"Glory! To the Earthro-ponian!"  
"Ta tha Earthro-ponian!"  
Applejack and Aryanne cheer, slamming wooden steins of cider together before chugging them down. Today had turned out lovely; finding a 'home base' of sorts for the movement was startlingly simple. Combined with your superior tutelage of Aryanne and the influence of the Apple family, the Nazi movement would find very fertile ground in Ponyville.  
You make another move on the verbal chessboard.  
"So, Applejack, tell me again about how two unicorn brothers almost stole your family farm away...?"  
A light alcohol blush on her face contorts quickly into a grumbling mess.  
"Damn jewnicorns!"  
The apple-blond mare swears.  
"Wanderin' in, thinkin' they can just steal the family farm out from under our hard-sweatin' noses! Why I'd-"  
Applejack went on and on about every single unicorn trope. It would be good to motivate her with the simple virtues that Nazism espoused; the simple version for her simple apple-filled brain.  
"You don't need to worry about that anymore!"  
Aryanne cheerfully replied.  
"For the Nazi party of Ponyville is at your side, to protect your farm from any encroachment from jewnicorn and pegasai influence. Your family feeds all! The unicorns would rather force you into a sweatshop, making frivolous clothing and the like, for a wage so low that you cannot even purchase your own products!"  
The Aryan mare looks to you for approval. Giving a slight nod, the likes of a 'go ahead', you signal the mare to continue. Her reliance on you for proper "Realpolitik" was touching at times, but you will need to see that she becomes a confident speaker in her own right. Between the jabbering fillies, your eyes focus on a rather large earth stallion approaching from the distance. Although certainly not aggressive in demeanor, you can tell he has some questions just by the layout of his face. His reddish physique accentuates his muscles, no doubt hardened by my a year in the apple fields.

A physique you are all too eager to exploit; his questions you are already well prepared to answer...  
  
"Howdy."  
  
The burly one began rather stoically.  
  
"Ah happen ta have sum mighty feirce peculiars peckin' at tha brain."  
  
Well now. A silent savant. You would indeed be interested in what he had to ask.  
  
"If'n we were to endorse your 'political organization' of sorts, what's in it fer tha family?"  
  
Aryanne, who seems unable to hold her drink, glances towards you for guidance. You stifle a groan; abstaining from the vices of cider has done much for you. It is a virtue you will also impose upon young Aryanne for her future 'campaigning'.  
  
"Allow me to answer that, my good...?"  
  
You reach out a hand in lieu of Aryanne.   
  
"Macintosh."  
  
The stallion looks at your palm before placing a mighty hoof in yours.  
  
"Tho mah friends call me 'Big Mac'..."  
  
You be certain to shake it with the ferocity and stiffness he expects, meeting his eyes the entire time.  
  
"But ya'll ain't quite there yet. Sos'n Macintosh'll do ya jus fine."  
  
"Of course, Macintosh."  
  
You finish curtly.  
  
"On the topic of family, we have much to offer you. Indulge my curiosity; how large is the Apple clan?"  
  
Big Mac ponders for a moment.   
  
"Dozens 'n dozens, Ah'd reckon. We got seed spread all over Equestria."  
  
Perfect.  
  
"Well then, wouldn't you enjoy being the bearer of the Red Apple, the highest exemplar of farm life that Equestria could ever hope to obtain? What we offer in simple: protection. All we want is for earth pony kind to be shielded from the tyranny of outside influence. How many times has the farm been in jeopardy?"  
  
"Plenty."  
  
Big Mac never breaks demeanor.

"What has your government done for you?"  
  
"Nothin' much."  
  
"What does your government expect from you?"  
  
"More'n we can usually produce with twelve hooves workin' that field."  
  
"Exactly. From what I have garnered from your sister Applejack over here,"  
  
You gesture to the still rather grumpy mare.  
  
"Is that your various troop of 'Elements of Harmony' have bailed you out of danger more than once."  
  
"S'what friends are for, I reckon."  
  
Macintosh states flatly. You cannot help but notice the spark of curiosity in his eyes; he   
wonders where your point will lead.  
  
"Indeed. But friends that perpetuate such a system that allows so frequent a tragedy to befall your family...why, I'd hesitate to call them friends but rather 'aquaintences', shold they even be so fortunate!"  
  
"Go on..."  
  
You can tell he's already on the hook. Despite her slight stupor, you can tell Aryanne is certainly paying close attention.  
  
Good girl.  
  
"If they hadn't placed your entire household in such a state of affairs, then your farm would not only be just as prosperous, it could have expanded. When someone causes a fire that that burns down a barn, it is hardly 'forgive and forget' if all they do is manage do douse the flames."  
  
You shake your head.  
  
"...and poor Applejack. Placed under so much 'privilege', yet unable to enjoy the benefits of being an element bearer. Why? Because of her status as a farmer? Because of her dedication to her family? Is it fair to be torn in so many directions in unison?"  
  
