

“Queen Moon, your presence is needed on the battlefield.” The soldier stands quivering at the entrance to your tent.

“Very well. I shall arrive momentarily. You are dismissed.” He turns and flees. Even those loyal to you cannot stand to be in your presence. They shall pay in due time, after they have outlived their usefulness.

You turn once again to your scrying mirror. On it you see your sister sitting with her war cabinet. They have taken the necessary precautions against an attack, yet their efforts are in vain. Their pitiful magic shield is no match for the power of your magical ability or even that of your army. You suppress a laugh before you head out to take control of your forces.

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“Are the cannons prepared?” you ask your senior general as you walk up a small hill. The city of Canterlot is in full view, protected by its magic shield.

“They are, my liege. Shall we begin the assault?” He looks up at the looming city as well. He is expressionless, yet you know he is apprehensive. This is his birthplace. He only took this job for the promise of riches. It makes you smile how such weak ponies can be persuaded to do almost anything by lies.

“On my signal we will.” You magnify your voice magically so that your army, as well as the residents of the capital shall know what is coming. “ON MY SIGNAL!” The large gun behind you fires with the sharp sound of an explosion. Despite their training, all your soldiers cringe. A few seconds later the shell makes contact with the barrier, a low boom emanates across the battlefield. Shockwaves ripple around the shield, yet it remains intact. “READY. FIRE!” The gun behind you fires a second round as the rest of your army begins the attack. The air is filled with metal and magic missiles. Once again you hear the bass thud of the large gun’s shell making contact. The onslaught continues, the shield grows fainter, yet it still remains intact. The large gun fires several more volleys. You command discontinuing the use of physical projectiles. The magic works, causing the shield to flex, yet it still will not break. You are becoming fed up. The large gun fires one more shell, you charge it with your own magical power. It seems as though all sound stops as it flies through the air. Glowing purple, it collides with the shield, which fractures into tiny pieces. Canterlot is now defenseless.

Now for the easy part, overthrowing the capital.

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Your pegasi take off, they will be the first to enter the city. They have the same commands as the rest of your army: capture the civilians and bring them to the center of the city; any retaliation is to be met with lethal force. You fly to the forefront of your ground soldiers,

earth ponies and unicorns. It is just a short march, more of a dash up to the gates of Canterlot. You have made it a point to smash them down yourself. On the wide cobblestone road you are met with little resistance. All the members of the opposing army stationed there have retreated back inside the city and have barred the gates.

Now you are at the gates. Do they really think a physical object can stop you now? Using magic and brute strength, you shatter the doors. Your army rushes forward as you stand taking in the sights of the city before you. The pegasi are bashing in doors, taking the residents to the predesignated location. The unicorns are engaged in suppressing the magic of the opposing force. And the earth ponies are making short work of your sister's own guard.

Amidst the fray, you walk calmly up to the gates of the castle, there is no need to expend the extra energy flying. You are met by a garrison stationed there. Many turn and flee into the castle. The rest charge at you. You yawn, it's almost too easy. Now how to deal with these ones? You could engage each in close combat, that is always the most entertaining way to deal with ponies: on a personal level, so you can see the light of life leave their eyes. However, it would take quite a long time, so you decide to go with your personal favourite, lightning. Within ten seconds all that is left are several dozen piles of charred armour.

A small brigade of your own troops appear behind you, as if from nowhere. *Oh sister, you could have done better than this*, you think to yourself. "Come on!" you command 'your' soldiers as you dash into the castle. Once again, you are met by limited resistance, a few scattered soldiers you promptly dispatch with a lightning strike or a smashed in skull. Once or twice you are attacked from behind by some enemy you must have missed. 'Your' soldiers are always there to take them down. It would have been nice to have them be legitimately on your side, they are good fighters.

