

RAINBOW ORCHESTRA

Rainbow Orchestra is about a group of illegal business men who secretly captures foals in the darkness of the night, and puts them to work in large concentration camps. They have just recently targeted Ponyville. This is the story of the hardships that each of the little foals would have to face just to survive.

SCOOTALOO

Scotaloo, along with some other foals, are lead to a large open field, next to a rickety old shack where they are told to sit. Then a handsome and dashing young steed with a golden blonde mane walks up to the front of the nervous crowd.

“Greetings, foals, I am Faust, and I will be your commanding officer for today”

He paces back and forth.

“If you are wondering why you’re here, then I’ll tell you. You are here to work”

Faust instantly gets battered with nervous looks, followed by panicky chatter.

“Silence!” He shouted, shocking everypony into silence. “You will not speak unless spoken too, do I make myself clear?!”

The foals nodded, a few began to cry.

“Good.” He started to pace again.

“Like I said before I was rudely interrupted, you are here to work, not *play*, work!” His tone began to turn dark.

“And in return we won’t *beat* you until you turn blue!” Faust laughed.

With that being said, many foals stifle their tears in terror.

“Its fine, you can cry as much as you want, as long as you work.” Faust added.

“Alright, here are the rules.”

“Rule number 1; do *not* speak unless spoken too. If I hear one word out of turn, you will be beaten.”

“Rule number 2; any whos, whats, wheres, whens, whys and hows are strictly forbidden, if you say any of these words, you will be beaten.”

“Rule number 3; this is your home now. Any “I want my mommy” and “I want to go home” remarks are not allowed, if I *ever* hear that, you-“

“Will be beaten” one brave foal said simultaneously with the mare. “Yeah we know.”

Faust face turned bright red. He then walked over to the poor foal and stuck his face very close to his; noses practically touching.

“You will not *mock* your commanding officer.” He growled in a low, angry voice.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND!” Faust yelled in his face.

“y-yes sir, I won’t do it again” the foal stammered nervously, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“No you won’t” Faust muttered calmly, as if he never yelled in the first place.

Faust walked away, and the foal breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that the nightmare is finally over.

It was not.

In a flash, the mare whipped back at the foal and drives his right hoof into the side of his face, sending the foal straight to the ground with a large thump. Then silence.

Scootaloo was relieved to see the steady rising of the colt’s chest; at least he was not dead.

“Oh shoot, I seem to have hit him to hard!” Faust said sarcastically. “Oh well, anyone else wants to test me?”

Silence.

“Good.” He chuckled “Now let us begin.”