home in a good mood
234. >Questions were answered, jokes were laughed at and spooky stories told
235. >When she left, Cherilee hugged her barrel and whispered a small thank you, her ear flickering instinctively from her breath
236. >Now home, Aryanne opens her door only to find lying on her couch a certain Soviet pigging on Aryanne's special pie
237. "VERONIKAI!"
238. >Both startled and unphased, Veronika jumps slightly while continuing to stuff her face full
239. >Her eyes dart to the door to witness Aryanne's pure fury
240. >"Mivyyet Amel!"
241. >"Dragging a hoof across her face, Aryanne groans with contempt
242. "Nika, I told you before-"
243. >"What's mine is yours and yours, mine?"
244. "No, just... please leave me a slice."
245. >Feigning shock, Veronika's expression turns serious
246. >"Only filthy bourgeois would take and not share! Of course I'll leave slice!"
247. >"How about two?" Aryanne playfully adds
248. "Humm, I don't know. I lean towards nitt, buuuuuut... since you are comrade, da!"
249. >Removing the saddlebag off her barrel, she flips onto the couch beside her good friend
250. >"What did you do today anyhow?"
251. "Cherilee asked me to come to the Ponyville schoolhouse to-"
252. >"Did you teach ze fillies and colts zat zey are ze means of production?"
253. >Knowing the tirade to spill from her mouth, Aryanne brings her hooves to her ears."
254. >"You know ze proletariat-."
255. >Minutes pass, and still the ranting persists
256. >With fervor and zeal, Veronika's mouth flaps ever faster, her voice rising in pitch and steadily increasing in volume
257. >Unable to take such torment, Aryanne removes her hooves from her ears
258. "Veronika."
259. >"AND VE VILL RISE AGAIN!"
260. "Veronika."
261. >"DOAN WITH THE BOURGEOISIE! MAY ZE PROLETARIAT OVERCOME-."
262. "VERONIKAI!"
263. >Performing the ancient art of the forbidden boop, Aryanne promptly silences the enraged comie into blushing profusely
264. "Pie?"
265. >Veronika, in a state of shock, gradually comes to her senses and composes herself
266. >"D-Da. Pie..."
267. >Sitting upon the couch, both Aryanne and Veronika sit beside one another, snacking on a delicious apple pie Applejack delivered to
Aryanne yesterday as the afternoon fades to evening
268.
269. FIN
```

```
RAW Paste Data
>Off on the horizon, a blazing sun gently crests a hill, bathing the sleepy town of Ponyville in its warm embrace
>As the rays of light delicately pierce through the windows of everypony's home, yawns can be heard all around
>Soon after, the intoxicating scent of coffee permeates throughout the air, encouraging the denizens of the tiny town from their
homes and into their daily routines
>Fillies and colts follow their parents to school to be dropped off, the pegasi in the sky dot the blue canvas high above with puffy
white clouds, and the hustle'n'bustle of the marketplace slowly begins to pick up in speed
>And in the midst of the daily happenings in Ponyville, a mare panics
"Nononononono!"
>Darting from a bowl of half-finished pudding to the oven, an alarm blares a hideous whine
"BEEP" "BEEP"
"I'm com-ING!"
>Unfortunately for her, in her haste of preparing the snacks for the day, she slips on a splotch of cream, her rump landing on the
cold, hard tile with a resounding "THAP"
"O-Oooooowwiiiiie..."
>Still determined to save the treats, the mare rises, briefly rubbing their exposed heart-shaped cutie-mark before continuing their
perilous journey and reaching the oven
>Upon opening the oven door, a frown starts to form on her face as she bears witness to the charcoal remains of her granpappy's super
special cookies
"Awaw, nein..."
>Filled with unrelenting sadness, she drags a hoof across her face in frustration
>It could be worse, she could've waited till the last minute to prepare
>But a thoughtful mare thinks ahead and prepares early
>And thankfully for Aryanne, she is, in fact, a thoughtful mare
"Thank goodness I have until noon!"
