There are few things that can put a good righteous fear into the hearts of those that live in the Frozen North. The ponies and other beings there are hardened to the tragedy and terror that stalks the unfeeling cold, but there are some things out there that no rational mind would face of its own free will, some things that are simply too blood curdling to even contemplate, too big, too bad, too badass to ever take on. Wendigos are one of them. Creatures of the frost that few even know of, but they feed on discord and disharmony and have a tendency to make any that exists much, much worse. Bears, hulking monstrosities the size of hills that have a tendency to carry guns or other weaponry about as large as they are. Necromancers and their unnatural progenies, both spit in the face of the natural order of things and wreak all manner of havoc. Golems, Caribou raiders, and a few others make the list as well, but the one thing that, surprisingly, strikes fear into many hearts in the North, is a noot. One of those tiny adorable penguins that waddle around looking all cute and speaking in their cute little language with their endearing waks and wehs and whatnot. Unexpectedly, they are often insidious little bastards with all the evil that might be in a regular pony compacted into a smaller and more concentrated form. That is the sort of penguin that went to Reikloud one cold day in the North. That is the penguin that got the attention of Commander Hurricane. That is the penguin that was out for blood.

“Commander, there is a Bani Karl here to talk to you.”

“Who the fuck is Bani Karl?”

“Small penguin that just showed up and asked to talk to you, says he killed a dragon.”

Commander Hurricane was about to tell the recruit reporting to him that a penguin could not kill a dragon since they were very small and not very harmful most of the time and where the fuck would it find a dragon to kill in the first place before he recalled the travelers that came by earlier speaking about killing a dragon and a penguin’s help with it. Still.

“Does he have any proof of this claim?”

The recruit produced a dagger made out of bone and presented it to Commander Hurricane. It looked old, but there was no mistaking what it was. The tooth of an enormous beast taken from its cavernous maw; the tooth of a dragon fashioned into an unpleasantly visceral looking blade.

“Bring him here immediately.”

After about thirty minutes of working through security and other pleasantries the Reikloud recruits delivered the penguin to the Commander.

“Commander Hurricane, I see that your imposing figure and your impressive city is no tall tale. Thank you for welcoming me into the presence of the former and the walls of the latter. I appreciate it.”

“Why are you here?”

“I thought it would be good to introduce myself to the illustrious Commander as the rest of my companions had.”

Commander Hurricane looked at the little penguin before him. He looked cuddly and cute on the outside, but the eyes. The eyes were cold, angry eyes that he found himself instinctively not meeting. The penguin noticed this and rested his head upon his flippers as he continued to look directly at Commander Hurricane with his uncomfortably unwavering gaze.

“Commander, how many of the individuals in this room can understand Pingwinese?”

“Myself and Windscar.” The penguin hmmed as Hurricane finished his sentence.

“Commander Hurricane, I am about to relay some sensitive information. Information that you don’t want entering any ears except for yours.”

“The Commander doesn’t take orders from little pieces of shit that waddle up onto his doorstep.” Said Winterscar. The penguin turned slowly to him and let his eyes wander over the pegasus’ body for a moment before settling on his face.

“I suppose that’s why you’re Vice Commander then.” The penguin turned back to Commander Hurricane. “So? Will you hear what I have to say?”

Winterscar fumed in barely contained rage as Commander Hurricane considered the penguin’s request. Eventually, as Winterscar ground his hooves into the floor to relieve some of the furious tension in his body, Hurricane nodded and motioned for his Vice Commander to leave the room.

“Alright, spill whatever you’ve got to spill noot.”

“Well Commander I think the first thing to talk about would be how well my friends were treated while they were here. You did an admirable job of keeping them safe in…” The penguin let his flippers fall to his side. “Trying times.”

“Whatever the fuck you’re trying to say just say it.”

“As you wish captain, they all left here just as dandy as when they came in, except for one blue pegasus. You probably know which one I’m talking about. He tends to leave a distinct impression.”

“I know the one you’re talking about.”

“Well he left in considerably worse shape than the others, and I do not take bastards mutilating my friends lightly.” The penguin resettled himself into the chair he was in with a few squeaks and pops from the upholstery. “I know that you didn’t mean to let that happen, but all the same it puts me in a rather unfortunate position of needing to exact retribution.” The cold eyes narrowed in Commander Hurricane’s direction. “I think I have a solution that can leave us both satisfied though.”

“Yeah?”

“See, this wasn’t just a case of the citizenry or some individuals in your city that are flagrantly more racist than the others deciding to torture the shit out of an outsider, this is a group of individuals using fearmongering to scrape more power into their grubby worthless hooves. They’re lusting after more power and you know that they aren’t going to stop.” The penguin put a flipper to his chin. “Now who is the most powerful individual in the military state of Reikloud? Would that be…” The penguin lets his flipper lower until it pointed at the Commander. “You, Commander Hurricane?”

