Two months after Twilight made her first telegraph and twenty five miles away from Ponyville, a herd of fillies and colts walked the roads of Manehatan. It was but a month into school, and already they were tired from it, happy to be free of the torture of being in their dreary classrooms, eager now to play in the streets.

"I'll be the Madmare this time!" said one of the fillies. She was too young for a cutie mark, and indeed, thought too young to be playing with the group. But she was brash and wouldn't take no for an answer, and today, she was determined to be the "Madmare" in their games.

"Go home Snow Cone," said one of the colts, her older brother. "You know mom doesn't like you out after school. And you cramp our style."

"Oh come on," said one of the fillies. "She's alright. We can let her play for once."

"And be the madmare!" shouted Snow Cone. Her little wings were buzzing in excitement, to the point where she was involuntarily hovering above the ground.

"Ugh," said Snow Cone's brother. "Fine."

Being the "madmare" was simply the new name the group has chosen for who was "it" in a modified game of tag. If the "madmare" got you, you'd have to do some predetermined action either during or after the game, always based on some idea on what new stories they heard about the "Madmare of Ponyville."

"So what this time?" said another one of the ponies. "I heard just the other day that the madmare had found a way to bring back the dead."

"She makes zombies?!" asked Snow Cone. "That's so cool!"

"Nah," said another filly, waving her hoof in the air to draw attention to herself. "She just found a way to

keep pony from dying. But if you accept the eternal life she gives you, you end up living *like* a zombie."

Most of the ponies gasped. A few scoffed. But all of them had smiles on their faces after a few moments. Talking about the madmare was the new popular thing to do.

"So if I catch you, you turn into a zombie!" cried Snow Cone. Before anypony had a change to agree or disagree, she yelled "go!" and ran to the nearest pony before the ponies scattered, laughing and giggling.

That night in Ponyville, Twilight was hard at work. She hadn't slept in days. And she felt great.

Taking a drink of water she gathered the fruits of her latest project. Just in time, as she heard a knock on her door.

"Spike!" she called. "Spike!" No answer. He was sleeping. Smiling, she quickly ran over to his cot and dragged him by the tail over near the door, and yelled in his ear.

"SPIKE!"

The baby dragon woke up, startled, jumping out of bed.

"What's happening, are we under attack?!" he asked, running behind a table. His eyes were puffy and dark from sleepiness, and Twilight decided she needed to hurry or else he'd fall asleep again.

The nock came again.

"Spike, get the door please."

Spike looked at her bewildered and obviously angry, but he did what she said.

As soon as the door opened, five ponies walked inside Twilight's workshop, all bleary eyed, yawning, with frizzled manes and tails.

"Why are we here again?" asked Rainbow Dash. She was walking for once, and as soon as she entered the house, dropped on the floor and closed her eyes.

"Twilight, I hope this is important," said Rarity. "It's four in the morning and we're all very tired."

"Exactly!" said Twilight, clopping her hooves together. Her friends just groaned.

Twilight grabbed her newest creations, or at least, the bag holding them. She levitated five grape-sized yellow-gold pills, and gave one to each of her friends.

"And here's one for you Spike," she said, giving him a purple one.

"Uh... what're we supposed to do with these?" asked Applejack, but as soon as she finished her sentence, Pinkie Pie has immediately swallowed hers.

"Don't chew," said Twilight.

Shrugging, the others all took their own pills, trusting that their friend wouldn't do anything to harm them.

Twilight watched eagerly as their yawns stopped, their eyes brightened, and they stood straighter.

"Woah," said Rainbow Dash, flying up into the air. "This is amazing!"

Pinkie was bouncing around the room, and looked on in mild worry that she'd break something.

"Twilight... what's happened to us?" asked Fluttershy. She too, no longer looked to be collapsing from exhaustion.

"Yeah seriously Twilight," said Spike "I feel great, and it's the middle of the night!"

