

*Diaries of an Equestrian Overlord*  
*by KitsuneRisu*

*Questions and comments for Princess Celestia? Send her a scroll at:*

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Twisted

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Special thanks to Xhizel who told me to stop talking my MLP conspiracy crap and just write it down already.

Well, I wrote it down.

And of course, thanks to Lauren Faust and her team for bringing the show to life.



Questions and comments to Celestia might go toward the next fic project! Remember to add your Pony name!

Thank you very much for reading, and I hope you enjoy.

Disclaimer: This fic was conceived and written before the start of Season 2. In the interest of preservation, nothing will be changed to match Season's 2 new continuity... yet.

In addition, feedback has made it necessary to state that this fic is a **COMEDY** fic. I know. From reading the first part it really doesn't seem like it, but it was simply necessary to keep up the style as well as preface/juxtapose the later insanity.

Please give it a chance!



# THE DIARIES OF AN EQUESTRIAN OVERLORD

BOOK

06

ONE

2nd October, 3483

To Twilight Sparkle,

My dearest student.

I hope this letter reaches you in good health. If you are reading this scroll, it either means that I have found you to be finally worthy of knowing the truth behind what has been kept from Ponykind for all these past long years, or that I am dead.

Of course, I do so hope it is not the latter, for if such were the case, it means the Scourge has been successful in its insidious plans and now most, if not all, of Equestria lies in ruin.

But perhaps I am being far too negative.

I have decided to start a chronologically detailed tome of my experiences in this, the year 3483, 2nd of October, old calendar. It is to be considered as a diary of sorts, containing my frank, unabridged thoughts and observations about the land of Equestria, all of which shall now lie in your possession - my dear protégé.

There would be no better time to start detailing these introspections and deliberations in the light of the occurrences the other day, occurrences which you should be most familiar with. Of course, much time might have passed since then and the point at which you are reading this, and as such I shall rekindle you of the events in the pages to come.

The book that should have come with this letter contains these personal accounts of important day by day happenstance, in and around Equestria, from the time of the Luna incident. This book must be, as this letter, kept confidential in every way.

And of course, Twilight, take no offence at the harsh words and strange tone found in the pages of the diary itself. You will always be my first and foremost right-hoof Pony, and if I did not have but a hundred percent trust in you, these words would not even be written at all. While this is a formal document, the diary itself is not, and as such you might find it to be written in a manner most peculiar to what everypony is normally familiar with.

But as you know, everypony wears a mask, and if anything, my honest and true self shall shine within the pages bound within those leather brackets of lore.

Regardless, I pray these pages reach the right Pony, and I pray any of my observations may lead to a way, any small way, to continue the safe and stable overseeing of Equestria.

You will have a large task ahead of you, and many responsibilities.

I have trained you all these many years, and I am sure you have many questions in regard to the position you find yourself in, but all these questions will be answered shortly.

Before we proceed, however, I feel you should know the full and complete truth of the founding of Equestria. I do not know what any Pony will tell you in the future, or has told you in the past,

but certainly, our magnificent empire was not created from mere rocks being pushed around in a field.

As you are already familiar, due to your diligent studying, you were in fact the one who had first noticed Princess Luna's foretold escape from her prison in the moon. Back then, I had sent you to Ponyville under the pretence of learning about social sciences, but it pains me to admit to you now that it was all part of a much grander scheme.

I feel no apology is sufficient to alleviate what you must feel upon knowing of my dealings. I had never once intended to mislead you for nefarious purposes. Being the ruler of an entire world is something that comes with heavy burdens, and one of those is the need to guide one's closest pupil in a way that benefits both the pupil and the master.

One day, Twilight, when you have taken on the responsibilities, and wear the crown, I too know that none shall blame you for the same actions you will undoubtedly take upon her; when you have found a protégé of your very own.

I am truly sorry, my dear Twilight Sparkle, but we will return to this topic at a later point.

We must tally on, and there are still things that must be told about our history.

I suppose you might think that our species achieved prominence through natural evolution, or whatever other Ponies might have you believe. Do not be naïve, and do not be fooled, young one, for our beginnings stemmed from much more disconsolate origins.

From your research into Luna's tale, I am sure you found that the consensus of the public was that a thousand years had passed since her banishment. However, nopony would know of what happened before that point - three hundred years before. The exact number of years was lost to me - as a beach takes no notice of the number of grains of sand, I no longer take notice of the seconds that eternally pass my existence.

Once, long ago, there was a species who shared this world with us called the Humans. These Humans... indescribable as they are, if you imagine, were hairless beings who stood upon only two legs - their rear ones, something that you and I can do once in a while when prompted, surely, but they remained solely upon them except when asleep or when seated. It boggles the mind how they were to balance, and yet, they were extremely agile as a species. They also shared distinctions with us in other ways - they varied in colour, had hair upon their heads, but rather than hooves, they had an appendage that closely resembled squid. These squid, which firmly attached to the ends of their upper set of legs, allowed them to manipulate things in ways that we are unable.

Back then, us Ponies, or 'horses' as they called us, used to be abused as tools of war and labour. We were naught but slaves. They sat upon us without our permission, and forced us to carry their heavy burdens. If we were not to cooperate, they would use violence, or bribery, in order to make us carry out their deeds, in whatever form it might take.

And back then, we did not resist.

I am sure your initial thought would be, then, why did we not simply say no? Why did we not simply fight back, and argue our freedoms?

If you would believe, we were not capable of speech, and our intelligence was much in need. We were a simple creature, as the birds and the rabbits that you see today, and even much lower in intelligence than even some of them. We were merely animals.

We were beasts, living by Human rule and under their law, not having the power to own, to think or to exist.

The Humans invented devices, most of which you still see around today, and shaped what was to be the modern Equestria. I will admit freely that a fair amount of things found in my dominion, such as trains, cups, quills and doors, are remnants of their technology, and therefore seem to be created for something else besides Ponies to use.

Have you ever wondered, dear Twilight, with your infinite curiosity, why things are as they are in our land? Have you ever thought that some things seem to be made without our benefit in mind? Those things on the side of the cups we drink out of, for instance. The loops that are at an angle that, if one were to hold it within their mouths, would cause the liquid inside to spill out upon the floor; those were known as handles, and they were what the Humans used to clutch within their tentacle-like appendages in order to hold them.

Have you ever wondered why most things seem to be usable only by us with horns and the power of magic? Some might say that the world was made with the biasness toward those with the gift. Some Ponies might even speak of a conspiracy, stating that things are made to keep the Pegasus Ponies and Earth Ponies downtrodden. But no, these items, most of our items, have been copied from the designs of a long history of Human objects, some of which have been appropriated but most of which still remain the same as they were a thousand years ago.

I love each of my subjects equally, be them Earth, Pegasus Ponies or Unicorn. Until this day I still receive requests in the royal courts to make better certain things, and my Research and Development team works hard to accommodate.

In retrospect, I do wonder why no one has ever complained about the cups before.

I could go on forever, listing every single item found in Equestria, but there would be no point. I believe you understand now more about this small facet of our world history.

The Humans, industrious as they were, were also creatures of great lust for power. Unlike how it is now, not a single ruler could govern the world. The world was split, and every country, every island, had its own ruler, all of whom could not and would not work in harmony with each other. As you know, it is much easier with a single monarch managing the problems of Equestria, for there is none to oppose you in your wisdom, which is why the Scourge is such a growing problem (if not one already).

The Humans enjoyed fighting. It wasn't mere squabbles as such that we all go through on a daily basis, but rather on a massive, inter-continental scale. They had inventions not only for aid, but also for death.

One of the great weapons of their time was the use of 'destruction' magic. It is a devastating thing, a great blast of overwhelming consequences, something that I am unable to shape into form with mere description. But yet, it is the key to the events that slowly formed what you see around you today.

I was not able to comprehend the situation around me when our birth began; I was still a 'horse'. It was only after my 'change' when I discovered this piece of history, and as such, this is how I understand the events to have occurred.

It was around the year 2100, according to the Human calendar that we have adopted. They were able to put this destruction magic into metal orbs, which could be carried by flying machines across the entire world and dropped on any place that they wished. And when they landed, they would destroy everything with a large burst of magical energy, which was described to me as a mix between a simple fire spell and a simple disintegration spell, but on a scale that would engulf even the entirety of Manehattan whole, leaving nothing at all in its wake.

I myself have been attempting to recreate this spell, and I must say that it is quite effective, although it has never been able to reach the levels of totality in destruction that the Human orbs were capable of. I even had the spell implanted into your assistant, Spike, but all he is able to do is to disintegrate items that are engulfed in flame, which will then reform later because his powers are quite pathetic. I have, however, managed to re-appropriate this ability to allow him to send simple items to me directly, over long distances, and also receive things in return.

A great many orbs were sent out one day, all at the same time, across the entire world. It seemed that the Humans were set in their ways to cause the destruction of everyone else, and I cannot fathom what might have spurred on such a thing. It was only much later when I found out that they never seemed to need a reason.

In an instant, many, many Humans perished in the magical flames, but those who remained outside the influence of the spell did not die instantly, but rather, quite painfully and slowly over the course of a number of months or sometimes years. I myself, and my sister Luna, of course, happened to be two of the ones living just outside the radius of an orb's magical effect zone. We watched then, at the time, a huge cloud appearing from the horizon, straight into the air, and a warm breeze then flowed over us like a blanket being pulled over our haunches. It was quite a sensation. It was said that by that time, the number of Humans who survived dropped to merely 40% of their original number, and that number was still decreasing in staggered amounts over time.

It would be two months from that point when our essence and being started to change.

We started to be able to speak and understand the Human language - something that we were unable to do before. The words I write to you now, and the language we speak, in fact, is one of the old Human languages. We started to understand a lot of things, we began to have

comprehension of the ways things were, and we also realised that this was not supposed to have happened. We realised, somehow, that were it not for these orbs of magic, we would have lived and died; unintelligent slaves for the entirety of our short continuance.

Another strange observation was that this magic seemed only to have devastating effects on certain creatures. Most living creatures, especially Humans, rodents and birds, who were directly hit by the spell, were destroyed, and those who were present around us fell sick and ill, and eventually perished.

We, however, did not, as did not certain few other species.

Beyond the mental acuity, we had also started to feel healthier, more robust. We became stronger, and we felt better than we have ever been. We had also begun to develop physical differences to what any 'horse' had in those days.

In the days of a thousand years past, 'horses' had no horns; no wings. Every 'horse' was an Earth Pony. All of us were the same in every way. But for Luna and me, our wings and horns had begun to grow.

It was painful, even agonizing. You would not have any idea how tormenting it is to have to sprout a few new body parts, but I can confirm that it was neither pleasant nor comforting. It took a long while before they would flourish to the completion that you see adorning my visage today, and those months were only survivable through the support that I gave Luna, and Luna gave to me. Those were the times when we were still... sociable.

It is regretful, what occurred between us. From humble beginnings to the point where I had to do what had to be done, it is truly a tale wrought with regret and sorrow. My only consolation is that ever since her release from the moon, she is now once again present in my castle, and a great weight is lifted off my shoulders. No sisters should have to fight. No sisters should need to have gone through what either of us had.

But I am sorry, my young one. I cannot help but reminisce, which causes such digression.

Dearest Twilight, I believe now to be a good point in which to exercise rest and deliberation. Please try to absorb what you have read so far, and once you feel sufficient to continue, then, you may continue in the next scroll.

But I would hasten to caution you that it might jar your beliefs in yourself, me, and our very world.

Yours always,

Princess Celestia.



To Twilight Sparkle,

This is the second of the scrolls that contain the truth that you are destined to know. By perchance you have picked these up in the wrong order, you should begin with the first.

And so our history continues.

By the time we had come to terms with our new appearances, we had already started to understand, quite deeply, the machinations of the Human-run world. It took us years, and it was a task in frustration all the while through. Most of the things they had built, as mentioned before, were suited only for their appendages, known as 'hands', and therefore we could not use their inventions save the ones that we could grip firmly in our mouths. We had also learnt, from listening to the speech of the Humans, that we were not the only 'horses' who had come across this new growth. Some 'horses' had grown wings, some had grown horns, but all had one thing in common. We had, now, the intelligence over a hundredfold, equalling that of an average Human. Some other animals in the world had also achieved intelligence and speech, but not to the degree that we had.

We learnt that we lived on a farm. But rather than being the owners and caretakers, we were only used to pull ploughs and carry things that the Humans were too lazy to. We were not paid for our work, and we were kept locked up in a fenced area. After our changes, though, our Human 'owners', for lack of a better word, decided to free us into the forests beyond. It appeared that after the magic, no seed would sprout and no cloud would form to bring the rain, and the farmers could not support their livelihood.

You might have wondered, with our wings, why not simply just fly away? I will come to that later.

As we are all, in this present day, frightful of the Everfree Forest for its ability to flourish by itself without Pony help, it was in fact, the manner of the entire world then, and the Everfree Forest was named by us such as it was one of the few places that escaped the magic of the orbs, 'ever free' from the dark magic. Of course, it has simply become one of the things that we take for granted, and present belief would have us all think that the Everfree Forest works in a strange way rather than the other way around.

And it was in this forest where most of us collected and banded.

For the first time since we could comprehend, we were free.

It was liberating, but yet, confining as we knew that we still lived in a world not meant for us.

It would be another ten or so years from that point.

We had been living in the forest, away from the Humans, trying to make do with what we had. Our lives were basic, but our needs were met, and that is all we could have hoped for.

All over the world, us 'horses' slowly trickled into the Everfree Forest, and soon we had become a community. Since we all then had the gift of vocal correspondence, we used it to communicate with each other in a clearer and more concise way than we could have ever done before. This greatly aided in our progress and evolution. Over the course of the time we lived there, Luna and I had also noticed a very interesting detail. While every other 'horse' either had a fine pair of wings, or a gallant horn, or none, only Luna and I had both together.

No other beside us bore both signs at once.

Quite early into our stay in the forest, the other 'horses' began to take our visage as a sign.

They felt that we were the ones destined to lead them into the future. They felt that we were the ones who were chosen by the magic for this reason, given the two gifts representing leadership and freedom, and that we were to reign over them.

From that point on we had decided to shed our name of 'horse', and we had adopted what the Humans used to call the young of our species - the Pony. It was a name of rebirth, a name of what is now anew. It was a name which would mark the beginning of our new species.

Our Ponykind travelled across the world throughout the next hundred years. A further sign of our royalty was maintained as a new gift was exposed to us, only viewable through the passage of time itself.

We did not age.

As you know now, an average Pony's life is about a hundred and fifty years, but in those days it was fortuitous if we ever reached forty. Luna and I were nearly two hundred, but we never bothered to keep count. All we could see were generations being born, Ponies leaving the forest to travel to the lands beyond, and our friends and compatriots pass on as we remained as youthful as ever.

It was heart-crushing every time a friend had to move away or worse, move on. But yet, we knew our place, and by that time, our small kingdom was firmly established.

The presence and location of the kingdom within the Everfree Forest was known throughout the world to both Ponykind and Humans alike. At the start, the Humans were content to leave us alone in peace. But that was not to last.

Another countless number of years had flown by and our kind had spread and propagated throughout all the land. We were in such great a number that no longer could we afford to stay in a single area; we required food, resources, and we were led by a desire to expand and explore. Some of us moved into old Human cities, abandoned and left to waste after their fighting. Some of us decided to try our luck far and away, across the oceans and deserts.

Most reports that came back showed resistance from the Humans. Although we could talk, they feared and hated us, and would one day come to decide that we must be destroyed.

All we wished to do was work with them. All we wanted to do was live in peace.

The final surprise, I believe, that will now shock you, is one of the most basic things that escapes consideration due to its most basic of function.

Pegasus Ponies fly, and Unicorns perform magic. It is something that everypony knows from the time they grow up and ask questions about the world.

It was not always so.

We indeed had the symbols of the horn and the wing, but they were quite useless for anything but form. They had no function save to grant us the belief of our royal heritage. But ultimately, we were still 'horses'. We could not rise above the ground; we could not move things with magic; we could barely accomplish things by ourselves. It was only fortune that the Everfree Forest was able to grow crops and plants with no assistance whatsoever.

It is because of this that I have always taught you that magic is a skill that must never be overlooked, and never be underestimated. It is the only tool that we have, be it the raw power of the horn, or the Pegasus Ponies' gift of flight and cloud-trotting, or the flexibility and ingenuity of the Earth Pony; they are all gifts that we must use to aid each other in our continued survival.

If only we had these gifts back then.

For soon came news that would shake our foundation and disrupt our solitude and safety. The Humans had started killing us Ponies on a gross scale.

The news came in thick and fast, from multiple sources.

Small villages were being burnt to the ground. Ponies were being put to slaughter, and the ones who survived were being forced back into labour against their will. We had no defence, we had no ability, and we could not match up to the Human inventions that tore through us.

It soon became that the Everfree Forest was the last bastion of safety against the Human attack. Many Ponies returned back, all seeking refuge and asylum. Little did we realise that it was what the Humans had planned for.

We soldiered on, maintaining a constant vigil against invading Humans. They sent small pockets of attackers against us, raiding our food stores and killing our friends. They came both day and night, always at unpredictable times, but we always managed to chase them off, if not always with some casualties. It was then when we decided, Luna and I, to split our forces in order to keep up a complete watch, and never be caught unawares.

I monitored the lands by day. Luna patrolled them by night. We took shifts, and it only made sense as Luna's black coat and sharp eyes suited her better in the dusk.

It might be merely coincidence, but our names, bestowed upon us by our Human 'owners', were apt in that situation. In their tongue, 'Celestia' refers to a heavenly body of the cosmos, such as the sun, and 'Luna' is their old name for the moon. We were probably named as such due to my striking white coat and Luna's beautiful black sheen, but it was the ironic sense of the universe that caused our roles to turn out this way.

Yet another few years had passed in this manner as the remaining ponies on earth all trickled back into the forest. There were no more ponies left beyond our borders, but our borders were finally secure. It was long, trying, and draining. We felt that we were hoofing the line between life and death, and I barely had the time to see my sister any longer than a few fleeting words in between shifts. It caused us to estrange, and drift apart slowly; something that I wish could have been avoided.

I, the Queen of the Day, and Luna, the Queen of the Night, were now known by our appearances with the rising of the sun and the setting of the moon.

Over the course of these years, the Human attacks had dwindled. While they were repetitious and strong at the start, they never really launched a full-scale assault. In fact, they never seemed to have any other purpose than to merely annoy and keep us all huddled together within the Forest, hiding from their constant peppering.

We should have known. We should have seen it coming.

One day, when there was nothing much else to do but live in misery the same way that every other day gave, a loud noise could be heard overhead. It was one of the Human's flying contraptions, a machine made not by magic, but by engineering, that was puttering over the dense canopy of our sanction.

We watched in slow realisation and horror as it released an orb. But it was not as the orbs were like before.

It was something new.

It was larger; more terrifying. It spoke of fear and death, and I cannot imagine any other purpose for it than the specific annihilation of the Pony race once and for all.

Encased in a glowing blue shell, it hurtled down, leaving a streak of magic in its wake, like a solid beam of azure light. Were its purpose not for what it was, it might be even considered beautiful to observe, like a falling comet trailing a blazing beacon of hope and life.

As it landed we all closed our eyes and waited for the inevitable. Everything seemed to be taking its time to occur; I could count off a thousand numbers in my head before I opened my eyes again to see the devastation around me.

But that was just it, wasn't it, my precious Twilight?

I *could* open my eyes. Before I had realised it, the others around me were too, opening their eyes, and stamping around to be sure that it was not a dream.

There was no cloud like the first orbs. There was no heat, no light. All that was left was the smouldering encasement of the orb releasing the last of its blue light.

All around us, the forest turned dark and foreboding. The animals began to instantly deform themselves into strange ways, most of them fusing together to create some kind of evil paradox

of existence. The trees were bent out of shape and warped along themselves, dancing a macabre dance. The soil turned green, and the sky became enshrouded in a constant fog.

Since then, the Everfree Forest has remained, having taken the shape that you are most familiar, the warped Human magic constantly keeping it in the manner that you perceive it today.

But yet, we were fine. All of us Ponies, nothing happened. Try as I might, although a thousand years since, if you were to ask me what it felt like, I could not describe, because there was nothing to feel.

But that is when we gained some unexpected results.

Those of us who had horns found that the power of magic had gathered within them, allowing us to use magic as the Humans could. Those with wings found themselves lighter than air, and could take to the skies with no effort at all. The ones without horn nor wing were not lacking in gifts either; they became more agile and strong than the others, and had themselves the natural inclination for industry and invention.

Luna and I were not only given all three of these gifts, but in quantities far exceeding everypony else.

All of us also developed signs upon our flanks. These symbols, I cannot explain what they are meant to indicate even until today, nor can I logically explain the reason for their existence. I have tried to understand, to no avail, the cause of these marks, and perhaps you yourself, Twilight, will be successful where I was not.

Regardless, this was the time when they first appeared.

As you know, these marks represent an aspect of ourselves. Sometimes they are clear. Sometimes they are hard to understand. But with any good amount of interpretation and analysis, they are all marginally fathomable. What I have come to believe them to be are outward signs of inward intent. They are the showing of what we are meant to be, but not necessarily what we are. I shall explain further in a separate scroll. We must finish our tale, but I bring this up for a specific reason.

The Humans' plans had failed. The orb was likely an attempt to warp *us* in the same way that the forest around us twisted and deformed, in an attempt to return us to the level of beast that the Humans were familiar with hundreds of years ago.

They thought us dead, and they did not know of our advancements, but it was difficult to keep it secret for long.

My next decision was something that I was not proud of, but cemented me in my place as ruler of Equestria for all time. It was a decision that no other Pony wanted to make, nor wanted to be the one to suggest. But I knew, ruminating within the ranks of the subjects, the idea was there but simply not spoken.

We had to take the fight to the Humans, and we had to make sure that once and for all we would be left alone in peace.

It was not a simple consideration. No. We, in fact, owed the Humans much. They gave us language, invention, and our very lives, albeit by mistake. Now they clamoured to take it back, but after this length of time, would it be right? Would our lives not be something that could be considered ours by right?

We deliberated for many weeks. To my own torment and chagrin, my own sister, dearest Luna, was the loudest of the voices calling for peace. She insisted that we should move, and we should escape to a place where the Humans would *not* be attempting such vulgarities against Ponykind.

I, and few others, thought the world not to be so forgiving. No matter where we would run, they would find us and still persecute us the same as it has ever been, all those years ago. It would never end, not while we lived on a planet that was owned by these Humans.

This was the gist of the two sides of the argument. I am grossly over-simplifying, but I feel there is no need to elaborate on what is past.

Many fermented thoughts ran through my head, but I could not stand my own sister, with whom we have led our kind for generations, to suffer me this indignation. Between her and myself, we were splitting our society in half, and we would do unto ourselves what the Humans had way back at the start of our beginnings.

I reminded the Ponies of this one day.

And it was also then when I realised there was no other choice. My sister was vehement about her stand. She would not listen to reason. And I realised the folly of my ideals.

Just as the Humans did, we too, had more than one ruler. I could not believe I could have been so blind. The exact same mistakes they committed threatened us because of this one fact. I felt that our rule had been synonymous. I felt, from start to end, that we would be able to think as one. Work as one. Be as one.

She was not as one. She did not agree with me about the most important choice to shape our very future.

One night, during a heated argument, she made claims to keep me from the light of day. My mark, as you know, is that of a sun shining brightly. Not only is this a symbol of my being in the light for many long years, but also caused me to grow an affinity to the sun. Along with our magic, all of the Ponies alive then became retroactively tied to the symbols they bore on their legs, although this is no longer the case in the present day.

I was stronger during the day, and Luna; during the night.

Luna threatened to never allow me to be exposed to the sun ever again, and cause eternal darkness upon the world. It was such a ludicrous claim at the time; I never even considered it to

be a genuine attempt. It seemed like the sort of thing one says in the heat of a fight; an empty threat; a wordless whisper of foul deeds.

She hastened to make true her plan. As was I, she was blessed with an incredible amount of raw magic, but unlike me, she was attuned to the night and not the day. It was night at the time of our confrontation, and clearly, she had the upper ground. Turning her horn toward the moon, she began to chant the incantations that would halt its movements and cast me into shadow forever.

I did what had to be done.

Using the last of my daily reserve of power, I wished her away. I wished beyond all wishes for her to be kept out of harm; to be put in a place where she could not hurt me, but she would not perish. I did not want for her to come to trouble, but I did not want her to trouble me.

I had banished her to the moon. She would stay there, for a thousand years. Unable to move, unable to truly live. But with her connection to the moon, she would not falter. She would merely be able to watch from a distance far away. It was a bittersweet judgement by the fates, and my wish had come true in the most acrid way.

In my finality, my daze, of having been the one who removed the only other Pony I truly loved from the world, I forged ahead with my plan.

I, along with some of the bravest Pegasus Ponies you will ever know, ventured forth into the heart of the Human Lands to wage our own battle.

With our new tools and abilities, the fight was finally even, and we had been able to slowly take ground.

It was from a Human research lab that I managed to find the item with which I would eventually extinguish the Human race. They were six prisms of crystal, of a material that I could not exactly identify. Together, they amplified magic, and the Humans were using them to conduct new tests on how to build a better orb with which to destroy us.

I used them together, along with my grant of magic, to erase the Humans from the world.

The prisms gave off a multi-coloured beam of light at each use and dyed my hair a multitude of colours permanently. I dubbed them the Elements of Harmony; I felt an ironic name befitting a celestial weapon of such intensity was necessary.

It took me years to travel the globe, tracking down the largest pockets of resistance, but finally, all were long gone. During these years our kind had once again spread out of the forest and into the surrounding areas - the forests were no longer truly habitable due to the landing of the second orb, and it had become too dreary and dangerous to live in for an extended period of time. This time, however, there was no longer a single Pony left inhabiting the Forest.

To commemorate the day that we set off, some Ponies built a small shrine in the forest - a mock castle - to mark the day that we would escape our shackles and leave our jail forever.

I do not know if what I had done was harsh. I do not know if perhaps Luna was right, and I do not know if I should have gone through such extremes. This is my confession to you, Twilight, as well, as now you are the only one who knows of this terrible thing that I had done.

But I never once ever feel regret for what I had to do. For without having done it, none of us would be here today.

Once the deed was finished I returned to the Everfree Forest, exhausted from the long journey that brought me here. I entombed the weapon in the shrine that the Ponies had built to make sure that none will ever use its powers again.

Of course, you and I both know that it was not meant to be, for a thousand years later, the one I personally chose to be by my side and follow in my hoofsteps would be the very one to find them again.

Yes, it would be none other than you, Twilight.

I then moved to the mountains to oversee the construction of Canterlot, our new capital city. I had a palace built in a cliff which offered me the best vantage point around, overlooking the place where you one day would be born.

With our new gifts of magic, we Ponies no longer had to contend with requiring help. We were now self-sufficient, and picking up from the ruins of the Human world, we were finally created anew.

And so from Canterlot, I watched. I observed and saw as how fact became story and story became legend. Tales of this history were lost to Ponies as a thousand years of remembrance passed, and we were left with no more than the one single Pony to have lived through it firsthand.

And I will never

*ever*

forget.

Yours,

Princess Celestia.



3rd October, 3483

Dearest Twilight Sparkle,

This is the final scroll in three. This letter will be the last of what needs to be said, and will address the events that took place a few days before putting this to pen.

As always, if you have not read the other two, please hasten to do so in order.

We bypass the remainder of the history of our great land for nothing else remains hidden. Most history books you can find in the library I have provided for you in Ponyville give great and accurate detail of the formation of all the cities and states of Equestria. There was no need for secrecy at that point, and as such, we may continue onward.

Now comes the essence of these letters. As detailed in the first, now is an important time to detail to you these truths, as I feel my capacity to do so diminishing with each passing day. As I have been already guiding you under my wing for all these many years, I believe you will one day be the inheritor of the world, and I am doing my best to prepare you for that day.

I write these letters in advance, not knowing when you will read them, if at all. However, I do this now at this critical juncture in order to let you carry on the work that I leave behind, and most importantly, to face down this entity that I have dubbed the Scourge.

I have also only started personal documentation now, marked by the escape of Luna. I believe this event to be significant enough to warrant a fallback journal in the event that anything happens to me.

From previous letters, I have mentioned this Scourge casually, but it is in this which I shall attempt to define it.

It is a monstrosity, beyond all comprehension.

It has taken the form of one of us, and seeks to undo my rule, and my benevolence.

And if anything were to happen to me, these letters and this diary are the only things that will lead you along the path to its hopeful annihilation, if that is even possible.

I only fear one thing, and that is my eventual fall to the Scourge before my time naturally comes, and before you grow to take my place officially.

To that end I have issued a decree that if anything were to happen, these letters and pages are to be given to you along with the ruling tiara of Equestria.

Do not worry; it is only a little pressure. But either way, pour your soul over these pages and absorb as much as you can for the ensuing war.

On the other hoof, I might have been successful in my plans to defeat a menace that cannot be defeated, and in that being the case, you are to use this as study media to show you how to thwart even the most vile and stubborn of opposition.

Now, I had promised you in earlier letters to explain a few things which I needed to get into more detail in order for you to fully comprehend. They are more secrets, things which are vastly overlooked by the populace but are nevertheless important in their own right.

We shall start with what is now known as the Cutie Mark.

Of course, they were never named that in the past. Their original name was the Branding, and I am not sure how it evolved to be named as such; but it works well to hide its true nature.

The mark, as I have mentioned before, is an outward expression of inward being. For Ponies such as myself, we did not have the choice, and our marks were cast upon us unwittingly. And for the most, all Ponies believe this is how it is, and will always be.

But Cutie Marks can be written.

As the overseer of Equestria, I try to avoid this. It is still a phenomenon that my science department studies in great depth, but there is simply nowhere to go in understanding how they exactly work.

Through careful experimentation and close observation of test subjects, however, we have found that Cutie Marks *usually* represent the inner qualities of a Pony, and is slated to be a sign of the one thing that they are chiefly prominent at. However, my questioning started when I had observed the unnecessarily vagueness of certain marks. If they were all to be standard, why then, would some require interpretation, and others not?

For example, your dear friend Applejack has three apples adorning her thigh. Surely, that was a sign that her work and experience had to do with apples. This is without a doubt, and any Pony seeing it would instantly visualise its necessity, including its bearer.

However, your other dear friend Rainbow Dash has a cloud, and a thunderbolt with a rainbow motif as her mark. It is only through a stretch can one equate that to the desire to win and to travel at fast speeds. More likely, I have found, was her attempt and subsequent success at the 'Sonic Rainboom' move being that which affected the mark's outcome.

In this I have found that certain behaviours or mental thoughts, usually heightened in intensity at the time, directly affects the form of the mark.

While this is neither good nor bad per se, it does not aid from the standpoint of a leader, and must be controlled carefully to ensure that everypony's Cutie Mark is succinct and to the point. The easier read a Pony is, the better we can assign them for tasks within our society, where everypony has his or her place.

You will understand the necessity of this when you mature further, and if you have any questions you can always check in with the research team.

I would like to now address what, perhaps, is the most pressing matter that no doubt is eating at your thoughts even as you read this.

I am, of course, referring to Luna, my sister, who had returned from the moon after a thousand or so years of imprisonment.

And as you also know, I was being intentionally ambiguous about your participation within the story.

So here is the truth, straight and direct.

It was a sly plot on my part, but do not worry, for you were never in harm's way.

I had three points to make upon the conceptualizing of this plot. Knowing, of course, that my sister was slated to return, I wished for you to go to Ponyville for these reasons.

- You would be a sufficient distraction for Luna for me to work around unnoticed.
- You would be injected into the society of Ponyville, for which I required you and Spike to be in such that I might keep closer watch on the Scourge, whose actions at the time were remarkably poignant (possibly due to Luna's return, but this is merely a hypothesis).
- It would be good training for you.

