The Feels of Equestria

>60 years from now

>Your lying in your bed, in hospital

>your over 80 now

>where did all the time go?

>you reminisce of times gone by

>your wife died some time ago, you always thought you'd be the first to go, after all, I squandered my teen years doing nothing but sitting in front of your computer.

>one game stands firmly in your head, a testament to a forgotten age, team fortress 2

>a small smile comes to your face, thinking about how long you played that game for, the hours wasted, literally thousands tossing around virtual hats

>it all seems so silly now, but back then that was your life

>you try to remember the theme tune, but struggle with it

>Heck, you find it hard to even remember your name now

>you close your eyes, still thinking about your life, all the friends you've seen come and go, people you've loved, left without a trace, except from within you

>all of a sudden, you feel unable to lie in their in bed, you sit up and call a nurse

>she sternly asks "what is it"

>you never liked the nurses here, they were all rude and un-couth

>you pause for a second,

>un-couth?

>why did that phrase seem so familiar?

>you regain focus and address the nurse

>"I want to use the phone"

>in your old age, you've lost the politeness that your mother raised you with, you felt sick of this world, it never got any easier

>everyone had lied to you

>she goes leaves and brings in something you barely recognise

>"here" she says and hands the device to you

>you look un-approvingly at it and say "no, I want to use the old one on the second floor"

>the nurse sighs and brings over the wheelchair from across the room

>you once again look down at the wheel chair

>sadness feels your ancient bones, as you realise it's been a couple years since you've merely walked, let alone done anything physical

>you ask the nurse to get you your walking stick, a fine piece of carpentry, adorned with the brass head of a bird, it was your grandfathers, and probably the oldest thing in the entire building

>you look at it for a while, looking at it in quite solace, you suddenly appreciate the beauty of it, and again something makes you feel a strange sense of nostalgia

>'its simply fabulous darling'

>said in the voice of a familiar woman

>you realise the voice was just in your head

>sometimes it was difficult to tell the voices apart

>she looks disapprovingly at you, saying "no, the phones to far away"

>she tries to life you up to the wheel chair

>"I need to do this"

>you look at the nurse, and you see a sadness come across her usually un-moving, emotionless eyes"

>"just this once" she whispers

>you link one arm with the nurse, and use the cane in the other hand, and slowly and painfully make your way out of the room

>she leads you towards some sort of levitation system to move between floors

>you ask if you can take the old elevator

>reluctantly, the nurse agrees, seemingly regretting her decision

>the elevator doors open to expose a dust carpeted floor, with old forgotten footprints in it

>one of the bulbs have gone, and another one was flickering

>the nurse looks at it and says "oh no no no, this simply won't do at all"

>you look at her blankly for a second, once again, the feeling of nostalgia crept up and grabbed you.

>she looks at you again with the same sadness in her eyes, and says "let's go"

>all of these emotions, and the nurse being nice

>today sure felt like a rarity

>you eventually make it to the phone, and call the one person you have left

>your daughter

>She picks up the phone and hastily says "hello, I'm sorry I can't talk-"

>you cut her off with a small, tired "hello dear"

>she was a big business worker, she had the same intelligence as you, but she wasn't an under-achiever

>silence

>five seconds later, you heard a small, tearful voice reply "dad? Is that you"

>you hadn't spoken for about 4 years, but you felt no grievances towards her

>"yes, it's me"

>another pause, you hear her shouting for people to leave her alone

>"what is it dad?" She said affectionately

>"I need you to do something, to get something"

>after you had been put into care, you had all your things put away in storage

>"sure" she said "what is it"

>"there's a box that says 'game setup' could you get that and bring it to me?"

>"of course I can, I'll be on over tomorrow to get it to you, but I got to go now..... "

>she paused

>" i love you dad"

>you sleep tonight with troubling dreams

>it's been so long since you've thought about any of this

>why do I suddenly remember

>and then you realise

>when you where young, you were alone

>up until you were 25, you had nobody

>you lived alone, and suffered alone

>and now you felt more alone than ever

>tomorrow came, and you lay up in bed all day, exited for your daughter to arrive

>it has been a long time since you've felt anything

>You've brushed your hair, and put on a shirt that you haven't worn for years

>you sit up in your bed, waiting for your daughter

>she doesn't come...

