Dear Journal,

 Sorry about last time, I kinda left off abruptly due to a certain bubble-gum party addict who decided to throw a party for my first journal entry. Honestly? I've long since given up on figuring how the heck she knows this stuff. I've tried everything: had doctors examine if she has a hidden horn in her forehead, talked to her family...who are actually interesting geomancers, though they stick to the term 'Rock Farmers'. Still, even Geomancy sure as heck doesn't cover what she can do...and that just makes keeping on task a bit harder than it should be. Still, that's Pinkie for you, someone that just defies all explanation and spreads joy anyway she can think of. ...which is normally via parties. :sigh:

 And yes, that sigh was necessary, it's not like anyone can see me via written word, and I want ALL of my readers to feel my pain when this is published. As a great man once said, "If I have to hurt (Mentally), so does everyone else." But I'm getting off topic again. I had left off on when I somehow arrived here. Where is here, you might ask? Well sit back, this is gunna be a long one, and let me tell ya, it was a confusing ride.

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 Well, the next thing I knew, I was waking up...again. Come to think of it, even I can't recall a time I lost consciousness so often and could somehow recall each instance. Still, this time, I was in a place that at least seemed familiar. I could feel the scratchy sheets and blanket, felt the odd smock/shirt I was in, and the scent of antiseptic was in the air. Cracking open my eyes, I saw exactly what any reasonable person could expect, a hospital.

 Looking around, I saw the room was rather spacious for a hospital room, but everything looked the same as any normal room. There was the bed I was on, with side-rails though far less button controls for nurse calling and the like than I was used to. Oak board was on the wall, likely for flyers and such to be put up, and the curtains were a neutral, soothing blue. In fact, just about everything in the room seemed perfectly normal. ...except it all looked like a cartoon.

 Now, let me clarify for one moment. When I say it looked like a cartoon, I mean everything was both colored in such a way as to seem animated, AND my depth perception was being played merry-hell with. Everything looked like it was layered in 2 dimensions to LOOK 3 dimensional. And considering this was that was surrounding me? I'm pretty sure that explained how I got so sick to my stomach so fast.

 I began blinking a few times, trying to clear my head, hoping this was just some kind of head-wound thing. And thankfully, slowly things began to pop out in my vision as they should. Mind you, the colors were still very pastel compared to what was normal, but as objects seemed to regain their texture and solidity, I sighed and wrote the whole thing off as lingering head trauma. Leaning back into my bed, I thought back to what happened last I could recall. Naturally, I remembered being shot, but felt oddly disconnected from it. Like some part of me was still in shock over it, which in all likely-hood I still was. I'd read about trauma, what it could do to the mind, but to experience it is a whole other thing.

 Getting curious, I looked under the blankets, and pulled up the smock a bit. I still had my boxers on, thank goodness, and my eyes widened a bit. My stomach was fine, no wound, no scar or stitches. No sign it had ever been hurt in the first place. I then recalled the time in the white-space. I remembered I was fine then too, but I shook my head. 'No WAY that place was real, I mean a completely white zone? And then finding a door into the sky and falling out of it? Must have been some kinda coma dream, a metaphor for my struggle to live again.' Still, I felt confused and afraid, worried that might not be the case. I looked around again, taking comfort as my eyes seemed to adjust to everything. The colors were even toning down, and a small smile came to my face at a return to some normality.

 I closed my eyes, trying to relax and not dwell on things. As my back finally lost tension though, I heard the oddest sound. At first it sounded like high-heeled shoes walking rapidly on the tile floor. It was coming from down the hall, but the tempo of the steps seemed off. My mind thought maybe it was two some ones, likely doctors who were making their rounds, but something about the sound seemed off, and even familiar, though I couldn't place it for some reason. It took all of a few seconds for the steps to stop right outside where I figured my door was.

What I saw, upon opening my eyes, was perhaps the single most impossible thing to exist at that very second.

