

## The Box 2

Twilight woke up and rubbed her sore head. Well, at least she tried to rub her head, but her stubborn hoof wasn't responding properly, so she sent the message down from her brain again: move, hoof! Rub my head. Once again, however, the hoof did nothing.

Giving up on the soothing head-rub, Twilight turned her head to see where she was. Well, at least she tried to turn her head, but her stubborn neck wasn't responding properly. Quickly realizing the futility in moving any large part of her body, Twilight simply moved her eyes. She looked to her left and right, but all she could see was brown, flat, grainy wood.

'Oh crap.' She thought to herself. 'It can't be, I'm not...' She looked up as far as her eyes could reach and saw a giant purple snout smiling down at her from above the wooden wall. 'Good Celestia that pony's huge!' Twilight thought. As she watched, she noticed the purple horn on the large pony, and the off-color pink and purple stripes in its otherwise deep blue hair. 'It's not huge.' She realized, 'I'm tiny.'

'That's impossible! That's-that's me!' Twilight thought, panic starting to overtake her. 'But if that's me, then... oh no!' In a moment, the terrible realization hit her. She careened her eyes downward as far as possible and saw a frilly white dress. 'I'm the doll!'

Twilight struggled to move, trying desperately to get any reaction out of this strange new body. She tried to scream but the painted smile on her face wouldn't allow any noise to pass from its tightly sealed lips. She eventually found she could rock back and forth slightly, and felt herself slowly swinging the long, misshapen hooves of this form. Twilight listened in horror as her imposter said, "Of course, Spike. It never left, it was just trying to trick us. I have got it trapped back in its box, though."

She watched it slowly close the lid and heard the locking mechanism click just as she rocked herself over onto her side with a small thud. She tried to swing her arms violently and only succeeded in knocking them against the walls. She heard two voices, obviously Spike and her imposter, mumble something outside her wooden prison. Then, Twilight felt the worst sensation she could imagine: she felt the box getting warmer.

Smoke began pouring in through cracks in the boards. She felt heat emanating through her entire body. She knew the whole of her surroundings would be ashes in a minute or two. 'Come on Twilight, concentrate.' She thought to herself, 'You've got one chance. Your mind is still working; maybe your magic is too. Come on Twilight, imagine yourself somewhere else. Get out of the box, go upstairs, hide.'

Twilight kept focusing as the fire spread. She tried coughing, but the unchanging mouth made any attempt at clearing her lungs useless. She felt the flames lick at her feet. 'Come on! Go! Now! Teleport! Get out of here!'

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"Are you sure you're alright, Twilight?"

"Of course I am, Spike. Why would you ask if I am not?"

“You just haven’t seemed yourself lately. You hardly talked to Rarity at all, and haven’t stopped to talk with a single pony all day.”

“My mind is just preoccupied, Spike. I am still a little bit shaken up from the events of the past few days.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

Night had already fallen by the time the baby dragon and his friend, Twilight Sparkle, traveled back to their home in Ponyville’s library which was built directly into a large tree. They were coming back from the Carousel Boutique, run by Ponyville’s most fashionable unicorn pony, Rarity. The trip had been a special treat for Spike. Rarity wasn’t just the number one collector of gemstones, a dragon’s favorite snack; she was also Spike’s “secret” crush, making any time spent with her precious to him.

Spike really couldn’t blame Twilight for acting a bit strange. Together they had just rid Equestria of what Princess Celestia had called a great evil: a small porcelain doll made in the image of hideous creatures that used to rule Equestria before the peaceful reign of their benevolent ruler Celestia. Twilight came into possession of the doll via a long-abandoned shop in Fillydelphia. It had created numerous disturbances for them during the days following its arrival until just this past afternoon when Spike incinerated the box with the doll trapped inside.

“I think that tomorrow we should fix the door to the attic. After that we should go to Canterlot and let the Princess know that we have done that which she asked us to do.” Twilight said.

“Why don’t we just send her a letter?” Spike asked.

“A letter would take too long, Spike” Twilight said, “We should let the Princess know in person.”

“Um...Twilight?” Spike said in a puzzled tone, “I send letters right to her, like, instantly. Remember? Dragon breath?”

“Oh, right, of course I remember, Spike.” Twilight said, appearing slightly frazzled, “I truly meant to say that we should tell the Princess in person because the mission we were given was so important.”