"They're survival pills," said Twilight, barely containing her pride. "Take one, and you won't have to eat or

sleep. They last for one week. You still need to drink though."

"A *week*?" All of them said it at once.

"I'm gonna be up all week?" asked Applejack.

"Oh think of the work I could finish!" said Rarity.

"But I like eating!" said Pinkie Pie with a frown.

"Girls, girls!" said Twilight. "Calm down. Pinkie, you *can* eat if you want. You just don't need to and won't feel real hunger. And after a week everything will go back to normal. No side effects or anything. And you can keep taking them as long as you want to always stay awake."

"That is... amazing," said Fluttershy. "But what am I going to do at night? All the animals are asleep."

"Relax," said Twilight. "Read a book. Do whatever you want. You have lots of free time now."

"I really wish you'da told us what this did before you made us take it," said Applejack. "I mean, I dunno about this. I guess I could get a lot more work done now. But what if it's night and I don't want to work?"

Twilight sighed. "I don' t know, something."

"You can come to my parties!" said Pinkie. "Now that we don't need to sleep, I can throw a party every night!"

Rainbow Dash's ears flattened. "Oh, joy. You know, I don't know what everypony is so worried about. I think this is awesome, I can get so much more training in now! I'll be in the Wonderbolts for sure!"

"I am quite pleased as well," said Rarity. "I can shift most of my work at night and then I won't have to worry about Sweetie Belle bothering me while I work! And I will then have so much time to go to the

spa, and get ponypetis. It'll be so wonderful."

"Hey Twilight, what's this?" yelled Pinkie. She had somehow walked into Twilight's bathroom without her noticing.

Twilight saw what Pinkie Pie was pointing at.

"It dries my coat when I get out of the shower, or bath," said Twilight.

"How does it work?"

"Fire-Gold runs along the sides and rarefies the air, which flows into the centre. The air is thus artificially dry and soaks up all the water on my coat when I move into it."

"Oooooh," said Pinkie Pie. She walked inside, but of course she had no water on her, so nothing happened. She stuck her tongue out, held it there, and then sucked it back in her mouth and coughed. "Wow," she said. "It's like a desert in there." She bounced out and made her way to the kitchen. "I'm thirsty."

"Help yourself I guess," said Twilight. "Though I do have a lot more to do, so...." She let that statement dangle, but it didn't look like anypony heard her.

"Can I get one of those drying things in my place?" asked Pinkie, taking a deep drink of water from the kitchen.

"I sold the design a while back to several construction companies, and I also sold the method for producing Fire-Gold to several Metalsmiths. I'm sure you'll see advertisements for them soon, and then you can just pay to have one installed if you want."

"You're *selling* these things?" asked Rarity. "How much have you been getting?"

"Well yes, I have to pay back my loans somehow," said Twilight. "And I'm getting... well, let's just say I'm getting what I think is a good price for the ideas I sell."

"I was wondering how ponies were hearing about you," said Rainbow Dash. "Outiside of, you know, everypony making fun of you."

"Ponies are making fun of me?" asked Twilight. She hadn't heard such a thing.

"You know you're the 'Madmare of Ponyville' right?"

"I'm the what now?"

"Well um you see Twilight," said Applejack looking apprehensive. "When I'm off apple selling I hear some of the ponies talkin' and it looks like you got yourself quite the reputation."

"What kind of reputation?" Twilight found herself irritated.

"Oh, how should this be put," said Rarity, cutting Applejack off. "I suppose... yes that's it. You have the reputation as something of a crazy witch."

"What, how?!" Twilight was definitely angry now. Looking around at her friends she saw in their eyes that they were getting that worried look again, so she tried to calm herself down.

"If I were to hazard a guess," continued Rarity. "I would say it's because ponies hear of all these, ahem, things you've created. And they're just so new and so different and there are *so many* of them."

Twilight shook her head in disbelief. How could they think something like that? A thought occurred to her.

"Mephistopheles," she thought. "Exactly what percentage of ponies have this opinion of me?"

