

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, darker pony. The third is a medium-sized pony. The fourth is a larger, darker pony. The fifth is a small pony sitting on a sled or a small cart, being pulled by the fourth pony. The ground is a light, pale blue, representing snow.

A Book of Snowponery



*A Book of Snowponery:
An Experemental Snowpony Anthology*

Stories by their respective authors

*Art by:
Marbo*

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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.

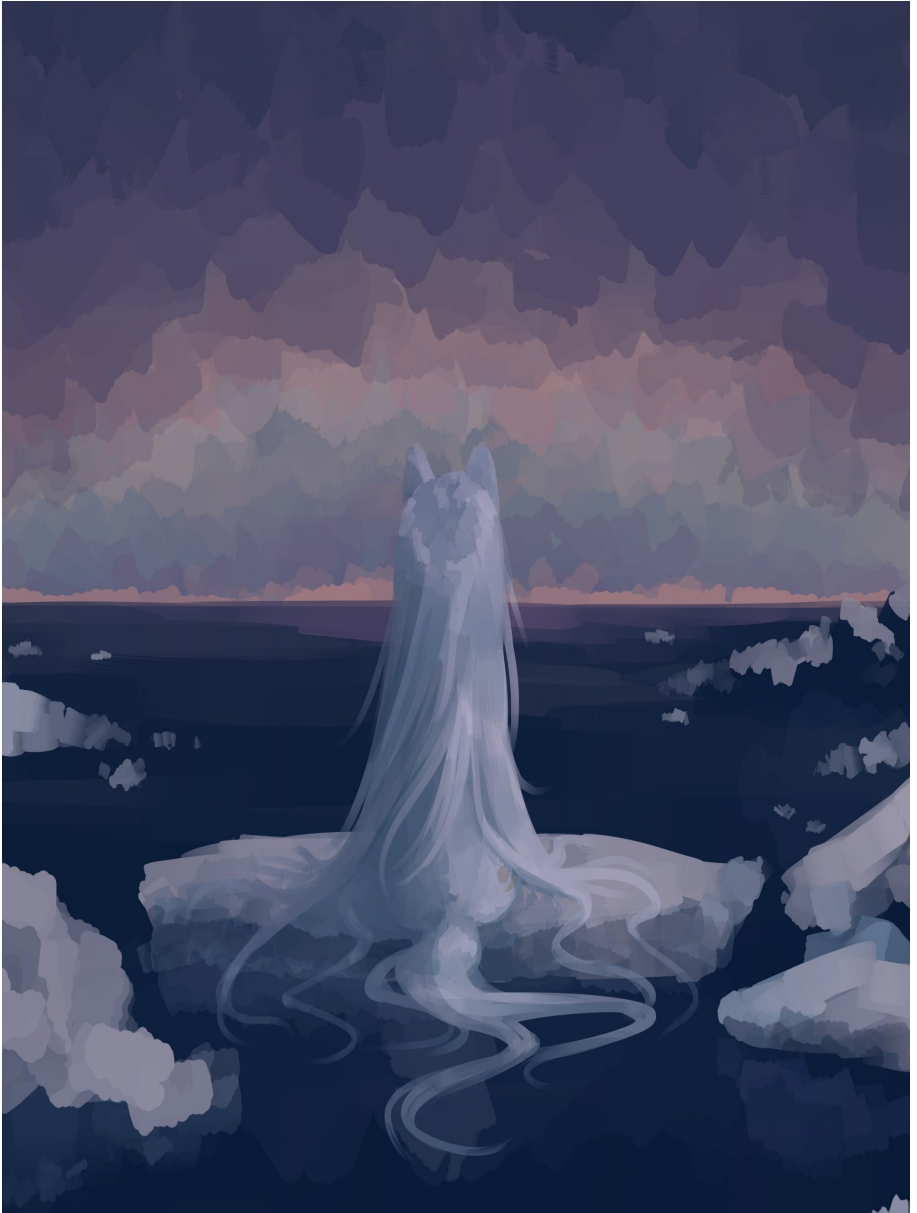
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Song of Cirrus Wisp
By SnowFag

- > 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>





Cirrus Wisp recounts a traditional snowpone tale to a curious foal
by HeavyHorse

> "Why do the stars shine in the sky at night? Now that is a question I never tire of hearing, little one. Be seated by my fire and let me tell you why."

> "It was long, long ago, when the world was still new and the sun had not yet roused from its slumber to cast its light across it. Above us, there was only the endless expanse of the night sky. Dark and cold, like our world, we thought little of it beyond the few times She graced us with Her presence."