Foremost, I have to tell you that this plan was years in the making, long before even your birth. Luna's return was to be soon, and I had to prepare long in advance. The Magic Academy I had started suited well not only to produce some talented magic users for the good of Equestria, but for me to monitor all hopefuls.

Then along came you.

I still remember the first day I met you. Wide-eyed, pupils glowing like tiny balls of fire, in fact, it was quite disturbing if I might be so curt. You had a special gift, something that comes along once every few hundred years - you were to be the bearer of magic. Your potential, I might say, rivals even my own, and in your prime you might even be able to outmatch me in a fair sortie.

Needless to say from the moment I saw Spike's head break the ceiling of my Eastern Tower, I knew you were to be the one I would nurture from then on.

But do not read this in despair. I do not use you merely as a tool. I love you as my own child, and although I could not tell you all these as you were a child, I can now tell you these as you are my equal. Every parent strives to protect their children, even if it means not having to tell them the truth sometimes.

But it would take from then until just a few days ago for the plan to finally commence.

You had two primary roles. You, and Spike, needed to be placed in Ponyville to be my eyes and hooves. If you haven't already guessed by now, Spike is also working for me in addition to being your loyal servant.

You also had to, once you were there, make a personal journey to try to save Equestria from my sister.

It was essential for you to garner a bolstering gregariousness with some of the locals in order to remain in Ponyville without suspicion, and aiding them in the 'defeat' of Luna would help with that tremendously. No doubt after such a sacrifice you would be accepted into the town with open hooves.

From your passionate need to read books, I knew you would eventually find the book of lore describing the return of Luna. It came very, very close to the day, but rest assured if you hadn't found it yourself by then, you would have 'found' it anyway.

Of course, I also knew that you would never be able to leave well enough alone if I had simply dismissed your claims about Luna, so I made sure to use your new 'appointment' in Ponyville as a way to get you even more curious about the whole thing.

I then had Spike plant a book that I had written in the library at Ponyville, detailing the method of retrieving the Elements of Harmony. That was enough for you to decide to find it and use it to stop Luna by yourself.

Luna, having just returned, would definitely wish to find this weapon for herself, having observed from her jail the power it grants. She would seek to destroy it so as to have any chance of battling me.

The final piece of the puzzle was simply to show up as Luna herself during that party, make a few varied threats, and then run away. It took you no time at all to follow all the clues to the shrine where the Elements were.

Again, I want to stress that you were never in any danger, and I certainly would not have allowed you to undertake such a dangerous task by yourself.

All the while I was there, watching you. The tests I set against you and your companions in the Everfree Forest were only to harden your spirit and feed your determination. With each passing step conquered, the gauntlet that I had thrown against you eventually led to your final encounter with the real Luna, who had been trying to find her own way to the shrine all the while.

Everything went according to plan.

However, the device, as I had also surmised, was no longer functioning. A thousand years is long enough to reduce the castle to dust, let alone a highly sensitive piece of equipment. But they had already served their purpose. With Luna in full belief that she had destroyed the one thing that would mark her downfall, there was nothing left but for me to unleash a full degeneration spell at her while she was distracted by your monologue.

And that was when I showed up, and I believe you know the rest.

Of course, originally, there was no intention for anything outside of merely stopping Luna. The Scourge was born around the same time as you were, and as the years slowly passed, this Luna thing became quite a good opportunity to merely add layers, as it were.

Due to your heroism, no one could possibly say no to you moving into Ponyville for a while longer, where you and Spike could remain, close to this new blossoming problem.

I am proud that it came out so well.

I also find it hard to admit but the Scourge was in fact invaluable in your journey to the Shrine. It does appear at this point that her powers do not come by will, but perhaps that might be even more upsetting once she gains absolute control.

Either way, this is simply where we are now.

The book that comes with this letter is the record of the happenings of the days to follow. Please do read and digest it, and of course, do excuse the more candour tone.

I know that this letter does not answer *many* questions, most of which have probably arisen from reading this letter in the first place. But that is what the diary is for. May you find all you ever need within the pages ahead, and if you have any questions, you can always contact me or Spike or any of my trusted agents.

And for the last and final time, I apologize. Deeply, for everything that may have troubled you, for the truths that may have caused reflection, and for my dishonesty.

If it were the last wish I had upon this world, I would wish for your forgiveness.

Stay safe, my precious one.

You are more than a daughter to me.

Yours,

Princess Celestia

## **Celestia's Private Diary**

**No peeking on penalty of me getting upset**

## 2nd October

3.15 PM

*Oh joy! I have a new book. It is a wondrous empty book, waiting to be filled with my words, straight from my mind to these pages.*

You know what? I am going to stop writing in cursive. It is difficult, even with magic. It is a dumb thing. I shall ban it from Equestria.

But regardless, no doubt this entire book will be filled with a deluge of thoughts, happenstance and every interesting manner of my Royal life.

6.45 PM

Had an early dinner. Only carrots again. Royal chef is skimping on the potatoes. Needs a raise.

Or maybe a whipping.

I shall finish the second letter to Twilight tomorrow. All the guilty, nasty stuff.

11.30 PM

I'm going to bed. I have to wake up early tomorrow to be waited on hoof and hoof.

I love my life.

---

## 3rd October

10.15 AM

I do not know what to write about. Apparently my life isn't that interesting after all.

I am a sad Pony.

I shall get to work on the final letter.

1.13 PM

Went to the royal lavatory. 1.13 on the dot. I run like clockwork, and so does my kingdom. This is a sign of the synergy between princess and state, no doubt.

---

## 4th October

4.29 PM

You know what, I'm just going to wait for things to happen and then write it. You can't just detail every single thing you do, that would be boring. No pony wants to sit around and read about

every tiny aspect of somepony else's life, even *if* they're celebrities, and whoever does is a silly peanut.

---

### 7th October

*1.00 PM*

It is time to address this growing concern. For the past fifteen years I have been observing the growth of a certain little Pony, whose continuous entity is a threat to Equestria. As a leader, I have found, for well over a thousand years of continuous rule, that sometimes, in order to keep a country safe and running, you must do things that the country does not know about.

The Scourge exists to override this, and her magical abilities work to counter *any* clandestine plot, be it for good or for bad. And I am only for good. The Scourge's manipulations must cease, and this shall be a primary target for the next few years.

If a method of cancelling out her magic or preventing its use cannot be found, then the final option is to make sure she no longer has the capacity to use it at all.

*1.05 PM*

If that wasn't clear I meant I was going to kill her.

*1.30 PM*

I think I shall go shopping in Ponyville for a while. I do so hate the markets in Canterlot. Everything is so gaudy and full of cheese.

*3.47 PM*

Note to self, help economy of Ponyville. It is stagnating.

*3.49 PM*

Coltdamnit, I forgot to buy lavatory tissue again. Thank goodness the royal gardens have spare vultures.

---

### 9th October

*9.45 AM*

Luna called me down to the dungeons again to talk to me. Every day it's the same old thing.

*"Why don't you let me go, sister?"*

*"I thought you said you forgave me, sister!"*



"*Why am I locked up?*"

Because you opposed me and then tried to take over the world, peanut. And I was kind enough to put her in a dungeon instead of the moon again, so I don't know what she's so ungrateful about.

Today she asked me how I managed to defeat her even though she broke the Elements of Harmony.

I had to very gently explain to her that I have been around, practicing magic, for about a thousand years and that she had been encased in a rock for the same period of time. I think one of us has got a little better at the magic thing and I just can't be sure whom.

To be frank I didn't even really *need* those elements anymore. It's all old redundant technology. I wasn't even sure it was going to work. It just so happened that it was a ripe, fresh opportunity for Twilight Sparkle to bond with, and inject herself into, the commune at Ponyville, and I always make a good thing out of a juicy situation.

Fortunately no one realised that I was the one who actually pretty much did all the work, and everything else was just Twilight running her mouth. I ought to tell her not to do that too often; soapboxing can get Ponies in trouble, and makes you sound like a smarmy git.

Although, to give credit where credit is due, I am quite amazed that Twilight managed to link the actions of all the Ponies to the respective 'elements'. That actually takes quite a bit of spin, and the fact that she came up with that all by herself was rather ingenious. She will make a fine leader one day.

And for goodness sake, I do hope they don't take those little baubles seriously. I mean, they're nice and all, but I think the real favour was when I gave Rarity her tail back. I found those trinkets in the back of my spare accessory drawer, and just figured they'd look good on them. They really ought to just throw them in a cupboard somewhere and never wear them again, ever.

They all bought it, though. Even Luna did. No one even questioned how I arrived on the scene so quickly.

Unsurprisingly, the Scourge had a hoof in with these events. I somehow wonder, even if I *hadn't* intervened, if she would be able to solve the Luna problem by herself due to her abilities.

Either way, it is too late to find out.

---

12th October

9.00 PM

Today I sent Twilight two tickets to the Grand Galloping Gala. I know at this point she still doesn't realise, but the intent was for her to invite the Scourge and only the Scourge. I had

hoped for her to be the one to be asked, considering the Scourge's predilections, but it seems this whole 'friendship' cover is actually having some kind of effect on Twilight's decisions.

This had left me with no choice but to give everypony 6 tickets to ensure Twilight's participation, as well as the Scourge and the four others who would undoubtedly perish in the ensuing plan.

But it matters not. It would only mean that I would have to find a way to make them work *for* me instead of *against* me. I will have to expand my surveillance to the other four Ponies that Twilight decided to invite.

I hope she's grateful for this. I sell these tickets at 799 bits a pop.

I am going to hazard a guess but I feel the Ponies that she invited are Rarity, Applejack, Pinkamena Diane Pie, Rainbow Dash and that thing named Fluttershy.

Oh yes, and Spike. It's so easy to forget him.

*11.35 PM*

I was correct. I am so, so intelligent.

As it happens, the five other Ponies who accompanied her to 'defeat' Luna were the ones she most closely tied with, and as a result I can expect them to be involved in a lot of things in Twilight's future.

As I surmised, each of them has their own reason to go to the party. Spike has reported their wishes and this will do well for me to tailor things to go as how I plan them at the Gala.

Although I had met them very briefly during the Luna incident, I still do not know very much about them save for one. Thusly I have decided to compile some small amount of information from Spike's initial observations of them, as well as a few background checks I had run.

#### - Applejack

Initial reports of this Pony show her to be the current caretaker of the Ponyville apple orchard, along with her aged grandmother, brother and younger sister. They are the only three members of an incredibly huge extended family who has claims in nearly every town or city in Equestria. They have built their fortune on being the earliest family to start with the crops business, something which, of course, never goes out of style.

Being the prime food provider of the Ponyville region, she also is the main capitalistic force of the area.

Despite all this, however, when you get down to it, she's pretty much just a farmer.

Applejack wishes to sell apple-related products at the Gala. I'm not sure if I approve of a free market. Although, it is noble to have one's ambition to be filthy stinking rich. / sure don't mind it. Considering how her focus for anything is to make profit, she will be easy to work around.

### - Rainbow Dash

She is a Pegasus Pony who lives in a mansion off the side of Cloudsdale. I am not sure how she afforded such a luxurious homestead, considering that she has no job and lives alone. I think she has been pinching clouds off the manufacturing plant in Cloudsdale itself, but I have no proof.

She lives by the wind, and plays by her own rules. She is rarely seen immobile, and enjoys flying around for no apparent reason. She speaks her mind and has little concern for public authority or imperialistic structure. Some might call her a free spirit. Some might call her a trailblazer.

I call her an anarchist.

Rainbow Dash wishes to show off in front of the Wonderbolts, who happen to be her favourite performance sports team. I can't say this is as noble as Applejack's desires. However, knowing that she idolizes somepony else makes it easier to control someone who is naturally uncontrollable. Perhaps I need to send out some complimentary Gala tickets to the Wonderbolts' manager.

### - Fluttershy

I am not sure how to describe Fluttershy. Neither does Spike. She is a thing. A vapid, emotionless, voiceless, featureless thing. She is a thing mainly because when you need to describe something, you usually start off at 'thing' and work your way down until you reach a determination after many adjectives.

For example:

I see a thing in the room.

So you say, oh, is it a box?

No, it is round.

So, it is a round thing. Is it a ball?

No, it is also *flat*.

A flat, round thing? It must be a plate.

No, it is fluffy.

A fluffy, flat, round thing?

It is a pizza, silly.

In this way usually most 'things' become specific objects once you have expanded all these descriptive words upon it. In the case of Fluttershy, you can describe her as much as you like,

and there really never is a point where you slide gradually from an object to 'Fluttershy'. She is simply a thing, or Fluttershy, but it is never clear which one she is at any given moment.

Fluttershy wishes to see all the beautiful critters and birds of my Royal Gardens. She already lives in sanctuary/farm sort of deal next to the Everfree Forest, where she runs a halfway home for animals. I do not see the reasoning behind her wishes. There are *plenty* more things in the Everfree Forest that I do not have in my Gardens, mainly because they would eat all the other animals and possibly start to inhabit my castle. I would think that she would be happy to remain in her house and stare at chickens all day, but I guess not.

So, 'animals' is what I have to work with. Very well.

#### - Rarity

This one is... a fashion designer. A fashion designer who lives in Ponyville.

Simply outstanding.

Having fashion in Ponyville is like installing an art gallery in the Society of the Deaf and Blind. They'll eventually come across it, maybe poke it with a hoof, wonder what is and then slowly move on.

Either way, Rarity lives with her pet cat in Carousel Boutique, a little out-of-the-way place where she designs, sews and exports her clothing to whomever.

Rarity is also one of those kinds of lower-class Pony who tries to pretend to be upper-class by having a fake accent and being pernickety and spending more than eight hours every morning on her hair. Considering how everyone else in the town turned out, I wonder how she got this way.

Rarity wishes for my nephew to fall in love with her and allow her to live with the elite in Canterlot. Essentially, she wants to marry into *my* family.

Which is funny because I do not *have* a nephew. My only sister has been trapped in the moon for a thousand years, was released only a few days ago, and not even *she* can work that fast. I really wonder where Rarity got that idea from in the first place. Are Ponies gossiping about me?

Either way, I might need to find some kind of stand-in, if I truly want to take advantage of the whole situation. I will hold casting calls closer to the date.

#### - Pinkamena Diane Pie

She also comes from a long line of farmers, apparently, but I'm fairly certain her family was never as successful as Applejack's.

I really don't have much to say. She is insane and she frightens me.

Pinkamena wishes to go to the party because she *really would like to*, which, to be honest, I can't really elaborate on.

Apparently her deal is 'parties'. She currently resides in the Sugar Cube Corner bakery shoppe.

I definitely do not have that much information to work with at the time being, of course. I'm not even sure what I will be doing as of yet, but there will be time to formulate a plan based on my observations of them in the coming months.

All in all I must be vigilant in my final goal - to take down the Scourge. If I can achieve this earlier than expected, all the better, but I believe the Gala would be the most ideal location for a perfect set up, and anything I can glean from these ponies will help me invaluablely.

Even I do not know what the future might hold, but here's to the best of it!

---

15th October

*7.30 PM*

I have just returned from a two day visit to Phillydelphia. It is a pleasant town, and it was always sunny during my trip. The Phillydelphians are hard workers, and genuinely lovely Ponies, but I do believe there was an occasion where somepony told me that he was currently walking there.

Yes, I know. I mean, I nearly ran right into him. Why did he have to point that out? It must be a curious Phillydelphian tradition.

From my scouring of the local archives, I believe the Pie family's lineage has roots in this area.

I was offered a sandwich for lunch on the first day, and I believe it was fairly oversized. I am not sure how they expect me to eat a sandwich that is a meter long and contains an entire garden, but at least they have their health.

I declined politely and had a cream-peas pretzel instead. It was divine.

I think the sandwich Pony was a bit sad and went off to have a cry. I will need to send him a consolation hamper.

---

18th October

*3.37 AM*

I have just 'accidentally' left a bag of bits on the doorsteps of each Pony in Ponyville. This ought to help with their money woes. There is no business, no exchange of goods or services. I pride myself of running a good socialist government, with free health care for the needy and ice cream in every freezer, but this is just ridiculous. Everyone in the town undercharges despite being a monopoly, and they're always kind enough to do *favours* and give *gifts*.

Either way, I'm sure these funds will help boost spending.

---

20th October

9.00 AM

They have run out of money again. I will need to find out *why*.

---

23rd October

4.15 PM

This Applejack Pony, she seems to carry an enormous amount of clout. I am, in fact, quite impressed that she was able to singlehoofedly receive an award from the Mayor, but yet, not have the wherewithal to show up to receive it *on time*.

I am conflicted about my feelings about her so far. Perhaps she would be useful to me, or perhaps a liability. I cannot decide. The others fall into categories quite easily. For example, Twilight Sparkle fits neatly on the 'useful' column, whereas everypony else is a 'liability'. Applejack, on the other hoof, displays qualities of both, but I cannot simply just write her name on the middle line.

On the one hoof, it takes a lot, and I mean *a lot* to win the respect of the Mayor. I've known her for a long time, and she has two hooves and a stick stuck up her somewhere begging for the sweet release of freedom. Applejack's reward seems to be well deserved, however, for her contribution in saving the town from a stampede. This shows bravery, intelligence and quick thinking. She is also rather strong, and resourceful.

However, she seems to be the kind to impulsively do things with results that may or may not swing toward the favour of an accomplished ending. Her ability of quick thinking usually ends at the formation of the idea, and not the results. Her stubbornness might be the cause of her eventual downfall. I must remember this and use this information to take advantage of her during the Gala.

I really kind of enjoy her apple fritters, but don't catch me saying that in public. It also seems that she is the only one who is contributing to the economy of Ponyville, although I'm not sure that is intentional.

I wish she'd take some kind of speech classes.

7.13 PM

I have just realised where all the money in Ponyville goes to.

Parties.

They threw a party to celebrate the money. They threw a party to celebrate Applejack. They threw a party to celebrate Wednesday.

The only reason why Applejack remains the sole money-owner is that she has products that Ponies both require and can afford, and she spends all her bits on improving her farm, for which she has to hire the PonyHome Construction Crew, which I own.

Essentially I am giving them money so that they can waste it on cakes, which then goes to Applejack because Ponies cannot live off cake alone, which then comes back to me in diminished returns.

This town has problems.

---

24th October

*2.15 PM*

Applejack's attempt to help Pinkamena Pie with her baking has caused widespread sickness amongst the populace, and I have had Spike steal the recipe to use as biological warfare against my enemies.

Note that Spike seems to be immune, no doubt due to my experimentations upon him as a baby.

She appears to also have given Rainbow Dash a mild concussion.

Also, how did the town get overrun by bunnies? And how were the Ponies affected by this? No doubt their weakening is the cause of the Scourge's influence, and this is why immediate action must be taken.

They are bunnies, for goodness sake.

I mean, I have bunnies.

They're quite lovely

Twilight Sparkle has proved herself today with infinite capacity by being the only one able to convince Applejack to stop being a brick. I am glad that those lessons on coercion I gave her have come to good use.

It also appears that Twilight seems to enjoy abusing her trans-location magic. I will tell her to stop it in my next correspondence, so as not to attract unwanted attention. Of course, I will have her use the spell when and if I require it for my own needs.

---

28th October

11.40 AM

Spike gives me good news. It appears that the relationship between the Scourge and other Ponies are straining. This might be good or bad for different reasons.

I would probably prefer it if Twilight were to remain in the inner circle of the Scourge's friendship network, but her estrangement might make it easier to conduct tests on her without social fallout.

I cannot decide.

Perhaps I will leave this for later.

12.30 AM

Oh, doesn't matter. They made up.

1.38 PM

Holy Cow, where did all these scrolls come from?

2.59 PM

It seems the one known as Pinkamena Pie has been inflecting her devious and misappropriated 'pranks' upon various members of Ponyville. It certainly seems to be consistent with what I know of her. She has dragged Rainbow Dash in as well, and they are now incessantly bothering the daily goings-about of the populace.

This isn't bad, per se. It gives the populace something to *do*. I, myself, enjoy a good prank, and I am always sneaking into my guards' rooms to short-sheet their beds, give them whipped cream hooves and fill their sock drawers with eels.

They love it.

---

29th October

8.30 AM

It appears that a gryphon has arrived in Ponyville overnight. I am not overly fond of the creatures. They are but the scrapings off the bottom of the second magic orb a thousand years ago - one of the few creatures, along with Dragons and such, to gain sentience *after* we did.

I still remember when they were formed due to the second orb dropping. One of the more curious and, well, disturbing effects of the second orb was the fusion of animals to create homunculi hybrids, some of which remained bestial and some of which also grew intelligence as the Ponies had.



The gryphon was just one of the latter, a mix between an eagle and a lion or something like that. They are far more common than the Dragon, which is, naturally, a mix between a crocodile and a pot-bellied pig.

As of any being with sentience, I cannot deny them their right to be identified as a species with rights and needs and wants and all that other rubbish. As long as they don't try to eat us, I'm fairly content.

This one seems to have some sort of attitude irritability.

I am not surprised that she is friends with Rainbow Dash.

They certainly seem to be very similar in more ways than one.

*7.45 PM*

It is amazing. In half a day, merely half a day, this Pinkamena character has managed to set up a false pretence and manipulate Rainbow Dash into setting up pranks upon the gryphon, which resulted in her estrangement. This is baseline manipulation of the highest degree.

I must be careful. It seems that she is far more devious than I have previously known, and her silly and callous mask is merely there to hide her true nature.

Or maybe it was all an accident.

Spike's reports aren't that clear. I think I will have to find a way to be able to see things for myself without having to leave the comfort and servitude of my castle.

But regardless, Pinkamena and Rainbow Dash have managed to solve a pressing matter for me. I have heard tell of the gryphon's shady dealings within the town, and there is a line between a prank and a

Who the hay switched my ink with disappearing ink? Coltdamnit son of a mare motherf

---

3rd November

*4.15 AM*

Can't sleep. Having dreams.

In my dreams, I am a birdie. I am flying high through the air, free and unrestricted. I am not tied down by any leash, responsibility or time. I am truly, for once, the epitome of unrestrained life.

It is a refreshing feeling; it gives me hope and makes me believe that one day everything will be alright, and no longer will the burden of all my hardships weigh heavily on my haunches.

Then I wake up and realise that I am back, and freedom is nothing more than a fleeting dream of birds.

Then I *really* wake up, and remember that I am the lord ruler of all, and that I can do anything, and that is even better than freedom.

I love being princess.

---

### 5th November

9.00 AM

Perfect, I have just the thing. I have ordered the crafting of a neat little telescopic spyglass. According to my scientists, they found the plans for its design in the vault, and they can make one for me. According to them, the way it works is by bending light through two refractory lenses blah blah I am not paying you to *talk*. In Princess terms, it makes things that are very far look very near.

According to the history of the object, it was used mainly by pirates who were on sea-faring vessels to get a good look at far-away ships. The model that my scientists are basing the design on was diagrammed by a quaint little sea captain by the name of NASA or something. It is an odd name, but one befitting a Human.

With this I shall be able to look at the surrounding countries without having to leave my bowl of ice cream here in my castle chambers.

---

### 7th November

9.30 AM

I am glad to hear that Twilight maintains vigilance in her studies despite being in a town that is highly unsuitable for studying of any kind. Luckily, Spike is there to be at her beck and call for whatever trite assignments he is given.

Mostly, they consist of him standing around and being party to the receiving end of Twilight's spells, which he never opposes in the slightest. He seems to enjoy them, in fact, especially when something goes awry.

The masochism in his blind faith is a bit disturbing, and I hope won't escalate further. This problem stems, no doubt, from the time of his birth, when he first saw Twilight, and imprinted upon her as his mother. Also, that knock on the head probably did not help either.

This combination of an unquestioning trust in Twilight as well as lack of judgement has made him ideal to be her sidekick. Add to this all the spells and enhancements I gave him before he was entrusted to Twilight's care and you have a complete package of loyalty, albeit with a few quirks.

Twilight, however, remains steadfast in being humble; a skill which does well only if everypony else thinks that you are so, and you know that you aren't. Twilight has not yet been able to actually muster up the will to make tough decisions which involve showing off a little of her true ability for fear of peer disapproval, and this will not do when she is ruler.

I think it's about time I go down and give Twilight a little nudge in the right direction.

I can't go as myself, of course; that would be incredibly silly and too much like what my sister would do.

I think a disguise is in order.

Yes.

I have an *ideeeaaaaa*.

---

8th November

*10.45 PM*

Yesterday was brilliant.

I really couldn't resist going full-hog on it. I do so love to play-pretend.

I gave myself not one, but *two* adjectives.

I was both great *and* powerful.

Of course, I *am* both great and powerful, but that is beside the point. I am also adored and loved by everypony, something which this Trixie alter-ego is not.

No one in the town suspected a thing, not even the Scourge. It appears that as long as the action doesn't directly work against her personal sphere of influence, her powers do not trigger. This is something to note, definitely.

It also appears that she still has not been able to completely call upon the powers under her control, and it mostly reveals itself through auto-induction.

Maybe it's triggered by different things?

I cannot make a determination. There are simply too many variables. I must test this further.

Anyway, where was I?

Right. The Great and Powerful Trixie.

It was simple enough to use my brainwashing magic on the dullards called Snips and Snails. I probably didn't even have to use it; they still seemed to fancy me even after it wore off, but never let it be said that I'm not thorough.

Or thoroughbred either.

I am *hilarious*. I'll have to remember that one for the ball when I'm trying to impress others with money and influence.

I decided to send Twilight on a test to increase her magical abilities, to get over this silly humility thing, and to further cement her standing in the town as a protector and a leader.

The plan was simple - she was to go find an Ursa and fight it. I really didn't care how she would do it, but all she would have to do is successfully confront one and persuade it to not bother everypony.

Unfortunately, spelling out exactly what I wanted Twilight to do didn't seem to work. I couldn't have made it clearer if I told her directly, "I want you to go fight an Ursa", but I think everypony was distracted by my pure extravagance, which exhumes from my every pore like feter from a skunk.

Even Spike's attempts to coerce Twilight to 'one up' on me had no effect, and not even picking her out of the crowd made her step up.

I feel that was one of the few times I had actually been slightly disappointed in Twilight.

Oh, but I can't stay mad at her! I love the little darling.

I guess threatening her friends seemed to work better. The only thing I regret is that Pinkamena Pie didn't offer herself up to me. I would have loved to have turned her head inside out and replace it with a cake.

It turns out things once again worked out in those unexpected ways that they usually do. Although it was simply just fun and games picking on Twilight's 'friends', Spike and I managed to convince the odd little Pony boys Snips and Snails to fetch an Ursa Major to the town.

At that point my hardest job was to pretend to be scared and useless. The temptation was there, trust me, to simply point my horn at that drooling bear and make it eat its own face off. And trust me, I *could*.

But it was all for Twilight's sake, and I would do a lot for her.

Thankfully Twilight *finally* decided to grow up and show off what she could do. I must say I was *quite* happy, her solution showed lateral thinking, and she also had no qualms whatsoever with abusing livestock for a bigger cause. I think that shows her ability to make sacrifices where sacrifices are needed. Even though it was merely an Ursa Minor, I suppose it is adequate for her level of apprenticeship.

Having satisfactorily accomplished her little test to my personal satisfaction, I made a hasty retreat. No doubt I will have to use this persona again in the future.

Does anypony else think Twilight has just the *loveliest* face when she's straining to do magic?

I can't imagine how she must look like when in the bathroom.

There was an odd little grey Pegasus in the crowd, silently judging Snips and Snails. Caught a weird feeling off her. I'll have to keep an eye out for that one. Something just doesn't sit right.

---

10th November

2.15 PM

I have just returned from visiting a small crèche of little bitty baby Ponies while on one of my usual visits to Trottingham. Those little dears, they have such bright futures, bright eyes, and just overwhelming cuteness to the infinite degree.

But why won't they just shut up?

It's questions all day, all day questions and nothing but questions. I was just there for a social visit, but apparently that gives them the right to ask me for close private details about my personal life.

Apparently their top three questions are:

1. What is your favourite colour, Princess Celestia?
2. What is your favourite food, Princess Celestia?
3. Princess Celestia, my uncle likes to nuzzle me in my Cutie Mark area and it makes me feel uncomfortable. I haven't told anypony else. What do I do?

To which the answers are:

1. None of your business
2. None of your business
3. None of *my* business

Of course, though, in the interest of public perception. I didn't give those answers. I just said 'all colours' and 'all food' just to keep them guessing, and I sent my personal vanguard to nuzzle that little filly's uncle in *his* Cutie Mark area, see how *he* likes it.

I also visited my game grounds in Trottingham forests. I think somepony has been poaching my hens. This distresses me greatly, because I have fewer things to destroy now.

I will have to look into this sometime.

---

11th November

10.12 AM

My spyglass has been made and is here! It's a big larger than I had anticipated, really, but it works a treat. I can see everything as if I were there.

Well, everything that isn't being blocked by leaves or sticks, that is.

Or everything that isn't indoors.

Hm.

---

12th November

6.00 AM

If it's not one thing it's another. Why is my kingdom in such turmoil? Why must creatures from far away plague me every other week? What is this, some kind of dramatic show?

A Dragon has arrived, and has decided to make the nearby mountain his nesting spot for the next, oh, *eight bazillion years*.

A proper Dragon. Not like, Spike.

I wouldn't mind so much but the smoke is reaching my castle gates and is making my petunias wilt.

Need to put my mind at work. This is an emergency.

---

13th November

7.00 AM

I have just sent a letter to Twilight Sparkle. I didn't make anything up this time. I just put it straight to her, and put her straight to task.

It is simple. The Dragon is sleeping there, and because he has been recently ravishing the local tobacco fields, is now exhaling a large quantity of foul black smoke.

Twilight needs to get rid of him for the sake of my garden.

I will tell her to form a team of trusted companions to bring along with her.

No doubt she will bring the *regular* crowd, which of course, includes the Scourge.

Either way, perhaps one of these two problems will help to rectify the other.

This is what you call creating a win-win situation, and every good leader should know how to use their enemies against each other.

*3.00 PM*

Goodness, that thing called Fluttershy is rather timid, isn't she?

I have been watching them from my castle through my spyglass. Their long trek up the mountain was, well, long. It was made even more lengthy due to Fluttershy deciding to take the scenic route. Why did they even decide to take her along, anyway? Does Twilight know something I don't?

*3.15 PM*

Twilight enters the cave.

*3.17 PM*

Twilight has exited the cave, apparently unsuccessful. She simply just needs to unleash her full powers without fear of ramification. That's what being a leader is about. Was last week's test for nothing? Well, I can't judge. She's still young. I just hope I don't have to go down myself. Ponies will start to question why I just didn't in the first place.

*3.18 PM*

Rarity enters the cave.

*3.19 PM*

Rarity exits the cave, and immediately starts to pout over a rock.

*3.20 PM*

I don't even know how to describe this.

It appears Pinkamena has gift-wrapped herself up for some kind of Pony sacrifice. This will be interesting to watch.

*3.21 PM*

No surprise.

*3.22 PM*

Rainbow Dash heads in face first.

*3.24 PM*

Well... something happened.

I am unsure as to what Rainbow Dash did in there, but I will hazard a guess that it had something to do with either flying around or shouting obnoxiously, or some mix of both.

The Dragon is enraged and furious, no doubt because he too is tired of the incompetence of this band of Ponies attempting to eject him from the mountain cave.

He is belching all over them.

*3.25 PM*

Interesting.

The thing named Fluttershy seems to have a special ability previously unnoticed. It appears that her persuasion over small animals that have about the same level of intelligence as she does can be extended to large creatures as well, Dragons included.

This ability of hers to influence animals directly might prove useful to me in the future.

This is what I mean about the Cutie Marks. How am I supposed to get all this from *butterflies*? What happened in her youth that caused her to develop such an awkward and dismal hind-mark?

*4.40 PM*

Well, regardless, it seems that the problem has been dealt with, although not in the way that I had intended.

What worries me the most is that the Scourge did not have a hoof in the Dragon's departure, which once again causes confusion about the situations in which she can use her abilities. Hopefully, there will be a clear, observable example of her powers soon which can be documented and studied.