 An Equine, an Equine with a doctor's coat on it, with a stethoscope around its neck, a clipboard somehow held in its hoof. Now, I say equine, because it appeared equine in nature, but had MANY differences from horses or the like as I knew them. First difference that registered, the face. The face had eyes focused on the center, much like my own eyes, horses had them more to the sides of their head. Second point, the muzzle was much less pronounced, still there, but more akin to a cats in terms of length and build. Third big difference, was the expressions, and mind you, I normally suck at reading my OWN species body language.

 The fact that I COULD read it's FACIAL EXPRESION was a big sign that normal decided to fly out the window and leave me with a sink-bomb. I further noted how it seemed to stand on three legs, using a forelimb not unlike one of my own arms, even though said limb still ended in what appeared to be a hoof. I accept I knew next to nothing of equine biology, or even much of physics beyond bare-bones basics. But I KNEW that this was impossible on so many levels.

 It was about this time, my mind decided to do what it did best. Make light of the situation, and by that I mean, the following exchange occurred in my head.

(Dramatic reenactment)

My conscious self: :Looks upon the scene:

My conscious self: :looks to the rest of my brain: Sorry guys, I got nothin'.

My Id: I'm in a cartoon aren't I? WHY THE HELL AM I NOT HUGGING IT?

My Super-Ego: This just isn't possible...where is there a joke or reference in this, where is my relation to this situation? I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THIS!!!

My random thoughts: Well...first contact with an alien species...huh, what would Nash do? (Visualizes the tirade of cursing and comedic fallout) ...maybe not my best option...what would Drew do?

(Dramatic reenactment end)

 Shaking my head, and feeling anxiety pile up, I decided to be the first to break the ice...so to speak. I shakily raised my hand, a nervous smile on my face. "Hi?" I greeted unsurely, not even sure whatever impossible thing this was understood my language. It smiled...no really it smiled, a soft, kind smile I'd seen on doctors when I'd had to stay in hospitals before...all of two times. Still, what followed next would have floored me had I been standing up. 'She' spoke back to me.

 "Well, it's good to see you finally awake! We were wondering how long you'd remain unconscious. The fall you took left your temperature very low, and the damage you took crashing into one of the local pegasi was significant." She stopped a moment, looking to the clipboard before continuing, "You suffered a decent concussion, in addition to some bruising of the torso, right side. Still, no bones were broken, thankfully. Granted, we had to call in some primate experts to be safe, but all things considered you came out rather well. Likely, your large fat stores helps cushion the impact, though honestly that's speculation on our part." She looked back up at me, before blushing slightly, "Sorry about that. I can imagine being talked about this way must be awkward for anypony. But we've never had a patient like you before, so we are still rather uncertain as to how to proceed. Knowing you're capable of speech helps a great deal. May I know your name? As well as any information you can give us, medical history being a primary concern."

 Somehow, I heard and understood all the information being told to me. My mind latched onto what my thoughts had come to about first contact. Every geek's secret fantasy was to somehow be an ambassador and go on awesome adventures with aliens. I personally passed that point years ago when puberty hit like a truck, but somehow some of those ideas stuck enough for me to formulate a reply.

"Er...well...um...I..guh...how do...you see...hmmmm...."

I never said they were GOOD ideas, but at least she knew I could speak, so that was something.

 I was having a hard time getting any words to come together, and as usual, my expressions were over-the-top...a rather bad habit I picked up from the many cartoons I watched as a child. Still, in this case, my obvious confusion, not to mention nervousness, was evident enough this new being sought to help. And by help, I mean she walked up to me, looking sympathetic and put a hoof on my bed before continuing.

 "There there, don't strain yourself. You've been through a lot, and it's obvious your still off balance from everything that's happened. Take your time, I'll stay here as long as you need to get collected. Just take some deep breaths, think it through, and say what you can. I won't pressure you, and this is all in the effort to help you recover." Her bedside manner was rather good, I must admit. It took me a few tries, but I managed to take some deep breaths without babbling. After that, I decided to treat this like I was role-playing. The less I thought this was actually me, the better I could focus on getting what I needed to out.