>Undeterred by a minor hiccup, Aryanne removes the sheet from the oven and disposes of the burnt remains of what was supposed to be
delectable treats
>Setting aside the cookie sheet, she swiftly gets to work at preparing the dough, humming a cheerful ditty
"Diddididdidum, daddididdidum..."
>'I'll have to thank Veronika for sharing that wonderful song!' she thinks to herself
>'Maybe I'll pay her a visit and we can have the left overs! Hopefully she doesn't eat everything like last time, I really was looking
forward to that apple pie...'
>Through the mixing of ingredients and rolling the dough into balls with wappy hooves, it isn't long until they're placed on the sheet
and shoved into the oven
>Smiling to herself, she dusts off the flour from her hooves onto her apron, trotting back to the unfinished pudding to complete her
task
>'Speaking of pie, I should check the fridge...'
>Over time, the sun climbs higher throughout the day, and when it nearly reaches its peak, the joyful mare finishes drying herself off
after taking a hot bath
>Now a clean Aryanne, she practically hops back into the kitchen beaming with excitement and rapidly packs her saddlebags
>From the counter, the cool cookies are slid into a paper bag and thrown along with the apple juice boxes and pudding cups that fly
from the fridge, all of them somehow landing safely inside the empty bag
>Proud of her work, she closes the open flap and slides underneath the straps, standing to feel the weight of not only the special
goodies, but also a special package
32.
33. >Stepping out of her humble abode, Aryanne manages to keep herself from galloping to the Ponyville schoolhouse
34. >Today marks an important day, and she's happy to share in a bit of history
35. >"Morning Aryanne!"
36. "Morning Carrot Top!"
37. >The two mares wave each other on their way, relishing in the other's kindness
38. >'I wonder what they'll ask about the unification?'
39. >Suddenly, a worrying thought passes through the young mare's mind
40. >'Oh, I hope the wendigos don't scare them!'
41. >Putting away her anxiety, she continues to waltz her way to the schoolhouse, gradually coming upon the doors
42. "We wanna juice box, a juicy juice box, not your everyday ordinary!"
43. >Singing under her breath to calm her nerves, Aryanne approaches the doors that separate her and her civic duty.
44. >'You can do this Aryanne, you can do this. You've been through tougher things, and this isn't gonna be hard. YOU. CAN. DO. THIS!'
45. >Puffing out a sigh, she takes a final, deep breath and opens the door
46. >'Go time...'
47.
48. >Stepping through the threshold of destiny, the brave mare enters the room filled to the brim with bright-eyed, innocent fillies and
colts
49. >In unison, they all turn their heads away from the teacher to her
50. >'-nd if you look at Equestria long ago, you'd-hello Aryanne!'
51. >Cherilee, now aware of her presence, trots over to her and smiles warmly
52. >'Class, this is our guest speaker for the day. Say hello!'
53. >A mixture of enthusiastic and unenthusiastic 'hellos', 'hi's' and a singular 'howdy' rings throughout the air
54. >'Hi everypony! I have something suuusuper special to share!'
55. >Removing her saddlebags, she flips open the flap filled to the brim with treats, a collective cheer echoing off the walls
56. "Come and get it!"
57. >A tidal wave of sugar-hunting predators washes over the desks and chairs of the room, rapidly homing in on their candied delights
58. >'One at a time. One at a time!'
59. >Even though Cherilee yells for order, the tide of excitement ignores her pleas and instead crashes into Aryanne
60. >Savagely, they snatch their respective goodies without mercy and rush back to their seats, their starvation of desserts satiated from
the sugary tribute
61. >But in the midst of the chaos, three fillies take the time to hug the poor and battered mare
62. >"Thank you Aryanne!"
63. >After personally showing their appreciation, the three young fillies march back to their seats with their treats in tow
64. >As Cherilee shakes her head at the recent mauling, Aryanne steadily rises from the ground, swaying to-and-fro
65. >"Ahen!"
66. >"Thank you Aryanne..."
67. >Once her eyes cease rolling endlessly from the whiplash, she returns to her saddlebags and flips open the other flap
68. "That's not the-omry fefial fing I hafe ta fare!"
69. >When she raises her head from the inside of the bag, a large, decrepit book rests firmly in her mouth
70. >Ignoring the groans of the children, she saunters over to a podium sitting prominently at the forefront of the class
71.
