

Split Eyes. Words by Meta Four.

Dear Page Turner,

See that drawing? That's me doing the I Was So Right Dance. La la la la, I was right!

You see, I'm looking through those books from Great-Grandma Loopy's old house (the ones that you wanted to just give away) and they're a treasure trove. She wrote notes in the margins of at least half of these books. A lot of notes. And she left all kinds of papers between the pages. It's gonna take me months, maybe even a year, to organize all this material.

But I didn't just write to tell you how right I was. (I was totally right.) I'm writing because I found something that will help you and that biography you're working on. You said the biggest blank period of Grandma Ditzzy's life was between when she left Cloudsdale and when she moved back to Ponyville. That those stories she used to tell us were literally your only source for that period. Well, I found another source. Technically.

It turns out that Grandma wrote Great-Grandma a bunch of letters back in the day. And Great-Grandma kept them stuffed in the back of her cookbooks. There are letters covering almost all of Grandma's life away from her parents. Including that blank period in your manuscript.

These letters match what I remember of Grandma's stories, but with more detail. And I can already hear the critics: "But that doesn't prove anything! For all we know, Ditzzy Doo just made up a good story and stuck to it for decades!" But the great thing about the extra details in these letters: they're leads. I'm sure it'll be no trouble for you to follow them, track down other sources, and corroborate the story.

I've included photocopies of the relevant letters. You're welcome.

*Your favorite sister,
Twisty*

dear mom and dad,

i'm getting settled here in manhattan. i think i'm really going to like it here. sundew's advice on apartment hunting was very helpful. i found a very nice, clean place that's not far from work.

top floor apartment, with big windows and everything. and the landlady's a real sweetie. she gave me a discount on the rent when she found out this was my first real job.

speaking of work, oh my goodness, weather patrol here is so EASY. first week or so i thought to myself, well, this is awfully nice of them. easing me into the job. then this week i told my supervisor, sonic wind, that i was ready to start working for real and pulling my own weight. he just looked at me funny and said i was ALREADY pulling my own weight. i think he's afraid now that i'm gunning for his position, haha! seriously, though, the weather classes at school were tougher than work here.

as for my free time, i joined a book club at the local library. we're reading through MADNESS by dusty desk key. turns out he's a better writer than i remembered! and everypony else in the club is so nice. i've been hanging out with a few of them. fortune teller, roka, and sirena are their names. they tell such funny stories! i think you'd like them a lot. but you'll have to come here to meet them, since they're all earth ponies.

how did the trip to grandma's go? have you rented out my old room yet, haha?

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

everything is still great here in manhattan. work is slow. but sonic wind says i'm such a go-getter, i could easily win the employee of the quarter award! and that comes with a pretty nice bonus.

you were wondering about my friends from the book club? well, fortune teller runs a shop downtown. she sells books and music, mostly. roka works at the seabiscuit institute of mental health. i don't remember exactly what she does. though she's pretty high up the chain, i think. maybe even on the board of directors. as for sirena, i don't know. i have to ask her, next time i see her.

but i think you're worrying too much. all of them seem too nice to do what you think. it's not like there's anything for them to notice, anyway. there just isn't much for me to DO here in manhattan, as far as my special talent goes. there are random, harmless krasnicker tubes, and

the usual rate of sharviika infections, and not much else. of course, i'll be careful if i do anything. but you really don't need to worry for me.

have fun on your first camping trip without me! i'll be thinking of you every time i eat a muffin out in the cafe.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

I'm doing just Spiffy right now. I Take Satisfaction in having such a nice Area to live in. Friends—mine are Exceptional, Truly. Oh, and Work is going Right as well.

I Trust Everything is okay with you?

hugs and kisses,
ditzy doo

Page,

I won't insult you by spelling out the code message in that letter.

It's funny, though. I was shaking my head at Grandma's standoffish relationship with capitalization through all the prior letters. (Where did that come from, anyway? She certainly didn't copy it from her parents.) Then here, she suddenly uses normal capitals (well, more normal than usual) to slip a message right under the nose of anypony who's unfamiliar with her usual writing style.

And that makes me wonder even more where the code came from. There's no discussion of it in any of the previous letters. Did Grandma Ditzy make it up on the spot and trust her parents to notice it? Or did they devise the code together before she even left home?

