

Tragic Tales of Hindhoof Fallout

by reedman

It was a barren wasteland. Bits of rubble could be seen here and there. Remains of buildings could be seen in all directions. It was almost devoid of life. The ground a smooth silver. Despite the spots of wreckage, it was a somewhat clean wasteland.

In the north of the wasteland, there was a church. Most buildings in the wasteland were destroyed or abandoned. This was the exception. The very old church was almost entirely intact. Its bell was disconnected however. The bell laid on the ground by the front doors. Around the church were several small huts. About a dozen to be exact. It was a village. A bit of a rarity in this wasteland. Most survivors leaned towards being alone or very small groups. Raiders didn't even bother the church. Even they were too creeped out to steal from them.

This was the church of Omseh. Most other survivors called them a cult. They believed that this land was a purgatory for those unworthy of the old world. They thought that only by accepting Omseh as the one true god, they would soon be sent to paradise. All he would ask for in return is true dedication, and sacrifices in his name. These were the thoughts of Father Fred. He was here long before the other members. He claimed to once see the great Omseh's face. The most any other member had seen was the great Omseh's hoof. A hoof that would either bring great gifts if he was pleased, or great suffering if he was not.

The bell rang loud. One of the cult members was hitting it with a rock. It signified it was time for worship. Families began to filter out of the huts, and slowly enter the church. They sat themselves, and patiently waited for Father Fred to speak. He stood at the front.

"Glory to Omseh." Father Fred said. It was always the opening phrase.

"Glory to Omseh." the members responded. It was tradition to always respond the same. It was even used as a greeting among them.

"Today is a good day." the priest said. "We have survived many days and many nights. The great Omseh is pleased with us. Our offerings have not been in vain my brothers and sisters. We have been fed well by his grace. With our food running out, we must make an offering once more." Father Fred stepped down from his podium. He walked down to the pews.

"Like before," the priest said. "three of you can volunteer as offerings to the great Omseh. Those who volunteer will be greatly missed. Yet, your spirits will join the great Omseh in paradise! Who of you will make this choice?"

It was silent for a moment. Being offered up to the great Omseh was a straight shot to paradise. However, no one wanted to leave their families. Eventually, three elderly men stood up. Father Fred took a moment to hug each of them.

"Praise to these brave men!" the priest shouted. "Praise be!"

“Praise be!” the members cheered. Everyone in the church got up to hug the three elderly men. Soon, the three would join the great Omseh in paradise.

Father Fred made his way to the doors. Everyone got up to follow. The three elderly men were picked up by the younger men to be carried. They deserved to be comfortable in their final moments before paradise.

After an hour’s walk north, they reached their destination. The northern wall. The same silvery metal as they stood on. It stretched miles into the sky. At the base of the wall was a wide, shallow ditch.

“The great Omseh will be pleased today!” Father Fred shouted. “Praise be!”

“Praise be!” everyone shouted once more.

The three elderly men gave one last wave to the crowd as they were carried down by the younger men. They were carefully laid down on the ground. The men made their way back up to higher ground. As the men rejoined the crowd, Father Fred spoke again.

“Now brothers and sisters!” he said. “Now we wait for the great Omseh to accept our offerings! Glory to Omseh!”

“Glory to Omseh!” the members said back.

While they waited for Omseh, the cult members relaxed. The children kept themselves occupied. They would take turns pretending to be Omseh. The other children would give the pretend Omseh ‘offerings’ of rocks and twigs. The pretend Omseh would give them hugs if the ‘offerings’ were accepted. They would chase them around if the ‘offerings’ were denied. It was fun to watch them pretend.

The adults would lay on the ground, looking at the sky. Most of them were hoping for a glimpse of the great Omseh’s face. Sometimes they would be lucky and see bits of him. Most of the time you would only see his great hoof.

Father Fred, would pass the time speaking of his encounters with Omseh.

“He was so close to me.” he said. “His face was so large, I couldn’t comprehend its sheer size. I was far too insignificant to hear his voice, but I could feel his words of love. His eyes pierced through my soul with such intensity. As I forced myself to walk, I came upon our church for the first time. I could hear the voice of an angel echo in my ears. The name of the great one spoken to me. Then, I knew my purpose.”

