

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

*It is said that the long ago, time was forgotten for the sake of all, for it was filled with memories too terrible, too horrible for them to want to think on. Across the land, Despair had swallowed all hope, and Strife snuffed out all life. Under the smothering blanket of despair and strife, life itself was beginning to putter out.*

*It was then, as life was taking it's life, that Light fell; Hope and with it, Faith. Peircing the gloom of despair and strife, the twins fell to earth, their own life rekindling the fire within the hearts of those suffering. Armed with Faith and Hope, the twin's fractured forms weilded against the combined Pressure of Darkness, Faith and Hope gave birth to a Miracle, and the Darkness was chased away.*

*Their mission completed, Faith and Hope continued to shine, Hope kept alive through the hearts of man, and Faith shining from within, until they at last rested embraced in the world they helped save...*

Grey's voice echoed curiously in the small room as he finished reading the Legend of Faith and Hope. He narrated even more than he actually acted, the director refusing to let him waste his voice when it could be exploited, so he had a lot of practice making dramatic speeches.

"You have to admit, this is pretty cool, isn't it?" he asked the other people in the room.

"Very," Jasmine said. "You're a lot better than the teachers."

The room there were in was carefully arranged. Grey had been reading from a plaque set before the stone pillar, well etched in an old language, the centerpiece of the exhibit, standing at it's full eight feet just a few steps in from the doorways. On both sides the walls of the exhibit room were like wings, gently spreading from the entrance, artifacts sitting in glass cases lining them before they lovingly curved in to meet the the raised dais were the major display said in boosted glory. The eight crystals, embedded in the rock that formed around it and left mostly encased for fear of damaging them, sat the four shards of Hope, in shades of gold, and the four of Faith in shapes of soft purples and mauve, the large irregular granite and obsidian stone, a glossy pitch black surface held within it.

"Very theatrical, you make it sound more exciting than the teachers did.", Michelle said to him. She held Jasmine's hand. The exhibit itself was amazing, artifacts from the time of the monomyth, they even had the eight crystals. Although Michelle figured they wouldn't put the originals in a museum, they were probably just replicas.

"I like it." Edward said in an attempt to not bash the teachers' speaking skills like everyone else in the room. Although if you asked him privately, he'd pretty much say what everyone else said.

"I wouldn't say better than the teachers, but I try," Grey said cheerfully. He beamed as he looked around the room. "Do you know the amount of history and legend packed in this room? Most people thought this Legend was just a story since they couldn't find anything solid about it!"

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"I still think they are just stories...how can we know these artifacts aren't just replicas of what they think the elements are supposed to look like."

"You know, if you are going to doubt the museum, who are you going to trust?" Grey tossed over his shoulder as he happily hurried off to look at some of the artifacts on display. "Oooo... they say this dagger is over three thousand years old! Made from obsidian and is still pretty sharp since the place was sealed from the cave in."

"That's not all that surprising," Jasmine commented. "It's how obsidian is naturally. Still, pretty damn cool."

"I really like the architecture of the room, makes it very grandiose.", Michelle said, "And why does the legend have to be true isn't a beautiful story good on its own merits?"

"Says the person that immediately called the artifacts fake," Grey said with a smirk. He pulled his notebook out of his bag's front pocket and started taking some more notes in addition to what he'd taken on the pillar, making a few sketches in the margins of his page. "My report is going to rock!"

Edward chuckles as he continues looking around the exhibit, "Glad you're having fun."

Jasmine meanwhile took lingering looks at the various artifacts. "Pun completely intended I take it?" She teased.

"Rocks do in fact rock.", Michelle said staring at yet another really shiny rock. The exhibit was pretty cool.

"Yeah, you aren't the one with a 5000 word paper due in a few weeks. It took me forever to even pick this topic. I'm just glad the exhibit opened in time," Grey said, jabbing his pen in Jasmine's direction.

"That's why you choose something simpler to do and do it soon after announcement." Jasmine smiled proudly.

"So I take it you aren't enjoying yourself?" Grey asked Edward as he jotted down stuff from the display info cards.

"Not even remotely." Edward said with a voice that screamed sarcasm as he eagerly looks at the artifacts.

//bluff check: Take 1 :p

As they examined the room, they had the fortune of having to themselves, most of the rest of students either on a snack break or in other parts of the building. They worked their way around until they got to the dais. It was as if the intent and attention they gave the artifacts was some sort of trigger. It started slowly, the rock encrusted crystals glowed, an aura around them as they

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

slowly rose, floating. With the load splintering of breaking glass, the display case shattered, the aura covering the shards, then the four people in the room, lifting them all in the air.

"Okay, Grey, you were right, the artifacts are real, you can put me down now!", Michelle called out to the others while trying desperately to keep her skirt down as she thrashed about in midair.

"What the hell!?" Jasmine yelled, starting to thrash, hopefully to put her into a position where she could grab something glued to the floor.

Edward's eyes widen when gravity decided to take a lunch break and- no wait, gravity is fine, it's just some strange aura is screwing with it! "What's even happening?!" he shouts as he tries various ways to gain some control over this so he can grab onto something that is hopefully nailed into the ground.

"That's doesn't comfort me at the moment!" Grey yelled back as the ground rejected him, leaving him flailing in the air. He tried to flail about in a general direction, but that didn't work.

The polished rock started acting up as well, a sheen flashing across it before it's surface spiralled inward, and then a high pitched squealing, much like the greedy sucking of a drain, cried out and the uncontrolled but sedate floating was challenged by the force of the suction from the mirror and it's sudden apparent concave surface.

One by one, the eight floating crystals got sucked in with great force, each one spiralling in as if shot from a rifle. The glass shards followed, and before they could fully comprehend it, they were next.

The world distended, warping colours, sensations, perceptions. They could swear that it was both as cold as the fiercest winter, yet burning like the height of summer, silent and dark, but filled with light so bright it was tactile and sound that seemed to physically grab hold of them, their bodies twisted and warped until it ended with a flash of brightness then nothing.

### **The Pony Side of Life**

It was quiet, aside from the wind whistling through and across broken stone and funneled down the passages to this underground room. The ground was covered with litter and detritus, but clear for the most part. Of course, there wasn't any real sign as to how the four figures sprawled on the ground got there.

The grey one was the first to stir, but all he did was moan weakly.

"Uhhhhh..." Jasmine moaned. "anyone get the number of that bus...?" She got up slowly and coughed, trying to raise her head. "Owwww..." She went to massage her aching head and felt a solid mass of... something touching her head, instead of the flesh that was supposed to be there. Opening her eyes, she gasped and began to jump back or trying to. Instead, she likely flopped

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

backwards over another. "I HAVE A HOOF!?" She shrieked. "WHY DO I HAVE A **HOOF!**? **WHY AM I PURPLE!?**"

Acrobaatics: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 - yeah call it eight=9

//did you make a pic for her?

//not yet. doing so now. as soon as the music is over.

//also, i take it she's not able to pull off the canterlock voice, but it'd be funny if she could.

[http://i1069.photobucket.com/albums/u470/Varcolac13/ponyWithBackground1\\_zps1e2895ea.png](http://i1069.photobucket.com/albums/u470/Varcolac13/ponyWithBackground1_zps1e2895ea.png)

Michelle groggily opened her eyes, "Oww, my head, what were we hit with? I can still see stars..." She stood up to see a strange sight, ponies, three of them, but unlike any she had ever seen. She tried to stand up and quickly fell over in the process, that was her first good look at her hooves. "What? Hooves!?", She thought to herself. But that was less surprising than realizing she was completely turquoise. Or the purplish-blue hair, or was it mane? She didn't feel that was as pressing an issue though.

//brb going out for a bit

is this too out there for pony pic:

<http://i49.photobucket.com/albums/f299/mew777/TideprancerMichelle.png>

//mew hates nudity, doesn't he?