“Oookay. Should we send her a request for a chariot and some guards to fly us there?”

“No, Spike.” She replied, “Let us walk. It will be a nice surprise for the Princess that way.”

“Whatever you say, Twilight. I’m just glad the whole thing’s over.” Spike said as he reached for the familiar door handle. He waited for Twilight to enter before going in himself and closing the door. Spike busied himself by tidying up a few things around the house before saying, “I think I’ll head off to bed.”

He started towards his warm, inviting bed when he noticed Twilight was still in the middle of the main room, staring at the floor. “Something wrong, Twi?” He asked.

“Oh, Spike.” She said, jerking her head up quickly in surprise. Spike noticed she was looking intently at the pile of ashes that had once been that terrible doll.

“I’m sorry, Twilight.” Spike said quickly, “I forgot to clean that up earlier.” He speedily grabbed a dustpan

and broom and swept away the offending dust. Carefully placing it in the rubbish bin, he returned to Twilight who continued to stare at that same spot on the floor.

“Did I miss some?” He asked.

“I do not think so.” Twilight responded. “I was just wondering, at what temperature does porcelain burn?”

“Gosh, how should I know, Twi?” He asked sleepily. “Does it really matter?”

“No, probably not, Spike. Do not worry about it.” Twilight gave him a reassuring smile. “Let us go to sleep. We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow.”

Twilight took a cursory glance around the room, ending with a long stare at the attic. After, she followed her dragon into the bedroom. They got into their respective beds and went to sleep.

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With a flash of light, a small white doll appeared in a dark, musty-smelling room. It slowly turned its head and observed its surroundings. ‘Perfect’ the doll thought, ‘the attic, just where I wanted to be.’ With great difficulty it pulled itself along by its arms and hid behind a small stack of books. Twilight the doll most certainly did not want to be seen until she was good and ready. Just barely escaping the burning box gave her a huge rush of adrenaline, and she needed to calm down and try to think this whole situation through.

‘So, I am the doll.’ Twilight said, wrapping her mind around the impossible event that had occurred. ‘And the doll is me. I wonder if my friends will notice. I sure hope so. Regardless, I need to figure out what it wants, and how to change back. First though, I need to figure out how to move.’

Twilight had at least heard the doll pattering around at night, so she knew it had to be possible to walk around in this body even if it did have only two legs. She spent the next hour or so learning to first support her weight with her arms, then push herself up to standing, and finally how to walk slowly around in this foreign body. It was quite dark outside by the time she felt comfortable moving around as the doll. Twilight wanted to get down to her library and find a spell to change back to her proper shape as soon as possible. She was just inside the clawed-through attic door and about to head downstairs when she heard voices below her.

Twilight hid behind the doorframe and strained her ears, hearing “...what temperature does porcelain burn?”

‘Oh no!’ Twilight thought, still unable to vocalize anything in her current form, ‘It knows I’m still alive.’ Twilight tried to hug the wall more tightly and waited. She imagined the sound of hooves coming closer, but realized they were actually going away. A few moments later, she heard Spike’s tell-tale snoring and determined the two were asleep.

Twilight snuck down the stairs as quietly as possible, slowly lowering herself onto each step with her arms. She made very little noise crossing the room toward the giant bookcases she owned, thinking how much bigger her library looked now that she was just over a head tall. She stared up at the wall of books and gave herself an internal pat on the back for keeping them alphabetized by title, making her search that much easier.

'Now, which book is it?' Twilight thought, bringing one of her hands up to her chin and looking through the S's, most of which were thankfully near the floor. She began perusing on the second shelf up and read the titles in her mind. '*Sap and Barks illustrated*, no, *Served Cold: The book of revenge*, no, *Slumber 101*, no...where is it?' She thought, transferring her gaze down to the bottom shelf. 'Oh! Here we are, *Simple Safe Shape Shifting*. I'm going to have to talk to Spike about keeping the books in order when this all over.'

Twilight grabbed the book with both hands and pulled back. It was not an especially thick tome, but the weight was still enough to cause difficulty for the tiny doll. The book landed on the floor with a sickening thud. Twilight held her breath as the monotonous snoring came to a stop. She heard rustling in the bedroom and scampered into a corner between two of the bookcases. She tried to hide as well as she could, but anypony looking directly into the corner would see her right away.

