

Canterlot's Guests - Part One

By Jordan Kinsley

Three knocks on the door. That meant that Derpy Hooves had a package for the library. Was it the book Twilight Sparkle ordered for the library, *The Great Encyclopaedia of Flightless Birds*? The new comic collection for Spike, *Trot Pilgrim vs. Equestria*? Or was it her new set of beakers to replace the ones that shattered after another one of Pinkie Pie's pranks?

Twilight opened the front door to see Derpy standing over a brown package and a letter. The wall-eyed pegasus just smiled at Twilight, holding out a clipboard and pencil.

"Thanks, Derpy. Timely as always," Twilight said, levitating the pencil to sign her name. Again, Derpy just smiled and took off to her next stop, full saddlebag swaying as she flew.

She looked over the package. It was addressed to Spike, so her beakers and book must have been coming later. The letter, however, was simply addressed to her. The sender must not have known she was staying in the library. Twilight walked up to her room and dropped the package of comics off in Spike's basket. She gasped as she opened the letter at her writing desk.

Dear Twilight,

It's been so long since we've seen you last. Princess Celestia tells us that you have been studying very hard in Ponyville. We're glad to hear that you have been making friends and going on wonderful adventures all around Equestria. We wish we could visit you in Ponyville, but unfortunately, your father's work simply won't allow more a day or two of leave. We're sure that your work puts you in a similar place, so we understand that you haven't made a visit to Canterlot recently. We were surprised that you didn't come home for Winter Solstice; it was always your favorite holiday night, because the stars would be out so early. Do you remember your first Winter Solstice? You were so fascinated by the stars that you swore you'd study them as much you would magic. Your father and I just want to say that we miss you dearly, and hope that you can find time to pay us a visit soon. We are sure that your friends and the Princess would understand if you took a break from studying.

With Love, Your Parents,

Star and Crescent Sparkle

Twilight shed a tear and wiped it away quickly with her forehoof. She levitated parchment

and a quill and began writing.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am so sorry for not thinking to visit sooner. My work here in Ponyville has kept me busier than I could have imagined. Don't think for a minute that I forgot about you; I've just had some crazy adventures that I can't wait to tell you all about. And you're right, I'm sure no one would mind if I took a break. I need to make some arrangements here so that I can actually pay you a visit, but I expect that I'll be in Canterlot within the week. I would say that I can be there on Friday, arriving late Friday afternoon or early Friday night. Perhaps I can join you for Saturday brunch, like we used to? Since I plan on staying at a hotel, I'll be sure to send word when I arrive. I hope to see you soon.

With Love,

Twilight Sparkle

"Spike, I'm heading to the post office, I'll be back in a few minutes," said Twilight, sealing the letter and addressing it to her parents.

"That's fine, I'll just stay here and enjoy my new comics," came the sing-song reply.

Twilight sighed and threw her saddlebags on. After she put the letter in the right bag, she headed downstairs to the main floor. She glanced around and saw nothing out of place. *Good. I won't leave the library in a complete mess*, she thought. One last look behind her, and Twilight was out the door.

How could I have missed Winter Solstice with my parents? How I could I not have at least written to them, saying I was staying in Ponyville with my friends? Twilight thought, walking towards the post office. *I can't believe I would be so forgetful! They must be so disappointed. No, no they wouldn't. They love me; they just miss me. They're sad that I haven't been around as much because I'm in Ponyville, not at the Castle in Canterlot.*

She let out another heavy sigh. When she arrived at the post office, she took a look around. There were a few wooden counters were set up to serve customers, but there was no line that morning. Only one employee, a burly brown stallion, stood behind the counter, dividing letters into piles by destination. She spotted the sign behind him with postage rates and rummaged in her bags for the necessary bits. She then walked up and laid out a couple of bits for the express postage to Canterlot.

"This will get to Canterlot today, right?" asked Twilight.

"Yep, sure will. It's just past noon, so we'll have it delivered for Canterlot's nightly

rounds,” replied the stallion.

“Thank you very much,” Twilight said. As she left, the stallion tossed her letter in to the Canterlot Express box.

I probably should get my parents a gift. Something nice, something that will remind them that I'm branching out and making a difference. That way, even when I'm not there with them, they'll have a part of me. A part of me... of course! The picture of me with all of my friends! I would just need a proper frame for it, and I know just the place!