Hurricane remained silent and brushed at the wood grain of his desk with his hooves.

“It wouldn’t be hard. You’ve obviously been taking a liking to the outsiders that come around here. You let all those guys in and treated them nice and you let me in just now. The end will come, and you’ll see it coming in the rumors that start, rumors that you’re getting soft, rumors that you might be sympathizing with the outsiders, rumors that you’re going to get Reikloud involved in another war with your foolishness, maybe even rumors that you might be born of an outsider and had it covered up.” The penguin took in a breath that Hurricane could hear from all the way over at his desk as if the tiny avian were right in his ear. “Ponies can be so cruel sometimes.”

Hurricane grit his teeth and stared at the penguin with impotent anger. He knew it was impotent, knew that he could do little to save his command, and that just made the fire in his gut all the hotter. “And what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to help you Commander, free of charge.” The penguin did something that Hurricane thought might have been like a smile for their kind. “When night comes I will be taken to a carriage that you have prepared so that I may depart and get back to my duties on the ground. I will walk into the chariot, and then I will walk out of the other end. I will make my way to the abode of one of the members of this puerile little conspiracy. I assume you know what will happen when I get there. I will exit your fine city of my own accord, you needn’t worry about that. The chariot will go the edge of the city and it will be discovered that it is strangely empty. In the morning, you will search the houses of Reikloud for me and find that I am not there, but you will find the body of the turncoat I slayed. He will have a note with him that I recommend you circulate to strike fear into the hearts of the other individuals in the conspiracy. You will blame me for his death. Should any of the other traitors be discovered you will merely have to kill them in a similar fashion as to how the first one is dispatched, leave a note, and tell your citizens that the killer is still at large.”

“Frozen fucking hell.”

“Is that a yes?”

Commander Hurricane rubbed his hooves across the wood grain of his desk and tried to calm down and think. It took him a while.

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Later that night.

“Vice Commander Winterscar, what a pleasure to meet you properly” Said the penguin as he tossed the vial of paralytic poison to the side. “We are going to have a long chat you and I.” A knife appeared in the penguin’s flipper without him appearing to reach for it. Vice Commander Winterscar just breathed steadily as a vein in his temple started to bulge.

“Yes, just lay there dear. I’ll be getting to work shortly.” The knife slipped in between Winterscar’s lips and halfway down his throat. Winterscar could dully taste steel, then iron. The blood bubbled in his throat for a moment before the penguin turned the pegasus onto his side so that it dribbled out of his mouth onto the floor. The knife flicked around in the penguin’s flipper and the butt of it came smashing into Winterscar’s mouth with visceral and precise strikes. His front teeth were quickly turned into jagged, useless white shards. The knife went into his mouth again and the tip slid between his back teeth to lever a few of them out on either side with the aural accompaniment of stomach churning cracks. “Sorry, but I’m going to have to work quickly so that you stay alive for all of this. Even with the coagulant you’ll bleed out soon.” Winterscar continued to bubble blood and tooth fragments out of mouth. “Glad that you’re alright with it.” The flipper holding the knife stretched out and slid the blade under the wing on Winterscar’s upper side. It slid around with a meaty noise for a few moments and then the blade went back into the penguin’s coat just as quickly as it had appeared. The wing made a few cracking noises as the penguin pulled it out. He had to jiggle it a few times and yank on it to get through some particularly tough muscle, but the entire thing eventually popped out with a meaty snap. Winterscar felt himself being rolled over onto his other side and the knife was there at the base of his other wing, but this time it didn’t slide around and into the flesh. It slid up, shucking feathers off of him like corn off of a cob. Blood welled as the penguin continued divesting his other wing of feathers. In a few moments he heard the noot make a satisfied noise and felt the knife travel down to his legs. Two slices and muscle rolled up with a wet elastic flapping. The knife went up and across, made a tiny slit, and two little oval shapes made a wet noise as they fell onto the bloody floor. Up again, just a little bit, and the knife made a motion similar to the way it prepared Winterscar’s first wing, but this time it cut deeper. The blade went away again, just like before, and the penguin put his flippers on what he was going to yank out, just like before. The penguin pulled and yanked and jiggled until it came free. He left it lying on the floor and examined the massive hole left behind. Then the knife came out again. Winterscar wanted to scream, wanted to cry, wanted to kill, but he could only lie there as he died in slow agony. Eventually the penguin finished. Winterscar was barely recognizable as having been a pony at one point. He just looked like a meaty puzzle inexpertly taken apart. The penguin took a well folded note out of the darkness of his coat and traced over some of it with the blood of the pegasus still dripping from his knife. He left it on a table near the corpse when he finished. Then he waited out the hours until midnight when he vanished without a trace.

The note left on the table had its short message underlined with fresh, wet crimson.

“These violent delights have violent ends. For this fool and his friends.”