//eh I can remove the outfit if you want

Edward slowly opens his unfocused eyes with a groan, "...Did a truck hit the exhibit?" He moans, closing his eyes for a moment before opening them again. This time they were more focused and he could make out strange figures. It was around here that his hearing kicked in and he could hear one of them freaking out, "What the...?" He wanted to curse, but he felt more like stretching first, so he does. As he stretched slowly on the ground, he learns that his body seems to be intact, also his hands seems to have been replaced with stubs and bronze... shoes I guess covering them, "Okay... either someone stole my hands or something crazier is happen...ing...?" The signal coming from two stretched limbs finally registered in his brain and they came from his shoulder blades. He dared to look and sees an outstretched wing that was a shade of blue. He quickly looks at the ground that is under him and he feels the wings shut close quickly. He proceeds to mumble out profanity infused questions to Fate as he wonders where his group went to and what the hell was happening.

Grey was still unconscious.

Jasmine started hyperventilating and spazzing out, flailing her hooves all over the place. They had to be some kind of costume or something! She looked at her hair, long, and wavy like before, yes but now this weird green colour!? She chomped down and tried pulling it off, which of course only succeeded in pulling on her own hair, or a similar feeling.

Michelle tried to stay calm but the rush of stimulus made it hard to focus on any one particular problem. She instead ran around joining the purple unicorn in this acid dream, well not that close



## EQUESTRIA TALES;

and allowances given to his sore limbs, he sat up and rubbed at his eyes. "Oh, naasa... What sort of light show was that?"

Michelle by now tried to calm down, but she herself was getting increasingly concerned about the whole being a turquoise pony, the purple unicorn rushing around didn't help. She really had no idea what to do though she had already ran out of air trying to scream and settled for deep breaths and hoping she'd wake up from this crazy dream.

//fixed !!

Jasmine meanwhile froze completely still. Someone would get help for her. Someone would call an ambulance, get her out of here. Get the head wound treated... She just had to stay calm and positive. She took a deep breath to steady herself. She wasn't wearing a costume... it was the head trauma. It had to be.

"Okay, okay... what's with all... the.... ye-lling?" Grey stared blanky at the horses making human like sounds. Actually, ponies of unnatural colours. He slowly stood. "Whaaa..?"

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $12+3$  12:42 AM

"Oh I don't know," Jasmine said, faking being calm. "How about the fact that I have a tree branch or something stuck IN MY BRAIN AND IT'S CAUSING ME TO HALLUCINATE!?"

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $5+7=12$

"Wait... Aw, man. That light show sent you on a trip, ol'boy. That horse sounds like Jasmine..." Grey said to himself, laughing it off and slapping his forehead. Well, would have, except that he hit the unexpected horn that now called it home with a solid cllop of dense keratinous hoof on keratinous horn. "Ah... ah... ah..?" Now that he was literally hit on the head with it, he realized the things he'd overlooked. He had fur... and hooves... "HOLY HANNAH! I'M NAKED!" Aside from that revelation... three horses... in this weird place... Three friends?

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $19+2$  [*Insight*]

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $18+3$  [*stability*]

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $14+4$  [*notice*]

"What..wait...what...what...Jazmine? You're in this crazy dream too?", Michelle asked her girlfriend, "My mind must being going...am I insane? And just what are you now, she turned to the gray looking pony."

Insight: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17+1 = 18$  Insight

...Yup, Ed was right, that purple unicorn pony thing is Jazmine... well, sounds like her, which usually means the same thing. He wanted to try to say something to her again, but that other unicorn decided to flip out about being naked... oh, on that note, "Oh, wonderful. I have four hooves, two wings, AND I'm naked, this day is officially insane..." He takes a deep breath, [i]'Just relax, there has to be a reason why everyone is some sort of pestal coloured pony...[/i] "at least there better be otherwise call me insane..." he mumbles to himself.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4573504/> insight 18

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"How do you think I feel, I'm the color of crayola over here.", Michelle said attempting to get the purple and blue mane, wait mane out of her way.

Grey couldn't quite keep balance on two hooves (hooves... hell in a handbasket...) and toppled over. He tapped at the horn a few more times, then stopped when it was starting to hint at causing a headache. "Um... hi? I'm Grey... a... talking horse... with a horn? Nice to meet you? This is insane..."

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7+3 [*Timber*]

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15+3 [*stability*]

"I'm Turquoise, a talking pony, and probably just drugged right now or something.", Michelle said tentatively.

"...I'm just going to say it, I am Edward Harris who was somehow turned into..." He looks at himself again, "...a pegasus pony or something. Please send help." Edward finishes this off with a facepalm (facehoof?) and promptly toppled over, "Ack!... oh whatever." He clearly doesn't look amused about this.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4573512/> 8

"Um... you okay there?" Grey asked the pegasus when he knocked himself over. "Still, I'm going to go on a hunch here... Magic. Last I remember I was in a museum looking at some ancient artifacts. Legendary. Stuff happened... Glowing type stuff. Museum vandalism type glowing floating stuff. Then..." he waved a hoof vague in the air...

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20+2 [*insight*]

"All things considered? about as okay as I can be at the moment, thanks for asking..." Edward replies, not sure if he should bother attempting to stand up for now.

"Good... so... Eddy? Jas? And Micch?" Grey tried, pointing to the others in the room. "Object lesson in mocking the validity of ancient magic artifacts? Which might have gone... through there?" he pointed at the hole in the roof.

//Nat 20 grants expositional skills.

"Michelle yeah, and you think that's why I'm drugged up having some kinda crazy dream?", she countered.

"This is a dream... I'm hallucinating. Just got to stay calm... Look guys, can you go find an ambulance or something before this tree branch in my head does anymore damage to my brain? Please!?"

"Magic, not drugs. Dreams tend to be a bit more..." Grey shakely got to his four feet and tried to work out the feat of working the new feet to walk a few feet, "disorienting." And that was too many feet for one thought. "Next time... **don't** mock the ancient artifact... kay? And maybe find a mirror..."

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16+3 [*acrobatics*]

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"I personally would love to help find her a mirror so she stops yelling, or yell about something else, but... legs." Edward says with a sigh. Whelp! Laying down all the time is going to suck, so lets try the legs again! He carefully attempts to stand up, I mean, how hard can it honestly be?

"Okay, this leg goes here and th-" He lets out a small gasp and hits the floor again, "...Nope. Bah." Its offical, this day sucks.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4573514/> acrobats 11

//I guess the dc is 10?

//15 with the pens. Easier to just up the DC than apply the pens.

"Come one, Ed, we can't be- AHK!" Grey yelled as he too stumbled and fell, his legs collapsing under him and his chin bouncing on the stone floor. "Ow... Nevermind," he muttered.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 1:45 AM

"Um...Jaz, that's a horn I think...um...", Michelle said as she did her best to move around on all fours. So far so good, what was this...could Grey be right...could this be magic?

**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 +8 = 24

Jasmine just laughed. "I'm hallucinating. Cause you guys looks like horses and stuff."

"Um... yeah," Grey sighed. *Put one foot, in front of the other... and soon you'll be walking out the door...* He sang that silly song from that old clay puppet christmas special and got back on his horse legs. Also; he ignored Jasmine. "Not sure what being turned into horses does... though... I guess I'm a unicorn... having a horn?" What did unicorns do now... sense virgins? Huh... let's not try that, actually.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15+3

"Not that it'd work on me..." Jasmine muttered. "Michelle? Can you call an ambulance or something? Please?"

"I dunno if I even have my phone, Jaz.", Michelle said.

<http://youtu.be/jcr6ZZDnLHY>

Edward ended up falling again and he groans in mild pain, "Speaking of smartphones, where is our stuff again?" Having enough of this, he jumps to his hooves in frustration... and actually nailed the landing! "Okay! I'm bloody standing again! Now if I can just walk..."

**Fenix S4** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 + 2

It took a bit of effort, but Grey got back to his feet and slowly, carefully walked around (take ten) on trembling legs. "This is ridiculous..." he muttered to himself. He did start looking around though, and work on getting used to the furry grey muzzle that stretched out in his immediate line of sight, and the grey horn that sat just at the topmost range of said same scope. "I don't think there's much use sticking around here really, it's a wreck. We might as well look other places... Yeah, what're these?"

**ἀπάθεια** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6 10:23 AM

**ἀπάθεια** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18+3 acro

**ἀπάθεια** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13+3 Search

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

The these in question were two sets of bags, each a pair with a wide strap between them. One in silver and grey, the other in blue and purple.

