

Chapter 1

Brionnúchán: Ah, ho ho there! I see that it is so, that you have some how managed your way through into the essence of the great power, that lingers on true. Through a lineage shared down from historic tales, which carries on through the likeness in the art of sorcery of both human and pony alike. Tales walloped about and regurgitated quite trivially, as nothing more than some distorted and disfigured disarrangement. Bent to the advantage of those who came into this world with hands, rather instead of that which would be glorious and magnificent luster engrafted hooves.

But, tally be the hoe! as it is said amongst us ponies. That the record be raised to bare on the truth, that lay unexposed and covered up for so long by the lies and taint of humankind. Above and beyond from the troubling quarries subject to the false account us ponies have suffered for so many tiresome and weary ages. Stricken about, to carry on through, the pounding enigmatic weight of a thousand horny elephants. Which has lingered on through the centuries in the lies told by all men alike. And if you have ever learned anything about the precarious and strange species of the ones observed on to us known as elephants, it would be quite true to say, that the horny are quite a deal heavier than those of the natural state of mind. For there is nothing more spiritually suffocating than a horny elephant. And when that elephant acts up upon the feat of his woes, the weight under both measures can be quite of a great expense to the effect of that, which is considered uniquely immense and powerful.

Such a strife, which ponies have observed in the nerve which humans have grown to take for the sake of their own greed and misguided perseverance for that of a better and swifter virtue. Integrity which can take to hold no form of rationality from the likes of those who seek it. And as it is for the matters of those where integrity is further concerned with, any forcibly contrived sense of existence is nothing more than present in a repressed and weak physical form. Never is it possible, for those who dwell in the shadow of their own respite to exceed beyond the boundaries from the vitality and vigor of their own thought.

Integrity must be sought out from and honed. Like that from the horns of a bull who has become the victim of the Tickle Monster and seeks to get, what he feels to be his own moose knuckles; off using whatever orifice of your body he can make due to be ripe upon. The horns must be accessed to heed him down to a weary halt. Long enough to keep him at bay in order to better make an escape.

Otherwise, the bull will pierce you, whether it be with his horns or his moose knuckles that lay at false before him, for where his legs truly are. Which is what had originally caused him to charge at you in the very first place. Much to the subtle comparison of that which prevails to constructing an entire framework of life and an entire world based around the constant obligation to continue and cover up anything which consists on to be positive. Leaving a cloaked and disguised negativity to squander about as the sole proprietor to the life force. Which fuels the world that now exists inside of the First Realm to a nearly utmost and sole entirety. An entity created in the constant and continuous energy from the requirements that have been called necessary to cover up all that pony kind has done through out the history of their time.

It was long known to be said by Bubbleskotch the Tenfold, whose teachings were long admired by the great sorcerer Mestophicus Aralias Abnomicus Tiffoficus Pinomicus Dramat Avarticus Tomlomolcus Ignatius Travicus Severnus Pignatius Smiticus Provarn Talius Estamus Avicus Tritolimucus Staver Togatiahos Flavicus Dick Stacy Edwards Amicus Avralicus III, who lived well after Bubbleskotch's time. Bubblescotch, known for his discovery of the map that was called the Ten Points of the Soul.

Bubblescotch felt that the map was deputed to be subject to the incorporeal quintessence exclusively to be derived to that of a pony alone. With humans not being pure or perceptive enough to perceive such a place that a map could lead. Though of course, what the Tenfold had wrong was that it was not possible for only just a pony to achieve the uses that this map had. However, just most commonly demonstrated by ponies as it has been through out the ages, through its proper implementation. In that he said, "It is but the plight of a wise one to understand the truth from that who speaks with such illustrious hooves. One must always keep their eyes abroad and open to the causes in both realms at all times. For, in times when doubt and reason come into debate, that it is only in the immaterial essence of a pony to show in the second and even sometimes the first realm, that a shimmering glow will take to light and muster through a presence of a sheer exhibition of moralistic veracity. The hooves drive the heart of our existence and such a heart thrives under the embrace of a good virtue. It is there, in the heart, that the energy will make to gather within a powerful radiance through a glittering light. Which harnesses into the mechanics of that which is also subject to our contrasting confictions for which it has reason for aim and expulsion from the body. Such a force develops from the high potency of purity in the pony's soul. Which ponies do derive to naturally engender from a disposition for knowledge from a startling young age. A drive which is based around the instinctive make up of their genetics and the stature that leaves to their tenure next to the rivaling opposition of the humankind." However, this does not mean that all ponies are perfect and are exempt from the folly of making falsities of their own. It comes down to interpret that when a good pony's hooves become a glow, in either realm; that under the circumstance of any debate what so ever, with either human or pony; that it is the one whose hooves make out to be aglow, is it the one who speaks of the solemn truth. For real hooves or not be it in the case of those who are of humankind.

