

The Apple's Core

Silence.

Silence reigned, as well as the purple hue that surrounded the suite.

'3...'

'2...'

'1...'

beep beep beep be-click

'Beaten you again, clock.'

Jacqueline always found a certain thrill in beating her alarm in rousing her from her sleep. It gave her the notion that she woke up before anything, even anypony. She opened one eye and looked around her flat and noticed the satisfying lack of any warm color. *'Perfect.'* She thought as she held up a small grin and broke the rest of her body out of their lethargy.

She sat up, stretched, and gave her disdain and contempt towards her early morning practice loud and clear. She then looked back on her clock that was displaying the time in a soft neon green tint that wasn't blindingly bright and checked it.

6:30 AM

That's an hour before the Manehattan sunrise breaks through her window in clear view. She practically memorized the scene that plays out from her window every morning as she

played her part to contribute to the routine as well, with the first item being to look at the jump start of the city's day. The tall skyscrapers that were scattered below the view all came to life with their familiar yellow lights that lit up some of the office rooms and apartments. The buildings varied in appearance, with some having an unsustained and an unmanaged exterior, some perfectly pristine in their sweet and elite condition (and payment), and some have yet been realized and constructed.

The economic divide was fully evident from Jacqueline's apartment window as well. Even further below she would always see the scarce and slow paced flow of the city's traffic, with the riddled commotion of ponies passing by at the sides. Sometimes, heated ruckuses from the pedestrians become evident. Either from crimes or arguments, she couldn't really tell.

However, from all the sights to be seen from her window, the grandeur that plays ahead of her vision captivates her the most every morning. The perfect Manehattan sunrise delivers a slow but steady show as the warm and glistening rays of it gets perfectly framed between the mountaintops. In the center of it all, in the center space of the divide of the two perfectly placed mountains lay a city that the sunlight seemed to radiate in its wake.

The city of Ponyville.

Jacqueline smiled to herself as she reminisced her days as a filly and chuckled. *'I could sit here all day, but I have work to do.'* She nodded to herself and turned on one of the only lights in her suite. Her living area wasn't anything to brag about. She had inherited the place early on from her aunt and uncle before they decided to move to a more pleasant area. As the years went on she found a respectable job and became one of the nonpareil in no time due to her natural

business sense and hardworking nature, yet she always declined to any form of assistance or reward. She found it ironic on how she still manages to stay unpretentious in one of the most ostentatious cities in Equestria.

She dove into her morning drill without much hassle, aside from taking a mental note to restock on toothpaste and fritters (However, with her appetite on the line, she decided to prioritize the latter). Just as she was getting dressed for work, she received a knock on her apartment door followed by a letter that slid through it.

*'Mail **this** early? This must be urgent...'*

She trotted to the door and picked up the letter and silently read it as she went over to her work station to grab her company issued saddlebags.

Dear Sis,

I'm just writing to you to inform you that Babs may be a little late in arriving from the train from Ponyville. She got caught up with Applebloom and her friends in their usual crazy shenanigans again. This time involving the Summer Harvest Parade. She ended up crashing the farm's only float and she was rushed to the hospital. She needed to stay for another day here, but don't worry; she's alright, healthy, and ready to go. Babs should be arriving at the Manehattan train station by about eight in the morning tomorrow. I also wanted to say thanks for taking your time to pick her up from the station, with your work taking up your day and whatnot. Hope to talk to you again soon.

*Your Brother,
Big Macintosh*

Jacqueline rolled her eyes, huffed a heavy breath gently, and shook her head as she folded the letter back and placed it neatly inside the envelope. *'After I drop Babs off, I'll have a word with the post's firm about their timely schedules and practices.'* She grumpily pondered as she reflected yesterday's tireless worrying and constant waiting on the train platform for a good part of her day only to be agitated enough to the point of calling Mac and receiving a rather humiliating response back (which further annoyed her, ruining her whole day).

She rarely contacts her kin due to her packed up schedules, but manages to know most of them through professional means. Babs Seed was a distant cousin of hers that also resided in the city, although they ever rarely meet. When Babs parents invite her over for a meal, which she rarely accepts, she observes the filly as being an introvert and rather insecure. When she received the favor to chaperone the filly to Ponyville, she wholeheartedly agreed to do so. Although, a sudden impromptu meet up had been scheduled, thus she didn't stay too long in the town.