Twilight watched as the door to the bedroom opened and her doppelganger stumbled out into the room. The false pony's steps were unsteady as it went directly to the middle of the room and scanned the area briefly. "Listen here." It said in a harsh whisper, "I know you are \*yawn\* I know you are alive. I felt you escape that box, but I simply could not care less. There is nothing a foolish little pony like you can do to stop me, so I have no problem allowing you to live out the rest of your short life in that pathetic form. Feel free to watch as I shape this world in my image. I hope you enjoy your new world. A pity your Princess won't be around to see it."

The pony then turned and walked back into the bedroom. "Do not worry Spike, it was nothing." Twilight heard it say using her stolen voice after it had gone. Meanwhile, Twilight returned to the task at hand. She opened her book to the contents page and found two interesting options. 'Hm...chapter seven: spell dispells, or chapter eleven: fabulous filly forms.'

She eventually decided that her original shape was that of a fabulous filly, so she painstakingly turned to chapter eleven with her clumsy porcelain arms. Turning one page at a time, she finally found the correct chapter and began to read.

The spell was surprisingly less complicated than Twilight had anticipated. She knew that this spell, like any new magic, would take many failed attempts before she could transform perfectly. She also knew that her failures would cause quite a stir in the house. Because of this, Twilight could not risk any attempts at shape-shifting inside the house. Also, she didn't know if another interruption would cause the creature to kill her out of spite due to its lost sleep.

Twilight decided the safest thing would be to tear out the needed pages and find a safe place outside to practice. Harming one of her dear books hurt her more an anvil falling on her head, but Twilight knew the creature was going to do something terrible, and she couldn't stop it in this feeble doll form.

The night air was cool on her face as Twilight snuck out through a conveniently open window, another chore in which Spike had been negligent. 'Really, how careless can that dragon be?' Twilight thought to herself. 'Still, I have been lucky he's so forgetful. I'm not sure I could have ever opened that door.'

She walked quickly through Ponyville, the crucial pages stuffed into her dress. She did her best to dart from bush to bush, thankful that so few ponies were up this late. She eventually made her way through the dark streets to the outskirts of town, eventually landing on the trail up the nearby mountain and straight on into Canterlot. Twilight chose this path on purpose. She knew she would soon reach a small

hollow just off of the main path. In there, she could practice with nopony knowing what she was up to. It was the kind of place you couldn't find unless you were looking for it, and Spike was the only one Twilight had told about this place.

Upon reaching her destination, which took a good hour or so with her slow-moving, clumsy body, Twilight set about practicing immediately. She first calmed her mind and let her body relax. She focused her mind upon the pony body she wanted: her familiar purple form with long straight hair. She thought on her original shape as she chanted the words on the page inside her mind: *Rueful body, full of flaws, disgusting face with damaged jaws, disappear, leave, and please expire, and change into my true desire, perfect my form and let all see, the pony I was meant to be!*

Twilight felt the magic take hold as she continued to both focus on her desired form and the incantation on the page. She could almost feel her arms lengthen and thicken; her hands and fingers merging together and hardening into a firm, un-cloven hoof. She felt her face stretch and nose extend while her forehead shrunk and rounded itself. Her mouth split open at the lips and she grew a sorely missed set of teeth. As the change continued, she began to vocalize the spell, hoping to add to its power.

After a few minutes, but what felt like hours to the nervous pony, the change was complete. Twilight Sparkle, purple unicorn and personal student to Princess Celestia stood in a hollow near a road in the middle of the night. The pony was so excited to be back in her own body she couldn't help but jump for joy. "Yes yes yes!" Twilight yelled, prancing about at her success.

Unfortunately for her, new magic requires expert concentration, and her joy at succeeding only served to break that concentration. Before she knew it, Twilight was warped instantly back into her accursed doll form, lying flat on her back on the cold grass. 'Celestia damn it!' She thought, quickly chastising herself for losing her cool like that. 'Of course I need to hold the spell. This doll is still my "correct" shape until I can kick that thing out of my body.'

Twilight returned to the book and to her chant. She needed to practice and practice this spell until it became second-nature for her. She had to make sure she would keep her pony form no matter what. It would be disastrous if she transformed back in the presence of one of her friends. They would surely conclude she was the doll masquerading as Twilight and try to destroy her right away. That was something she simply could not afford.

