



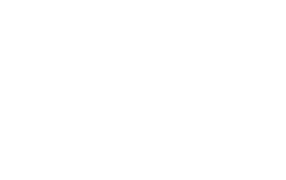
Aryanne Teaches History

A GUEST JUL 11TH, 2020 35 NEVER



Public Pastes

- PowerMonitorClient 4 min ago
- PSDARKP-13-07-202... 5 min ago
- PowerMonitorMaster 7 min ago
- Hadar/Mahav test c... 12 min ago
- Untitled JavaScript | 31 min ago
- lessonone.java Java | 40 min ago
- Group Info Lua | 45 min ago
- TheAPI / GUI #1 Java | 1 hour ago



We use cookies for various purposes including analytics. By continuing to use Pastebin, you agree to our use of cookies as described in the [Cookies Policy](#). [OK](#) [Understand](#)

HELL Not a member of Pastebin yet? [Sign Up](#), it unlocks many cool features!

text 17.97 KB

raw download clone embed report print

```

1 >Off on the horizon, a blazing sun gently crests a hill, bathing the sleepy town of Ponyville in its warm embrace
2 >As the rays of light delicately pierce through the windows of everypony's home, yawns can be heard all around
3 >Soon after, the intoxicating scent of coffee permeates throughout the air, encouraging the denizens of the tiny town from their homes
  and into their daily routines
4 >Fillies and colts follow their parents to school to be dropped off, the pegasi in the sky dot the blue canvas high above with puffy
  white clouds, and the hustle'n'bustle of the marketplace slowly begins to pick up in speed
5 >And in the midst of the daily happenings in Ponyville, a mare panics
6 "Nononononono!"
7 >Darting from a bowl of half-finished pudding to the oven, an alarm blares a hideous whine
8 "BEEP" "BEEP"
9 "I'm com-ING!"
10 >Unfortunately for her, in her haste of preparing the snacks for the day, she slips on a splotch of cream, her rump landing on the
  cold, hard tile with a resounding *THAP*
11 "O-Oooooowwwwwiiiiie..."
12 >Still determined to save the treats, the mare rises, briefly rubbing their exposed heart-shaped cutie-mark before continuing their
  perilous journey and reaching the oven
13 >Upon opening the oven door, a frown starts to form on her face as she bears witness to the charcoal remains of her granpappy's super
  special cookies
14 "Awwww, nein..."
15 >Filled with unrelenting sadness, she drags a hoof across her face in frustration
16 >It could be worse, she could've waited till the last minute to prepare
17 >But a thoughtful mare thinks ahead and prepares early
18 >And thankfully for Aryanne, she is, in fact, a thoughtful mare
19 "Thank goodness I have until noon!"
20 >Undeterred by a minor hiccup, Aryanne removes the sheet from the oven and disposes of the burnt remains of what was supposed to be
  delectable treats
21 >Setting aside the cookie sheet, she swiftly gets to work at preparing the dough, humming a cheerful ditty
22 "Diddididdidum, daddididdidum..."
23 >'I'll have to thank Veronika for sharing that wonderful song!' she thinks to herself
24 >'Maybe I'll pay her a visit and we can have the left overs! Hopefully she doesn't eat everything like last time, I really was looking
  forward to that apple pie...'
25 >Through the mixing of ingredients and rolling the dough into balls with wappy hooves, it isn't long until they're placed on the sheet
  and shoved into the oven
26 >Smiling to herself, she dusts off the flour from her hooves onto her apron, trotting back to the unfinished pudding to complete her
  task
27 >'Speaking of pie, I should check the fridge...'
28 >Over time, the sun climbs higher throughout the day, and when it nearly reaches its peak, the joyful mare finishes drying herself off
  after taking a hot bath
29 >Now a clean Aryanne, she practically hops back into the kitchen beaming with excitement and rapidly packs her saddlebags
30 >From the counter, the cool cookies are slid into a paper bag and thrown along with the apple juice boxes and pudding cups that fly
  from the fridge, all of them somehow landing safely inside the empty bag
31 >Proud of her work, she closes the open flap and slides underneath the straps, standing to feel the weight of not only the special
  goodies, but also a special package
32
33 >Stepping out of her humble abode, Aryanne manages to keep herself from galloping to the Ponyville schoolhouse
