



The background is a stylized winter forest. The trees are evergreens, heavily laden with snow, rendered in shades of light blue, white, and pale purple. The sky is a deep, dark blue, suggesting a twilight or night setting. In the foreground, a group of five ponies is depicted in a simple, sketchy line-art style. They are arranged in a line, moving from left to right. The first pony is a small, light-colored pony. The second is a slightly larger pony. The third is a medium-sized pony. The fourth is a larger pony, and the fifth is a small pony riding on the back of the fourth. The ground is a light, icy blue, suggesting snow or ice.

A Book of Snowponery



*A Book of Snowponery:
An Experemental Snowpony Anthology*

Stories by their respective authors

*Art by:
Marbo*

*<https://ponerpics.org/profiles/Marbo>
<https://twibooru.org/profiles/Marbo>*

Snspony

Anonymous

Ahorseofcourse

Editor: Anonymous





Snowpone Origin Story

By Anonymous

- > "Gather round, little ones, huddle in close. I've got another story to tell."
- > "I will tell you the story of where you come from."
- > "No, not that story, little one! Haha! You can ask your parents about that."
- > "It was many, many moons ago... In those days, the land we lived in was green."
- > "Summers were warm, winters were bright, and the ground was not hard and frozen."
- > "But it was not to last, for you see the ponies of the Green Age fought."
- > "Days were hard, for everypony, and so ponies fought."
- > "They turned away from one another, and let their hearts grow cold."
- > "And just like their hearts, the lands were soon coated in frost."
- > "Now, much like today little ones, ponies were foolish."
- > "You see, when days got harder, the ponies fought harder."
- > "And their hearts, frosty as they were, were soon turned to ice."
- > "Warmth left the land, and days became bleak."
- > "Some ponies were so bitter and cold hearted, they too froze."
- > "It was in this world, that our ancestors lived."
- > "They felt the coldness, shivered from the fighting and saw the winds of spite descend on ponykind."
- > "Can you guess what they did? That's right! They did what we do when days are dark, they huddled."
- > "And huddled together, they came with a plan. If fighting and coldness were growing: then they'd stick together and find peace."
- > "So they, as one great family, bundled warm in blankets and huddled together, left to find the peace they so desperately needed."
- > "It was long, it was hard. The road to peace was long frozen over, no pony walked it for a very long while."
- > "But, our ancestors braved its bitter blizzards, its gnawing nights, its whipping winds. Sustained by the warmth in their hearts."

- > "They opened their hearts to one another and the warmth they felt for their fellow tribesponies kept them, and guided them."
- > "And after a long, cold, sorrowful journey. They found a beautiful land lit by the million stars above."
- > "Their new home, their peace: It sparkled, and it stretched out for years."
- > "They no longer felt the cold, they no longer felt weary, they no longer felt that life was hard."
- > "No. Now they were warm, they were revitalised, and they had found their home."
- > "And over the moons, they lived, they had foals and they shared the warmth in their hearts."
- > "The foals grew, and moved out, found new homes and settled them under the stars of the winter day. Copying, in spirit, the journey of peace their parents walked."
- > "And their foals grew, and walked their way of peace, and that was passed down until it became our nomadic tradition to walk in peace and settle in the winters."
- > "Over the generations their coats grew long, and their families and settlements grew and grew."
- > "That first settlement, the peace found by our ancestors, was lost to time, buried by the snow."
- > "But their peace leaves on, in the warmth of our hearts."

<https://ponepaste.org/5650>



*A Poem for Pine Ponder
By Solaceon*

*On a quiet night on the edge of the world
In a frozen hamlet a calm scene is unfurled.
In her home lay Pine Ponder,
A sweet mare full of wonder,
Contemplating the possibility
Of an unknown world, one of mystery.*

*"What could dwell beyond Snowpitt?"
She wonders as her home is alit,
And in arrives Frosty Flakes
Plus her good friend, Still Lake.
The mares greet warmly and hug
and Pine Ponder provides both a mug*

*As she enjoys a piping cup of a self-named brew
One she crafted with love, and shared with her crew,
Pine Ponder asks her friends if they enjoy the tea
They respond in kind with resounding glee.
"No doubt about it, your tea is the best."
"Absolutely agree, it's no contest!"*

*And Pine Ponder beams bright
Her face full of delight.
For her friends are fully content
And her home has a lovely scent.
They now chat and discuss
What has Pine Ponder in a fuss.*

The unknown world that seems so far away,
One that couldn't be reached in just a day.
Pine Ponder begins to speak eagerly
Enthralled by her passion, they listen intently.
She can't help but wonder what lies beyond their home,
"Do you think other ponies live in huts shaped like domes?"