> "Our ancestors had only the lights of their fires to guide them but as the world shifted and shaped itself as it grew, mountains rose and thick forests sprouted. Even the mightiest pyres we rose could not shine above them, towards tired eyes seeking home and hearth, kith and kin."

> "So what could we do, hmm? We rose our voices to the heavens and cried out to the Great Pony of the Sky - please, in your kindness and wisdom, light our way that we might never again be lost!"

> "But what could she do? She was a pony of darkness and quiet, cold and calm. Not for her was the noisome sun, no. Still, on wings that carried her across her beloved night sky, she gazed down to us and heard our pleas."

> "And wept bitter tears that there was naught she might do for us. Ah, but do you think we would still speak of her so if she did not come to our aid? Those tears, little one, were born of the warmth of her love for us. Yet even they could not hope to live in this world as we do."

> "No, the cool winds of the world blew so hard that they wrapped her tears in an icy embrace. Before ever gracing the land, they froze in the night sky and have remained there ever since. But do you remember what Bright Earth told you?"

> "Yes, it is not our fires but our love that warms us enough to live here. And it was only through Her love that Her tears shone, even through the ice."

> "That is why the stars shine, little one."

<https://ponepaste.org/5652#1>

Cirrus Wisp answers a foal's questioning on where snowpone foals come
from
By HeavyHorse

> "Hello again, little one! Come, sit with me; I could use young hooves to help stoke my fire."

> "Yes, that is why they gift me that wood. Sit close to my side, little one, and enjoy the scent with me."

> "Now, what brings you to my hut this day? Oh? You wish to know where you come from?"

> "Did I not tell all of you that tale three nights ago?"

> "Haha! Oho, so they said they forgot that story and you should ask me, did they?"

> "Then it is well my memory is so sure, is it not?"

> "May I ask something of you in turn, little one? While I recount the tale, would you please take that comb and brush my mane? It has been too long."

> "Yes, your mother herself gifted it to me. You see the intricate carvings? They are to thank the great fish from whom she plucked the bone."

> "Hmm, such gentle hooves you have. The mark of a filly who is loved by her parents."

> "That is where you come from, little one."

> "No, not from hooves! From the love of your parents. Because of their need to love and to gift that love to a foal."

> "But it was not always so. Not when the world was yet young and our place within it still unsure."

> "Long, long ago, when the land still spoke so clearly to all of us, that was who we first turned to, in our need."

> "She told us of the plants and the trees, the animals that walked upon her; how all life sprung from her warmth, just as it returns there in time when it grows cold."

> "Our hearts overflow, Great Mother, tell us the secrets of life that we might know of how to create our own and share the bounty of our love!"

> "What mother denies her children, little one? But our land is too hard and harsh for our hooves to work, so the Great Mother whispered to us of a secret."

> "The almighty Sky blankets her in snow, to ease her to sleep through the dark seasons of the long moon. The most beautiful gift he may give her, a sparkling wonder that renews her beauty and splendour."

> "But snow is not alive, for life is the Great Mother's to direct."

> "Still, if our hooves could not shape the land then they could shape the snow. Not so much to remove her blanket, no, so she told us that we must only create small ponies."

> "When their work was done, the Great Mother was so tired, waiting into the seasons where she should sleep. She breathed what life she could, the little snow ponies awoke and their parents rejoiced for the great gift they had been given."

> "Hmm? No, little one, you are not made of snow! Not all of you. Keep brushing and I will keep telling you the tale."

> "Now, the little snow ponies lived and shared in the love of their parents but they could no more move than the snow upon the hills and trees. They could not sit by the fires of their homes and families. And living as they did, they were mischievous little things, unused to the ways of the village."