34 >Today marks an important day, and she's happy to share in a bit of history
35 >"Morning Aryanne!"
36 "Morning Carrot Top!"
37 >The two mares wave each other on their way, relishing in the other's kindness
38 >'I wonder what they'll ask about the unification?'
39 >'Suddenly, a worrying thought passes through the young mare's mind
40 >'Oh, I hope the wendigos don't scare them!'
41 >'Putting away her anxiety, she continues to waltz her way to the schoolhouse, gradually coming upon the doors
42 "We wanna juice box, a juicy juice box, not your everyday ordinary!"
43 >Singing under her breath to calm her nerves, Aryanne approaches the doors that separate her and her civic duty.
44 >'You can do this Aryanne, you can do this. You've been through tougher things, and this isn't gonna be hard. YOU. CAN. DO. THIS!'
45 >Puffing out a sigh, she takes a final, deep breath and opens the door
46 >'Go time...'
47
48 >Stepping through the threshold of destiny, the brave mare enters the room filled to the brim with bright-eyed, innocent fillies and
  colts
49 >In unison, they all turn their heads away from the teacher to her
50 >'-nd if you look at Equestria long ago, you'd-hello Aryanne!'
51 >Cherilee, now aware of her presence, trots over to her and smiles warmly
52 >'Class, this is our guest speaker for the day. Say hello!'
53 >'A mixture of enthusiastic and unenthusiastic 'hellos', 'hi's' and a singular 'howdy' rings throughout the air
54 'Hi everypony! I have something suuuuuuper special to share!'
55 >Removing her saddlebags, she flips open the flap filled to the brim with treats, a collective cheer echoing off the walls
56 "Come and get it!"
57 >A tidal wave of sugar-hunting predators washes over the desks and chairs of the room, rapidly homing in on their candied delights
58 >'One at a time. One at a time!'
59 >Even though Cherilee yells for order, the tide of excitement ignores her pleas and instead crashes into Aryanne
60 >Savagely, they snatch their respective goodies without mercy and rush back to their seats, their starvation of desserts satiated from
  the sugary tribute
61 >But in the midst of the chaos, three fillies take the time to hug the poor and battered mare
62 >"Thank you Aryanne!"
63 >After personally showing their appreciation, the three young fillies march back to their seats with their treats in tow
64 >As Cherilee shakes her head at the recent mauling, Aryanne steadily rises from the ground, swaying to-and-fro
65 >"Ahen!"
66 >"Thank you Aryanne..."
67 >'Once her eyes cease rolling endlessly from the whiplash, she returns to her saddlebags and flips open the other flap
68 "That's not the-omny feefial fing I hafe ta fare!"
69 >When she raises her head from the inside of the bag, a large, decrepit book rests firmly in her mouth
70 >Ignoring the groans of the children, she saunters over to a podium sitting prominently at the forefront of the class
71
72 >Setting the book down on the podium beaming with pride, a filly frantically waves her leg in the air
73 >"Yes Applebloom!"
74 >"What's that Aryanne?"
75 >Looking up from the aged, cracked leathery cover, she reminisces about how she asked that same question to her old granpappy
76 >And so, she repeats the same words she was told long ago
77 "This old thing! It's a book handed down from generation to generation, and in its pages are the writings from the ponies of our past.
  I've written in it, and one day, the next generation will write in it."
78 >Closing her eyes, she somehow manages to hold back a river of tears and recomposes herself
79 "But what's special about this book is that it was originally a diary from before the unification."
80 >Flipping the cover open and sifting through the many pages lamenting the cold, she finds the first passage to share
81 "And these are his thoughts."
82
83 -----
84 -----
85
86 -Trudging through the snow, I witnessed something peculiar: a lone figure, shrouded in a cloak, lying on a patch of ice. Against my
  better judgment, I approached the thing. Before I was going to throw a pebble, it breathed and I panicked. I didn't hit it,
  thankfully, but the pebble landed on the ice beside it.