It makes me wish I had asked Grandma more about what her parents taught her—about keeping her special talent a secret. You found some information about that, right? I'd love to read what you uncovered.

dear mom and dad,

I'M OKAY NOW. i'm on the run. but i'm okay. please don't worry about me.

i don't know how much you've heard. did the newspapers in cloudsdales have anything to say about my incident? did the ponies in white contact you? they probably told you that i'm crazy or that i did something reprehensible. i promise you i did NOT hurt anypony. and you already know i'm not crazy.

i'm sorry i ever called you paranoid. never going to do that again.

can you contact my landlady? gatilla is her name. thank her for me, and tell her i'm doing okay.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i never actually told you what happened in manhattan, did i?

it started when i met roka's family. one of my "friends" from the book club, remember? anyway, her son had a problem, one that only i could see. (lucky dime was the colt's name. no, that wasn't the problem.) i knew how to fix it, of course. but how could i do it without roka getting suspicious?

then, a stroke of luck: roka asked if i could foalsit while she and her husband went to some party. i said yes. while she was out, lucky dime and i went to a nice ice cream parlor downtown. we then sat on a particular bench, in a particular park nearby, and ate our ice cream.

roka caught me on the way back to her place. "what the hay are you doing?" she asked me. (just now, it occurs to me that roka's husband wasn't there. i wonder why that was.)

"we're getting ice cream," i said.

“did i TELL you that you could take him out for ice cream?”

“umm ...”

“was it part of our agreement that you could leave the house with my son, my precious son, in tow?”

“ummmmm ...”

“then what possessed you to think bringing my one and only son downtown was POSSIBLY a good idea?”

“because he had a bad infestation of sharviikas!”

as soon as the words left my mouth, i realized i should have stuck to saying, “umm.”

having spilled that much, i decided i might as well tell roka everything. i said, “sharviikas are higher-dimensional brain parasites. for an adult pony, they’re just a bit of a nuisance. but at lucky dime’s age there can be dangerous complications. so i took him to get some ice cream, and afterwards, to see xanthorgh the flayer about removing the sharviikas.”

roka just stared at me.

lucky dime chimed in, “what? we didn’t see anypony named xanthorgh the flayer. but he sure sounds cool!”

roka said, “lucky, we’re going home. NOW.”

i hoped that would be the end of it. of course it wasn’t.

a few days later, just as i was coming home from work, gatilla the landlady called me into her office. she said, “ditzzy doo, have you ever been diagnosed with a mental problem?”

i said, “what?”

“are you in trouble with the law?”

“what?”

“have you hurt somepony?”

“no, of course not. no to all three of those!”

she looked at me, studied my face for a while. she muttered something under her breath. it sounded like, “this would be so much easier if you were lying ...”

i said, “what’s this about?”

“just a bit ago, big stallions in white coats came here, asking for you, ditzzy. they had a court authorization to search your apartment.”

“oh. did they like what they found?”

“you can ask them yourself. they’re still up there, waiting for you. with a straightjacket.”

“thaaaat’s not good.” (you can see how all that school i attended really paid off.)

gatilla said, “but i’ve got a better idea.” she gave me a saddlebag. “i packed a few days’ worth of food, some clothes, and your security deposit. take this and GO. now. don’t look back.”

so i did what she said. well, i messed up on the “don’t look back” part. i went up on another rooftop to look through my window. i confirmed that there really were sanitarium orderlies waiting in my apartment. i don’t think they saw me.

anyway, i relocated to hoofenberg. found a job waiting tables to make ends meet, while i pondered what to do next. but this is still too close to manehattan, so i can’t stay here any longer. by the time you receive this, i’ll be on my way to fillydelpia. i’ll write again when i get there.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i'll never complain about those wilderness survival camping trips ever again. my food ran out halfway to fillydelpia. i remembered your advice about which wild plants are safe to eat, and which aren't. that's the reason i didn't look like a skeleton when i got to the city.

i joined a temp agency to get work. currently they have me doing stock work in a warehouse. it'll pay the bills until i find something weather-related.

any good news from home?

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i'm on the move again. walking with the shadows, down that living road. moving on ...

i just couldn't take fillydelphia anymore. the traffic was awful. all the buildings were ugly. weather patrol wasn't hiring. but everypony in that office seemed to be a jerk, so i wouldn't have liked working there, anyway. hooray for sour grapes.

the absolute last straw was that time, a few days ago, when my supervisor and some co-workers at the temp office were talking about me behind my back. with the police. granted, i didn't hear what they were saying. but they all went silent as soon as i walked into the room. and one of them stared at me until another nudged him and made him stop. so it was pretty obvious who the subject of the conversation was.

i very casually walked out the back door, and the cops followed me. so i slipped into another dimension and popped back into normal space about a dozen blocks away.

good riddance.

i really appreciate the offer to come back home. i wish i could, now more than ever. but you'll be prosecuted if anypony finds out you helped me. i can't let that happen.

i'll write again when i find another mailbox.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i'm reminded of what grampa said about always using the right tool for the job. don't use a wrench to pound nails into a board. don't use a wheelie chair to do a step stool's job. and, most relevant to me: don't phase into a higher dimension to cross a river if you can just swim it or fly over.