Before the priest could continue his stories, the air rumbled. The land went dark. Everyone looked up. The sky they were all used to, was now yellow. Faces were filled with joy. Finally, they were about to send offerings to his glory.

As the hoof descended, its thunderous movement echoed into their ears. They felt it shake their bodies. It was so massive, but it was still so far away. It encompassed all of their collective sight, but they still could not comprehend it all.

The adults covered the ears of the children as the hoof was about to make impact. His greatness was so gargantuan, movement alone caused thunderous booms that could make you deaf. A few had learned this the hard way. It was another few brief seconds as the hoof came down.

Then the impact. As the great Omseh's hoof slammed into the ground, some were knocked to the ground by the sheer force. The three elderly men had been offered to Omseh. Their bodies were obliterated instantly.

The ground shook once more. Everyone turned around, and cheered. A blue orb that rose into the sky had landed behind them. The priest ran to be in front of everyone.

"The great one has accepted our offerings!" Father Fred said. "He gifts us food! Glory to Omseh!"

"Glory to Omseh!" everyone cheered. They all ran to the orb. They encircled it, and began to tear out chunks. They devoured them ravenously. Some were crying tears of joy.

While the cult members feasted, the hoof rose. It left the silver wasteland once more. Under the hoof was now three stains of red. The bloody, mutilated stains of the sacrificed. Bones were crushed. Organs hung off splattered and tattered. Bits of bones poked through bloody skin. All three elderly men had smiles that were deformed by the hoof.

Tomson was having a spot of bad luck. The yellow pony had gotten some fresh blueberries to snack on. It was so hard to get fresh fruit for his size. He walked from his kitchen to his living room when it happened.

The blueberries spilled. It was quite annoying. He could only blame himself. Balancing a bowl on a hoof was no small feat. He picked up the blueberries he could find. He then sat on his couch to eat them. He was pretty sure he got them all. Of course this isn't true. Tomson found out the hard way.

He was about to walk out and get the mail. It was fairly muddy out. He put on his hoofshoes that he had absentmindedly left in the kitchen. When his right rear hoof entered the shoe, he felt it. He missed a single blueberry. He pulled his hoof out of the shoe. The culprit was formerly

stuck to the bottom of his hoof. It was small enough to get stuck under his hoof without getting squished.

Annoyed, Tomson went to get the mail without the hoofshoes.

“Gotta keep running.” Aloe told herself. She knew she had to keep moving. There was no higher ground to go to, but she needed to find somewhere that was safer than where she was.

The silver wasteland had water. Water had come down from the sky for the first time in forever. She was sure the Omseh cult was busy praising their so-called god. She wished she could be ignorant enough to be one of them. Maybe going it alone in this place wasn’t such a good idea.

When the water first came down, she was excited. Finally! No more killing each other for what little water there was. It had come down in massive orbs. They were each big enough to fill a lake. Aloe had the misfortune of watching a couple get crushed by the force of a falling water orb. Their mangled bodies floating in a pile of bones, blood, and loose organs. The water where they once were was now a dark red.

Her initial excitement turned sour when she tasted the water. It was undrinkable. It had a taste like sweat. It was disgusting. She wasn’t sure if any amount of boiling would make this water sustainable.

Her thoughts were cut off. A massive orb landed behind her. The sudden wave of water knocked her off her feet. It washed over her face. It stung her eyes so much. They were burning from the water. Another orb came down near her, carrying her for a short distance. As another one barreled down, Aloe barely managed to get to her feet in time. The force of impact sent her flying.

When she got up, the water was now just above her ankles. This was bad. In all her time here, water had never been this much trouble. Most of the water came from new cities that would be dropped in. She remembered when her city first entered this hellish silver wasteland.

The sky went yellow, and it came down upon their city. It looked like a hoof. The earsplitting noise of the hoof made her ears bleed a little. Anyone in a high rise building was crushed when the hoof came down. They were the lucky ones. They didn’t have to go through the initial panic of being trapped in a silver wasteland. They would never have to watch people kill each other over supplies. They would never witness raiders coming to their city. They would never have to run from Chaptio.

