Dear Journal,

 Sorry about last time...again. Looking back on that moment hasn't been easy on me any time since. It's...well, the best way I can describe it is this. Imagine being a Rider, that belt and Fang, were and are my Cutie Mark, or my equivalent. I'd spent most of my life into adult-hood living without my special talent, just existing and trying to do things to make ends meet. Didn't stop me from dreaming, though, feeling something tugging at my heart to do something. As such, I found it hard to do most of the things expected of me outside of what came easy.

 Then, after the most traumatic experience of my life, I FINALLY find it! The one thing that completes me, the very thing I've been missing all my life. And then, just as I do the very thing I KNOW I was born to do, I find all the things I did up until that point, make my body unsuitable to do it. It's like having a Cutie Mark in flying, but you crash soon after, with one of your wings so mangled, it'd take a miracle to get you flying again.

...yeah, it hurt THAT much back then.

 It's still hard to talk about, but I guess the best way to change that is to talk anyway. I know it's an important step into how I became who I am today. Which reminds me...I haven't been dating these entries!!

 Honestly, my sense of time has been a bit inconsistent since coming to Equestria. Sometimes, I have a very good grasp on when it is, and how long I have to do something. other times days and even weeks can get away from me. Still, I know it's been five years since that fateful hospital visit. Five years...since everything for me changed. Even now, as I'm writing this I can see how much things have changed for me, and for all the friends I've made since.

 But I'm getting ahead of myself. I think I'll pick up where I left off, and revisit the decision that truly set me on my path. It hasn't been easy, and I've messed up a lot over time, but it's been worth it looking back. Sure didn't seem like it at the time though.

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 I'd read many stories that had the protagonist, especially the misplaced one, go into a state of shock. Now as anyone(pony) can tell you, shock isn't something that lends itself well to the written word. Sure, if you've been in shock, you know exactly what they mean, but to someone who'd never been in shock, it's hard to describe properly. Up until that point, where I felt my spirit break, none of those descriptions that were likely accurate, ever made sense.

...they sure as buck did at that moment.

 I was just staring at my gut, not really seeing it, but letting everything that had happened to me hit me at once.

Fact 1.) I wasn't home anymore, as it's pretty impossible to see a talking, pastel-colored pony being a doctor that can speak English in America.

Fact 2.) My toy, a favorite of mine even, had come to life.

Fact 3.) Said toy had the ability to give me super powers.

Fact 4.) I was too out of shape to receive those powers.

Fact 5.) Before all this, I'd been shot, through the gut.

Conclusion, this was either a coma dream, or I'd died and this was somehow my afterlife.

 As these thoughts swirled in my head, I was dimly aware of Calm-Trot looking me over. I think I heard the phrase "sever compression of torso" among other jargon, but I was rather out of it at the time. Still, soon I was back on the bed, still looking at nothing in particular. Fang, poor Fang, was nuzzling me and cooing as best he could, trying to comfort me. It was a few minutes before I looked up, seeing the good Pony-Doctor with her clipboard in ha-er hoof. She saw me look up, eyes wide with worry before taking a deep breath.

 "W-w-well, first thing's first. I'd like to know your name, if that's alright. We've had you down as "Patient Monkey 1" since your arrival, and I hardly believe that's your name. After that, if you would kindly explain what we both just witnessed, I'd be very grateful." I'm pretty sure she wanted nothing more than to scream herself horse...pardon the pun. But she held it together, remarkably well considering just how insane things must have gotten for her just then.

 I myself found my mind thinking back to my name. The name my parents gave me, the name I'd gone by to most of my friends.

The name I had when I died.

 Looking to my gut, I had a bit of a revelation. The name I'd gone by, the one I'd used for so long, this was the result of being that person. I'd been fat, lazy, hopelessly obsessed with escapism, and utterly stubborn when it came to change. Yes, I'd been a decent human being, and the friends I had loved me for me. But here, where I had the strange feeling I'd never see them again, this same person COULD NOT continue. I had to make a change, a BIG one, if I was ever going to be a Rider. If I was ever going to make my dreams, finally within my grasp, come true.