Three knocks on the door. Rarity let out a light sigh and set down her needles, shrugging off her measuring tape and setting it aside, along with her pincushion. Satisfied that her materials were not going anywhere, Rarity trotted to her front door and opened it to see the grey-coated mail pegasus hovering over a small package. Rarity picked it up with her magic and inspected it, before giving a weak smile.

Well, at least I have that last bit of cerulean thread I need to finish my latest line! she thought, before setting the package inside her door and taking the clipboard and pencil offered by Derpy.

“Derpy, darling, do you know when that box of tea will be arriving?” Rarity asked of the mailmare hovering outside her door as she signed her name and handed the clipboard back.

Derpy stashed the clipboard and pencil back in her saddlebags. “The Manehattan flight isn’t scheduled until late tonight. So, maybe tomorrow?” she offered, her hoof on her chin. “I’ll double check to make sure it didn’t get delivered on hoof with the rest of the freight packages that came in today. I’d be surprised if it did, but I’ll look anyway.”

“You are most kind, Derpy. I have some letters here going out to the various fashion publications, to let them know I have a new collection I’ll be finishing soon. And for all you do, have a muffin on me,” said Rarity, passing Derpy a bundle of letters and a few bits.

“Muffins!” Derpy chirped happily, stashing the letters and bits in her bag, before flying off to continue her rounds.

A bell rang when Twilight entered Framer Maple’s, Ponyville’s only framing shop. She poked through the various aisles, the mostly even lighting being punctuated by pot lights over special displays. Twilight paused to admire a few of the darker stained frames. When she went back to exploring the shop, she saw no pony behind the register.

“Hello?” called Twilight, hoping to catch the attention of owner, wherever he was.

A red-maned, green-coated mare came out from the back room and stood behind the

register. Her cutie mark was half a picture frame, done in light brown maple.

“Ah, hello to you, too, Miss Sparkle. I’m Maple Gilding. What can I do for you?” asked the mare

“I was hoping to commission a frame for a picture, eight inches by five inches.”

“Framing material?” Gilding asked, before grabbing a quill and parchment from a drawer.

“Dark walnut, with glass.”

Gilding jotted down Twilight’s request before setting down the quill. “Very well, Miss Sparkle. It should be ready in a day or so. Come back tomorrow to see if it’s finished. I will need a twenty-five bit deposit first, though.”

“Of course, here you go, Ms. Gilding.”

Rarity stood proud and beaming, surveying her finished collection. It had taken a day to finish once she had the thread, but it was well worth the wait. Each piece was a work of art, carefully coordinated with each other and the collection itself. She gave a little nod of approval and set down her glasses.

“Well, Opal, here they are. My new collection, just in time: blues, violets, lavenders, pink and white accents. They’re perfect!”

Opalescence just purred, lying on top of a pile of scrap fabric that Rarity had not yet cleaned up.

“Of course, how could I forget the accessories? These don’t look as good as the real thing of course, considering that it’s a priceless artifact, but I’m sure ponies will see the resemblance.”

Opal meowed and hopped off of her makeshift bed and brushed up against Rarity’s legs before heading downstairs to her food dish.

“You’re absolutely right, darling; Hoity Toity should see these designs as soon as possible. No, the whole of Equestria should see these designs! But that one lavender pony in particular... I want her to see these. I want to hear that adorable giggle, to see that heart-melting smile. But most of all, I want her in my forelegs, blissful and happy.”

Rarity leaned against her desk, her grin replaced with a more subtle smile as she stared off into the distance, the morning sun shining clearly through the windows. Her mind wandered into a daydream, the peaceful thoughts reflected by the gentle chirping of birds. She was shaken out of her little fantasy by three knocks at her door.

Twilight spent the morning rearranging the I section, as she had somehow mixed up all of the Introduction books with their named subjects. *Why would I shelve Introduction to Abstract Expressionism under A?* she asked herself. *That doesn't make any sense. No wonder I can never find anything in here. But now that's done. What's next on my checklist? I reshelfed the books, ordered the picture frame, cleaned my saddlebag, and asked Derpy to hold the mail until I get back. Get back... Ah! I know what I forgot!*

"Spike! Owloysius! Come here please!" Twilight shouted up to her study from the main floor of the library. "I have something I need to tell you two."

"Yes?" Spike said, peeking out from the door above the staircase.

"Down here, please, Spike," said Twilight, "And you too, Owloysius!"