You are looking for you sister now. The anticipation of finding her energizes you as you near the first place she could be, the throne room. You buck your way in to find the room abandoned. Just a few minutes ago it must have been bustling with her advisors. Perhaps they have hidden, possibly trying to escape through the tunnels beneath Canterlot, either way, you will track them down and make them pay.

The large windows call to you, you walk over to them to observe the progress of the battle. Your forces are doing excellently, they've rounded up the citizens as per orders, soon the fun can begin. The city has begun a slow smolder as well, the thatched roofed houses around the edges of the city have burnt and the fires are beginning to spread to larger structures; soon the whole city will be up in flames.

Time to continue up the castle to your sister's room and observation deck. You walk toward the staircase, back to your guard. But what is this, a faint hint of magic you detect. You close your eyes to try to pinpoint the source. You feel your guards taking commands from their true commander, your sister, and feel their betrayal. It was not unexpected. You knew from the

start.

Now you use your sense of hearing. You hear them drawing their daggers. What is that which you smell, manticores' venom? A wise choice if they were attempting to assassinate any normal pony. But a goddess? No. They slowly creep closer. Their hooves make nearly no sound, like the wind softly blowing. Now you will have the time to fight in close combat, how you relish the thought.

It won't even be a fair fight. Your nearly limitless array of magic versus their puny blades. You could fabricate a spell that would slowly sap their life force until they crumbled into dust, but that would be too easy and impersonal. Instead you just decide to hold them in place so you can fight them one at a time.

You hold your breath as the assassins creep closer. The one closest to you jumps, aiming to stab you in the back of the head. He freezes in mid air, his dagger an inch away from your skin. You calmly walk forward and turn around. All the assassins are completely still except for their eyes, which dart around in terror. You release the assassin who had jumped at you from his magical containment. It takes him a moment to recover then he charges at you. You sidestep him and wrench the dagger from his grasp then stab him in the back. You release the rest of the assassins one by one, they all meet a similar fate. Their single minded determination impresses even you. Sadly, they chose to fight for the wrong side. You pause for a moment to inspect your handiwork before smashing in the doors which lead up to the observation tower and your sister's dormitory. Your sister will be there, it's the last place she could possibly be unless she has fled.

Not a single guard defends the long spiral staircase up to the top of the tower. One last set of doors hinders your progress, they are quickly demolished. You walk into your sister's bedroom and out onto the observation deck. Your soldiers have performed their jobs better than expected, nearly the entire population of Canterlot is in the city center. Now it is time to finish what you came here to do. To make all those insolent little foals pay for what they did to you. There will be no mercy from you. They will all be sent to your own celestial body, the moon.

Something white catches your eye as you prepare your fatal spell. It speeds down from the heavens faster than anything you've seen before. It is your sister. She sails down over the heads of the crowd and spreads her wings wide as a golden glow begins to envelop them all. In an instant they are all gone, teleported to some unknown location. No matter, you will find them, they will pay eventually. And the day is not a loss either, you control the capital. You make your way back inside, down the countless flights of stairs, past the bodies of your sister's guards and assassins, back to the throne room.

Through the window you see the sun beginning to rise about the mountains. Whether of its own accord or by your sister still futilely trying to control it, you do not know. Either way, its reign, and your sister's, will soon be coming to an end.

You look up at the throne, taking in its splendor. It is a large golden pedestal complete with flowers, waterfalls, and a flowing red carpet. It gives off an aura similar to your sister's; wise and elegant, yet it lacks power and authority, as did your sister. How she ever stayed in power is a mystery to you. This throne deserves an occupant with unlimited power, one who will rule with an iron hoof. It deserves *you*.

Entranced, you begin your walk up to the throne. As you step on the carpet the throne begins to transform underhoof. The carpet turns a shade of royal purple as the corruption travels up it. The gold transforms to glassy obsidian and the flowers wilt and die. You sit as the transformation completes. Out of the corner of your eye you see the sun set for the final time. You are Equestria's true queen, and no one will ever that that away from you again.