 I thought back to the author name I'd gone under when writing fiction. Granted, my poems were nothing spectacular, but I'd done ok when I published them. Looking back on my assumed name, I drew from the first name, and translated it to English. It seemed ironic that such would be my name here officially, but it was as big a start as I could make.

 "Advent, my name is Advent, or Ven for short. Sorry about the scare...and I'll tell you all I can. There are things about this I'm completely in the dark about myself. So please, bare with me." Calm-Trot looked at me a bit strangely, before smiling, and writing down on her clipboard my name. I might like to add, it wasn't until later I wondered how she did that. Two hooves in the air, balancing on her back legs, but honestly, to this day I just write it off as 'One of those Pony things I'll never understand'.

 "Alright then Advent, thank you, and explain all you can. From what I could tell, that...armor, or whatever it was, caused you a great deal of pain. Given you've only just woken up after such an ordeal, I don't want there to be any risk of complicating your healing more than it already has been." She looked up from her board, eyes wide and mouth in a slight frown. I gathered what she wanted to know, and proceeded to answer.

 "Well Doc, you might want to grab a seat. While I can't explain everything, I've got A LOT of context to give you, or none of this will make any sense." I waited, and when she realized I clearly expected her to do just that, she dragged a visitor's chair over to my bed. She sat down much the way I'd expect a human to sit, making me note either these...ponies...had double-jointed knees on their hind-legs, or physics here went a fair bit goofy compared to home. Clearing my throat, I looked to Fang before continuing.

 "Ok, time for exposition dump, and we'll start with the basics. My species is called *homo-sapiens* in scientific terms, or Human, in normal conversation. I'm a male of my species...which is rather evident, but moving on." I got a giggle out of her there, and I smiled slightly in return. "My kind aren't the most physically impressive species, in terms of our intellect however, we are the pinnacle of our world. And when I say OUR world, I mean where I come from, as we are the only sentient species there. And trust me, we've looked the entire globe over for well past 2000 years exploring. If there are other ones, they are so well hidden we can't find them, or we accidentally wiped them out long ago. Throw in we've invented and created tools of mind-bending power and ability, and it's no wonder at last count, we number over 7 Billion strong world-wide, with a global population increasing every hour."

 To say the dear Doctor was shocked would be akin to saying I liked Japanese stuff a bit. As in, massive understatement. Her next comment seemed rather appropriate considering my last point. "S-s-seven BILLION! How can your world support that many omnivores!?!? I mean, your teeth were a dead give-away as to your nature, but if you're tool users, and number THAT high, how do you have space to even live let along breed that much!?!?" Her expression was hilarious, but I kept my amusement to myself, though I did adapt a rather rueful smile.

 "Heh, many ask that question everyday back home. Thing is, every major landmass, and many minor ones back home, all have human inhabitants. The more developed ones can house millions of my kind be they in apartments or mansions, depending on the person's wealth or family connections. Simply put, there are few places my kind HASN'T learned to live in, and that list is shrinking over time. According to scientists, we'll become too numerous to continue living on our planet in less than one-thousand years." Looking to her, I clarified, "And by that I mean, our eco-system won't be able to support the population projected to exist by then. The thing about my species, is that they are survivors, and even in bad environments will continue to consume and reproduce in hopes of continuing the species. Even those who SHOULDN'T will anyway, and this mentality will continue until more begin to die off than be born. Once that happens, the planet may begin to have balance restored, though what becomes of my species, I've got no clue. I'll thankfully never have to find out, but the poor people who will won't have it easy."

 I took a breath, looking again to the pony, seeing her with an odd expression on her face. Like I said, I'm no expert, but it seemed somewhere between sad and confused. Her next question seemed to explain a bit of it to me. "Why...why do you seem so...blasé about these facts? Doesn't this concern you? Make you sad in anyway?"

