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My Dear Twilight,

Very well, I shall yield to you this contest. After all, a short trip to the archives would likely net you a listing of all my titles that you could arrange into the proper order to formally address me. I would rather not have to sift through half the letter just to find the message itself. Do you not feel the same?

The others did contribute to your success in a large way when you faced Nightmare Moon, but there was something in you that held her back. I do not know if was that you stood up to her so bravely without flinching or drawing away when so many would. But that courage to hold the line until your friends arrived spoke to some primal aspect of Nightmare Moon, and I believe that for the first time since she faced Celestia and lost, she felt fear.

It is your leadership that helped the other elements to shine, for as the magic spark of friendship was not enough alone, nor were their elements. It seems that all six truly did have to stand together in order to be brought to their fullest potential. Would the other five have even known where to go if it were not for your leadership? You told Nightmare Moon that the without the others you would not have been able to make it, but one must ask if it was also true of you as well.

If it is not the nobles only seeing me as the 'Princess', It is them posturing their own self worth by making it seem like they are doing me a favor merely giving me the time of day after requesting a meeting. I understand them not recognizing me as a princess after a thousand years of only having Celestia, but such rudeness is an affront I would not have suffered before my banishment.

Celly appeared to agree as she walked out of a hiding spot behind the throne to confront them about giving due respect to a pony of my rank. Even though I know it was only her defending me as the princess because they as nobles expect to be treated as superior to common ponies, it still was nice to have my big sister standing up for me again.

Later, during our morning meal together, she revealed that she had given other nobles much the same treatment when they were bullying another pony. She did not say as much, but I suspect it was you. If I am mistaken, please forgive me.

After discussing what had happened, she admitted to having been in the alcove to spy on me, as she knew I was having troubles recently, and was uncertain where it spawned from. You were right Twilight, as you have been about much in the past. She agreed that perhaps some time off from the royal court to gain perspective of common ponies would be good for both of us, and in fact is part of the reason she enjoys your letters so. Then she intimated that there had been a rather distinguished looking earth pony in Ponyville that she would have loved getting to

know better.

After our meal, she invited me to see a show that had arrived in Canterlot, and seemed to be rather popular. The pony, Sapphire Shores, gave a rather dazzling performance, enhanced in no small part to the gem patterned outfit that she wore. I must admit I did not know the name of the leg hugging coverings known as pants, but they seem rather comfortable. It wasn't until she mentioned getting it from your friend Miss Rarity that I realized that I understood just how talented your friend was. The pattern was simply amazing from a mathematical standpoint, and the facets of the gems were such that no matter the direction there was sparkling to be seen. I would like to get the chance to discuss this with her if there is a chance. If for no other reason than to express my enjoyment.

Oh, yes Marelin was quite the gifted spell crafter, was she not? I find that the Sixth Transfiguration spell works better, especially when coupled with an obscuration illusion or two. One needs far less power in the spell, and it allows for far more intricate alterations to be made. It is also harder to be noticed by anypony not formally trained in seeing through disguises, let alone to be disillusioned.

I am very relieved that you felt you could be so honest with me, and while I do admit to blushing deeply at being called cute, it was a nice sentiment. It surprised me that someone as detail oriented as you could be so negligent in your grooming, until Celly explained that there were some weeks in which she would have to levitate you out of the library, carry you all the way to the baths before dropping you into the deepest one without you even noticing until the book remained above water and you did not.

I wonder if Mr. Macintosh is the earth pony that she mentioned over our morning meal, It would be interesting to see if this theory is correct. And an amazing opportunity to break out my trickster goddess bag of tricks.

Another chance that has presented itself recently came about thanks to one of my emotional and psychological anchors in this new age. I dug up an old abacus to aid me in doing some taxes, and afterwards was muttering about a few revisions I forgot to write about in order to not forget them while oiling and cleaning it.

One of the younger staff asked me if I was having fun with my dear friend Abby Custard, and how cute it was that I was so attached to it.

I am thinking that tonight I might tuck it in and read it a few chapters from a mathematics theory text. Or maybe inviting it to dine with me at my midnight meal. Oh it would be so wonderful to get some of the staff to play along with me, unlike in the past where nopony wanted to join in the fun. I dare say it was frightfully dull and rather boring to be the only pony playing pranks. Besides, it might do them a bit of good to realize that I am not some fragile doll, but a living breathing pony like them.

I must apologize for digressing so, it is a rather unsightly habit I suppose. I did happen to stumble upon a few research papers on earth ponies and their affinity with magic of the land and living. Having read about them in detail, I must admit to being fascinated, and would dearly love to see them in action myself, especially those of Miss Pie.

I think that we might be able to arrange a trip to the circus during your stay in Canterlot, and thus you will be able to show off your 'mighty mime powers' to protect me from the clowns. I am most curious to try out these treats that they have invented in recent years called 'popcorn' and 'cotton candy'. They sound simply delicious.

