

"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 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.

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>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 supposed 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.