Dear Journal,

 Well, this next part is going to condense many of the events in Sunny Town that happened over my stay there. Twilight, while proof-reading this, looked up the town, but only found a foot-note about it having existed in the time before Luna's banishment. I explained that's likely all that *would* be in the normal library archives. The tale of Sunny Town was something never made public, and it's main events happened during the chaotic era between Luna's banishment, and Celestia relocating the capitol of Equestria from Everfree to Canterlot. In that time, the town was forgotten, it's history slipping between the cracks.

 It's funny, if it weren't for me landing in that place, it's entirely possible Sunny Town would never have been known about. For all the times I'd hear about trade coming to it and going from it, nopony seemed to remember it. Maybe that was for the best at the time. But, well, that's just not how the dice landed. I remember a quote Twilight said came from her mentor about such things.

"*Throughout Equestria,*

*Relics of the past lay forgotten and alone.*

*Never truly resting.*

*Awaiting recognition*."

 It's funny, and rather sad, that I'd bring the final chapter to that place's tale. Fitting in a way, as this place was where I was reborn. Some might call that fate, others dumb luck.

Myself?

...I don't really like thinking about it much.

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 I woke up to the sun shining bright in my hospital room. The curtains, being what they were, certainly didn't help much keeping the place dark enough for me to sleep in much. It had been three days since my first awakening, and in that time, Dr. Calm-Trot had me under observation. Once she was certain I'd healed up, including the constricting damage from my failed transformation, she cleared me to leave. By this time, we'd established a few things about the village.

1.) Ponies were definitely herbivores...though the Pegasi did enjoy sea-food once in a while.

2.) Given the nature of this place, I'd either have to hunt my own meat, or simply do without.

3.) The ponies have never heard of using Balsamic Vinegar and oil in a salad...my suggestion blew minds and ironically have me quite the compliment from my doctor.

4.) While bread and such baked goods were common, Sugar was rather scarce, so much of what was available was plain.

Those things in mind, I got a very nice surprise.

 Since I was small, I'd always been allergic to fruit in its raw form. Everything from apples to watermelon, I'd have a bad reaction that was two steps from landing me in a hospital. Now, imagine my surprise when the good doctor brings in a cup of fruit, which I ate without thinking about given my hunger. After ten minutes and no reaction, I nearly fainted dead away. After explaining this to her, she went back and brought more samples of the local fare.

It was the single happiest meal I could remember having.

 As I left the building, I promised the good doctor to report back if anything odd happened, or if I felt any sudden weakness or trouble. I just looked at her with a grin, my head tilted to the side. "Doc, I AM odd, so naturally odd things will happen around me. It was true back home, and now doubly so here. I wouldn't want to take you away from your other patients too much!" She smiled at that, though it didn't seem as cheery as I'd seen on her in the last few days.

 With a quick wave, I made my way across the village, with really was barely the size of the downtown area of my old suburb. It was strange, to see everyone living so close together. I quickly came to the mayor, Grey Hoof's house. He was the one in charge, and thus Mayor. Though Silvia mentioned it was more along the lines that he was the only one who would take the job, rather than any other pony really having an interest in it. As I approached, I noted he seemed...odd. Now, the only pony I'd seen regularly was Silvia, my dear doctor, but this guy...something just made the hair on my neck stand just a bit. As I approached, he seemed to perk up, and if Silvia's smile was warm, his seemed as bright as it was oily.

 "Well, well, well! Our guest has finally awakened and come into the sun! I'm so *pleased* you came to see me! I am, of course, Grey Hoof, the stallion in charge of our little settlement." He executed an odd bow, had he been human I'd say it would have either been mocking, or over-the-top, but that was just my impression. "You're Advent, yes? The strange creature who fell from the sky? My my, I must confess, you had my dear neighbors in quite the tizzy that day! So, what can I do for you, my bi-pedal friend?"

 I cleared my throat, putting on my best smile before I replied, "Well, first it is an honor to feel so welcome. As for any you can do, I'm told there is a local Library in need of a care-taker? I think I can fill that role until someone better comes along. Other than that, I just need to know where to pick up my bread, fruits and vegetables and I should be set. Some fresh water would be nice too, as I'm told said building has accommodations for its caretaker." I admit, I was rather creeped out. Normally, I'd have steered clear on anyone remotely like him, but if I was to get my job, let alone remain here long enough to have anything resembling a plan, I needed to make nice with him. Didn't stop me from shivering slightly, and resolve to take a LONG bath in the near future.

 "Ah! Too true, too true, well let me see. The food stuffs are taken care of by dear Three Leaf. She grows most of the produce we have, though she sometimes has trouble. Other than that, the well is nearby, past the corner of her house. Aside from that, your accommodations are just past our good Dr. Calm-Trot's clinic. The dear only moved in recently, but she has been *such*  a help, I scarcely imagine what we'd do without her now!" The stallion's grin seemed to get a bit wider, but otherwise, nothing in his tone changed. I thanked him and slowly walked away, feeling like if I ran, I'd just attract his attention even more.

 "Oh Advent!" I froze, turning back with a strained grin. "If you need pots or the like, go find our Rock Farmer Gladstone, he should be near the Library. His usual farming area is about five minutes walk that way. Do enjoy yourself!" Grey Hoof then turned and walked away. I breathed deeply, feeling like I'd just dodged some kind of bullet. I don't know what it was, but that stallion just put me on edge. Maybe it was because of his mannerisms...but he just...well, it just wasn't right. I swear, if this had been Earth, I'd never let him within a country mild of any children...or foals...or any young-anything...ever! Heck, make that near anyone, period!! Ugh...but, at the time, I could safely say I knew nothing of pony culture, and resolved to just ask Silvia about it later.

 It struck me funny just then, how I thought of Doc by her first name. I suppose she was the closest thing I had to a friend in this place, so it was only natural. Still, I made my way to the small building just past the clinic, which was named as a hospital? I stopped in my tracks, looking at the name on the board right there. It hit me then, that naming around here always seemed to involve a pun of some sort. Heck, if I had a second name like most of these ponies, I'd bet it would be a pun too! I mean, calling a clinic a hospital? Who *does* that? I slapped my head, realizing it took me 'till *just then* to even question it. Shaking my head, I figured I was in worse shape than I thought. Seriously, what other details would I miss next?