Twilight continued to practice well into the wee hours of the morning. She knew she had a time limit, but her exhaustion was starting to get the better of her. 'No, I have to keep going.' She thought as she lost one of her transformations to sleepiness. 'I can't stop, no matter what.' But after another shape-shift was broken up due to her quickly clouding mind, Twilight decided that a quick nap couldn't hurt...

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"Come Spike, it is time for us to begin the trip to Canterlot."

"Are you sure Twilight? It really would be easier to just send the Princess a letter."

"I explained it to you already, Spike. I wish to deliver my final report to the Princess in person. It will surely make her day much better to hear it straight from the mouth of the horse, as it were."

"But Twilight, you're not a horse."

"Well, I am a type of horse."

"Actually Twilight, the distinction between horse and pony is made based on--"

"Please, Spike, does it really matter?" She asked, cutting Spike off from his coming speech.

"You're the one who lectured me on it first." Spike mumbled dejectedly.

"I am sorry, Spike, but I really do not want to have anything on my mind except seeing Princess Celestia again. Let us head out."

"On your six, boss." Spike said, running out the tree house door after his friend. The sun beat down on them with loving warmth as the two strolled along. The purple pony set the pace: it was a calm walk, but one with purpose. It was a trot that seemed like it was neither in a hurry to arrive nor did it want to be late. They had a destination, and nothing would distract them from reaching it.

They walked along in almost complete silence on the long path to Canterlot. The pony had nothing to say, and Spike was afraid anything he said would make her angry with him. She walked just ahead of him, her eyes always fixed upon the road ahead or, when they were closer, on Canterlot looming in the distance.

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Twilight awoke to a harsh stream of sunlight. 'Oh no!' She thought immediately, 'It's morning. I've overslept!'

She wanted to quickly leap to her four hooves and take off down the road to Canterlot, intent on stopping the malicious spirit from harming her dear Princess. Unfortunately for Twilight, her shape-changing spell had not been activated. She jumped up as planned, but landed on two knees and two arms. Her attempt to gallop instead resulted in very slow crawling.

She stopped almost immediately and went back to focusing on the words of the spell she had worked so hard to memorize last night. She felt her body changing as she repeated the words and was quickly her pony-self again.

"Alright!" She said aloud, even though no pony could hear her. "Off I go!" And Twilight sped off at full gallop toward Canterlot.

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"Twilight Sparkle, my most faithful student!" Princess Celestia said when her dear friend was announced and allowed into her throne room along with the always charming baby dragon, Spike. "I am surprised to see you again so soon. Did you take care of the problem we discussed yesterday?"

"Indeed I have, Princess." Twilight said, letting off a most devious smile. "But there is another matter about which I wish to converse with you. Could we perhaps adjourn to your private study for a moment?"

"That won't be necessary, Twilight." The Princess said. "If it is something you want to talk about in private,

I will just dismiss my guards. Guards, you may leave us.” Celestia clapped her hooves together and shooed away the pegasus ponies at the foot of her throne. Once alone, Twilight Sparkle opened her mouth to speak when the large ornate wooden doors at the other end of the hall flew open to reveal... Twilight Sparkle.

“Twi-Twilight?” Princess Celestia gasped. “Two Twilights?”

The first Twilight turned to the Princess and said, “Surely she is an imposter. I am the real Twilight Sparkle.”

“What? Princess, that’s ridiculous. I’m the real Twilight!”

“How absurd. Princess Celestia has spent enough time with me to see that I am her most faithful student while you are a shoddy copy.”

“Oh just stop it.” Spike interjected. “I don’t want this to end with some kind of clichéd ‘you must kill us both’ line.”

The three ponies waited expectantly for Spike to continue. “So you know which one is the real Twilight Sparkle?” Princess Celestia asked.

“Of course.” Spike replied, pointing toward the newly arrived pony, “She’s the real Twilight. This other one is the doll. It stole her body or something.”

“Spike.” The affirmed Twilight began, “You knew this whole time?”

“Yeah, why do you think I left that book by the floor for you? Or kept that window open?”

“But you still burned the box with me inside it!”

“Oh, about that, sorry.” The dragon said, reaching back a clawed hand and scratching the back of his head with it sheepishly. “I hadn’t figured it out at that time. I realized it when we were at Rarity’s and she...he...it? Anyway, it whispered to me that Rarity’s dresses looked like a dog threw up on a swatch of fabric.”

“Foolish ponies.” The false Twilight yelled as her horn began to glow a brilliant purple. “It does not matter if you have seen through my disguise. I will still rule your planet, after I destroy your precious princess.”