>you don't know what's worse, the fact that your daughter doesn't care, or the fact she just doesn't remember

>you feel tears coming to your eyes as announcer system rings out "visiting hours are over"

>a defeating sadness envelops your heart, you put your hospital gown back on, and retreat to the solitude of your room

>3 days go by, or atleast, that's what you think has passed

>you see a familiar face at your door, carrying an old dusty box

>although you're still angry at her, you don't say anything, you're to old to care anymore

>she looks at you, with a look of regret and sadness

>"hello dad" she whimpers in a shaky voice

>"hello dear" you weakly reply

>"I'm so sorry I didn't come, the worst possible thing happened"

>"never mind, in my old age I hardly even recognise time anymore"

>that was a lie, you appreciated the time you had left more than anything

>"I got the box"

>you felt sudden excitement, you check the box, wiping the dust of the top

>your old laptop, charger, and an assortment of games.

>amongst them was team fortress

>you don't know why, but that game had become a symbol of youth for you, that if some how when I played the game, I'd be back to a happier time.

>"What's that?" Your daughter asked

>you laugh to yourself

>times sure had changed

"It's a laptop, it's a really old computer, and a lot bigger than the ones these days, but I spent the worst and best years of my life on this thing"

>she looked confused, so you decided to show her

>you plug in the power cord, and here the cooling fan sluggishly start up

>you heard the windows start up theme, feeling like you had suddenly gone back in time

>the desktop was odd, it was a night sky with a strange White Castle on a mountainside, you dismissed it, as you don't recognise it

>You ask your daughter to get the wifi code for the Internet

>"the what?"

>"oh, never mind

>you open the Internet centre on the toolbar, and find a faint signal coming from somewhere

>You connect, surprised that it still works

>as soon as you connect, steam begins to load

>steam loads, there are no more games for sale, the front page was bare

>You click on your library, and find team fortress, loading it up

>the familiar valve logo appears, and the tf2 loading screen comes up

>you hear the theme and suddenly begin to cry

>Your daughter looks at you, not sure what to do

>"don't worry, don't worry dear, it's all just a bit to much for me, this right here was my entire life at one point"

>you suddenly fall into a deepest routine, you check your backpack, look at your classes, and then search for a server,although there were none to be found

>involuntarily, you check your steam friends list

>....

>ponies

>you see the names of the mane-six, pictures, and OC's with sudden vivid memories flooding back

>you see one pony that sticks out more than the rest

>rarity

>you feel your chest becoming tighter, a sudden wave of emotion coming across your frail body

>"I need...."

>"I need to be alone for a while"

>your daughter looks skeptical, but agrees, you tell her to go on home, and thank her a lot for the box"

>she leaves, and leaves you with the ponies

>you close steam and try to find a web browser

>"fucking Internet explorer" you mumble to yourself, as all of your other browsers have long since closed their servers.

>you type in my little pony, still not exactly believing what is happening

>no youtube results come up, and you search for it yourself

>apparently they went under over 40 years ago

>You resort to using other websites you don't usually use

>My little pony, friendship is magic part 1

>the story begins to play, celestia's soothing voice tells you a very familiar story

>the theme begins to burst out loudly from your laptop, and you jump to pause the video, hoping no one had heard

>you laugh out loud to yourself, suddenly remembering the phrase "spaghetti"

>all of the silly memes comeback, I want to come inside rainbow dash, >aside from generals all of the stupid shit

>you rummage through your box, finding a pair of old headphones

>one side didn't work, but you didn't care, you were deaf in one ear anyway

>the theme continues, and you suddenly find yourself singing along

>"I used to wonder what friendship could be..."

fuck me we fucked up the song, continuing with feels

>you kept watching the episodes, until season 1 was over, and you had been up all night

>but you didn't feel tired, you felt more alive than you've felt in years, and decided to keep going, watching season two, three four and five, then you were finished

>all the episodes, you had been awake for over 24 hours, and your old body was hurting

>you had felt bad for years, but this felt especially bad

> you felt unable to type, but there was one last thing you needed to do

>you typed in /mlp/ one last time

>it's dead

>not a single post

>you still had a bounty of reaction faces saved on the laptop

>you type "rarity is best pony"

>And underneath a spoiler you type one let thing

>see you all in equestria boys

>You play the song

>one

>last

>time