87 It didn't react.
88 In hindsight, what I did was stupid, but I had nothing going for me. When I pulled back the fabric, there was no vile creature inside.
  It was a pegasus, and it was a mare. And then, she awoke.
89 I'd love to say I scared her more than she scared me, but I'd be lying. We both panicked and ran in opposite directions.
90
91 -I hate the cold.
92
93 -Found some berries from a lost bag today, lucky me...
94
95 -Today was something, and I don't know where to start...
96 Woke up and it was freezing, as usual, but it was somehow colder. I can't explain it, but as the day progressed, I started to feel
  worse and worse. I thought I was getting sick at the time, but I know better now.
97 When I trotted near a mountain, in the distance I saw a massive cloud of white racing across the grounds of snow. It was a blizzard.
  I galloped to the mountain and was lucky to find myself a cave. Diving inside, it proved to be a good shelter, despite it being very
  dark. As I felt my way deeper inside, I tripped on a small bundle of sticks. It took a while, but I got a fire going in the back of the
  cave.
98
99 But as soon as I got that fire roaring, who would've guessed I'd have a visitor? It was that same figure in the cloak. Neither of us
  wanted to leave with the blizzard outside, and so we circled each other around the blazing inferno. On and on we went.
100
101 Maybe it was loneliness, maybe it was fatigue that made me weak, but I sat and stared at her. Unexpectedly, she did the same.
  Her name is Lily.
102
103 -Blizzards don't last this long, and I'm stuck in the meantime with Lily. I'm glad there's a lot of wood lying around.
104 It's funny, we talk of our lives, our dreams and aspirations, yet we still clutch onto our belongings thinking it will be stolen at a
  moments notice as we sleep.
105
106 -When we awoke, the blizzard was gone, but as soon as we exited the mouth of the cave, we saw another on the horizon. When we went
  back to our spots, Lily swore when she opened her bag. She was out of water. When I opened my bag, I realized I was out of food.
  Never would I have thought that I'd be sharing with a pegasus, but there's a first for everything.
107
108 -Morning came, and when we both left the cave, we left each other. I'll never forget you Lily.
109
110 -----
111 -----
112
113 >"Yes Sweetie Belle?"
114 >"Why didn't they stay together?"
115 >Running a hoof along a foreleg, Aryanne attempts to muster an answer
116 "Ponies back then weren't the... best to each other. It wasn't uncommon for some to be alone."
117 >Having heard what she had to say, Sweetie Belle's eyes droop in sadness
118 "But things are different now, and that's a good thing Sweetie."
119 >Offering a brief smile, she returns back to the large tome
120
121 -----
122 -----
123
124 -More of the same: snow.
125
126 -Running low on everything. If I don't get lucky soon, I'm... stay positive, you'll make it.
127
128 -I knew it would pay off to be positive! Knew it! I'll be set for weeks!
129
130 -I saw Lily again midday, lying on a patch of ice. I called out to her, but she didn't respond. When I pulled back her cloak, she
  seemed more bone than anything, but she was breathing. Somehow woke her up and fed her berries. It doesn't look like she can move much.
  That's fine, I'll carry her if I have to.
131
132 -Of all the snow I've trekked through, no matter how deep it could be, it doesn't compare to carrying Lily. It's laughable how slow I'm
  moving, but I'm not leaving her behind.
133
134 -Couldn't find shelter, and I couldn't get a fire going last night. Only thing we could do was huddle together for warmth. It was...
  nice.
135
136 -Last night, we found a good spot for shelter and made a good fire. Instead of sleeping a part, we kept close. I've never felt warmer
  in my life.
137
138 -Lily felt she could walk on her own today, and although we were slow, we were making ground faster than me carrying her. Good, my
  back's been aching something fierce.
139
140 -Who knew that when you have a party of two, food dries up faster? I didn't, and neither did Lily.
141