Twilight's letter suggests that the Fluttershy thing's ability to make Dragons cry is generally acknowledged by the local Ponies, and it was merely her confidence holding her back. I might want to have her on my side, but she needs therapy to increase her bravery.

I shall enrol her in my 30-day Cloven Hoof enrichment course that the palace guards go through.

---

16th November

*12.30 PM*

Gosh, I love ice cream. I mean, I *love* ice cream. Anypony who doesn't love ice cream, I shall lock up in my dungeons and brainwash to love ice cream.

Speaking of which, I brought Little Luna some ice cream today. It had caramel chips in it and everything!



She cried to me out of gratitude. I do so love it when prisoners do that. She hadn't had anything to eat in 3 days, she said. Could she have some real food instead of just dehydrating frozen sugar syrup? It was rather cold down there she said, and she needed sustenance and not candy.

Silly peanut! She needn't debase herself like that!

I was so moved by her humility that I brought her another tub of 'Chocolate Fudge Bronie'.

---

#### 18th November

9.00 AM

Many Ponies have asked me, Princess, please help us understand. What *is* Equestria? I have heard someponies refer to it as your kingdom and use it in that context, but at other times, I have heard someponies refer to it as the entire world we live in. Which is it?

Well, it's simple.

I own the world.

Therefore the two are not mutually exclusive.

---

#### 20th November

9.00 AM

I have just the thing. After a week of testing and experimentation, I have managed to develop some sort of magic eye, so to speak. These devices, when placed on any wall or platform, will allow me to see *through* it. It does so by opening a visual portal from the device into a descrying ball that I keep in my room, allowing me to monitor anything that goes on around the device.

Finally, a use for this silly crystal globe. I thought I would never need it.

I will have Spike scatter these devices around at earliest convenience.

---

#### 21st November

8.00 AM

I was informed this morning over breakfast that the Pegasus Ponies were slacking off last week and are now planning a double today to make up for the lost rain, which only means double punishments to the rain committee at Cloudsdale.

The Ponyville Ponies are rushing to prepare for the storm, like little bitty ants rushing from underneath my hoof of judgement.

Most of them will be busy with this, and with the raging winds and rain, will be hunkered down indoors because apparently rain is frightening.

This is the perfect time for me to send Spike on some... royal business.

*7.32 PM*

The descrying devices are working a treat. I can now see everything that is going on wherever Spike places one of those objects, and the Library is showing up as clear as day. It is now much easier to keep track of ponies when they go indoors, and I no longer have to rely on mere reports. Now I can keep my eye on them wherever they go.

He is off placing those devices in and around every other building in Ponyville, leaving Twilight alone in the Library. Now would be a good chance to see what she gets up to alone at nights.

*7.35 PM*

She is standing at one of the bookcases, staring vapidly at a book called *Slumber 101: All You've Ever Wanted To Know About Slumber Parties But Were Afraid To Ask*.

Honestly, *I'm* afraid to ask.

*7.37 PM*

Twilight has visited the lavatory.

*7.48 PM*

11 minutes? She's going to get a hernia one of these days.

*8.01 PM*

I have been watching the general hubbub of the ponies outside through my spyglass.

It's that grey Pegasus again. I do not know why but she makes me uneasy.

*8.11 PM*

Twilight has called the Ponies Rarity and Applejack in from the storm, apparently for this Slumber Party deal, judging from her enthusiasm regarding the book.

What is this Slumber Party business, anyway?

Curiosity is a niggling mistress. I wish to know more about what they are doing in there. Perhaps I shall keep watching and document their activities.

*8.15 PM*

I think Twilight was the one who has been pinching my Marebelline beauty products. Oh, she's so silly; all she had to do was ask.

I would have gladly given her some, even products from my HorseShu Uemura collection.

Right now she is plastering herself and her friends with the mud masks.

*8.26 PM*

I can't tell if Rarity and Applejack are enemies or if they are just confused.

Without any audio, it isn't easy to tell what exactly is going on. It's like watching a cartoon with the sound off.

*8.39 PM*

It appears they are engaged in some sort of storytelling session. From the looks of things, some sort of pantomime is involved.

I have determined that Applejack and Rarity are enemies. Their body language clearly shows hatred for each other.

*9.01 PM*

Those snacks look divine. I wonder what they are. I must get the recipe from Spike as soon as he returns. The only thing I can make out is that there is chocolate, and I don't care about anything else.

I have determined that Applejack and Rarity are confused. They surely have some sort of deep hidden feelings for each other. This can be seen clearly through the tension that exists between them when they interact.

*9.35 PM*

Rarity has, by her own free will, left the house and ruined her hair in the rain. Even more disturbingly, Applejack has also, by her own free will, put on a dress that makes her look like a harlot at the docks of Manehattan.

They seem to be trying to turn the other into caricatures of themselves. But is it an emulation of their desires to be more like the other, or a method of pointing out the other's flaws in a satirical way?

*9.38 PM*

It is madness. Feathers *everywhere*.

Why does Twilight even *have* that many pillows anyway?

They definitely hate each other. There is no doubt.

*10.10 PM*

They have finally decided to go to sleep.

Applejack and Rarity are sharing the same bed.

They definitely love each other. There is no doubt.

*10.45 PM*

I just don't know anymore.

*10.50 PM*

But, I know how to find out.

*10.58 PM*

I have just returned from... persuading a tree to fall into the library. That was funny.

But I believe that only in stressful situations of dire need does a Pony's true character emerge.  
Let us see what happens.

*11.03 PM*

Proof of concept - I knock a tree into her house, and Twilight immediately starts reading.

*11.20 PM*

No doubt about it. They are in love. I shall have to update the records to reflect that they are in a relationship.

---

22nd November

*6.38 PM*

I take that back, they are assuredly not in a relationship.

---

24th November

*10.42 AM*

I have received something quite odd in the mail. It appears to be a little poppet of myself. The hair seems to be genuine hair, woven carefully into a white, stuffed burlap doll.

Somepony seems to have left it there for me overnight. I have interrogated the mailpony and he assures me he was not the one who placed it in my mailbox.

It is disconcerting, but I can't be too bothered with this at the moment. It might be one of those errant fans that every famous royal personality has.

---

26th November

*7.14 AM*

I was going to test Twilight again today by sending a zombie horde against the town to see how she would react. Fortunately, somepony else showed up and I did not have to go through all the trouble of finding corpses.

Zecora has returned from her ambassador's visit to her home country and has returned with great news about the Zebra imperialism. It seems they are willing to be absorbed under my rule, which I shall do gleefully when I have a free weekend.

Zecora is one of my most trusted scientists, and a true and genuine Zebra to boot. I truly appreciate what she has brought to the science team ever since I found her wandering around one day while she was on some kind of vacation, and hastened to learn about her birthplace and culture so that I might know how to conquer them. I then offered her a job which she gladly took because the pay is better and there are fringe benefits working for the Princess of Equestria.

Zebras are still relatively unknown here in the general region, because no one ever bothers to study anymore. I'm sure Twilight knows about them, though. She always had this fascination for aboriginals.

On the way back to her laboratory in the Everfree Forest, I will have Zecora help me with a little trick. You can't have *too* many aides helping out, and there is no better choice than Zecora to carry out this little test. In addition, her presence there is good in case Spike needs a little help.

But first she will have to be accepted by Ponyville, in order to be able to interact freely with them. According to her, they fear her because she is different, and Ponies fear what they do not understand.

No, I think they're just racist or something. Let's see what we can do.

*12.30 PM*

This is how it will work. Zecora has informed me that only one of the Ponies in Ponyville does not think she is a vile horrible monster.

This one is the young filly Apple Bloom, sister to Applejack. I have no knowledge of her, but from what Zecora has informed me, she shows clear signs of aptitude, intelligence and bravery that far exceed her sister's.

Personally, I believe that Zecora is being a bit too nice. She was always a very patient one, she was.

What remains to be seen is if this is actual bravery, not that foolhardy head-strong buffoonery that Applejack is so fond of.

Zecora will lure the Ponies into a distraction by manipulating Apple Bloom. She tells me that there is a breed of flower that only grows in the Everfree Forest known as the Poison Joke plant, named so because it is poisonous, and because it looks funny.

She will warn the Ponies about the plants in a mysterious and vague manner, and I will take care of the rest.

---

27th November

2.15 AM

Confound it; this is the power of the Scourge.

I had only meant to use some basic magic on the Ponies to make them believe a curse was placed on them by the Poison Joke plant, but the Scourge has managed to evade and deflect every minor spell I have cast at her.

It appears her skill also works to protect her while she sleeps and while she has no conscious knowledge of events around her. It appears this skill also only 'activates' when it detects nefarious plans being committed intentionally. Perhaps the way to get around this is to cause a genuine accident of some sort?

I will have to remember this.

Either way, I had to increase the power of my spells against her gradually until one finally took hold, and even then, it had not the effect of the casted spell, but it is good enough.

In retrospect, if the others wake up tomorrow morning to find that her brain had swollen out her ears, it might be a little daunting.

I feel I might have dodged an arrow there.

I have informed Spike to play along.

9.30 AM

Spike has followed instructions perfectly. He had given Twilight a book which contains a list of ingredients for the 'cure' for their ailment, all of which can be easily obtained from the Everfree Forest. This is when Zecora will offer her help, and they will accept her into their town with open hooves.

9.45 AM

Spike has given me an emergency alert that necessitates a change in plans. He did not follow Twilight and company into the woods as he was originally supposed to due to the fact that Twilight did *not* take the bait.

Apparently Twilight was being whiny about the name of the book or something, and did not in fact, 'discover' the cause of her ailments. Rather, there were two compound reasons for her taking off into the forest.

First of all, the other Ponies steadfastly believe that the cause of their maladies was Zecora herself. Twilight's finding of the book was meant to override this and cause them much shame and guilt, but as we know that didn't happen.

The other thing was that Apple Bloom had decided to take matters into her own hooves and seek out Zecora's help herself.

I have thusly informed Spike to rush the book to Zecora's lab and return to Ponyville.

3.33 PM

It is now after the ensuing confrontation, and the Ponies are, at this very moment, waiting in the salon for the 'cure', which Zecora is 'gathering' while we speak.

Zecora informs me that it has all gone well, but she has a few pieces of equipment that needs replacing, broken in some sort of scuffle.

She has shown incredible restraint. I must commend her for her efforts.

As it happens, the Ponies *did* burst in and accuse Zecora of cursing them, but Zecora gave them a big old scolding, and showed them the book that Twilight had overlooked. In fact, Apple Bloom had reached there early, and in a great feat of improvisation, she had her 'help' with gathering the ingredients, using her as leverage to appeal to the Ponies' pathos.

Of course, one of the things that was upset during the commotion was that oversized metal beaker she uses to mix things in.

I will have to quickly pop down to Ponyville now to 'cure' the lot of them, and to give Zecora my personal thanks for her help in this venture.

3.45 PM

I am back, all is well, and it seems that Zecora has been successfully integrated into the village. I am sure there are still some who harbour malicious feelings toward her, but I am sure Twilight will set them straight.

*3.50 PM*

This is strange though. As I am writing this, I am watching the Ponies bathing in the 'magical cure water', and Pinkamena Pie is staring directly into one of the monitoring devices I had Spike plant a few days ago. It is unnerving.

---

28th November

*9.29 AM*

The device at the salon no longer works. I will get Spike to replace it in a less obvious place.

*4.14 PM*

All the devices in Sugar Cube Corner are also down. I think I will leave these ones out for the time being. It might attract too much attention to replace them.

This is quite frightening.

---

1st December

*8.00 PM*

Back from a visit to Trottingham.

More of my livestock have mysteriously vanished from my killing fields, and there is a marked increase in the 'wild' animals in the area.

I did not put up that fence for no reason.

I am going to post more guards to the compound, and get to the bottom of this.

---

5th December

*12.00 PM*

Once again, in a vain attempt at stabilizing the economy of Ponyville, I have injected partial funds, in the form of liquidated assets, into the town from my closure of the De Boars diamond mining company, of which the work has now been contracted to the Diamond Dogs.

I have left 'magically appearing' sacks of money all over Ponyville, and even with the upcoming event, there should be plenty left over to give them a much needed bail out.

---



7th December

9.10 AM

Preparations are underway for a great celebration; quite possibly the greatest celebration in all of Equestria.

I am visiting Ponyville.

Unfortunately, unlike my usual visits, which are often rife with merry-making, joyous salutations and cake, I am visiting under false pretences.

In a day, I will be making my way down to Ponyville 'casually' to 'check out the scenery' and 'enjoy the sights'. I will indeed enjoy seeing the same, oh, I don't know... 8 buildings they have always had since the founding of the 'town'. I will even more, however, enjoy seeing the development of my dearest Twilight Sparkle, whom I miss waking up in the morning with a bullhorn.

Ever since she left Canterlot it has been rather lonely. Maybe I should visit Luna more?

Either way, the true purpose of my visit is to see the results of my experimentations for myself.

This morning I have retrieved a creature from the Everfree Forest that Zecora calls a 'parasprite'. As it seems that the Scourge's powers work against frontal attack, let us try something else more *indirect*. I have introduced this creature to the town with a *cunning plan*.

A plan so cunning that foxes shrivel up inside when they hear of it in want of being more cunning.

Tomorrow I shall visit and gaze upon the shell of that disgusting sock as she lays dead and feasted upon by the parasprites.

10.56 AM

The plan is underway. I have covertly had the parasprite cocoon snuck into Fluttershy's sanctuary, and in mere moments it will hatch into one of those little winged bugs.

I count on the Fluttershy thing's innate abilities to calm and sedate animals with her mind to keep the parasprite hatchling from roaming away and getting voracious off the hoof. No doubt she will immediately introduce it to Twilight Sparkle, because that's what she does with everything.

And by the time it reaches the town it will be too late.

---

8th December

7.15 AM

It is officially *too late*. Tee hee!

I told Spike to go around the entire town overnight and feed all the parasprites.

*After midnight.*

At this point there are approximately 3,281 of them in Ponyville, as calculated by my exponential growth matrix.

By this time, not even Fluttershy will be able to control them all at once, and they will nest within Ponyville and wreak havoc.

Phase one is complete.

9.33 AM

Oh, silly Applejack, one cannot *herd* a parasprite.

10.01 AM

Phase two has come off without a hitch.

I had been counting on Twilight Sparkle's lateral thinking and irrepressible need to venerate me to achieve this outcome, and it has worked *perfectly*.

My impending visit today is making her panic, and call for more dire action to be taken.

Twilight has cast a spell to attempt to change their nature, which has resulted in a foreseen circumstance where they will now attempt to eat everything else.

Including the sweet taste of Pony flesh.

I do hope not too many innocents perish before they finally settle upon the Scourge, but of course, *sacrifices*.

11.00 AM

I am beginning to lose some of my descrying devices to the parasprite horde. I must have Spike plant more soon.

11.25 AM

Zecora has told me that Twilight actually ventured straight to her to seek advice on how to be rid of them. But luckily, Zecora never divulged. She is faithful to the end.

12.00 PM

Time for me to go!

12.40 PM

I could barely believe my eyes when I saw Pinkamena coming down the path with her full one-Pony band set up.

How could she have possibly known how to be rid of the parasprites?

That image shocked me so much that I nearly gave the game away, but luckily my ability to keep control of any situation won over.

This was truly one thing that I never had expected. That she, of all Ponies, actually knew something that would help them in the face of impending doom. Something that not even Twilight knew!

Unfortunately, or fortunately, perhaps, there were no casualties.

I made up some stuff about Fillydelphia and made back for the castle in my bewildered state.

I am distraught. Not even ice cream can solve my woes now.

2.30 PM

Ice cream solves *everything*. I return with renewed vigour to my tasks at hoof, and tomorrow is just another day to kill a Scourge.

---

9th December

10.00 AM

Where did I put my hat?

4.15 PM

It appears there *are* casualties after all. Applejack's entire barn was eaten, right after she had those extensions built in.

Guess where all the town's money is going?

Maybe I should just build her barn for free.

Nah, Twilight would get jealous, the adorable little biscuit.

8.12 PM

If Applejack doesn't have a barn, where does she go when she needs to go?

---

12th December

4.00 PM

Spike has asked me what my fascination with lavatory habits is about.

Silly Spike, he does not understand.

The mark of a great leader is in no small part due to regular bowel movements. It is the foundation upon which all of Equestria is formed.

---

13th December

9.15 AM

I don't have a 'fixation', Coltdamnit.

---

18th December

7.00 AM

Official portrait Day! I'm so eager to see how I turn out.

I mean, my wings are SO pretty. They twinkle, and let me fly to the castle.

I hope this comes out well.

---

19th December

11.30 AM

The malignant fool painted me pink. Is he colour-blind? I have sent him to the dungeons to rot. Luna needs a cell-mate anyway.

---

### 23rd December

3.02 AM

For goodness' sake, why is Twilight standing outside her house at 3 in the morning in full snow gear? Is she stupid? It's still another two days till Winter Wrap-Up.

There isn't even any snow yet.

---

### 25th December

12.00 AM

It's winter! Too bad my winter gift was destroyed because a certain painter can't tell the difference between pink and white.

"*Oh, it dries white,*" he says.

You know what else dries white?

Tears.

---

### 26th December

8.30 AM

It is finally the *actual* Winter Wrap-Up day for Ponyville, which I am sure Twilight marked wrongly on her calendar.

She probably thought that it was a few days back because that is when *Canterlot's* Winter Wrap-Up occurs.

I think she doesn't realise that Ponyville is where we put all of *our* snow when we're done with it, so obviously it occurs a few days after us.

Recently, many Ponies have been sending in requests asking me to make the snow last for more than a few days long.

I'll have to consider that.

The procession for Winter Wrap-Up in Ponyville is also remarkably different than that of other towns and cities.

For example, I never understood their tradition of having to bother the animals halfway through their sleep. It is the one time every year that they are allowed to sleep in a bit late, and I don't see why they have to rudely interrupt them like that.

Either way, it is a very quaint festival no doubt designed to enforce community and socialism in a town whose main exports are boredom and nothing. It's like a project.

A huge project in which everypony comes together in a great big conglomerate of continuing their banal, fruitless lives.

I mean, they don't even have a movie theatre. It's no wonder they need to make such a big deal out of this.

Twilight couldn't fit in, not surprisingly. She was a late arrival to the town, and hadn't yet been incorporated into the general community scheme. Not to mention she is by far more used to just pushing snow off the side of the town walls with her magic.

There is nothing redeemable about this festival whatsoever.

*9.00 AM*

I take that back. That song of theirs is mighty catchy, admittedly.

*9.03 AM*

That little grey Pegasus. Always flying in front of my spyglass. Always.

*9.50 AM*

Twilight has absolutely destroyed that nest. She has no skill for the arts whatsoever. Maybe she has learnt how to make nests from that painter who has obliterated my obstinately perfect visage.

*10.23 AM*

Spike is being really mean. I can see him laughing at Twilight's mishaps on the ice. I can tell you one thing though; facial fractures and contrecoup injuries are no laughing matter.

*10.24 AM*

Twilight displays no affinity for animals whatsoever. This is no big surprise. She is not born to be down in the dirt with the lower class. Eventually, she will understand where her faculties lie.

*12.05 PM*

It amused me greatly to see her attempt all the different jobs, and it was good to see that with a little of Spike's edging, he managed to convince her to use her magic. A good monarch must never neglect her magic, heedless of place or time or tradition. Twilight would do well to remember that.

In her frustration, Twilight also went up head to head against the Mayor, which was a bold move on her part. I can see that her being a constant hero in Ponyville has made her strive for control

and organization. Her natural obsessive-compulsiveness has started to kick in, and now she has directly challenged the head of the town to wrest power away.

This pleases me greatly. Eventually she will also understand the self-satisfaction and warm fuzzy feelings that come with absolute domination over an entire community.

I don't mind, either. That silly Mayor was overreacting in the first place. I don't think anypony really cares if Spring is late except her.

These Ponies have issues. Every single one of them. They all have some strange, odd idiosyncrasy that defines them as a character, which they can't seem to break away from or evolve from. The only one who displays any form of judgement, mind and consciousness is Twilight. I will never regret having chosen her to be my successor.

Today marked a huge step up in her evolution as a leader.

And *that* is the true meaning of winter.

The other true meaning is Ponies bequeathing lavish gifts to me.

---

3rd January

11.00 AM

I had another strange package in the mail today.

It was another doll, similar to the first, and delivered in the same manner. This time, however, the doll was accompanied by three photographs of me while I was sleeping.

Somehow, somepony has managed to break past my guards, come to my window, covertly take pictures and then send them to me.

One of the pictures had writing on it, which read "*I will always be watching you*".

I had originally thought to hunt this Pony down and punish him for trespassing, but how could I ever do that to anypony who has gone out of their way to show their love and adoration for their ruler?

I am truly blessed with such faithful subjects.

4.30 PM

Luna seems to believe that this Pony character is up to no good, and is actually being extremely creepy.

I think the little peanut is jealous.

It's rather endearing, really. I was almost inclined to let Luna out for a walk.

Instead, I gave her the extra doll of me. She looked happy for the present.

Also, the strangest thing; when I was down there, the painter I had locked up beside Luna was gone. I don't think he managed to escape; I had him shackled to the wall. There was *definitely* no escape. I do wonder what happened to him.

---

5th January

2.00 PM

The royal Jailor informs me that Luna has been eating less recently, and sometimes not even finishing off her daily plate of delicious mealy bread and ice cream. I do hope the dear isn't sick. I would be distressed if I lost my peanut.

---

6th January

4.00 AM

I still can't figure out what happened to the painter. It is truly distressing me.

I maintain until now that he had absolutely nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. Not from *anything at all*.

The obvious thing to do would be to ask Luna if she's seen him. I will, the next time I visit.

---

7th January

9.00 AM

Tomorrow is the annual Cutie Mark Counsel day.

Tomorrow is when my agent, Cheerilee, reminds all the young fillies about the acquisition of Cutie Marks. Of course, everypony in the know knows that Cutie Marks can *indeed* be manipulated, and flukes have happened in the past, but that does not allow me to easily keep tabs on the individual abilities of my subjects.

It is best for all Ponies everywhere to have the marks come naturally, in such that it is a truer and more accurate representation of their abilities.

And I hate, I hate interpretation.

I hate it more than not having ice cream.



It is for this reason that every batch of fillies who enter the new year has a day set aside by Cheerilee to explain the merits of *waiting* for a Cutie Mark, rather than forcing one.

6.15 PM

Spike has asked me exactly why Cheerilee was the one chosen to be the head of this campaign, when she herself has a mark which is so open to interpretation and is unrelated in every way to her *true* special skill - the mongering of information.

I had to explain to him that Cheerilee was actually the first successful test subject that our Cutie Mark Research division had in artificially influencing a Cutie Mark's appearance.

In her youth, we had placed her in an enclosure in which she both was surrounded by and had nothing to eat but flowers for an entire 3 month period. We had also inflicted electrical shocks to her if she ever stopped smiling.

And presto, after an extended half-year experimental period, she had finally developed the Cutie Mark of smiling flowers.

And who would be a better voice than she herself, well equipped with the knowledge and proceedings of the formation of a Cutie Mark?

The other reason is that I love irony.

---

10th January

9.00 AM

Cheerilee's initial report is in.

While most of the other classes have accepted her sermon as truth, as comes every year there appears to be dissention in the ranks.

This year, it is class 3-B at the schoolbarn.

As this class is one of the advanced classes, most of the students already have their marks, and most of them are already used to Cheerilee's yearly buffer of information, having heard it at least two times before.

She has informed me that two of the richer and more influential fillies (comparatively) are stirring up hostilities by being incredible brats, taunting the mark-less Ponies with childish names and silly memes.

My first initial thought was to extract them from the town, but I do remember that Ponies tend to notice more when their *young* suddenly go missing as compared to, say, a homeless bum.

I hope their peer pressure does not cause a sudden shift in mentality, but hopefully the problem will be contained to that single class.

10.34 AM

It appears that the Apple family filly, Apple Bloom, has decided to vehemently ignore Cheerilee's sermon. As noted previously, she shares her sister's strong-headedness and bull-like obnoxiousness. From her dealings with her class rabble-rousers, she has taken on a personal campaign to force her Cutie Mark to appear.

There are two ways I can deal with this.

Firstly, I can hope that her onslaught of too many activities in short bursts of time will not be able to sufficiently influence the mark in any way, due to a lack of time and focus.

Secondly, I could simply leave her be, and as fillies are she will grow bored with this futile attempt at forcing her mark and eventually be distracted by something mundane, like a worm, or socks.

I will not do either.

Either of them requires me to not do anything and merely sit back and *hope*. I do not *hope*. I am the lord of Equestria, and even personally dabbling in the affairs of an insignificant Pony is not beneath me.

This is how much I care for my subjects.

Personally, I do not think there is anything to worry about, anyway. According to my records, every Pony in the extended Apple family has found that his or her special talent lies in the realm of fruit. Fruit is neither a hindrance nor a benefit, per se. They are merely tools used in the art of survival, and I do indeed love a good warm fritter with ice cream on the side.

You have to really appreciate an entire family whose 'special skill' lies in harvesting. I am glad I have the all powerful skill of sun magic. I think it's more flexible, personally.

In my research I have found there is a correlation between the name of a Pony and their special skill, which in turn affects their Cutie Mark.

It is not a *direct* correlation between name and mark, and so I had not documented it before in my diaries, but the name of a Pony seems to follow the rules of determinism.

To further exemplify, if one were to call your daughter 'Smarmy Git', she will most likely turn out to be a smarmy git. If you were to call your daughter 'Twilight Sparkle', she will most likely turn out to be an amazing Pony after my own heart. From then on, their marks would appear to appease their inner nature and special talents of both being Smarmy and Magical, respectively.

Let us also, for example, look at Applejack, who was born into a family which is highly specialized in apples. They named her with some sort of apple-related pun, because that is the thing in their family, and I will respect their tradition. Needless to say, there was an extremely

high chance that she would end up doing something with apples, which was, in fact, the case. She then develops an apple-based Cutie Mark to show that her ability lies in apples.

This explains why Ponies *seem* to be named *after* their cutie marks or special abilities. This is ridiculous, however. Thankfully, it was only in earlier generations of Pony where this was far more common. In more recent times, I have found the naming of Ponies to be far more varied and creative.

Took them a thousand years to get to this point.

In this case, regardless of whatever mark Apple Bloom might develop, her special talent will *most likely* be related to blooming apples.

But still, I dislike errant marks wandering around thinking they own the place. So I will still insist on her attaining a mark which is representative of her skills.

Of course, there is the slight chance that I could be entirely wrong, and that her name will not be enough to determine her future outcome. With her higher-than-normal will, this might very well be the case, and she might simply be talented in something else altogether.

But for now, only time and my gentle guidance will tell.

1.30 PM

The replacements of the descrying devices that Spike had planted after the parasprite incident all work fine. There are now *outdoor* monitoring devices along with *indoor* ones, so I can now keep track of the public sphere of Ponyville without trees and houses blocking.

Still no audio, though. Who'd have thought it would be so much trickier than visual?

It appears that Apple Bloom is now attempting to seek assistance from Twilight's friends in order to get her mark faster. I wonder what the big rush is, honestly. It almost seems that she's pressured to get it under some sort of time constraint.

Oh, Applejack, what are you giving away so many apples for? You still owe me three back-payments for the reconstruction of your barn. Does *no one* in the entire town understand the basic fundamentals of business and the need for a high annual GNP?

---

11th January

1.15 PM

Apple Bloom is *still* trying. It's already the next day. I was hoping she'd give up by now. Honestly, I'm just guessing though. With the short attention spans children have nowadays, she could very well just be doing random things.

She has enlisted the help of Rainbow Dash, but she isn't going to help a bit. Rainbow Dash might be quick, but only in the physical aspect, if you get my drift.

1.50 PM

Pinkamena, on the other hoof, might cause severe problems.

1.53 PM

No. No, of course not. She just wants to make cakes again.

I can tell from the large clouds of black smoke rising from the chimney of the Sugar Cube Corner Bakery and Patisserie, which I still linger in my decision to seed with descrying devices.

Thought:

They say that there's any excuse for cake, but there's always room for jelly.

This is a conundrum of the highest degree. In order to successfully decide, then, on the merits of jelly versus cake at any one period of choice between the two, discounting other influences or any other choices, one must then define the concept of 'room' and 'excuses', and then apply them to the subjective scenario in which the choice lies, thereby establishing a clear baseline in which one will no doubt take precedence over the other.

Furthermore the modifiers of 'any' and 'always' change the nature of the base nouns 'room' and 'excuse' considerably, as each of the adjectival determiners make a remarkable impact upon the severity and usability of their respective qualifiers.

All I can say for sure is:

Jelly fluctuates capriciously in a bowl; and cake settles irresolutely on a plate, aware of their unstable position in the universe.

Where was I?

Oh yes, since I had Spike refrain from planting devices within the Sugar Cube Corner Bakery, I have no choice but to *contemplate* on the dealings within the vapid house of Cake (Mr. and Mrs.).

2.13 PM

Twilight has entered the bakery. There is no change in activity.

Why are they baking so much, anyway? Is there some kind of thing going on that I am unaware of/have not been invited to?

3.15 PM

Over the past hour or so, there have been decorations going up, preparations being made and the like. If I didn't know better, I'd say they were having yet another party.

5.54 PM

Now it makes sense. A Cuteceañera has been planned, by that silly Silver Spoon filly. The Ponies are showing up in droves and entering the bakery.

It's totally unfair. / never had a Cuteceañera when / was a filly. Of course, I didn't technically have consciousness either, not to mention I didn't get my mark until a couple hundred years after I was born.

But still, it's totally unfair.

I want a Cuteceañera!

Bah, my Gala is better anyway. Stupid Ponies and their stupid customs.

10.30 PM

To my surprise and my personal delight, a useful report came not from Cheerilee or Spike, but rather from Twilight Sparkle herself, who had unintentionally divulged information in her regular correspondence with me about the nonsense of Friendship.

I knew those letters would be useful one day.

She wrote:

Dearest Princess Celestia,

I am happy to report that one of your youngest subjects has learned a valuable lesson about friendship.

Sometimes, the thing you think will cause you to lose friends, and feel left out, can actually be the thing that helps you make your closest friends, and realise how special you are.

I had to read between the lines a little, but I have come to this understanding:

Apple Bloom had originally thought her lack of a Cutie Mark was a debilitating affliction rife with unneeded attention and the taunting of little schoolchildren. She has now found that by allying herself with other ponies who share this disease, they can wilfully ignore the taunts of others and band together strong, in some sort of group of derelicts.

It has yet to be seen who these Ponies are, however.

Of course if the problem of 'Cutie Mark Forcing' is confined to this group, there should not be any more fear of contamination. I believe the right action now is to segregate the group from the

rest of their peers and cause them to be outcasts, such that no others will look up to their actions as a role model to follow.

For now I will consider this matter sufficiently contained.

All this Cutie Mark business has reminded me of my *own* mark, and how I got it, and why it makes me the best. I could not help but stare at it, lost in the memories of my triumphs and successes.

---

### 12th January

9.00 AM

Spike has sent me some pictures of the fillies that Apple Bloom has aligned herself with. They happen to be Sweetie Belle, Rarity's sister, and Scootaloo, who has an odd name.

I will keep track of these three from now on, as well.

---

### 14th January

9.00 AM

The morning report from Trottingham has come in. It appears my guards have been befuddled by a specific Earth Pony who poaches captive animals from my grounds and sets them free into the wild. He has been described as being clad in green, and he appears to be extremely proficient with the use of a haunch-mounted, automatic compound bow.

I mean, gee. My guards have... nothing, really. I should arm them.

According to the report, the guards had him cornered against the inner perimeter of the killing fields, and he had managed to escape by jumping neatly over the 10-meter-tall electrified border fence.

He had also managed to steal the guards' personal bitsacks from their belts, and was last heard running off to the direction of the nearby Deerwood Forest yelling, "Cheese it, the feds!"