Mephistopheles stepped forward. "Out of all ponies in Equestria, eighty three percent know your name for one reason or another. Of this eighty three percent, forty five percent are in some sense aware of your inventions, or that you have been inventing strange things. Of these, twenty nine percent view you negatively, while the rest either have no opinion, or think positively of it. All together and rounded up a mere eleven percent of all ponies in Equestria think poorly of you.

"That's not... too bad," said Twilight to herself.

"I guess there's no use worrying about it," said Twilight out loud.

"That's the spirit," said Applejack. "Don't let nothing get ya down."

They hung around about half an hour longer making small talk before filtering back out to their new twenty-four hour lives, each with a bag of survival pills.

"Applejack," called Twilight before the orange pony could follow the others. "Stay a bit longer, there's something I want to ask you."

"Sure thing Twilight. What is it?"

Twilight closed the door behind Applejack before speaking. Now they were alone, except for Spike and Owlowicius. "I've been thinking on how I should sell these survival pills."

"You're gonna *sell* them? Ponies all over up at all hours of the day, nopony needing to eat anything?"

"Well, yes," said Twilight. "Think of all the good it could do. Nopony would go hungry and productivity could effectively be doubled."

"Well I guess," said Applejack. "But what about ponies like me?"

"What do you mean?"

"If nopony needs to eat, who's gonna eat my apples? Or any of the other stuff I grow? What about the Carrots and their farm?"

"Ponies don't have to eat, but like I told Pinkie Pie, they can. It'll just be a luxury now, not a necessity. Nopony will die if they don't. I'm sure you'll still get plenty of apple sales. Your apples are delicious after all."

Applejack chuckled. "I guess they are. But I guess we got off topic, what was it you wanted to ask me?"

"I was wondering if *you* would be the one to sell these pills."

Applejack didn't know if she heard right. She looked at Twilight for a moment and waited to see if she was going to say something else that would make more sense. Finding the unicorn wasn't going to say anything, Applejack replied with the only thing she could. "Beg pardon?"

"I need somepony who's good at business and whom I can trust. That's you Applejack. I trust you enough that I'm sure you can sell these and sell them well. You can keep most of the profits. You'll be able to sell them alongside your apples too. Think of what a success you could be!"

"Money ain't important Twilight," said Applejack. "I run Sweet Apple Acres, and I'll continue to run it till the day I die. I dunno if I want to get myself roped into something else."

"It won't be much more work!" said Twilight. "Considering you now have twenty four hours in a day to do everything, it's no more work at all! I need your help Applejack. Can you do this for me?"

"Why don't you just sell them to some company and let them handle it?"

"Because... well."

Applejack waited but it looked like whatever it was Twilight wanted to say was difficult.

"It's because I want to help my friends, I want you all to benefit from what I'm doing here. And you're the first one I thought of when I thought of selling these things."

Applejack was conflicted. On one hoof, she didn't like the idea of ponies thinking she needed help. She was a strong pony, she didn't need anyone's help. She wasn't really hurtin' for bits. On the other hoof, she knew deep down this wasn't charity. Twilight was her friend, and she'd learned a while ago to accept friend's help when you need it, and to accept gifts without assuming they was some insult behind it.

"I... I guess I could do this," Applejack finally said.

"Great!" said Twilight, smiling. "I'll run you through everything you'll need to know to make these. It's not too hard once you know the ingredients."

"Speaking of, here's the list of all the ingredients you'll need." Twilight gave Applejack a long list filled with seemingly random ingredients, not all of which were typically edible, and some poisonous on their own. "Now I know they look weird and some of them are dangerous, but trust me, it works and is perfectly safe when combined properly. Safe for ponies. Don't sell these to anyone who's not a pony."

"But you gave one to Spike," said Applejack, finally getting a word in.

"A *different* one," said Twilight. "Dragons need different ingredients, proportions, and preparations for their pills. All different species need different ones."

"Species? What about Earth Ponies and Pegasus Ponies? Do they need different ones?"