I made contact with the diplomatic envoy of the Griffon nation and they have started investigating if they could find Miss Gilda. They understand that this is a personal matter, and not criminal in any sense. I might have the address to send to Miss Dash as early as tomorrow. I do hope that we can repair their friendship, breaking ties can be hard, especially on one who is suffering under the conditions you and your friends suspect.

That feat of magic you just wrote about is rather impressive, I have actually visited the tower several times and could not place what had changed about it. They replaced everything nearly perfectly, but I believe they rebuilt it where it had landed, and not where it was originally. There is not much difference, but one of my favorite views from that tower was altered just enough that I could detect it.

To be honest, there was a time when I accidentally sent the entire council flying with a sneeze. In my defense however, I must point out that they had been arguing with me over some matter for the past three hours, simply so they could attempt to line their own pockets. They agreed that maybe they were being a bit stubborn over the matter, and I apologized for the accidental casting.

I will recreate the image with illusion magic if you wish when we meet, but there are so many other stories that are equally as amusing that I believe we might have to spend several days covering them in depth. I am certain that there are many tales that you could share in return., many possibly just as entertaining.

Careful of the road your thoughts tread, Twilight; many have taken such paths paved with only good intents, only to end up doing something that they never would have wanted. I know that you are smart enough to plan for such contingencies, however I would still advise caution. There is often times when one makes plans and contingencies for common problems, but forget that even the best laid plans tend to fall apart upon meeting the enemy. In this time the enemy is no pony, but a curious twist of fate. There was once a pony that made a rule to explain it I am told, "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong."

I have sent along a picture of the stand, along with a few of the guards as they cleaned to prove

that I am not kidding about the landmark. I also want to know if those hoofprints on the sign are yours, they just seem to be the right touch to make it such a cute little stop. As you requested, I sent along a letter to the troop leader. She seemed a bit intimidated that I had requested her to arrive for a personal audience, but I hope that she understands that I merely wish to explain the situation with the stand currently, and to show her your approval.

Once we have the appointment set, I shall forward you the pertinent information. I believe that there might be a bit of pomp and circumstance involved, as with almost all things in the castle invariably fall into that trap. Maybe Celly herself will want a hoof in it, as she seems to know more about things I do than I prefer.

I am humbled that you and your friends thought so much of such a simple meteor shower as that one, and hope that should another one arrive that it will be far more dazzling and spectacular. It sounds as though the young crusaders seem to have a wonderful set of role models to live up to. As a younger sister myself, I know how much one can come to rely on the love and guidance of an older sister. The simple image you have painted for me grants me a vision that is more than enough to warm my heart. I dare say that I should teach you the image projection spell in order for both of us to see the images of the stories we are going to relate. While it cannot capture the image for a long period of time like a camera, the spell could grant me the chance to view it through your own eyes.

As for the reception here in Canterlot, I fear that it was more of that tedium that seems to have infected the gentry during my time on the moon. They were too busy with their posturing to allow themselves to properly enjoy the show. At least Celly liked it, and told me so. She stayed by my side the entire time, keeping her eyes focused on the show, but I know she knew the others didn't see it. I wish they would have seen it, but the ponies I really wanted to watch my show saw and enjoyed it. I wonder sometimes if to finally be surrounded by those that enjoy my works I must leave the castle, and then it slowly dawned upon me one day.

That is exactly why Celly leaves the Canterlot so often. She does not distrust the common pony, or anything of the sort. Rather, the common pony on the street actually are far more honest, even when trying to impress her. Next time, I believe I shall hold a small viewing party of my own elsewhere and allow the Canterlot nobles and gentry to have their way without my presence.

I fear I cannot assure you that you would be able to notice the smaller signs, and so I believe that my heart would not be in it. From your own admissions, and other sources, it would seem that you do tend to be oblivious to interpersonal relationships like that. However, I believe that it is a rather adorable feature of the pony known as Twilight Sparkle, and wouldn't trade it for anything.

It makes a lot of sense, and I hope that your first date with that special pony is everything you dream it to be. There is a lot of that can be done in the short time two ponies can have while

sharing a meal. I'm certain that the one that will hold your heart feels the same way about holding you in their hooves while the two of you do those little things that takes away the stresses of life.

I will have to investigate that novel series that you mentioned about the various strange beings, for it certainly sounded interesting. I have to wonder what the ESPer is though? Does it relate to the theory of some unicorns sharing thoughts and other such extra-sensory perceptions? I do wonder why they would consider that such a special feat. Also an alien? I suppose that i might qualify, having lived on the moon for a thousand years, but I suspect there is more to this story than you have told me.

It may just be the story to tell during a pajama party. Even if the suggestion originated with Miss Pie, I believe that I shouldn't have been so quick to dismiss such an event. Celly suggested that it might be a good idea to mingle with you and your friends in a less than formal environment, and I would agree.