72. >Setting the book down on the podium beaming with pride, a filly frantically waves her leg in the air
73. >"Yes Applebloom!"
74. >"What's that Aryanne?"
75. >Looking up from the aged, cracked leathery cover, she reminisces about how she asked that same question to her old granpappy
76. >And so, she repeats the same words she was told long ago
77. "This old thing! It's a book handed down from generation to generation, and in its pages are the writings from the ponies of our past.
I've written in it, and one day, the next generation will write in it."
78. >Closing her eyes, she somehow manages to hold back a river of tears and recomposes herself
79. "But what's special about this book is that it was originally a diary from before the unification."
80. >Flipping the cover open and sifting through the many pages lamenting the cold, she finds the first passage to share
81. "And these are his thoughts."
82.
83. -----
84. -----
85.
86. >Trudging through the snow, I witnessed something peculiar: a lone figure, shrouded in a cloak, lying on a patch of ice. Against my
better judgement, I approached the thing. Before I was going to throw a pebble, it breathed and I panicked. I didn't hit it,
thankfully, but the pebble landed on the ice beside it.
87. It didn't react.
88. In hindsight, what I did was stupid, but I had nothing going for me. When I pulled back the fabric, there was no vile creature inside.
It was a pegasus, and it was a mare. And then, she awoke.
89. I'd love to say I scared her more than she scared me, but I'd be lying. We both panicked and ran in opposite directions.
90.
91. >I hate the cold.
92.
93. >Found some berries from a lost bag today, lucky me...
94.
95. >Today was something, and I don't know where to start...
96. >Woke up and it was freezing, as usual, but it was somehow colder. I can't explain it, but as the day progressed, I started to feel
worse and worse. I thought I was getting sick at the time, but I know better now.
97. >When I trotted near a mountain, in the distance I saw a massive cloud of white racing across the grounds of snow. It was a blizzard.
I galloped to the mountain and was lucky to find myself a cave. Diving inside, it proved to be a good shelter, despite it being very
dark. As I felt my way deeper inside, I tripped on a small bundle of sticks. It took a while, but I got a fire going in the back of the
cave.
98.
99. >But as soon as I got that fire roaring, who would've guessed I'd have a visitor? It was that same figure in the cloak. Neither of us
wanted to leave with the blizzard outside, and so we circled each other around the blazing inferno. On and on we went.
100.
101. >Maybe it was loneliness, maybe it was fatigue that made me weak, but I sat and stared at her. Unexpectedly, she did the same.
Her name is Lily.
102.
103. >Blizzards don't last this long, and I'm stuck in the meantime with Lily. I'm glad there's a lot of wood lying around.
104. >It's funny, we talk of our lives, our dreams and aspirations, yet we still clutch onto our belongings thinking it will be stolen at a
moments notice as we sleep.
105.
106. >When we awoke, the blizzard was gone, but as soon as we exited the mouth of the cave, we saw another on the horizon. When we went
back to our spots, Lily swore when she opened her bag. She was out of water. When I opened my bag, I realized I was out of food.
Never would I have thought that I'd be sharing with a pegasus, but there's a first for everything.
107.
108. >Morning came, and when we both left the cave, we left each other. I'll never forget you Lily.
109.
110. -----
111. -----
112.
113. >"Yes Sweetie Belle?"
114. >"Why didn't they stay together?"
115. >Running a hoof along a foreleg, Aryanne attempts to muster an answer
116. "Ponies back then weren't the... best to each other. It wasn't uncommon for some to be alone."
117. >Having heard what she had to say, Sweetie Belle's eyes droop in sadness
118. "But things are different now, and that's a good thing Sweetie."
119. >Offering a brief smile, she returns back to the large tome
120.
121. -----
122. -----
123. >More of the same: snow.
124.
125. >Running low on everything. If I don't get lucky soon, I'm... stay positive, you'll make it.
126.
127. >I knew it would pay off to be positive! Knew it! I'll be set for weeks!
128.
