

# The Socks of Wrath

A fanfic by [Dubs Rewatcher](#)

Note: I do not own My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic, or any of it's characters. That honor goes to Hasbro, The Hub, and a bunch of other people, I suppose.

The throne room wall exploded into a pile of fiery rubble as Princess Celestia fell in. Her eyes were bloodshot, her mane was tangled, and her body was surrounded by powerful magic energy. She hit the floor running, and barely avoided the black mass of magic that hit the floor beside her, causing the Sun Goddess to recoil and fly across the room into a stone pillar. With what little strength she could muster, she pushed away the rubble, and saw what she feared most. Luna. The dark blue mare's horn was glowing and her eyes were pure white.

"It's over, Celestia. I've won."

## **TWO DAYS EARLIER**

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon in Canterlot's shopping district. Foals were running around as tired mares ran after them. Stallions helped customers try on clothes, or gave out free samples of food. Everypony was happy and carefree. At least, until Luna, Goddess of the Night, entered the scene. The effect was immediate. Everypony was silent within seconds. Ponies stopped mid sentence. Foals were shushed. The odd pony quickly checked the skies for falling explosives. Luna, the smile on her face quickly fading, began a brisk trot through the area with her head down. The crowd scrambled to clear a path for her. As she passed, she noticed that half the population had, on impulse, slammed themselves into the ground in something that resembled a very scared version of a bow. The other half, mostly mares, fainted.

Normally, she wouldn't be in a place quite so... *public* without a legion of bodyguards surrounding her. The bodyguards weren't her choice, of course. But after the Nightmare Moon incident, both her advisors and Celestia had thought it best. Luna knew they all had good intentions, and that's why it was even harder to place that knockout spell on all her guards. She knew that if things were to ever get back to

normal, she would have to live her life; and the first step of that was becoming familiar with the locals. She had been sailing high above the city, looking for a spot that was populated and large. While this place wouldn't have been her first choice, it worked fine.

A young colt, face decorated by a giant grin, ran out from behind a cart that was selling different kinds of accessories and said: "Hi Ms. Luna! Come buy some-" Before he could finish, a gray stallion with a spool of thread adorning his flank pulled him aside by his mane. Luna could see a mix of anger, fear and exasperation in his face.

"ARMSCYE! Get back here, and stop bothering our fair princess!" He spun around and galloped towards Luna, growing shakier with every step. "A thousand apologies Your Highness, we'll be sure to give him a good whipping later." Luna was horrified. He couldn't be serious. But, deep down, she knew he was. These people would give their lives for her without a second thought. They had seen what she could do...why risk it?

*"I...I should say something, shouldn't I?"* Child abuse was illegal, after all. All at once, her administrative side took over without her consent. "You know, child abuse is a pretty serious crime, punis-" Luna clamped her hoofs over her mouth. *"Oh no. STUPID, STUPID, STUPID!!! He's already terrified, now look what you've done! Maybe he didn't hear me, or...or..."* But the damage had been done. The gray pony's eyes widened. off in the distance, Luna could hear a mare start to bawl. *"No doubt his wife."*

"I'm sorry, princess, so sorry, I'll be sure to never think that again. Nope, never again. Why, what am I talking about? Think about what?!" He was growing more frantic by the second. "I don't even know! But anyway, why would a being so far above us like you grace us with her presence today?"

"Well, Mr..."

"Mr. Placket Trim. Over there is my wife, Cross Stitch." He pointed towards a white mare. Her bloodshot eyes were partially covered by a beige mane. Her flank was adorned with a patch of aida cloth. "And our *beautiful* son Armscye." The blank-flanked colt was light gray with a brown mane. Luna could tell he was stressing how innocent the son was, to try and make her think twice about killing one of them.

"Well, Mr. Trim, you asked why I would be here today? Well, I-"

'NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOU BEING HERE!' He

started kissing her hooves. “It’s just strange that we would \*mwah\* get a visit, is all... \*mwah\* Not that I’m saying you’re strange, oh no sir. Just the opposite. We’re the strange ones. \*mwah\* You’re completely normal!” When he lifted in head up in between kisses to her hooves, Luna could see he had a large, obviously fake grin on his face. “Now, what can we do for you to make your time here all the more pleasurable?”

“For one, you can go back to your stall and stop treating me like I’m the big cheese.” On command, Plackett hopped up and raced back to his stand. How was she supposed to learn about normal life if everypony was too terrified to do anything around her? She didn’t even like any of the stuff being sold here! Just as she was about to let out a shout of frustration and fly away, she looked back at the family. The family was in a tight embrace, thankful that no one was hurt. But that wasn’t what caught her eye; on the counter of the stand, hidden behind some dresses, was a bright pink blob. Her memories flashed back to her childhood. She hadn’t seen something this pink since her sister’s hair when they were younger. Changing direction in midair, Luna, in a trance, glided over to the stand and lifted up the package with her magic. They read: SUPER PRINCESS SOCKS 4 PACK. The...”socks” were a deep pink, and had small moons embroidered on the ends. Luna almost did a double take. Small MOONS?! Even if she didn’t know what a sock was, she did know these were made for her. “Excuse me!” The family, who hadn’t noticed Luna approach, jumped in unison.

“Oh, y-yes, Your Hi-Highness?” Cross Stitch said shakily. “I- Is there something you desire?”

“I was wondering, how much do these cost?”

“Oh, no charge. In fact, *we* should be paying *you*, for all you do!”

“Well, if you’re not going to tell me how much it is, then it looks like I’ll have to take matters into my own hooves.” Cross Stitch shrank. Luna’s horn began glowing with the light of an Alicorn at work. As she worked, People were bracing themselves. Windows were slammed shut, ponies were ushered inside. Those who were recovering from a fainting spell once again fell to the floor. Next to Cross Stitch, a small translucent sphere appeared. She braced herself for the worst; and was suddenly buried in bits. Luna smiled at Plackett and said “That should be enough, no?”

As she lifted off, new socks in tow, she could hear the sweet sound of jaws hitting the ground.

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“As you can see here, if we were to expand the border size by just five inches on all sides, both the population size and the GDP would increase dramatically. On the other hand...”

*“Five-thousand-nine-hundred-ninety-eight.Five-thousand-nine-hundred-ninety-nine. Six-thousand.”* Celestia, desperate to pass time doing anything but listening, had taken to counting the ceiling tiles of her throne room. *“Huh. I guess they really did build this place to my exact specifications. Now what? It might do me some good to pay attention. You know, Princess and all.”* Celestia turned her head back to the bright yellow stallion in the middle of the room. Her first thought was that his cutie mark, an abacus, was more fitting than any other she had ever seen. It also explained why Luna had recommended him. Recently, she had gained a rather unsettling obsession with an abacus that had been given to her by Sundance, her assistant. *“I really should talk to her about that.”*

“It’s amazing how much an olive can do, isn’t it? But, I digress. I hope you enjoyed my presentation, Princess Celestia, and that you take my ideas into consideration. Thank you.” The pony bowed and walked out of the room, careful not to raise his head until he passed the great golden doors that marked the entrance of the room. Celestia, on the other hand, was too deep in thought to notice. No one dared to wake her up from her trance; at least, no one besides her sister. It took Luna running like mad into the court to wake her up. Celestia wasn’t at all worried about Luna when she heard about her escape; in fact, she already knew. If they thought she couldn’t tell when such a powerful being left her castle, they had another thing coming. However, even if Luna’s escape hadn’t worried her, it made her wonder just why the Moon Goddess had felt it appropriate to knock out a legion of guards and slip out of the castle.

“My dear sister! You have some explaining to do...”

“Later, Tia! I have a question.” Luna levitated the pink package in front of Celestia. “What are these?” The white Alicorn, in turn, did all she could do not to burst out laughing. Just the thought; Princess Luna, master of all things dark and mysterious...buying bright pink socks?

“Those, my dear Luna, are socks. They are garments worn on the hooves to

keep them warm and reduce sweat. They've only just come into style very recently, but they are still only a novelty item."

"Oh. Well, what do you think of them?"

Celestia's amused smile quickly disappeared. "I hate socks. Always have."

"Really? Why? They're so pretty!"

"I'm... not sure. They just irk me. I've never actually worn them..."

Luna was shocked. Celestia! Judging things before she tried them! That was against her entire philosophy! "But how can you say that if you've never tried them! I'm sure they're fine." Taking back the new socks, Luna proceeded to rip open the plastic that sealed them. Out came four brightly colored socks; one for each hoof. On the tip of each was a silver crescent moon. Luna slipped one on. All the hoof-pain that she had from the journey to and from the market faded into a warm, soft sensation. The cotton intertwined with her fur, as if the pink cloth was trying to merge with the royal leg of the moon-princess. Luna was transfixed. She had never felt anything like it. And...it felt good. Not just good. Great. It was one of the greatest things she had ever felt in her life (and considering she was an Alicorn, that's saying something). Her eyes widened, and her mouth fell open. Luna had no words. Only bliss.

"...Luna? Are you alright?" The besocked Princess didn't answer. Instead, she rushed to pull on the other three. It was euphoria. How in her own name could Celestia *not* love this?

"CELESTIA!" Said pony winced. Luna only used her full name when she was angry. "I demand that you try these, right this instant."

"Hmph. No means no, Luna. Don't be foolish."

"Fine, *Sister*." She said condescendingly. Turning away from Celestia, she proceeded to trot (wearing her socks, of course) to the balcony where she raised the moon every night. Her thoughts were clouded the entire way. "*How could Celestia not like socks? And without even trying them! She could be missing out on the greatest experience of her life. I have to help her see the light somehow!*"

Luna stepped out onto her balcony, and focused her mind. But, even with all her

magic concentrated, she couldn't break the thoughts. Jumping off the structure, she climbed higher and higher, guiding the moon in its eternal cycle with the sun. As she reached the apex of her climb, something snapped. She was going to make Celestia learn the magic of socks if it was the last thing she did.

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It had been a rough night for Luna. As soon as the moon raised into the sky, she rushed like a madmare to the Royal Library to start her nightly research. But tonight, her research didn't include the tax code, or a history of border disputes. Tonight, she was focused on the soft, pink garments that graced her hooves. The librarian found himself flabbergasted, to say the least, when Princess Luna charged in, demanding every book they had on socks.

Strangely, they had quite a few.

SOCKS OVER THE AGES  
SEW SOCKSWORTH: INVENTOR OF THE YEAR  
ACCESSORIES FOR THE MODERN MARE  
KNIT SOCKS: 15 COOL PATTERNS FOR TOASTY HOOVES  
SOCKS A LA CARTE: PICK AND CHOOSE PATTERNS TO KNIT SOCKS YOUR WAY

Luna was ecstatic. Flitting around the shelves, a new book joined her every few seconds. She never imagined the possibilities! "Of course, it would be a lot easier if I knew how to sew, or knit..." she mumbled. Page after page, design after design! For the first time in ages, Luna went a whole night without thinking about how so few people were out at night, enjoying the stars. In fact, Luna already had plans for another constellation: The Sockus Major. The only thing she found in her search that dampened her spirits was that no one ever mentioned making a sock for an abacus. "Welp! Looks like I have my work cut out for me!" If she hadn't been spiritually connected to the moon, it was likely that she wouldn't have noticed it going down, and the sun beginning to take its place on the horizon.

"Have I really been up all night?" Suddenly, an idea formed in her head. She had to get down to the kitchen right away, and before Celestia.

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Luna and Celestia were sitting in their throne room. As the morning light hit the stained glass, a beautiful array of colored light hit the marble floor. All was calm. At least, for the moment. Right before Celestia's eyes the light started shifting! The greens and blues all changed into pink; it changed into...socks! "LUNA!" Celestia screamed, preparing her magic, and spreading her wings. "We need to stop the socks!"

"No, Celestia." Celestia looked to her sister's throne, only to see empty space. The voice was coming from where the light had been! Luna raised an accusing hoof at the Sun Princess. "You *are* the socks."

And then Celestia was socks.

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"OH ME NO!" Celestia screamed as she fell from her bed onto the hard floor. The impact woke her up; but not before she could launch off a spell that traveled across the room, only to hit a rather extravagant bust of Her Royal Highness, breaking it into hundreds of pieces. Shaking herself out of her groggy stupor, she put on a straight face, and stepped out onto her balcony. After raising the sun for millennia, it sort of becomes second nature. Even so, the Sun Princess found herself using extra amounts of energy to raise her celestial body.

After that was finished, she put on a poker face, years in the making. Walking out into the Great Hall, she began to talk to herself. "What would people think if they found out their leader was having nightmares about evil socks?" She muttered as the dining hall came into view. "Bad things, that's what."

But before she could enter, a navy blue unicorn came out. "Elle Cuisine?" Celestia asked. "What are you doing out here? You're the head chef, and it's the middle of breakfast."

"Oh, Princess! I apologize, I had assumed that Princess Luna informed you: she gave all kitchen staff the morning off. Said that she 'wanted to do something special.'"

“Special? Like what?”

“Once again, my apologies; I didn’t bother asking.”

“Oh. Well, thanks anyway. Enjoy your time off, Elle.” Leaving him behind, Celestia trotted into the kitchen and was greeted by the sight of Luna hunched over a stove. “Lu...luna?” Celestia asked, a hint of timidity in her voice.

Her mane was frazzled, and her normally turquoise eyes bloodshot. Complimenting the socks she was wearing was an apron, dark blue to match her coat(although offending gray and white splotches were present). Cookbooks were scattered around the many stoves, all of which were on, as if an afterthought. Luna didn’t respond immediately; in fact, Celestia figured that if the toaster hadn’t popped, minutes could have passed without discussion. At the sound of the toaster, Luna spun around, and almost jumped when she saw her sister. “Oh, hey Tia? What’s up?” Once again, Celestia winced.

Never before had Luna asked her “what’s up.” Maybe “how are you” or “what’s going on,” but never “what’s up.”

“...Nothing much. But, what about you? You look terrible. And what of the meal you have preparing?”

“Oh, I just had trouble sleeping.” Luna lied. As she was talking, Luna shuffled slowly over to a book that was open on a counter. She quickly grabbed it and blocked the title before Celestia could see it. Stuffing it into her apron, she proceeded: “And, you know, I figured the best pony in all of Equestria could use a little quality food.”

“Luna, you and I both know the strict qualifications needed for becoming a Royal Chef. If the food wasn’t of the highest quality...well, I’m not sure what would happen. It’s always been high quality.” She raised an eyebrow. “And, before now, I wasn’t even aware you could cook, or bake.”

“ Don’t give me that look. Can’t you just appreciate a gift for once? Besides, I just finished. Come, sit down at the head table.” Luna’s horn quickly took on multiple layers of magic as she put everything onto plates and carried them into the dining room. Unbeknownst to her, Celestia was using magic of her own; gently lifting the book out from under Luna’s nose, she floated it towards her. The title read:



## CRAZY COOL FOOD DESIGNS FOR CRAZY COOL CHEFS

A specific page had a small bookmark in the shape of a crescent moon in it. Celestia turned to it, and nearly dropped the book when she saw the chapter title.

### CHAPTER 13: CRAFTING FOOD INTO CLOTHING SHAPES How To Tell Your Legs From Your Eggs

*“Calm yourself, Celestia. Stop jumping to conclusions. Stress isn’t good for your skin. Maybe it’s dresses, or something of the like...”* She walked into the dining room, and was quickly blindfolded by Luna.

“No peeking! It’s a surprise!” Luna squeaked as she guided her sister to the head of the table. Celestia, already annoyed by the prerequisites just to sit at the damned table, quickly ripped off the cloth that was covering her eyes. Immediately, she wished she hadn’t. Her fears had been realized.

Every item of food, every *crumb* was in the shape of a square, with a small crescent at the end. Pastries were lined with pink frosting. Bagels. Eggs. Blintzes. Toast. Even the large pitcher that Luna was currently filling with orange juice. She looked up at Celestia. “Something wrong, Tia?”

There are few sounds in the world that can make you go straight from perfect hearing to deaf instantly. A train, up close. The roar of a dragon. Explosions. In the Equestrian Royal Guard, some unicorn soldiers were equipped with spells that could temporarily deafen the opponent. But what Celestia did at that moment had the ability to deafen, maybe even kill almost any being in the world.

She screamed.

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It had been a day since Celestia had rushed from the dining hall, and locked herself in her room. No pony had been able to get in; Celestia had surrounded her room with the highest level security magic known to ponykind. Not even Luna could hope to make anything past a scratch. They were just going to have to wait it out. Even though she was out of practice, Luna was forced to adopt responsibility for lowering and raising

the sun in her sister's place.

To make matters worse, somepony on the staff had let news of Celestia's self-placed imprisonment slip to the public. As if the public was waiting for a chance, riots broke out within minutes. Everypony was in a panic, most of all Luna. The Moon Princess hadn't stopped pacing since it happened. Her worries only doubled when a small wisp of green flame appeared before her, and quickly developed into a piece of parchment. Opening it, Luna read:

*Dear Princess Luna,*

*I know I don't usually write to you, but since Princess Celestia seems to be somewhat busy at the moment, I find myself needing to turn to you. I must ask: just what is going on?*

*Everypony in Ponyville is in a panic, or at the very least utterly confused. Some say that Celestia fell off her balcony. Others claim that Nightmare Moon has returned, and is preparing to plunge us all into eternal night! Pinkie Pie offered the explanation that she must have exploded, but I sincerely doubt that.*

*The other Elements of Harmony and I have gathered together in my library, if you need us. You only need to respond with the affirmative, and we'll be on our way to the Castle.*

*~~Your Faithful Stud~~ Fan of the Night  
Twilight Sparkle*

"DARN! The news spread farther than I thought." Her top advisors had assured her that the national panic level was no higher than usual, but due to the circumstances, Luna doubted that. "That's it; I have to end this." With a burst of magic, the doors to her room were flung open. The guards stationed around her door jumped when they hit the walls.

"P-princess?"

'Not now, Check Mate! I need you and Crack Shot to gather any troops you can find and station yourselves on all sides of Celestia's room.'" Her eyes narrowed. "This is an *emergency*."

The Unicorn known as Check Mate gained a somewhat worried expression. "Of course, Your Highness, we'll do that right away." As the guards carried out her requests, Luna made her way to her sister's room, charging her power along the way. By the time she reached the ornate wooden doors, her horn shone with a light as bright as her moon and Celestia's sun combined.

She stood in front of the enchanted doorway, and braced herself. "I sure hope this works..." All at once, her horn went out. What had happened? For a moment, Luna stood stock still. It couldn't have failed... and, in the same moment, she realized: it hadn't. She could feel energy making its rounds throughout her body, gathering whatever it could. As quickly as it had darkened, it lit back up as a great stream of pure energy spilled out of it, completely obliterating Celestia's spell, and the door along with it.

Stepping out of the smoke, Luna's first sight was her sister. Wings spread, and horn flaring, Celestia was fearsome in every sense of the word. But, as Luna noticed, she looked almost broken. The fur on her face was wet with tears that came from her red eyes. The feathers of her wings were rustled. There was evidence of dirt in her flowing mane, which now looked unkempt. "What do you want?!" She shrieked in a hoarse voice.

"Celestia, stop being silly. You need to come out now. You don't know how worried everypony is right now! They need you to lead this country; I just can't do it by myself. I'm sorry if I freaked you out somehow, I'll make it up to you."

Luna had lost her half a sentence back. The Sun Princess reared up on her back-hooves and yelled: "'Somehow? *SOMEHOW?*' Don't act like you don't know what you did. Those accursed socks have taken over your mind! I warned you of their powers, and you didn't listen!"

"No, you're the one who didn't listen! These socks are my best friends!"

"Well, Luna, I'm sorry to hear that...because now, you're going to have to say goodbye to them."

"Oh. It. Is. **ON.**" Luna and Celestia lunged at each other, magic blazing. They clashed, leaving nothing in their wake but a large area of cracked marble flooring. Higher and higher they flew, colliding with each other every few seconds. White and blue blurred together, speeds increasing by the second. Soon, they had reached the

ceiling. It was impossible to go down without compromising oneself; there was nowhere to go but up.

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“Now, you guys are sure about this?”

“Sure as anything, sir. We heard the order right from the big lady herself.” Crack Shot replied. Currently, the two guards that Luna had ordered to gather troops were standing on cliffs outside Celestia’s room, surrounded by a platoon of soldiers.

“I concur with my partner, Corporal. Princess Luna gave us direct instructions to gather any troops we could find and station ourselves outside Princess Celestia’s chambers.”

“Well then,” Corporal Kickstart put on a giant grin. “looks like we’ve got a job to do. And I’ll do it, or my name isn’t Reginald Kickstart the Thirteenth.”

Crack Shot looked stunned. “Is that really your name?”

Kickstart glanced at him. “No. But, it sounds cool, right?” Check Mate had his mouth open to reply, but was cut short when the roof of Celestia’s room *exploded*. Immediately, Kickstart leapt into his battle stance. “Men, prepare to fire upon the assailant!” As the two figures leapt gracefully up out of the ruined castle, the soldier’s jaws dropped. Princess Celestia was being attacked by... Princess Luna?!

Kickstart’s men were in a panic. “What do we do, sir?” One soldier called out. “Who do we shoot?!”

The Corporal contemplated the question for a moment, before answering. “Fire randomly into the air, in their general direction.” Seeing Crack Shot and Check Mate’s confused faces, he responded: “This way, we aren’t actually shooting at anyone. If we hit, we have an excuse. If we don’t hit, we have even more excuses!” He pulled his hoof towards him in a cheering motion. “WIN-WIN, BABY!”

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The two Alicorns started to level out as they passed above the Royal Garden. The magically charged shots rarely crossed paths with the princesses, but even when one did, it just bounced off. It was very difficult to truly injure an Alicorn when they were at their peak. Horn-to-horn, hoof-to-hoof, the sisters fought. Every once in a while, a hit would pass through somepony's defenses, and would make solid contact. Most of these came from Luna. Even if Celestia was older, she was mentally and physically exhausted from the day spent shaking crying, and having nightmares in her room. Slowly but steadily, Luna was able to kick her sister down into the woods.

As soon as Celestia hit the tree cover, she spun out of Luna's grasp, and sped through the trees. Luna was close behind, just a tail-length away. Every primal instinct the Sun Goddess had was on overdrive. *"GOTTA GET AWAY. GOTTA GO FAST. FASTER THAN HER."* She closed her eyes for a moment, trying to escape the race against her sister. It was too much, it was all just too much. Closing her eyes, and forgetting to pay attention turned out to be a bad move, as she careened into a grove of maple trees. Branches flew by, cutting her body. Sticky liquid slowly covered her. Celestia attempted to scream again, but it was cut short by a leaf that raced down her windpipe, as if fleeing the dark forest.

Soon enough, she exited the grove; only to find herself speeding towards the castle wall. This was easy enough. Celestia had been forced to do sharper turns before. She moved her wings in the appropriate motions, and swooped up. When she opened her eyes, expecting to see the morning sky, she instead saw...the castle wall again. Her wings: they were glued to her sides by tree sap! There was nothing she could do but break through the wall. She started to coat her fur and feathers with what little magic she had left, and braced herself.