Eddy looks at the strange looking bags, "...Oh, goodie. Our stuff were apparently 'converted' too." Frankly he had no idea what the electronics and multi-tool would even look like, but he's going to need to get over there and search them to figure it out. So, he slowly walks, keeping in mind to watch how his legs are moving and trying to see what feels right. Thankfully he seems to be getting it so far, "Heh, maybe we'll get lucky and my phone still works, and I'm somehow able to use it. That way I can take a pic of Jasmine and show her that she's about as fine as the rest of us." With that, assuming these bags are easy to open, he looks in the blue one by using one hoof to open it and then carefully looking inside it, "Good news! I found my stuff! Bad news? I just remembered how impossible it'd be to operate a cell phone with hooves."

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4575101/> acro: 21

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4575106/> (Ill leave this here) Search: 20

[he finds all his stuff. Unchanged though the bag is]

//unchanged stuff? Whelp. \*Impatiently waits since he probably did enough for 1 turn.\*

"Wait...where's my bag...I had my handbag with me at the museum....", Michelle asked.  
//your sheet says otherwise. Sucks for you :p

Ed was carefully nudging his cellphone to an easier to access spot in the bag, "Its likely one of these bags, at least whatever did this to us had the courtesy to modify our bags..." When he was able to, he lays on his side (knowing that getting up might suck) and fiddles with it until he got the screensaver to appear on screen. Everything on it looks right, so if he was somehow able to draw the Unlocking Symbol with the 9 dots then he could technically be able to use the phone, although there was one glaring problem with that, okay two; besides hooves keeping him from effectively using this, he has no signal whatsoever, not even roaming, "Yeah that figures... Hey guys? Remember when Grey said it's probably magic that is screwing with us? I haz no signal, and the fact that the GPS icon has a red X through it isn't a good sign either." Considering that his phone gets his gps via the great metal objects in space (satellites), that is indeed a bad sign. Also his phone is smart and it turned off its screen after five seconds, so he scoots it back into the bag.

//lips!

"And here I thought having a smart phone would mean not getting lost thanks to maps," Grey muttered. He poked and prodded the other bag. Then flipped it open. Well, his books were there. And his computer. That was something. He idly mused on typing with hooves as he got the back closed again. "I don't supposed we can find a high place to get some bearing from?"

Edward shoots a wing (and himself) into the sky as if it was a hand and he was that one kid in class that really wanted to answer the question, "I can fly and oh shi-!" He then remembers about as soon as it took for him to grace the stone floor with his face that if he COULD fly right here right now, then he wouldn't be having walking problems, or kissing the floor for that matter. The wing slowly falls down with him and he speaks with a voice muffled by the stone floor, "Nevermind..."

# EQUESTRIA TALES;

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4582314/> 5 (ouch)

"Yeahhhh.... let's not do that," Grey said, face hooving. Hard. He swore, staggered and dropped to his haunches. Yep. He had haunches now.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6 (ouch...)

"Who is the jerk that did this to us without giving us innate knowledge on how to walk?" Edward asks as he slowly moves from faceplant to sitting awkwardly, "I want to file a complaint..."

Jasmine meanwhile still kept perfectly still, terrified about the branch in her brain. It took all she had to not move.

Edward sighs at Jasmine and made an attempt to get up again. If he could stay on his hooves for five seconds then he can snap her out of it... at least that was his plan until a flash of knowledge hits his noggin and suddenly his legs seem to understand how they are supposed to move. He makes a few test steps followed by a very short trot. Everything still felt 'off' to him, yet somehow he wasn't tripping over the slightest mistake, "How in the..." He stands there with a very dumbfounded look on his face. He eventually remembers that he wanted to file a complaint with the guy who turned them into ponies and, with nowhere better to direct what he is going to say, he looks above him with a nervous smile, "uhh, Thanks!"

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4587157/> Nat 20! You stumble on the secret of eternal youth. Well, equine locomotion. You'll still be clumpy, but no more checks for you. Also; cutie mark in arcobatics. Will develop later, but cutie mark in some acrobatics related (much like how Grey's gettign his mark in something story telling [illusions] related from his nat 20 cha check.)

Grey made his way over to Jasmine, contemplated his options, then bit her horn and yanked on it.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12 1:11 AM

Jasmine shrieked in the expected pain although when none came, she stopped and reached up, tapping her horn again. "Ummmm... Wait... this is real?"

Grey spat off to the side and made all the sounds of disgust and distaste. "Augh... it was like biting a power cord," he complained.

"HEY, Stop that.", Michelle protested.

Unsteadily, Jasmine tried getting to her feet.... Hooves. She was starting to feel light headed. Acrobatics: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17+2=19$

"Good. Stairs next. Step in time," Grey said, turning (clumsily) and heading for them. "Um... felines are left side, right side... ungulates are... left fore, right hind, right fore, left hind..." he muttered.

"Wait what? No! We should wait here! Someone's bound to come for us! museum security and all that! If we leave, they can't find us!" Jasmine protested.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"Left fore, right hind..." Grey looked back. "Well, if you want to stay here in the dark, dank scary room, more power to ya," he called over his shoulder (... horses had shoulders, right?). "Um... Ed... could you help me with my bag? I'm... I don't think I can get it on myself."

Edward soon snaps out of his moment of wtf is going on and looks at the bags, "uhh, alright." He walks over to the bags again and, with some hesitation, risks using one of his hooves to examine one of the bags to see how they're supposed to work.

[There is a sturfy strap between the two bags, probably to rest on the back, and two smaller straps at the bottom, likely to clasp at the underbelly to hold the bags in place]

Grey, still going his mantra, stumbled over to Edward and tripped at the last minute. He sighed with frustration. "I hate having four legs..."

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2 1:41 AM

"I'm still wondering how I'm suddenly not having this problem... H-here." Figuring that he might as well go all in with his newfound knowledge on moving around, he attempts to help Grey back up.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4587226/> Aid success. +2 to Grey's acrobatics

"Wee... I'm still going with magic," Grey said, carefully and uncertainly getting up again. He was always bad with physical activities...

**ἰπάθεια** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4+3+2

Succeeding with no real difficulty as far as personally staying upright is concerned, Edward picks up the bags with Grey's colours, "I got nothing better, so I'm inclined to agree... I hope you dont have anything fragile in this." He, after looking them over again, proceeds to put the straps and therefore the other bag over Grey's back, "These look similar to my backpack back when we were human, so if you can stand still for a second..." He looks under Grey and carefully grabs the first set of smaller straps, "Just need to connect these and another set." He proceeds to do just that. Might take a bit though, hooves.

//mind: please let this be PG...

//mwuhahaha

When Ed got the bag on and all clipped up, Grey had the most bemused expression on his face. His head tilted to the side ever so slightly. "That... was the most..." Lacking fingers, Ed resorted to clumsy hooves and.... "Never mind," Grey said quickly. He was already naked and suddenly a unicorn. And unicorns could sennnn- ATATATATATATA! No thinking about that! At all! Nope. Nada. "Need a hand with your bags? Er... hoof?"

Making very sure his eyes didn't accidentally wonder around and kill ignorance and innocence with one stone, Ed gets the bags secured and, after hearing Grey trip on his words here and there, stays there doing nothing for a few seconds before escaping the potential danger of Grey falling on top of him with a small smirk, "Is big Greyscale thinking what I think he's thinking? Oh my~" His smirk got bigger as he leans closer and says, "Later~" before trotting away to his bags as he suppresses a laugh with a few snickers. This wasn't the types of jokes he normally

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

engage in, but this was far too easy to NOT poke fun at, "I think I got my bags, don't worry." Sitting on his haunches, he slowly pulls a bag to the other side of himself so they're both on his back and proceeds to connect the straps. He made sure his wings were over them of course, he didn't want to risk injuring them.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4587969/> bluff: 22

Fun fact: ponies can, and apparently do, blush. Chrony that. Bad thoughts, bad thoughts, who's got the bad thought-icide? He could really use some right now. And Oh God they were all naked... don't look at the flank, think about... the plot of that book you just started reading. That plot...

