A1 - P3

 Days and nights passed, and you had learned the soldier’s routines, but they made up for their repetition with their security…
 You couldn’t escape, no matter what cunning tactics you tried, and it was driving you up a Gods-forsaken wall.
 Ponies were despicable beings, but at least they kept you fed and provided water. However, comforts were another thing entirely.
 It was only their so-called decency that they did not inflict injury, but you were sure they only held back because of their beloved Princesses.
 You knew it, you saw it in every glance and every hesitant hoofstep around your cage. These ponies hated you with every fiber of their being… All because of what Chrysalis had done.
 Gods, what did she think? She probably thought you were dead.
 Nobody was coming after you. It’d been a week, and nothing. A tear threatened to fall when you realized, your Mother was probably glad to be rid of you.
 “Useless grub”, “obnoxious little rat”, among other such insults crossed your mind. You realized as well, that Chrysalis had never had a loving word of praise or pride for you. She didn’t love you. How could she?
 You lowered your head and wept.

 They had loaded you into the cart when you heard it.
 “We’re a few miles from Canterlot. When we get there, stay in formation… The nobles want this to be perfect.”
 “Why? S’not like them nobility types will be ‘round to see our catch o’ the century! They’s scared of the beasties.”
 “Celestia’s orders, Private. She insists we handle this ceremonially, so that’s what we’ll be doing.”
 You sneered. Celestia was a name you’d recognized from one of Chrysalis’s many rants. The chief Princess of the Triarchy, Alicorn of the Sun itself.
 You kept listening, but nothing else the military dogs had said was of any interest to you. So you watched as the thick, shadowy trees of what they called the “Everfree” thinned out.
 Plains with tall grasses passed by, then you saw it. A large mountain that touched the clouds, with a large elegant city stationed on the side the natural spire. Gold, purple and blinding white marble composed it.
 You had heard stories from Chrysalis, but you never imagined you’d see it yourself.
 Canterlot, capital of Equestria.
 And you were headed right there, probably to be executed by these cruel and selfish creatures…
 Lovely.

Revision #1
Created 2024-04-26 00:12:34 UTC by oblivvys
Updated 2024-04-26 00:13:03 UTC by oblivvys