You interlace your fingers and give them a tug to accentuate your example.

"Yet, with such great effort and strain, you farm manages to stay afloat. Barely. With both you and Applejack unmarried, the burden to pursue a social life as well as the responsibilities of psudo-royalty must be nearly impossible. If you are able to scrape by with the skin of your teeth, then how must your extended family be faring with such adversity? Such a diverse network cannot mean easy communication. I hope none of them are starving due to draconian policies elsewhere."  
  
"..."  
  
Big Mac's eyes dilate slightly; his lack of exterior emotions only serve to enhance your hawk-like observations of what his body language manages to betray.  
  
"Ya'll seem ta know quite the bit about Equestrian history and our family, partner. How's a...what did sis call ya...a 'hooman', git involved with Earth-pony type?"  
  
"I saved him!"  
  
Aryanne chimes in, happily standing up while puffing her ivory chest tuft.  
  
"My friend here, as I have explained to Applejack, is a man form a foreign land of fallen warriors. One day, while out in the fields picking blueberries, I found him being attacked by a wild manticore. Witnessing his valiant resistance, I couldn't help but come to his defense!"  
  
Aryanne continues with a dramatic flourish.  
  
"Unfortunately, I injured one of my ankles while kicking the beast. We were able to sieze the day, but I was unable to trot without extreme pain. "  
  
She faked a limp, telling her pre-woven tale like a champ.  
  
"Despite his grave, malnourished state, he was able to carry me back to my humble cottage."  
  
"We've been close ever since."  
  
You take over the conversation, placing a hand gently onto the back of her mane. You can almost feel a slight shudder along Aryanne's spine, but shake it off as simply nerves.

"Having much time to talk during our mutual recuperation, naturally things got political. Having no way to return to my homeland, nor real ability to return the debt of food and shelter provided to me, I promised to help Aryanne with her visions about a better tomorrow."  
  
"...and I promised him all of the blueberry pies he could eat!"  
  
Big Mac can't help but crack a smile at the simple, yet heartwarming story.   
  
"Well if'n the very notion don't bite me to tha core."  
  
He chuckles slowly in a deep voice.   
  
"Lis'n. I like yer spunk. But how do ya plan ta use the farm ta help earthponies everywhere? We do what we can fer our kin, but we only have do much ta give."  
  
He shrugs his massive withers.  
  
"You just need to leave that all to us. We don't want a dime of your bits. Not a one. Nor you apples, nor your cider. Rather, what we need is your endorsement."  
  
You ask with slightly open arms; a stance for honesty.  
  
"All good movements start of small. Your endorsement of the Nazi party would be invaluable. Your family name carries a fair deal of weight around here. Join with us, and you can help decide how to use it best. Besides..."  
  
A hand gestures casually to Big Mac's physique.  
  
"What better model for agrarian living. Tall, strong, and powerful. Soft spoken, yet thoughtful. Have you ever considered being on a poster?"  
  
The upcoming mayoral election traces the rim of your mind. Now would be the perfect time to begin your plans in earnest; even the pawns must be moved across the board with care...  
  
"P-posters? Ah' haven't the slightest."  
  
The big lug shies away from the question.  
  
"Oh no, not a trouble at all. We would take some photos on the farm with our own equipment and labor sources, all tasteful and appropriate... with the Apple family's final approval, of course."   
  
Big Macintosh ponders briefly with a hoof to the chin, coming around to the idea of the farm being a central hub for the Ponyville Nazi party.

"I know ya'll 're trying ta run fer office vis-a-vis mah sis, Miss Aryanne,"  
  
He begins to question the Aryan mare, still clad in her Nazi armband from many a night ago.  
  
"But tha incumbent is an earth pony. Are ya sure she needs replacin' and not just a bit of guidance?"  
  
Your mind races. This was Aryanne's time to shine. Her initial training would have to pay off now.  
  
"The incumbent, although hard working, is manipulated by the unicorns of Manehattan and Canterlot. After so long in office, she has lost much of the earth pony pride that brought her to so high a stature...a stature now used against the farming community of Ponyville to the benefit of the elite."  
  
A grin is suppressed. She is doing well.  
  
"Her finances continually go unchecked. In exchange for so much Apple family produce for dirt-cheap bits, she undoubtedly still affords herself the trappings of luxury. City unicorns and pegasi, unable to effectively grow food to feed their bloated gullets, force earth ponies into ever-smaller margins of political importance in order to exploit the glorious Earthro-ponian agrarian class. With her own pockets are lined with 'big city' funds, combined with the glaring teeth of Canterlot, this 'Mayor Mare', this 'Happy Amateur', is content to ride out the waves of political opinion to the detriment of her own race. Not I."  
  
Aryanne finished with yet another rehearsed flourish. This time, she doesn't even look back at you for confirmation. She spoke from the heart, and knew she said what she'd meant well.

Moved by the passionate speech (and slightly by cider), Applejack blunders into the conversation.  
  