 I shrugged my shoulders, "Honestly? I've seen enough of my kind to know three things for sure. One, they can and will do stupid things, despite the capacity for great intelligence, we are still flawed animals that can set ourselves up for sure destruction. Second, in the grand scheme of things, we aren't that important to the planet, so when we either reduce to a manageable size and stay that way, or die off, our world will keep spinning and things will go on for what remains. And thirdly, my kind reached our MOON over fifty years ago, and with the technology we have today, COULD reach the next planet near us given enough funding and a need. Given how quick that jump was made, I'd say getting off-world and making another habitable should be doable in one-thousand years, if enough great minds have the chance to make it happen." This comment left her jaw hanging open, making me wonder if they didn't have a space program to go with their hospitals. I idly pictured an astro-pony...which quickly became Kamen Rider Fourze pony-edition, and I shook my head to be rid of it.

 She finally shook herself and looked back, saying, "Your species had been to the MOON!?!? But what about Nightmare Moon? And what about your weather? Won't you need your species equivalent of Pegasi to maintain the weather?" I stared at her, but oddly enough the last bit made just enough sense for me to add my next point.

 "Um...if I wasn't sure this was a different planet before, I am now. Our weather is well outside out control. It's a phenomena that is dynamic and plays out in a planet-wide cycle that began at our world's formation, and has remained largely self-sustaining for many billions of years, variations and of course massive changes being an everyday occurrence. The most we do is try to predict the weather a week in advance, with a margin for error longer than my arm." I held up my left arm for emphasis, idly patting Fang on the head with my right.

 She looked at me like I'd just said I never bought anyone a Christmas Present. "But...but that's chaos!! How can you raise crops like that?!?!? SO many would go hungry if your population is to be believed! And moreover, how many wild weather systems could cost ponies their home or even lives?" I sighed, before saying, "More than you likely care to imagine. Keep in mind, my species is that number considering how many survive as opposed to dying. We reproduce at the drop of a hat. Anytime during the year, nine months later, give or take a few weeks, and a new one to three of us generally pops out into the world from one female. It doesn't mean many of us don't die every day. We have medicines that extend life and improve health to a degree, but that's just survival. Our quality of life varies so much from top to bottom, the bottom hardly is considered living by most and the top is seen as obscenely wasteful and impractical. Still, it's the way things are, my own family was nestled right in the middle-lower side, as we had problems with debt and such, but not cripplingly so like some families."

 I gave her some more time, as the picture I painted of my world seemed to challenge everything she thought of as normal. Given I was explaining my own world views and knowledge, likely flawed knowledge at that, to a Pony of all things, I felt for her. As it was, she came out of it a bit later, biting her lip a bit before continuing.

 "Advent, I really have to ask. How did you get here then? What was the last thing you remember before waking up here in the hospital?" There it was, the million dollar question, one I honestly wasn't too comfortable answering. But then again, this is me, so I'd wind up blurting it out anyway, so I figured best to get it over with.

 I explained about where I'd gone, about the day, and what I last remembered. I left out the parts involving the white space, which I honestly had no way to really explain well anyway. As the narrative continued, I felt oddly numb, but a sick feeling was beginning in my gut. It was slowly growing, up until the point where I spoke of how I woke up, and the odd phenomena with my vision. When I finished, the sick feeling began to ease, though for the life of me, I had no idea why.

 Her expression was pained by the end, before she moved to a nearby cabinet. She opened the door and pulled out a scrap of cloth, which looked very badly torn. As she brought it to my lap, I took it in hand, before nearly recoiling at what I saw.

It was my shirt...my torn and BLOODY shirt!

 I found the collar, and from there, could see where they'd torn it to remove it from my body. But that wasn't what scared me, it was the dried blood in a ragged hole through the front end of it. I could see the stain, clear as day. My left hand holding the shirt went limp, as my right went to my stomach. My still intact, and very uninjured stomach that had no scar, no lingering pain, just like my left arm was completely fine.

 Calm-Trot spoke quietly, sounding every bit as anxious as I felt. "We checked, you know, Magical scans to see if you had any major injuries or a healing factor to explain this. Nothing registered, you were as magical as the average dog or sheep, not much internal magic at all. You responded to magical treatment just fine, no odd anomalies we could detect. Aside from, as you say, lifestyle health problems, you're healthy as we can determine. If what you say is accurate, and it seems so based on this...we have no idea what healed you, or why. And it still doesn't explain you falling out of the sky. I'm sorry, but this only brings us more questions, which I don't think either of us can answer."