Aloe never learned to swim in her lifetime before this place. As the water sloshed around her legs, she regretted it. She feared that she might end up drowning in this sweat water. It was not a thought she relished in the slightest.

What she needed was some kind of boat. She could see a city in the distance. It was big enough that it would be an island after all this flooding. She knew that Chapto would be there. It wasn't worth the risk. Death by drowning was far less horrible than what he would do to her. She just needed to find something vaguely sea worthy.

The water splashed at her knees. She was running out of time. Maybe she could take a risk with Chapto. Maybe he was feeling merciful today. As she weighed the risks, growing waves could be seen in the far distance. What she needed was a miracle.

"Hey!" a voice shouted. "Over here!" Aloe, head twisted to the left. It was like a god answered her prayers. Maybe the cult of Omseh was onto something. She wondered if she should've taken their offer when they first came to the city.

It was a boat! It was about as apocalyptic as boats got. The sides of the boats were stitched together car doors. The bottom looked like a billboard. The sail of the boat was a mix of sheets, curtains, and shirts. There was a group of five on the boat. Three women and two men. Four of them were steering with the sail, while the fifth was guiding them. They were coming her way!

No time to think. Water was going against her thighs. It was getting harder and harder to not get knocked over. By the time she reached her rescue, the sweat water was at her waist. One of the car doors opened, and a guy with a buzz cut reached out for her. She was quickly pulled up.

Aloe simply laid there. She needed a moment to catch her breath. She was soaking from the waist down. She smelled like she ran a marathon. She could barely make out what the buzz cut was saying. She was too exhausted. Questioning their motives could happen later. She was just glad to be out of the water.

Before she could sit up, a massive wave crashed on the boat. Luckily, being down seemed to have saved her from the wave. As she stood up, the boat was empty. She ran to the starboard side of the boat. All five of her rescuers were knocked off the boat. They were quickly swept up by the tide. The five of them became dots in the distance by the time Aloe got a hold on steering the ship. She had no time to mourn. She had no choice. She had to take the boat to the city. She would have to do her best to avoid Chapto.

A shadow surrounded Aloe. She looked up. Her mouth quivered in fear. An orb was rocketing towards her. The ship wouldn't move in time. The water was too deep at this point. She hugged the mast, and hoped.

The sweat water orb slammed with such force. Aloe's head hit the floor of the ship so hard. Her face went through the billboard floor. A few teeth had broke and forced their way down her throat, along with a gulp of sweat water. The impact must've broken something, because she couldn't move her arms or legs. The sweat water was burning her eyes fiercely. She had no breath to hold. Slowly, she could feel her lungs fill with the disgusting sweat water.

Everything slowly went to black.

“It’s too hoooooooooooooot.” Tomson moaned. There was no pony else around. He just wanted to complain.

A heatwave had come to Neightowne Heights. The yellow stallion was unhappy because his house did not handle the heat well. He heard the community pool was open. What sucked was that the area meant for ponies of his size was closed for repairs.

He was sitting on his couch. His hoofshoes were in a pile under him. He could hear a faint dripping noise. He leaned forward to see that one of his hind hoofshoes was the culprit. The sweat that dripped off his rear hooves was collecting in there.

“Gross.” he said. He wasn’t grossed out enough to get up and clean it though.

Reed was going through the shelves as fast as he could. This little convenience store was the last place in the abandoned city he hadn’t checked for food. Everything else had been picked clean. Either by raiders or by him. The few things he was finding were too moldy to eat. He hoped he would find something. Anything to eat.

He was the last survivor in the city. Some had left to tackle the silver wasteland alone or in a group. A handful had left to join the Omseh cult. Most had stayed and tried to rebuild some semblance of civilization. It worked for a little while. Now he was the only one left. An entire city, and it was occupied by just him. Well, he wasn’t entirely alone.

The ground shook a little. A light rumbling could be heard in the distance. Chapt0 was coming. Reed grabbed his bag and ran for the door. He stopped. He was already inside a building. He looked over to the front display window. He got down so he was under the windowsill. The wall was mostly there. There was a hole in the wall. Barely big enough to fit his hand through. Big enough to see through however.

