>It happened  
>All your occult studies, every experiment, it had finally paid off  
>A dimensional rip had been formed and bridged the gap between Earth and Equestria  
>Inside the oscillating portal came an undulating white form, materializing as a pony once it passed all the way through  
>The portal snapped shut behind her  
>Laying in a crumpled heap, was Aryanne, moaning softly from the temporary pain of unprotected inter-dimensional travel  
>Scooping her up gently, you carried her to your bed and tended to her while she recovered  
>Once she regained her strength, her insatiable curiosity soon brought her up to speed on the situation regarding the jewish problem in your world  
>Her fury became evident once she found out your people had not yet stamped out the parasitic menace  
>Both pledging to do your duty and finish the mission, you planned a final solution  
>It took some small preparation but before long you were ready, sword and shield at the ready, synagogue straight ahead on a Saturday evening  
>Aryanne was underneath you, a truly noble steed, her steely expression of determination saying it all  
>'We go now, ja?'  
'Nein, mein Fraulein, we wait for the signal.'  
>'Gut, gut...'  
>Seconds later, a sound arose from the seething pit of snakes  
>They must have found your shekels left as a distraction  
>'Hava nagila!' rang out from the crowd of kikes  
'Now, Aryanne!'  
>'Wunderbar!' she replied, setting off at top speed  
>Raising your sword and shield you rode the Aryan pony into the gathering, slaying them all in self-defense  
>You felled fifteen to your right and twenty to your left  
>You did not think it too many  
>She even had her own chance to crush underhoof the skulls of some which had chosen to cower and beg, pleading for mercy  
>She had none to give, instead smashing their heads into the concrete floor  
>In a matter of minutes their suffering had been ended  
>Victorious, you gathered up the shekels they had previously stolen and funded your next attack, neither of you wanted to stop

>Mere months later, the last assault on an Israeli stronghold began  
>With your combined charisma, the two of you had rallied people and ponies alike to your cause  
>The reclaimed wealth certainly helped too  
>As the charge was underway, you saw to both sides of you, proud National Socialists riding their brave waifus into battle  
>Many fell to Israeli bullets, some were incinerated by white phosphorous bombs  
>None turned back  
>None surrendered  
>Soon enough, there were few of the enemy left  
>Those that were not holding this position had already been rounded up and sent to camps  
>Victory was so close you could taste it  
>Then a particularly sneaky jew, playing dead, thrust his bayonet up into Aryanne's stomach as she trotted elegantly over what she thought was his corpse  
>Her brief cry of pain was replaced by one of anger as she viciously kicked him aside, allowing you to dismount and land the finishing blow, splitting his skull like a watermelon  
>Returning to your comrade, she weakly held you in her hooves as she rapidly bled out  
>'Anon... w-we did gut, ja?' her weak words were barely formed  
'Aryanne, you did the best!' you fought back tears as you reassured the dying pony  
>'Danke, meine liebe..' she said softly as she expired, a slight smile on her face  
>A vibrant red descended over your vision  
>Pure raging fury filled your veins  
>Without regard for your own life you stormed into the last bastion of defense the jews held  
>In a flurry of action, their heads were separated from their bodies  
'Hail Odin, I offer sacrifice!' you shouted, not noticing the fatal blow struck to your own midsection by an Israeli gun  
>The red vision dissipated, you suddenly felt greatly fatigued  
>Falling to the side of your pony, you realized the end was approaching  
>Accepting your glorious and noble self-sacrifice, you smiled too, as Aryanne had, then closed your eyes for the last time  
>As blood pooled around you, Celestia herself descended as a valkyrie to carry you to the next world

>You and Aryanne were both welcomed by the AllFather himself at the entrance to Great Hall  
>Meanwhile, in the realm of the living, your memory was enshrined as a folk hero  
>Tales were told for countless generations of your adventures with Aryanne  
>Statues and other artworks depicting you atop the pale pony standing triumphantly at the crest of a mountain of enemy corpses decorate public spaces the world over  
>All the while the two of you look on from the other side, proudly watching the progress you started  
>Thanks to your actions, the world rejected Zionism in all forms and wholeheartedly embraced authentic National Socialism  
>Every folk was guaranteed independence and self-determination  
>The process of Aryanisation was nearing completion  
>Jews and other tribalists had been forgotten for they no longer existed  
>However, one task remained  
>Odin had informed you of the cyclical nature of time not long after your arrival  
>This meant that eventually, you and Aryanne would be required to reincarnate to fight in noble struggle once more  
>The forces of darkness would have regrouped by then and be more powerful than you could imagine  
>Eagerly, you both enrolled in Odin's training for the coming battle of Ragnarok  
>Your adventures, it seemed, had only really just begun  
  
Misleading end, I have no more to write. Fill in the finale with your imagination.