'Oh well, what's done is done. I should just get going. The traffic is going to get hectic soon.' With a final exasperated sigh, she headed out of her flat. *'And to imagine that the day's just starting...'*

The click of the door knob emanated through the still dim hallway of the complex floor. Jacqueline was used to seeing this every morning. She knew long ago not to disturb the neighboring renters in their tired slumber, knowing that most of them worked in the night shift anyways. Not even the faculty nor the landlord are up yet. This never really bothered her though. She simply takes it as extra time to be in tranquility and to be able to space out. To their credit though, the residents were hearty and fun to interact with after they had their morning dose of

caffeine. However, she rarely gets to see them in that condition. Her daily schedule already leaves little room for her to constantly be in her own flat, what more the whole building.

She descended down to the ground floor and headed through the reception hall.

The receiving hall gave an impression that her living space wasn't as grand as what ponies would normally expect for a mare such as her to be living in, considering she's a VIP. It was demure and modest compared to the five star hotels like the Mane Fair. By the entrance was the usual groggy security stallion. A tall, white coated, unicorn with a suit, buzz cut mane, a rough face on, and with a cutie mark of a baton. He was leaning on one of the two main doors that served as an entrance. *'Poor guy, tired again. Just like the rest of the residents here.'* To the left of him was the reception booth that featured a perky, light cream coated receptionist with a pale light cyan mane. She was frantically shuffling through the memos and folders in front of her.

Seeing them was another part of Jacqueline's daily routine cycle. They regularly meet enough in the morning that the two become the only ponies in the flat that she regularly chats with. Although, the knucklehead grunt was already scruffy and silent enough not to bother in the noon. What more if he was either hungover or pissed in the early hours? All that left her to talk to was with the energized mare that seemed to unfortunately have two left hooves.

She considered the mare to be very timid but friendly and kindhearted once ponies broke the ice with her. With the right timing and topics to talk about, they end up talking for hours. If both of them only **had** that kind of time to begin with. Still, she found an odd sympathy for her. Probably due to her similar rough start in the business industry. One day she decided to

have a little friendly chat with her, and with its escalation they quickly became good acquaintances over time.

"Ms. Pommel, will you ever get a hang on sending even one quarterly report to your manager **without** flipping your entire desk over?" Jacqueline politely joked towards the receptionist whilst giving out a faint laugh.

"Oh, Ms. Apple. I'm afraid that that day will never come. Maybe it will... When ponies become seahorses." Coco responded with a nervous yet genuine laugh of her own. "And please; Call me Coco, mam. I'm not yet ready to get used to having a professional title following my name."

"Surely you see the hypocrisy in what you're saying, Coco." The Apple threw back, earning an embarrassed blush from the mare. "Please, call me Jacqueline. 'Ms. Apple' makes me feel rather pressured. Although, my name seems quite a mouthful. Even to me. I advise something more casual. How about 'Jackie' instead." She winked to her while heading towards the entrance. "Well, I shall be heading off now, Coco. Have a good day." She waved a farewell to the mare, who in turn waved back. "Have a good day too, you big oaf." The mare nudged the stallion, which earned her a disgruntled noise from him.

As she walked out from the receptionist hall of the hotel she was staying in, her sight focused on the black private carriage that was waiting for her arrival, while ponies commuting sidelined it. After months of having the private service, she still felt uneasy with getting the special treatment. The only reason she decided to accept was because the company was urging her to have 'dignity' for the meetings and galas that were held. Then they threw in other reasons

like security, making first impressions, and other reasons that she, frankly, couldn't care less about.

The stallion hoisting the carriage was a professional gentlecolt at least. Day in, day out he would clock in with his trademark smile and inquiry for her destination. She would rather have him as company than the hotel guard any day. As she got in the passenger's seat she informed him to take her to the train station urgently, anticipating the heavy gridlock that they will soon pass through. With a beam and a nod, the carrier galloped towards the station. Jacqueline checked the time on her hoofwatch to clock in if she was on schedule.

7:15 AM

She was.

The city passed by in a full warm orange hue as Luna's sun fully bore out, highlighting the city's signature busy ponies going about their day. Jacqueline wasn't really fond of observing the city's sights and wonders though. Mainly due to her morning usually focused on a pen and paper on her hoof. One more subconscious reason was because of her unfortunate first visit in the city. At the time she felt intimidated and lost, the city rubbing her the wrong way ever since. She swore to get rid of that inkling, seeing as Manehattan was actually a very nice city. She just never found the time to get rid of it yet.

The ride was relatively brief, although the measure was mostly due to her deep musing over her day. In reality, the road going to the station was packed. The platform itself didn't look too good as well, as it was also brimming of ponies who were trying to get a ride. This should

have been surprising to her, seeing as the road to the station was literally a straight line that passed the hotel in which she stays in, and that the Manehattan station was considered to be the most massive in all of Equestria.

