>You tie your tie carefully, making sure to draw it to perfect length, If you are going to acquire a job in this new town, you must look presentable.  
>The article in the paper simply said, Looking for assistant, must be loyal, and well organized.  
>Simple enough, you have it in the bag.   
>You walk up the drive to a small home, you confirm the address on the home and knock on the door....  
>There is a slight pause without any sound, until you hear a quiet voice come from inside of the home. "Einen moment, einen moment"  
>German...that's odd. The door opens quickly and you look down upon the mare, her golden blonde mane quickly catches your eye, contrasting perfectly with her blue eyes.  
>The mare looks at you quizzically and speaks up "Ahem, Can I help you.... mensch?"  
>Your german is rusty but you think she just called you man, or something like that....  
"Oh uhm... Yes, actually, are you the one offering a job?"  
>She begins to examine you more closely, making you slightly nervous. "That depends..."  
"On...what? If you dont mind my asking?"  
>She cocks her head at you and lowers one ear, giving you a mocking puppy dog face. "On how well you keep your mouth shut."

>Not really sure how to respond, you remain silent.  
>She perks up her ears again and gives a slight laugh. "There is a bit of progress, so you are here to apply for the job as my assistant?"  
>You nod your head and remain silent.  
>She looks you up and down once more "I think I can give you a shot, don't think this will be some clockpunching job though."  
>You nod again... "If you don't mind my asking... what is the pay like."  
>She sighs slightly "You will be paid, dont worry yourself. Now back to being quiet?"  
>You grunt a bit, mild frustration gathering from this mare's utter sense of self entitlement.  
>She gestures towards you and walks into the house, you follow her carefully, taking a few ginger steps into her home.  
>She turns to you "So, as my assistant I will need you to do a number of things, ranging from the fairly menial things, that I cannot be bothered to do, to things that I will need your help with that we will work together on."  
"Sounds easy eno-"  
>She cuts you off. "What was it I said about being quiet?"  
>Just remember anon, you need the money.  
>She smiles "First order of business will be.... hmmmmm.... Make me a sandwich."  
"What? I thought I was an assistant not a butler!"  
>She looks a bit confused "The difference being?"  
>You give a slightly exasperated sigh, waving your hand in dismissal as you make your way into the kitchen.

>You mutter under your breath as you search through the nearly desolate cabinets  
"Ugh... this is crap....there isnt even sandwich stuff in here. theres some bread that looks 4 months old and.... is that moldy cheese? Eugh!"  
>You scrape together the ingredients you find, some pretty hard bread, and some hay that looks questionable, you threw out the cheese.   
>You carry the sandwich... if you can even call it that. out into the living room, you guess, every room is just piled with boxes like a massive bachelors pad. That's when it occurs to you that you didn't even get the mare's name, you dont even know how to call for her.  
>You glance over at a pile of boxes, with labels on them...Setting the sandwich down on one box, you open another box labeled paperwork and begin to go through it, trying to find a name.  
>As you are searching through the boxes you fail to hear the mare approach you from behind. "AHEM! WHY, are you going through my things?!"   
"I was just uh, uhm..... What did you say your name was again?"  
>The mare waves her hoof around as she speaks. "I didn't, and my name, is Aryanne."  
>Aryanne? What kind of name is that? Some weird german name for sure.  
>She looks to be becoming impatient. "That still doesn't answer my question, What are you doing, going through my things?"  
"I just wanted to figure out your name was all...."  
>She nods "Uh-Huh, Likely story.... You are a cop, arent you?"  
>You throw your hands up innocently  
"What? Do I look like a cop to you, honestly, ponies, hiring me, as a police officer. yeah that is about as likely as you being a gestapo officer."

>Suddenly the mare loses her cool and gets nervous "Heheh, yeah, that does seem unlikely doesn't it, I suppose you are right, no way you are a cop...."  
>You gesture to the sandwich on the box.  
"Are you still wanting the sandwich or... should I pitch it?"  
>She looks back and forth a bit before looking back at you "Huh, uh, no actually, I am, not hungry. I will be right back I need to.... use the bathroom." with that, she rushes up the stairs to the second floor.  
>You talk to yourself and begin eating the sandwich  
"Well, that was odd. Certainly a strange behavior. Whatever. Eugh, this sandwich tastes awful... I think the bread has gone sour."  
>You pitch the sandwich into the wastebin from across the room and do a little jump  
"Yeah! Lebron!"  
>You begin to get bored, and your curiosity is picking at you again, as you trudge around the box filled room  
>A curious box labeled Uniform's catches your eye, and you put on your sleuth hat to investigate.  
>You open the box and the first thing that you notice is a small red...armband... with a, wait, is that a, Swastika on it?  
>Should you confront Aryanne about it? No, that might get you in more trouble.  
>You hear her walking down the stairs, and quickly shove the band back in the box and close it.  
>She flips her mane as she reaches the bottom of the stairs and walks up to you "Sorry about that, I had a... bit of an emergency."  
"Ehh...ehuh."  
>She looks at you suspiciously, eyeing the box behind you. "Something wrong?"  
>You begin to sweat a bit  
"Nope uhhh, nothing wrong at all. Nothing strange here, nope, just a normal day... tooootally normal day."  
>She looks at you with an iron gaze. "You know then huh?"