The shaking was getting more intense. He could see rubble on the ground shaking. Chapt0 was definitely closing in. Reed had been on the run from him for awhile. He had been careful so far. Only moving at night, when his adversary was asleep. This morning’s hunger made him desperate. He hoped it wasn’t a mistake.

He was snapped out of his thoughts. A massive blue hoof slammed down on the street. It nearly made him jump. He had to fight his instinctual urge to make any noise. He just had to remember what got him here so far. Slow breathing. No sudden movements. Into view came the tip of a nose. It twitched, and sniffed.

“Come on out little hoomin.” Chaptto said. He could never pronounce human correctly. No one ever survived long enough to correct him. “Your smell is so strong here, I can almost taste you.”

The giant pony sniffed around some more. He was the reason Reed was the last human in the city. Chaptto was a giant pony that fed on the comparatively tiny humans. He could easily fit two humans in his mouth. Some tried to fight him off to no avail. He just ate everyone that came at him. The Omseh cult said that he was the punishment for nonbelievers. Reed often wondered if they were right.

“You’re the only tasty hoomin left.” Chaptto said between sniffs. “I bet you’re the tastiest.” Reed wasn’t sure if that was a compliment or a taunt. This blue pony was hungry just like he was. Although Reed’s hunger would be sustained by food. Chaptto’s would be sustained by him. Getting eaten was not how he wanted to leave this silver wasteland.

The sniffing came to a stop. Chaptto raised his head. His hooves tapped the ground in frustration. “I’ll find you eventually tasty hoomin!” he grumbled. The big blue pony stomped away, shaking the ground with his grumpy attitude.

As the stomping grew distant, Reed breathed a sigh of relief. It was a brief panic, but the problem was gone. The trip yielded no food. A loss. The close encounter was a bit too much for today. He would have to skip a meal. Try again when the giant pony was asleep.

Reed made his way to the door. He carefully looked outside. Chaptto was nowhere to be seen. This was the time to move. The hungry pony went left. He went right. He had to make his way to his home in the city’s subways. The big predator couldn’t go underground. The streets were eerily quiet. Even the distant rumbling had stopped.

As he approached the end of the block, a loud boom made him nearly jump out of his skin. A massive blue hoof landed right in front of him. He fell to the ground. Towering above him. A puffy yellow mane. A wide grin. “Silly hoomins always fall for that one.” Chaptto said.

Reed stood up to run, but it was too late. A powerful force swept him off his feet. Rather than land on the ground. He was on something soft. His hands touched a wet surface. It was soft. He knew where he was. Before he could scream in horror, the mouth closed. Chaptto had plenty of practice eating humans. His massive tongue made quick work of Reed’s clothes. He could only watch as all of his belongings disappeared down the pony’s gullet. He was naked, on a giant tongue.

It seemed the man-eating pony was in a playful mood. The massive tongue began to push Reed around. Like a bully pushing a nerd in the hallway. He found himself pushed into the extremely soft inner cheeks of his captor. He was rubbed around for a bit before being shoved below the massive tongue. It laid down, pinning him with no effort. All this pushing would continue for a few more agonizing minutes.

With his vision blurred by saliva, Reed failed to notice where the tongue was pushing him. When the space suddenly became a tight fit, it was too late. A hard gulp was felt all around him. The tight, saliva slickened throat would carry him for a moment before dropping him into a dark, wet space. There was a thick water-like liquid rising around him. Things started to feel hot. Like really hot water was poured on him. It was getting hard to breathe. When the hot turned to burning, it clicked. Now Reed was screaming.

Chapto didn't mind sitting down to enjoy his snack. It felt so satisfying to catch the last human in the city. He wasn't filling by any means. The satisfaction came from a long hunt that paid off. Now the blue pony wanted to relax, and enjoy the human's last moments.

The human had already struggled down his throat. Now he was kicking and screaming in Chapto's stomach. The pony couldn't help but press his left forehoof against his stomach. Every punch, kick and thrash. It was faintly felt with the pressed hoof.