142 -I hate to write this as it's probably just nerves, but I feel like we're being watched.
143
144 -Another day passes by, and yet we live. Our stomachs empty and certain weightless. I thought we'd have more time. I thought we'd find
  some food by now, especially since the skies are clear and a certain 'pegasus' can fly.
  Maybe Lily was a mistake.
145
146 -So. Hungry. And cold. Can barely write from the jitters.
147
148 -Four letters. F. O. O. D. Food. Today, we were lucky and found a patch of berry bushes UNPLUCKED! This was more food than we've found
  in a long time! Finally, a full stomach... If it hadn't been for Lily, we wouldn't have found it.
149 I don't wanna think about what would've happened if it wasn't found.
150
151 -I think we've developed a routine: Lily searches from the sky and I on the ground. It's been working out well so far.
  Again, I can't help but feel that something's eyes are piercing into our backs.
152
153 -We woke up to our bags open and some food gone, but nothing else other than small hoof tracks, and when we followed them, it led to
  nothing.
154 Guess my paranoia wasn't unfounded after all.
155
156 -After some hushed arguing, we figured it'd be best to fake being asleep and catch whoever it is in the act.
  Here's to hoping it works.
157
158 -A little filly. A little. Filly. Was stealing our food...
159 The unicorn's name is Breeze, and she lost her parents a while ago. Even though we're already struggling enough as is, we can't abandon
  Breeze.
160
161 -----
162 -----
163
164 >"What happened to Breeze's parents?"
165 >"Scootaloo!"
166 >Before Cherilee has the chance to hear her further, Aryanne raises a hoof
167 "It's ok Cherilee, questions are good!"
168 >Lowering her hoof, a small frown forms on her muzzle as her eyes fill with sadness
169 "I don't know. I wish I could tell you Scoots, but all I know is that Breeze found herself a new family."
170 >All she could offer was a reassuring smile, and when she returned to the tome, she herself remembered asking her granpappy that
  question, too
171 >Aryanne wished she got a different answer, and decided to shield the children's ears from those words
172
173 -----
174 -----
175
176 -No sign of Breeze's parents anywhere. Poor filly.
177
178 -Came close to a group of strangers, and they didn't look friendly. We're lucky we weren't spotted.
179
180 -I know it's strange to say, but it's not as cold as it used to be when I'm around these two. Hearing Breeze giggle while Lily plays
  with her just... I can't describe it. It's amazing.
181
182 -Found some more berries, and we were able to get more from inside of the bush because of Breeze! Also, I noticed something as I
  watched Breeze and Lily: they both eat the same way! Oh, it's so cute! A little nibble here, a little nibble there... how did I not
  notice this before?
183
184 -Today was mostly clear, but the winds are starting to pick up. Something tells me this isn't a good sign...
185
186 -Another blizzard, but we should be fine. We have food. We have warmth. We have each other. Besides, time flies when a hoof attacks a
  filly's snoot and said filly makes a silly face!
187
188 -Even if the winds died down, it wouldn't matter: we're blocked in. Lily and I have been taking turns at shoveling the snow, but it
  just keeps going on and on as we dig a deeper tunnel. What's worse: we're running out of food.
189
190 -Just finished my shift on dig duty. Never knew I could get this sore and-
191 -The tunnel's finished, and it looks bad out there. We leave in the morning.
192
193 -Writing while resting. Need to be quick. Left shelter. No food. Cold. Up forr hours.
194
195 -Will it everrr endd?
196
197 -Breezeee cant walkk. Lilly I change in carry
198
199 -----
200 -----
201
202 >Aryanne closes the book, much to everypony's dismay
203 >"W-what happened next?"
204 >"Yeah!"
205 >Returning the book back to her saddlebag and retrieving an old page, she sits down in front of the fillies and colts before her,
  resting the page on the ground
206 "The pages after that are gone."
207 >Everypony's eyes in the room go wide, including Cherilee's
208 >"What do you mean 'gone'?"