The creature let loose a large bolt of purple magical energy aimed directly at the Princess. Celestia, seeing the incoming attack, quickly countered with her own blast of blue magical power, catching the beam in the middle. The two began to struggle for control, each grunting as they put out large amounts of magical power. Twilight Sparkle was at her teacher’s side in an instant, adding her power to the Princess’s own magical flow.

The ray of energy stood still for a few moments, but after a brief pause the collision point of the beams began drifting toward Twilight and the Princess. “You stupid, pitiful creatures.” The being said, gloating over its coming victory. “You, who crawl feebly upon the face of this planet, never hoping or desiring for more; you could never match my power.”

It intensified its magical energy, feeding ever more strength into the struggle with the two ponies. Princess Celestia grit her teeth and grimaced under the strain, desperately trying to hold back the coming blast. "What are you?" She asked, shocked at the incredible power coming from this thing. "Did the humans create you?"

"What? The humans? You must be joking." It said, laughing at her question. "Those stupid apes only succeeded in trapping me away for a while. I should thank you, Twilight Sparkle, for releasing me from my cage, but it seems I must kill you instead."

"Then where did you come from?"

"Where? I have always been, pony. From the dawn of time, since before the Universe was, I am! You cannot begin to comprehend my incredibly splendor. I will soon take my rightful place as ruler of all, and you fools will not stand in my way!"

The creature once again let out an increased burst of energy, pushing the meeting streams incredibly close to the two despairing ponies. At that moment, the side door leading to Celestia's study opened and a shocked deep-blue alicorn came onto the scene.

"Sister! Sister, what's happening?" the pony asked.

"Luna! Ungh. Sister, help me!"

"Ah, Princess Luna." The thing said, "I am glad you are here. You should enjoy seeing your sister defeated. I have seen into your heart, I know the terrible things she has done to you. I know what you went through. I too was once locked away, banished far from those in power simply for wanting to rise up in the world. And what did we desire? Power? To be loved? Was not that your ambition? Are these things truly so wrong? Come Luna, join me. I will let you rule over this sphere, be my potentate to this place. I will soon rule over all the skies, I do not mind giving this world to you. You can rule better than your sister there ever could."

Princess Luna hesitated. She had been locked away for 1000 years by her sister, that was true. One millennium of isolation; spent alone, afraid, and depressed. Eventually, that sadness and fear grew into anger. She had waited, watching for an opportunity to strike and finally returned as Nightmare Moon, almost turning Equestria into a land of eternal night. But she had been defeated by Twilight Sparkle. If ever there was an opportunity to be rid of the two ponies who had crushed all her dreams, this was it.

Luna looked at the creature, still in the shape of Twilight Sparkle, obviously on the verge of winning its fight against her sister and the other Twilight. Luna then looked back at her sister. She saw the fear in her eyes, the sweat forming on her forehead. She saw Twilight with the same expression, her body appearing to shrink slightly and then regrow to its normal size at intervals. She mulled both options over in her head, and then rushed to her sister's side and added her own magical energy to theirs.

The tide of battle swung as the three ponies combined their magical power and fought back against the beast. The energy's impact point moved halfway between the warring parties again as the shocked creature called out in anger at the younger princess.



"Luna, you fool! They cannot offer you what I can. They treated you horribly, locked you away, stole your power from you. How could you possibly return to them?"

"You're wrong." Luna said.

"What?"

"I was treated poorly, and locked away, but they never stole my power."

"You were Nightmare Moon, the most feared pony in history. Look at you now. How can you say they haven't stolen that from you?"

"Nightmare Moon was the power and the shape of my anger, my resentment, my fears." Luna replied forcefully, pushing more magical energy into the beam. "Those were taken away by these two, that's true. But feelings are never just destroyed. They leave only when they are replaced by other, stronger feelings. All my fears, all my anger, they didn't just go away. They were replaced by friendship. Despite the terrible things I had done and tried to do, Twilight Sparkle, the real Twilight Sparkle, welcomed me back to Equestria as her friend."

"Friendship? That's your answer? HAHAHAHA!" The creature laughed deeply. "You understand nothing. Friendship is worthless. All that matters is power. And in that regard, you three come up short."

The beast let out one final burst of energy, pushing the connecting point mere inches from the group of ponies. It had assumed the three would be overcome with fear at his final assault, but it saw instead three smirking ponies, looking like they were trying to hold back a laugh on some hilarious inside joke.