"No, what makes a healthy Earth Pony is the same that makes a healthy Pegasus Pony, or Unicorn Pony. Different ponies are the same species."

Applejack nodded, understanding.

"Now, I'll also give you the money to buy these ingredients at first, but once you start making a profit you'll have to do that yourself. Okay?"

Applejack nodded again.

"There you are," said Twilight, giving Applejack a large sack of bits. "That should be everything you need."

"Wow," said Applejack, eyes widening. "With this much money I could finally get Granny's hip replaced."

Twilight quirked an eyebrow. "That's still not taken care of?"

Applejack shook her head. "I hoped to get the money I needed from selling things at the Grand Galloping Gala, and we both remember how that turned out."

Twilight smiled. "Yeah," she said. "If your grandmother still needs help, I could give her a once over, maybe help her out depending on what's wrong."

Once again Applejack wasn't sure she heard right. "What's that now? I didn't know you were a doctor."

Twilight laughed out loud. It was almost creepy. "I'm better than a doctor Applejack, I'm a scientist."

"I don't get it. What's that supposed to mean?"

"Medicine is a foundation of science. That is, Medicine is the foundation stone of Alchemy, Alchemy the foundation stone of Science. A doctor knows only medicine, a Scientist must know medicine and then move beyond it."

"Now that just don't make no sense!" said Applejack, trying to wrap her mind around it. It was

completely contrary to everything she had ever known, even assuming that "alchemy" actually existed beyond the temporary transmutation unicorns could do.

"It makes sense," said Twilight, holding her head up in pride. "To understand the Xi flows of the body, how they work harmoniously to create a single whole is the stepping stone to moving outwards and understanding the Xi flows of the universe. It's all connected."

Applejack paused. Twilight hadn't been wrong so far. She'd already done so many amazing things.

"You might be able to help granny?" asked Applejack as she looked straight into Twilight's eyes. She didn't want there to be any misunderstandings.

"Probably. I can come over later today and give her a look."

"Alright," said Applejack, trying to contain the hope in her voice. "So is that all?"

"One more thing I want to ask actually. The Princess has finally given me permission to take on a few students. I'll be teaching in the Library during normal school hours. I was wondering if you'd let me teach Apple Bloom."

"Teach Apple Bloom all yer crazy science stuff?" asked Applejack. Twilight nodded, nonplussed by Applejack's comment. "Tell ya what. If you fix Granny, that'll prove to me that what you know is worth teaching, and it worth Apple Bloom learning it instead of what she's learning now. I'll pull her out of Ms. Cheerilee's class and set her under your care then."

Twilight smiled brightly. She was sure she could help Granny Smith, and that meant her first student! Things were going swimmingly!

That day, after the sun had risen and Twilight had a shower, Twilight left her workshop in the care of Spike and headed to Sweet Apple Acres, saddle bags on and full of equipment. It was close by, much

closer than Twilight's previous residence, and as soon as she walked up to the barn Big Mac was there to greet her.

"Hello Twilight Sparkle," he said in his usual slow methodical voice. "Mighty fine stuff those pills of yours. Been up since Applejack gave me one early this morning, not the least bit tired."

Twilight's ears folded back at the praise.

"Not at all Big Mac, glad to hear everyone's getting use out of them."

Big Mac nodded, saying nothing. He swished the sprig of wheat in his mouth from side to side, as if contemplating his next few words.

"I hear you're gonna give Granny a once over," he said. He stopped shifting the wheat in his mouth and looked right at her. "I just want to let you know I won't be very happy if something bad happens to her."

Twilight wasn't used to being threatened, but she understood his feelings on this. Family was important for the Apple Family, and he didn't want to see his grandmother get hurt. And as far as threats went, this one wasn't so bad.

"Don't worry Big Macintosh," said Twilight. "I promise everything will be fine."

Big Mac snorted, but then his eyes returned to their normal relaxed state and he trotted off to do whatever it was he had to do.