"Hoo," hooted Owloysius, gliding down to the desk next to Twilight.

"I'm leaving to go visit my parents in Canterlot tomorrow. I need both of you to take care of things around the library while I'm gone. I don't expect anybody to come in to check anything out, and the only book out right now is some romance novel Fluttershy wanted. And it's not due until after I expect to be back, so no worries there. Nevertheless, I still want the library to maintain its normal hours, so make sure everything is good to go, okay?" said Twilight. "There's a checklist in the kitchen of everything that needs to be done every day, and it's important that everything does get done. And I expect both of you to be on your best behavior, alright? I won't be gone long, and I'm never more than a letter away."

"You got it, Twi. You can count on your number one assistant!" Spike said, emphasizing his status by sticking his tongue out at Owloysius.

"Hoo."

"Good. I'll go pack," said Twilight, smiling at her two friends.

A gentle knocking at the front door caused Twilight to turn around.

"Just a moment!" said Twilight, trotting up to the front door. When she opened the door, she smiled at the sight of her violet-maned friend. "Rarity! It's so nice to see you. What brings you by? Would you like to come in?"

"Good to see you too, dear. And no, thanks. I was hoping you could join me for tea this afternoon?" said Rarity, staying just outside of the door.

"Sure. Are we going out or just over to your boutique?" asked Twilight.

"At the boutique, darling. I have a new tea that just arrived from Manehattan, and I was

hoping to get your opinion on it.”

“Alright. I won’t be able to stay too long, because I still need to pack. Let me just let Spike know I’m heading out and I’ll walk back with you.” Twilight turned around to see Spike peeking from around the corner. He jumped in surprise and tried to hide himself, but Twilight just smiled and trotted around the corner. “I guess you heard all of that, right?”

Spike just nodded, staring at the ground.

“Well, I’ll be back soon. Just behave.” Twilight gave Spike a reassuring nuzzle before heading out the door.

Rarity led Twilight in to the back half of her boutique, to her kitchen and dining area. She motioned for Twilight to sit at the round table in the corner of the room, and put on a kettle while she fetched the box of tea from a lower cupboard.

Oh, how I love this kitchen, Rarity thought. A nice, relaxing place just to prepare a meal. Or tea with a very dear friend.

Rose-stained oak cupboards and drawers lined the walls of Rarity’s kitchen, except for spaces for her stove and icebox. The arctic-blue tiled floor complemented the pastel purple walls, and the curtains and table-setting gave the kitchen a sense of completion.

Rarity smiled and hummed lightly to herself. While her work always gave her joy and a sense of purpose, her kitchen was almost always a source of calm and peace. She turned around when Twilight spoke.

“What kind of tea did you get your hooves on, Rarity?” Twilight asked.

“Ah, they call them ‘black dragon pearls’. They take only the best black tea leaves and roll them into little balls. Pop two or three into a cup and it makes one of the most delicious cups of tea you will ever taste.” Rarity flipped her mane back dramatically and put her hoof against her forehead.

“Well, it sounds lovely.”

When Rarity turned back around to face the cupboards, she fetched a clear glass teapot and two teacups. She resumed her humming as she set them on the table and fetched a bowl of sugar and a cup of milk. After setting those on the table, she grabbed the whistling kettle and poured into the teapot.

“Twilight, would you be a dear and drop in, say, six of those little dragon pearls?” Rarity asked, pointing to the little box of tea.

Motes of pale blue light surrounded six balls of tea leaves and they carefully fell into the

teapot. Both mares watched the tea steep as the water slowly turned a reddish-brown.

“Oh, wow, they unfurl! I’ve never seen tea leaves do that!” Twilight gushed, as she continued to stare at the display before her.

“So, I heard you talking with Spike and Owloysius when I knocked. May I ask what that was about?” asked Rarity as she poured tea into Twilight’s cup.

“I’m going to visit my parents in Canterlot for a few days, and I need them to look after the library. I couldn’t ask any of you to drop what you’re doing to library-sit for me, so it’s easier to have them take care of things while I’m away,” Twilight explained, adding some milk and sugar to her tea.

Twilight is visiting Canterlot? Rarity thought. Oh, if only I could join her there. I couldn’t think of a better place to tell her that I lo... to tell her that I care about her, that I have for a long time. And the glamorous city of Canterlot is the only place for it! She deserves something special, something unforgettable. But I must keep this, how do they say, “close to the vest?”