"What is so funny?" It asked. "Do your own deaths amuse you that much?"

"No, that's not it at all." Twilight Sparkle replied, now smiling broadly.

"You see, my sister just reminded us of a powerful secret we had forgotten." Celestia added.

"And what is that?"

"On this planet..." Twilight began, suddenly gaining an incredibly amount of power and forcing it into the beam.

"...friendship..." Celestia said, acquiring her own boost of power seemingly out of nowhere and adding it to Twilight's.

"...is..." Luna added, once more getting a huge bump in power and pushing the stream of energy incredibly close to the beast.

"...MAGIC!" The three ponies yelled in unison, overwhelming the creature with a giant blast of magical power. Light surrounded the being as it yelled loudly at its defeat. The excess energy spiraled itself straight into the air, blowing through the palace roof and exploding far above the world.

In the crater from the blast lay a burnt and beaten, but still intact Twilight Sparkle. In addition, laying next

to two exhausted royal princess was a small porcelain doll, the source of all this turmoil.

"I see." Celestia said, breathing loudly as she examined the two. "So the doll was able to swap with you, my dear student? You must have let your guard down."

"That sounds about right." Spike said, coming out from his hiding place behind Celestia's throne. "So how do we get them back?"

"Well, a straight swap is very difficult to do, especially if both parties are unconscious, as they seem to be right now." The Princess answered. "If I had some sort of vessel to transfer the creature into, that would work out quite well."

"I have something that might work." Luna said, rushing back into the study. She returned quickly with a small pony-shaped doll. It was a very soft felt doll that was stuffed with cotton. "I found this when going through my old things."

"That will do nicely." Celestia said, taking the pony and porcelain dolls with her over to Twilight's body. "And Luna, thank you so much for siding with us."

"Of course, dear sister. You know I would never try going against you again."

Celestia focused her magic on the damaged pony. She used her most powerful magical trick, one known only to her...and apparently the creature...to transfer its essence into the pony doll. She then returned Twilight Sparkle to her rightful body, even if it was somewhat worse for the wear.

"And what do we do with this thing then?" Spike asked, holding the pony doll daintily in between two claws, keeping it as far away from his body as possible. "Should I burn it?"

"No, Spike." Celestia answered. "I was wrong about what it was before. I think burning that body would just release it. Think of that pony body as a prison, keeping it trapped. I between those humans had the right idea. We need to make sure it goes somewhere it can never harm anypony ever again."

Princess Celestia produced a small wooden box from her study. She turned it over and Spike looked on hungrily as a large number of precious gems and beautiful necklaces fell from within it. The Princess placed the doll inside and carefully locked the lid. "This box has a strong magical barrier around it. I was using it to keep out any would-be thieves, but this is obviously more important. The only question now is: where should we bury it?"

"I have an idea..." Princess Luna said, whispering something into her sister's ear.

"Oh yes, I like that. An excellent suggestion. No pony will ever be in danger there. Unless, of course, they try to steal the daytime from me again." She said with a smile.

Princess Luna laughed. "I think we can both be sure that will never happen."

"What? I don't get it." Spike said. "Where are you going to put it?"

"Don't worry, Spike." Celestia said as she instantly teleported the box to its final destination. "We will never have to worry about that thing again. I think you should help Twilight home. She will need a few

days for her body to recover.”

“Yes, Princess.” Spike said, helping the now-returned palace guards put the still unconscious Twilight into a chariot.

After the two left, Luna turned to her sister and asked, “And what about this doll?” as she pointed with her hoof as the doll that once held Twilight Sparkle inside.

“Well, I did say that everything from the time before we came to rule Equestria should be destroyed, but you had to give up one of your dolls to rid us of that thing. Why don’t you keep this one to replace it? Just keep it out of sight. I doubt Twilight Sparkle would react well to seeing it again.”

“Alright, sister.” Luna said.

She took the doll and placed it on a shelf in her room, in the middle of numerous other dolls and trinkets she had collected. Visitors to the palace say to this day that every so often, just after Luna leaves at night to raise the moon, footsteps can be heard pattering about her room. Everypony who entered the room trying to catch the creator of that noise never saw a living creature inside. But once in a while, a very perceptive guard would notice that oddly-shaped porcelain doll on the floor, seemingly having fallen from its rightful place.