Applebloom’s mark on the world…

Scootaloo, Sweetie Bell, and Applebloom jumped toward the strange ball of RED light. There was a bright flash of light, and the three fillies found themselves in a large, cold room. It was almost as large as Applejack’s barn and everything in the room had a red tint to it, similar to the shade of blood.

“W-where are we?” Applebloom wondered aloud.

Sweetie Bell glanced around.

“There does not seem to be anypony here, maybe we went into an alternate dimension where ponies do not exist?”

Applebloom shrugged and went to catch up to Scootaloo, who had meanwhile gone in search of an exit. Scootaloo scouted ahead, trying to find some kind of door out of this room which started to feel like a prison. Applebloom followed her Pegasus friend and started to wonder if something was wrong.

“Are ya ok Scoot?”

 She turned around and quickly regarded the earth pony,

“Yea I’m fine but this place is giving me the creeps, all this red is making me dizzy…”

Applebloom nodded and continued on her way. Out of the corner of her eye, she spied a tool box abandoned in the corner of the room behind some creates. Curious to learn what it was doing there, she approached it.

“Applebloom, what are you doing?”

Sweetie Bell called after her. Applebloom ignored her, transfixed on the box in front of her. She opened the box and picked up the wrench inside. There was a boom and a flash of light, Applebloom frightened by this, hid in a corner with the others until the light had faded. Applebloom felt an odd, burning feeling on her flank.

“Applebloom, you got-” Scootaloo began before the three fillies fainted after being exposed to a sedative gas that had leaked into the room without them noticing.

 Applebloom woke up in a dark, damp cell. Sweetie Bell lay in a corner, snoring softly and shivering. Scootaloo was attempting to buck through the rusty iron bars, with little success. Applebloom turned to her flank, already expecting to see what was usually there, nothing. She gasped in surprise when she saw it.

”**I got mah cutie mark**!” she exclaimed with unmatched glee.

She had finial done it, and without the help of anything like heart’s desire ether. It was a wrench, set in front of a dark red apple. Applebloom could not hold in her joy. She rushed over to Scootaloo, who was still struggling to force the door open.

“Look Scoot, I got mah cutie mark, isn’t this great?”

Scootaloo paused and said between heavy breaths,

“That’s great… Applebloom now help me with…this…”

“Sure thing Scoot,” and with a few kicks from the now no longer blank flanked filly, the bars were knocked off their hinges and they were free. Scootaloo’s eyes widened.

“Whoa Applebloom, since when are you able to buck so hard?”

Applebloom flushed with embarrassment,

“Well maybe, when you get your cutie mark, anything your good at you suddenly get a lot better at?”

Scoot nodded and accepted this.

“Hey you two what’s with all the racket?” Sweetie Bell asked suddenly, yawning.

 “Sweetie Bell look, I got mah cutie mark!”

The young unicorn yawned,

“Oh that’s nice… wait what?”

 Applebloom proudly showed off her new mark to her friends. Soon they all were laughing and congratulating in a group hug.

 “Aw, now isn’t this cute,” said a voice behind them.

The figure stepped forward, and was staring down at them.

“W-who are you?” Scootaloo challenged.

He smiled.

“I am the RED Sniper, and unless you tell me who you are and why you are here… well let’s just say you will become mighty acquainted with my barbeque grill.”

The fillies’ eyes widened.

“You mean you will EAT us?”

The Sniper chuckled darkly.

“I have eaten worse looking things than you when I was stranded in the desert wasteland of the Outback for a year…”

He trailed off, lost in a seemingly painful memory.

 “Now then who are you?”

He glared at them menacingly and produced a large knife from his back.

“My name is Scootaloo, this is Sweetie Bell and that is Applebloom,” Scootaloo said with a gulp.

“Aye, and what are you doing here?”

They looked at each other.

“We don’t know, we got teleported to that room and-”

He cut her off.

“To the room that just happened to be where our respawning machine was, all that damage you caused it and that big scorch mark where you “teleported” seems to suggest you were sabotaging it.”

Applebloom cocked her head.

“What is a respawning machine?”

The Sniper stared enter her eyes, looking for some sign that she was hiding something. He waved his hand annoyed.

“Ok never mind that, now then what to do with you… you have seen too much by now, so now you have two choices, join us…”

And then leaned down at them, licking his lips, “Or join Dinner…”

Scootaloo looked back at the others, they nodded sadly and she turned to him.

 “Ok we will join you, now what do we do?”

He gestured them to fallow him into a bunk house where other red coated men rested or did various other activities.

“All right mates, looks like we have some new recruits.”

 They all laughed at the frightened fillies and three of them approached the crusaders.

“Uh, I’ll take the one with the purple hair I under my wing, I could use a little servant to carry my junk around for me,” said a chuckling boy with a bat.

 “And I shall instruct this one in the ways of stealth…” proclaimed a man behind them whose face was mostly covered in a mask.

He pointed at Sweetie Bell and started to drag her away.

“And ah reckon ah could use an assistant to carry scraps and the like.”

A man with a hard hat and thick work gloves said, and motioned Applebloom to come over to him. The Cutie Mark Crusaders looked at each other, they silently agreed to meet back near the cell they had been in earlier, when it was safe and the cost was clear. That is, if they survived whatever their captors had in store for them…