

Hyperactive chatter filled the air as Twilight watched Pinkie bounce off into the distance, going on and on about all the plans she had for her and her recently-discovered family branch over at Sweet Apple Acres. Her yammering grew more and more distant until it faded away, and Twilight finally shut the door, shaking her head. She'd had no idea that her two friends were even remotely related, but she hoped Applejack would be able to handle her new relative. She was sure they'd be fine – eccentric as Pinkie was, you couldn't ask for a better cousin than her.

Twilight had to admit, the fact that two completely different ponies could share the same ancestor was fascinating. Her eyes wandered over the stack of scrolls she'd borrowed for her research, still inexplicably floating in midair thanks to her friend. She found herself wondering – if Pinkie could be related to AJ, who could be in her *own* tree? She could have family in Baltimore, or Saddle Arabia... she could even be related to Starswirl the Bearded!

She just had to find out. Twilight trotted over to the stack and skimmed it, running a hoof along the column and wondering where she'd left her own scroll. Finally spotting it somewhere near the middle, she yanked it out, only to flinch back with a yelp as everything above it clattered to the floor. “Hmph. So it's alright when Pinkie does it...” she muttered, before turning her attention back to the paper in her grasp.

She levitated and unraveled it in front of her, eyes dancing across the floating scroll. “Great Auntie Dewdrop... third cousin, twice removed... hmm...” Nothing seemed out of the ordinary as she went further and further along her tree – until something caught her eye. “Wait, what's this?”

Her eyes narrowed as she squinted at some fine print... and then gasped. “This can't be. This can't possibly be true. This... this doesn't make a lick of sense.” Yet there it was, scrawled in black on one of the official genealogical records she'd asked for herself. It was legit.

The question now was, what should she do? Twilight had met this relative before, and they hadn't exactly gotten off on the right hoof. The exact opposite, really. Still, they were family – even if she'd only learned this five seconds ago – and she'd have to be the bigger pony and go visit them.

It was decided. “Spike, would you please leave a note letting everypony know I’ve gone out?” she called, winding the scroll back up. “Oh, and while you’re at it, inform Celestia that the scrolls she sent might be just a little possessed.”

Though she made good time, Twilight definitely wasn’t used to her new wings yet. After half a day of travel, occasionally interrupted by a short break, she’d finally reached her destination. She swooped low, coming in for a landing after making sure her saddlebags were secure. Though still out of practice, she managed to land right in front of the place’s entrance without splatting against the wall. It was a big, imposing building, constructed of shiny black walls, but she was on a mission. So, hoof held high, she leaned forward and gave the front door a few knocks.

Moments passed in silence before she could hear muttering coming towards her. “...Who could possibly be foolish enough to walk up to my *front door* and *knock*? Oh, this’ll be a treat.” Hoofsteps came to a stop behind the door as a green glow surrounded it, pulling it open. The mare on the other side let out a gasp as she locked eyes with her visitor.

“*You*.” Twilight found herself looking up at the queen of the changelings herself. Chrysalis glared, annoyance and disgust swirling in the changeling’s eyes. “After what you’ve done, you have the gall to come up and knock on my hive?! I should have your hide for this! Along with those new wings.”

Twilight laughed nervously. The badlands around them seemed much more sweltering under the fiery stare of the angry queen. “Come on,” Twilight finally said, “is that any way to speak to your cousin?”

“My what.”

“Your cousin!” Ignoring Chrysalis’ confusion, Twilight magically opened up her satchel and pulled out the scroll she’d read that morning. “Look, right here! Let’s see...” She opened it up and began to skim again. “Grandpa Spark... great great great grandma Juniper... almost

there... ah, here!” She turned the document towards the still-dumbstruck changeling. “Back a few centuries ago, one of your ancestors was on a spying mission to seek out a new town full of love to feast on. And she ended up finding love, all right... with a pony from my tree. Apparently our species are compatible enough to produce offspring, and after a few splits in the family branches, here we are. Isn’t it fascinating?”

She held out the scroll until Chrysalis found enough sense to take it from her. She held it in one hoof, skimming it over fervently. “This is a forgery! It has to be!” she snarled. “This doesn’t make the slightest bit of sense.”

“That’s what I thought too,” Twilight said. “But then I realized, being about one-eighty eighth changeling, I can do *this*.” The pony’s face scrunched up in deep concentration as she focused, looking more than just a bit ridiculous. But slowly, ever so slowly, her right ear began shifting, melting downwards and shifting color to a chocolatey brown until it solidified into something you might see on a dog. “Neat, huh?”

Chrysalis let the scroll clatter to the ground. “I know, I’m impressed too!” Twilight gave her new ear a couple flicks, smiling. “And now that you know we’re related, we need to catch up! Our family branches haven’t known about each other far too long. How about I come in, and we can start over?” She suddenly clapped her hooves together, practically squealing with excitement. “Ooo, we can tell each other about our cultures! And after that, we can have a slumber party! I even brought my official slumber guide just in case.”

The queen’s jaw hung agape as she stared off into the distance over Twilight’s head. “I’m going back to bed,” she finally droned, turning to go.

“Really? But it’s only 4:30.” Twilight shrugged, moving to follow her. “Well, if you’re tired, you’re tired. I’ll just show myself to a guest room and when you wake up we can-” The door slamming in her face cut her off, and she stepped back to rub at her muzzle. “Chrysi? Come on, don’t be like that! I’ll let you look at my cool doooooog eeeeeear.” She wagged her head back and forth, letting the limb flap back and forth. Unfortunately, Chrysalis didn’t seem to be interested.

Nor did she seem to be coming back. “That’s alright!” Twilight called out. “I’ll just come back later!” After quickly stuffing the scroll back into her bag and turning her ear back to normal, she turned and took off back towards home. It hadn’t gone as she’d planned, but hey, she could always try later. And she could bring her own family with her, it’d be like one big reunion! She was sure Chrysalis would love it.