Between sips and snuggles, they speak of possibilities
Of these far off ponies, and of their festivities.
It's a wonderful time shared amongst the three
A heartwarming scene, they all look so happy!
The three friends spend the night together, a lovely image.
It's just another comfy night, in this humble village.

<https://ponepaste.org/5857>

The three friends spend the night together,
a lovely image



It's just another comfy night, in this humble village



A Crystal Forest Rescue By TyrianPurple

>Ice Elation lets out a sigh.

>The Crystal Forest, even during daylight, makes her uneasy.

>And a storm is on the way, a bone-chiller.

>So she's rushing, trying to make it to the other side before nightfall

>Wishing she didn't have to wear the glare-reducing goggles that make the dazzling reflections tolerable, but also make it hard to tell what's going on around you.

>Her hooves crunching into the crisp snow and the panting of her breath the only sounds, the wind in abeyance as the storm approaches.

>Making good time, perhaps she wi-

>The abominable walks softly for one so large. Her mane woven with crystal leaves, her mouth holding on to small tree burning at one end, a torch fitting for one of her size

>She heard a shriek in the forest, far off, and even with the sun beginning to set, went out of her cave to rescue the stricken pony

>Already she has had to fend off crystalline wolves, and skitter-bugs fled the flames of her log as they leaped from the high branches

>With true night settling in, she is afraid, afraid she won't make it in time

>Suddenly she hears moaning!

>Charging forward as only one so strong can in the rapidly falling snow, trusting her nose and keen hearing, she hopes she is in time...

>There! A little one!

>"You hear me, little pony?"

>Ice groans, and blearily opens her eyes

>A large hoof prods her

>"LITTLE PONY, WAKE UP!" a frantic and loud voice shouts.

"Wha-"

- > "Good, little pony alive. Come, me carry."
- > Ice can't really resist and has to be ponyhanded out of the pit she has fallen into
- > "You in trap, no want meet trapper"
- > That's for sure, thought Ice.
- > "You bleeding, strong pony, hold on!"
- > Ice passes out, spread on the abominable's back.

- > The little one is hardy for her kind, but even so, she's faint
- > Thank the stars she was heard.
- > Mere wolves couldn't have set that trap...
- > The abominable wonders who did while heading back to her cave
- > All the while her log begins to splutter and fade...

- > Just in time, she reaches her cave, and settles down the little pony.
- > Removing her thick and torn coat, the abominable smiles.
- > The coat absorbed the worst of it, the blood is from a nasty scrape on the forehead mainly, and similar on the legs.
- > She begins to hum while reaching for her herbs and medicines.

- > Ice wakes. She sees a scarred abominable's face looking at her, a crude eyepatch over one eye.
- > Understandably, she jolts in fear.
- > "Ha! Little one find me scary!"
- > But the abominable looks aside.
- > "Me name Scar Eye. Scary, scar eye. Hurr hur. But me save you!"
- > And smiles again at Ice.
- "Thank you, Scar Eye! Sorry for flinching..you are a bit, well..."
- > "SCARY!" shouts Scar Eye, who jumps up and down.
- > Ice laughs.
- > "You stay in me cave, rest up. Me make new coat!"
- > Ice sees a "coat", more like a simple cloak with a crude wooden clasp





> "Made from sheddings, warm!" explains Scar Eye.

> Ice hugs Scar Eye's leg.

> Scar Eye is the one to jump this time.

> But she crouches down and hugs Ice back.

> "Little pony need be careful. Crystal wood no safe, no time".

"I wouldn't have made such a mistake if I wasn't rushing to beat nightfall..."

> Scar Eye shakes her head.

> "Safer to camp with fire than rush. Learn?"

"Learn...yes, I've learned."

> Scar Eye beams, and hugs Ice hard.

"Ow ow, I'm hurt"

> "Oh, me sorry", Scar Eye backs off, rubbing back of her head embarrassed.