"Ummm... All right, I guess me and Michelle will stay here." Jasmine said. "Once museum security comes to find us, we'll tell them where you went... or something." She said.

"I second that plan...but ya know...it's dangerous to go alone...", Michelle said, though reluctantly stayed with Jasmine.

"Whatever floats your boat you two..." Grey said, totally not thinking about what the two girl horses(... mares?) would get up to, or if they would find bags they needed to strap on, and if lips were more nimble than hooves. Good lord he needed to get out more... He shook his head vigorously. Remember the plot. "Um... what was I saying... right! You two have fun... doing... whatever. Pretty sure the museum doesn't have a place looking like this, and I visited often. Or a horsificator, for that matter. Survival 101. Find out where you are."

"He's right about that Jasmine...we don't know if we are even still on the same planet.", Michelle said to Jasmine.

"If she starts freaking out, you can bite her horn. It worked last time," Grey suggested helpfully. "Actually... lick it. Biting it hurts."

"Only because I thought there was a branch stuck in my brain and when I didn't feel anything, this crazy situation finally sank in." Jasmine countered.

"I'll keep that in mind Grey, and really, it's a horn...like a unicorn you know...", Michelle said to Jasmine.

"Good point... But given that they're better with walking, we should let them go ahead while we learn how to walk." Jasmine said to Michelle.

Edward laughs and had to pause with getting his bags on when Grey's face turned red, also, pony or not, the whole 'blushing' thing still works, which just makes the lolz even better! He found it a little sad that he was capable of such bad jokes, but he didn't care at the moment. ...Joking madness aside, he gets the other set of straps into place and starts walking, "I'm with Grey on this one, something about this place doesn't feel right."

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"Don't worry about us," Grey said, waying a hoof, the action almost causing him to fall again, but he managed to catch himself. "We'll be fine. And don't panic if you hear high pitched screams. It would probably just be me. Same if you hear evil laughter."

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 10:43 PM

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12 reflex

"We should go before we end up never leaving," Grey said, motioning to Edward with his head. Since he need all four feet (four feet...) to walk. He himself headed towards the stairs. "Stairs... I suspect you and I will be swift enemies..." Turns out he was wrong and he had no issues with them. Chrony that.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18 11:04 PM

"Yeah." Seriously, Ed has high expectations that this wasn't their world, or at least not anywhere where a signal and gps can get to. He trots over to Grey, putting his ability to walk to the back of his mind lest he thinks too hard on it. When Grey started to use the stairs though, he was worried, "Uhh, wait shouldn't I go fir... okay, nevermind." Looks like Grey had no real issues with them, fancy that. He shrugs and follows after, feeling both worried and very interested as to where they are.

The Girls, The Girls (Girls don't wander when lost. Unless they are bimbos)-----

Aside from the fading clopping of hooves on the stairs, and the sound of their breathing, it was quiet down there.

Lifting her hoof to her face, Jasmine shuddered. "Why... How did this even happen?" She asked Michelle.

"Spinning artifacts, shiny magical light show, LSD, crazy ancient magic...take your pick, I have no clue.", Michelle said.

"I just hope this is some kind of crazy hallucination." Jasmine said. "Still... I suppose-- Nope. Nope. Not thinking out that." She said shaking her head.

"Not thinking about it doesn't make it go away sadly...", Michelle said.

"It really helps though. Otherwise there's too much to deal with." Jasmine said and tapped her horn experimentally. "So... What do I do with this thing...?" She muttered, wondering how it worked or if it was just there for decoration.

"I rightly don't know, what am I to do...I'm a turquoise pony, and what is this purple hair...mane...what...oh this is all too wierd.", Michelle commented, "As for your erhm...horn...I dunno...try not to worry too much though..."

"Meanwhile I'm bright purple..." Jasmine shuddered, feeling another BSOD comming on.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"Bright purple with a horn, kinda puts my plight into perspective...how are you feeling health wise...despite being a pony I feel oddly fine"

"I... I don't even know." Jasmine said. "Beyond feeling like I might black out again."

"But physically are you well, is the horn bothering you?", Michelle asked, as she struggled to stand upright, failing that she attempted to figure out quadrupedal locomotion.

"Well... no. But it;s like a whole new body part. I can feel it, but how do I control it?" Jasmine asked timidly.

"I don't know, it's attached to your head, so I guess you roll your neck, and turn your head to aim the darned thing.", Michelle said

Jasmine slowly stood up, her knees quivering slightly as she got to her feet... Hooves.

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $14 + 2 = 16$

"I'm not used to it either...but I'm slowly getting the hang of it...why does it feel more real than a dream?", Michelle sighed, "Come we shouldn't just stand around I think..."

"But what about museam security? Shouldn't they be coming soon? They won't be able to find us if we move too far away!" Jasmine protested. "Besides, we don't know which way the boys went. We should stay here since they know where to find us."

"That's a fair point...though we should at least stay safe, no more trying to paw at that horn...and for now let's just try and get used to whatever turned us into ponies.", Michelle said.

"Fair enough, but I don't think we should move from here unless absolutly necessary. Food, water, stuff like that." Jasmine said. "Still, I suppose we could look around the immediate area. Just make sure to mark where it is we came from.

"Alright...well I guess that's as much as we can do...hooves feel kinda strange...but walking feels oddly natural.", Michelle said.

//atatata. Have you not noticed the rampant dice rolling? The point is it doesn't feel natural. The conversion from human to pony didn't come with an innate morphic relation field. You should know by now transformations arranged by me are far from convenient.

//Alas, I have to agree with Grey; this isn't natural feeling if we need to roll dice just to freaking walk slowly.

"Lucky you." Jasmine said. "I'm just getting used to this." She lifted her front left hoof to take a step only to lose her balance and fall onto her side. She yelped in pain as her flank landed on a rather sharp rock.

They sat in silence for a while, then the sounds of a pipe organ rippled through the room. The stairs rumbled, then was cut off by a column of stone slamming down from the ceiling. On the otherside of the room, and with the grinding of stone on stone, a portion of the wall swung

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

upwards into a recess, revealing a narrow passage. Oddly enough, there was just a hint of a distant girly scream before the stairs were cut off.

//Read this you two, this is important :P

Jasmine nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard the pipe organ blasting. She hunkered down to the ground, trembling. "What the hell was that?" With the scream, she bit the inside of her lip. "That must have been Grey" Jasmine said. "Think we should go help him?"

"I'm not sure...figure we might as well...whoah...", Michelle fell over...That was the last time she attempted to walk on two feet with this form.She struggled to her feet. Well four feet, so far this was strange but more stable. "But yeah...we should go find him."

Balance: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $5 + 8 = 13$  [unsteady steps but progress!]

Jasmine yelped as she fell once again, nearly tripping on another rock. "Whao! Oww!" She yelped. "I'm going to twist something at this rate..."

Balance: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $7+2=9$

"We should probably go see what that was...", Michelle said. Michelle did her best to walk alongside Jasmine.

Jasmine continued attempting to walk, though continued failing miserably. "This is really going to suck..." She muttered. "I can't even move! Go ahead. This will take a while and Grey needs your help if that shriek was any indication."

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $7+2$  [*flailing about on the ground, unable to get back up.*]

Michelle felt like she was somehow acclimating to the strange anatomy she found herself in. The years of flailing around to learn proper form for underwater ballet and swimming might have had something to do with it. She was at least getting used to walking on all fours.

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $20 + 8$  acrobatics

~~[at the moment, she's the worse walker since someone has been neglecting to make her cheeks.]~~[Never mind. \*stabs chatzy\* Imperialistic power monger...]

The first sign that things were getting even worse was when dampness seeped into Jasmine's fur. The second sign was when the silence of the room was suddenly disturbed by the sound of running water. The third? When the dampness turned into a rapidly spreading puddle of water.

Jasmine attempted getting up again, better than the first time, but not by a lot. "Woo... Stuck in a damp room, helplessness as a baby. This is going to get a whole lot worse before getting better." Through some wiggling, she was able to position herself so the water would hopefully drip into her mouth.