To the light let it be the judge as it is said. Such is the reason my hooves stand before you here and now. Bright as the left tit of the great goddess Anastesia herself, I dare say to you.

Troubled by their sense of perception, for lack there of any true immaterial being within their own material waters. As it is in the cases that deals of most humans, Bubbleskotch the Tenfold went on to say there into such matters, "The human mind can only ascertain to the likeness of others who were born with the same deformities as its own. Expanding beyond such boundaries for a human of even its own commonly perceived inability; to which they constantly are displaying on a physical basis for a large portion of the time; which is to understand another kind, can often in turn lead to an alienation from those who humans provide to. In other words, that particular human subject that attempts to reach beyond the boundaries. For the lust of power which humans commonly share to have, they often create an environment, which makes it difficult for any kind of internal ethereal essence to develop. For it is, for a soul of any kind to develop, a certain quest for knowledge is absolutely and quintessentially necessary on all levels. Levels which consist to the Four States of knowing. The Physical form, the Metaphysical form, the Astrological form, and the Subconscious form which pertains to the matter that deal with dreams and other various sorts. Many go on to mistake and confuse both the Astrological form and the Subconscious Form to be identical to the Metaphysical form. But, there is certainly most indeed a difference. Without the Astrological form and the Subconscious form, the Metaphysical form would be greatly impaired, but could still exist in a quiet and suffused state. The Astrological form is the state which deals with pursuing to understand what lies beyond the boundaries of the world that we alone live in. A matter which many humans show to lack. Displayed and shown through past instances in cases where humans have attempted to falsify an occurrence which had actually taken place regarding the happenings of a pony in kind. So, in essence, a human can develop a soul, but by the standards which ponies develop internally as ethereal beings, not much is there anything that can truly be accounted for, in regards to the human soul."

Bubbleskotch the Tenfold went on to later comment into specifics on how subject this statement was to humankind. And when it all tallies up to this point in time in where we are at now, the count makes out to be quite at a vast and lengthy number in which it should indeed apply. However, in his time and even others there in the future, there were many exceptions. Otherwise, such a great deal of many stories from the past would not be available here and now for me to tell to you today. As they had actually happened through various different ways and reasons for their telling's.

I suppose I should first start with a brief over view of my own story and provide you with an introduction of myself, so you know who it is that is talking to you here. Inside the energy of my ancestral line, which I can control through the waves and currents that you will come to know here in a bit as the Second Realm.

I am Brionnúchán. Leader of a clan who roamed upon the first world nearly five thousand years ago. The Pony Elders as we were known by all who inhabited the land that was around us. I remember it so clearly as it was, the grass was as green as it has ever been. The land we knew was surrounded by roaring seas filled rippling waves driven by the ever so often soaring winds. Which on the occasion would be in the accompaniment in the presence of vagrant storms during the springtime and in the summer.

Our perseverance for power was quaint, comparing in strength to the winds that flustered swindlingly about the sea that very springtime. For so much time we had spent an effort into seeking the territory that lie beyond the first world, up until that very time. Just before the very summer which we passed into the world which you see me in the present of. A vast and endless world, known as the Second Realm.