My guards report that despite his great agility, they assure me that he is merely an Earth Pony and *not* a Pegasus. Being that my *guards* are Pegasus Ponies, I wondered why they didn't simply just give chase.

They had said then that they were shortly rendered unconscious a moment later by unseen forces. When they awoke there was naught but a broken arrow laying beside them.

They have been replaced with more vicious guards hoof-picked personally from my vanguard team.

---

15th January

4.56 PM

You know that Pony who acts in that television show about the doctor who flies around through time?

I swear I saw him walking around in Ponyville.

Must be my eyes.

---

17th January

9.15 AM

Two days until the Running of the Leaves festival.

Interesting note; back during the days of Humans, the trees turned red and leaves dropped naturally, and it happened *before* winter, not *after*, and also didn't really come so soon after Spring had started. The magic spheres really messed things up.

Either way, red is such an unsightly colour for tree leaves. The Running of the Leaves helps me to remove this disgusting eyesore.

---

18th January

10.00 AM

Are Rainbow Dash and Applejack fighting *again*? I thought they were friends. Why does Applejack fight with everypony? Is that how bumpkins communicate?

It appears that they have started some kind of impromptu competition to prove one's superiority above the other.

In my castle, we call that 'war'.

12.00 AM

To be honest, this war between Applejack and Rainbow Dash is making me curious. With lack of audio, monitoring this would have been a task.

But I think it's time to test a bit of this new magic I've been working on.

I have given Spike an enchanted audio stick, with which he can report to me in real-time as things occur.

12.05 PM

Initial tests of the speaking stick are working well. I can hear him loud and clear.

Twilight was smart enough to be suspicious of the speaking stick, since subtlety is not Spike's strong suit. Thankfully he managed to cover up nicely. Who are you speaking to *indeed*.

1.40 PM

The war seems to be increasing the animosity between Rainbow Dash and Applejack. It has also managed to attract every single Pony from Ponyville *and* Cloudsdale to go watch them.

It seems these sort of competitive sports are popular. I might have to add them to my line up of distractions in the future, if I ever need to empty an entire town for whatever reason.

2.21 PM

It's quite exciting, actually! Go Applejack! And also Rainbow Dash!

3.30 PM

Oh ho, Rainbow Dash, aren't we a little sneaky cheat? If you had pulled that stunt in a competition of *my* planning, I would have your wings pulled off and pinned to a giant corkboard, you adorable little shyster, you.

But technically she's right; they never stated that she *couldn't* use her wings. This is what you get for not clearly laying out the ground rules, Applejack.

I hope Twilight learns from this experience.

3.40 PM

And it is finally over. I wonder if Applejack will let this go. She definitely doesn't seem the type.

But it doesn't matter because tomorrow is the annual Running of the Leaves!

It should be entertaining! I will have Spike use the stick again.

---

19th January

9.30 AM

As soon as Spike started his audio report on the Running of the Leaves, a wave of disgust and nausea hit me. It was nothing but the shrill, high-pitched voice of the one with the most annoying qualities in Equestria. And she was right in my ear.



Thankfully Spike had the mind to ditch the stick immediately. No matter, I can hear that squeaky one from all the way up here as it is.

The Running of the Leaves went ahead as scheduled. I was surprised to see that Twilight actually decided to join in as well. She has never been the sporty kind. I wonder if she has some sort of idea in mind.

9.35 AM

The war between Applejack and Rainbow Dash continues and escalates. It appears that they have now incorporated the Run into their war, and are both attempting to be the first one to the end. There is no actual benefit for doing this, and no reward for the task, which makes this thing between them fairly irrelevant.

Although I notice that most of the Ponies in Ponyville are, for the most part, irrelevant in general.

I wish Spike would kick Pinkamena Pie out of the balloon. Her colour commentary is, if anything, far too colourful.

10.11 AM

I am not sure if I managed to catch that through my telescopic spyglass, but I believe that Twilight Sparkle has just placed a rock underhoof of Applejack, causing her to trip and crack her face on the hard, stone-riddled ground. This is a new display of behaviour for Twilight.

10.15 AM

Impressively, Applejack has managed to catch up with Rainbow Dash.

10.17 AM

Now, I saw that.

Twilight Sparkle has *definitely* teleported a stump in front of Rainbow Dash.

I believe she is purposefully aggravating the dysentery between Applejack and Rainbow Dash, possibly in the hopes that it will explode in monumental quantities and cause them to fall behind.

Twilight is displaying a high amount of tactical poise in this race. Perhaps she learnt something from yesterday's happenings after all.

Either way, I can't say I'm not impressed and just a little bit proud.

10.44 AM

They have entered the Whitetail Wood leg of the race. Twilight's strategy has been successful, and the two fighting Ponies are at it in full force.

12.40 PM

Finally, an *appropriate* use of her trans-location magic. While Applejack and Rainbow Dash were distracted, Twilight had moved herself far ahead enough to capture fifth place.

I am more content today than I have been for a long time. Twilight is developing into a fine Pony, worthy of the mantle. That was a clever use of strategy. Just clever!

I was so proud that I just simply had to make a personal appearance so that Twilight and I could gloat over Rainbow Dash and Applejack. I love it when we double-team others like that. It just gives me a tingle up my spine and a deep warmth from within, knowing that I am telling all the truths to their faces.

Also, I punished Applejack and Rainbow Dash, and made them finish the rest of the trees themselves.

Such a good day!

I would also like to mention the success of the magic audio stick. I believe I can now add full audio support to my little devices. I will have Spike upgrade them with haste and discretion.

---

21st January

4.21 AM

I awoke at such a profane hour due to the Pony who was standing on my bed and watching me sleep. He was breathing quite heavily and irregularly. I think he might have had an infection.

When I arose, he jumped off the bed instantly, and trotted around my chamber floors, showing me his great work of art. Along with the *third* doll which he appeared to have brought personally this time, he had also inscribed a great likeness of my image upon my floor in an odd liquid or paint of some kind.

When I had seen it, still a bit surprised and dazed at the sudden awakening, he started to shiver as if the fires were out and said in a very jittery voice,

"I looooooovveee you, Celessstiiiiiaaaa."

I had him arrested immediately.

I mean, it was hard. I did appreciate the sentiment. That drawing that he did was excellently done, and captured all my features delicately, *and* it was in the correct colour of white as well.

But I cannot condone one referring to me without proper use of my title. It is simply unbecoming.

I had him dragged to the dungeons.

When I had arrived there, Luna suddenly jolted upright and her eyes widened. She seemed extremely eager to have company again, ever since she lost her previous bedfellow.

I left them alone to get acquainted.

Luna was so eager to make friends, she sat upright and eyed him all the way to the shackles!

I think I really should let her out eventually.

I have placed the dolls that he made of me on my mantle as a reminder to myself that everypony loves me.

---

24th January

9.00 AM

It is time, once again, to attempt to grow the town of Ponyville. They simply need to expand, and so far simply throwing bits at them has not been working, but not because it is a bad idea.

It is because these Ponies are utter simpletons.

There is one Pony, however, in all of Ponyville who does not seem to follow local cliques, adapt to social patterns or conform to base society. I believe I will try something with her.

The Pony called Rarity is a diva, but I must admit her ability to create clothing is praise-worthy, if only because she seems to have chosen what must be the least applicable job in the entirety of Ponyville.

She mainly exports her clothing to the surrounding towns, such as Manehattan, Phillydelphia and the like. And while Manehattan *wishes* they were elite, and does a great song and dance of it, they do not even have half the clout that a true city has.

A true city like... Canterlot?

Indeed.

This will be the plan.

Let us *encourage* fashion.

In order for a city to start spending more money within the city, one must introduce a new form of good or service that has not previously been tapped. Unfortunately, the yokels of Ponyville wouldn't know fashion if it left horseshoe prints on their faces.

However, taking advantage of their incessant need to wish to be like the Ponies of fairer cities and to follow 'trends', all I have to do is cause a new fashion revolution in the town. All the Ponies will suddenly be trading in clothing and fashion accessories, and a new trade sphere will be born.

And this Rarity will be the one to carry out this ideal.

I am tired of trying to go through Applejack. While she still remains the sole bourgeoisie of the town, most of her bits goes into buying replacement parts for her grandmother, who simply refuses to die.

I will send Spike along to fetch one of Canterlot's largest mavens to my court.

---

25th January

*2.15 PM*

Wonderful. Spike has informed me of a ripe opportunity of which I can take advantage. It appears that this Rarity has graciously offered to create and sell new dresses to Twilight and her inner circle, for the purpose of the upcoming Gala.

*At cost.*

Do these Ponies know how business works? Exchange of bits? Trade systems? No?

She also wishes to have a little fashion show between them afterward, a little girly thing.

In this one case I do wish I could be there. I really enjoy a fashion show, one of my little personal things.

I think I should have Spike take the fashion show to the next level.

*4.30 PM*

Indeed, I have managed to get into contact with none other than Hoity-Toity, one of Canterlot's own 'big-name' fashion designers. As a personal favour, I have asked him kindly to witness the fashion show of a little known up-and-comer named Rarity, and to see if he would be interested in doing business with her.

I have shown him some samples of her work and he does think she has potential. He promised to be fair in his judgements and give it a look.

---

27th January

*10.00 AM*

Rarity has been hard at work for two days straight now. She has not stopped singing the *entire* time.

11.20 AM

I am sorry, but Rarity looks absolutely dashing with her glasses on. I have a soft spot for a mare in spectacles, and hers are just so darling. Why doesn't she wear them more often? I hope she wears them more often.

2.00 PM

Oh no. Oh no no no no no.

No, they were fine before, why is she changing them?

What is going on here?

Why are you letting *them* dictate? The customer is not *always* right. *Believe me.*

---

28th January

1.00 PM

They are horrible. Absolutely awful.

What are they so happy about?

Oh no, did Spike just inform them of Hoity-Toity's visit? Oh no.

Oh no no no no no.

5.00 PM

A contingency plan has been put into action. What began as an attempt to introduce fashion in Ponyville has now led me to prevent it from never becoming a viable option in the future.

I will need to speak to Hoity-Toity about this after the show.

These foul dresses must be destroyed. Even the impaired ageusics of Ponyville can tell *those* peaches are sour.

9.00 PM

Everyone in Ponyville is shocked and disgusted by that horrendous display. Hoity-Toity has just thrown up a little in his mouth. I can't say I blame them. This is bad. It will have definite repercussions on the town's attitude towards Rarity.

---

26th January

2.00 PM

Well, there is *some* salvage from the horrible burning wreck.

Spike told me that the five Ponies responsible for this were overcome with guilt and decided to do what they should have done in the first place, which is allow a fashion designer to design their fashion.

Earlier on today I explained to Hoity-Toity that the show he saw was not the 'correct' one that he was supposed to see. Rather than make up a silly excuse that we both would have known was a lie, I just told him that it was Spike's fault.

That is, of course, another use for an assistant.

I quickly had Hotiy-Toity return for an impromptu look, much to his personal chagrin. He *really* didn't want to, but I made an agreement with him and told him that I would give him free coffee for a month at Pony Joe's Stable O' Donuts.

So, while everypony else in Ponyville has lost faith in Rarity's abilities entirely, at *least* Hoity-Toity will be able to see some of Rarity's true talent, and that is the best you could ask for from something like this.

I do feel *partially* responsible. I might have to do what I can to repair Rarity's reputation when the opportunity is ripe.

Hm... am I growing soft?

---

28th January

9.00 AM

Well, Hoity-Toity was quite happy with the 'new' selection of dresses. He was very excited about picking up Rarity as an extension of his brand label back in Canterlot. While this does not help Rarity's current standing in her own town, at least she will get some much-needed international attention.

Brand recognition, after all, is so very important.

*Design by Rarity* will be sold in all boutiques across Canterlot next week.

---

3rd February

3.00 PM

I was milling over other official business today, and something has been bothering me. Spike, as loyal as he is, has been acting quite strangely ever since he went to Ponyville. While he is not the most normal of Dragons, there has been a slow and steady decline in his behaviour ever since the first day he left.

I can't exactly tell what it is, nor can I give specifics. It's just one of those things you feel gnawing at the back of your head, until you look in a mirror and find out that it is a beaver.

---

6th February

9.00 AM

Ever since that whole deal with the dresses, the economy in Ponyville has gotten *slightly* better. I'm happy that Rarity has absolutely no control over impulsive purchases, and spends all her new income at the spa.

This new income is being spread around in a way that does *not* call for the immediate throwing of any kind of party, or the requirement of lavish amounts of cakes or sweets, and therefore, for now, the money at least remains within Ponyville.

---

11th February

6.00 AM

I have issued Code Pink today.

Under this alert status, Spike is to drop everything he is doing and focus entirely on gathering as much information as Dragonly possible due to a sudden rise in activity coming from the Scourge.

There was absolutely no indication what brought about this suddenly jump in activity, but for the next few days all of Spike's hands must remain steady on the wheel of guidance, and work with Twilight Sparkle to study this phenomenon.

This has been the largest reaction that anypony has seen the Scourge having for quite a long time, and now that I have Twilight Sparkle and Spike close enough to her, something can actually be done.

And finally, perhaps with any small amount of luck, I will learn about the strange and mysterious magic that surrounds the Scourge.

The only one single Pony who has the natural ability to thwart my schemes.

The one single thorn in my side, who does not even know what she is capable of, nor what she is doing.

The one single Pony who remains the constant disruption in everything I do for Equestria.

The Scourge.

Pinkamena.

Diane.

Pie.

I hope to one day be able to make use of Pinkamena's abilities for myself, of course. But to that end, in order to control, one must first understand.

I have informed Spike that for the next 48 hours, he is to do everything in his power to study the Scourge, and manipulate Twilight to accompany and aid him. Having been around Twilight for so long, I trust that Spike knows what to do to accomplish this, despite recent oddities in his behaviour.

I hope my trust in him is not misgiven.

I await his first report.

In the meantime, I shall be monitoring them through my telescopic spyglass.

*11.30 PM*

Spike has documented his findings so far.

To summarize:

Her abilities and powers are known collectively in Ponyville as 'Pinkie Sense'. It appears that the villagers treat this as some sort of odd supernatural ability that allows her to gain glimpses into the future, but this is definitely not the case.

This Pinkie Sense is most definitely a magical quality, and magic found in an Earth Pony is exceedingly rare, with only one or two known cases documented every hundred years. This odd power that stems from the entire body instead of merely the horn has caused magical Earth Ponies to be exceedingly powerful (ref: Fuselight; the self detonating Pony; 3088) but always never aware of their abilities (ref: Fiddle Castro; the Pied Piper Pony; 3253).

While every other Pony regards her Pinkie Sense as a quirk of nature, I believe that it is this Pinkie Sense which actually warns her about tragedy rather than foretelling the future. It clues her in through slight vibrations in the body and changes in her physiology that give her 'gut feelings' that attract her towards anything she personally deems 'not right' in her sub-consciousness.



Spike was able to clearly mark down a few specific cases, which lends credence to this theory.

Every single 'bad thing' that happened was accompanied by a clear indication, which was both repeatable as well as observable.

This is most definitely magic.

Now, how this applies to previous cases, I do not know.

For example, during the Zecora incident, how was she able to diminish spells in her sleep? This might suggest that these physical reactions are not necessary to the process of the magic protecting Pinkie Pie and sundry.

In addition, why did her 'Pinkie Sense' not aid directly in the removal of the Dragon, or the defeat of Luna? Must the 'bad thing' only be directed toward her personally? During the Luna incident she *was* able to revert the magic that I placed upon the trees, but not through *laughter* that she believed it to be.

Either way, Spike has been more than able to coerce Twilight into helping out. He tells me the key is to play upon Twilight's personal hatred of anything supernatural; as observed during the Zecora incident.

He has also made copies of Twilight's findings and sent them to me, in order for me to compile all notes on her actions even during the lack of Spike's presence.

I will reward him thusly for his fine duties.

The following is a list of all observed 'facts' so far, in minor detail (for full details and reports, they can be found filed with the Anti-Scourge Task Force department).

|   | <b>ACTION</b>                                   | <b>EFFECT</b>   |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Uncontrollable spasms of tail                   | Foretelling of falling object                             |
| 2 | Uncontrollable spasms of ears                   | Unverified: related to dirt and/or mud                    |
| 3 | Uncontrollable spasms of eyelids                | UNKNOWN   |
| 4 | Delusional Parasitosis syndrome on back         | Beneficial event to follow                                |
| 5 | Sudden onset of arthritis in frontal right knee | Disadvantageous event to follow                           |
| 6 | Sudden onset of cramps in left Shoulder         | (specific) Knowledge of alligator in nearby body of water |
| 7 | UNKNOWN   | Ability to destroy descrying devices (same ability as 8?) |

|    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| 8  | UNKNOWN; constant effect?                           | Ability to diminish or negate disadvantageous magic aimed at her           |
| 9  | UNKNOWN   | Ability to find books at crucial periods in time                           |
| 10 | 2, followed by 5, followed by 3 in quick succession | Imminent Rainbow apparition  |
| 11 | 2, followed by 3, followed by 5 in quick succession | Foretelling of accident related to doors (perhaps other openings as well?) |

It is unknown if some of the more 'automatic' effects have a respective action. If her magic works to aid in her protection, perhaps some of them could be achieved through other means than directly informing her as a host (see points 8 - 9). Certain effects definitely seem to be aimed at her environment rather than at herself. This also suggests that her ability stretches beyond the immediate, and can take place *before* the event occurs as preparation.

More study is in order, but much has been gained today. I am satisfied with our findings, and my Anti-Scourge Task Force is hard at work to make sense of all this.

---

12th February

12.00 PM

I might have to call off Twilight's investigations. Although it is of extreme importance for me to find out everything I can regarding the sensation of Pinkamena Pie, I cannot sacrifice the health of my beloved pupil.

Besides being able to forewarn herself, actions that may have caused her harm are now shifting targets to focus on anypony else near-by. Twilight Sparkle has now been the victim of a multitude of accidents which has resulted in various allergic reactions, two broken front legs and other injuries of various sorts, all of which may have originally been meant for Pinkamena herself.

This deluge of sudden bad happenstance may be the cause of her heightened physical reactions, to bring it up to the point where she can consciously take note of them.

I pray Twilight can pull through this.

Once again, I pay notice to a certain little grey Pegasus whom has made me nervous before. She seems to have been the cause of Twilight's most recent accident.

Who is this little grey Pony, and what is wrong with her eyes? I do not trust those eyes.

With those eyes, you can get away with anything.

Is that a side-effect of the Scourge's magic?

9.30 PM

I am so glad that Twilight has made it back alive. They have all just escaped from a harrowing experience with a Hydra. I would comment further, but I am just relieved that she is fine.

I am exhausted. I need to stop writing today.

Goodnight, dear Twilight. I pray you well.

---

13th February

9.00 AM

I had such bad dreams.

I was so distraught that I had to make a personal visit to the Library to make sure she was fine. Spike has delivered the most recent findings for analysis.

Here are the most recent actions discovered the previous day:

|    | <b>ACTION</b>                       | <b>EFFECT</b>                                     |
|----|-------------------------------------|---|
| 12 | Itchy muzzle                        | Bees, Bees everywhere                             |
| 13 | Uncontrollable spasm of entire body | Full complete reassignment of loyalties of target |

It is number 13 that concerns me the most. It appears that Twilight has fallen victim to this, and has now completely brainwashed to abandon the scientific method. She now unquestionably believes in the Scourge's ways and does not even *attempt* to understand it.

I hope this is reversible. It is far too late for me to find a replacement for Twilight.

4.00 PM

It seems that the sudden peak of activity has ceased. There will be no more observing until the next time. This is fine, though. A wealth of information has been gleaned, and we are now one step closer to finding out a way to destroy Pinkamena forever.

I believe I can now sufficiently formulate a plan for the Gala based on what I know.

Now, to fix Twilight.

---

## 15th February

9.00 AM

Good news, everypony! My research team has informed me that they have a working remedy for Pinkamena's brainwashing.

I will have someone sneak doses into her tea regularly, and Twilight will be back to her old, paranoid, sceptical, unwavering self in no time - just how all good leaders should be.

Spike has performed admirably, but I still will be keeping a close eye on him.

I've been thinking, and I remember a certain time during the Trixie experiment when he was acting oddly in the crowd, as if his loyalties were being torn between two Ponies.

5.38 PM

You know what would be a *great* name for a band?

The Trixie Experiment.

---

## 16th February

10.00 AM

The Gala is approaching and I have recently asked Spike to help me find out what Rarity would want to see in my 'nephew', in order to make him a perfect stallion for her.

Spike responded, saying "Somepony who looks and behaves exactly like me".

I do not think I can take his word on this.

---

## 18th February

7.00 PM

I have spent a lengthy period of time with Luna today. I love our little chats. They are refreshing. Perhaps I can even reach a point where I can start to trust Luna again, and have her serve by my side.

Of course, she will never be any sort of replacement for Twilight herself, but perhaps she can be a maid or something of the sort.

I was telling her today about my great advancements in learning about the Scourge.

Luna told me that I might be quite mistaken, and that this Scourge was nothing more than a normal Earth Pony trying to live a normal life, and that I should leave her very well alone, and

that I was overreacting to a threat that only existed in the rules that I have made up for myself and blah blah blah blah.

The silly peanut has no idea what Pinkamena is.

If she only spent a single day with her, she would understand. Pinkamena is a blight upon the land. A searing flash of overexposed colour disrupting the harmonious landscape. She has a really, really annoying voice.

It is true that all Ponies have their faults, except for me, but hers just irritates me.

Her magical ability is also a genuine threat.

Just you wait, I told Luna. Wait and see. I will not stand idly by and be naive, peanut. I will take charge, just as I did a thousand years before, and lead our land into a new era of prosperity and fewer parties!

Luna maintains that I have been in charge for far too long and that I need to get a little perspective. She asked me exactly how constantly staring at a really small, nearly insignificant town would aid in this, especially when most of my attention over the past few months have been focused on about six specific ponies, and on-and-off three others, who are just children, and how could they possibly affect the world to the point that I am talking about?

Well, I said. Well.

Well.

I don't know, really. I forgot what I told her, to be honest.

Thinking about it, I was *really* only keeping an eye on Twilight, right?

And then she makes friends with these others, and one of them happens to be the Scourge. That was a prime opportunity for me to jump on and I couldn't possibly let that slip by.

Yes, that's right. It's all for that one thing.

I'm surer now than I have ever been before in the last 15 minutes.

I must remain vigilant for my Ponies! That's right, the Ponies. It's all for them.

I would have retired centuries ago if I didn't know that some other Pony would just come along and ruin it for everyone.

And to think the only one I had ever trusted all those thousand years ago was Luna, and she broke my heart. How can I ever trust anyone else again?

Ah... Luna.

I miss those times. Do you miss them too?

There used to be a time when we were standing together, side by side, together in all things against the world.

What happened to those times, and what happened between us that led to it being like this?

What should I do, Luna? What should I do?

I... just can't decide.

Luna, if you can't rule beside me as Princess, will you at least stand beside me as my sister?

I still love you, Luna. You are family.

*11.00 PM*

Where was that guy I had locked up beside her?!

---

20th February

*9.00 AM*

The annual Best Young Fliers competition is about to be held in Cloudsdale in a few hours. Over the past week I have been noticing one participant in particular, struggling to practice her 'moves'.

Rainbow Dash.

One of the Ponies who will be involved in my Grand Gala Plan later this year, and one of whom will play a part in the destruction of the Scourge once and for all.

It is already no secret that she has some sort of fanaticism for the Wonderbolts, our special performance-flying squad. However, in order to utilize this for maximum chaos at the Gala, I will have to dangle incentives in front of her like a carrot for a bunny.

The first part is to simply have her get close and have a taste of what it is like to be one of the team.

A little under-the-table bits and the Grand Prize for the Best Young Fliers competition had been changed from an all-expense-paid trip to Marelibu for 2 weeks to a day with the Wonderbolts, who will also be guest judges.

Of course, I will be the grand judge, so as to... assure Rainbow Dash's victory.

It is simple.

*9.21AM*

Ah, Twilight, your strain-face. I love it ever so much.

*9.22 AM*

Interesting spell. And appropriate, too. Rarity is half-insect already anyway.

*10.13 AM*

It appears that Rainbow Dash and the FlutterThing have left for Cloudsdale. Since the city is just outside of my monitoring devices, I shall have to, once again, fall back on my trusty spyglass.

*10.27 AM*

The little grey Pegasus just flew in front of my line of sight.

Her eyes.

They burn!

*10.45 AM*

And the gang is back together. It was not a few months back when spells of this magnitude would be out of Twilight's reach.

It was not such a bad idea having her placed in Ponyville.

It has not impacted on her magical development in a negative way at all.

*11.00 AM*

I can't see.

*11.40 AM*

I still can't see.

*12. 30 PM*

What is going on in there?

*12.45 PM*

Fudge it, I'm going to be late for the competition. I have to leave now!

*1.30 PM*

And the competition is off! I snuck my diary along.

They don't have a clue what this is. Now I shall write about them right in front of their faces and they will have no idea.

That's why I have a private box.

*1.33 PM*

The Wonderbolts are in fine form, as always. They never cease to amaze and impress. Today they pulled off their 'Koltvoord Starburst' maneuver, and believe me, it was a sight to behold.

*1.43 PM*

And the contest has begun. It's time for me to start judging.

To be honest, I really hate judging other Ponies. It's far too easy.

#### Contestant 1

And we're off! Number one was this little orange thing with flubby pink hair. She did a few loop-de-loops, a bunch of mid-air Dragon rolls, and a quick-stop.

I give her points for effort, but no marks for creativity.

**4/5**

#### Contestant 2

Number 2 is... wait. Is that... that actor again?

No, much too young. Also, Pegasus. Silly me!

**3/5** for looking like that actor.

#### Contestant 3

Number 3 was absolutely boring.

**1/5** for boring me.

#### Contestant 4

Number 7 (where is 4?) simply came out and started to barrel roll. Over. And over. And over and over and over.

**1/5** for failure to launch.

#### Contestant 5

Number 5 was this yellow dear with a silky pink mane.

She managed to do a Triple Open Banana-Split into a Reverse Front-Hoofed Candy-Plant. If it weren't for the fact that this competition is rigged, she'd probably win.

**5/5**



Contestant 6

Number 6 is

Oh no no no no no no no

The eyes

She is going everywhere.

No, not over here, please.

Oh, she's all over the place

Will somepony turn a fire hose on her?

Oh the eyes, the eyes.

Was that intentional?

How many...

No, no no no no.

This is a catastrophe

Oh my Colt no.

No.

No.

**4/5.** Not bad!

Contestant 8

Number 8 was one of those grey stallions with black hair. He was doing so well up until the part where he started to perform.

**1/5**

Contestant 9

I missed this one because I had to use the facilities. I do not miss the facilities for anything.

**0/5**

Contestant 10

Number 10 was just happy to be there, I think. Didn't really put his heart into it.

**1/5**

### Contestant 11

Number 11 did the exact same thing as number 3! I don't know if 11 copied 3's routine, or 3 copied 11's routine, so I am disqualifying them both.

### Contestant 12

Number 12 was a buff thing. Beads of sweat hanging from his orange muscles as he lifted an entire storm cloud above his head and gave off rays of manliness.

Unfortunately, this is a trick competition, not a strength competition. Disqualified.

### Contestant 13

Number 13 was quite alright, I did like the part where she came right up to me and started to wink. Flattery will get you nowhere, my filly.

**4/5**

### Contestant 14

Who cares about number 14? Where is Rainbow Dash?

Oh, there she is.

*3.13 PM*

Egad, what is that thing?

It appears the spell Twilight cast on Rarity has severe side effects. In addition to the wings that she had given Rarity, it has taken over the rest of her body, and turned her into a grotesque caricature of the unearthly hybrid of Pony and Caterpillar.

I have this uncontrollable urge to burn her with fire.

Rainbow Dash, on the other hoof, isn't half bad. I can't say that I agree with her choice of accompanying music, but there you go.

I will be honest now, Rainbow Dash's repertoire is in fact quite amazing, creative and, well, fast.

If she actually manages not to make mistakes at every opportunity, however, I would have a much easier time giving her the prize.

Poor Rarity is growing spastic in the background. No pony else besides me seems to be noticing that she is convulsing with the pain of being mutated into a bug. All eyes on Rainbow Dash, it seems!

Rainbow Dash is moving on to her second phase.

Cloud spinning? That is truly nice!

I wonder if I could integrate that stunt into my

Whoa.

That was close.

Missed me by a hair.

Rainbow Dash had better pull out something truly amazing to clinch the prize.

*3.45 PM*

Unfortunately, Rainbow Dash's execution was abhorrent. She had scored, possibly, the lowest score of the lot. Even that sonic rainboom move she pulled at the end wasn't a winner because it was done so far to the ground that I couldn't really see the main explode-y bit, and what is a stage for if not to contain one's performance?

*Fortunately*, on the other hoof, I can lie and say that I'm awarding her the grand prize because she saved the lives of three Ponies and an insect.

By the time I had reached Rainbow Dash, it was good to see that the magic on Rarity had worn off and she had somewhat returned to normal.

Rarity even saw it fit to apologize for her 'crashing' of the competition, but of course I don't blame her; anypony undergoing such disfigurement of both mind and flesh would not be in full control of their actions.

But that had integrity, and I respect Rarity for it.

Either way, have a good day, Rainbow Dash, you have truly earned your day of fun with the Wonderbolts, sort of.

Enjoy it while you can!

*8.00 PM*

I have decided to give the runner up, contestant number 5, the holiday prize. She *actually* earned it, and I always reward hard work and inventive tricks.

See, Luna? I can be nice.

I can be.

---

22nd February

12.00 PM

Spike, having missed out on the competition, has requested from me all photographs or video footage of Rarity's mutation.

I have sent them to him with a bit of hesitation. This is an unusual request. I wonder what he is doing with them.

---

23rd February

9.00 AM

The morning report from Trottingham has finally arrived. My vanguard has arrested this Pony fellow clad in green and has brought him to jail.

They managed to catch him in the nearby town of Trotsley. This... Robin of Trotsley was interrogated, and it seems that his pillaging of my forest creatures was merely a distraction.

He had intended to draw my attention, which he most certainly had, and has been thieving bits off my guards that patrol the area.

Certainly, it was an ingenious plan, and it worked well.

Rather than spending the money, like any normal Pony would, he was giving it away to the townsponies of Trotsley.

It had turned out that the local Sheriff of Trottingham had been running Ponies out of their homes and pushing them to Trotsley, whilst stealing their land and possessions. Leaving them with nothing, this vagabond scofflaw decided to take matters into his own hooves, since I was the one who appointed the Sheriff in the first place.

*I wish they would have just said so.*

I have written a royal edict.

Henceforth, Robin of Trotsley is now the new sheriff of Trottingham, in addition to looking after my private killing fields, he will be in charge of redistributing the squandered wealth that was stolen from the Ponies.

The old sheriff has been let free into my killing fields, which will make my next visit to Trottingham *rather* interesting.

I consider this matter closed.

---

24th February

9.00 AM

As the date of the Gala approaches, I have decided to spend a day monitoring the thing known as Fluttershy. While I have effectually decided on a course of action regarding the other five Ponies, the one who eludes me is this Pony, due to the vague definition of her character.

To that end, I will keep track of her for a day as she spends her time with the townsfolk, to see what drives her and how I might use her in the grand scheme.

Currently, all I know about her is that she likes animals, and is afraid of everything else.

Not a good start.

Actually, she's afraid of most animals too, but her odd ability to control them makes them less daunting.

Either way, Fluttershy is currently at her home on the reserve that borders the Everfree Forest, taking care of that horrid little cat that follows Rarity around sometimes.

I have always wondered, if she is so afraid of everything, what possessed her to build her home on the edge of the most frightening place in all of Equestria?

