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- >Be me, experiencing the first overwhelming moments of existence.
- >The air is cold and humid.
- >The ground is wet and sticky.
- >My hooves ache as though I've been walking for miles.
- >I have no recollection of walking at all.
- >Everything hurts...
- >I open my eyes and try to figure out where I am.
- >Something tells me gnarly trees hanging around me with no leaves and ragged bark is a bad sign.
- >I struggle to my sore hooves, and pant for breath.
- >My muscles shake with effort, like they can't hold my body weight.
- >I nearly slip on the muddy ground, but I hold myself steady by spreading my wings.
- >I call instinctively upon my magic, and the area around me illuminates with light purple light.
- >I am an alicorn, and something tells me that's not... good? Somehow.
- >I tuck my wings to my sides and steadily walk through the clearing. There's no lights besides from my horn.
- >The sky is overcast, there is no moon and no stars to guide me.
- >I am alone. So very alone...
- >I pick a direction and walk, hoping that it'll be towards civilization... Others like me.
- >It isn't long before I see a distant warm light.
- >I use a burst of speed to gallop towards the lights, but I slip after only a few hoofbeats.
- >I land on the mud and cry out as I land on a wing awkwardly.
- >Gods, I hope I didn't just break it!
- >I hiss with pain and begin to cry pitifully.
- >Something told me I shouldn't cry.
- >I cry for a while, before a strange creaking sound perks my ears.
- >"Hello?"
- >A soft voice calls out, and I rasp wearily,
Here... Help...
- >I sniffle and rest my head on a hoof as the warm light brightens.
- >A butter yellow pegasus mare with a luxurious long pink mane and tail emerges, and she gasps at the sight of me.
- >My gut feeling regarding being an alicorn turned out to be correct, but the other pony does not run.
- >The pegasus walks up to me shyly and looks at my injured wing.
- >"Oh, you poor filly! Can you stand?"
- >Filly? Am I a filly to her? Something deep within me wants to berate and shout over such a name, but I don't want to! She seems so nice!
- "M-Maybe..."
- >I try to stand to my hooves, and mostly succeed.
- >She talks, but I don't quite listen. She asks for a name, but I cannot bring myself to speak.
- >My injured wing hangs limply off of my side and brushes along the mud as she escorts me into

her quaint cottage.

>It's... so warm. My eyes feel heavy as she grabs a towel and begins to dry my dark periwinkle mane.

>I lay upon her couch at her signal, closing my eyes slowly over the course of minutes.

>By time she's beginning to set my wing, I lose consciousness entirely...

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