Soon after Applejack found her and led her inside, where Granny Smith was asleep in her chair.

"You didn't give her a pill?" asked Twilight.

"Why would I? What would she do all those hours with a bad hip, bad eyes, bad ears...."

"Ah."

"I need her to lie down on a bed," said Twilight.

Applejack nodded before prodding her grandmother.

"Up and addem Granny Smith," she said. "My friend's here to see to that hip."

Granny Smith snorted and awoke. She looked around in confusion, blinking her eyes several times.

"Wuh?" she said. "Oh, oh yes, of course."

Slowly, really slowly, Applejack led her grandmother to her bedroom as Twilight followed. Once there Granny Smith was instructed to lay down, and once she had, Twilight brought out her supplies.

Lots of extremely thin gold needles, cinnabar paint, and a brush made from hairs from her own tail. Twilight's horn glowed and she began her examination, following the Xi lines of the old mare's body, noticing the flaws and imperfections. After several minutes of this, still examining, she brought up her brush and dipped it in cinnabar paint, as well as several needles, and began drawing lines as thin as she could make them along the Xi flows, correcting imperfections, placing the needles gently inside of Granny Smith along key areas of bundled Xi in the body.

"Do those hurt Granny?" asked Applejack, looking worriedly at the needles.

Granny Smith said nothing, and Twilight spoke instead.

"They shouldn't hurt. They're too thin, and unless I place them improperly they won't cause pain. At most, mild discomfort or heat."

She returned to her work. After a long while she brought out a few silver needles, and they too were pressed into Granny Smith's skin. As time went on, Twilight brought out more things, gold and silver

mesh, small pieces of wood, and placed them in or around Granny Smith, or made connections between needles. At certain points Applejack gasped in wonder as the painted lines on Granny Smith began to move, flowing around her body in majestic patters all along her body, not just her hip.

Finally Twilight pulled out a now-familiar Survival Pill and placed it on Granny Smith's tongue.

"Swallow," said Twilight, and Granny Smith, her eyes closed, did as commanded. The lines on her body sped up momentarily and then finally stopped.

"I'm done," said Twilight. "I've fixed Granny Smith's hip, fixed her eyesight, fixed her hearing, increased the calcium in her bones to their proper levels, and otherwise regulated her body. She's as fit as a fiddle."

Applejack just stared.

"What?"

But before Twilight could reply, Granny Smith opened her eyes and jumped out of bed.

"Yee-haw!" she shouted, and Applejack's jaw fell open. Her eyes were opened so wide Twilight worried they might fall out of her skull.

"I haven't felt this good in decades!" said Granny Smith. She started dancing, and Twilight had to fight the urge to laugh. She still had needles all over her, and the paint was rubbing off from her motion. Before she could do any harm to herself Twilight quickly pulled all the pins out in order with her magic before letting Granny Smith go wash the paint off, leaving her alone in the bedroom with a still shocked Applejack.

"I - I thought you were just gonna fix her hip, not do... whatever it is you did!"

Twilight just waved those concerns away with her hoof. "I've made her overall healthier. Isn't that a good thing?"

Applejack held her hooves to her head, as she still couldn't comprehend her good fortune.

"It is a powerful good thing Twilight!" she finally said. "I'm mighty happy that you could do this, and I know Big Mac and Apple Bloom will be happy too." Her smile grew even wider. "And speaking of Apple Bloom, I can have her out of Ms. Cheerilee's class and into your hooves as soon as you'd like! You've convinced me, what you know sure is useful and I'd be more than happy to let you teach Apple Bloom!"

"That's wonderful," said Twilight. "We can start tomorrow!"

A month later and Mares and Stallions from Cloudsdale to Manehatten would be taking Twilights survival pills. Soon after, with Twilight's blessing, Applejack would send the recipe and instructions to other members of the Apple Family and spread the new pharmaceutical even further. And all the while Applejack and her family would be making more money than they possibly knew what to do with.