I believe it has something to do with the duality of Pony nature. While on the outside, she seems to be a frail, timid lady with a penchant for hiding, her sub-conscious animus is that of a fierce Alpha male stallion, who enjoys the challenge of fear and the subjugation of lesser species.

Either that or she is addicted to being frightened, and has severe mental issues.

10.02 AM

Fluttershy has returned the cat to Rarity. The cat loves Fluttershy even more than its rightful owner. But I have come to expect this from cats.

Cats have never made good pets. They tear up your bed sheets and eat your fish.

Cats make me very unhappy.

10.20 AM

It's those three again. The Cutie Mark Outcasts. What are *they* doing there?

It appears that Rarity has made an exchange.

One cat for three fillies.

I still say Rarity got the raw end of *that* deal.

Accursed felines.

10.45 AM

Dear me, those outcasts are like a whirlwind, swathing a blanket of destruction over all that they touch. They bewilder and depress everyone they meet, and callously play with their lives as if they were toys to them. Separate, they are mere annoyances, but together, they are a pack of wild parasprites, hungry for the delicious taste of Pony misery.

I really, really hate children.

For the sake of the record, I shall attempt to catalogue them for reference in the future.

Of the Cutie Mark Outcasts, there number three; one Earth, one Pegasus and one Unicorn. Ever since Cutie Mark Counsel Day, they have banded together in a strong subculture in order to battle peer pressure and to find some sort of meaning in their lives.

Ironically, that meaning in their lives is to *find* the meaning in their lives, and thus is quite paradoxical. If their purpose is to find their marks, then their marks would reflect that as their purpose. However, if they were to then stop, their marks would no longer be applicable to their lives.

So in the case presented above, either they would get pointless marks which are shallow reflections of a small time in their respective existences which actually *had* any meaning to them, or their marks will never show up because it knows that as soon as it does, it would no longer be the right mark.

But I don't really want to think too much about it.

Also it is far more likely that they will get other, more normal marks once they give up this nonsense, and I wonder if there is anything that would speed this process along.

I do not know why I am bothering to describe them. In reality, their personalities are so dry and one-dimensional that you could probably just use their profiles interchangeably, and you would still pretty much have the gist of their natures down.

I think I just have a lot of free time today, since there isn't anything much going on.

But I digress.

Here are the members of the splinter social group; The 'Cutie Mark Crusaders'. -

### Apple Bloom

Apple Bloom is the younger sister of Applejack, the Pony who works at the Sweet Apple Orchards and Farmstead. As mentioned many times before, she shares her sister's talent in doing things without thinking (much), and does not enjoy backing down. Her brash and unforgiving nature usually finds her in a lot of trouble, due to the fact that she is careless and has no empathy. She will be a constant source of trouble, and I pity the foal who has to look after her. I am sure that if Granny Smith weren't going slightly senile, she'd realise a long time ago that Apple Bloom needs to be sent very far away.

Potential Cutie Mark:

Oh, I don't know. An apple. Something to do with apples. Apple-shaped gadgets. Apples.

Sweetie Belle

Sweetie Belle is the younger sister of Rarity, the Pony who works at Carousel Boutique. She is a little off-white Pony with extremely curly hair of purple and pink. She looks like a piece of cotton candy that somepony accidentally dropped on a blob of cement. She shares her sister's talent in being stubborn, elitist and condescending. She enjoys not caring about others, not thinking about her actions and their ramifications, and being a brat in general. She will be a constant source of trouble, and I am not surprised if she was the reason that Rarity's parents have long since run away. If I were Rarity, I would probably run away too. Just as long as there's a little distance.

Potential Cutie Mark:

She seems to share Rarity's passion for fashion and design, so, Rarity's face, probably.

Scootaloo

Scootaloo is the Pegasus filly who will one day skin Rainbow Dash and wear her like a coat. It is unnatural how much she likes Rainbow Dash. She is a little orange thing with some sort of weird.. something colour hair, and she's also annoying and

Alright, do you know what?

What is a Scootaloo anyway?

It sounds like a mobile toilet that you can bring with you on long holidays.

*When you've got the runs  
and there ain't no space,  
Just stick your buns  
on the handsome face  
Of Scootaloo, Scootaloo  
dum dum de dum  
dum dum*

*Only 79 bits!*

I do not know anything about this filly at all except for her name and the fact that she has a raging pair of wings for Rainbow Dash. I suppose she is also some kind of adrenaline junkie, which means she's an addict, which means her

Potential Cutie Mark:

is a syringe.

Doesn't make her any less blunt than the other two, though.

The problem here, and I am chagrined to admit, but they are not entirely stupid. They *are* stupid, but only in the *Hey, Kid, stop putting your hoof in your eye, stupid* kind of stupid, but not in the way that, say, Snips and Snails are, or anypony else in their special class.

They display the sort of 'intelligence of crowds', in which the general intelligence of a crowd increases exponentially with the addition of every new member to the group, up until a certain point, at which the intelligence starts to plummet like a brick.

Three has always been a pretty good number for groups.

This intelligence allows them to get more attention and do more work than single individual might, which then allows them to do more things than they otherwise should be doing.

In addition to this, their number allows them to employ the 'steamroller' strategy, in which they make a lot of noise and try to climb over everything. This tactic confuzzles and bewilders everypony into letting them do whatever they want out of desperation. The intelligence part comes in when they need to keep thinking of new things to say, because everypony knows if you just simply *repeat* yourself over and over and over incessantly, you will be more likely to get a hoof in the jaw.

Compare, for example, a single Pony yelling "I want ice cream!" over and over again at the top of her lungs to a group of Ponies asking you about a hundred thousand random questions regarding life and the nature of the universe *just* as you're walking past an ice cream stand.

The first Pony will most likely get grounded for two weeks.

The second group would get ice cream if it would make them shut up for a few minutes. This is how I usually get my ice cream.

I mention *all* this because I just spotted Twilight run into the Fluttershy and the Outcasts, who nearly trampled my dear Twilight to death, and then proceeded to befoul the town's water supply. They are displaying severe levels of steamrolling.

Hopefully this will have no impact on my monitoring of Fluttershy.

11.15 AM

Fluttershy has brought the Outcasts home with her.

Of course she has.

I have changed my mind about my earlier consensus. Fluttershy has ended up with the worst bargain ever. She should have kept the cat. She's good with animals anyway, and I'm not sure that children can even be considered that much.

I have a headache. I am going to go take a nap, and eat a biscuit, talk to Luna, and feed her a biscuit, and come back later and see if the trio of rampaging knocks are gone.



7.30 PM

No, they are still there.

More of this slumber party nonsense, I'm sure.

8.30 PM

It has been a full hour of random destruction. The Fluttershy has barely been able to keep up. It was just one random activity after another, each buffered by a quick glance at their rear ends.

I genuinely wonder if this is normal behaviour. None of the other mark-less children seem to share this trait, but then again, none of the other children have clubs specifically formed for the promotion of this kind of rear-end-staring behaviour either.

9.02 PM

Finally, it's time to go to bed.

9.08 PM

Or perhaps not.

Back in my day, when children would not go quietly to sleep, we would give them a nice hot glass of milk, and when they were done, we would break the glass over the bed stand and threaten to cut them if they would not nicely please go right to sleep, there's a good girl.

9.15 PM

And now the fun has moved outside. It appears that chickens are, in fact, the most exciting thing ever.

And while I do enjoy a good chicken once in a while, I still think that  
wait a minute.

9.21 PM

Fluttershy has displayed a manifestation of her ability. This is something of much interest!

As noted before, the Pony known as Fluttershy has an affinity with Animals, although the nature of these interactions have been a bit of a mystery so far.

Today marks the first day I have been witness to her ability being used in a clearer and more straightforward fashion.

And the way she uses it is with...

wait for it...

*visual aids.*

Oh I crack myself up sometimes.

But seriously, it appears that the key lies in the locking of eyes between herself and her target(s). This narrows down the source of her abilities to possibly a mutation of the occipital lobe, or perhaps some sort of extension of function of the ocular part itself.

Either way, it seems that it is *not* a magical effect, and it is merely some kind of imparting of will through eye contact, perhaps some sort of sub-perceptive suggestiveness of some kind.

I believe I know a way to test my hypothesis, but it will take a while before it will be ready.

*10.43 PM*

And now the fillies are sneaking off into the Everfree Forest.

Alright, I think I am done.

Today has been entirely disappointing. A lot of monitoring, but nothing much to write about. The foul children have disrupted my plans, although it was a fine stroke of luck that I managed to witness Fluttershy's ability in action.

I have no way of monitoring the activities that go on in the Everfree Forest, for the lush canopy prevents my spyglass from watching from above. I will have to ask Zecora for any information in the morning.

I am genuinely upset, but there is no more I can do. I have something small to work with, and I always can make a great deal out of small things. Luna tells me so regularly.

Besides, I do not think anything can possibly go wrong in the Forest, not with Twilight around.

Yes, nothing bad will happen, I'm certain of it.

---

25th February

*10.00 AM*

A quick response from Zecora shows that nothing bad occurred. Twilight showed up earlier for some tea, infused with my anti-Scourge-brainwashing medicine, and then left for Town, but she hadn't seen (or heard, amazingly) Fluttershy nor her companions.

Since Fluttershy, Twilight Sparkle and the three younglings are currently loitering around Fluttershy's animal shelter, I have indeed been right in my assessment.

I have this weird nagging feeling, like I'm missing something, but... probably best not to worry about it.

---

27th February

6.42 PM

I have just returned from the local Canterlot Orphanage, where once a year, I go to pledge a small tiny scratch of my vast wealth for the enrichment and betterment of these poor abandoned children.

I don't see what's so special, honestly. I never knew *my* parents either. And look, I'm princess.

But nowadays it's just a thing, and they really like to make a big deal out of not abandoning your children.

My advisors have told me that it would be a good show of faith for my empire if I were to show my support and dedication in the care of these abandoned children, as well as funding literature to caution Ponies who wish to have babies and then throw them away afterward.

My original thought was that if I keep giving them so much money, would that not just encourage this behaviour to grow because, hey, there's a backup, and the Princess is dishing out for it!

But apparently that's not how it is, according to these 'experts' that I pay to tell me things. So I'll humour them.

I make all my money back from the Gala anyway, so really, *they're* paying for it, as well as my new wardrobe, and extensions to my castle.

Every year I get to 'adopt' a child, in spirit, and I get to be special benefactor to their lives if I so choose. Usually every year I go down and check out hopefuls for magic, but that was before I met Twilight, so recently I have just been putting them through school or giving them food or whatever they need.

I wonder if this is not disheartening the other Ponies a little, as if having the right to live needs to be a competition. Is it fair to have a system whereby some are preferred over the other by mere chance, and others by looks and first impressions alone?

This is a common thing in our society, true, but as adults we are built to tolerate it, and children should never, ever have to go through all these kinds of hardships at such an early age.

The worst thing, ever, is to have to please your adoptive parents. I have been around a few times when the young Ponies are lined up against a wall and have to be looked over and chosen as if they were fruit in a bin. There is no dignity for them, and there is no true sense of being or belonging. All they are are items, and the perspective of perfection is forced upon them at a time in their lives when they cannot well comprehend or accept this.

It is a harsh life for an orphan, and we, as responsible adults of a thinking, concerned society, should never ever be bearing of what should be considered a horrendous crime against the core of Ponykind.

Gosh, that was good.

When my mind is in the right spot it can really come up with some great stuff.

I will definitely use that for my next public speech, I'm fairly sure it will fare better amongst my advisors than last year's "Burn them all, they're better off dead" idea.

But it has the same sentiment at heart, so I don't know.

Anyway, today I was looking through the list of hopefuls, and I was to pick one out to be my beneficiary. As I was eyeing through the chart, I noticed a poor little Pony.

She was merely 8 years old, a precious thing, white skin, fair eyes and long flowing hair just like mine. She reminded me of what I might have been in my youth. I called the child to my side and found out more about her.

She had been orphaned due to unfortunate circumstances. It was not the cause of an irresponsible parent or a careless surrogate, but rather, a victim of the world.

Her parents had, tragically, passed away in a fire that hit her house just within the last 6 months, and she was full of grief as she told me how she watched her parents get engulfed by smoke and flames, unable to do anything from where she stood outside her home.

The FirePonies arrived just too late, and she was taken away before she could see the damage.

She still imagines them alive, she told me, calling out her name. Seabiscuit, she was named, after a famous racer whom her parents were fans of back in their day.

It was just such a heart wrenching story that she was undoubtedly the one I would help.

In my generosity, I had her name officially changed from Seabiscuit to Ocean Waffle, which solves that tragedy nicely.

---

### 1st March

10.00 AM

Yet another day, yet another 24 hours of nothing much really happening. Usually I'm busy. You can always tell by the way I'm in my room reading letters busily, or writing in my journal busily, or playing tricks on my vanguard, such as 'hide the radish'.

Oh, they *do* hate that game.

I wonder if they have ever *found* the radish. I must ask them later.

But despite my entire schedule of ruling and dominion, I manage to get the rare day when nothing happens at all.

It's just one of those days which is like so many days in the past, where it's the same old thing that happens again and again, in little different ways but is essentially the same story repeated, usually having to do with some sort of crisis that cannot be overcome, that eventually puts everypony watching into a state of existentialism due to the nature of the telling.

Wait...

What was I talking about again?

Oh yes, I'm bored, and the Cutie Mark Outcasts are doing things.

They have started to congregate around an old abandoned tree fort off the edge of the Sweet Apple Acres Farm. This being the case, I believe that their social group can now be recognized officially, which means that I can start taxing them.

*11.20 AM*

I could stand here and watch these three fillies for the rest of the day, and make snarky comments about their failures, but I think I can tell what is going to happen.

They are going to try to perform some sort of ridiculous act, each one more out of the way and unbelievable than the last, in order to try to find their cutie mark.

They can try, but they will not be successful.

Seeing how they are preparing for some sort of talent-based pageant later on in the week, I think I will show *my* talents and write a story, which will no doubt be well received by the general public.

# **The Cutie Mark Crusaders Fail Again**

by Princess Celestia

The sunlight was beating down upon the land, thanks in no small part to the magic brought as an eternal gift to the citizens of Ponyville by their lord and ruler Princess Celestia. Who would have thought that a single Pony could inspire so much in everypony else? Certainly not Apple Bloom, Sweetie Belle and Scootaloo, who wouldn't know inspiration if it came and gnawed their tails off.

But that is the curse of the younglings, the ones who have yet to find their true meaning in life - their Cutie Mark.

Woe betide the fledglings who have yet to find a place in life in our unstable society, knowing that all around them are judging with googly eyes and grey wings, for one cannot escape the eyes of society - they are *everywhere*.

It is for this reason that Apple Bloom, shunned by her compatriots and her friends, sought solace in the company of Ponies like her, the markless, ever doomed to wander the streets in search for an identity to call their own.

And such was the way of the world.

"When are we going to get our Cutie Marks?" Sweetie Belle whined. "It's been almost three hours since I last asked!"

Scootaloo made a quick cursory glance to the rear of the bubblegum filly just to check, and shook her own off-coloured grape-like mane in disappointment.

"Not yet, *dude*," she said in her own anarchic vernacular. "But it doesn't mean we can't try!"

"Yeah!" chimed in Apple Bloom, "Definitely!"

The trio of young Ponies were standing outside of the schoolhouse, after a regular day of not paying attention to their teachers. They were not disobedient, nor were they layabouts; in fact, they were quite well studied and very focused indeed. But something else took precedence over this and caused their minds to wanderlust over the planned after-school activity.

"So, Apple Bloom, Sweetie Belle, you girls ready?" charged Scootaloo, as eager as ever and always at the forefront of the pack. "It's time to go find our marks!"

The girls, screeching in the gamut of their vocal ranges, ran forth from their positions to wherever the wind would take them.

And the wind carried them along, from school to the middle of town, where it merged with the sweet scent of delicious baked treats and fresh apples coming from the stalls that open regularly for trade.

As usual, Applejack had her own stall open in a corner of the square, which betrayed the origins of the lovely smells. The fillies, distracted from their quest momentarily, were drawn to it like bees to flowers.

"Well, howwwwdy, girls!" greeted Applejack. "What'chu all up to on this fine day, then?"

"We're looking for our Cutie Marks!" said Scootaloo, loudly and with passion.

"Yeah, well, can't say I didn't expect that," replied Applejack, with an empathic look on her face. "Not much else you three usually do 'round these here parts, do yah?"

"NO!" shouted all of them at the same time, causing many heads to turn and stare.

"We're on a *mission*," said Apple Bloom. "But we just can't find our Cutie Marks! Why can't we find our Cutie Marks, Applejack? Why?"

Applejack stood there in consummate silence. By then, her mind had already long since wandered to a better time when she didn't have to answer the same questions every other day. It was a peaceful time of much rest, when the worries of the world didn't take the shape of her sister and her two friends.

"Applejack? You there?" asked Apple Bloom, nudging her older sister in the face.

"Huh? What? Oh, yeah," Applejack returned to the room. "Well, look girls, like ah told yah many times afore, it really ain't 'bout no finding, but more 'bout waitin'. And not botherin' me. Definitely not botherin' me."

"Awwwwwww," said Apple Bloom. "But we want our C..."

"Cutie marks noooow," mouthed along Applejack. "Yes, ah know, darlin'. Trust me. Ah know."

She sighed heavily and moved to stand alongside her younger stead.

"Now, listen up, 'cause I'm only gonna say this for the eighteenth time," Applejack started. "Your Cutie Marks'll come when they come, darlin'. There ain't no forcin' it out, and there ain't no way to make 'em come afore they're s'posed to."

"Bloom? You really just need ta... enjoy life. Y'know? Go out. Have fun. Be a girl. And don't worry so much about somethin' so small."

Apple Bloom stood there, like a mere pinpoint of light in the encroaching shadow that was the realisation of life.

"...Really?" she asked, the futile question.

"Yeah, darlin', really."

It was the answer she knew was coming, but in our efforts to halt the truth, we ask them anyway. Applejack gave no quarter to even deny this fact, and Bloom's heart sunk like a stone in a wild river, forever obscured from sight by the torrential waves above.

Her eyes cast downward, as she thought to herself a final thought, and then spun on her hooves to face the other two girls.

"Listen, Scoot? Sweetie Belle? I've... got something to say."

They too, were no strangers to denial.

"What is it?" asked Sweetie Belle slowly, dispassionately. The feeling had drained from her voice, and she merely intoned her speech. She knew what was inevitable.

"My sister? She... she's right. I've got to stop this running around. I mean..." struggled Apple Bloom. "It's been fun, and I really hope we can still do things together, but I don't want this to be the reason *why*. You girls are my best friends, and I'd rather not need an excuse to do stuff with you."

Scootaloo and Sweetie Belle nodded slowly.

"I think it's time we gave this up. It was fun at first, banding together against the bullies, but I think I know... I've always known where my talents lie. I just didn't want to acknowledge them because it's just been so fun discovering things together with you."

It was a sad moment. Not sad enough to cry, but still, somewhat affecting of the three who stood there. Applejack was proud as a freshly-baked muffin, and glowed with the full knowledge that her little sister had finally grown up.

And it was at that moment when yet another sigh could be heard audibly, coming from the direction of Sweetie Belle.

"Yeah, I know what you mean, Bloom," she said. "I was also thinking the other day? And I really want to be a great and famous designer, just like my sister. But I know that if I'm always running around doing everything except practice, I'll never be as good as her. I know that talent comes from within, but my sister's always saying that it also needs nurturing and growth, and I can't expect it to be shiny right out of the box."

It seemed that she had been feeling misgivings for a while now, and it only took that one step to cement them. A great weight had been lifted off the two Pony's shoulders, as they both took comfort in the fact that their friendship wouldn't be ruined just because they had nothing to tie them together outside of just being friends.

But that's what friendship was about, just being there, and not having to worry about the things that bind you. The two realised this for the first time, that day, in front of Applejack's stand.



They looked toward each other, nodding in unison, in unspoken agreement that they would then focus their attention on the betterment and improvement of themselves, and instead of denying, they would embrace, and whenever their marks would come, they could come.

They turned to Scootaloo, waiting for her reply.

~~"Well SCREW YOU BOTH, AND YOUR MOMS TOO," she shouted suddenly. "I don't have to take this crap! I'm going to go get Rainbow Dash, the most awesome Pony in the whole of Equestria and she's gonna come down and kick you both in the flanks so hard that you'll have horseshoe prints as Cutie Marks for the rest of your lives, jerkfaces!"~~

6.38 PM

I shall finish it at some other time.

---

2nd March

9.35 PM

I showed Luna my draft of the story to see what she thought. She told me I had 'writer's bias', whatever that means. Silly peanut.

She also asked me when the next prisoner would be introduced. That was odd. Can't help thinking about it.

I am very much in the knowledge that her previous two cellmates have disappeared under mysterious circumstances. The head gaoler ran a full investigation and informed me that no one left in any way that they had seen, so I am assuming that they both found a side way out.

I will have to have Luna moved to a different cell so that I can check it thoroughly for loose bricks or magic portals.

11.12 PM

Oh, you know what? I'm going to have her moved to a chamber in the castle. She's spent enough time down there, and I had a look over it, and it was absolutely filthy. So many weird brown stains in the corners. I can't even begin to imagine what that was.

She's been good, and I think I can put her under house arrest rather than just simply 'arrest'. I will have a full chamber set up for her, and a full pantry stocked for her needs. It is about time we started to reintegrate her into society, and perhaps she will be able to venture out by herself in a few months *without* trying to wrest control of the world from me.

---

4th March

5.34 PM

Spike has asked me if he and Twilight could move into Carousel Boutique with Rarity. He explained in his hastily-scrawled letter that he thinks it would be a better idea as they could monitor her more closely, and report back 'all things Rarity'.

I told him no.

---

6th March

9.00 AM

In the morning scrolls, I received a nice letter from the Diamond Dogs Mining Company informing me of a potential increase in profit gain foreseeable in fewer than 3 days, through an increased output caused by the implementation of a new diamond finding system.

Well, that's paraphrasing. What they actually wrote was:

Dears Princess Celestias,

We has got more gems for you, Princess.

More gems meens more moneys.

We need two or maybe one more days for us to make new hunter dogses.

Loves,

Diamond Dogs Office of Consumer Relationships

At least that's what I think they were saying.

---

7th March

9.00 AM

With the expected surplus of resources coming in from the diamond mining, I think it's time to make a little money on the side. I can also use this to help Rarity boost her label and popularity, to make up for that horrible thing that happened that other time.

To this end I have invited Sapphire Shores, diva sensation, to visit the head office of *Design by Rarity* and have a chat with Rarity herself.

She had been seen during the opening night of some film or something wearing a *Design by Rarity* piece, and I think she can make use of Rarity's talent for her upcoming stage production.

With Rarity's penchant for using an excessive amount of jewellery on her works, the 'diamond' sensation will get a lot of attention, and undercutting my own surplus gems on the open trade market will mean profit, profit, profit.

---

8th March

1.33 PM

Spike has just sent me an emergency SOS scroll with only one sentence on it.

"rarity kidnaped by diamond dogs going to help"

Bad spelling and lack of punctuation aside, I gather that Rarity has been, in fact, kidnapped by the Diamond Dogs.

For what reason I have no

Ok, no.

It just hit me.

Ugh.

It is a vulgar expression, one which does not befit utterance by one of my stature, but... really. I am out of interjections that sufficiently express how this entire situation has flipped on its head and ended up causing no end of problems in every possible angle.

Ugh.

2.14 PM

I have just taken a peek out over Ponyville to see what's going on. Apparently a small, impromptu rescue team has been slapped together to save Rarity, and they are now playing with dirt mounds on the edge of the diamond cliffs. Clearly, their priorities are in order.

I am honestly considering going to help personally, although this whole thing has given me a headache.

I am going to go eat some ice cream, take care of some royal business, play hide the radish, get an early night and see if they're still alive in the morning.

---

9th March

9.00 AM

Well, they're all fine. Now I have to deal with the fallout.

Firstly, because I was in the dark, and I hate being in the dark, here is a copy of the report that Spike left for me regarding the entire matter.

Dear Princess Celestia,

Hi! It's me. Um...Spike, that is. I keep forgetting you can't see me through these letters. Anyway, uh, you probably remember that I sent you that S.O.S. yesterday about Rarity, and I know, I know, I'm not supposed to use those for anything but real emergencies, but it really was!

I mean, it's Rarity, you know? She's really pretty and awesome, and she was kidnapped, so I just had to let you know and, I won't do it again, unless it's a *really real* emergency next time.

So, anyway, uh, Twilight Sparkle's training is going really really good, and she's getting to be really strong, and she knows tons of tricks!

I think you'll be really proud of her, Princess, I mean, because she's learning things really quickly and stuff.

I mean during the rescue, she even managed to do Rarity's magic! That's gotta be really hard, right? I mean, I don't know how to do magic like you guys but, still, it's pretty impressive.

Anyway, this is a report on the kidnapping as you requested, so, here is the report stuff.

At around noon yesterday, Rarity came to see me at the library. I thought she was there to see Twilight, but she actually just wanted me! I mean, that was really totally unexpected. So of course I had to help her, I couldn't just leave her alone, since she said that only I could do what she needed.

It turns out that Sapphire Shores visited her that morning .THE Sapphire Shores! Did you even know she was gonna visit Ponyville? That was so rad. I'm bummed that I missed her! Hey, you know her, don't you Princess? Maybe you could, you know, hook me up some time huh? But anyway, yeah, so Sapphire Shores visited, and told Rarity that she wanted, like, 5 totally hot new costumes to wear during her show!

So Rarity had to go out and get some gems, but you know, she didn't want to get her hooves dirty, and I'm really good at digging. So of course she asked me, right? I mean, it's totally obvious, seeing how I'm the best at everything and all that.

So we went to that rocky mountain area with all the stones and stuff, and we brought a little red wagon, and she was totally asking me to dig up all those precious, delicious, mouth-watering, tasty, um... jewels, and can you believe it, she made me choose between her and the gems!

She totally said I couldn't have any to eat, and I was like, really hungry because I left right away and didn't take my sandwich with me, which was kind of sad because it was a dirt and gravel sandwich, and I made it fresh, and it's not going to be fresh anymore.

But if you have to choose between Lady Rarity and Gems I think I'll go for Rarity, because Rarity can find more Gems and if you eat Gems, you can't find any more if you make Rarity mad.

Twilight told me that when Rarity does this she is being a 'harlot'. What does that mean?

Anyway so we were getting lots of diamonds and stuff for Rarity so that she could make her clothing for Sapphire Shores, and boy, was I getting really tired, and really really hungry, and that was when she gave me a huge big blue diamond! It was a personal reward from her.

I was so happy that I didn't eat it straight away, because it was a gift, and you don't eat gifts in front of others, Twilight always says.

Then suddenly these creepy guys come out of totally nowhere, and they grab Rarity, and drag her into this big hole they dug! They called themselves the Diamond Dogs, I think. Do you know who they are? I don't remember them being around the area before, and, you know, I know the area quite well, I think.

She was totally screaming, and yelling, "Help me Spike, save me, if you save me I will love you forever!" and I was totally like "Yes, Rarity, do not worry, for I will save you with my own two hands," and I ran back to town to get help because I couldn't save her.

Then I got to town and found Twilight, because she always knows what to do, because she's really smart and full of magic, and that's when I sent you the emergency scroll, and then I don't know why but Applejack, Pinkie Pie, Fluttershy and Rainbow Dash decided to come along as well but for some reason no one else.

But it was ok, there was 6 of us, and the only one who was important was me and Twilight anyway!

But when we got back there wasn't one hole, there were 30 or maybe 40 or maybe even 50 holes! And then they all started exploding with dirt, and I don't even know how they did that, but it kind of looked pretty cool, but there wasn't any time to really admire it.

So Applejack had a brilliant idea, which was strange because Twilight usually has the brilliant ideas, and she totally said to dig, which is a good idea because if you had a hole full of dirt, you could always dig it out, for sure!

So they all started to dig, and I was running around giving them support, and they were all doing pretty well for Ponies, you know, considering, but the Diamond Dogs were totally better at it, because they could just come up through the dirt like it was just water, and they were fish, inside the water, and they were just swimming through the water, like fish.

And they started to attack everypony, and it was a total mess!

Ha ha, mess, get it? Because of the dirt?

And uh... well everypony got hurt pretty bad. I think Fluttershy broke her leg, and one of them came out from behind a dirt pile and tripped me up, so I couldn't do anything but lie there.

But then after we stopped digging, they left us alone. I think they thought we gave up because they suddenly disappeared and didn't really do anything after that, which was weird, because they kind of only attacked for 20 seconds.

But then, I got an idea. Not Twilight, but me. I was totally brilliant, and I remember I had that gem that Rarity gave me, which I luckily didn't eat because when I went back to town I got my sandwich.

There was a hole there which didn't have any dirt in it, which must have been the master hole, or something. Now that I think about it, we probably should just have gone down that one from the start, but I think we didn't see it because it was cleverly hidden by the other holes. Twilight says that's called 'hiding in plain sight'.

So I took that big blue diamond, and I told the other Ponies, let's use this diamond I got as bait, so that we can ~~escape~~ ~~escape~~ trap the dogs, but all of them didn't know what I was talking about because my plan was just really too smart.

Twilight was even trying to hog all the glory again, and like, totally tell me not to do my plan because she wanted to come up with a better plan and be the best, but I knew it would work because it was a really good plan.

Anyway it had to be me because I wanted Rarity to know that it was my plan that got her out, you know? Not Twilight, as always, saving the day, but this time Spike! Yeah, Spike, the Saviour of Rarity. That's what they'll call me from now on, I'm sure.

So it was easy, anyway. All I did was take out the gem and my fishing pole that I always bring along for emergency fishing out of that invisible, uber-depth fanny pack that you gave me, and I *tied the gem to the fishing line*. That is brilliant!

Both the plan and the gem. Get it? Brilliant?

And all the while Twilight was like "Don't do that, silly, you're going to die," and I was like "No way, I will save Rarity!"

And it actually worked! Because next thing we all knew, we were flying down the hole because some dog or... at least I hope it was a dog, took it, and was probably bringing it back to wherever they put the gems. And he could run REALLY REALLY fast because we were like flying through the tunnels, and I'm not sure why it went on that long but I think it was very far away.

But finally we ended up in a big cavern, which had many paths leading away from the main chamber place, as if we were standing inside a big hollow octopus.

And that was kind of frustrating, because we had to rescue Rarity really quickly before she got mud in her hair, which would have made her start to cry, and a crying Rarity is a 'terrible nuisance', as Twilight says.

But I totally knew where to go because I knew what they wanted to do with Rarity, which is to make her find gems, so *obviously* they would take her to a place where there's loads of gems, right? I'm totally smart! Spike comes through! Yeah!

So I told Twilight to use her magic to steal Rarity's powers, because Twilight can do anything.

Hey, does she know that she can do anything? I mean like... she practices her magic right? But... why can she take other Ponies' magic as well? Isn't that like... unfair? I don't know, it's like if you were playing a game of hide the radish with her, but she always knew where the radish was, it wouldn't be fun. It's sort of like that.





And I guess that's when we stole all their Diamonds and left. They were nice enough to show us a back exit so we wouldn't have to carry five heavy metal carts full of diamonds up a straight vertical hole, although I'm sure if Twilight tried she could carry them with her amazing magic skills.

Anyway, everything's alright now, and Rarity is safe, and all the clothing is being made, and everypony's happy, and I was given a bunch of leftovers, so I'm all happy, because gems are the best thing in the world to eat. Why would you even want to put them on clothing anyway? That's just a waste.

Catch you later next time, Princess!

Yours,  
Spike.

I have also received a letter from the Diamond Dogs Mining Company:

Dears Princess Celstias,

Our idea not work so wells

Theives tooks our Diamonds

We will give you doubles next wekk, plus more to say sorry for delays of shipement.

Please dont fire us.

Loves,

Diamond Dogs Office of Consumer Relationships

I think it's fair to say that I cannot accurately trust either report. Spike's priorities seem skewed in some way, and I think Rarity might be at the centre of it all.

