

A green man grabbed a plastic tube with a mouthpiece at one of its ends. The green man brought the mouthpiece to his mouth and simultaneously as he pressed a button on it, he took a breath in. Grey gas with jolts of electricity appearing inside it.

The gas came from the glass container the other end of the tube was connected to. Inside the container was a tiny pony so small it could fit inside the palm of the green man and it also had butterfly wings and antenna appendages on its forehead. Its body and limbs were tied by wires to some kind of small metal bar.

It seemed to scream and struggle against its restraints inside the container but nothing could be heard on its outside of it.

A label was stuck to the container's surface. It read, "The Overmare's High-Quality Breeze Dust Smoker. Only the most magical Breezes."

The green man's black hair began to stand on its own and the hair on his arms got goosebumps as he sucked in the smoke. As he took out the mouthpiece of his mouth and released his hold on the button on the mouthpiece, the jagged jolts of electricity that went over and through the metal bar and the breeze inside ceased. The breeze took a couple of breaths in relief and then looked miserable.

Anyway, the green man's eyes were half-lidded and a pleased smile on his features. He blew out a small cloud of grey smoke, which still had tiny bolts of electricity jump around it.

"Kwaaah!"

The green man's eyes narrowed and he looked over at a pair of birds. One had fiery colors and was a phoenix and the other was a chicken with the lower half of a reptile; it was a cockatrice. They both were about the same size, about a child's head.

The cockatrice was the one that had growled. It stood upon a large pillow that had a valley after the bird's shape and aimed its head towards the phoenix, which seemed to almost have a gleeful smile on its beak if that was possible. The cockatrice didn't "look" at the phoenix because of a mini blindfold that had been tied around its eyes.

The green man sighed.

"Huginn, leave Muninn alone. I get that you're restless but you will soon be working. You should save your energy and not fight," he said.

The phoenix turned his head away and looked as if he thought that would make his owner forget about his existence. It didn't.

"What are you doing? Just go back." The man gestured to another pillow that sat on the other side of the man. "You don't have to bother Muninn right now."

The phoenix stood still for a bit more before it glanced back at the green man and found that he was still looking at it. After seeing his caretaker's sharp look, release a whining chirp and flew over to its own pillow.

"Now that wasn't so hard. Was it?" the man asked as he stroke along with the feathers on the newly landed bird.

Huginn seemed to enjoy the attention as it pushed into the man's hand with each stroke while Muninn seemed glad the other pesky bird had left so it could go back into snooze mode.

The green man sat there as the sun sunk behind the horizon and the moon rose over it instead. That's when he rose up.

He walked over to the sleeping cockatrice and gently shook the bird awake. It rose its head towards him.

"Muninn, it's time," the man said.

The bird stretched out his small dragon wings and chewed nothing for a brief moment. The man placed his hand near the bird and the bird began to climb up his sleeve and on top of his right shoulder. With his right hand, he scratched the cockatrice behind its neck which it looked like it appreciated.

Suddenly, the flapping of wings could be heard. The phoenix, who had never really fallen asleep, flew up and perched himself on the man's left shoulder. The phoenix immediately bit, teasingly, at the scales of the cockatrice, which resulted in an angry crawl in response. They both stopped though as the man held up a finger each in front of them, demonstrating that he would take no more foolishness from here on out.

The man walked out of the back alley he had been sitting in and peeked around the corner. Further ahead, along the main street was a skyscraper surrounded by a long and large fence with tall lookout towers placed at a constant interval between them. The silhouette of an Equine would be seen in the closest lookout tower.

The man stepped back into the obscurity of the back alley and opened his hand.

"Muninn," he mumbled kind of unnecessary because the cockatrice was already climbing down on his underarm.

The cockatrice rested its head in his right hand expectingly. The man's fingers grabbed hold of the blindfold, covered the phoenix's eyes with his left hand, and then shut his own. He removed the blindfold with his fingers.

"Go Muninn," he whispered.

The bird left its master behind and turned the corner. It expertly crawled and flew in and out of shadows to avoid detection while still moving forward towards its target. Sooner rather than later, it was at the fence. It flew up to the lookout tower and sunk its claws into its walls just underneath its window-like opening.

The bird peeked over the edge. There was a brown pony stallion with a black mane and tail. On his flank, there was a picture of a pit bull dog barking while wearing a spikey dog collar. On his back, he had some sort of rifle made to be accessible for hooves. He was currently sitting, hunched forward, in a swivel chair that was high enough to grant him a view out of one of the tower's opening. Behind him, stood a table with a radio and a microphone.

"Dark Bark over?" came from the speaker on the radio.

With a hoof, the pony tapped a switch and answered.

"Yeeeah?" the brown pony answered unenthusiastically. "Nothing to report. It's silent as the grave out here."

Sounding a bit annoyed at the unenthusiastic reply, the voice answered back, "Okay. But keep alert. One never knows when somepony strikes."