“That is very thoughtful of you, Twilight,” said Rarity, pouring her own cup of tea. “Though, I do need to visit Canterlot soon.”

“Really? What for?” inquired Twilight.

Think, Rarity! What’s a good reason that wouldn’t arouse suspicion?

“Oh, this bolt of fabric. It’s impossible to come by outside of Canterlot,” Rarity explained, sipping her tea. She lowered her voice, almost whispering as she leaned closer to Twilight, “And I didn’t want to tell anyone yet, but I finished up my new line a bit early! I was going to show Hoity Toity in a few weeks when I planned to, but having an opportunity like this? I don’t think I could pass it up!” She leaned back into her chair and continued in a normal voice. “This tea is quite lovely, no?”

“Yes, it’s very good. Thank you for sharing it,” replied Twilight. “But couldn’t you just have the fabric shipped here to Ponyville?”

“Oh no, darling, this fabric is quite special. It requires... practiced hooves, if you will. I don’t know of any courier services that would ship such a small quantity for a reasonable price. I’m afraid the only way for me to get a hold of it is to personally pick it up and escort it back.”

“That seems like an awful lot of trouble for some fabric,” stated Twilight.

“My dear, have you ever felt spider silk? It is the smoothest fabric known to Ponykind. And far stronger and more durable than just about anything. Why, a dress or a hat made of spider silk might well outlast its owner!” gushed Rarity. *Brilliant thinking, darling. And it’s a good thing that spider silk is only available in Canterlot -- or wherever it is that they get the stuff.*

"Hmm. So what makes it so difficult to transport?"

"As you know, when a spider weaves its web, the silk is incredibly sticky. To process the silk after it's harvested, special machines are used that can handle the silk without contaminating it. They roll it with a special wax paper that keeps the silk from sticking to itself. After a few weeks, the silk will start to harden and can be used like normal fabric, although it requires special shears, needles, and thread to properly handle spider silk's unique properties. But until then, it must be carefully kept to avoid anything getting stuck to it, because it becomes almost impossible to remove without damaging the fabric."

"So you need to supervise its transport yourself or pay someone an insane amount of bits to do it for you?"

"That's spider silk for you. Expensive to make, expensive to ship. But when it's ready, it is incredible how useful it is."

"Do you think you could make a saddlebag out of that spider silk? I hate having to replace mine every year because I wear holes into them."

"I most certainly could, but I'm afraid it would be pricey. But what about a lining for a saddlebag, with a different material for the exterior? That would most certainly be more cost-effective. Canvas, maybe? Or a thick cotton with a water repellent charm?" said Rarity.

"The last bag you made for me was canvas, right?"

Rarity nodded.

"Then let's go with that," said Twilight.

"And if I am going to be in Canterlot, I might as well show Hoity Toity those new designs I have. It's a lovely new line, perfect for winter gatherings. You'll really like, I'm sure."

"I was planning on just taking my balloon, but maybe you'd like to join me? I'm sure the Princess could arrange a pegasus carriage for us."

Rarity smiled widely at the invitation she was waiting for. "You are most kind, Twilight. I would be happy to join you. I will, of course, pay for my lodgings. Will you be staying with your parents, or have you selected a hotel?"

"I do need to send a letter to L'Hotel d'Equestria to prepare a room for us. I intended to stay there to be closer to my parents, but with both of us going, it'll be easier on you, too. It's closer to the Fashion District, yes? Do you have a quill and parchment I could use?"

"Much nearer, yes. And of course, darling. Let me fetch them for you."

Rarity turned and trotted out of her kitchen to her office. *What a wonderful turn of events!* Rarity thought as she rummaged through the drawers in her desk for an ink well. *I'll be able to*

tell that adorable lavender mare exactly how I feel! This will be spectacular!

Rummaging around a bit, she found some ink, a quill, and parchment, Rarity returned to the kitchen and dropped the supplies next to Twilight. She quickly wrote down that she would be arriving with a guest, and would require a room with two queen beds, one bathroom, and an oversized closet for a complete rack of clothes.

"I'll send this to the Princess when I'm back at the library," said Twilight, carefully folding the parchment into an envelope and marking it as "URGENT."