I really hate to say it, but I think the source of his strange mannerisms lately is due to the fact that he might have grown feelings for her. I will have to give him a lobotomy with my horn the next time he visits. His foreign relations mission is coming up soon, and I can't have him jeopardize that.

So.

It seems that while Rarity has in fact, managed to complete her suits for Sapphire Shores as agreed, and potentially, the trade interest in diamonds will rise, I will not be able to supply a primary amount to the market at low costs. I will, in fact, have to raise prices because of low stock, in order to keep things profitable.

I am not sure how I am going to get out of this one.

---

10th March

*4.00 PM*

Problem solved! 'Accidental' fire in every sales outlet of my competitor. Press is calling it 'The most coincidental occurrence since Princess Celestia won National Bingo finals in only 4 draws'.

---

11th March

9.00 AM

It is timely, but today I received a scroll from Appleloosa asking me when I am going to come around on my promises to send them help with their 'varmint issues'.

The original request came to me a few months ago, but was overseen by my Foreign Relations team, and as such was not recorded in my journal. But now this is a personal letter, and one that I cannot afford to ignore.

Personally, I always wondered why they decided to theme their settlement in the way that they did. We are, of course, on the cusp of technological and magical advancement, and there is no need for them to live in the 'old' way, but I suppose some Ponies still have a longing for the times long gone.

I say, there are reasons why those times are long gone. Running water and central heating comes to mind. A lack of sand in your bed is another. It is curious to note that the area was started with the help of some of Applejack's relatives. It appears that enjoying dirt runs in the family.

The town was started a year ago, for the purposes of starting a new cultivar of apple. I had no idea that arid desert land was capable of growing fruit crops, but this is why I am not a farmer.

I also wish they would grow some other kind of fruit, but well, this is apple country, and if you don't like it, you can *git out*.

I'm sure they have terraforming Ponies there to help though. I should send them a surveyor, maybe.

Now, the problem is that their town is literally in the middle of Buffalo Clan territory. The Buffalo, of course, being another race who was gifted by the bombs a thousand years ago, but have staunchly refused to embrace advancement and evolution, preferring instead to live as they did a thousand years before, with sticks and fire and mud and no television.

This is why we are superior.

The Buffalo have their right to their claim on land, but have not had the notion to draw clear borderlines. Therefore their territory is disputed, and now they are engaging with some kind of land wars with the Appleloosa Ponies, and this was the gist of the letter that they had sent.

I have told them that an official visit has already been planned and that they should be expecting my delegate to arrive at the start of next month.

---

13th March

*1.30 PM*

Refitting of the room for Luna's house arrest has been completed, and under guard, she has been moved into her new cell. It's beautiful. It's nearly as nice as my own room. It's a little stone thing, with curtains on all the walls, and a large four-post bed, Queen-sized, of course, and ribbons adorning the ornately carved bed-frame.

I requested they put moons and stars on the inlay because I know Luna loves that kind of stuff.

The floor has a luxury carpet for laying upon, placed right next to her own personal fireplace. The thread-count is just simply amazing. It feels like rubbing your entire body on clouds, but without the moisture.

There is an en suite pantry stocked to the brim with the sweetest of pickled roots, the freshest of vegetables, and the finest of fruit. There is even a flower condiment bar, and an oat dispenser for snacky-time.

She will want for nothing.

I was present when she was shown her new room. Her face really lit up, and I think she was glad to be out of a cell. I'll be honest, it's a far cry from living in a rock for a thousand years only to be put back into what was more rock for another few months.

She gave me a big hug.

I do so love the little peanut.

She asked me if she would be able to host visitors, and I said I wasn't too sure about that, but she was very adamant about it.

I said I would think about it, because honestly, I really do believe all she wants is some company.

But then we struck upon an amazing idea. She told me that she was interested in helping out with kingdom day-to-day, but she understood that in her position she had very little trust. So she requested to aid in the rehabilitation in the dregs of society. All those thieves, murderers and other ne'er-do-wells, she said, I could send up to her, and she could talk to them and try to make them reform.

After all, she herself had committed an awful crime, so who better to talk to them than her? And also, she would be proving her loyalty to me.

I thought that was a brilliant idea, so I agreed. I will send up the first one tomorrow, and see how it goes.

---

14th March

*4.30 PM*

It worked, against my original doubts. I had her monitored by a guard while she took a petty crook through what she called her 'Scared Moonless' session, and the crook ended up apologizing for his crimes. He understood that he still had to pay for his actions, but I took some of the time off, and he promised never to engage in insider trading again.

The guard who was standing watch told me that she was very concise, and wasn't trying any 'funny business' as he calls it, and there was nothing suspicious about it at all.

Finally, this is the day I have been waiting for. While she redeems other ponies, she is redeeming herself. Once again she will have the freedom that I only want for her.

She will be able to rejoin high society, and mill with royalty, and finally get the power and respect she once had and used so well.

*7.26 PM*

Hm. I wonder how to break it to her that she's not next in line to rule Equestria.

---

16th March

*10.30 AM*

Ponies are raving - absolutely raving about Sapphire Shores' dresses in Zigfilly Follies. Rarity has outdone herself. I am making a bundle.

No doubt Rarity herself has also noticed the sudden boom in attention; the illustrious house photographer Photo Finish was also recently spotted near Ponyville stealing Rarity's hat.

Currently, Rarity is gossiping with Fluttershy in the local spa. I must watch in now because well

I'm curious.

Also, if those two silly spa twins think they're the only ones who get to know some juicy stories, they've got another think coming.

*1.49 PM*

Oh, oh dear diary, the Fluttershy is going to be a model? Again? I must see this. I must, I must I must.

Clerk, cancel my appointments!

Guards, take a day off!

I am going undercover!

I hope the Scourge doesn't find me out. But I'm only observing, so nothing should go wrong!

I am so excited. I feel tingly.

---

17th March

10.00 AM

I can't wait for the day! I am trying not to peek but I just can't help myself. Watching the design process is just as fun as watching the ladies of fashion parading themselves down the catwalk. No doubt this will be better than the horrendous Hoity-Toity calamity. At least this time it's being done by a professional. I know it's not a full show, but photo-shoots can be really fun too.

I wonder how I can inject myself without anyone realising.

Should I go as Trixie again?

Nah, that'd be stupid.

10.39 AM

That dress is quite stunning. It's definitely not *regal*, but I can appreciate other forms of design as well. I would describe it as *theatrical* and *feathery*.

Those ribbons need to go, though.

It also appears that Spike has become full blown masochist and has lost it completely. Judging from his shirt, my earlier assessment about his feelings toward Rarity has been confirmed. Where did he get that shirt anyway?

10.48 AM

Wait, Photo Finish is there? What?

Hold on, why is the shoot in Rarity's shop? Where's all the lights and the proper equipment?

Oh no, I was supposed to be there. I can't go now, it's already starting!

Coltdamnit, I'm missing it!

Confound these ponies, they drive me to various degrees of discombobulation.

10.50 AM

Well that didn't last very long.

Thank goodness, that must have been a trial or something. These fickle foreigners, why are they like that? They behave so oddly, but yet, they're everywhere. At least they're a step above aborigines and their technophobia.

At least Photo Finish mentioned where the *actual* shoot would be taking place.

Tomorrow at the park.

I'm there!

3.14 PM

Visited Luna to check on her progress. It seems everything's fine. She's been sleeping well, but her larder hasn't been touched. I asked her if she was hungry, and maybe if she wanted to join me for some mid-day ice cream snacks, but she politely declined, saying she was 'waiting' for the hunger to strike. I guess being down in the dungeons threw her system out of whack. It's nice to see that despite this, she's healthy and bubbly and has been helping convicts on a regular basis.

---

18th March

10.59 AM

At this moment I am hiding in a tree in the Ponyville Central Park, which is actually not so much a park as just an encroaching part of the forest, and not so much central as it is actually behind Carousel Boutique.

The entire area has been cordoned off to prevent anyone from finding out about it, but, you know. Wings.

But anyway, no one else seems to know about it because they didn't *tell* anypony. Silly.

11.05 AM

Ah, Rarity is bringing her selection of dresses on a rack, which for some reason seems to have Twilight's Gala Gown. They had better not use that. There will be nothing more frustrating for my precious Twilight to show up and have four or five other ponies wearing the same dress. Why did Rarity even bring that, anyway? Did she run out of other clothes?

Anyway, the one that she chose for Fluttershy is really reminiscent of a classic 3370's look; very form-fitting and easy on the colours. I quite like it, with the little jacket, but I'm not sure it goes with Fluttershy's hair. Then again, I'm no expert.

11.07 AM

Oh damn, I think Photo Finish noticed me.



11.08 AM

No, thank goodness. She was just looking at the nature.

11.09 AM

Oh ho, *drama*.

Who saw THAT coming? Oh, poor Rarity. This is one case of discarding the cake for the frosting, if you get my drift.

Oh, but at least *Design by Rarity* dresses are still flying off the shelves in other towns, so all she has to lose is a lot of potential exposure from one of the top names in fashion photography. No big deal.

I really ought to step in and do something, but... I'm enjoying this too much.

Is that bad of me?

11.21 AM

Fluttershy has been put in a new dress which I think I recognize as one of Salvatore Ferragamo's latest. It is a lovely translucent green thing, no doubt inspired by the colour green. The hairband is also a nice touch. Green and yellow are complimentary colours, don't you know. The form also accentuates her tail wonderfully, giving her figure and 'oomph'.

Perhaps Rarity could stand to learn herself some.

11.23 AM

Coltdamnit, why does Photo Finish keep looking at me whenever she talks?! Does she know I'm here or something?

1.43 PM

Ah, the photo shoot has gone wonderfully. I am blessed. Fluttershy is truly a wonderful model, if only because she is shy and therefore does not try to outshine the clothing, which is something too many models try to do in this world. We're not here for you, alright? We're here for the clothing. Also, go eat a sandwich, you skinny freaks. I don't know when it was when under-nourished zombies became the pinnacle of natural beauty, but really, there's a word for those who like skeletons, and it's 'necrophiliac'.

For once, the reason why it *works* is because Fluttershy is plain - so plain that she actually accentuates the clothing that she wears by making them shine in comparison to her stark dullness and the moody aperture through which the world views her.

Also she's got quite a bit of meat on those bones.

4.00 PM

I was having ice cream for tea, and a blob of it fell into my coffee.

It was delicious.

I'm having all my coffee with ice cream from now on.

8.00 PM

Ah, an impromptu fashion parade has been called for tomorrow evening at the Canterlot Exposition Hall. Much easier to get into. I shall have my men procure a ticket for front row seats.

---

19th March

10.34 AM

How quaint, Rarity is sewing some sort of black robe. Actually, it's quite stylish. I wonder why she didn't just use that from the start. Photo Finish would have loved it, as do I. It's very chic.

5.00 PM

Getting ready to leave for the fashion walk! I shall disguise myself so that I don't steal the show away from that poor Fluttershy thing. One must keep humble!

I think I shall go as a little white pony with dark pink hair, and I think I shall wear that suit I've always wanted to, the one inspired by that amazing rock band, the Beatles.

7.15 PM

The show is about to start! I hope no one minds me... taking notes.

These front row seats are amazing. I can see everything up close.

7.17 PM

Oh my, the eyes are behind me. How the heck did she get in here? Does she like fashion as well? The eyes... they are distracting me. The eyes. All over. All over... watching... condensing... stop looking at me! Stop!

7.20 PM

Oh, the show's starting! Perhaps I could be distracted from the eyes if I just focus on the parade.

8.45 PM

Absolutely stunning. That was an incredible range, even though there weren't any *Design by Rarity* items, which was a shame. Fluttershy is truly one of the more adequate models I've seen in a long time.

It was good enough that I broke a little of my poise and had to cheer.

I also think I overheard Hoity-Toity somewhere in the audience, but I can't be sure. It seems that Fluttershy is going places.

I wonder if this is going to lead anywhere.

---

### 21st March

*3.00 PM*

It has only been two days since the show and already photobooks of Fluttershy are hitting the local markets. I, myself, have purchased one, of course, for my collection. I showed some to Luna, and she described Fluttershy as 'scrumptious'.

I think I agree.

---

### 23rd March

*12.15 PM*

Rarity's mental state continues to crumble the more popular Fluttershy gets. This is, as I have come to understand, typical of artists, so I guess I shall pay it no mind. On a good note, she has stopped wearing that black hooded cloak. It was so four days ago.

It seems that the popularity has spread to Fluttershy's home town, Ponyville. Which is a good thing, because this has been the influx of fashion that I have always wanted Ponyville to get.

Sadly, most of the attention is being given to the model rather than the clothing.

I somehow feel that the point is being lost.

---

### 25th March

*1.35 PM*

Tabloid headline news! Princess Celestia caught drinking official Fluttershy-promoted carrot juice!

Which is strange because I have been drinking this brand for the past 8 years.

I mean, it's good juice.

---

26th March

3.15 PM

It seems that the attention is destroying *both* Fluttershy and Rarity, which is, well, to be expected. Having been watching these ponies closely for all these past months have given me some sort of insight into their character.

And to think Luna said that I should get a hobby.

Fluttershy is simply too timid to endure the harsh life of a model. Being forced to be the spokesperson for products or to be a perfect public figure for the young is not something easy for a single pony to take, much less if you are a pony like Fluttershy. Fluttershy needs to stick to things that she can easily manage, like bunnies.

Although I can't say it hasn't been fun watching her rocket to the top in about a week.

Things sure move fast here in Equestria.

On the other hoof, Rarity is most likely jealous. I can tell because she displays the classic signs of jealousy - indifference to her work, hatred targeted toward the item causing jealousy (Fluttershy), and stitching a huge blanket with the words "I'm so jealous" on it, and then burning it later.

I am fairly sure that her ego is causing her to wish that she was the one being showcased rather than Fluttershy, entirely forgetting that her work is already *relatively* popular in certain cities.

Of course, not being a socialite and basing herself out of Ponyville isn't helping, but sometimes you can't help certain Ponies.

I fully expect to see both Fluttershy and Rarity crash and burn within a week more, perhaps, and then only four ponies will be coming to the gala.

Shame. I grew quite attached to the two.

---

27th March

11.49 PM

It's really one of *those* things. The unexplainable. The kind of thing which happens, but you don't know why it happens, but it still does anyway, defying logic and the rationality of the universe.

It was another fashion show, which I went to of course, and you-know-whose-eyes was there as well, which really irked me, but anyway.

It was Twilight, for certain. Her magic leaves a sort of unmistakable trace in the air that we magically inclined ponies can sense. Also, the fact that Fluttershy was glowing purple and sparkling with magic really was a large clue.

For some reason, nopony else seemed to take notice of that, so I guess it was just me, then.

I am not entirely sure what Twilight was doing sabotaging Fluttershy in that manner, because, really, there are much easier ways to do things, but it appeared that she was attempting to humiliate and debase Fluttershy in the most horrendous way possible, so as to cause her not to be famous any more, which, really, is what Twilight should have done to Trixie. But, I digress.

It is also probably a good thing that Twilight's plan to disgrace Fluttershy into retirement did not really work in a way that was intended. It's one thing to be chased and hounded constantly for being famous and having star power, but it's entirely another thing to be chased and hounded constantly for being a complete failure.

To put it another way, both the village genius and the village idiot gets a lot of attention, but only one of them gets *respect*.

I'm not sure Twilight thinks these things through, sometimes.

Regardless, and I dare not fathom the reasons, Twilight decided to sabotage Fluttershy's show, and boy, did she not hold back. Indeed, her lack of empathy and restraint in making Fluttershy the most vulgar and obscene of pasquinades is a clear example of the magic of friendship.

Although honestly, I do not think Twilight humiliated her *just* enough. Perhaps if she had made her explode, that would be sufficient.

Draw the line, Twilight, dear, draw the line.

But the unexplainable thing was:

It was all alright.

Of course it incited the crowd. It met with the vast disapproval of pretty much everypony. I, personally, was bemused. Photo Finish had a seizure. But despite all this, it was alright.

Rarity was there. For the first time, she had decided to join in and watch one of Fluttershy's shows, probably due to her reaching the 'self-hatred' point of her jealousy.

And she, well, she saved it.

Throwing herself selflessly in front of the entire crowd, to be the only voice of incitement in a room full of dissention, took a lot of guts, a lot of heart, and a lot of candor.

Genuinely, I was both shocked and impressed at the same time, and my head had started to hurt a little. Eventually, through the power of a shocking paradigm in the face of common belief, everypony's foundations were quaked as they all started to turn in agreement with the single lone voice shouting out above the tumult.

I normally do not condone of such behaviour because this is how riots are started.

But this case it was the single effort of a friend defending another friend, and the spirit of will that coursed throughout the room, strong enough to change everypony's minds through sheer love alone.

I wish I had popcorn, really.

Fluttershy looked incredibly annoyed as the room started with the thought that she had simply reinvented modelling as it was, being the pioneer of this sort of gritty, realistic, pony trash style of exhibitionism.

It will probably die down after a few weeks, because ponies are silly that way.

---

28th March

*2.15 PM*

The long saga finally comes to an end.

As reports would have it, Fluttershy told Photo Finish that she didn't want to be a model anymore.

Remember how I wrote about things being done easier?

Never mind.

There is some good news as well; it seems that Ponies were quite taken with Rarity's clothing at the parade, considering how much attention she was drawing to herself. Photo Finish wants nothing to do with Ponyville ever again, and I don't blame her, but Rarity managed to get quite a bit of exposure. This should do nicely.

Really, in the end, the past week and a half was just taking a long, scenic two-day detour to get to a town half an hour away.

Hoity-Toity welcomes the increased business, and has agreed to expand on this if things go well.

All's well that ends well.

And ever since she quit, nopony's been batting an eyelid to the name Fluttershy any longer.

But I will always have her photobook. And I will not hesitate to take it out and bother her with it, if need be.

6.46 PM

I think Spike just refused to take down Twilight's dictation. Dire action needs to be taken. He has slipped away finally, and although Twilight is taking it in stride, his loyalties clearly lie in a rarer direction.

Also.

How hot *are* those hot baths in the spa? I know I like my water steaming, but there are *bubbles*. Either Twilight can't hold her gas, or that water is actually *boiling*. I will admit, being heatproof is a unique skill, but still.

These foreigners! They do everything *different*!

---

30 March

2.00 PM

There has been a terrible misfortune at Luna's room. She was rehabilitating one of our more dangerous ponies - Kidneyripper.

Kidneyripper was born in Canterlot (not one of our best products), and travelled the streets at night, preying on the poor womenfolk of my fair kingdom. He would drag them into darkened alleyways and choke them to death with carrots, which is a terrible way to go.

He would then proceed to do unspeakable things to their bodies with a knife and some packing peanuts.

Luna asked me if she could try talking to him. I did not want to have him visit Luna in her... diminutive state, but she insisted that she could help. With her current track record, I could not very well decline, and I made sure that Ripper was secured to a table before allowing him to be wheeled into Luna's room.

To make matters worse, Luna told the guard that due to the sensitive nature of this meeting, she would require him to stand outside, which the guard agreed, as long as he would be within ear-shot and be able to enter at any sign of trouble.

With Ripper fastened down with chains, and his mouth gagged, I had honestly felt that there would be no way for him to escape.

By the time the guard had entered it was too late.

The murderer lay dead in Luna's room.

It was only due to Luna's fastidiousness that allowed her to fight off one of the most dangerous ponies ever to disgrace our land. Also she had magic, which helps.

I am so, so thankful that nothing bad befell Luna. I really would not have been able to go on if she had died in this awful manner - falling to a criminal that she was only trying to help.

From the guard's report, it seemed that the chains holding Ripper down had come loose by accident, which allowed him to go free. He had also been bludgeoned on the head repeatedly with a candlestick, in the bedroom, by Luna, no doubt in self-defence.

The guard found Luna cowering under the bed, soaked with tears and blood, and I cannot express the gratitude I feel knowing that she is safe.

I will let her get some rest, and then let her continue with her work a little later, but never again with somepony so dangerous.

I am just glad that she is safe.

The strange thing is that Ripper was also missing two of his legs. Luna claims not to know where they have gone, but she has been through enough, and I won't pressure her.

Traumatic events can affect the memory, you know!

---

1st April

*2.50 PM*

Today, as an April Fool's joke, I hid eighty radishes all around the castle, and told the guards that whomever finds all eighty gets a special reward.

And would you believe it, one of my guards actually found them *all*.

He came to me with the radishes, and asked me if the joke was that he could keep all the radishes as the special reward.

I told him no, that would be too simple.

The joke was that it wasn't as much a competition as it was to see which one of my guards would have enough free time to go finding all those radishes rather than guarding my castle.

So, I fired him.

Oh, how I laughed!

---



2nd April

9.00 AM

Well, the new month is here, and the day has finally arrived when Spike's scheduled appointment to the Appleloosa Township is upon him. He is going as part of Applejack's trip to visit her relatives up in the area and give them offerings of apple trees or whatever her archaic little prairie-folk customs are.

Spike's purpose is to help gather information about the angry Buffalo Tribe, native to the land, and give me enough information to get them out of dodge.

Really, they have no business bothering the town.

I mean sure, they were there first, and have been for hundreds of years, and sure, technically our kind invaded their space without asking, and sure, we're probably insulting their heritage and defaming their culture, but you know what?

We're still going to do it anyway, because that's the *Pony way*.

Something sounds wrong about that. I can't put my hoof on it, but it seems very... much... wrong.

Why am I doing this again?

Oh right, because apples are important.

No, that doesn't seem serious enough.

Well, you know what, there's no point questioning what's done. I'll probably remember why we're doing this later.

Either way, the Appleloosans are asking me nicely to help me get these Buffalo off their backs, because they were rightfully there *second*, and that means they have stake in the land, or something or other.

I'm not sure. Granger logic.

I'm not going to question it, but I do hope this resolves without fighting breaking out, because nothing ruins a good day like a small war in a neighbouring state.

Not to mention, I'm beginning to think that maybe we could have just gone in the other direction, where there are actually *no* Buffalo, but again, these Appleloosans aren't the shiniest apples in the barrel.

Alright, enough musing.

I have to be impartial about this. I am, after all, Princess Celestia, and one of my civic duties is to oversee the growth and maintenance of my Ponies.

So, let me recap the issue.

The Appleloosans have reported that in the year since they erected their town peacefully, no problems have been quartered by the local natives, the Buffalo. However, ever since they started planting their crops, which is, of course, the primary focus of a town trying to start a self-sustaining economy, the Buffalo have been all up in legs about it.

The Appleloosans claim that they don't know the reason why, although some guesses come to mind.

1. They have planted the apple trees over a sacred burial ground, which is why the trees grow so well in the first place, and they are now harvesting and eating the souls of long dead Buffalo.
2. The Buffalo fear the autonomous growth of a small town, and are concerned that its continued expansion will eventually cause them to be pushed into areas further away, since they know that they cannot compete due to the fact that they refuse to modernize.
3. They are really, really hungry.

But whatever the reason, they are now quite irate about something or other, and are committing acts of violence toward the Ponies of Appleloosa including, but not limited to, raiding, stampeding, theft, destruction of public property, and yelling really loudly at three in the morning.

Spike's primary job is that of reconnaissance. His main duties are to verify the authenticity of these claims, attempt contact with the Buffalo Tribe, but if possible, he is to try to mediate a non-violent means to end the conflict with both sides working out a compromise.

If a compromise cannot be reached, I might have to make a public appearance to sort things out, and I really wouldn't want to, because the air there makes my hair frizzle.

Spike is travelling there under the guise of being Twilight's escort, whereas Twilight is going because everyone *else* is going, and everyone else is going because Applejack is going, and Applejack is going because her relatives in Appleloosa have asked her to visit.

Pretty straightforward, if you ask me.

---

3rd April

*1.00 PM*

My sources informed me of an incident that occurred just this morning, as the train was making its ride to the middle of nowhere. As the train finally entered the desert region in the wee hours of the morn, it had to cut through Buffalo territory to get to its final stop of Appleloosa.

The Trainmaster General informs me of a highly organized raid upon the train that took place by a herd of Buffalo. The Buffalo, he says, attacked them in mid-run, physically assaulting two of his best train-pullers and also invading the train itself.

A quick check at Appleloosa showed that they had managed to detach the last boxcar and steal it. No other thefts were committed, and they could not question the passengers as, in his words, 'they all done took off real quick like'.

According to the manifest, all the rear boxcar contained was an apple tree. I have a feeling that the Buffalo aren't going to be happy when they see *that*.

They were then required to trail to the nearest repair station, so they left the town with an empty train. I assume this means, at least, that all of them made it to Appleloosa safely. No matter, I will just wait for Spike's report to fill in the blanks.

11.30 PM

Where the hay is Spike!?

---

4th April

9.00 AM

Still no word from Spike. He has not been late before, and he knows how important this mission is. I am directing my annoyance towards him.

I ought to send a letter to sheriff Silverstar, but knowing how he is, I wouldn't believe he could find his own reflection in a mirror let alone *another* Pony.

Still, I should send him a letter anyway, asking him to account for the whereabouts of Twilight Sparkle, Applejack, Rarity, Fluttershy, Rainbow Dash, Spike, and Pinkamena Diane Pie's corpse if they should find it.

4.15 PM

Well, *finally*, a reply from Spike. That's a fine how-do-you-do, isn't it?

According to his scroll, he was savagely misplaced from the train the previous morning due to the theft of the boxcar, and ended up being kidnapped by the Buffalo. As it turns out, however, this was an accident, for all they were *really* after was the boxcar itself, which they use as a place to deposit corn husks.

Spike also claims to have 'forgotten' to send me a scroll because of the fact that -

- The Buffalo aren't actually hostile, and there was no immediate danger. They are merely defending their territory because the Ponies of Appleloosa will not listen to their pleas, and they haven't listened to their pleas because they haven't actually tried talking to them yet.
- They force-fed him turquoise until he fell asleep.

As it happens, the situation is that merely of two bodies, each of which has the combined intelligence of a small bucket of oysters.

The first body, the body of Ponies, are living peaceful, blissful utopian lives in a town headed by a danderface. This sheriff Silverstar is the kind of Pony to lay about in the hot sun doing nothing because thinking was not a skill that was taught to him as a young child.

The members of Appleloosa, however, know few things and unfortunately asking simple questions isn't one of them. Fear grips their hearts and hooves and they simply will not concede in the minute task of finding out what all the bother is. I highly doubt they had the wherewithal to ask the Buffalo if they perhaps wanted the land that they owned either. All of this cumulates in the perceived theft of land from the Buffalo by the Appleloosans, who had decided to plant a number of apple trees along the sacred stampeding trail of the Buffalo.

This act, which happened only relatively recently, seems to make no sense because they managed to live off nothing but dust for the first ten months, so why change now?

These trees are blocking the Buffalo from their yearly exercise routine. It's not that the trees are clustered that close together, but the Buffalo are unable to squeeze through it due to the fact that they all are so very, very huge. This is probably because they only take a jog *once a year*.

The second body of idiots are, of course, the Buffalo themselves, who also suffer from this strange malady which inhibits the mind's natural common sense routines, replacing them with anger, impatience, and all-round daftness. Apparently the clan is led by a fellow named Chief Thunderbowels or something, and his wiser, younger assistant, Little Strongheart, who is also the only female in the clan, which will make her teenage life very interesting.

According to Spike, the chief is one part boring and the other part boring. Essentially he talks so much long-windedness that he forgets what his original point was. Not since the Appleloosans first settled in those parts did they bother to contact them once, and suddenly just opened hostilities upon them shortly after the growth of the apple trees.

Obviously, their distant stance to the ponies did not help with their image of being a bunch of unsocial xenophobes. Suddenly attacking would certainly cause anyone to be confused, and then shortly after, frightened, which will then lead to a bunch of stupid letters asking me for help.

I cannot say that either party is at majority fault here, so I think I will blame them both.

In any case, Spike ended up being worshipped by the Buffalo, apparently, and was far too busy enjoying the royal life to bother to contact his royal commander.

Not that I'm bitter.

Rainbow Dash and, surprisingly, the Scourge also managed to end up with him. Spike tells me that he was in the rear car with the tree and that they took him while he was still experiencing the precious little commodity that is sleep. Rainbow Dash, being the only one who both could fly *and* had any sort of fortitude, decided to give chase and challenge Little Strongheart, who headed the car-theft operation.

Rainbow Dash then proceeded to fly into a metal pole, and fracture her eye socket. She is expected to heal in a few days.

Pinkamena Diane Pie actually remained on board the train, but somehow managed to 'disappear' from the watchful eyes of four other ponies, get off a moving train *at speed*, and find her way to the camp with no maps or directions whatsoever. And this is all we will ever know because *Diane refuses to elaborate*.

Evil Scourge powers at work, no doubt.

It was later, the next day (which would be this morning), that Spike, Rainbow Dash, Diane and Little Strongheart decided to make a little visit to Appleloosa for some peace talks, as prompted by Spike (his words).

Almost immediately after meeting, and finding that they're all ok, and being reunited after what must have been a harrowing and worrisome situation, Rainbow Dash and Applejack start fighting.

Spike's report ends here. No doubt he too is tired of all these petty squabbles. At least there is *some* progress. Let's hope that Rainbow Dash and Applejack don't ruin it.

7.30 PM

No, it wasn't *them* who ruined it.

Spike reports that he and Pinkamena have had the masterful idea to put on a revue, which of course, is exactly what this terse situation requires.

Although the revue, as Spike puts it, was a rousing success, bringing on hoards of cheering and whooping and commendation, the silly old Buffalo chief and sheriff Silverstar did not take too kindly to it.

They have set up a showdown at high noon tomorrow.

Just wonderful.

Oh, you are so fired, Spike.

---

5th April

11.20 AM

Only 40 more minutes until the proclaimed war. The air is tense. My ice cream has melted. I have spent the whole night thinking of some way to intervene, but sometimes you just hit these walls when you're just stumped and you don't know what to do.

There's plenty of things that could be done if I went down personally, sure, but that is just simply not an option because if I do then *everypony* will expect me to show up to make house calls from then on. If only Luna could do it, but she's still recovering from her attack.

Only 40 more minutes. Well, 37 now, after writing all this. I *have to* think of something before then or else all will be lost.

12.00 PM

Ah well, too bad!

1.45 PM

I have just received a scroll from Spike. It looks like they're alive. The battle *did* in fact take place, resulting in a lot of casualties and wasted food. Apparently, the townspoonies were using apple pies as projectile weapons.

I... really hope Spike is making this up. I'm not sure. Something seems rather silly about it all. Can't put my hoof on it.

What's even sillier is that the Buffalo would actually stop when hit in the face by a pie. Many Buffalo were lost that day, but later got up and walked off.

The town has sustained a bit of damage, but nothing that can't be fixed, and they seem to have reached a compromise.

The settlers will cut a path through the orchard, and allow the Buffalo to run through. In return, the Buffalo will allow the Settlers to keep the orchard in exchange for... pies.

But it seems that things are alright. Spike tells me that in celebration, they are going to throw a

Coltdamnit

A party, and then return the following day.

Something is really off about this whole situation.

---

6th April

4.13 PM

Spike has returned today. I've asked him to come up to see me to verify his most recent report.

He maintains that all the information he wrote was true and accurate, albeit in that very unprofessional and casual way he has of writing reports.

Curiouser and curiouser.

---

7th April

9.00 AM

It is the day after Twilight and gang have returned and I have finally received a reply from sheriff Silverstar. He states that he 'probably done seen my fellas around there, but ain't no sight of them no more, maybe they be at the old salt hole, I'll swing by next week'.

He also states that there isn't any problem anymore with the Buffalo, and thanks for all the help, in return for my patience they have sent me one of the first harvests of apples from their orchard.

He has sent along 3 bushels of apples, all of which I will give to my castle guards as a treat.

---

8th April

3.14 AM

It is a funny thing.

I know that the problem was solved, but I don't feel that it was solved in a sort of way that could be really construed as a solution.

I know they say that Celestia works in mysterious ways, but I'm fairly sure I'd remember if I had anything to do with this one.

The guards took the apples with gracious appreciation this morning.

Maybe I don't pay them enough, but they are *really* happy now. Smiles all around, a look of deep contentment and eyes glazed over in the satisfaction of having a delicious apple from the desert.

I don't think I've ever seen the guards this agreeable in a long time, in fact. They seemed to become drunk in revelry the second they started to eat the apples, almost as if the apples had some kind of magical effect upon them.

Just goes to show you that a small gift goes a long way!

Hmm...

---

10th April

10.00 AM

It's finally ready. Operation *Eyepower* can now commence.

1.03 PM

Dear Twilight Sparkle,

I would like to join you tomorrow for brunch and catch up with things.

I would also love to meet all of your friends and get to know them better, so please invite them all!

I will also be bringing a guest so please make sure the venue is large enough.

I shall be arriving at 10.50 tomorrow in Ponyville at the main square.

Yours,  
Princess Celestia

That ought to do.

I better not bring my diary, though. That might be unbecoming of me.

---

11 April

10.00 AM

I am just about to leave for Brunch, and I've just realised that the clock in Ponyville's town square is running incredibly fast. By my calculations, by the time I arrive there for *Brunch*, it will be 4 PM. Somepony needs to fix this.

Honestly, I don't know how someone could have made this mistake in the first place, but, then again, it *is* Ponyville.

2.06 PM

Why did it have to be at Sugar Cube Corner? Why? Why oh why oh why oh why?



Well, at least I had a good chance to take a look at the place where the Scourge lives and bakes.

The party went quite well, actually. I do sometimes like to get out of the confines of a stuffy, snooty party and mingle with the locals. It's refreshing, but only once in a long while. The pressures of the ruling class certainly take a toll on you and if nothing else, you get to make some Ponies very uncomfortable and that is always brilliant.

All of them quaking in their horseshoes, as if I were going to, colt forbid, get annoyed if they did something *wrong*.

Their discomfort only serves to make me more amused.

But really, I shouldn't be mean. I just can't help playing jokes sometimes, and those Mr. and Mrs. Cake ponies were really just trying so hard to make me happy that I couldn't help myself.

I wonder if they're going to find the radish that I hid in their shop.

The only one single annoying thing was Pinkamena Pie's lack of decorum. I could barely keep myself from glaring at her as she stole my precious cupcake from right underneath my mouth. I forced a smile and carried on. She was not what I was there for, anyway.

What I was there for was to let Fluttershy take my little 'pet'.

Heh heh heh heh.

Unfortunately, I had to leave, but for some reason the mayor wanted to see me. She's *always* asking me about this or that, and I really can't wait until the day Twilight impeaches her.

Do you know what she wanted?

She had the nerve to ask me if I knew of any way to raise the income of the town.

I just told her to hold a bake sale. HAH!

*Ahem.*

Philomena is a phoenix that I took from the Royal Gardens a while back and nurtured for this specific purpose. Using a variant off Twilight's Parasprite hex, I was able to craft a spell that would cause all commands of a 'mental nature' be resisted. Essentially what I hope this means is that if you were to ask Philomena to do something verbally, she would react to it as she would normally. However, if you would try to influence her behaviour by means other than that, she would try to unconsciously work against those commands.

Thusly, it would not be necessary to know *exactly* what the nature of Fluttershy's abilities are, as long as the spell works to counteract it.

While Phoenixes are naturally quite intelligent, feathers are not the only things that drop when they reach their rebirth cycle.

They, for some reason, reach a state of infancy both in mind and body, and this will even further help to prove the spell's point, as during this period, they are unlikely to be able to understand verbal commands, and all that is left are both instinct and Fluttershy's coercive powers.

This should be an adequate test for the spell. Now all I have to do is watch.

*2.15 PM*

Well, *there* she is. She took her time, didn't she? Being all sneaky and everything. Steal my pet, would you, dear? Well, there's harsh punishments for that you know! Mmm yes, I think I'll string you up and chain you to my dungeon wall, and then poke you with sticks until you cry. Mmm yes.

Whoops, getting a bit carried away there!

I don't know. Recently, every time I see Fluttershy, I get this irresistible urge to see what kind of harmless things make her frightened.

But let's concentrate on the task at hand.

This is not the first time I've monitored the inside of Fluttershy's house, but this is the first time I have the privilege to examine it without the addition of three rather loud and obnoxious fillies causing trouble.

It is a lot quieter.

So quiet, in fact, that I can barely hear Fluttershy through my orb. Her normal speaking voice is barely above a whisper, and it doesn't help that she usually speaks even more quietly to her animal 'patients'.

*2.18 PM*

Her first course of action was to put Philomena to bed and monitor her temperature. That is actually quite a sensible decision. I would otherwise make some sort of snide comment about her judgement and her stupidity, but I must be fair and recognize her actions for what they are.

Besides, I'm sure the stupid things are about to come pretty shortly.

*2.20 PM*

I genuinely had no idea that Phoenixes were so sensitive to their external environment while in this state, although so far it appears to be only a reaction to temperature. Perhaps some tests would be in order, the next time it happens? Maybe.

But see, this is where I start to call Fluttershy things like 'stupid' and 'bad judgement', because really, by the first time the thermometer fluctuates to such a degree, you would kind of, you know, stop.

You really shouldn't allow your thermometer to explode.

I mean, Fluttershy's supposed to be a pretty *good* doctor, isn't she? Judging by the fact that the whole area isn't currently extinct of all animals is a good gauge of her capabilities, but she doesn't seem to be applying herself to Philomena.

I can only imagine that this is due to the fact that she's incredibly nervous. After all, she did commit a Royal Crime, which is the worst kind of crime there is.

Oh, I expected more of you, Fluttershy. All you need to do is just not let your emotions take over your sensibilities and be level-headed in all things, and you will do well.

Right?

You stupid thing.

*2.24 PM*

That's more like it. Medicine.

*2.26 PM*

I know they call them horse pills, but still.

Do you make your other animal patients eat that, Fluttershy? It's about the same size as some of your patients.

I don't think that even I could fit something that thick and long into my mouth.

*2.27 PM*

That's what she said.

Hehehe.

*2.29 PM*

Well, here you go, proof of concept. The command was, 'eat this giant pill and try not to choke on it'. Philomena has staunchly refused to eat it. It's not like she could tell the difference, really. So the only thing preventing her from eating it is because she's disobeying that direct order.

I amaze myself, sometimes.

Even attempting to trick her by covering it with seed did not yield results. It's almost as if Philomena was consciously aware to look out for that thing which she is not to eat. Just a few more tests and I think I can call it a day.

*2.41 PM*

Mmm. That soup sure does look delicious. I can almost smell it.

Honestly, I'm a bit hungry. All I had to eat for brunch was half a cupcake and 20 cups of tea, which just ran through me like water down a pipe.

I think I'll call up for some carrot bisque.

Maybe a curry.

Or a selection of fried potato medallions on bread with some cream sauce.

I'm really hungry now.

*2.45 PM*

Well, I'm not sure if that constitutes a result, but it appears that Fluttershy's attempt at making Philomena drink the soup has caused Philomena to try to drown herself.

Well that's fine. Perhaps Philomena really does want the soup and is trying to inhale it instead.

A result is a result.

*2.56 PM*

Final test, and I think this should be enough to seal the deal. Fluttershy has now attempted to try to make Philomena sing, because apparently, this is a way to cure diseases. The next time I contract a horrible disease, I shall remember to sing constantly until the doctor questions my mental faculties as well.

Also, has it not struck her that Philomena has a bad cough?

Why is she making her do things that exert strain on the throat and lungs?

Either way, the test is complete. Philomena, rather than sing, which I know she enjoys, has decided to throw up into Fluttershy's face.

I think testing is sufficient, and I would like to get Philomena back in a single piece, so I think I'll need to send some guards down to pick her up.

I'll just let them know that my dear Phoenix has been misplaced and she needs retrieving. They better work for their paycheck!

*3.09 PM*

If one has a bad cough, one should not attempt to fill the lungs with moisture.

*3.25 PM*

If one has a bad cough, one should not attempt to fill the lungs with smoke.

*3.40 PM*

I am beginning to believe that Philomena might not survive this.

I have a new theory:

Animals under Fluttershy's care get better quickly because if not, Fluttershy will continue to inflict a myriad of strange and exotic tortures upon them.

3.47 PM

~~Oh finally. The guards have come to take Philo~~

No, ok, it was Twilight. False alarm.

3.53 PM

Watching Twilight panic so makes it all worthwhile, really.

I am enjoying this immensely.

In the end, it only shows how much she fears and respects me, and one must always command a certain level of fear and respect in one's followers.

I don't really need Twilight to *fear* me, though, but she knows me well enough to know what I'm capable of, and I hate to admit but her reactions are not an exaggeration by any stretch of the imagination. If it were *anypony else* besides Fluttershy, I would have had her flogged by now.

Not that I really *care* about Fluttershy, you know.

It's just that

well.

you know.

Oh, whatever!

3.55 PM

Oh yes, return my pet to me. After abusing it and taping feathers to her back. You better have one *really good excuse* little missy, or it's the blunt poking sticks for you!

3.56 PM

Oh, *now* my guards decide to turn up. Brilliant timing.

4.03 PM

Why, Fluttershy, to answer your question, yes. I would. I've banished Ponies for less. I've put Ponies in the dungeons for less.

I've... not thought about building dungeons all over Equestria for the purpose of imprisonment in a remote area, but that's something to consider.

*4.06 PM*

Well, alright. Twilight's now forcing the cures upon Philomena. I am worried now, because I know how forceful Twilight can get, especially as of late, and especially when driven by the fear of my wrath.

Silly girl.

At this point I just want her back. I really don't care anymore about all this nonsense. I am beginning to get annoyed, but for entirely different reasons than what Twilight expects.

You won't like me when I'm... annoyed.

*4.10 PM*

Alright, silly bird finally had enough and escaped. I'm going to go down to grab her while I still can.

Better compose myself; I have a story to maintain!

*5.50 PM*

Well, that went rather well. Of course, none of them bothered to question anything. Twilight was so happy that I wasn't blasting her friend into space with my rage-beams that she also didn't question anything.

Besides this little interruption, I'd say the experiments were more than successful.

Although, the guards did not conduct themselves in a manner befitting those who would be my heralds. I think their breaking of code necessitates a little chat.

*5.51 PM*

Oh, who am I kidding?

I'll just fire them.

Anyway, it was a stroke of good luck that Philomena's rebirth occurred when it did. I'm not too sure she was going to survive much longer. I've reversed the spell on her, and had her stick around. She actually makes for a pretty nice pet.

Maybe Luna could use a pet? I'm sure she'd want one. Maybe some kind of rat.

---

12th April

*8.31 PM*

It has been a long day.

Luna asked to see someone this morning, and it came to quite a surprise.

She had wanted to see *me*.

Well, there isn't anything wrong with one sister wanting to see another sister, this is true, but she actually wanted to discuss something 'personal' this time.

I had no idea what it could be about.

The meeting started very casually, but then moved on to more serious tones. She sat me down in her room, offered me some tea and cakes, which were well accepted. It was nice to see her eating normally again, but that was beside the point.

She asked me how I was.

I asked her what she wanted.

And that was how it began.

She wanted to talk about *us*.

Just 'us'. Nothing fancy, nothing special. She just put it out there and I guess I was slightly apprehensive.

It's been a long time since either of us had decided to truly approach everything that happened between us and I hadn't expected Luna to be the one to start.

Well then, I said, alright. What *about* us?

She didn't know if I knew, but she'd been watching me, she said. For a thousand years, up there in the moon, watching over me like a guardian angel.

Bad comparison, I know, but apt to a certain extent.

She had watched as I grew our kingdom from what it was until what it is now. And she kept watching as I too, grew and changed over the long millennia.

She said that 20 years ago was when I first started to change a bit more drastically.

I bit my tongue and continued listening. I was not too happy about being judged, honestly, but if there's one Pony's word I respect it's Luna's.

Luna asked me if I realised. I told her no.

She said that well, 20 years ago was when I first started growing bitter. It was when I first started to look for a replacement for her, and eventually found it in Twilight Sparkle. Bitter, she calls it.

She told me that I used to be fun, I used to have a sense of humour, which I still do, I maintain, but that this slight streak of anger started to crawl over everything I did, and clouded my eyes.

I scoffed at that point, and upset the teacup.

I had an outburst.

What do you know? I asked of Luna. Who do you think you are, to tell me all this?

She said, well, I'm your sister.

That shut me up.

There was conviction in her eyes. You could see it; feel it burning. She seemed to have something she needed to tell me no matter what the outcome. Alright. I bit.

She went on.

It was 20 years ago, she elaborated. I knew of her impending release, and she noticed that as the date crept closer I had done things that were more and more out of character.

I started to stare at Ponyville, for one. The place where I would later find the character that I eventually dubbed the Scourge. I had started to invest in people's lives on a personal basis, which is something that I should not be doing, as a ruler, she said.

Well, I told her in retort, if there's a threat, I must act against it, right? That is what anypony would do under the circumstances.

But she asked me a question that I can't answer until now.

Did I find the threat, or did I go looking for one?

She asked me simply how I came across Pinkamena Pie in the first place, and how I managed to get to know about her threat.

I couldn't remember. I knew that it was a result of visiting Ponyville a lot and having notes taken and such.

She asked me why I went to Ponyville in the first place.

She asked me if I remembered.

I did not.

I had really wanted to know what she was talking about, but she said that it was adequate for today, and she thought we had spoken enough.

I got mad again. I did not like her to simply just drop things in the middle, and who was she to treat me like that anyway?

It didn't matter. I left, slamming the door behind me.



There is nothing that Luna would have said that would have made any difference, anyway. I don't know where she was going with this, and I don't want to know.

There is a pain in my head and my chest, and thinking about it just makes it worse.

---

14th April

9.00 AM

All that talk about history had me reminiscing. I normally don't think back, but I can't help but remember how a few of the important figures in my life had got started.

I feel like I should write it down, so I guess I will.

It's just a bunch of remembrances from time past collected here in this section. You could say it's something like a compilation of Cutie Mark stories, perhaps. It's just nice to have around in case you need it for whatever reason.

Now I remember Twilight Sparkle. For whatever reason, she was born with an *incredible* amount of raw magical energy. This only happens once in a blue moon, and it just so happens that she was born right in my own castle city.

Quite amazing!

I hadn't heard of her before the day we met. Usually it was a long process of finding Ponies, testing Ponies and then sadly discarding Ponies because they were simply not good enough, but the day I found her was the very day I knew she was something special.

It was a bright morning, and my school for the Magically Gifted was having its regular semiannual intake trials. The trial consisted of a magical test which far exceeded the level of the fillies of that age, which meant that only the best would be allowed to enter, and they were being invigilated by four of my strictest, most hard-hinded teachers.

The tests are assigned at random, and Twilight's test, as I remember, was to hatch a Dragon egg.

As a test, of course, hatching eggs using magic is one of the harder things to do, because it goes against nature, and any magic which attempts to subvert the rules of nature is more difficult. Any Unicorn knows the basic spell of levitation and manipulation, but gravity is by far the least of their worries when it comes to *true* magic.

Not to mention that usually the subject dies in this test, because hatching an egg before it's ready is called a premature birth, and that is never good.

Twilight, as I read about from her initial assessment, had troubles initially.

Possibly it was nerves, or performance anxiety, because I've known her all her life and she *does* have this thing about 'showing off', and she can *never* use the bathroom if someone's talking to her.

In fact, it was right about that time when I was in the school courtyard, milling about and enjoying some caramel pudding when two things happened.

Firstly was a sonic rainboom, which had been pulled off by Rainbow Dash. It spread throughout the sky, not unlike the one she did at that Young Fliers Competition the other month. And similarly so, everyone only saw the results and not the performance.

Twilight must have seen it and got, I don't know, inspired or something, because merely a moment later, a sickening crunch could be heard, like the sound of a thousand ponies running over cornflakes, and a Dragon's head destroyed the roof of one of my towers.

Needless to say, I quickly rushed in to see the commotion, and there she was - Twilight Sparkle - floating in the middle of the classroom with her eyes glazed over like a double dipped old fashioned donut. Amazing sparks of magic were pouring out from the tip of her horn, as her entire body was being wrapped up in a blanket of pure energy.

It was like experiencing life itself. A sensation not unlike a mix of unadulterated bliss and contentment spread around me, and my eyes were opened to the new age of wonder.

But then I put *down* the caramel pudding and focused on Twilight.

Magic was leaking out of her a bit ungracefully, and had affected a multitude of things in the room. Firstly she was floating, which was still within reasonable limits, but she also had made all the invigilators float as well. I received a lot of complaints from them about this.

She also had turned her parents into some kind of shrubbery. It seemed rather disrespectful at the time, but well, she couldn't control it.

And finally, she destroyed Spike. Well, I say destroy, but I mean...

well, yeah, she did destroy Spike.

I guess I'll have to go into that later.

But regardless, there was Twilight, and I lay a hoof on her shoulder to siphon all the magic away into my horn reserves.

The rest is history, as they say.

At the same time, however, another Pony would grow up and come to move into Ponyville.

While I have many Ponies working for me in this regard, Cheerilee is one of the best that I have. Her intrinsic nature of public speaking has led her to take up the job of a teacher, and she has made a fine Pony of herself in that little town.

I first met her at, of all places, a disco. She was younger then, a teenager, but in her geeky and awkward state she had come across the expression of dance. I was visiting one of the more popular night spots in Canterlot that night, and there on the dance floor was Cheerilee, burning a hole in the lino.

She herself had just come out of grade school at the time, and was taking a short break to live it up before continuing her education.

She was working part-time in the disco, serving as an instructor during the day and enjoying herself during the night. That night when I came in, she took notice. It's hard to miss me, of course, but she came right up to me and gave her salutations.

What immediately struck me was how clear she was in speaking, and how easy it was to understand her. She had this way about her which made everyone be able to follow what she was saying easily, and her instruction hit all the right points.

Of course, it wasn't perfect, but no one is. It was still far better than the average, and that's all you can say about that.

One thing I had noticed, however, is that she did not have a Cutie Mark yet.

She was considered quite old not to have one, but there are rare cases.

In fact, I remember having asked her at the time about it, and she simply said that she was not bothered, because when it will come it will come.

That very night I asked her if she would like to join me in my castle for a little proposition.

How could she say no?

We talked for a while, but I explained, essentially, that I was looking for some Ponies for a little experiment. Since she didn't seem to have that much emotional attachment to the concept of the Cutie Mark, I told her that she would be quite suitable for the test.

She asked me what it was about.

It was simple. All we were going to do was try to manipulate her world scenario to influence the Cutie Mark. That was all. She wanted to be a teacher. She knew she was good at teaching. It was merely time and opportunity that had led to her mark not showing until then.

If anything, she would be just at the right time, and things would be perfect.

She wouldn't have to *do* anything, really. All she would have to do is live a normal life, undergo regular observations and have regular meals. She would only have to just eat what we tell her and perform certain activities for a specified time during the day, and we would cover the rest.

The test would last from when she agreed (if she agreed), until the appearance of her Cutie Mark. All lodgings, utilities and food would be provided by us, she would get to live a very comfortable life, and she would even be compensated for her trouble.

She was curious.

The specifics of the test was given:

Essentially, and this was the hard part, she could not eat anything but daisies. Nothing but. In her room she would be surrounded by daisies, and she would have to have daisies upon her Pony wherever she went, whenever she left her room.

Well, she loved daisies, as it were, but I told her that she might probably be sick of them by the end of the test. It was a fair warning.

She said it was fine.

The other thing, I told her...

the other thing, was that for 2 hours a day, you have to smile.

Smiling is technically not difficult. It might hurt a bit at first, but the problem is that the action must be enforced.

To that end she would have a spell placed upon her that would cause her to experience slight electrical shocks if at any time, during this 2 hour period, she would not smile.

The tests were so derived to test the physical and mental.

The flower test would see if her physical interactions would affect her Cutie Mark in any way. By eating and 'absorbing' flowers in her daily life, would they somehow cause an effect?

The smiling test was more mental. By reinforcing through punishment the idea of 'I must smile', this smiling thing would turn from a task to second nature, and be ingrained in the psyche. Would *that* cause an effect?

She managed to do it for three entire months. A few days under, but still.

Many times I had asked her, do you want to quit? Are you not feeling up to this? But she was resolute and committed. Few Ponies could match her determination, and for this I respect her.

So on and on for nearly 90 days she stayed and lived in this matter, and on the end days of the third month suddenly she shouted out for the head scientist; a Cutie Mark had finally appeared.

And it was three smiling flowers.

We had a celebration that night, back at the disco where I first found her.

She was there, dancing with her new Cutie Mark, as if it were her one and very own. In a way, I think it was. She earned it, regardless of method, and this one came even more difficult than most other Ponies'. She had no reason not to be happy.

Knowing that she enjoyed teaching, I offered her a job at my school of Magic if she ever wanted to teach. She politely declined, saying that she loved children and she would much rather work

with them. The schoolbarn at Ponyville was the most natural choice. I wrote in to the Mayor and had her teaching within no time at all.

And that is where she remains until now.

Of course, I also did come up with the idea of making her teach Ponies about waiting for a mark. She agreed with me on the concept that one should always wait for a mark, because what good is it if it doesn't represent who you are?

Of course to her, her flowers will always remain a sign of her dedication and hard work through that most difficult part of her life.

And you can't say fairer than that!

On the other hoof, I am reminded of a story where things did not go that smoothly, and much effort was required to earn the aid and trust of the one known as Zecora.

As is most definitely known, Zecora is a Zebra, and Zebras aren't from around these parts. They are quite similar to us, however, in physique and stature, but their colours are only of clashing black and grey, and their patterns are what sets them apart from each other.

I'm sure Twilight Sparkle only knows about them because I must have mentioned them to her once before

Zecora is a pretty quiet Zebra. She doesn't talk about herself or her company openly, and I feel she might have something to hide. However, in the years that I've known her, she hasn't caused any trouble here, and that's more than I can ask for.

But I ask for *even more* and she's happy to oblige.

All I know about her is that she's a Zebra and that she's really good with chemistry.

When I first met her, she was taking a 'vacation', as she called it. Thinking on it now, it might have been a bit odd, because she was definitely the first to come all the way into the middle of Canterlot to do so. She was first spotted wearing her trademark brown cloak, but that was a wise idea, since you would not believe the row she caused when someone 'found her out'.

She was arrested and put in a cell for disturbing the peace. Initially the guards also thought she was a ne'er-do-well wearing makeup and trying to bother the populace.

But I knew of her race. This was the first time I had met one up close and personal, though. I was quite amused.

Of course, I had her freed immediately. You can hardly hold someone on a misunderstanding, and she was probably just there to... well. I didn't know at the time.

I asked her what *was* she doing there, anyway?

And she simply said that she was there to shop.

One thing that immediately struck me as odd was that she knew our language. I know also that there are many languages all over the world, and from the area that she's from, it is a different thing altogether.

It turns out that she came to know our language while on her travels. She picked it up very quickly, and now has a great command over it. Of course, by this point I was starting to think of the circumstances by which she arrived, since she was being quite avoidant of the subject.

At that point I knew she was not going to cooperate if it wasn't by her own volition. I gave her an ultimatum.

I was the ruler; the owner of everything under my watch, I told her. She would be allowed to travel my lands without hindrance, and if anyone were to disturb her I would see to it that they were arrested rather than her.

But as she left I also told her in passing that she could only run until the ends of the earth, but I was willing to listen.

Three days had passed until she returned.

She requested an audience with me, and entered my throne room with dignity and pride. Head held high, she requested to stay in my lands.

I invited her back to my chambers for a little chat.

As it turned out, she was a scientist. Back in her hometown of

ok

actually?

I don't know how to spell it.

I really ought to, but I don't. It sounds like she's saying 'mmebekokwe' or something like that but I'll be smitten if I knew how to actually spell it in her language.

How embarrassing.

Anyway, she was a scientist. Back in Zebra lands, they are a religious sort, and even she brings her religion along with her. However, she never let that stop her pursuit of scientific endeavours. Her experiments caused her to be shunned from her town and exiled, and she has spent the last half year travelling since.

Being one of high intelligence, she picked up our language quite simply; she knows 8 other languages besides, and just seems to have a knack for it. Besides that, her knowledge of chemistry was quite astounding, rivalling that of some of my own scientists'.

I asked her if she would like a job.

Originally I asked her if she would like to work at the castle, but she said no. She was more comfortable amongst nature, and she told me that she had passed through a forest on the way here. A forest that had a lot of exotic flora and fauna, as she put it, which would be ideal for her.

Well, I told her, that place is quite dangerous. Would that be appropriate?

Well she told me of the dangers of her own lands, and that was enough to convince me.

Either way, I had a hut built for her at a choice location a little bit into Everfree Forest, and made all the equipment she required.

And she remains one of my best scientists to date.

Well, I think that about does it.

That's all the characters can remember off-hoof and I think I'm done remembering anyway.

7.43 PM

Oh right, *Spike*.

Needless to say, I found Spike as an egg.

Dragon eggs aren't *too* common around these parts, but I know where to find them. They are used extensively as part of my entry exams for hopefuls wanting to join my 'Magically Gifted' school.

This serves two purposes. One, as mentioned earlier, it's hard and presents a good test. The second is that Dragons are pretty overpopulated outside of my borders.

In the wilder areas of the world, Dragons roam like nopony's business. Being on top of the food chain helps, and being incredibly huge and magically inclined makes things a bit easier as well.

This test was designed both to stress the limits of our pupils, as well as keep the Dragon population down.

Spike was just another egg in the bucket back then. He didn't have a name, he didn't have a face. He was never meant to be where he is today, although I'm always glad that he managed to make it all the way to this point.

Spike's case was something quite different. As we all know, Twilight had a direct hoof in the birthing of Spike, and I would mention now that he was about two weeks premature at the point.

At birth he was underdeveloped. He had a soft squishy brain, soft squishy bones and a soft squishy structure. There was nothing hard or firm about him at all. Then, Twilight happened.

Her magical energies flowed through Spike. It caused rapid aging within him, causing him to grow a few hundred years in a mere second. It wreaked havoc with his system, and it was probably not too good for him either when he had to age back *down*.

Amazingly this act did not hinder him, but rather stabilized his growth. Although he was still born two weeks premature, that rapid aging and de-aging caused him to *not* slowly go brain-dead over time. He developed as a normal child would, but with some slight oddities due to the unusual circumstances through which he came to be.

I have yet to fully document them all, but they are nothing major, really. Just some minor tics and quirks of behaviour.

What was *interesting*, however, was not this, but rather the fact that Spike was then open to modification afterward.

Normally, Dragons are quite resistant to magic. They have a natural barrier around them which deflects the stuff; sort of a natural defence mechanism. Spike, however, entirely lacks this barrier, and is completely open to spells being thrown at him with no issue at all.

Spike also has this thing for Twilight Sparkle. Being that she was the first thing that he saw when born, he had imprinted in his little mind that Twilight is his mommy.

It was kind of dear for the first couple of years but then became a bit annoying. Of course, by now he knows that Twilight isn't his mother, but he still has this blind loyalty that you get with every good child to their parents.

These two factors combined made the decision almost too obvious. One thing Twilight required the most was a target to practice some of her magic on. Spike was the obvious choice, seeing how he both lacked magical defences against it, and also allowed it, which is the much more important point, really.

Spike was to be assigned to Twilight as her personal assistant, much like I have my own assistants. Nothing but the best for my Twilight, after all!

Before Spike was assigned to Twilight, however, I had certain things done to him. In order to be a greater asset to Twilight than any other assistant, specific things needed to be changed in order to allow him access to a greater number of items than a regular pony could use.

For one, and one thing that I have mentioned previously, is his use of this specific human magic. Originally, I wanted him to double up as a waste disposal unit, something that he... ironically has grown into naturally. But prior to that, I had intended to implant the Human's destruction spell upon him as a method of turning him into a dustbin.

The spell did not work due to two reasons. There was the lack of knowledge of the spell itself, and Spike is not the *most* magically gifted Dragon around. The best I could do was give him fire breath that glowed a pale emerald green.

The fire could burn things, but whatever it burnt would then later appear at a location of his choosing, no matter the distance, as long as he could picture it in his head.

It was convenient at the least.



He could also *produce* items in the same manner, and I don't even want to question the mechanics of *that*.

It serves its purpose of sending and receiving messages over long distances instantaneously, like some sort of mobile messaging device. Like a... Spike Messaging Service of some sort.

Hm.

Well, another thing we put in him was prehensile hands. Dragons are not known for their great dexterity, and are usually found fumbling with anything smaller than a boulder. Spike, on the other hoof, was given some... well, surgery, to make his hands perform in a way similar to that of a Human's. In this way he was able to manipulate most human things (look at how he uses a quill! None of us even needed to teach him that), and he could easily handle large amounts of items.

Honestly, these hand things are really convenient. I wonder how we would have ever survived without them if we didn't have magic.

There are a bunch more surprises in Spike but suffice it to say these are the two most prominent ones. Perhaps I will elaborate on a few more in the future, but it's not hard to see what's *different* about him, and essentially you could always just credit me anyway.

I deserve all the credit.

So that's Spike.

Ever since then, he's been just hanging around Twilight. It's been all those years since he was first grown through my precious tower roof, and I don't think he has any idea, really.

In the end, all these talented and amazing individuals are all intertwined.

I like to think that we all have a special magical connection with each other, maybe even before we've even met one another.

Well, yes.

That special magical connection is called Princess Celestia.

You're welcome.

---

16th April

12.41 PM

I visited Luna again, against my better judgement. What happened the other day upset me so greatly that I have been mulling over it since then, and it has started to invade my dreams.

Ponyville.

That place. What's so important about it? It's just a small town. It didn't even start until only 50 years ago, and I don't think there is any significance.

What did I forget?

I went to Luna to find answers.

When I went in, she was cheerful, but serious. The mood was heavy, but yet still welcoming. It was an odd sensation that hung in the air.

What did I want, she asked? How can I help you?

You know what I want, Luna. You know.

She laughed. Chuckled. I felt that I was being toyed with.

She told me, say, Celestia, let's change the subject.

Alright.

Do you remember a thousand years ago? she asked me.

Of course I did. Don't be stupid.

What happened?

Again, that pain in my chest came, like a tight squeezing, and I found it hard to breathe shallowly. It wasn't anger. It wasn't fear. It was something else.

I hoped it wasn't a pulmonary embolism.

What happened. Did she really want to go there?

Fine. I told her what happened.

It was the cusp of the Human invasion. They were trying to destroy us all, it was clear. I had to kill them first or be killed. It was self-defence, and Luna challenged my authority. She told me that she would keep me from the sun forever, and I had to banish her to the moon.

No.

No?

No, she said. No.

What are you talking about? That's what happened.

Luna just looked at me mysteriously.

Maybe, she said. Maybe.

The short conversation came to an end there, and I left in disgust. All these games. They are beyond me.

---

17th April

*9.00 PM*

I'm still in a pretty foul mood from yesterday. I don't know why I went, really. All there is for me there is just cryptic words and this nagging pain that comes.

I must be sick.

I spent most of the morning in the dark just huddled up in my bed against the headboard, face half-buried in my pillow, staring into the darkness with not a single thought in my mind.

Not a single one.

It is most disconcerting.

I decided to put on the latest They Might Be Shires record. I was listening to it all day, trying to interpret the lyrics. It always helps to keep my mind busy.

My guards have asked me if I'm alright.

I didn't know what to tell them.

One of them kindly reminded me that the big meteor shower was due in a few days. Well, if anything, that ought to pick my spirits up a little. I do like a Meteor Shower, and this one is always a spectacular sight.

I think I'll plan a night out.

---

19th April

*10.00 PM*

I'm sitting on my balcony. It always has the best, most unobstructed view of the sky. Of course, I can only look in one direction because there's a mountain on the other side, but well.

Unobstructed to a certain extent.