The pony rolled his eyes but didn't let his emotions on the subject be heard, "Yepp, will do." Then he tapped the switch as again.

"He thinks anypony will try to attack this place. Heh! Who would be so mad? LittlePip?" he said and turned his head to look out the opening to the side and met the gaze of Muninn.

"What the f..." that as the last thing Dark Bark got out before he turned to stone. He was left with a surprising look etched onto his face.

Muninn moved on to the next tower and petrified its inhabitant as well.

A while later, the other tower next to Dark Bark's was occupied by a zebra mare with scare across her face, got a call for her over the radio. She was leaning back in her swivel chair at the time.

"Zuppa, Dark Bark isn't responding in his radio. Do you know what's happening?" asked the voice of the radio.

The zebra mare looked towards Dark Bark's tower and squinted her eyes. She raised an eyebrow and tapped the switch on the radio to talk.

"He is sitting up so he ain't shot. But I don't know... It seems like he is really staring at something in his tower. Or... At nothing," the zebra mare said.

"Huh? Has he gone mad or something?"

"Ha! Yeah, maybe."

"Can you shout at him to *respond*?"

"Sure."

The zebra flicked off the switch and muted her microphone. She walked over to one of her tower's opening and leaned out on the railing. She was about to shout as she felt something sting her near her front hooves she had placed on the railing. She looked down only to be met with a pair of undescrivable yellow eyes. [s];^p[/s]

Then her body froze but without any cold.

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"Craww!"

The green man immediately shut his eyes and covered the eyes of Huginn.

"Come out Muninn," he called and Muninn jumped into the alleyway.

The bird placed its hand in the man's right hand and he expertly tied the blindfold back on the bird with just one hand and his eyes closed.

He opened his eyes and began to pet the cockatrice.

"Ohh, good boy. Uhhh." the man spoke to the bird who lifted its head up in the air proudly.

The man turned his head to the phoenix.

"Okay, Huginn. You're up," he said and pointed forward.

The bird took off. In its claws, a metal ball that projected out lights in nearly every direction was tied to one of its legs.

The man didn't even look at the bird that flew away or at his cockatrice that fished out a fish out of an open canister on the ground, he was focused on fiddling with a very intricate looking rifle. Its butt was a metal tank and pipes went from it into some sort of black box which in turn had a muzzle attached to it.

On the black box's side was a display attached. It projected out to the left of the rifle a three-dimensional hologram with a green dot in its center. Right, now the hologram depicted the green dot to be in flight over some post-apocalyptic city street with all the rubble and ruins that came with the territory.

Meanwhile, the man was fiddling with this rifle, the phoenix passed over the now unguarded fence towards the skyscraper, which was shown in the hologram as the green dot flying over a fence with towers.

The green man began to aim upwards with the rifle and into the wall of the building that was in between him and the skyscraper far away. An orange line that arched in a convex manner along the ground appeared in the hologram over the green dot.

The front doors to the skyscraper had been opened. Five equine-like creatures had exited it at varying paces.

"Okay, everyone. Be ready for anything," said the first stallion who wore a cap.

This cap was blown off his head as Huginn flew past him. The ball tied to the leg of the phoenix traveled across the equines bodies and the ball scanned them.

Five red dots appeared on the hologram back at the green man's alleyway. By slightly lowering the aim of his gun, the orange beam on the hologram lined up with the first red dot. Steadying himself for the moment, he pulled the trigger.

A sizzling sound came from the rifle as a red beam was shout out from its muzzle. It burned a hole in the brick wall in front of him. Although he didn't see it, he knew that; the beam continued to bore through all walls in the building and came out on the other side. The beam, like a beam of water from a water gun, arched down and fell square on the former cap-wearing stallion. Killing him by the fact that the beam didn't all land in one place and more traveled across his body, causing his body to be sliced apart through erosion.

From the perspective of the equines, somewhat long red beams popped out of the wall of the nearby building and then came down to hit each and every one of them.

Huginn flew into the building through the open door. After him, hot beams rained down on anyone he passed by.

He quickly found a large spiraling staircase that took him all the way to the top. He flew in the gap in between the stairs. He left behind him a trail of precise devastation onto the equines that were unfortunate enough to be standing in the stairs.

On the top floor, stood a changeling stallion in front of a window wall. Dread spread out on his face as he watched beams pierce the floors below and slowly rising towards his own.

"Fuck. The bastard has a thaumoniator," he said under his breath and then jerked his head towards his desk. On it laid a walkie-talkie, he pressed the button to talk. "Wagon, what's going on? Someone is using a thaumoniator, who has the scanner and why are we letting him run straight past us? Is Littlepip here?"

After a short buzzing, a shaky voice answered.

"I think an orange bird holds the scanner! He just flew past me here at the spiral stairca- Arrgghh!-" the voice yelled and then went quiet.

Sweating beads over his forehead, the changeling pulled out a drawer. Inside, a shotgun rested, which was accessible for digit-less appendages. He shoved a few shells in his mouth and bit hold of the barrel of the gun.

He then in a haste, exited his office and went straight for the spiral staircase. As he was walking towards its railing, the bird in question suddenly flew up out of it. It changed its direction to follow the longest corridor, which was the one the changeling was in.

Quickly, he spat in a shell, pulled back to load, took aim, and swatted the trigger-guard-less trigger with his hoof.

The bird burst into flames upon taking the shot and the ball shattered into pieces which fell onto the floor among the ash of the phoenix.

Back at the man in the alleyway, just as the guy was about to line up a shot for the new red dot that had appeared, the hologram disappeared. He sighed.

"Well, I guess I shouldn't be greedy. That was well enough," the man said and then turned to the cockatrice, who was currently eating a yummy fish. "Seems like you will have to pull out some extra time, Muninn."

The cockatrice bent its head so far back that it looked back and seemed to sigh.

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The changeling stallion from before had just made calls to each and every one of his crew, that he ones that were left. He had told them to regroup up to his office while simultaneously be careful to observe any new developments and to report them immediately in such a case. He had also made sure to place someone to guard the entrance.

But it was taking time, too much time. Too much had happened already at this point that he didn't even remotely believe in normal delays.

So he was walking down to meet his subordinates half-way or more likely the intruder.

He was ready with his shotgun and ready to shoot anything at the first sign of movement.

"Kwaaah!" he heard to his right.

He nearly dropped the shotgun as he turned around and... froze. He wanted to move but he couldn't. He couldn't do anything except what was right in front of him, which was a half-hen, half-lizard creature staring at him.

After a long time, a green man appeared in view of the changeling. At first, he merely walked past him with the lizard bird, who was now wearing a small blindfold, perched on his right shoulder and continued the path which would lead him upstairs.

The green man later returned in view of the changeling with a plastic bag filled with ashes in his left hand. In his right hand, he sucked on some tube that went back and connected to a glass container on his back. The changeling also so how the rifle that man had on his back stuck up into view over his shoulder.

*There it is. The thaumoniator. Well..... fuck.* The new statue thought to himself.

The green man tapped on the changeling statue's head with his knuckles.

"Think, Mcfly. Think," and then he proceeded to waft breeze dust again before leaving.

The green man searched the skyscraper. In the end, he found what he was looking for in the basement. A corridor of prison cells.

The prisoners, random pony slaves, looked surprised to see him. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, "Okay, everyone here will be released on the condition that you help me find somepony."

The prisoner didn't seem to grasp what was happening and was therefore silent.

The green man sighed and pulled out a photo of a pink unicorn filly with a blonde-brown mane. He showed it to the poners.

"Anyone seen this filly? Her name's Cookiehead Junior," he said but as he got some scrutinizing looks from some of the prisoners, he added. "I'm here to bring her back to her parents. They hired me for the quiet the sum."

The green man took another breath of dust and then blew out a small electric cloud. A small feminine voice spoke up.

"Over here."

The green man walked further ahead and stopped next to a cell with so many prisoners that they created flesh walls on the insides of it. Near the metal bars stood the very filly in the picture the man had held up. She looked a bit rugged and filthy but it was her.

The green man smiled and crouched down next to her. She looked at him a bit unsure.

The man took out the mouthpiece in his mouth and pointed it at the filly.

"Do you like breeze dust?" he asked.

The filly scrunched up her muzzle and looked a bit disturbed and worried at the same time.

The man waved his hand dismissively.

"Ah, I kid. I got something for you I know *you* will like." He reached down into one of his jacket's pockets and after fiddling inside for a while, he pulled out a box of chocolate cookies.

He undid the wrappings of the box and presented a cookie to the filly in his hand between the bars. At first she, she stilled looked a bit nervous around the green man but when the man sat down, she decided to eat it.

Afterward, she looked happier even if a bit bittersweet. It seemed as she was afraid to hope.  
[s]O'boy.[/s]

"Did my parents really send you?" she asked.

The green man nodded.

"Yes, they did," he answered and stuck his hand in between the bars. "Agent Anonymous, but you can call me Anon, to your service."

The filly looked at the hoof but was much quicker to respond this time and stuck her hoof into his hand. They shook.

As they did, a baby phoenix crawled out ashes in the plastic bag and began to peek the outside of Anon's thigh. Anon looked down and smiled.

"Oh, right. No air," he said.

He undid the knot on the bag and lifted out the baby yellow and red bird in his cupped hands. Then he brought the bird through the bars and showed the filly.

She was completely mesmerized by the baby bird.

"Oo..." came out of her lips as she looked at the cute birb.

"His name is Huginn. You may pet him if you want."

She did.