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $11 + 2$  [clumsy, but upright! Huzzah!]  
(Oh wow, she's on her hooves. I am genuinely surprised.)

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

[The water is running out of holes at ground level. And it's rapidly starting to flood the room. Only an inch or so deep, but...]

As soon as Jasmine attempted to take another step, she fell flat on her face with a splash. Something popped and she let out a shrill scream of pain as one of her hooves became dislocated. **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 1

"What did you do!", Michelle called as she clambored to and fro to attempt to find an exit. Search: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $4 + 3 = 7$   
Balance: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $4 + 8 = 12$   
[somehow, she misses the passage on the wall opposite of where the original stairs were. Somehow.]

The water level continued to rise in the room, and was now about a foot deep. If only someone had noticed the narrow passage that had opened. If only.

"I think I sprained my ankle..." Jasmine muttered. "Look, just find the boys, have them carry me or something. It'll be faster than me re-learning how to walk."  
**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $10 + 2$

Trying again, Jasmine got to her hooves and slowly started trying to learn how to walk. "Great! Let's go. Feel free to bite my tail and drag me if I can't get over there. Or something..."  
**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17 + 2$  [Look at you. You can hobble]

Notice for Passage: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17 + 2$   
[look. A narrow (and dark) passageway!]

"I think there might be a way out of here.", Michelle said to Jasmine. Michelle lightly bit Jasmine while she attempted to drag Jasmine out of the flooding room. "Can you walk?", she asked Jasmine.

"Not really..." She replied, putting only slight pressure on her left back hoof, the one she sprained with the horrible fall.

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $14 + 2 = 16$

"Here I'll support you.", Michelle said and she did her best to exit via the narrow passage with Jasmine beside her.

Balance: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $13 + 8 = 21$

Jasmine was able to make her way to the exit surprisingly well, which surprised even her what with her run of bad luck lately.

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $13 + 2 = 15$

The dark slash on the stone wall was just the start of a long passageway. One in pretty much total darkness, no lights, nothing welcoming about it at all. Except for the fact that the water was flowing into it instead of out of it. And the inch or two of water in it was far better than the foot and more in the room proper. And it didn't quite seem to want to stop.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

Michelle dragged Jasmine behind her as she made her way further down the passageway.

Jasmine put some more effort into moving through the passage. "Come on! Was being turned into talking horses punishment enough for whatever we did!?" she yelled to no one in particular. **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $11 + 2$

The echoing yell made it hard to concentrate. "Don't yell Jasmine, it's hard enough to move on all fours without my ears ringing."

[roll: insight, notice or physical science]

Notice: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $10 + 3 = 13$

Notice: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $4 + 2 = 6$

The brave girls plunged into the darkness, fleeing the water that sought to be their end. And plunge into darkness they did. They walked right into a wall. Ouch. The poor wall... Also; the water is pooling. Like knee level. And was still flowing in from the direction they came. Have fun. You did pack swimsuits, right?

"Owww..." Jasmine muttered. "Seriously, this place just wants to hurt us." She still kept her weight off her bad leg, starting to cry a little from the pain.

It's pitch black. You can feel the water around your hooves and legs, steadily rising, your ears are filled with the sound of it pouring down into the section you are in. You know the path is behind you, and solid way ahead. Maybe you should look (or feel) around.

Michelle began feeling around and looking around maybe there was light somewhere or some sign that they could use to get out.

Search(Tactile):**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $18 + 3 = 21$  [Oh My! What's this? There are slots in the wall! Like crude rungs cut into the stone! Perhaps a strong nimble thing could traverse it, her plot and tail waving and expo- wait... no, not that kind of story.

\*Ahem\* Perhaps a strong and nimble pony could manage to climb it before the flood waters rise!

Notice(Visual and Auditory): **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17 + 2 = 19$

[You see darkness. Lovely darkness. You hear the water rushing into, singing the song of it's people. It's people want you to join in. If only ponies could sing underwater...]

"Hey Jasmine, I think I found something. There seems to be climbable rungs in the wall on this side.", Michelle said and climbed onto it as best as her hooves could move.

Climb: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $19 + 1 = 20$

Michelle stopped climbing and tried to help Jasmine up.

"Goodfinewhatever!" Jasmine yelled quickly and reached up with her mouth, trying to reach out with something. At best, she tried biting the hoof.

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $15$

//Roll toughness Mew.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

Toughness: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17 + 2 = 19$  Lucky. I mean, Michelle's hooves were tough enough not to be badly damaged by... wait... it's dark as hell. How did she even find that hoof? She missed!

Anyway, Michelle managed to make some progress up the wall, but Jasmine was just splashing about in the rising water. I think she's having fun, actually.

"Help!" Jasmine yelled out, unable to see anything at all.

"Where are you?", Michelle asked, "Try to swim to where I am...follow the sound of my voice."

//could Jasmine take 20 on flailing about until she grabs michelle's hoof.

//if you want to.

The sound of rushing water quickly dashed those plans.

//can I do some sort of aid other action?

Surrounded by splashing water and flowing water, that was about chest height now, just so you know, Jasmine would likely have a hard time doing that. Look on the bright side though. It could be worse. There might have been snakes.

Jasmine was able to find where Michelle was, blindly groping ahead, hoping to find something.

Notice hearing: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17 + 3$  [*Jasmine hears Michelle above her somewhere, though the rush of water makes it a bit tricky, but only hits wall as she gropes ahead of her. poor wall. It might need a lawyer. And an adult.*]

Michelle climbed down a little to try and help out Jasmine, she reached out where Jasmine was last. Maybe

//roll for it. It's pitch black, remember.

//Notice?//Search.

Search: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $9 + 2 = 11$

"Where are you!?" Jasmine cried out.

There was a very blunt answer to her soulful cry. Very blunt. As in ponies falling from the sky blunt. Missing her hoofhold, Michelle toppled back down unto Jasmine, knocking them both into the water. By now, the water was over their head level and quickly rising.

[roll toughness, both of you]

Toughness Michelle: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $2 + 2 = 4$  Stunned and bruised.

**Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $11 + 1 = 12$  Bruised. (of course.)

"Oww!" Jasmine cried out, putting all her effort into just trying to keep her head above the water.

Swim: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $7 + 4 = 11$

The two fillies, (or would they be mares?) slowly got caught up in the strong flow of the water as it continued it's relentless surge into the tunnel and up whatever shaft it appeared to deadend into.

# EQUESTRIA TALES;

**If only someone was destined to be a good swimmer**, to find peace and solace even in this tumultuous tide. But fate doesn't seem to be with the girls this night. Could this be the end? Is this where our story ends? Find out next time on ET: Two Wet Girls Skinny Dipping!

Michelle was caught up in the current when she recovered from stunned, but was able to tread water and then this developed into a variant of frogstyle but with hooves. She did what she could to try and find Jasmine, keep Jasmine from being swept away by the current. Dragging Jasmine along, Michelle manage to follow the flow.

//hmm seeing as it's her power do I still need to roll swimming?

Swim: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $12 + 10 = 22$

2.5 mph swim speed + the swim check to swim in rough waters

[Please Place Cutie Mark Spending Here~]

//huh, did the cutie mark appear yet?

## **Aqua Pony...**

Gain: Task focus on one skill related to your cutie mark

Task Focus(Perform Water Ballet) + 2

Gain: +2 to two peripheral (related) skills

+2 Swim

+2 Perform Dance

Gain: 2pp to spend on something mark related.

1 Rank Swim 2.5mph swim speed 1pt

Feature: Underwater Adaptation 1 pt

[Yay!]

//yay? Michelle can breathe underwater... underwater adaptation covers literally everything

//not everything, just that basic water doesn't affect her negatively. Increased difficulty situations (storm waters, strong currents and such) still do. Just like how strong winds affects land dwellers.

//so water breathing will cost more?

//ye. Adaption covers movement pens, baseline temp and such.

Just when all hope seemed lost, Michelle found the will (she found it. All on her own. It totally wasn't shoved in her face by extra dimensional observers at all) and grabbed Jasmine (these two seem to want to date, don't they? I can never be sure when it comes to these two...) and followed the flow of water. Up and up they went, until they reached the top; a solid, unrelenting barrier!