From the balcony I can see Cloudsdale and Ponyville. And in the distance the stars shine in their patterns, never breaking from routine.

Well, one night every hundred years they do. I've always loved it, and I've seen it seven times before, missing it twice, once due to urgent business in Trottingham and once due to urgent business in the royal lavatory.

Tonight marks the tenth time I will be witnessing this momentous occasion, and no doubt all the little Ponies down there will speak of this for days to come until they get distracted by whatever other mundane thing happens next week.

But that's just like us Ponies, isn't it? We appreciate things for the fleeting second that it's here, and then when it's gone, so too does the memory fade.

I try to catch this meteor shower every time it occurs so that I can remember to appreciate things in life.

I also eat ice cream every other day for the same reason.

The air is pleasant, and sweet, and the night sky is dark.

A small bowl of grapes is my only companion tonight, although down below in the hills and clouds that dot the landscape, many Ponies and their families and friends gather to witness the spectacle. No doubt Twilight Sparkle herself is somewhere down there, stargazing with her friends and incessantly pointing out all the different constellations.

Sometimes I get a little lonely, especially on nights like these.

A meteor shower is best enjoyed with someone else.

I must be getting soft, but I think I'll send Twilight a little gift tonight.

Spike's been having trouble lately, keeping up with all the drama and fuss and Rarity. I think it would be best if Twilight had a second assistant. Twilight isn't the easiest Pony to work for, and runs a tight shift, so this might at least give Spike a little breathing room.

*11.30 PM*

I've picked out a really great assistant for Twilight. He's well trained, smart, works variable hours and never talks back.

All great magicians need an owl, and Owlowiscious is one of the best.

I sent him down with instructions to help Twilight in his full capacity, but I hope things go well. While he is perfectly capable of understanding Pony language, he can only speak in the tongue of Owl, something that Twilight and I know but Spike doesn't. I hope Twilight explains it to Spike clearly so that there aren't any misconceptions.

Either way, Owlowiscious is happy for his new posting; he says the castle is too stuffy, and he appreciates the challenge.

Obviously, tales of Twilight's habits have been spreading amongst the assistant circles.

Well, we shall see how he does.

Also, to prevent a misunderstanding about *me*, I told Owlowicious not to tell them that I had sent him.

It'll just be our little surprise for Twilight!

---

20th April

9.00 AM

My little good deed has made me feel a lot better.

Twilight has been up since 7 today, something which rarely happens. Well, normally it does, but she goes back to sleep. This time, due to Owlowicious' help, she has actually managed to get a head start on her day.

He made her breakfast, which was a delightful cold vichyssoise, organized her scrolls from last night, and refilled her ink.

In the meantime, Spike is nowhere to be found, and usually by nine in the morning he's up and about, albeit groggily.

Wisely, to his credit, he didn't put one of my descrying devices in the area where he sleeps. Obviously he values his privacy. I think I can assume he's still in bed, though. He had a late night yesterday, what with the meteor shower.

The library looks wonderful. Sparkling clean, all organized and everything in its place. Just how Twilight likes it.

10.00 AM

Looks like Spike is finally awake! I see him running in circles around the upstairs room, waving frantically at Twilight, who is currently packing up to leave for a book symposium at the town hall.

Awww, poor widdle Spike. Did woo oversweep?

10.24 AM

Well, I shouldn't be too hard on the little guy. He is just a *baby* Dragon, after all. A weird, experimental, mutant mistake of a Dragon, but still a baby nonetheless.

Besides, it looks like he's finding his own battles.

Owlowiscious doesn't take very kindly to Spike, it seems. Right off the bat they've gotten into an argument.

Well, I say argument. It's just Spike ranting at the poor owl, and the owl just calmly leading him along. I don't think Owlowiscious has a very good first impression of Spike.

It doesn't help that there's a one-way language barrier.

If I HAD to translate, it went a bit like this:

**Spike:** Hi there, I'm Spike. I'm sure Twilight has told you all about me.

**Owlowiscious:** Hoot. [*Indeed she has, my dear chap. Twilight has spoken extensively about you. It is a pleasure and a half to meet you, my good fellow.*]

**Spike:** Uh, Spike? You know, assistant number one?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoot. [*Yes, I most certainly am familiar, my fine lad. May I simply call you Spike, or would 'Master Spike' befit your authority?*]

**Spike:** I'm *Spike*. And... who are you? *What* are you?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoot. [*Very well, Spike it is then. It is surely good to make your acquaintance, and I am looking forward to working with you, my lively stripling. As Twilight must have informed you, I am your loyal and humble servant, Owlowiscious. If you must know, I am species Bubo cinerascens of the exalted Strigidae family. My generational roots have all been in the business of servitude, you know!*]

**Spike:** Who?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoot. [*Owlowiscious.*]

**Spike:** I thought your name was Owlowiscious!

**Owlowiscious:** Hoot. [*Oh, I see. You have no idea what I'm saying right now, do you? Fart. Poop. Your father smells like elderberries.*]

**Spike:** Ok, 'who', 'Owlowiscious', *whatever*. I'm Spike, OK? Look. All you need to know is that I'm number one, and you're number two! Got it?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoot. [*Hah hah, you said 'number one'.*]

**Spike:** So... a man of mystery, huh? I'm keeping my eye on you.

And then he walked into a door.

12.34 PM

As Owlowiscious continues to help and gain fame, Spike's paranoia grows. Just a while ago, Twilight was showing her new 'number two' to her friends, and he was getting a lot of attention. Spike is jealous, and is actually reading a book about owls for unknown purposes.

I think this is the first time Spike has ever read a book in general, so at least Owlowiscious is a good influence.

I'm not sure what Spike is so jealous about. It wasn't that long ago when he himself was the talk of the town, back when Twilight first arrived.

Widdle jeawous baaabyyy. Awwwwwww.

1.20 PM

Well, this wasn't my intention, but either way it sort of works out. Owlowiscious *does* have a handle on the situation even without Spike around, and if Spike decides to quit out of rage and spite then I'll just have to reassign him. I might even be inclined to set him on Rarity, just for the fun of it, although I would be very frightened to see their children.

Spike has just exploded out the front door, in search for the sacred quill of writing. Such a quest has never been undertaken by a Dragon of his caliber before, and he will have to face trials, hardships and dirty endeavors to finally get the object of lore and legend.

Come back safe and sound, with treasure in arm, Spike!

You cannot die, no matter how perilous this quest is, you must be victorious in all things! I know you can do it!

Return to me Spike, *return to me!!!*

1.52 PM

Yeah, too late.

2.39 PM

Oh, Spike, Spike, Spike Spike Spike.

If there's one thing I know about Twilight, is that she really really hates it when someone messes with her books.

Each book is like a leather-bound child to her. A child full of words and paper and knowledge and glue and string and other things that goes into the production and binding of a book. Each child sits upon the shelf of her home, awaiting for her to rip them open and indulge in their sweet, sweet offerings of guts and information. She feeds upon them like parasprites, but *figuratively* instead of *literally*, because she actually can't digest paper, I don't think, and the ingestion of books has never conclusively been shown to aid in comprehension.

I remember once when Twilight was still living in the Royal Library in Canterlot, and I had accidentally spilled a tiny spot of vegetable gravy on one of her books, she went absolutely mental. She developed a facial tic that wouldn't go away for three weeks, and she banned all liquids from her room until she found out that dehydration can actually be quite the painful condition.

Ooo, Twilight is *disappointed*. That's harsh. That's real harsh.

Oh Spike, whatever are you to do?

2.45 PM

Rather than make up for it or finding a way to replace the book, Spike has taken upon himself to accuse Owlowiscious of trying to frame him.

He is now planning some sort of revenge.

He sure has some misdirected anger in him somewhere.

2.48 PM

Spike's first course of action is to steal a theatrical robe and hat from the costume store. Also, a mustache. That's cute. I used to play dress-up when I was younger, too.

I was always the princess.

2.53 PM

Now, Rarity has left her door *wide* open, so really, this is only her fault. I really do not know what Spike expected to *find* in there, but perhaps he was just trying his luck. Either way, he came out with an old pincushion that Rarity converted into a small rat for that other rat of hers to play with.

Also, I'm not sure what is with Spike and his bad habit of soliloquy, but I guess it helps. At least now, Spike knows that *owls eat mice*.

All that hard reading has paid off, hasn't it, Spike?

3.15 PM

I guess no one taught him that real mice don't have stuffing for internal organs, buttons for eyes and cloth for skin.

3.33 PM

Ok, now I guess it's gone too far. Spike is running away. I can see him packing like a hobo. No way am I going to let such an expensive piece of equipment just up and leave. I know it's hard for him, but still, he has responsibilities, damnit.

Oh, call me an old soft heart but I think I'd better influence this outcome.



5.02 PM

I was going to just pluck Spike out of the forest and throw him into Twilight's face, telling them to make up, but maybe less direct approach might be in order. They do need to make up for themselves, and since Spike decided to run to the Everfree Forest, I dare say the opportunity has already presented itself, as long as Twilight takes the bait.

I dropped down and hit Spike with a spell.

'Persistent Ketchup', I call it.

Alright. I know. It's a bit on the silly side. I didn't have many ideas at that point, and I saw him tracking sauce out of the house initially. You don't even want to know what a mess the inside of the library is right now.

The spell simply made it that he would... well... leak ketchup for the next 3 hours, upon which all tracks and traces will disappear.

I know it's a long shot to hope that Twilight won't really figure out that there was something a bit wonky about it, but I'm hoping that her apprehension to find Spike will cloud her judgement a little.

Because *really*, ketchup prints all the way from her house to the forest?

Not to mention it's started to rain down there.

I really should have thought of something better.

I *really* should have.

---

21st April

9.00 AM

Well, things seem to have worked out!

Curiously enough, the letter that I usually get from Twilight detailing her daily adventures through social awkwardness was penned by Spike.

From reading it, I think it's quite clear that no more problems will be had between Spike, Owlowiscious and Twilight.

I'm glad for this amicable outcome, and I hope this will allow Spike to mature a little.

---

23rd April

*3.00 PM*

Owlowiscious has just dropped a scroll off at my desk personally.

According to him, Twilight asked him to re-organize the entire library 4 times in a row by himself, because some of the books 'looked off'.

She then asked him to play host to a number of 'dangerous and inhumane' spells, designed to cause 'mental trauma and fatigue'.

He also mentioned something about always having to clean up when 'her destructive friends' come along, which is nearly every hour of every day.

Attached to the scroll was his letter of resignation, and a request to be put back at his old job; managing Pony Resources at the Canterlot General Hospital.

He said that it was a lot less hectic, and the hours were better.

Well Spike... you win.

For now!

---

24th April

*11.00 PM*

I have been far more conscious about my activities ever since that whole nonsense with the peanut had started. I'm not sure what it is, but it feels like something is bulging at the back of my head trying to burst forth and make itself known.

There is a hidden door inside my mind, which I can't open and I can't kick down. Not even magic works. It's almost as if I can't even find the spell to cast.

I was thinking and musing about it, and as my mind drifted, my actions took me to places as if I were an automaton running on a track.

I found myself staring at Ponyville, its lights winking out one by one as the Ponies went to bed, ready for a fresh new day tomorrow.

Soon it was all dark, and only the streetlamps lightly illuminated the worn streets and markets where dozens of dozens of Ponies ply their trades.

It is a peaceful, calming town, but like still waters, there is always a strong undercurrent running beneath. I know of this current, but I cannot find it, nor do I know to where it flows.

---

25th April

*10.43 PM*

Once again I find myself visiting Luna. I don't want to, but my legs take me to her room anyway. It's as if I can't control them.

I don't even want to be there. I don't want to look at her face. I don't want to talk to her. It's difficult.

But I went anyway. After pacing in front of her door for fifteen minutes.

She was delighted to see me again. It felt genuine, but I don't know anymore. I don't know a lot of things.

Back for more? she asked me.

Yes, back for more.

What happened that day? I asked her.

I don't know, she said. I thought you had a good idea.

I told her I wasn't too sure.

Well, alright, then, take it through, she said.

I sighed. Alright. I closed my eyes and thought hard about the events that happened on that day.

We had just come out of a meeting in the middle of the Everfree Forest, where both Luna and I presided. It was to discuss what we should do with the Humans. Many Ponies were calling for their defeat, and everyone else was calling for a tactical relocation.

But there were too many of us, and we couldn't simply just walk away.

Besides, we had magic now. We were on equal terms. We could actually start to fight back and defend ourselves.

I remember... voting for one or the other. It is a bit muddy, I'll give you that. I know I was inclined to believe that we should fight for our rights as a sentient race.

Luna was much more passive about it, and we came to heads about the situation.

That night, before I went to bed, and before Luna started her nightly watch shift, she asked me to walk with her outside of the forest's boundaries for a while.

I accepted, of course. It was rare to find any time with Luna back then.

She took me to the edge of the forest, where we looked out over the silhouette of the city in the distance, its lights casting a soft orange glow that clashed with the natural light of the moon.

We stood there in the shadows for a while, enjoying the breeze and the fresh air.

And then what happened?

It happened, I told her.

What's 'it'?

It, ok? Just... it. Did it matter what it was? We both knew, why did I have to say it?

She smiled gently and nodded.

Yes, she recapped. We left the forest and had a walk, and then a terrible altercation happened.

Do you remember where it was?

Of course I know, you stupid filly, I yelled. It's right there at the edge of the Everfree Forest where...

...where Ponyville now stands.

Are you sure we were alone? Luna asked next, after a long silence.

I left in an instant. I couldn't think anymore. I couldn't talk anymore.

I am shaken. I can barely levitate this quill.

Does this mean anything? I am unsure.

I think I will get some sleep. No doubt I will be better in the morning.

---

27th April

9.00 AM

Why did this have to happen so close to the Gala? It's only in a few days, and already Ponies are rushing about, making decorations, and disturbing me every few minutes to check if I like the colour of the banners or if the *bombe glacée* should be boysenberry or coconut.

All of this is for what?

Just some meet and greet where, once a year, the elite of society can come and shake hooves with the only one who's better than them.

It's really *boring*. I have to stand there like an idiot for *hours* while they're all 'fashionably late', and really, all I want to do is get to my vanilla-custard-and-framboise millefeuille before it's all gone.

And throughout all this I'm constantly hounded by these stupid games that the stupid peanut plays.

What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on? What is she on?

Ok. Ok.

Calm down, Celestia.

You'll be fine. Deep breaths.

You have to focus. Focus.

Just keep your eyes on the prize. Fight through the rest and just *focus*.

The Scourge, right? It's all down to this. Months and months of all sorts of planning, thought, preparation and devising has led to this one point. See it through, that's all you need to do, Celestia. See it through.

I need a carrot juice.

---

28th April

1.33 PM

That silly Pinkamena is there, handing out invitations to some kind of party. I am filled with disgust for her. I see her flapping head and unbecoming hair and... just everything about her makes me gag.

It's beyond normal hate. It's a hate that comes from behind my stomach, like an ulcer ready to burst forth with horrendous pink liquid death that will overload by body and flow from my every orifice until the last thing I see, smell, hear and even breathe is that pink slime that takes the form of that one girl.

I don't know why. I don't know why.

The day I saw her, more than 10 years ago, I think it was. I can't remember the exact time, but I know the second I saw her, I had this feeling.

This pulsating welling feeling.

I knew she was bad news. I knew that she would cause something terrible, something cataclysmic to happen.

And every time I look at her, and think of her, if I don't control myself with the highest degree of authority, this anger, this hate, it all comes back, floods my capabilities and threatens me into actions that I cannot be held accountable for.

I feel the worst of it now, in no small part thanks to all these talks I've been having.

My final stronghold of sanity is the very words I write now, almost as if inscribing them down somehow channels my thoughts into a single point which I can then latch onto for safety.

Pinkamena.

I don't know what it is but I cannot focus on her face. I cannot think of her in a clear manner. I know her very well but yet, she is always standing behind silk curtains in my memory, never revealing herself to me in my mind's eye.

I must stop her before the un-repairable happens ~~again~~.

I didn't mean to write that.

I don't even know what I'm writing anymore, but I feel it verges on the automatic.

---

30th April

*1.20 PM*

The end of the month marks a celebration in Ponyville. Yet another one of those parties thrown by the evil Pinkamena. I can't keep saying this over and over, but yet, it keeps happening. Let my repetition be a sign of just how many times they've done this before.

What is there for her to be happy about, anyway? Really. She has no idea what is to befall her in a week from now.

If I only knew what was going on in the bakery. Maybe I should have had Spike...

No.

I don't think I could stomach it. I can barely picture it as it is.

And anyway, I'm not thinking straight.

Earlier, one of the decorating Ponies came in and asked me what sort of ice sculpture I wanted. I snapped at him, and told him to pick something appropriate that he thought was best. I think he was really affected by that because I had to mop the snot and tears off the floor after he left.

I'll need to apologize to him sometime. Whenever.

I don't know.

7.40 PM

Twilight and company always look so happy after a party, especially the ones thrown by that vicious beast. I simply do not understand it. Are they better in some way? They couldn't possibly be better.

I've worn a hole in the floor where I keep tapping my rear left hoof.

Nerves have long since departed.

But if there is one thing I pride myself on is being able to fake it.

I have a week to get my act together.

---

1st May

4.00 PM

I just saw something that gave me a sort of jolt of electricity today.

I was just watching Ponyville, as usual, nothing really new.

But I saw Rainbow Dash drag somepony who looked extremely familiar to the barn.

It was merely a glance. Less than a second's look, but a shot occurred throughout my body and gave me heart palpitations. And I'm sure they're not the good kind, either.

Was that Pinkamena?

I need to have a lie down.

---

5th May

7.00 PM

It's been a few days, but in those days I've refocused. I spent all my time and energy thinking about the Gala and planning for it, that I simply just didn't have time to worry about anything else.

That's how you get stuff off your mind.

Anyway, I'm not going to begin thinking about it again, so I'm just going to focus on the task at hoof.

The Gala is *finally* here, and everything I've done has all come down to this point.

Pinkamena Scourge Pie's abilities prohibit me from using magic against her directly. Due to this, there must be an accident.

However, as noted from previous observations, accidents tend to get deflected to those around her, while she remains safe.

Therefore, there must be a really *big whopper* of an accident.

Something which *no one* will escape.

Hopefully Pinkamena will be injured fatally, or at least be weakened enough for me to finish the job in private.

It must not look suspicious, and it must not be planned. That way, everything will be unexpected even to me, and this will give it the best chance of working.

For Fluttershy, I have used the same magic that I used on Philomena on all the animals in the gardens, for until the Gala is over. Fluttershy will find that no matter how hard she tries to make friends with the animals, they will only want to be enemies.

For Applejack, I have done nothing spectacularly much save the preparation of far better food choices at my own party. She will find that, due to her need to make money, desperate times will call for desperate measures. Hopefully she will go that one step further.

For Rarity, I have 'prepared' a nephew for her. He is going to treat her horribly, and simply make her trip up over herself. I am relying on Rarity's need to save face during such a momentous occasion to cause her to trip up, either literally or figuratively.

For Rainbow Dash, I have invited the Wonderbolts, whom will no doubt recognize her. However, their star power will cause them to be taken away from Rainbow Dash's attention, something that she definitely does not enjoy. She will hopefully do what is necessary to regain it.

Twilight Sparkle, will, of course, remain by my side. I absolutely do not want anything to happen to her, and I'll need to keep my eye on her at all times.

Pinkamena only has one job, and it is quite clear what that job is.

Tomorrow will finally be the day.

I have had a mix of this charge of energy and excitement from within.

It's finally back on track!

---



6th May

4.00 PM

I can't believe I'm finally here.

With all that I've imagined, the reality of this night is sure to make this the best night ever!

*At the Gala!*

*(At the Gala)*

*At the Gala*

*I have changed them  
all their fervour deep inside*

*I have warped them -*

*All the critters at the Gala*

*(At the Gala)*

*All their loving*

*will be fearing*

*as they run from Fluttershy*

*She will lead them in a stampede*

*right into the Gala*

*(All my plans will come true right here at the Gala)*

*(At the Gala)*

~

*At the Gala*

*(Stupid ponies)*

*She will sell them*

*(Stupid apples)*

*All her appletastic treats*

*(sounds so scummy)*

*But my buffet*

*(Big selection)*

*Is much larger*

*(All inclusive)*

*And has much more things to eat*

*(Eat a ton)*

*And she'll never make a centime*

*selling all her pastries*

*(All I want, Pinkie dead, is that too much to ask for?)  
(All I'm hoping, wishing for might happen at the Gala)  
(At the Gala)*

~

*At the Gala  
My fake nephew  
He will meet fair Rarity*

*He will take her for a ride here at the Gala  
(At the Gala)*

*He will knock her  
off her platform  
little egotistic queen*

*She will throw a lot of tantrums  
tonight at the Gala  
(This is what I'm looking for - a plan that comes together)  
(I will shatter all their dreams)  
(Tonight at the Gala)  
(At the Gala)*

~

*[Fanfare Refrain]*

~

*Been payin', I've been bribin'  
just to tick off this Pony*

*Dear Rainbow Dash take no offence  
But your clouds are in your sense*

*The Wonderbolt's processions?  
They just aren't your possessions!*

*The Wonderbolts will shun you  
right here at the Gala  
(I don't want to seem so vile but it's my alma mater)  
(Sacrifices must be made right here at the Grand Gala)  
(At the Gala)*

~

*And the target of this Gala  
is the pony running free*

*Free of conscious inner knowledge  
of her powers over me*

*And I want to kill her slowly with a blunt ice pick, but see*

*Her defences  
are too senseless  
for me  
at the Grand Gala  
(Accidental slaughter at the Gala)  
(At the Gala)*

~

*At the Gala  
With my pupil  
is where I'm going to be*

*We'll be watching all the peons as they mill about their dreams*

*I will keep her well protected  
as chaos grows finally  
(This will be the best night ever)*

~

*(Into the Gala, come on in)  
(The pawns are placed, the match begins)  
(Into the Gala we will see just who will come off better)*

*(Into the Gala, now's the time)  
(We're all set up, just cross the line)*

*(Into the Gala)  
Meet new friends  
(Into the Gala)  
Sell some apples  
(Into the Gala)  
Find your prince  
(This is crap)  
It's a bunch of nonsense*

*I can't  
believe  
I have  
Achieved*

*all that  
I need*

*Into the Gala  
Into the Gala*

*And I'll have your head for supper*

*At the Gala!*

~

I don't know what came over me, but sometimes you just have to sing.

*5.00 PM*

Ponies are starting to trickle in slowly.

Tonight is my night.

But yet, I'm conflicted.

Yes, I know I had the whole plan.

Yes, I know I had the *song*.

But still.

I'm conflicted.

It has been a rollercoaster of emotion over the past 2 weeks. Thoughts and feelings clashing, and I will have to be truthful and honest and just simply admit that I might be having some misgivings about this entire plan.

Twilight protected by my side. That's the idea.

But I feel bad. I feel wrong. Guilty, even, to take advantage of all those others just to strike at a target.

A target whom, as much as she invades my privacy and hurts to think about...

Well.

Let's just say that there is a slight feeling that I might be mistaken.

Could I possibly have been wrong for over 20 years?

And what possibly could cause such a thing?

I would think, but I'm required in the hall in an hour, and I must prepare to receive guests and my dear Twilight Sparkle.

*8.20 PM*

I'm not sure what wavered over me just then.

Spending three hours in the main hall just standing there gives you time to think and muse. It's a case where you're forced into thought for lack of better things to do.

I cast my mind over everything. From the day Twilight went to Ponyville, until that moment in time. Almost like a video in my head. I could see everything, hear and remember everything. Every last piece of the puzzle that originated from just one mere thought. A solution to a problem. That's what this entire thing has been about.

A solution to a problem.

What was the problem anyway?

When the last of the guests had finally paid their respects and we could finally leave, I had little time with Twilight before we headed for the main ballroom where everyone had gathered.

The sight before my eyes was exactly as I'd hoped.

Exactly.

But I didn't want it.

I didn't wish it.

It wasn't what I wanted any longer.

The entire hall had crashed around us, and the ballroom lay in ruin. Pandemonium erupted as Ponies became confused and frightened, which only served to heighten the devastation and injuries.

The scene laid out before me was all that I pictured happening. But when I saw it for myself, something else took over.

*Run.*

That was the only word I gave.

Twilight, take your friends. Take Applejack, Rarity, Rainbow Dash, Fluttershy and yes, even Pinkamena and leave. Leave at once, before any of you get hurt and I will spend the rest of my life regretting it.

*Run.*

The noise and terror has quietened down a little since then. The crashes are no longer less than half a minute apart, and I can hear the ambulances on their way.

*10.15 PM*

I caught up with Twilight at Pony Joe's, a place where I used to bring Twilight when she was younger. The place always held fond memories for me and her.

I somehow knew that she'd end up there.

All six of them, and spike, hanging around a table, having donuts, just like normal friends do at a normal situation, with their torn clothing and dishevelled hair.

Despite what happened tonight, I was happy. Genuinely happy.

Happy for how it turned out, and happy that all of them were safe.

I was glad enough that I just told them straight; that although the night hadn't gone the way I planned, it ended up in a good way after all.

We talked for a while, and things went pleasantly well.

And now I'm back at home, the beautiful end to a beautiful day.

---

But yet, this feeling still refuses to leave.

All the questions that tonight has brought just throws everything into a larger mess.

Why did I feel happy? Why did I change my mind?

At the last moment, I couldn't go through with the plan. Did I waver?

The final scene is replaying in my mind over and over and over.

*Run.*

Protect yourselves.

I do not want you to get hurt.

I don't... want to hurt you.

I never did.

It's all just an accident. A big accident.

An...

accident?

*I remember!*

Oh no... I remember. I... think I do. It's fuzzy, as if behind a curtain of mist and shrouds, but there is something there.

My head feels dizzy, and I can't see straight.

The world is collapsing around me. I remember feeling this way a thousand years ago.

I remember.

I remember someone there a long time ago. Not a child, but an adult. A lady clad in pink, with straight, long hair. A cheerful lady, always smiling and encouraging, and who always saw the hope in everything, no matter how gloomy the situation.

I can't recall her name.

I remember being there in the field with Luna, and this Pony, she came along as well. She was fun-loving but serious when need be, and smart to boot. She was there during the deliberations and she was there in the field with us.

And she... she was the one who argued.

She did.

Not Luna.

Not Luna?

Then what happened?

I remember her arguing with me. I remember her yelling. Then I was yelling, and then Luna was yelling.

Suddenly, a bright flash of heat welled up in my body, clouded my senses and took over my faculty. I felt the warmth flow upward through my head and into my horn.

Then there was a flash. A flash so bright that even I had to close my eyes. I had no idea what happened.

But when I opened my eyes, they were gone. Both of them.

And as the nature of magic, the truth trickled in slowly like honey through a siphon. They both had been sent away. For the Pony clad in pink, with her waterfall hair and wide smile, she would never return. Luna was lucky. She would spend a thousand years imprisoned in the moon and then be released.

Lucky.

I... remember being in shock...

I don't remember how I got back.

I don't remember what happened next.

I only remember the action of doing, not the reasons behind.

I remember being in bed for a long time. Was it a week? A month? I don't know. Time lost meaning and life lost flavour. I was dying for what I had done. An incredible heartwreck.

I can feel it now. This tightening of the chest. This dizziness. Not a thousand years made any cure, and time did not heal these wounds.

They were buried underground, and only recently did Luna hand me a shovel.

I was wracked with guilt. I can say this freely now. I feel guilty still. The next thing I knew I had blamed the humans for Luna's imprisonment and I waged war.

I must have forgotten all this... ever since.

Maybe my mind made things up to protect me.



But I do not feel worthy of protection.

I have committed the atrocious.

And in the last 20 years?

I do not know.

Maybe I was drawn to Ponyville for whatever reason. Maybe it was just fate being cruel and unkind that brought a pony so similar to that other pink Pony that I once knew to this place.

Maybe it was just me feeling this discomfort and just maybe it manifested itself in ways which led to my control by my emotions.

Maybe I was just lashing out against an innocent and gifted Pony from Ponyville because I simply did not want to go through the feeling of betrayal and pain again.

Maybe...

I was wrong.

I'll go talk to Luna now. I think it's best.

---

Luna was happy that I finally remembered.

That was the true series of events. All this time, up in the moon, she was watching me. Watching how distraught and destroyed I was after it happened, and watching how I went insane.

I did recover, somewhat, but my memories refused to allow this back into my head willingly.

She said she also realised that the past 20 years would lead me to believe certain things, and do certain things, and in fact, it happened.

She then told me a secret.

That plan that I had to defeat her at the shrine?

She knew.

She knew it all.

She allowed herself to be 'defeated'. I played into her hooves like an old deck of cards.

She told me that all this time, from her escape until now, she had been talking to me, breaking me down, all for this point.

It was she, Luna, who wanted *her* sister back.

And it was a thousand years before she could finally see it happen.

All I had was one word.

Why?

She just gave a tired smile, the kind that you give when you finally come to the end of a very long road, and said:

Just looking out for you, big sister.

I cried for the first time since the accident.

And I cried for a long time since.

I knew there was nothing, and there is nothing I can do to make up for these sins that I have committed, this blood on my hooves, but she merely said that she forgave me.

And the reality is, there is a lot weighing on my heart now, but that really helped a lot.

All this time.

And all she was ever doing is getting us together again.

I don't know how to face her again, dear diary.

I don't know what to do except pour my heart out onto these pages.

I don't know anything anymore.

I don't feel worthy of the crown.

I don't feel worthy of having a sister.

I don't feel worthy of Twilight Sparkle.

What do I do?

---

It's been two weeks since I wrote in here last.

I'm doing alright, thanks for asking.

It's silly. All this while I've been writing in this book as if it were another Pony I was talking to. But in the end, I was just talking to myself, wasn't I?

So here's something I want to say to myself.

I'm sorry.

But I forgive you, too.

Luna's forgiven me already, but the last step was for me to forgive myself. It was a mistake, and mistakes happen. Not even I, Princess Celestia, Ruler of Equestria is immune to such.

But I think I can laugh again.

I can enjoy life again.

Luna is by my side, where she rightfully belongs. Together we will rule this kingdom once again, and make it even better than it ever was before.

Luna says she's enjoying her newfound youth, thanks to me, and she may or may not take a bit of a break before rejoining me. That's fine. We have all the time in the world, and I think she deserves to take a break.

I've taught her how to play Hide the Radish, and she loves it tremendously.

In the meantime, I've found my hearts belong to the six Ponies in Ponyville. I've come to love them dearly, although I wouldn't allow that into my heart earlier on.

Twilight Sparkle will always be my protégé, and I'm sure she will grow up to be a fantastic and fine leader of Ponies, but maybe she can take her time and enjoy life while she's young.

As for these letters, and this dairy?

I think it's finally over, isn't it?

They've served their purpose.

There's no reason for me to give them to Twilight Sparkle any longer.

I bury my face in a book, hoping to let others learn from my words, but the one who learnt the most was myself.

Oh, irony! How I love thee.

I have a long road ahead of me, it's true. It doesn't end here. What I now know, what has been revealed to me, even 2 weeks is barely enough time to get started with making good with it all.

Letting what happened go, and learning not to mix Pinkie Pie with phantoms of the past; dealing with history and what I've done; all these, a path that I no longer have to burden by myself.

I think it's time to put this book on the shelf once and for all.

Although it's like I'm finally seeing off a close, dear friend, I have found new life in the friendship of my sister and six special little girls from a small town in Equestria.

And so for the last time:

Dear Diary,

Thank you for being here for me whenever I needed you.

You've seen me through good times and bad, and you were always there to listen whenever I had something to say.

Even though I have found others to share my life with, it does not mean that I don't treasure the time we had together, as I treasure every Pony who enters my life.

Even though Ponies come and go, all of us are connected together in this wonderful magic known as friendship.

And so I bid you goodbye.

Thank you for everything, and for freeing me from discord.

Yours,

Princess Celestia.

Good bye!