She was unfazed by their number though. *'Just busy ponies going about their busy day.'*

With a wave of a hoof to thank the carrier, she loped off through the barrel of ponies and headed to the waiting area. It was directly in front of the landing platform. There was still a quarter of an hour to wait, however. So she did what she did best, working. She estimated the pickup of Babs back to her parents wouldn't even take an hour because of their convenient estate location. Then, after that, she needed to get back to the factory and shape the company's shipping schedule back on track. Especially with summer ending as it was approached spring, the perfect time for harvest. She took out paperwork from her saddlebags and began running through them.

"Apple production should increase if we cut down the orange production funding... but then again oranges are already booming in sales... We could just drop the apples in the region altogether... Nah, cider season should just be right around the corner..." She stated to herself as she made footnotes and corrections to the report she was holding.

Finally, after seamless minutes of brainstorming sales ideas, the loud whistle of the recently arrived train rang. The ponies rushed and exchanged from going in and out of the train. Among them was a little filly with a short cut mane that patterned in red, also sporting a coat that was caramel brown. The filly's body was also adorned by a cape with an insignia that resembled a yellow filly wearing a cape bi-pedaling over a blue shield. This certain filly zipped naively through the crowd and jumped and threw herself in Jacqueline's arms.

Jacqueline, shocked, hugged back.

"Auntie Jackie! Auntie Jackie! So nice ta' see ya!" The filly squeaked with excitement.

"Well, you seem to be happier than usual. It's nice to see you too, Babs." Jacqueline smiled and patted the filly's back as she put the smaller pony down. "How was the Summer Harvest Parade?"

"It was ta' greatest, auntie! Ah got to meet Granny Smith, Big Mac, and Apple Bloom and her friends! We got ta' drive the float... but then we got in a lil' fight and crashed it." Babs jumped up and down as she lay out every word, deflating slowly as she reached the end of the thought.

"Settle down there, little filly." Jacqueline gave out a polite laugh of her own as she trotted back to the carriage. "You can tell me all about it on your way home." She stated to Babs as she turned her head back and smiled to the filly and motioned to follow her, which, in turn, Babs did.

Both ponies got onto the carriage and headed off. The first few minutes of the trip were silent. It seemed that Babs still had a hard time to try and talk to her relative and vice versa, probably due to both ponies finding difficulty in starting a conversation with anypony. So Jacqueline finally decided to try and grease it. "So Babs, I noticed that you're more energetic, more robust, and well...just happier since you arrived. Did you really have **that** great of a time?"

Jacqueline seemed to suddenly have flipped an imaginary switch as Babs immediately turned back to her previous zealous attitude. "Aw, yes mam! At first ah was kinda nervous around 'em an' all. Ah' even got into a lil' fight with 'em." She noticed a grimace on the little filly's face. "We drove around in the farm's nice lil' float... Which ah' crashed." Her ears starting to droop down, but only for a split second as her tone quickly picked up fervor. "But in the end they forgave me, and ah' got ta' join their lil' club! The Cutie Mark Crusadahs!"

"Huh. A cutie mark crusading team. So that's what my little sister has been up to?" Jacqueline grinned and shook her head lightly as she chuckled. "Silly pony."

Babs then perked back up, remembering something. "Ah! Ah've been meaning ta' ask ya' auntie. How come-"

growl

The sound and Babs' immediate blushing help paint a knowing smirk on Jacqueline's face.

"How about we stop at a Hay Burger?"

Babs shrunk, but nodded nonetheless.

The Hay Burger was fortunately not as packed as, well, any other area of the city's metropolis. In fact, it seems that they were one of the only customers present. The only ponies around the store were the cashier, cook, faculty, and them two, with an extra lone customer. The open and silent atmosphere calmed Jacqueline's nerves to some extent as she ushered Babs to

their seats. She then asked what the filly wanted for lunch, then walked over to the counter and ordered.

"One hay burger with fries on the side, one daffodil sandwich, and one milkshake please."

As she was dictating her order over to the pony, her nerves once again acted up as she lifted her head to face the cashier to see the mare's eyes. Behind the hospitable facade that she was putting up, Jacqueline knew the look that the cash pony was giving her. In fact, her glance might had caught the maintenance eyeing her the same way as well. Ponies always seem to always give her that look whenever she entered a fast food chain, or bought an item on sale, or when she was paying in bits instead of cashing it on her account.

The look of disgust.

'Disgusted on how a very sophisticated looking pony would even dare show her face on a commoner's area.

Disgusted on how she would even dare dress attend a humble event, while everypony stares at awe.

Disgusted on how a simple mare playing dress up just to impress everypony and still get judged, would even dare-'

"Mam... mam?" The registrar awkwardly emphasized.