in my defense, i wouldn't have phased over if i knew there was a town on the other bank. maybe the real lesson here is to perform better reconnaissance? then i could have avoided the noon rush crowd in the market square.

in retrospect, i really could have responded better to their shocked reactions. when the crowd says "oh my goodness, that PEGASUS just TELEPORTED!" then running away won't exactly calm them down. considering my luck, one of the mares i bowled over was probably the chief of police or mayor or something.

as i write this, i'm hiding in the woods just outside. once the commotion is over, i'll sneak in and mail this to you. then i'll head south.

i'll write to you again in baltimore.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i have a travel buddy now. we crossed paths yesterday, and she insisted we should go together. her name's trixie, and come to think of it, i don't know what she actually does. she told me some stories about herself. i can't tell if any of them were the slightest bit true. but things are certai

DEAR MRS. AND MR. DITZY'S PARENTS:

THE GREAT AND POWERFUL TRIxie WISHES TO CONVEY JUST HOW THANKFUL SHE IS TO HAVE MET YOUR DAUGHTER. SHE'S CERTAINLY AN ODD PONY, BUT SHE'S BEEN UNDENIABLY HELPFUL AND KNOWLEDGEABLE AT EVERY STEP OF THE WAY. YOU MUST BE SO PROUD OF HER.

AND BE SURE TO SEE THE GREAT AND POWERFUL TRIxie'S ONE-MARE SHOW, COMING SOON TO A

i didn't write that. i'll leave it so you can see what i've had to deal with. apparently trixie's a stage performer. that explains a lot.

we're less than a day from baltimore. i'll write again as soon as i have a return address there.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

baltimore was a bust. they actually had wanted posters set out for me. and locals recognized me from them. i got out quickly as i could.

trixie and i went our separate ways. she absolutely had to stay in baltimore to raise money.

i'm going to drop off the grid for a bit. if luck hasn't completely forsaken me, the heat should die down before i get back. if you need to reach me, ask grandma how to send mail to iasô-nmartis. if it's possible, she'll know how.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i'm alright. i just needed to cut my trip short. once the novelty of not being a wanted pony wore off, i just got SO BORED. the wild grass of those blue savannas is delicious as an occasional

meal. but it's much too sweet to eat for weeks on end. the great abandoned city is every bit as beautiful as ever, in its run-down way. but it just gets monotonous after a while.

i plumbed the depths of my introversion and found my limits. i wanted to be among ponies again. even if it means walking beneath the moon and covering my tracks to get there. tackleford is the next town on my way. i'll write again when i arrive.

what's the news from home? it's been too long since i've had a return address.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

tackleford is treating me well. i'm working as a construction pony right now. working my hooves down to the skin and bone, but i'm sleeping well. it feels good to earn my own keep once again.

and recently, the job got a lot more interesting. we're having problems with tyndalocurrs and vrakkas. i've dealt with them quietly, before they could cause any damage. it's fun. i missed doing this sort of thing more than i realized.

don't worry—I'm watching my back. one hoof on the hammer, one hoof out the door: that's me.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

moving on, moving on. to where? anywhere? nowhere?

the construction job is no more. i guess i wasn't as quiet in dealing with the pest infestation as i thought. ponies see you hanging around a construction site after hours, with a salt shaker and a bunch of green onions, and they start to wonder, you know? i told them it was a traditional good luck charm. i don't think they bought it.

but the final straw was definitely NOT my fault. that big tyndalocurr cut that support beam like a knife through butter! if i had waited any longer to pull my supervisor away, her head would have been smashed in!

and then with the weird looks and questions! "you started flying BEFORE the beam broke. how did you know that accident was going happen?" through my amazing powers of PATTERN RECOGNITION, you thunderheads. and i guess it helped a bit that i could see the tyndalocurr, too.

i'm pretty sure that was the last of the infestation, at least. so they should be safe without me, now.

moving on. holding on to nothing.

i'm in rambleton right now, in the foothills of rambling ridge. i wonder how long before i have to flee it, too?

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i'm sorry my last letter was so negative. i don't want you to worry about me. i'm feeling a lot better.

rambleton is very nice. everypony is so friendly here. the view of rambling ridge is gorgeous. i'm surprised this town isn't overrun by tourists. and it's so quiet. no anomalies, or tyndalocurrs, or vrakkas, or sharviikas, or oanases, or shadow eaters, or fia, or psoraphora, or chelipedes, or fractares... you get the idea. xanthorh the flayer doesn't even have an emanation here! i wonder why that is.

the local branch of weather patrol might have an opening in a few months. rumor has it the branch head is retiring, and the patrol's planning to promote internally. which means an open entry-level spot. i already sent in my application.

until then, i'm working at a citrus orchard. pruning lemon and lime trees is more complicated than i thought.