"How much are the rooms at L'Hotel d'Equestria, usually?" asked Rarity, pronouncing the hotel name perfectly. *I'm perfectly aware those rooms are pricey. But I don't think Twilight would know.*

"Rarity, it's no trouble. I'm just glad you want to accompany me to Canterlot. Because of my dad's work schedule, he might not be available for every day that I'm there. And for all the generosity that you've shown me, allow me to return the favor."

"Thank you very much, Twilight, dear. Now, if you will excuse me, I have some letters of my own. I need to tell Hoity Toity to expect me, and let some of the other fashion elite know that I will be in Canterlot, and that Carousel Boutique will be closed for several days," Rarity said, levitating the dishes from the table into the sink.

"Of course. I need to pick up the frame for my parents and write to Princess Celestia to hopefully arrange that carriage for us," said Twilight, as she left the kitchen and walked out the front door into the bright afternoon.

The bell to Maple Gilding's shop rang as Twilight entered to pick up her picture frame.

"Ah, Miss Sparkle, here to pick up your frame?" asked Maple.

"I am. I'm guessing that it's finished?"

"It is. Dark walnut with picture glass, to fit an eight-by-five. Your total is thirty-five bits, minus the twenty-five bit deposit. So ten bits covers everything."

"Ten bits," said Twilight, levitating the appropriate number of bits out of her purse and on to the counter, where Maple swept them in to the register.

Maple reached under the counter and grabbed a wrapped frame. She carefully unrolled the wool covering the frame and showed it to Twilight.

"It looks wonderful, Ms. Gilding. Thank you."

"My pleasure, Miss Sparkle. And please, call me Maple."

"I will. Thank you again," said Twilight, levitating the frame out of the shop and back to the library.

After returning to her study and setting the frame down on her nightstand, Twilight summoned Spike to dictate a letter to the Princess.

"Dear Princess Celestia, I will be leaving Ponyville for a few days to visit my parents in Canterlot. I am leaving Spike and Owloysisius in charge of the library while I am gone. Rarity will be joining me, and due to her wish to bring along several new dress designs to show off, my balloon will not be able to hold us and our luggage. I was wondering if you could spare a pegasus carriage for us. We will leave from Rarity's Carousel Boutique and we are staying in L'Hotel d'Equestria. As always, your faithful student, Twilight Sparkle. Got all of that, Spike?"

"Yup. Do you want me to send it now?"

"That would be great. Thank you, Spike."

Spike inhaled before letting out a puff of magical flames that engulfed the letter, the smoke wafting out a nearby window towards Canterlot and Princess Celestia.

"Now, I don't expect to hear a response for a few hours. I'm going to start packing my saddlebags. With any luck, they'll be packed by the time the Princess writes back."

Spike nodded and sauntered out the room to go back to reading his new comics. Twilight turned to her nightstand and opened the top drawer. She levitated her Element of Magic tiara out of its place and let it down on her bed. She then fetched a scarf from its hook on the wall and carefully wrapped it around her tiara. Twilight did the same for the brooch from her Grand Galloping Gala dress. She set aside her actual dress to put on the rack Rarity would bring. Finally, she brought the carefully wrapped picture frame off of the top of the nightstand and gently tucked it into the bag.

"Let's see," Twilight said to herself, levitating a checklist in front her. "Tiara? Check. Brooch? Check. Scarfs? Check. Gala dress? Check. Picture? Check. Apple juice? Downstairs. *Introduction to the Theory and Methods of Dressmaking*? On the shelf. Hmm."

I wonder if Rarity would like to take a look at this on the trip. Come to think of it, why does Rarity want to come with me? I know that Rarity always loves to go to Canterlot, but why would she be so insistent on coming with me? Why not just go on her own? I'm sure it would be easier on her schedule. Twilight sat down to catch her breath as she continued her line of thinking.

And why has she been so formal with me for the past few weeks? I know that we're friends and we both have fun together, but she seems way more reserved and interested in her work than usual. Maybe she's just excited about her new line. She let out an exasperated sigh.

"Better fetch the juice and the book."

Twilight walked down the stairs, her hooves making light clopping noises against the wood of the staircase. She pushed her way into the kitchen and opened the icebox door. After she grabbed a half dozen bottles of Sweet Apple Acres' Apple Juice, Twilight turned to the library and looked for the book.

"I... I... *In the Eyes of Royalty, Introduction to Artistic Expressionism, Introduction to the Theory of Criminality...* Ah ha! *Dressmaking!*" Twilight pulled the book from the shelf and levitated the juice along with it. As she made her way back up to her room, she heard a belch come from the kitchen.