"Huh? Wh-" Jacqueline blinked

"Will that be all?" She asked, seemingly her second time

"Oh, uh, yes. Thank you..." She pulled back towards their table. *'Must have spaced out again...'* She quickly thought, deciding to shake the memory off quickly and covering it up with another topic to discuss, starting with a little chat with Babs. "It seems that your time at the hospital made you hungry."

"Yeh, it did." She nodded back. "The food that they gave me was just... ugh." Babs mocked a gag to illustrate her point, which earned a token laugh from the older mare. Babs followed with a laugh of her own as she grinned and continued. "I wanna thank ya' for treatin' me ta' lunch an' all, but ya' didn't need ta' go an' buy me somethin', auntie. Couldn't ya' just pick up one of yer' Applejack fritters?"

Jacqueline's ears twitched, prompting her to rub them lightly. She always found it awkward when a consumer, let alone a relative who regularly buys her products, says the brand name. The Applejack brand and its line of food products had already reached out far and wide across the nation. It had rightfully earned its title as the number one food catering service even before Princess Luna's reign, with its achievement streak far from being broken. Yet, she still keeps cringing every time someone casually says to one of her products. She also found it ridiculously biased because now the company releases orange based products as well, and soon they'll be doing their cherry fritter taste testing for approval of the managers' panel for a third line of consumer products. The success of the once local company was all thanks to the mare in question.

"Nah, not really. Either way though, I would still need to pay for them anyways." Jacqueline explained after what seemed like a long period of silence. "Besides, I like some variety." She added, being reminded of her dire food crisis back at her flat.

"Aaaah... Ah well. Still, thank ya' again auntie Jackie." Babs reaffirmed to her cousin.

Waiting never really bothered Jacqueline, nor did it bother Babs. Silence was their haven. With that, time flowed at a very fast rate every time they were in it. Jacqueline closed her eyes and fell back to the recesses of her own mind as she went back into her deep thoughts.

'Why do I even bother?'

A question she had been pondering on ever since. Ever since she moved to Manehattan. Ever since she attended Manehattan's school of business for farming. Ever since she got her master's degree (BS in Apples, of course, but then she went on to finish Oranges as well) in Canterlot. Ever since she successfully claimed the title of the late Celestia's youngest top agricultural adviser.

Ever since she left her home.

Babs whistled a **tune** as she was patiently waiting for their food. It was finally nice to take a break from the crummy food that the Ponyville General Hospital served her for two days. She couldn't thank her cousin enough for offering to give her something to eat. But with all that, she was still flustered for her relative. Her question got cut off earlier because of her appetite's

embarrassing timing, but she needed to ask it nonetheless. She lifted her gaze that was previously fixed on her newly acquired cape upwards to the older mare. She then noticed that her cousin's eyes were closed, with her face wearing a grimacing expression. She even thought she saw tears glistening at the sides of her muzzle.

Babs leaned on the older mare's body and hugged her.

She didn't know why she did it. Maybe it was Jackie's face and its hurtful look in need of comfort, or maybe it was simply because her coat looked soft and fluffy. Come to think of it, the Apple was the most well dressed and most well groomed out of all her kin. Sure, there were other relatives that were fancy looking too. The Oranges for example, but compared to them she still took the cake. Every time she would see her cousin in town being cheered on by everypony for her Applejacks or when Princess Luna herself visits and calls for her to Canterlot for help, she was always so graceful and beautiful.

In fact she looks as stunning right now. The rays of the morning sun made her orange coat radiate through the restaurant's empty surroundings as it was complemented by a sparkling green dress worthy of the Grand Galloping Gala couture. Her hooves, body, and looks were in pristine condition like it was serviced by spa ponies everyday. Her hair was, in Babs' opinion, the best part. It was clearly styled and crafted with precision and care, similar to the rumored Crystal Empire regal hairstyle. Every feature on her was as perfect as a Zapp Apple on harvest time.

All ruined by the sad look on her face.

Babs felt Jacqueline moving in her arm lock. She then looked back up to find that the older mare had already opened her eyes as it stared back at the young filly with now a perplexed look. She thought it was rude to still ask her question, given Jacqueline's current situation, but after her time with the Apple family in Ponyville she became curious and worried. Some part of her thought that asking it may even lighten her mood.

"Auntie Jackie, ah've been meaning ta' ask ya about why you le-"

"Your order, mam." The employee butted in, carrying their order.

'Drat, interrupted again.'

The meal was nothing exceptional, but it was a nice break from the usual apple and orange fritters that Jacqueline was always receiving for her daily consumption. Their meal was the same as their wait, mostly quiet. That excluded her chewing and Babs more enthusiastic consumption noises.

burp

She was once again amused for the second time by the little filly. This was because she had figured out that one of the traits that she liked about Babs was her frankness. