

"Are you ready, miss Toss?" shouted Spitefire who wore her medal adorned captains' uniform with her campaign hat and sunglasses.

An brown-orange earth pony with a darker brown-red mane looked over the thick rectangular metal bar that held her body pressed against what she felt was the cold metal of the cogwheel behind her.

She checked so that her goggles sat tight against her skull.

With a determined look, she nodded.

"Yes, ma'am."

Spitefire made a motion like karate chop into the air with her hoof but slower.

The large spiral patterned surface that was the dizzytron's wheel came to life by the push of a button. Operating the machine was another examiner pegasus. The lever for the wheel's spinning speed was slowly but surely reaching its maximum position.

On the surface of the dizzytron's surface where that earth pony that were held in place between the metal bar and the cogwheel. In a circular motion spun she on the dizzytron's wheel about the center. Meanwhile, she was spun around in place by the cogwheel in the opposite direction.

She kept her eyes open even if the what she saw made her sick to her stomach. Orders had been given to her about not closing them no matter what. This was part of her training after all.

Looking straight ahead was a weird experience though. In the beginning she had been able to know when she was upside down and when she was not by simply using what was in her field of vision as reference points. Now, when she spun so fast she couldn't determine whether she was up side down or not by either reference points or by the feeling of gravity.

As she wasn't any longer so focused nor clear in her head from all the dizziness she wasn't to sure about it or maybe it was because she simply couldn't comprehend what she saw before she was watching something new but she began to think that the world around her blurred together into one image.

11-01

A knot began to build in her stomach. She felt it traveling slowly up her throat. It was swallowed down as fast as it came up.

Through clenched teeth, she breathed in air.

Drowsiness swept over her but the nausea she felt kept her awake for now.

She was about to lose consciousness when she heard a high-pitched voice say: "Release!"

She was catapulted out of the dizzytron into the air. Her trajectory was so that she would begin to free fall beside the cliff. The cliff was the same cliff that the wonderbolts academy was built on.

However, at the moment she wasn't beside the cliff. She had yet to begin descending. She was still ascending through the air with an angle.

Blinking a few times, she realized her situation.

She took control over her body stopped the spinning motion she had had from being flung away by the dizzytron.

She looked at the direction at where she was going.

At that moment she felt how she became weightless, the feeling of air on her skin and the sound flying past her ears became nonexistent. She was in the apex of her airborne track and now she would start to fall downwards.

Which was what she saw when she looked ahead; The ground.

"Parachute! Dropped!" Spitefire's voice sounded again.

Comet saw it. They threw the bag containing the parachute off as far off away from the cliff as possible.

Comet locked-on on the bag falling to the ground beneath her.

She tucked her limbs into her body and became aerodynamic like a bullet after it.

The difference between her weightless and silent position in the apex was now replaced by falling and the powerful sound of wind blowing past her ears.

She was closing in on the bag but also the ground.

The ground was she not too worried about. The bag would have been caught and the parachute put on by then. It was a little cloud on the way down, which she could barely see from here, that worried her. It was the target she was suppose to land on not the ground.

A team of three wonderbolts would be down on it to see how she managed and would also be there in case she would fail. That way if she, for example, didn't reach the parachute, they would catch her in the air and stop her fall.

It looked like she would make it no problem though. Since she started almost immediately there wouldn't be much of a room for drama here. Maybe if she screwed up putting it on.

She was pressing her limbs to her body to the best of her ability and now she no longer also moving sideways when she was falling, now she was just falling straight down head-first. She would soon need to move away from her aerodynamic and vertical position to a more horizontal one to break her speed since she didn't want to pass the parachute either.

11-02

It was a hard trick to reduce her speed slowly. Pegasi who had been doing it since birth always made it look easy. There were many difficult moments about it that needed to be performed well. If she did it incorrectly, she could either end up breaking too fast, not enough or start going in another direction.

11-03

Good thing she knew how to do it otherwise this would be a pain in the ass. She had got the hang of it from hard training here at the academy.

But thanks to her training the weeks prior she now getting the hang of it.

She pushed all her four hooves out from her body and at the same time transitioned from her dive to a more sideways dive. This caused her to move a bit to the side but she knew she would in advance therefore she had come about the bag from an angle.

Finally, the straps on the backpack parachute bag reached her hooves. The bag was dragged in the air and slowly put on the earth pony. It was finicky but she managed to strap it to her.

A flat cloud with a large red "X" drawn on it was visible and near to the sky-diver.

Comet pulled the string that released the parachute.

In a moment she was hoisted up in the air even though she was still falling. As the parachute developed, went from looking like a scrambled ball of paper into red bent line concealing the hands of the puppet master holding on to the strings to the earth pony puppet.

She aimed well and landed on the X's intersection. Two wonderbolts flanked her and by pushing themselves against her they held her aloft even though there was nothing to stand on for an earth pony here.

The wonderbolt to her right was pegasi and she yelled.

"You did it. Awesome!"

Realization hit her.

"[b]Yes!/[b] I did! Ahh!" She shouted.

She punched the air, she had tears in the corners of her eyes beneath the goggles and the wonderbolt cheered her on.

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She dried herself with a her towel. Scrubbing it against herself, she by happenstance saw that she had left puddles of water from her hooves when she left the female wonderbolt showers. This made her increase her tempo. When she had dried herself up, she tossed the towel on the floor and dragged it around with her hoof. The towel caught the water of the puddles. She then walk as close as she could to a nearby drain in the shower area and twisted the towel to empty its contents.

As she opened her current locker and got out her training bag. Spitefire and Fleetfoot exited the showers with each a towel draped over their shoulders.

Comet, who had removed her own puddles because she didn't want to be a bad guest, felt a bit silly when the two wonderbolts crossed the lockerroom to get to her.

"Heya, Comet. That was some sick moves for a earth pony. Who taught you those?" Fleetfoot said as she winked with her eye.

Comet rolled her eyes and got a 20 of 20 in "Really?".

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The wonderbolts chuckled.

"I am serious though. You have really improved since you got here. Not many ordinary pegasi can withstand that amount of g-force and land safely afterward," Fleetfoot said.

"Yeah, when it becomes official, Fleetfoot here will probably brag about it to everypony," said Spitfire while she punched Fleetfoot lightly on the shoulder.

"Hehe, you know me. I am all about educating ponies about historical events," said Fleetfoot as she winked with one of her eyes.

A red color rose from beneath Comet's skin to the surface as she swayed her body where she stood like she needed to use the bathroom. With her hoof, she rejected their words like they were physical objects slowly flying towards her like a cat claws a toy.

"Oh, stop it. It ain't that big of a deal,"

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Taking the bait the winged mares burst out in unison.

"Not a big deal?"

"You might be the first pony ever to walk on the moon. I call that a mighty big deal," Spitfire added.

While Comet answered the flaming pony, haphazardly throw her things down into her bag and zipped it shut.

"It is not decided yet. I am just a recruit. They might go for somepony else," Comet said.

Standing on her back legs and drying her mane with the white towel in her front hooves like her mane was itchy, Fleetfoot looked laid back.

"Well if they don't go for you then they are stupid. If you only been a pegasus, I would have gone and demanded it that you would be recruited to the Wonderbolts."

Fleetfoot got a hoof shaken at her for that comment by Spitfire.

"She got a point actually. You certainly got guts like a Wonderbolt. Being slung by the Dizzytorn is quite the scare, which most of our recruits take a long time to gather the courage to pull off. Yet, your first time you just went for it."

The locker door was slammed shut by a kick from Comet's back leg. The duffle bag was put on her back and strapped on in a quick movement.

"Ah, I knew you would catch me. That's all," dismissed Comet.

A dash of hair gel was massaged between two hooves. The gel covered hooves were then dragged through the hair of Spitfire as looked herself in the mirror to see if she made her mane to look cool.

"It ain't risk-free though and I saw you when you landed today. You are an adrenaline junky if I ever saw one," Spitfire turned her gaze towards her when she spoke the last words.

Taking it as a compliment, Comet scratched the back of her head.

She hit the duffle bag strap she had around her neck like a guitar string.

"Well, I got to go. I have a couple of daffodil tendies waiting for me at home. So bye!" Comet said as she raised her hoof to wave the farewell.

"Aww, really. You don't want to hang out with us," said Fleetfoot.

"I thought you guys were practicing later."

"We are. But we could totally work you in our routine. Spits, don't we have some ropes stashed somewhere?" Fleetfoot asked.

Massaging her forehead with her hoof, Spitfire asked.

"Probably. What are you planning this time Fleetfoot?" Spitfire asked with a tired voice.

She knew whatever her idea was. It wasn't good.