"Twilight!" Spike shouted. "Princess Celestia sent you a letter!"

"Coming, Spike!"

Twilight set down the juice and the book at the foot of the stairs, careful to keep them apart, lest the condensation from any of the bottles ruin any precious pages.

As she entered the kitchen, Spike had the scroll set on the counter next to the icebox he was rooting around in.

"Do we have any sapphires left?" Spike asked, not bothering to remove his head from the icebox.

"No, you ate them all yesterday, remember? Which reminds me, I should leave some bits for you to buy food, shouldn't I?"

"That would be nice, yeah."

"Well, let me read the letter, and you can go fetch my bit purse."

"You got it!"

Twilight magicked the letter off of the counter and carefully removed the starburst seal of Princess Celestia.

Dear Twilight Sparkle, my most faithful student,

You of course have leave to visit your parents whenever you wish. I hope that you haven't neglected to visit simply because you thought I might disapprove of you leaving your studies. You may have full use of one my pegasus carriages, and one will arrive whenever you please. I have also seen to your accommodations in L'Hotel d'Equestria; consider this a gift to you, your parents, and to Rarity. And if you so desire, I am more than willing to set aside

time to see you and any guests.

Your mentor,

Princess Celestia

Twilight set down the letter and pulled out parchment to get started on a reply. She noticed the clink of bits hitting each other that accompanied Spike's entrance.

"Ah, Spike. Just in time to take a letter."

"Oh, alright. Lay it on me," sighed Spike.

"Dear Princess Celestia, thank you so very much for the kind words, the carriage, and the hotel. Could you arrange for the carriage to arrive at Carousel Boutique tomorrow afternoon, around 2 PM? Your faithful student, Twilight Sparkle." Twilight paused for a moment to let Spike catch up. "Go ahead and send it."

"It's off," said Spike, exhaling a puff of flames.

"Right. Now I need to let Rarity know to expect the carriage tomorrow afternoon."

"Why not try that new spell you learned, the one that lets you send little letters short distances? Or how about I take it over for you? After all, I'm your number one assistant."

"Of course! The spell! And I was reading this morning, I should be able to add an extra charm that lets the person reply!"

Spike sighed and handed her the quill as Twilight grabbed another sheet of parchment.

Dear Rarity,

Princess Celestia will be sending a carriage tomorrow afternoon, probably around 2 PM. It will pick us up in front of your boutique. She has also paid for our hotel stay, so you definitely don't need to worry about paying for your part. She said it was a gift to us and my parents. And should you want an audience with her, she's more than willing to see us.

If you need any help packing, let me know: I'm almost done here. The spell I used to send this to you will allow you to reply and it will be sent back to me when you apply your seal.

Your friend,

Right when Rarity put a fifth dress on the rack she was taking to Canterlot, she noticed a small scroll pop into existence and float on to her bed. Slowly sneaking up to it, she saw the six pointed star of Twilight's seal, and opened the letter.

"Hmm. 2 PM. A gift from the princess, and a possible audience. My, my, Rarity, this *is* shaping up to be a magnificent adventure!" Rarity practically sang to herself. She rushed to find her quill from the kitchen and jotted down her response:

Thank you, Twilight, I do believe I will be ready in plenty of time. I need to send Sweetie Belle to spend a few days with Apple Bloom; I'm sure they will be delighted. Could you let Applejack know? I hate to spring this on anypony. I suppose we should tell our other friends that we will be gone, no?

True to Twilight's word, as soon Rarity put her own three diamond seal on the letter, it popped out of existence.

"Sweetie Belle! Oh, Sweetie Belle!" called Rarity.

"Yeah, sis?" came the voice of her younger sister.

"My dear, how would you like to stay with Apple Bloom for a few days? I'm heading off to Canterlot with Twilight, and I'm afraid that you won't be able to stay here alone."

"I'd love to! Scootaloo is already staying with Apple Bloom because her parents are going out of town, too. Oh, this is going to be so much fun! **Cutie Mark Crusader sleepover at Sweet Apple Acres! Yay!**"

Rarity cringed at Sweetie Belle's sudden shouting. "Very well, then. Just be sure to treat Applejack and the rest of the Apple family with respect and dignity. You are a lady-in-training, after all. Now, pack your things. When I hear back from Twilight, I'll walk you over to Sweet Apple Acres."

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