It all began when I had come across, which at the time, is what appeared to me as some sweet smelling brown dust, contained inside a shiny hollow cannister. There it sat quietly, leaning against a small pile of stones next to a stream. Near to a path which I had been walking along, as I made my way to the morning gathering with the rest of the Elders that day.

I approached up just to its side and nudged the tip of the cannister with my muzzle, just as it began to rain. Enough just to open it up and reveal its contents. I gently reached about my nose inside. I noticed that the unique smell of its essence was so potent, that a tickling sensation rang throughout my nerves. So much to the point, that it caused me to instantly inhale a large amount of it into my nostrils as I smelled to take a bigger waft of the substance.

From the very moment it entered into my body, I began to feel a euphoria like I had never felt before at that time. It was like a ripely heated cucumber had just been placed into the anus on a cold winters night. Shortly before bedtime to better keep the harshness of the cold at a stern bay. My senses became a new and fresh as if I had only just stepped into that first world, you may know as Earth, for the very first time. I felt comforted, protected. As if there were no such poise that could possibly surmise the new experience that had just awoken senses which I had never felt before. It was not long after, that I lifted my nose out from the breaches of the cannister. That, seconds later the rain began to freeze in place. Slowly coming to a halt. As with everything around me from the small current of the stream all the way to the breeze blowing against the wavy grass. Along with all plant life to each side of my startled disposition. As there I stood. Even the squirrels at the border of a nearby forest came under the reaches of some kind of spell. Which had their actions to be tapered complete in a chilled frigid cold suspension.

What could the source of this be? I thought to myself. Wondering as I took a few steps closer. In order to observe the effect that took and had left stream stuck into place. To better call upon a clear perception of my own situation.

It was so strange how this new feeling could have suddenly made time completely come to an abrupt halt. And if truly that had been what it was, I thought, that was causing this obscure oddity, What was I to do? How was I to control this strange phenomena, that was taking place right before my very eyes? If indeed it was the result of the source of this wonderful feeling. Which the mysterious brown dust had just provided into me.

I turned and began to trot curiously back to over to the path, from which I had first left. Just before I had noticed the strange lonely cannister laying upon the stones next to the stream. An impertinent feeling of pomposity riding on the rim of extrinsic self-importance took hold of me. Some kind of new identity was thrust inside of me. Awakening something inside my very withers to a new source of life which there could have possibly have been.

As soon as that feeling had come to take me about, riffing around down the path, stepping across and out through the still wind. The rain drops which had stood motionless began formulate into objects. Objects which I found had resembled ponies from our clan. Dressed in the usual celebratory attire of hooded dress robes with a small patch that held a cross sewn onto the chest of the robes. That had been encumbered by a circle. Ponies who had been gathered around a figure. A figure I knew could have only been one pony in particular and I knew in my heart that it was me.

Eventually, more rain drops began to assume a shape into some circular figure above all of the pony figures. Into what had appeared to be a moon. It was under that moon that the ponies who I had seen before, followed me into some kind of portal which had spawned between two of the pillars of a circular piece.

For as long as I had been leader of the clan, we had been convinced that there must be more to life than just death alone. It could not possibly make any sense at all that something so horrible would be life itself. In a world where you are born into so much health and good comfort. And then to have that taken all away from you to exist as nothing more than something who knows nothing else other than the pain from all that it had taken away from its life force and its cause therefore. To never have that back again for the rest of all eternity. For that which it had only been able to enjoy for such a small amount of time in the whole scheme of everything. To not be able to have even any accomplishments in death or acknowledgment from inside the world. Where the concept of achievement had very first conceptually been understood.

And even at the time, as some feared, if one just ceased to exist all together when that time came to pass. Even though, I knew that there was an answer to everything. There had to be a way to avoid this hopeless atrocity. It just seemed right that it could only be something which could be voided for only those who pursued out for the acquitable knowledge. A perk from the mechanisms of life, that only those who knew the answer could have the experience of obtaining.

The odd formations which gathered before me that morning. As a I galloped excitedly down the dirt road. Only confirmed that this ability; this dust and the powers that it provided to me; was indeed the key to everything we had ever needed to achieve our goal for that of seeking eternal life.