//unless you wanted it to be Jasmine grabbing Jasmine. In which case, Ohhhh my.

//out of relief michelle would probably kiss her at least

That really wasn't, actually. It was just a wooden well cover that was easily knocked away by the water. Gasping for air, giddy with relief, the two fillies (mares? I seriously don't know) clung to the lip of the well. What they didn't expect was a familiar voice.

The Wet Fillies: **Castle of the Two Sisters [Water Course]: PASSED!** (Somehow...)

"Oi... where did you two come from?" Grey called over from where he was laying down, only a dozen or so feet away. "What took you so long?"

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

Jasmine repressed an angry snark comment. Or was it a swear first? Either way, she was grateful for the air and light. She'd tell him off later. She was soaking wet, but alive and that was all that was important.

[Down below! Woot!]

=====

Climbing, Climbing (Dudes go look around. Is this sexism?)-----

It was... bizarre how self conscious having a new body made you. Aside from counting every step he took, to make sure he didn't fall again, and each step he climbed, he was also distracted by the fact that his only article of clothing was a pair of bags. And there was another guy climbing behind him. He didn't even know what his ass looked like now. And-ATATATATA. Nope. Not going there again. Remember the plot. Anywho... right. Climbing stairs. Upwards, ever upwards. Like progress. Eventually, they got to the top, and it pretty much screamed 'not in kansas anymore.'

You could tell from all the pictures you would have seen, or movies and shows, but it looked like an old castle hallway. Stone walls and floors, formerly fancy looking pillars and arches, well well worn tapestries still on the walls. And spiderwebs. Lots and lots of spiderwebs. Lordy. You could even see glittering clusters that might be eyes here and there.

The wind was slightly chill, and it was dark, night time. Grey looked back at Ed. "Um... it was afternoon when we went to the exhibit, yes? Around lunch?"

Ed was having his own problems as he kept himself from looking straight ahead, aka: at Grey. He really didn't need the mental images of that to go with the sexual jokes he made a moment ago because if he did he'd probably have his equine head greet the nearest wall to clear the horrible thoughts that were related to all four of them being naked.

Glad to have made it past the staircase, he stood there shocked at what they were looking at, "...Whelp, this is clearly nowhere near the museum." Upon hearing the question of what time it was before this madness, he thinks for a few moments, "It... was close to lunch, the exhibit we were in was going to be followed by it... before this happened." There's stars out now. They were knocked out for awhile...

"I won't have minded being wrong, just this once," Grey whimpered. On the other hand (hoof?) that outlandish idea of his was the only thing really keeping him from freaking out at the moment, so he decided to stick to it. He looked both ways, and picked the left, since it ended closer to them than the right did, and ran... er... cantered? Galloped? Screw it. Ran in that direction. He would sort out the equestrian terms later.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $10+3$

"This is messed up." Edward said in agreement. He lets out a sigh and tasks a few of his mental processes to shoving depressing thoughts into the closet as they attempt to come through. He knew he needed to get outside and check for a gps signal, yet he had mixed feelings both about

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

whether he is able to track his position or not. His wings hang low as he stared at the old castle, but suddenly Grey took off to the left, "Huh? Hey wait a moment!" He really didn't feel like being split up anymore then they already were in a dark old castle so he trots after Grey while refolding his wings. He wasn't sure how well they'll fly, if at all, but he didn't want to cause any damage to them. As Ed moves after Grey he look special care to look around, making sure they weren't missing anything that could be important.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4588155/> notice roll, 19.

There really were a lot of spiders in those rafters/corners. And they watched you pass. Outside the forest looked rather foreboding, and had a generous amount of spooky mists to it's name.

Oh goodie, lots of spiders. Well they weren't invading his home so he leaves them be, they were clearly here first anyways. The outside is what worried him. The mists were just... unsettling. He makes a move for his bag, but stops; he can reach it and probably its contents, but how the heck was he going to check his phone with one hoof attempting to hold it? "Darn it, I probably can't play my music either..." He sighs and continues on, catching up to Grey after a few more moments, "Alright, what's interesting over here?"

"Well, I found a large room," Grey declared grandly. "It is quite an impressive room. But still just a room." A long and extremely worn and old carpet led to a series of steps that ended at a dias, were two thrones sat, gold and deep blue. Calling them anything less would be tacky. It was a bit odd that they were more like throne couches than chairs, but looking around the room explained why.

First off, there was a tapestry hanging over each one; matching the colour of the thrones, the gold one with a sun, the deep blue one with a crescent moon. Other tapestries across the room, all old but looking as if they were restored recently, depicted... stylized horses, some with wings or horns, some without, and two with both.

"Indeed it is." Ed said in reply to Grey's description of the room. As he looks around though, the world slowly becomes clear to him, or at least, why else would everything in a throne room look the way it is? "Okay, the thrones must be related to the sun and moon, either this place used to worship the 'big orbs in the sky', or there used to be actual Gods in this place..." He trots up to the thrones and compared them to himself, while bigger, they were defiantly designed for an equine... maybe a horse? His mind continued to form an opinion on where they are as he examines the room from this angle, he soon notices something interesting about the tapestries as he looks at them again, "Huh... someone might have been here already, look at the tapestries." he gestures to them. The two tapestries that has both wings and a horn were especially interesting since there's only one for each colour, there must be something special about winged unicorns here.

"Lots of human societies worshiped the sun and moon, or at least had major deities related to them," Grey said slowly, taking in the room, his eyes darting from one thing to another. "Ra... sun disks, goddess of the night..."

Edward nods as he admits something, "True... the equine stuff was throwing me off for some reason." Actually, the reason was the skin they were wearing now.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

Moving carefully, Grey checked the corners of the room, supporting himself against the wall with his forelegs, sniffing and trying to reach the dangling end of the closest tapestry. "It's way cleaner too," he commented. "I've seen buildings left alone for a few years. This one feels ancient, but looks like someone's been keeping it clear."

ὄρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12 [enough passes to not need more rolls at this point. Still awkward and clumsy though.]

"Maybe we'll get lucky and whoever it is happens to be coming back soon and is friendly." Edward says with a hint of worry as he explores the room some more. He didn't dare leave the room since he didn't feel like getting lost here.

A sudden cold wind swept through the room, and the sounds of a pipe organ filled the air.

Ever the manly man, er.... stallionly stallion, Grey did what came naturally to every brave testosterone born hero. He yelled like crazy and galloped over and clung to Edward.

If it wasn't for Grey, Edward would've likely went quiet, looked around quickly, and hide in whatever counts as a hiding spot in this room, all with eyes the size of dinner plates (if they weren't before this). But Grey had other ideas and it involved charging at him, what transpired was a scene straight out of Scooby Do; Edward was somehow able to stand on his hindlegs when Grey leapt at him and now has a Grey clinging to him in such a way that it was hard not to hold him in his forelegs; Edward was effectively Shaggy Rogers now, yay... As much as he wanted to complain about this, there was something more important to worry about, "Why is there a pipe organ playing?!"

//rolling acro just in case: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4610172/> 18 + 3

//Also if you'd rather I react differently (kinda did this one for the lolz), then I have a plan B.

"Because something very, very bad is going to happen?" Grey suggested. He looked around the room nervously. Pipe Organ music was never a good thing. Ever. Not in video games, movies, tv shows or books. Tended to mark very bad things, actually. "So... shall we take this as a very subtle 'please leave' before things get more... direct?"

Edward looks nervously at Grey, "Normally I don't believe in that stuff, but considering the fact that we are freaking ponies now, I think it'd be wise to figure out if there is a nearby town and head straight for it." Getting tired of reenacting a scene from an old cartoon, he places Grey back on his hooves, "Hopefully the other two figured out how to walk by now."

"If not, they are gonna to have to graduate right to running," Grey said, trying his hardest not to barrel headlong down the passage. Aside from his lack of confidence in his locomotive skills at that pace, one did not just run headlong into the unknown. No, that was dangerous and made for horror show cliches. Like running into traps. And murderers. And murderers lurking in traps.