 "Thanks...this is all, rather overwhelming. I've never...seen anyone like you before. I mean, your species at any rate. Who are you? And more importantly...where am I?" I managed to get that out with a minimum of awkward pauses...though I still felt very uncomfortable. The look she gave me held sympathy, before she began answering my questions.

 "It's nothing dear, now, you're currently in Sunshine General Hospital, in Sunny Town. In the country of Equestria if you need more context!" She said with a bit of a laugh, "I am Doctor Silvia Calm-Trot. I've been assigned primarily to your case since arrival. I studied a bit of animal physiology in school in addition to my main calling as a pony biologist, so I was the best suited we had to help you at the time. We've since called in outside assistance, and you've been on the mend quite well, despite not regaining consciousness until today."

 I nodded, trying to keep the mental distance between my situation and myself, trying desperately to process what she told me. I spoke hesitantly, but with growing concern, "Thank you for that, by the way. Still, you said I was brought in from...a collision with a...a p-p-Pegasus, yes? As in a flying...pony, was it?" I stopped checking to see if that had been the right term. her encouraging smile and nod left me to continue. "So, in that case, I'd been high up in the air...does any...er...any-pony know how that happened? I don't exactly have wings, and I certainly don't remember being in any air-craft before this happened." I kept the white space experience to myself, still half convinced that had been a dream.

 Her expression fell, as she seemed genuinely confused and sad. "No, we have no clue. According to the reports given, you were in free-fall before collision, and there had been no warning or odd phenomena we know of that could have brought you there. We were hoping you could tell us what happened. All we found was what you were wearing and your little friend."

 My mind froze at the last bit, turning back to her, I asked. "My, little friend? Um...what friend exactly are you talking about?" Her expression turned surprised before she smiled saying, "Oh let me go get him. He's just the sweetest little thing, no idea WHAT he is exactly, but still, quite playful and never left your side unless we needed him to." She moved out of the room, her hooves..yes they were in fact hooves, making a clacking sound down the hall for a small while. It wasn't long before I heard a door open...and a sound that made even less sense than the talking...pony, had. Soon, an odd mechanical sound came towards my door, and I felt my mind casted back to a TV show I watched with great joy not even a year or two ago. When the small figure, no more than 3 inches in height at the most entered, I felt my eyes bulge.

 The little figure resembled a clear-blue plastic raptor dinosaur, with silver and black hind legs and small arms in the front, the top of its head a black visor with no visible mouth, though it's cries were familiar, both from the show and a certain toy that had been around my waist.

"Fang?!?!?" My mouth was hanging open, seeing a toy I'd only recently acquired walking on its own, more animated than anything I'd seen except in the show itself.

 The former toy jumped right onto my bed, before proceeding to move up to my shoulder, perching there before nuzzling my ear. My mind broke, not for the first time today, though this time there was a familiar sensation in my gut. Last time I felt that was finding said toy at the Con I was at. Yet strangely, this feeling was now infinitely stronger, though I'd yet to regain my ability to move. It was Dr. Calm-Trot's return and comment that snapped me out of it.

 "Awe!! That's so cute! I knew he'd missed you dearly, and what was his name again?" My body finally came back to me, and I hesitantly, and with much shaking of my hands, brought him in front of me. I blinked, feeling a harder metal instead of plastic in his legs and body. His oddly mechanical cry, soothing though my next words were of a fanboy who'd just met his hero. "Fang? Fang Memory? Are you...how can you, is this real? How are you real? This is REAL!?!?" I began freaking out a bit, careful not to jostle him much though. My mind was going miles per second, the only thought in my head was, 'I have a truly, LIVING Gaia Memory in my hand.'