209 >Looking down at the ground, Aryanne rubs a hoof on her foreleg
210 "No one in my family knows what happened, but all that's left of his writings is what he wrote to Lily after they came out of the
  blizzard. This... is what my family and theirs share."
211 >Clearing her throat, she mentally prepares herself for what she must do next
212
213 -----
214 -----
215
216 "In the snow, I found a lily
217 And in the breeze she flew.
218 When things got dark, cold and chilly
219 She flew right back, who knew!"
220
221 A fire started, warm and hot
222 We kept right close, it's true.
223 With food in mind, we trudged and sought
224 And found somepony too.
225
226 We shared, we laughed, we cried and sang
227 After all that's said, all that's done,
228 Somehow we made it through."
229
230 -----
231 -----
232
233 >Finishing up at the Ponyville schoolhouse and waving goodbye, Aryanne trots back home in a good mood
234 >Questions were answered, jokes were laughed at and spooky stories told
235 >When she left, Cherilee hugged her barrel and whispered a small thank you, her ear flickering instinctively from her breath
236 >Now home, Aryanne opens her door only to find lying on her couch a certain Soviet pigging on Aryanne's special pie
237 "VERONIKAI!"
238 >Both startled and unphased, Veronika jumps slightly while continuing to stuff her face full
239 >Her eyes dart to the door to witness Aryanne's pure fury
240 >"Mivyyet Amel!"
241 >"Dragging a hoof across her face, Aryanne groans with contempt
242 "Nika, I told you before-"
243 >"What's mine is yours and yours, mine!"
244 "No, just... please leave me a slice."
245 >Feigning shock, Veronika's expression turns serious
246 >"Only filthy bourgeois would take and not share! Of course I'll leave slice!"
247 >"How about two?" Aryanne playfully adds
248 >"Humm, I don't know. I lean towards nitt, buuuuuuu... since you are comrade, da!"
249 >Removing the saddlebag off her barrel, she flips onto the couch beside her good friend
250 >"What did you do today anyhow?"
251 >"Cherilee asked me to come to the Ponyville schoolhouse to-"
252 >"Did you teach ze fillies and colts zat zey are zez means of production?"
253 >"Knowing the tirade to spill from her mouth, Aryanne brings her hooves to her ears."
254 >"You know ze proletariat."
255 >Minutes pass, and still the rauting persists
256 >With fervor and zeal, Veronika's mouth flips ever faster, her voice rising in pitch and steadily increasing in volume
257 >Unable to take such torment, Aryanne removes her hooves from her ears
258 "Veronika."
259 >"AND VE VILL RISE AGAIN!"
260 "Veronika."
261 "DOAN WITH THE BOURGEOISIE! MAY ZE PROLETARIAT OVERCOME-"
262 "VERONIKAI!"
263 >Performing the ancient art of the forbidden boop, Aryanne promptly silences the enraged comie into blushing profusely
264 "Pie?"
265 >Veronika, in a state of shock, gradually comes to her senses and composes herself
266 >"D-Da. Pie..."
267 >Sitting upon the couch, both Aryanne and Veronika sit beside one another, snacking on a delicious apple pie Applejack delivered to
  Aryanne yesterday as the afternoon fades to evening
268
269 FIN

```

RAW Paste Data

```

>off on the horizon, a blazing sun gently crests a hill, bathing the sleepy town of Ponyville in its warm embrace
>As the rays of light delicately pierce through the windows of everypony's home, yawns can be heard all around
>Soon after, the intoxicating scent of coffee permeates throughout the air, encouraging the denizens of the tiny town from their
  homes and into their daily routines
>Fillies and colts follow their parents to school to be dropped off, the pegasi in the sky dot the blue canvas high above with puffy
  white clouds, and the hustle'n'bustle of the marketplace slowly begins to pick up in speed
>And in the midst of the daily happenings in Ponyville, a mare panics
"Nononononono!"
>Darting from a bowl of half-finished pudding to the oven, an alarm blares a hideous whine
"BEEP" "BEEP"
"I'm com-ING!"
>Unfortunately for her, in her haste of preparing the snacks for the day, she slips on a splotch of cream, her rump landing on the
  cold, hard tile with a resounding *THAP*
"O-Oooooowwwiiiiie..."

```