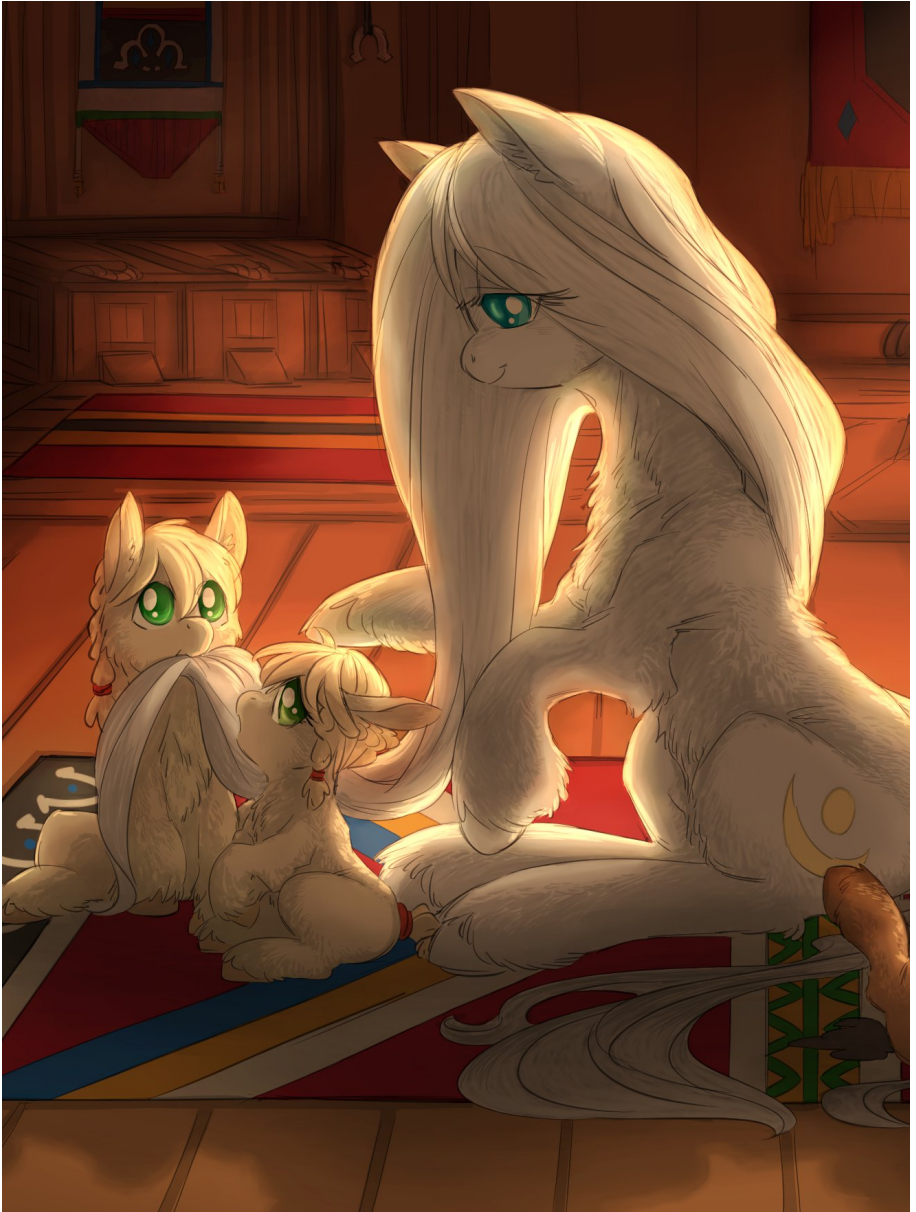
> "So we went to the Great Mother when she rose from her slumber and we asked, Great Mother, why do our children not follow in our hoofsteps? Why do they not share in our huddles?"

> "Now, the Great Mother knows the secrets of life but the earth is still, is it not? It is the rivers and seas that move, always flowing and running and swirling. And it was from the ocean that the Great Mother was gifted with the secrets of movement."

> "That is where she told us we must go - to speak with the Fish."

> "No, little one, not the fish of the rivers, the mighty Fish from whom all others spring."

> "It was he who knew the tides of the seas, the mysteries of the rivers,





the gentle swaying of the oceans. And it was he who we asked, noble Fish, you nourish us with your spawn that you send through the rivers, will you not tell us of the secrets of their movement that we might nourish our hearts with our children?"

> "The Fish spoke to us of what we should know - that if our little snow ponies would try to move, they would return to the great blanket of the earth. For the Great Mother lies still and while she breathes life into the world, she cannot create all there is alone."

> "Now, have you ever heard the whisper of the rivers? Or the sighing of the seas? Of course, for that is the Fish speaking the secrets of movement to them, calling them unto himself that they might, with the aid of the almighty Sky, return to the mountains and flow through the land, nourishing it as its precious bounty does us."

> "And that was the secret he spoke to us - the words we must whisper to our children to teach them of movement."

> "And we rejoiced, for when they returned to the little snow ponies, their parents huddled about them and whispered the words. The snow moved! Their little ponies followed them to their villages, to join their homes and warm their hearts."

> "Ah but do you remember what I said? You are not wholly snow, little one. And you know well what happens to the blanket of the land when the season of the long sun graces the almighty Sky once more."

> "The little snow ponies took flight from the villages, fearful of how the fires would undo them and their parents wept. Once more, they were without their children."

> "But there was one yet that they did not seek the wisdom of. Only one other whose power and knowledge was great enough to perhaps aid them."

> "We took to the plains, where neither mountain nor forest may rise to obscure and we turned our voices towards the heavens."

> "Oh, almighty Sky - you hold aloft the sun and the moon, you guard the treasures of your Great Pony, you bless the Great Mother with your love and kindness, and carry the gifts of the Fish so all may share in them."

> "We, your ponies, humbly beseech you for your wisdom. Our hearts, once full, grow weary with emptiness. We sought the love of the earth and she gave us new life. We sought the secrets of the Fish and he gave us new hope. We seek now your counsel, that you may give us a new future."

> "But the almighty Sky sits watching above all, little one. He had seen our plight and asked of the Great Mother and the Fish to share their secrets with us. He could not tell us himself, for we should learn where to seek wisdom and how to survive in those places."

> "So what do you think he told us, little one? That the earth and the seas had given us what gifts they could, what knowledge they could, but the Sky, as great as he is, could spare naught that might be of use to us. Not for this."

> "Instead, if our children were to truly be of us, we must give something of ourselves to them."

> "But what was left? We had given them our love, our wisdom, our homes and hearths."

> "Yet in spite of all we had given, they were still small creatures of snow. That was when a great shaman called the ponies to herself and told them of the most ancient tales."

> "How almighty Sky helped make us by breathing upon the forms that would become us, the icicles that formed from his breath softening under the love of the Great Mother. How Fish whispered to those upon our heads and at our backs, to flow and lengthen."

> "Our coats and tails are what help protect us from the cold, are they not? But our children had none. So what do you suppose they did?"

> "If our children were to be of us then we must give to them of ourselves - coat and tail."

> "That is why you look like your parents, little one; they gave to you your coat and your tail, taking only the finest and softest hairs of themselves so you might have only the best of them."

> "No more were they children of the snow, they were ours. Just as you are."

> "And that little one, is where you come from."

> "Hmm? Why are my mane and tail so long, then?"

> "Hahaha! Your parents will tell you that it is because we shaman do not make foals of our own and so our manes and tails keep growing all our lives. But would you like to know the truth?"

> "It is that they sail in the wind that the almighty Sky may speak more clearly to us, it is that they lie upon the earth and connect us to the Great Mother, it is that they flow like the great rivers and seas of the Fish."

> "And it is so that our children—for all of you are our beloved children—may sit at our sides and be with us, to keep it so long and straight. For it is your love that renews it, and our connection to the world."

<https://ponepaste.org/5652#14>



A cute (hopefully) snow pone short
By Appreciationproject

- >The colt inhaled sharply and braced himself.
- >His hind legs shot like a stone from a sling and impacted the stem of the tree with an unimaginable force.
- >Or, at least, he thought it was so.
- >The stem itself, tough and covered in streaks of crystalized rosin, didn't even flinch.
- >A couple of pine cones fell from the branches, silently making shallow craters in the puffy white snow.
- >Fierce string of chirring came down from the height of the tree.
- >The colt raised his head and looked up where, among the branches, an evidently pissed off squirrel showed him her tiny fist.
- >"Oh, I'm sorry!"
- >He dropped his ears in embarrassment.
- >"Hey, didn't you hear Baba Hooves telling that we should always check if a pine is inhabited before bucking it?"
- >An older filly, carrying a large woven basket full of cones, approached him.
- >"I know, sis, I'm sorry."
- >"Next time I'll leave you at the camp, to help with baskets. You clearly need to learn some more diligence. Would be a fine time if we angered the Woodland Spirits!"
- >The colt scowled at her.
- >She was only a couple of years older than him! And look at her, already trying to act like she is a full fledged mare!
- >But Woodland Spirits are a serious business, she's right.
- >He took cones from the snow and carefully put them near the roots of the tree.
- >"Forgive me, o child of Woodland Spirits, for disturbing you. Take the cones as a sign of our good will."
- >He uttered the ritual phrase, bowing to the tree and the squirrel, both.

>Then he retreated to his sister's side, trying to look like a perfectly rational adult.

>The squirrel looked at him with a peculiar expression for a few moments, then quickly descended from the tree, grasping the bark.

>She took one cone, examined it, and began to pluck out the nutlets, stuffing her cheeks with them.

>It seems the woodland spirits were merciful today.

>"Let's go, we have enough."

>The filly told him and walked away, raising her legs high, to not get bogged down in snow.

>The colt followed. He was still shorter than his older sister and had to jump up sometimes, like a snow bunny, to catch up with her.

>They traversed a vast snow field.

>The white snow was ridden with dark bundles of either deadwood or intact bushes, casting bizarre shadows in the light of low hanging sun.

>The sky was mostly clear, with occasional puffy gray cloud sailing through it.