As soon as I stopped from my wistful excited gallop, so did the rain drops cease in making out in formations. And as such, all life continued on from the stand still at which it had once been. From the seconds after I had pulled my head from outside the shiny cannister near to the stream.

I trotted back over and placed the lid back onto the cannister and placed it inside the satchel I had carried around my shoulder. I knew that their must be some time for experimentation, before certain conclusions came to be of concrete matters.

Later on that morning, I went to inform the rest of the Pony Elders on my certain discoveries I had made and my intention to further investigate into such matters. The dust seemed to procure hints onto

answers, which I had sought and worked to the will of my energies. As I know now that was not at all far from the truth. As I now know it, Vetrenarian dust as it is referred to by those who came to make call onto its aid. The Vetrenarians as they are known, created this strange brown powder which I had come across. For reasons of strengthening a connection from ones life source in the place of a body into the Second Realm from within the first world as you know, Earth. Be it that one day did the prophet foretold in the prophecy of Detomidine ever come about. In a time when all magic had ceased to exist because the truth had been washed away and long forgotten. So that one day, the Tickle Monster and his retched plight to bring the world into darkness under a metapause for all an eternity; would be brought to an end. And such a prophet would not require near as much time to find his otherworldly strength as it would take to find his path. As it would in any other circumstance would he have to gone without it. Hephaestus, was his name as you probably know from the first tale this electromagnetic contraption showed to you that I am using my powers to speak to you through. It was said by Eratosthenes of Cyrene that, "It is not uncommon for a pony to come across the path of a can of Vetrenarian dust somewhere in the time throughout the course of his life. Chances be to the better winds, that he does than if he does not. So long as he keeps his mind open and his heart in a true form. In any such cases, it is safe to say that there is quite surely a sixty percent chance, that such an encounter will come to cross with a test that is made to beheld."

And even though Hephaestus succeeded and prevented from the world being shed into the darkness of a metapause altogether; the Tickle Monster is still out there. As we have most seen recently, he was responsible for the spread of a recent new disease labeled COVID-19. For even the refusal of the truth to the origins of this world and that which all magic thrives off of is just as hard on him as it is the other Vetrenarians. As you full well may know. He too, was a part of that great kingdom long long ago. And since Hephaestus had put an end to the only means around the deterioration of the first world's refusal to believe and learn from the truth. And embrace the life source of which their lives truly spin from off of. Which had been causing what powers still remained to him their greatest afflictions. Similar in ways as it does to the others who he was once in alignment with. But, also much more severely because of the darker and riskier path that he had chosen for his own. He implied what little magic he could still seep into this world in the form of a virus, that can easily kill someone with a greater fat mass than muscle mass. Someone who in other words, did not treat life with very much respect and had become quite careless in taking so much for granted. Just as it was for Hephaestus on a far more trivial level. Even after I warned him, "You must cut down on the Vetrenarian dust, young pony." Telling him too much of one thing is not good. Especially when that thing is providing with a stronger and stronger connection into the Second Realm with a side effect of slight incoherence. Because of which, the Tickle Monster was able to capture hold of his dreams. And made it seem as though he had slain all of the members of the great council. Which of course was false. Hephaestus's only last true enigma was his final encounter with Babcock in the forest before what happened was truly meant to be. And so it was that he died for us all. And freed the spirits of all those that the Tickle Monster had captured through the art of Hymenorrhaphy over the many centuries.

I took to experimenting on the new abilities I had come to hone that very night. At first, I could lift stones, then stones turned to whole cottages. Then I eventually learned to harness the life forces of my fellow ponies from within my clan. Calling upon them to chant as I instructed and in the manner of which I instructed.

This was no small feat though mind you. But, there is no meaning to explain exactly what fashion it was in, that I was able to gather the most energy from their sorcerous chants. The point of the matter that it be, is I was then able to move even whole boulders at a very single time. Which is exactly the reason to explain, how the mysterious structure of the Stonehenge was built, as you know it today.