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

irony's a fickle mistress. remember how i liked those wilderness survival vacations the least of all of us? now i'm the one whose survival and freedom depends on the lessons i learned on those trips.

remember how i predicted that they'd run me out of rambleton, just like every other town? turns out i left of my own free will. i mentioned how quiet rambleton was. well, it was TOO QUIET. my special talent is wasted in that town.

it was still nice. i'll have to go back and visit sometime in the future.

funny thing: my map is out of date. it said there were three roads out of rambleton, but one of them is now overgrown. unusable. that leaves just two roads: the one back to tackleford (not an option, of course) ... and the road to ponyville.

i've got a few days to decide whether to pay a visit to dear old hometown, or just detour around it. these are the kinds of problems you WANT to have, am i right?

love,
dd

dear mom and dad,

i'm feeling a lot better about ponyville.

i assumed those ponies in white would have done a background check on me. and from that, they'd expect me to return either to you ... or to the town i grew up in. so my head, quite

reasonably, told me not to set hoof in ponyville at all. but my stomach had other plans. i was low on supplies and not ready to resume a diet of wild leaves and pine cones just yet.

i meant to just pass through, only stopping long enough to stock up on food. my cunning plan worked without a hitch for almost five minutes. i walked into the market square. i went for the carrot cart because it had the shortest line. the vendor looked at me and her entire face lit up. she said, "ditzy doo? is that you?"

yeah, remember my friend from school, carrot top? the one with the carrot cutie mark? turns out she grows and sells carrots now. i really should have seen that coming.

anyway, she asked what brought me back to ponyville. i gave some vague answer. somehow, she talked me into having dinner with her family. she's married and has a daughter, now. real cute kid.

at her house, i helped her put dinner together. that's how i noticed: there was a BIG krasnicker tube in her fridge. and it didn't look pink like a young, healthy tube. this was a sickly yellow color. the tube was stretching dangerously.

so, after dinner, carrot top said i could sleep on her couch if i didn't have someplace else. i took her up on that offer.

that night, i waited until everypony else was in bed. then i snuck into the kitchen. fifteen minutes later, there was no more krasnicker tube in that fridge. of course, by the time i was done, there wasn't much of anything left in that fridge.

i went back to the couch and counted out enough bits to pay for all that food. then carrot top walked in. "you couldn't sleep either?" she said.

i nodded.

"well, i'm gonna get a late snack. you want anything?"

"ummmm ..."

"well, if you change your mind later, help yourself."

carrot top walked into the kitchen. she opened the fridge. she closed it. she opened it again. she walked back into the living room.

“how did he do it?” she asked me, smiling.

obviously this was not the response i was expecting.

she said, “i don’t know if you noticed, but the fridge is completely empty. i can only assume this is written script’s prank.” (oh yeah, written script is her husband’s name.) “did you see him doing anything suspicious tonight?”

i said, “no, no. it wasn’t him. i saw who did it.”

“oh? who was it, then?”

i pointed at myself.

“reeeeally? i didn’t know you had that in you. so where’d you hide all the food?”

“ummm ... i didn’t HIDE it.” i pushed my pile of coins towards carrot top. “sorry.”

she looked a bit confused.

“i should probably go now.” i put my saddlebag on and started towards the door.

she stopped me. “where are you going? and why now?”

“well, because i, you know ... and i don’t know where. just away. i’ll know when i get there.”

“then there’s no rush to get there. stay.” she gave me a hug. “you’re my FRIEND. i’m not going to kick you out over some groceries.”

“oh. thanks.”

“besides, if you want to pay me back for all that food, you’ve got to help me carry it home, too.”

i laughed at that like a doofus.

that was a week ago. carrot top insisted i should stay with her until i get a job. and it looks like ponyville weather patrol will have a spot for me. oh yeah, remember rainbow dash from cloudsdales? she's in weather patrol here. she's the one pulling to get me a spot on the team.

i don't want to get my hopes up too much. but maybe, just maybe, this might be the place.

love,
dd

Page,

There you have it: the only known written record of Grandma Ditzzy's time of wandering. If I find any more relevant letters tucked away in another book, I'll send you copies straight away.

The originals, and the rest of Grandma's letters, are here in the Canterlot Archives. As usual, I can get you access if you need it.

Good luck with your book!

*Love,
Twisten Turner*

Author's notes:

["Splitter".](#)

So what did Ditzzy get up to once she made Ponyville her home? [Take a look at this guide to the rest of the series.](#)

Many thanks to my prereaders, [Kuroi Tsubasa Tenshi](#), [Sereg](#), and [Blank](#), for reining me in each time I wrote something that only made sense in my own head.