"Ah'm doin' it! Ah'm fighn' fer mah race! Speakin' with Applebloom n' Granny 'bout it make me feel how important it is fer us, 'n how it is fer all earth ponies, everywhere. Ganny FOUNDED this town, n' now the worst 'a pony kind is glarin ta take a big ol' chunk outta our apple! Down with the tyranny, no matter if'n ya got tha apples fer it or not, Mac, 'Ah think we shou-"  
  
"Yes, we'll do it."  
  
"AH SAID AHM DOIN' IT MAC, NO MATTER-....what'd ya'll say?"  
  
"Ah said tha family will help out Aryanne and her hooman. They seem harmless enough, n' the exposure could be good fer attractin' some farmhands who'll actually stick around ta work tha fields...rather than some unicons ah've seen."  
  
Big Mac grumbles at all of the intrusions on his land by city-slicker types, "lusting" for farm life only to exploit them for their own means.  
  
"Did ya'll know that some dumb pegasus wanted ta save some fruit bats on tha farm? Bats! We still gott'em now here n' there..."  
  
Macintosh directs his statement towards   
Aryanne.   
  
"If'n ya'll get inta office, ya better promise me...that ya do somethin'about this stupid problem. Survival of the fittest is only so good when the fit can fight!"  
  
He snorts.   
  
"Of course! I see you've been reading some of the literature handed to your sister. It is good to see that some of our pamphlets have made their way into capable hands!"   
  
You cheerfully respond.

"Yeah, well, mah sis ain't never been one fer readin' anyway."  
  
Big Mac gives another baritone laugh.  
  
"Shush! Ah read all I need ta know, and what I know is this town needs some stability. Stability that the Nazis'll provide."  
  
Applejack tips her hat to you and Aryanne.   
  
"Well then, if there isn't going to be any more problems here, we'll schedule our first shoot layout for next week."  
  
You say, clasping your palms together.   
  
"Sounds like a plan ta me. Feels good ta be a part a somethin' bigger than yerself besides fer the Princesses, doesn't it, Mac?"  
  
"Eyyup!"  
  
He concurs with his sibling.  
  
"Outstanding!"  
  
Your smile is apparently contagious, as the mood shifts from seriousness to elation at the thought of providing a better future for earth ponies everywhere.  
  
"Now if'n you'll excuse us, we gotta get the empties in before sunset, 'n Ah think mah sis had enough cider fer one evenin'."  
  
Big Macintosh gestures to the empty apple bushels around some of the northern fields.  
  
"Ya'll an' yer marefriend 're welcome by anytime before the shoot ta talk politics 'n such."  
  
"M-m-marefriend?!"  
  
Aryanne stutters, deeply blushing while you can only roll your eyes.  
  
"I can assure you, our relationship is strictly platonic,"  
  
You chime in.  
  
"...and we will take you up on that offer. Select a few places around the farm with good natural light, and a breeze, for us to review before we bring out someone with the proper equipment."  
  
Big Mac raises an eyebrow.  
  
"Sorry. Always been good at feelin' the vapors between ponies. Jus' thought tha way she smiled when ya toucher her mane tha-"  
  
Applejack silences him with a hoof.  
  
"What my big-mouthed brother means ta say is it all sounds good. Lil' Applebloom n' Granny can help pick out someplace shiny 'n breezy. Ya'll have a good'n."  
  
"Y-you too."  
  
The Nazi mare stammers, stiffly turning with an about-face to leave.  
  
Wow...you really need to work on Aryanne's posturing when she gets taken off-guard verbally.

Before you leave you reach into your pocket and pull out four hand-made Nazi armbands.  
  
"Here you are. Welcome to the first step for a better future. They are worn for pride on the upper left foreleg, usually at public ceremonies and rallies. We will be wearing them for the photo shoot. I'll being extras if anything happen to yours, so do not worry."  
  
"Thanks, partner."  
  
The gentle giant takes the armbands and tucks them away against his yoke.   
  
"Partner...hmmm....Ah don't even know ya proper. What can Ah call ya?"   
  
"General."  
  
"General?"  
  
"As in the General Secretary of the Equestrian Nazi Party."  
  
The stallion nods once.  
  
"Well then, Gen, Ah'll be seeing ya."  
  
"Hah...you too, Macintosh."  
  
You clasp his outstretched hoof in brotherhood before walking away to catch up with the still stiffly-standing Aryanne.  
  
"We need to work on your expressions."  
  
You whisper softly.  
  
"I know."  
  
"What have you been telling them?"  
  
You inquire with a jest while walking down the trail.   
  
"N-nothing!"  
  
You can only roll your eyes once more. This filly is-   
  
"Hey, General?"   
  
Big Macintosh calls from back by the fence posts. You look over your shoulder, meeting his friendly eyes with your own.  
  
"It's 'Big Mac' to ya from now on."  
  
You smile and nod once. The perfect start for the Munich of Equestria...