Edward, having played a horror game where you're stuck in a castle with nothing but your wits, tinderboxes and a lantern, was taking this just well enough to walk after Grey while keeping his ears open and his head on a swivel. The last thing he wanted was some butt ugly monster

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

suddenly running after them and he isn't sure where the nearest closet to hide in is located. Wait, would that even work here?

Hooves clopped down the stone hallway for the while, echoing, the glowing eyes in the ceiling watching them. "Say, Ed," Grey asked, his tone deceptively casual. "Shouldn't we be at the stairs by now? I'm pretty sure we passed where we came up. I'm wrong, right? Please tell me I'm wrong."

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *17+2 Insight*

Being a collage student whose major involves numbers and engineering type stuff. He turns around and looks at both the wall over there and the surroundings between them and that wall, his head bobbing gently and slightly tilted as he does so. After he got his estimate down, he looks at the wall the stairs going down should've been and he looks ahead a little bit just in case he was off, "Uhhh...Those stairs should've been around here, maybe a bit back over there." he says this as he looks back at the direction they came from, "This isn't good. Either my math is completely wrong, or the stairs are gone." GREAT! This castle has evil tricks up its sleeves, wonderful! <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4634677/> 25 physical sciences, rough estimate of where the stairway leading into the room the two girls are should be.

That's when the spiders came. Oh god the spiders... Like rain summoned by a malicious creature of unimaginable evil. No, not Discord. He's not malicious. Just a colossal jerk. But back to the spiders. Dozens of them, ranging in size from golf balls to soccer balls to smaller beach balls. Now, that alone is already far, *far* too big for anyone who's not a creepy arachnophiliac, and probably even for them, but when you were a pony under four feet tall...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Grey was having a horrible day. He was allowed to indulge in his previously suppressed flighty and girly side. Shame on you for thinking ill of him for his high pitched screams. Only high pitched screams could truly express the horror of giant spiders falling like the the men in that very strange eighties music video. Besides, one landed on his horn.

Ed usually did not mind the occasional spider. Even if there's a lot of them it'd be simple to step on them and be done with it. But when the room is suddenly filled with the spiders that are now infesting the floor of this room (a couple of which landed on him as well), Edward did what any self respecting fearless adventurer would do in this situation and said one simple word, "NOPE!!" He then promptly ran as fast as his four legs can carry him, screaming. Yup, perfectly fearless, it was just a tactical retreat, honest... He wasn't sure if Grey was following though, he hoped he was.

"GETITOFFGETITOFFGETITOFFGETITOFF!" Grey panicked, flailing wildly, trying to dislodge the spider that apparently had a blue ribbon in the rodeo. When it finally got hurled free (with a high pitched 'Yippiee!') Grey bolted like a scared horse. Straight ahead, the opposite direction that Ed headed. Remember what he thought earlier about horror movie cliches?

[In the Throne Room]\*Ed\*-----

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

Ed found himself in familiar terrain; in the room with the tapestries and the royal couches (where one could sprawl in the manner of royalty). Now... what next? By the way, the spiders might be following you.

//oh of course they might be...

When Ed got to the Throne Room, he finally risked a glance behind him. When he didn't notice any clear threat after him, he slows down to a trot. It took him a bit, but he noticed a lack of Grey, "...Ah crap, we didn't run in the same direction." Whelp! This is bad. He walks towards and sits in a random throne (the moon) to think and catch his breath. He could try and find him, but it might be better to stay here since a throne room is a good landmark for the ruins they were in. But what if the spiders caught him? Are the girls okay? What if he's thinking about this too hard? "...This sucks."

Oddly enough, Ed might have picked the safest place to be. But chance was against him and the couch he was on flipped, tossing him out of the castle and leaving him stranded on the narrow ledge outside it. Look, an ominous dragon statue, all snarking and baring tooth and claw, is to your left. Another on the far right. Might be a good time to test out those shiny new wings.

"ACK!" Edward was suddenly outside and looking down a ledge. His muscles seized up and he very carefully backs away until his back met the wall. He lets out a sigh just before he notices the statue, which caused him to jump slightly, "Oh great, a dragon statue scared me, yay... huh, there's another one over there." He gives the other statue a second of his time before trying to figure a way out of this mess. Eventually, he shakes his head as the feeling of dread attempts to take hold of him, "...I need to fly out of this, dont I?"

(I'm going to need more popcorn~)

//Screw you, you're asking me to do something that this world has an entire school built for XD

//Try gliding. It's falling with your arms, er, wings stretched out.

\*The words of woody ring in your ears: Falling, with style.\*

//yay, someone who remembers some of the older movies I watched when I was a kid :P

Ed lets out the air he was holding for a moment and felt like hitting himself at what he was about to do. He opens up his wings and gives them a few test flaps before jumping off the ledge with his wings spread out, attempting this thing called 'flying'. Hopefully he's one of the birds who can fly before it hits the ground. He had a good feeling about this though, so he should be fine. Fenix rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11 + Pilot = 14

//jump, ye? Sorry I interrupted you xD

//nah, I interrupted you. I somehow thought you were done. You finish up. I'll do a narrator flourish.

It was beautiful. He took a leap of faith, and fate caught him up in her loving embrace, holding him close to her generous and firm bosom... \*slap\* Er, right. The wind caught in his wings and held him aloft, and for a moment, all his worries were gone. It was just him, the air, and the freedom of flight. Until he remembered he didn't exactly know how to fly and he was just falling dramatically and prettily, and for all the grace and gentleness of his descent, the ground was

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

approaching. Hold on now... is that Grey in the courtyard? Landing ho! Now... exactly how does that work?

HOLY &@\$\$% he was actually flying! Needless to say he was quite happy about this... until he remembered he wasn't actually flapping his wings, "Okay, so I'm gliding, that works too, it is still awesome!" After a small moment, he notices Grey, and then noticed how close he was to hitting the ground, he was going to need to land and that was when reality slapped him in the face, "oh.... crap. INCOMING!"

**Fenix** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $7 + 5 = 12$

Not the best landing. Far from it. Well, not that far. He did bounce and wind up on his face though.

[In the Hall of Hooves]\*Grey\*-----

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! Ahhhhhh!!!! Ahhhhhh?" Grey said, his blind terror slowly turning into regular terror, tail between his legs as he tried to make sense of where he was. On the bright side; it was lit with torches. On the down side; said torches were held in what looked like stuffed pony legs. On the other down side... "Who lit these torches? 0.0"

Carefully, Grey plucked one from it's holder with his mouth, since he didn't have hands and didn't trust them not to go out on him. Fun fact; ancient wood tasted horrible. Trotting nervously, he made his way down the hall. At one point, he hit a pressure plate, but nothing happened as far as he could tell.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 9:32 PM

He was getting lost, but picked a direction and went with it. The hall of hooves ended at a regular hallways, one thankfully free of giant spiders, leading to a spiral staircase. Following that, he ended up in what seemed like a main area, with decor similar to the throne room.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19

Gratefully, he spat out the torch, the light spilling in from outside through the large broken windows enough. "Ed? Were'd you get to?" he called out, wandering. "Eddy? Eddy-ed-edision?"

"Edward Cullen..? Damn, that normally gets to him," Grey muttered. Now it was a hall filled with strange suits of armour. All clearly designed for the type of equine he now had the misfortune to be. Hoofsteps in empty halls were foreboding.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15

It seemed like the evil castle, complete with it's own evil pipe organ, decided it liked Grey, because he found himself out in the main courtyard with no real challenges. He did spot a library though one of the doorways.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15

"I guess I was just over reacting with the spiders... this place isn't actually that bad," Grey said to himself, plopping himself down on his haunches.. "Just a tad creepy, but hardly dangerous. I wonder were the others are..."

# EQUESTRIA TALES;

Grey Tale **Castle of the Two Sisters [Scenic Route]** PASSED! New Record! \*confetti\*

*[When we all, get together, what a day of rejoicing that will be!~]-----*

Grey had been waiting in the admittedly creepy courtyard for a while. A couple minutes at least. He had seen a lot. Giant spiders. A hall of pony armour. Equisuite tapestries. A throne room. Weird halls. A giant spiral staircase. All the while to creepy pipe organ music. In the end, he found a relatively sheltered spot and lay down, taking a while a figure out how the new body was most comfortable, and waited.