"You don't have to sound so glum. This is a great idea. We tie her up in different ropes and then we split into two different teams. We give equal ends of each rope to each team and then we have a tug of war in the air."

Spitfire's head became hidden by her wings. She waved goodbye to Comet.

"Just go," Spitfire said.

Snickering, Comet saluted them before she exited the changing room.

Before the door closed she heard Fleetfoot say.

"What I say?"

As she entered her temporary apartment on the military station, she saw that there was a letter on the welcome rug. She had a mail slot on the door so this had happened from time to time during the time she had been here.

She brought it in with her and immediately sat down to read it on her kitchen counter.

It was from the princess. She was being summoned to Canterlot for an audience.

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To ponies outside of Canterlot, this might be news but to ponies who have lived in Canterlot a while and have an interest in visiting the Princess, they will know that there is only one part of the Castle open on the day. Only on a few special occasions may one see the rest of the castle. One of these special occasions is the yearly grand galloping gala. On that day the whole Castle with, the exception for a few more private rooms, open for the guests. The guest always enters through the main entrance, which also opens up to the hall which is open for the public daily.

To enter this review room one first have to cross a moat that surrounds the castle. These days the moat has a safety fence and in it there is both colorful fish and water flowers.

The mmm only has its chains these days as a form of decoration since it is cemented to the ground on the other side of the moat.

The walls are high around the castle and the honor of standing guard at it is even higher.

Past the walls is a part of the Canterlot garden. One walks on a neatly ordered pavement road of white stone til you reach the large stairway's steps.

It is at this time when one gets closer and closer to the large double doors at the end of the stairs that one truly understand how large the palace is. As you enter the publicly open hallway you, this only becomes more prevalent. High to the ceiling is an understatement. One could fit a large house in between the alleyway of colons in the room.

Square tiles of marble rock line up perfectly with each other. Their edges are lined with gold. The tiles are so ordered that they in fact form crosses with each other edges. In the middle of these crosses, a ruby is placed. You would think that anyway since once can see through parts of it. The reasons why one wouldn't think so is because it is so polished just like the rest of the floor that you couldn't feel and edge between it and the marble tile.

The rest of the room was equally awe-inspiring. Every inch of it was decorated and there were many inches of the place. Pictures hanging on the walls and there were paintings in the ceiling.

Windows that represented different historical happenings and more.

At the end of this hallway was a couple of sofas with a sign stating that they were for visitors. Near these sofas was a desk that a mare sat at. A doorway was in close proximity. It leads to the audience chamber.

Comet rested her rump on a sofa. She felt as if she was mimicking one of the statues she saw in the garden on the way in, in the way that she could not move. If she moved she made a squeaky noise which disturbed the receptionist.

Her eyes flickered to the clock above the door. It told her that being earnest was wrong and she should never do it again.

She had come here forty minutes too early that way she wouldn't risk missing the important, one-in-

a-life-time, meeting with the princess. That had shown itself to be a mistake. She now regretted dearly.

11-16

The grey mare with her mane in a slick black pony-tail was a harsh four-eyed creature. A scowl was etched on her face and everytime her approval stamp approved some papers she always did it like she sunk in a dagger into somepony's flesh.

She didn't like the creaking from the sofa that Comet made when she to rock in her seat. It was one of Comet's bad habits that had stayed with her. It was hard to sit still. Everytimes she began, the receptionist would lift her gaze from her work and glare at her.

Comet had complied just to not make a fuss. It would be embarrassing to have a fight and have the princess walk in on it.

So Comet sat frozen on her spot. The only thing that moved on this live mare thinker statue was her face. Teeth were clenched and visible. The lower lip made way for the lower jaw to be protuded.

Eyes going up into her head.

Seeing the look the receptionist gave her, Comet stopped her grimacing. Comet averted her gaze from her in shame. Her eyes fell on a bundle of newspapers underneath the glass coffee table that was next to the sofa.

She shrugged, grabbed a couple and rested her back; getting comfy.

The first one of the pile she had gotten was a gossip magazine. Comet felt tired just by looking at it. The magazine's pages were browsed through quickly. It more looked like Comet was a dealer and that she was mixing the cards rather than reading.

She blew out making her lips vibrate and sound like a drill. The Magazine was tossed back from whence it came.

The receptionist was mad at her again for making noise but Comet didn't notice.

11-17

She had already her eyes set on ane