Which is of course another item which humans have gone to certain lengths to disguise in a veil of mystery and falsities. The very structure that pinnacle at the peak of my entire life's work. Back from my time in the first world where you are at now. You have, of course, heard that no one knows how anything or anyone could have lifted such stones of such a mass. To be arraigned in the manner or position as they were during that time. Well there you have it, now you know and that is how it was.

But, what is not quite right is that I never quite finished up with my story yet. Through the abilities that the Vetrenarian dust granted me, I was able to see into some strange inexplicable darkness. Which had contained a very bright mist that kept nothing, but pure blank space afloat. Every so often, when I would go to place my will upon the energy of my thoughts. Hard enough deep into the subject of the answers that could lead to the prospect of eternal life, an opening into such a place would occur. Of course, I now know this place to be the Second Realm and have grown to become quite comfortable here. However, as it is, it is nothing at all like the first world.

No rolling beds of grassy green hills, no trees, no water, no food, precisely to the point of nothing other than our own timeless unaging bodies; is what we found to be the result of our pursuit for eternal life which I had once led. And which indeed led us to where we are at. All that is in here is nothing more than darkness, illuminated into nothing but our selves by the eternal Mists of Life. Leaking about as they do into the Land of Vetrenaria, which can at time provide its own perks. Although, those are not needed for much of an introduction I am sure and for now not too much of an explanation. But, if anything, just a brief overview.

If you are not aware of the Mists of Life, you should know that, it is where most beings become when they die and it is where most beings become from when they are born into life among the first world. I believe would be a proper way applying terminology into the matter. There is no true way for me to explain it to a concise degree. For, I myself evaded it and cannot account for the experience, which it provides as a form of an afterlife. Though what I can say is that, there is still some part of the being that exists, only in that it returns in a more mature form back to the place from where it was originally created. The essence of the soul is the Mists of Life.

For all of those who choose to dissect that and apply their own use of language and theories; who are true and right into their ideas and statements; it is nothing more for the benefit of implementation and manipulation of that, which was created inside the mists long ago as part of its own being; for the extensions of one owns life force. Without understanding, the joy of success is but to no benefit at all. For there is no real prosperity, which can be acquired or achieved without the concept of understanding of what one is or who one truly is for that matter. Dytittilus Erastius Ignatius Totallus, the great pony responsible for the implosion of the legendary Atlantis into the sea. Through his own terms of magic and time he spent with his own cannister of Vetrenarian dust. After it was that the Atlanteans, who consisted of a population made up entirely of humans, had bent outward to set out on a pony hunt and such a hunt that would have eradicated all ponies of the first world as it was known. Had the Atlanteans not been stopped when he put a halt to their queries. The act ended up taking out his own life, but he is considered great and cherished amongst all of those who know his true tale still today. For few in the first world who know his tale, though it may be. He even once said into such affairs as it is, "Those who are lost, can never truly find their way back into the heart of the soul, without the embrace of understanding what the soul is through the course of its complete entirety. We are all born at the heart, but it is the folly of temptation that leads us astray and into the shallows. There in upon the shallows, does the selfishness of those who cannot master to swim upon the currents of the many depths of knowledge, lie to suffer the fate of that who waits at the shores to greet them. For it is the home of death to lament upon the shores of the very soul and there he awaits

greedily. Waiting to collect those for his own who cannot surpass the tests of life which require a substantial life force. For death, the end, himself, cannot wade passed the shallow shores of ineptitude. As it is that such boundaries as he is imprisoned to are for him and there to remain for his own company alone. Those who live beyond the boundaries of death's shores know no true death, for death is only but a matter of belief. In such a matter of a belief, that there is more to life than just an end and so willingly pursue to discover all of its wonders in every plausible personal attribute which the prospect of succession so requires. It is those who prove to make the most of themselves, in an assessment presumed in all honesty and virtue, who live forever to some state of condition or another. Those who strengthen the core of their soul to such an extent, it is so much, that the life force which once ran through animatedly, of their both body and mind, can never actually see a literal true end or demise.”.