 "Fang is his name? That's quite nice, though why Fang Memory? Seems an odd name for a pet." Dr. Calm-Trot, once more I'd forgotten she'd been in the room. Looking to her, I shook my head, trying to clear it to explain. "N-no, he's not a pet. Before this, he was just a toy, not able to move and stuff like this. His toy form was based on a fictional item that COULD move like this, but the toy form never could. I'm as shocked as anybody to see him alive like this. ...did I come in with an odd belt that had red, silver, and black on it by chance?" My mind had found something to latch onto, and if I was right, I'd accomplish a dream more fans of the Kamen Rider Double series would have killed for!

 Calm-Trot nodded in confusion, wondering how a toy could come alive. "Yes, we had to remove it during the examination. Strangely, when it did come loose, the belt disappeared into the buckle. We have no idea how or why, but after a quick cleaning we left it here in your room." Her pointed a hoof a bit behind me, and there, sitting on the side table...was the belt. It too hand changed, the etchings in plastic were now actual parts, wires and joints stood out with greater clarity. There was no strap like my original had, but the slots to put one in were gone as well. I hesitantly took it into my left hand and I held Fang in my right. I looked to him and asked, "Is this...does this mean, what I think it means?" I swear, the little bugger nodded, and it was all the cue I needed.

 Moving faster than ever before in my life, I'd kicked off my covers and stood from my bed. I moved towards an empty space in the middle of the room with a flourish...or as much of one as I could. Hospital gown be damned this was what I'd waited all my life from childhood for, and with relish, I placed the buckle near the middle of my waist. The strap flew out of the belt, feeling more snug around my large middle than it's toy counterpart did, but I hardly cared. With a grin to match the Joker, I looked to my mechanical counterpart saying, "You ready to put on a show buddy?"

 In my palm, the toy-turned-transformation item nodded, before going still in my hand. Performing moves I'd practiced on his toy form, his legs were soon folded, the tail on his back flipped so the Memory Stick was exposed and his head tucked in before flipping him over. His now folded body in my left hand, I used my right to press the button near the end of his Memory Stick.

"*Fang~u!*"

 The familiar call sent electricity up my spine, I could swear I felt cameras all on me! Smiling widely, I sent out the familiar call, "*Henshin!*" I inserted Fang into the Driver Slot, before opening while letting his main body fold over on top, resting on the middle-triangle of the buckle.

"*Fang~u!"*

 Not even a second later, a familiar roar from the buckle accompanied a swirling of material around my body. My arms extended to my sides, I felt the armor form around me. Starting from my legs, I could feel it take form, white armor I'd seen only in my mind's eye for so long. But as it passed my waste, I felt an odd constricting pain, which only got worse as more of the armor formed. By the time the helmet began to form, my gut and chest were in agony, I could hardly breath and I could feel my pulse in my temples. As soon as the helmet was complete, I felt the burst of power from the armor, my limbs shaking from the force they were now capable of, as well as the pressure being put upon my bones by the power itself. I collapsed to one knee, breathing harshly, trying to force air into my now nearly crushed lungs. All my body fat, I realized, was still there, only being compressed inside me to adhere to the shape of the armor.

 Part of me refused to believe it, and tried to stand anyway. With obvious struggle I forced myself to my feet, attempting to move into some fighting stance. However, the feeling of being crushed was too much, I could only let out a strangled cry as the armor dissolved, Fang springing from the belt and assuming his animal form. I was soon on all fours, breathing deeply as my heart beat faster than ever before. I felt hot tears coming down my cheeks, my own vision blurred as the implications hit me. Fang nuzzled my side, as Dr. Calm-Trot rushed to my side, but I could hardly say I cared.

I'd finally been chosen to be a hero, only to be unsuitable.

Not because of who I was, but what I'd let myself become physically.

I was too weak to be a Rider.

And it was all my fault.

 I cried then, not for dying, not for being in an alien world, not even for the idea I'd never see my family and friends again. For all I'd lost, the most heart-breaking thing was to be given my fondest dream. A dream I'd wanted since the moment I knew right from wrong.

And I...was in no way worthy of it.

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I have to stop here, I can feel the tears again. I'll pick up a bit later, but for now, I have to stop.

Sincerely,

Advent