Big Macintosh fallowed the Heavy to a large pile of creates in the storage area. The Heavy pulled out a large gun, spinning its barrel in awed reference.

“I am Heavy Weapons Guy. And this...is my weapon.”

 Big Mac glanced at the imposing weapon. Disappointed that he was not very impressed, he continued.

“Her name is Sasha and weighs 150 kilograms and fires $200 custom tooled cartridges at 10,000 rounds per minute. It costs $400,000 to fire this weapon... for twelve seconds.”

He paused expecting to see shock on the face of the red earth pony, only to find him staring back with slight disinterest. Angered, he all but growled,

“Some people think they can outsmart me, maybe…maybe… But I've yet to meet one that can outsmart bullet.”

He peered closely.

“Do you think your tiny baby head can outsmart the bullet?”

Big Mac smiled.

“Well, ah reckon ah can, see’ in how bullets cannot think…”

Barley holding back his rage and striking out at the pony, Heavy gestured at the fridge and pulled out his sandvich.

“This is sandvich, it shall heal your wounds and best of all, it is delicious!”

Big Macintosh nodded in agreement, mostly because he did not want to frustrate his angry mentor any further. However there was one problem…

“Much obliged, but ah have meh own comfort.”

He pulled one of his most prized positions. His Smarty Pants doll. Heavy took in his students preferred item for a moment before bursting out laughing.

 “Ha, ha, ha you really are just a tiny baby, with a tiny baby doll.”

Big Mac’s eyes narrowed, and replied,

“Ah think we should get along to the part where you train meh how to use everything.”

The Heavy calmed down and a few hours later, Big Mac had mastered the use of the somewhat ridiculously powered weapons. It was only until he had accidently knocked over the Heavy’s gun Sasha and ended up scratching it, did things go wrong. Heavy’s eyes widened in shock.

“Oh my god… you… YOU touched my gun!”

Macintosh reassured quickly, “N-now hold on, it’s just a scratch, it won’t hurt it none.”

“NO, we practice melee now!”

 With that he punched out at his misfortunate student. Big Mac tried to block the punch but even then, the force pushed him over. He quickly jumped up and turned around.

“Ha are you running away little baby pony?”

The Heavy was answered with a back hoof to the face. Normally he could shrug off the force of such an attack. But Big Macintosh’s kick, strengthen from years of bucking trees, overpowered the Heavy’s fortitude and knocked him onto his back. Big Mac then left to rest after a long day of training, giving a finial thank you for the help. The Heavy hated to admit it as he picked himself up from the floor, but he had a good replacement. At least now he could catch up on his classic Russian folk tale collection…