"Know what?"  
>Her tone reflects slight annoyance "Please don't play dumb with me, this is difficult enough already."   
"What is difficult, I uh, I saw nothing alright, just, dont worry about it."  
>A sly grin slides across her face. "The thing is that, you did see something, something I could possibly get in trouble for so.... I cant let you leave."  
>You panic slightly and choose the back door as an emergency escape route.  
>She looks at the door and back to you "Don't even think about it." She looks around and sighs. "So, how are we going to solve this...."  
"You could just, let me go?"  
>"Ja, you are right, I could."  
"So you are going to let me go?"  
>"Of course not, you idiot. You have two options."  
>You nod nervously   
"Those options are?"  
>She laughs "Well, You can leave town, never tell anyone about this and not come back... Which still seems risky, or, You can stay here with me."  
"What? As your butler for life?"  
>She offers a half hearted smile "Friend? Companion?.... I dont get a lot of company okay?"

>Suddenly the mare seems much less threatening.   
"Wait, so you want me to stay here to be your friend...or companion? that's sort of...creepy"  
>Her look returns to annoyance "That is not what I said, do not twist my words. I said, you can leave town and never come back, or you can stay."  
>You ponder her offer for a moment intentionally making it appear as if you are thinking REALLY hard.  
"Well, after careful consideration, I have determined.... I have no money to go anywhere with so I will.... stay here...with you."  
>For a moment you think you notice a small glint in her eye's of... Excitement?  
>"Oh, well, Great... You want to come upstairs and help clear out a room for you?"  
> You wave your arms in exaggerated exasperation  
"Oh greaaat. Manual labour, love it"  
> She rolls her eyes. "Whatever, just come with me" she makes her way up the stairs, and you follow closely behind, making a point to stare at the wall, or the steps, or even the ceiling, just anything that isnt her ass.  
>She stops at the first door on the right at the top of the steps and opens the door.  
>Boxes spill out of the room onto the hallway floor.  
"How did you even manage to stuff all of that in there?"  
>She smiles mischieviously "Years of practice."  
>Wot.jpg  
"What are we even going to do with all of these boxes?"  
>She looks at them for a moment and shrugs "We chould just get rid of most of them maybe"  
"After you sort through them I assume?"  
>She looks at you again, very sassily "Well of course! I dont want to throw away anything that is important to me"  
>You take a deep breath "But thats going to take like, forever!"  
>[Sass Intensifies] "Well, what do you think we should do then, Genius?"  
"I dont know"  
>You scratch the back of your head.  
"We could like.... Share a room...."

>There is that glint in her eyes again.  
>She blushes "I guess we could do that... It would be much easier than, cleaning out this room...."  
"Yeah, much easier"  
>She looks away to lead you to her bedroom and you highfive yourself.  
>You follow her to the bedroom and she opens the door to what is probably the smallest room in the entire house, its more of a large closet really, with one small bed at the back wall of the narrow room, with a nightstand next to it.  
>She turns to you and smiles timidly "Well, this is it"  
>You give her the same quizzical look she seems to enjoy giving you.  
"Yeah, but, where am I going to sleep, there isnt even enough floor space in here for me"  
>She looks back to the room and then back to you and speaks quickly and nonchalantly "You could sleep with me."  
"My apologies what?"  
>She mocks you again, by giving a puppydog face, trying to look as cute as she can, and it is defenitely working. "I said, you can sleep with me."  
>You turn the darkest of reds.  
"Just to be clear... you mean as in, same bed?"  
>She rolls her eyes, clearly tired of explaining everything "No, I meant you can have the bed and I will levitate over it... Of course I meant same bed!"  
>She blushes a little bit at her slight outburst.  
>"I am sorry for that, that was unnecesary."  
"No, im sorry for being so clueless."  
>She smiles, like, a real smile this time. "Thank you, I am uhh. Going to go out to go fill the pantries would you mind uhh, please not running away?"  
"I guess, I can do that for you."  
>She smiles at you and hugs you. "Thank you, very much." She proceeds down the stairs and out of the house. Leaving you once again alone in her strange little home.