129. >I saw Lily again midday, lying on a patch of ice. I called out to her, but she didn't respond. When I pulled back her cloak, she
seemed more bone than anything, but she was breathing. Somehow woke her up and fed her berries. It doesn't look like she can move much.
That's fine, I'll carry her if I have to.
130.
131. >Of all the snow I've trekked through, no matter how deep it could be, it doesn't compare to carrying Lily. It's laughable how slow I'm
moving, but I'm not leaving her behind.
132.
133. >Couldn't find shelter, and I couldn't get a fire going last night. Only thing we could do was huddle together for warmth. It was...
nice.
134.
135. >Last night, we found a good spot for shelter and made a good fire. Instead of sleeping a part, we kept close. I've never felt warmer
in my life.
136.
137. >Lily felt she could walk on her own today, and although we were slow, we were making ground faster than me carrying her. Good, my
back's been aching something fierce.
138.
139. >Who knew that when you have a party of two, food dries up faster? I didn't, and neither did Lily.
140.
141. >I hate to write this as it's probably just nerves, but I feel like we're being watched.
142.
143. >Another day passes by, and yet we live. Our stomachs empty and certain weightless. I thought we'd have more time. I thought we'd find
some food by now, especially since the skies are clear and a certain 'pegasus' can fly.
144. >Maybe Lily was a mistake.
145.
146. >Sso. Hungrry. And colld. Can barely write from the jitters.
147.
148. >Four letters. F. O. O. D. Food. Today, we were lucky and found a patch of berry bushes UNPLUCKED! This was more food than we've found
in a long time! Finally, a full stomach... If it hadn't been for Lily, we wouldn't have found it.
149. I don't wanna think about what would've happened if it wasn't found.
150.
151. >I think we've developed a routine: Lily searches from the sky and I on the ground. It's been working out well so far.
152. >Again, I can't help but feel that something's eyes are piercing into our backs.
153.
154. >We woke up to our bags open and some food gone, but nothing else other than small hoof tracks, and when we followed them, it led to
nothing.
155. >Guess my paranoia wasn't unfounded after all.
156.
157. >After some hushed arguing, we figured it'd be best to fake being asleep and catch whoever it is in the act.
158. >Here's to hoping it works.
159.
160. >A little filly. A little. Filly. Was stealing our food...
161. >The unicorn's name is Breeze, and she lost her parents a while ago. Even though we're already struggling enough as is, we can't abandon
Breeze.
162.
163. -----
164. -----
165. >"What happened to Breeze's parents?"
166. >"Scotaloo!"
167. >Before Cherilee has the chance to hear her further, Aryanne raises a hoof
168. "It's ok Cherilee, questions are good!"
169. >Lowering her hoof, a small frown forms on her muzzle as her eyes fill with sadness
170. "I don't know. I wish I could tell you Scoots, but all I know is that Breeze found herself a new family."
171. >All she could offer was a reassuring smile, and when she returned to the tome, she herself remembered asking her granpappy that
question, too
172. >Aryanne wished she got a different answer, and decided to shield the children's ears from those words
173.
174. -----
175. -----
176. >No sign of Breeze's parents anywhere. Poor filly.
177.
178. >Came close to a group of strangers, and they didn't look friendly. We're lucky we weren't spotted.
179.
180. >I know it's strange to say, but it's not as cold as it used to be when I'm around these two. Hearing Breeze giggle while Lily plays
with her just... I can't describe it. It's amazing.
181.
182. >Found some more berries, and we were able to get more from inside of the bush because of Breeze! Also, I noticed something as I
watched Breeze and Lily: they both eat the same way! Oh, it's so cute! A little nibble here, a little nibble there... how did I not
notice this before?
183.
184. >Today was mostly clear, but the winds are starting to pick up. Something tells me this isn't a good sign...
185.
186. >Another blizzard, but we should be fine. We have food. We have warmth. We have each other. Besides, time flies when a hoof attacks a
filly's snoot and said filly makes a silly face!
187.
188. >Even if the winds died down, it wouldn't matter: we're blocked in. Lily and I have been taking turns at shoveling the snow, but it
just keeps going on and on as we dig a deeper tunnel. What's worse: we're running out of food.
189.