He wasn't sure when the urge to eat humans came from. He figured it came from the lack of food that made him desperate enough. His first human was actually an accident. He was walking in the city for the first time. He had yawned when a human had fallen off the wreckage of a building above him. Slid down his throat too fast to stop. The sensation of a living thing having the life choked out of it by stomach acid was far more enjoyable than he expected. After that, he just wanted more. Chapto never expected to become a predator. The silver wasteland worked in mysterious ways.

His reminiscing was cut off by a loud boom. On the silver horizon, something had landed. Was that a new city? Chapto immediately stood up. A new city meant new humans. It wasn't too far. Maybe a day of travel. He thought about the human in his stomach. He wanted his meal to last at least long enough to get there. The blue pony thought for a moment before having an idea. He swallowed a few times. He was gulping down some air. Hopefully it would keep the human around long enough for the walk. The exercise would probably melt him away, but thinking wasn't Chapto's strong suit.

Hunting humans was.

Tom shuffled off his saddlebags in the kitchen. Getting groceries at his size was surprisingly manageable. It was one of the few things that didn't require any help from ponies of a different size. The nearby farmer's market actually grew food just for ponies of his size.

As he slipped off his hoofshoes, he felt a great relief. He looked over them. He could've sworn he picked up another pebble. Something was poking him on his walk home. He could never be sure since the pebbles in question were too small. His marefriend Nugget had been telling him to clean his shoes. Maybe she was right.

The followers of Omseh were elated. They were having their daily service. They were elated because the priest was going to talk about the recent sweat water flood they all survived. Father Fred stood at his podium.

“Glory to Omseh!” he shouted.

“Glory to Omseh!” the members shouted back.

“My brothers and sisters.” the priest said. “The flood we survived was powerful. Our devotion to Omseh was what shielded us from the wrath he inflicted on the nonbelievers. Our offerings to the great Omseh are not in vain! One day soon, he will deliver us to paradise. We must keep our faith!” He took a moment to calm himself before continuing. “Now. The great Omseh has brought a new city to his land. We must make our plan to welcome them. We-.”

Before Father Fred could continue, a loud rumbling had emerged. It was much louder than anything they had heard. With overwhelming curiosity, everyone made their way outside. The sky was not the yellow that normally came with rumbling. In the distance, a great white wall of water was rapidly approaching. Father Fred ran to the front of everyone.

“This is it my brothers and sisters!” he shouted. “They day has come! This is the great flood to wash away the nonbelievers! This is the flood that will deliver us to paradise! Let us all shout our praises to the heavens! Praise Omseh!”

“Praise Omseh!” the small crowd shouted. They shouted over and over as the water approached. Parents picked up their children as to not lose them to the water. They all shouted their praises as some of them were knocked over by the rush of water. They continued as their church crumbled away from the crashing waves. They didn’t stop as some of their own were swept away by the water. They continued to shout, even as the water filled their lungs. ‘Praise Omseh’ were the last words on their breath.

Tomson happily hummed a tune. He was scrubbing away at his hoofshoes. Blueberry stains lifted away. Marks of sweat disappeared with the soapy water. Non-existent pebbles were now gone. He had really been neglecting this. It was nice to finally get his hoofshoes cleaned up.

After a few minutes of scrubbing, inspecting, and rescrubbing, the deed was done. He gave them a quick rinse. He was gonna just leave them on the counter to dry. However, it was a nice day outside. Leaving them on the porch was a good plan. The yellow horse scooped all four hoofshoes up in his forelegs. He walked to the front door with his hind legs. It was very weird to do, but it was worth it. He was a one trip only kind of pony. At his front porch, he carefully laid them out on the porch table he never used. Now he was back on all fours.

It was a nice sunny day out. Though the sunshine disappeared for a moment as a breeze flew overhead. The breeze was as big as his bungalow. It was a common sight in the Micro District of Neightowne Heights. The micro pony loved this neighborhood. It was nice to have a living area that was made up of ponies that were a similar size. He used to live in the main area of the city mixed with normal-sized ponies. It wasn't the most comfy living around such massive giants that barely noticed your presence. He couldn't imagine living in that situation any longer.