"And that's why I lost the coat you made me, Bundle"

> "Ok...nearly dying excuses you".

"Oh come on"

> "Only teasing. That abominable coat suits you, not many white abominables."

"Yeah. Scar Eye wasn't that scary."

> "Ooh, did you like her?"

> "BUNDLE!"

> Ice's sister, Cold Shoulder, sat listening to this exchange, just snickers, glad her sister is safe home again.

<https://ponepaste.org/8082>



Pine Ponder & the Lost Scarf
By TyrianPurple

>What a day it has been. So many new pinecones collected! thinks Pine Ponder

>And the sun is starting to set, it's time to get home...

>Are those voices I hear? They sound like fillies...

>"-lways losing your scarf Niv!"

>"But I stand out too much wearing it! I can't hide with my scarf on!"

>"Yeah and now we're looking for your hidden scar-"

>The fillies have walked into the small clearing where Pine is, and hush.

"Hello there fillies, Evergreen, Niveous, Podzol! Looking for Niveous's scarf again?" says Pine.

>Yes Pine Ponder" they all assent, Niveous looking abashed, the others exasperated.

"Well, lets try and find it together, yes?"

>"Thank you Pine!" responds Niv, the other two nodding.

"Come on now, help me with these pinecones"

>The fillies help with her baskets.

>So Pine and the fillies begin to look, Niveous's bright red scarf remaining unfound

>Niveous is sniffing, and says "My mother is going to be disappo- disappo-

"She won't be disappointed Niveous, we'll find it, don't worry!"

>Smiling again, Niveous eagerly looks around, Podzol rolling her eyes but also smiling

>Sadly, the sun is nearly set...

>Well, its silly but maybe it will work, thinks Pine

"Fillies, lets stop for a moment, I have an idea!"

>The fillies stop, and look curiously at Pine.

>She begins to sort through the baskets of pinecones she had collected, shaking her head at some

>Until she finds one that seems to meet her approval!



>The fillies wonder what makes one pinecone different from another...
"Ok fillies, touch your hooves to the pinecone, and think "scarf!"
>Giving her puzzled looks, the fillies comply, touching their hooves to the pinecone
>"What are you going to do Miss Ponder?" asks Evergreen, a polite snowfilly
"Watch and see!" replies Pine, beaming a smile that reassures the fillies.
>Closing her eyes, Pine spins around on her hindhooves, and chucks the cone gently
>The cone lands facing a collection of snow covered logs
"Lets go check there!" says Pine.
>The fillies share a look, but follow Pine over.
>"Its not here" sighs Niveous.
>"It is, it is!" Evergreen shouts, and the merest corner of the scarf is showing under a log
>"Wow, thank you Pine!" Niveous hugs Pine Ponder, and so do the others.
"You're welcome Niveous! Now lets get you fillies home!"
>"Oh no, we're late!" the trio chorus, looking at each other in panic.
>Smiling to herself, collecting the baskets of pinecones, Pine follows the exuberant fillies back to the village, the moon rising over them lighting their way.

<https://ponepaste.org/8037>



Song of Cirrus Wisp
By SnowFag

- > Under the glow of the midnight sun
- > On the ice that only the steadfast star knows
 - > Where the cold malevolent Floewolves run
 - > Her coat, her mane, were as the snow
 - > Her heart the fire of a hundred hearths
 - > And to her, ancestral winds did show
- > Past the revered plain, guided by the scarths
 - > Travelled the young mare south
 - > Following the ever enduring evening star
- > Through forests with trees great and routh
 - > Over erratics of the frightening rine
 - > To the salmon-brook's marshy mouth
- > Where the thin morning mist does shine
 - > There she learnt the secrets all
 - > How the spirits and the world combine
 - > What made the mighty mountains tall
- > Why the crescent and sun stay in their place
 - > What causes the light snow to fall
 - > She learnt all this and saw such grace
 - > And she looked up to the clouds
- > Drawing her breath with upturned face
 - > Her first words she whispered loud
 - > "Feel my love, oh lovely world of this"
 - > "Feel my love, come forth and abound"
 - > "Feel my love, for love is a life-giving kiss"
 - > Feel the love, of Cirrus Wisp

<https://ponepaste.org/5664>