He ran a couple scenarios through his head. He didn't expect the girls to come popping out of the well not all that far to his right. Once his initial shock passed, he called out to them. "Oi... where did you two come from? What took you so long?"

Jasmine repressed an angry snark comment. Or was it a swear first? Either way, she was grateful for the air and light. She'd tell him off later. She was soaking wet, but alive and that was all that was important. Instead, she settled for a: "Shut up." between gasps for air.

"Um... okay?" Grey said, an ear twitching as he got up and ambled over. He looked at them for a moment, wondering why they decided to try swimming in the well. "Need a hand?" he offered, extending a limb. He looked at it. "Er... hoof?"

Jasmine shook her head. "Fine like this. Just gimme a minute." She panted.

Out of sheer relief and exhaustion, Michelle kissed Jasmine for a moment before releasing her. "Oh...you err..I..",Michelle stammered, her blush revealing more than she wanted. She stood up, well about as much as a drenched pony could. But even the water felt nice.

"Sorry Jasmine....", Michelle said sheepishly as she clambored out of the well.

Somewhere in the sky, a voice is heard. It sounded like the distressed voice of a friend you all know, "INCOMING!!"

Edward: **Castle of the Two Sisters [Upper View]**: Passed! Slowly...

//shush, I simply completely forgotten about the cutie mark thingy. :p

Grey, unfortunately, was distracted by something else and missed the kiss. On the other hand, what he was distracted by was a blue pony falling from the sky. "Oh Crap! Dodge!" he yelled, scampering out of the way of the pegasus coming in for a rough landing.

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13+3

Edward did his best to land, honest. But of course that didn't mean much when his hooves hit the ground. At first it looked like he landed with the grace of a plane, but then one of his hooves hit something and he trips, bounces on the ground a few times and his face meets the ground. Hi ground. He lets out a groan before falling onto his side, "owie..."

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

Jasmine lifted a hoof to her face. "Shush..." She said, wanting to just sleep until she had some energy back.

"Whoah who are you? And furthermore...you?", Michelle asked the two fillies.

//That is just sad Mew :p

//sowwy, imminent watery death does funny things to the mind

//fair enough I suppose

"That's Grey... and Edward. The two boys we sent off to die." Jasmine said, not caring about her words. "Let's all sleep now. And shut up."

"I suppose we could, but are we sleeping now? Eh still feels real.", Michelle said.

Jasmine didn't answer, closing her eyes and going to sleep.

"You okay, Eddie?" Grey asked. "Wait... when did you get a tattoo on your ass? We were only separated for about ten minutes! They do tattoos here? Who in the world comes here for tattoos!?"

Edward, unlike Jasmine, forces himself into a sitting position and rubs his head. Well he's alive at least... wait, what about a tattoo? "Either my ears are still ringing or you said something about a tattoo..."

"Whoah, really? When did you get that? Edd?", Michelle asked, happy that she could still walk and talk.

Grey poked Edward's flank. "Seriously... how did you do that? Is that a lightning bolt?"

Edward attempted to ignore them while rubbing his head until he was poked, "oi!" Looking slightly annoyed, he finally examines what everyone was talking about... yep, that was a lightning bolt, and its on his butt, also said tattoo wasn't there before, "...Can someone please explain to me why there's a freaking tattoo on my... oh right, you guys wanted me to answer that."

"I've just been sitting here waiting for you guys..." Grey started, shrugging and looking around, spotting Michelle's ass tat. "Okay... seriously... is there a tattoo parlour in this place or something? I mean, you too?"

"Wait what? What Tatoo on my...what??", Michelle exclaimed.

"Great, this bloody castle is haunted by the ghost of 'the legendary tattoo artist', woow..." Edward said, idly waving a hoof. Seriously, he doesn't even do tattoos, why is this lightning bolt suddenly here?

"One problem after another...I don't even like tattoo's much, How did this happen.", Michelle sighed. She would have to hide the tattoo now. How embarrassing.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"How do you get tattoos on your butts without noticing?" Grey deadpanned.

"How the duck should I know!", Michelle deadpanned.

"How does a human get turned into a pony and thrown into a ruined castle, let alone four?" Edward counter-deadpanned.

"Magic," Grey responded. "Did you happen to see a town while you were crashing?"

"Then that's probably how mine appeared, not sure about Michelle." Edward said simply, "And... no actually." He facepalms (hoofs?), "I really should've looked around when I was up there, but that was the first time I've been in the air before... sorry?" He smiles nervously.

"It was probably magic...how else do you explain how I can swim as a pony...pony's were never built for watersport."

"Horses can swim, you know," Grey commented blandly. "There's a whole tourist thing in Jamaica where you ride the horses then swim across a bay with them. Moose swim too. Epic swimmers, moose. One swam to Denmark from Norway. Pretty sure goats swim as well. Anyway; shame on you Edward. Go back up there and look again."

"But ponies...and definitely not the frogstyle I was improvising...their legs don't usually bend that way.", Michelle said.

"But I'm not even sure how I got up there! One moment I was sitting down catching my breath and the next I was on a narrow ledge." Now that Edward had said it, he was even more thankful that he has wings. Thank you wings, I must figure out how to take care of you cause you deserve it.

//Wings: don't mention it! We were saving our asses too!

"Anatomy, not magic. Ponies don't talk either," Grey pointed out as he looked around. A few things popped out at him. "This place is strange... that looks like a path though," Grey said, pointing to the rope bridge and the trail that lead away from it and into the forest. He couldn't really guess at the rocks or if it was natural or not, but the trees looked normal enough, if creepy. He was using that word too much. And no, not normal, actually. They were bizzare. Still...

"A path like that wouldn't just lead to someplace random," Grey said. "Even abandoned, this was still a castle. People had to come and go. It likely either goes to a town, or to a road that does."

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *19+4 Navigate*

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *3+2 earth science*

**Greykit** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *9+4 life sciences*

"You want to go to a town....now?", Michelle asked.

## EQUESTRIA TALES;

"You can stay here in the creepy abandoned castle with it's pipe organ sound track, horror movie cliches, giant spiders and apparently a ghost of a serial tattooist and molestor, going by his penchance for tattooing asses. Meanwhile, I'll be looking for a town, where they might be answers." Grey said rolling his eyes, shifting his saddlebags. It was somewhat cree-- distressing how comfortable they were.

"This place looked like it was made for ponies, and maybe by ponies, so hopefully it's a pony town." Going through a strange forest at night might not be the best advice, but it was far better than the alternative; hanging around this place, that already proved to be less than welcoming.

"Can we at least wait till Jasmine wakes up?", Michelle said to the boys.

"Hang around the haunted ruined castle some more?" Grey asked blandly, looking at Jasmine. He looked for a rock to kick at her. Finding none in han- hoof's reach, he just kicked her on the flank. Relatively lightly.

"I don't see how a creepy dark forest is anymore appealing then a creepy dark ruined castle to be honest." Edward said blandly as he checked his stuff before readjusting the bags back up straight, taking note on how natural they felt.

Jasmine grumped awake and glared at Grey. "Do you mind? Me and Michelle here almost DROWNED in there! I think we can afford a break!"

"And something played a pipe organ, and dropped *waaaay* too many spiders on me and Ed, somehow sealed off the stairs we took, lit a creepy hallway of stuffed hooves holding torches and apparently tattooed Ed and Michelle's ass," Grey listed out. He started trying to count on his fingers, but hooves lacked those useful appendages, so he settled for bobbing it. "Haunted castles are not places to spend nights."

"And when did you almost drown?" Grey added after a pause.

"Did you not see us come out of the well there? Jasmine said, still very tired.

"Welp, you have fun staying in the crazy place that wants to drown you," Grey said unkindly. "How did you end up in a well, anyway?"

"We swam." Jasmine said, throughly unamused. "But fine. Let's get moving."

"I was ready to get moving but I had to wait for Jasmine to wake up.", Michelle said.

Muttering something incoherent even to herself, Jasmine got back up to her her hooves. "All right, let's get going." She said.

Edward removes the last star out of the group that was circling his head and follows with a slight groan.