 I felt my head wanting to explode, as now I had PHYSICAL PROOF I should have died. Or rather, my original self had died. If this wasn't the final nail in the coffin, nothing would be. Shaking my head, I handed the shirt back to her, sighing. I still wasn't going to mention the White zone...something told me it'd raise even more questions, and she was just a physician. Last I checked this kinda thing was well beyond either of our expertise. I smiled slightly, looking at her from the side.

 "So...what now Doc?" My smile was brittle, it felt strained on my face as I fought to keep calm. I'd already cried myself out earlier at my failed transformation. As it was, I felt an odd cross between excitement and despair, two emotions I never thought would really go together. Looking to her, I asked, "I'm kind of a stranger in a strange land, you know? Even after I'm cleared to leave, where will I go? What will I do? Is there...is there even a way home?" My head tilted down, my own darker thoughts and fears swirling in my head. "...should I even go back? I mean, it looks like if I didn't get here I'd be..." I trailed off, I couldn't finish that statement.

 Calm-Trot, being a doctor, likely had seen my kind of reaction before. I say this, because next thing I knew, her forelegs were around me, her head resting on the crook of my neck, and soothing nickers were soon in my ear. Despite myself, I felt myself relax in her embrace, and began breathing deeply. As I finished calming down, she spoke softly, and rubbed my back with a hoof.

 " You'll need to stay the night for observation. The town is largely self-sufficient, so there are many types of trades that you could find to help provide for yourself. Trade with us is rather sparse, only a few new arrivals come once in a while. I think our local library does need some sprucing up, so you could get work there. However, everypony who has a job simply provides the service, we get by working together that way. Bits are kept only for exchanges with the surrounding villages, and few venture this far into the Everfree forest. Just ask our mayor, Grey Hoof to make it official. And if you feel like getting in shape, Gladstone should be able to help you. He's our local Rock farmer, as he calls it. Most of us call it mining or gem cultivating, but he's a stickler for tradition. The local farmers can help you gather the food types you need."

 I nodded, thanking her for the suggestions. I asked when my next meal was, and she laughed, saying she'll have someone make me a salad, though she asked if there were things I shouldn't eat.

 "Sure, anything that's grass related or flowers in their own right. Fruits and vegetables are fine, though I prefer them cooked if at all possible. My body tends to get funny around the raw stuff." She laughed and nodded before walking out. I sighed in relief before looking at Fang. I didn't want to, but I deliberately avoided talking about Kamen Rider Double as much as I could. I wouldn't know what would happen if anyone...or pony rather, would try to take him from me and use him for their own ends. I couldn't use his power...yet, but I fully intended to work until I could hold the transformation and fight in it. I may never NEED to use him, but I wasn't about to prove unworthy again.

 As it was, I had a lot of thinking to do. Likely, there was no going back for me. I had to build my life up again, and much stronger than before. As nice as this place was, I now had to set an example, to be the best that my species could produce. I knew I was woefully short, on many levels, but I could work on that. Mom always said I needed to represent the family, and now that expanded by a whole order and magnitude. Still, keeping busy would likely help me through the worst of this emotional stress I was going through

 I was now Advent, a human long from home. I've died, and yet somehow live, and now had the potential to become a hero straight out of fiction. Granted, it was in a world of ponies, but I figured I could work around that. I'd protect them, help them as they'd helped me.

This...this was my destiny.

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 I'd never been more wrong in my entire life. The events of Sunny Town would span two years here in Equestria. But the ending of that time would be the one thing that would truly solidify my rebirth. I had no idea what being a Rider would truly mean that day. If I had known, I'm not sure if I'd have run screaming or fainted.

 Still, I find it hard to regret it, and will carry what happened there for the rest of my life. I'll get to the summery of those two years next time. For now, I need to take a break.

Yours truly,

Advent