190. >Just finished my shift on dig duty. Never knew I could get this sore and-
191. >The tunnel's finished, and it looks bad over there. We leave in the morning.
192.
193. >Writing while resting. Need to be quick. Left shelter. No food. Cold. Up forr hours.
194.
195. >Will it evverr endd?
196.
197. >Breezeee cant walkk. Lilly I change in carry
198.
199. >too tired Lilly gone I carry both mus go
200.
201. -----
202. -----
203. >Aryanne closes the book, much to everypony's dismay
204. >"W-what happened next?"
205. >"Yeah!"
206. >Returning the book back to her saddlebag and retrieving an old page, she sits down in front of the fillies and colts before her,
resting the page on the ground
207. "The pages after that are gone."
208. >Everypony's eyes in the room go wide, including Cherilee's
209. >"What do you mean 'gone'?"
210. >Looking down at the ground, Aryanne rubs a hoof on her foreleg
211. "No one in my family knows what happened, but all that's left of his writings is what he wrote to Lily after they came out of the
blizzard. This... is what my family and theirs share."
212. >Clearing her throat, she mentally prepares herself for what she must do next
213.
214. -----
215. -----
216. >"In the snow, I found a lily
217. >And in the breeze she flew.
218. >When things got dark, cold and chilly
219. >She flew right back, who knew!"
220.
221. >A fire started, warm and hot
222. >We kept right close, it's true.
223. >With food in mind, we trudged and sought
224. >And found somepony too.
225.
226. >We shared, we laughed, we cried and sang
227. >We did what we could do,
228. >After all that's said, all that's done,
229. >Somehow we made it through."
230.
231. -----
232. -----
233. >Finishing up at the Ponyville schoolhouse and waving goodbye, Aryanne trots back home in a good mood
234. >Questions were answered, jokes were laughed at and spooky stories told
235. >When she left, Cherilee hugged her barrel and whispered a small thank you, her ear flickering instinctively from her breath
236. >Now home, Aryanne opens her door only to find lying on her couch a certain Soviet pigging on Aryanne's special pie
237. "VERONIKAI!"
238. >Both startled and unphased, Veronika jumps slightly while continuing to stuff her face full
239. >Her eyes dart to the door to witness Aryanne's pure fury
240. >"Mivyyet Amel!"
241. >"Dragging a hoof across her face, Aryanne groans with contempt
242. "Nika, I told you before-"
243. >"What's mine is yours and yours, mine?"
244. "No, just... please leave me a slice."
245. >Feigning shock, Veronika's expression turns serious
246. >"Only filthy bourgeois would take and not share! Of course I'll leave slice!"
247. >"How about two?" Aryanne playfully adds
248. "Humm, I don't know. I lean towards nitt, buuuuuut... since you are comrade, da!"
249. >Removing the saddlebag off her barrel, she flips onto the couch beside her good friend
250. >"What did you do today anyhow?"
251. "Cherilee asked me to come to the Ponyville schoolhouse to-"
252. >"Did you teach ze fillies and colts zat zey are ze means of production?"
253. >Knowing the tirade to spill from her mouth, Aryanne brings her hooves to her ears."
254. >"You know ze proletariat-."
255. >Minutes pass, and still the ranting persists
256. >With fervor and zeal, Veronika's mouth flaps ever faster, her voice rising in pitch and steadily increasing in volume
257. >Unable to take such torment, Aryanne removes her hooves from her ears
258. "Veronika."
259. >"AND VE VILL RISE AGAIN!"
260. "Veronika."
261. >"DOAN WITH THE BOURGEOISIE! MAY ZE PROLETARIAT OVERCOME-."
262. "VERONIKAI!"
263. >Performing the ancient art of the forbidden boop, Aryanne promptly silences the enraged comie into blushing profusely
264. "Pie?"
265. >Veronika, in a state of shock, gradually comes to her senses and composes herself
266. >"D-Da. Pie..."
267. >Sitting upon the couch, both Aryanne and Veronika sit beside one another, snacking on a delicious apple pie Applejack delivered to
Aryanne yesterday as the afternoon fades to evening
268.
269. FIN
```