And even though all of the physical elements which the first world provided to me are absent from where I am at now; I do manage to have picked up a few new abilities that are quite worth their while, from the time when we all first passed through the portal. Like that, such as looking upon anyone or thing inside of the first world of which I so desire through windows. Which I and any member of my clan can open about for the purpose of our own observation. Windows that none to the other side can see and even often times it is that we have so found, that we can even break across and through the enchantments that protect the other world, Vetrenaria. Admissing through spells put in place by The Great Council of the Vetrenarians long, long ago. And so we find that we are able to watch over the workings of Vetrenaria, as it takes place too. And recount memories from all that we have seen.

And for those who stroll onto my lineage and share the same blood as my very own, of that which runs at its deepest through even my very core, I am even able to make a temporary leave back into the first world to meet them, so long as their mind is willing to have me. And just as curious as it is, it seems as though I have found a mind that is connected to my own. Through some way or another, it is true. That you share a relative or even multiple relatives of mine. For what is even more peculiar, is that our connection is of such a strong force. That I can even show you visions or parts of history for as it took place and as it actually happened or the visionary details. As well, accounts of journal entries and manifestos of ponies from certain pasts. Not every spic and span. For that would take far too much time. But, rather, all of the good stuff. Everything which defined that pony as who he really was and how things really had taken place. I felt it right from the very first off, when I found you and I knew it was for certain. That this was the perfect opportunity to set the record straight, once and for all.

But, again, I am getting off track from the final bits and pieces of my own tale. It was that very summer, after the circular structure was finally erect, that together with all of our energies combined into one singular force. The Pony Elders were able to travel through a portal into the Second Realm never to return ever again into the first world as a permanent resident. There is no way back for us. Although, even if there was, I could not say that, I would indeed ever return.

We had achieved what many others have commonly revered about for ages on end. Passing through into a gate. Which further on in time, a legendary king would even give his name to. Though mistaken that he was. The gate in which came to hold his name was far different than the portal that we had gone through. And a gate that so many others found themselves in bound in the pursuit of. Such as Alexander the Great and a special little significant other who came across into the path of Alexander's reign.

Passing in for only a short time as they did. Or at least for one of them. But, just so much as to gather a glimpse of the power of that which the other side beheld. Which he could take back into the physical world with them. Which allowed this figure to bring back with him a system of magic of which we

could not offer. As for what he had managed to accomplish, provided a special kind of mind. One which would require the specific path to the entrance in which he had proceeded and in therefore returned from.

Never the less, we had achieved our goal in life. And found to our own benefit, that the special powers which we were granted had a perk that no pony or human for that matter; will ever be able to say they were able to achieve. And that is to show you what really happened through out pivotal moments of history throughout the entirety of the physical world. Which had been indeed, covered up or changed by humans throughout its vast dire course.

So it is, that I feel it would be most prudent to start first with one of our scholars. And give you a finer taste of some of the more fascinating bits and pieces of knowledge that ponies have had to offer. In such as that, there, it takes us all the way to the time of 334 B.C.E. When Alexander the Great had been reaching the area of his conquest. Which was subject to the very same land, which I had at one time lived on so very long ago. The great sorcerer Mestophicus had his place higher up in the ranks of his tribe and was the key advisor to Brennos, chieftain of the Senones. A very notable tribe among the Celts back then during that time. And as such, his personal manifesto was vibrant. Rich in the knowledge of his discoveries and teachings, which he had obtained from his former tutor therein quite promptly. And just having left Luminary School. Wittingly divulging out into some of the most precious secrets to be known inside the subject of both mind and magic. All there for you to see and for even furthermore, there for me to show to you. As I use its words to bring to life and display to you the very existence of a true vessel of magic. And so that it is much to be taken literally. A sorcerer to be known to all kinds as best as it is to be known.

So, what not a better place to begin, than in the same place to where it all began, for me and even you. As it is, of course, that we are related through the vast vicinity inside the similar networks of blood lines. So, come along now and let me show you how it all really happened. Back within a time and era of the first world. When ponies were regarded as much different creatures, than you know them very well to be with you in the current day present.