The throne room wall exploded into a pile of fiery rubble as Princess Celestia fell in. Her eyes were bloodshot, her mane tangled, and her body was surrounded by powerful magic energy. She hit the floor running, and barely avoided the black mass of magic that hit the floor beside her. Celestia watched as the marble exploded, the sheer force throwing her away. Sent flying toward a large stone column, there was nothing she could do as her body ripped through the expertly crafted rock. It tumbled carelessly onto a shocked Celestia, robbing her of what little dignity, poise, and oxygen she had. With what little strength she could muster, she pushed away the rubble, and saw what she feared most. Luna, wearing those pink, frilly socks. The dark blue mare's horn was glowing, and her eyes were pure white.

"It's over, Celestia. I've won."

"N...no. No! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Celestia screamed. Luna, unfazed by her sister's outburst, took the time to conjure a new item: a pack of socks. These were pink like Luna's, but instead of a moon on them, they depicted a sun. The sun had a heart inside it, just as blue as the mare who held it. Celestia continued screaming as her sister slipped her feet inside the new garments. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOooooohhhh..."

"What...what is this? My feet, they feel so...soft. And comfy." Luna cleared the stone off of Celestia's pure white body. "What did you do to me?" Luna only shook her head, and pointed down. Celestia's eyes narrowed when she saw them, but, slowly, her face softened again. Tears filled her eyes. "Oh, Luna, my sister. I'm so sorry." She started to weep, letting Luna place a dark blue wing over her body. "How could I have been so blind to the wonder of socks? Can you ever forgive me?"

Chuckling, Luna helped her sister off the ground, and looked her straight in the eyes. "Of course I can, Tia."

The two besocked princesses smiled, and walked out into the morning light. It was time for them to face the world. Socks and all.

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*Dear Twilight Sparkle, My Most Faithful Student,*

*I apologize for being unavailable earlier. Luna and I had some mishaps, but in the end, everything has turned out for the best. On a related note, I have something to share. Something that will most definitely contribute to your study on the magic of friendship.*

*Recently, I learned that a true friend doesn't judge things before trying them. When you do, you could very easily hurt another pony badly. Or, in some cases, even yourself. I believe you experienced something very much like this recently, with your zebra friend. As you learned, not everypony can be figured out just by taking what you see at face-value. In most cases, you must get to know that pony, truly walk in his or her*

shoes. Only then can you find true empathy and understanding.

Wishing you the best,  
Princess Celestia

P.S. Have you ever tried wearing socks? They're surprisingly comfortable.

## author's notes:

Just wanted to give some acknowledgements.

First off: The character Sundance is not mine. She belongs to Andrew J. Talon, and his story "Progress."

<http://www.equestriadaily.com/2011/05/story-progress-luna-versus-microwave.html>

Second: The characters Check Mate, Crack Shot, and Corporal Kickstart are also not mine. They belong to Sagebrush, and his story "In Her Majesty's Royal Service."

<http://www.equestriadaily.com/2011/06/story-in-her-majestys-royal-service.html>

Thanks to Midnight Shadow and her crew for giving this piece honorable mention in the Happy Luna contest!

One more thing: I have a quote I'd like to share. This is from the book "A Long Way Gone: Memoirs Of A Boy Soldier" by Ishmael Beah. When I first read it, I immediately thought of Luna.

*"We must strive to be like the moon." An old man in Kabati repeated this sentence often to people who walked past his house on their way to the river to fetch water, to hunt, to tap palm wine; and to their farms. I remember asking my grandmother what the old man meant. She explained that the adage served to remind people to always be on their best behavior and to be good to others. She said that people complain when there is too much sun and it gets unbearably hot, and also when it rains too much or when it is cold. But, she said, no one grumbles when the moon shines. Everyone becomes happy and appreciates the moon in their own special way. Children*

*watch their shadows and play in its light, people gather at the square to tell stories and dance through the night. A lot of happy things happen when the moon shines. These are some of the reasons why we should want to be like the moon.*