If possible, could we set it up for one of the days following the Gala? I believe that it would be great fun, and increase all of our enjoyment of the event. I can have my suite's main room prepared if Miss Pie will forward me a list of supplies.

Nothing that I am shall ever be denied to you Twilight, I am an open book laid before you awaiting your gentle magic to but turn my page and your tender eyes to read over the words you find. Let my hoof guide you through the follies and foibles, together we shall light upon the achievements and honors, and slowly a picture of my true self shall appear before you, I but hope that you can accept that which I am.

I have started my work on a short summary of the warning signs of Nightmare Moon's take-over, and would dearly love for you to give it a read before I send it into the publishers. I believe that I can understand how saving but one little pony could be enough, especially if that pony saves another and the chain continues. If you don't mind, I would like to expand upon my summary into a full fledged book, and dedicate it to you, the pony that saved me, and your friends, those that saved her.

They have clubs and bars that stay open throughout my night? I had not known that, perhaps I should see about taking a few hours off during my nocturnal duties and seek out one of these establishments. I will most certainly investigate this 'Blue Mare' and any other locales that you wish to mention. They do seem rather interesting to me, and perhaps we can visit a couple while you and your friends are in town. While I cannot foresee being able to make it prior to the Gala, I will certainly have a member of my personal staff go and investigate. Perhaps if I offer them the option to expense any drinks and food, they will be more willing to go along with the assignment.

At least they got their badges first. Just one little question, how did the little darlings get the drop

on their scout masters like that?

Apparently they could not maintain their composure like some ponies, and you do hold that trait over the large things. However, it was when you wanted to impress Celly that seems to have triggered your panic. Remember this always Twilight, Celly loves you deeply, and will always think the best about you.

I have taken a few precautions to ensure that the Gala will not be a complete and utter bore, but I fear that I got involved far too late to save it entirely. As such, I do hope you enjoy yourselves, and will try to accomplish what I can to aid you in that quest.

Yes, he is a prince, and a long distance relation to Celly and myself. I must admit that he is not one of the relations we are proudest of, and those that we are proud of are all either taken, or are an... incompatible match for Miss Rarity. The key example would likely be Prince Noble, formerly Princess Grace, whom after having used magic to change herself, still enjoys the company of stallions instead of mares, if you understand my meaning.

I will seek other options out, but I fear that the selection is rather limited if she is wishing to marry royal, and male.

Please inform Miss Applejack that the castle itself will purchase any food she cares to make, and will deploy it with the other concessions. Some of the nobles will likely balk at eating 'common fare' but I know that Celly and I would dearly love some apple pie, and we should likely have one separated for Soarin' of the Wonderbolts. The caterers took one look at the message I sent along and nearly fell over themselves to get Applejack's stand worked into the arrangements. When I asked about it, they admitted to having wanted to set up a working business relation with the Apple family for years, but never could quite manage it.

It would seem that your friend's family is very big in the supply side of cooking, and more than a few of their recipes are considered more valuable than the product's weight in oats.

Ponyville has always been a central hub of the region, due to its position on several key trade routes throughout all of Equestria, however it has always maintained its quaint, rustic ways through design. The original founders left busy cities like Canterlot and Manehattan, to lead a simpler, quiet life. They slowly gathered like-minded ponies together, and eventually Ponyville became the town that it is.

To be fair to you and your friends, the board of tourism has not mentioned you, as part of the working arrangement they have with Ponyville. That you are seeing such an influx of celebrities means that your achievements on their own stood out so much to draw them in. It is only in modern days that the routes actively avoid Ponyville, but even still you must have noticed the large markets they hold every spring and fall.

Interestingly enough, I was in a meeting with Flora and Fauna when your letter arrived, and they seemed to be very interested in meeting a fellow patron of the natural world. They agreed very eagerly to show Miss Fluttershy around, and asked me to assure you and your friend that they will take her timidness into consideration as they show her around. It should be noted however, that most of the creatures will be on edge due to the Gala, and might shy away from unfamiliar ponies.

Please be sure to inform Miss Pie that I shall be attending with great enthusiasm, since it will be my first birthday party outside of Celly's and my own. And you can imagine how those get treated in the castle. Why can't they simply accept that we want to have fun, same as everypony else?

It would seem that Miss Pie and I will have to do some note comparison with Celly when we can avoid getting caught by you. Oh, I suppose I should not have mentioned that, please forget that. After all, it is not like you could stay by my side while one of your friends keeps Miss Pie in check for the entire time you are in Canterlot, is it?

If you wish, I could have an expert on dragon growth and development be available for you and/or Spike to discuss his development with during your stay in Canterlot. I cannot promise that there will not be any needles, but he or she should help to put some of your fears to rest.

I do hope that Spike enjoyed his breakfast, it sounded like it would be rather good, and do tell him I say thank you for being such a good sport about us using him so much.

Thank you always,
Luna Starlight

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