>Their native land spread wide around them, as beautiful and stern as ever.

>The colt soon has forgotten about the cone-bucking fiasco. He was looking around, marveling at everything -- be it a copse of trees, flock of birds chirping in a bush or a cloud, looking like a fantastic creature.

>His sister, also inspired by the beauty of the nature around, began to sing.

>The colt joined her.

>When they left the plain behind and approached the shore, she abruptly paused.

>He looked at her, puzzled.

>"Look!" she pointed with her muzzle, "The puffins has returned."

>The colt traced her gaze.

>On the steep slope running down to the sea he noticed them.

>They were indeed puffy, adorable blobs of feathers, standing on two bright red legs, webbed for better swimming.

- >Some of them were just standing around, either still or flapping their wings, soaking in the sunlight.
- >Others, coupled in pairs, were diligently digging the slope, renovating their cave-like nests.
- >While one of the pair was digging, the other was standing around, resting.
- >When the current digger grew tired, he or she emerged from the tunnel.
- >They briefly nuzzled each other and then the second dove into the cave.
- >Soon enough the huddles of ejected earth announced the recommenced work.
- >"It's almost a spring already," noted the sister, "they have returned from the sea." Hopefully they brought along a good fishing for the upcoming season.
- >Puffins, considered to be among the favorite children of the Sea Spirits, harbingers of the good catch, were highly revered by the taiga nomads.
- >But the sister thought, that even if they weren't associated with fishing, they would've been still among her favorite inhabitants of the snowy lands, due to how cute they have been.
- >"They're probably tired from all the swimming!" the colt exclaimed.
- >He rummaged through his saddlebags and took out a couple of fishes from his travel ration.
- >He approached the puffins' slope and slowly got closer to the nearest nest just as one of the diggers was emerging from the nest.
- >The puffins paused their nesting ritual and looked at the colt curiously.
- >The birds weren't afraid of ponies, who never did them any harm.
- >The colt lowered his head and put the fishes on the ground.
- >"Please, take this, Children of the Sea." he said and slightly pushed his offering towards the puffin family.
- >The two puffins looked at each other, then back at him, then approached, pattering with their shortish legs.
- >One of them pecked at the fish a few times, investigatively. Then tore apart a long streak of fish meat and offered his wife.
- >She took the offered food and began to eat.

>The male puffin tentatively approached the colt, who was still standing with his head lowered, reached with his beak and slightly nuzzled the colt's muzzle.

>Then he returned to the fish.

>The colt smiled brightly.

>He turned around and trotted back to his sister.

>"You did good, little bro!" she praised him.

>"Thanks. We could use some luck with fishing," he said prudently, with a look of importance on his face, trying to emulate an adult. "N-not at all because they're so cute or anything..."

>"Yeah, naturally!"

>The sister laughed.

>Two siblings continued their journey back to the camp.

<https://ponepaste.org/5682>





A Poem for Alpine Glow
By Solaceon

As the morning sun looms over the mountains
And the howling wind echoes throughout the land.
A young pony now descends from the summit
To start on a journey that few can withstand.

From her lonely summit home atop the peaks
To the frosted forests of trees evergreen
Alpine Glow travels in search of adventure
In search of places she has yet to have seen.

In her heart lay the feeling of wanderlust
A desire to explore the great unknown.
Though most all can be seen from the mountain peak
There is one place hidden, a forbidden zone.

She remembers the tales her kin used to tell
Of a lost realm far beyond normal reaches.
Through the hail and the ice she goes heading north
In hopes of finding the fabled snow beaches.

There is said to be an abundance of fish,
And strange avian creatures who like to play,
As well as another one known as a seal
If all these await then she shouldn't delay!

Alpine Glow is strong, she's handled worse before
Even this fierce blizzard is no match for her,
Since she's always got on her favorite poncho
Passed down now for ages, it beats any fur!





And finally through the harshest of blizzards
Alpine Glow arrives to a sight for sore eyes
The legends, they were true, the beach is right there!
Overcome with joy, the poor mare nearly cries!

There really are puffins and even seals too
And look at the fish jumping out of the sea!
But perhaps what is most surprising of all
Is a pony awaiting, just who is she?

An ethereal glow radiates from her
Something suggests an otherworldly presence.
She approaches a nearly speechless Alpine
And imparts her a gift, one of strange essence.

A mystical looking relic, quite unique
With a curious mark never seen before.
"You have come far and have earned this, now go forth."
And with her task done, she vanished from the shore.

Young Alpine Glow was still very unaware
Of what truly she had been entrusted with.
What she held in her hoof was no mere trinket
But a key once thought to have been just a myth.

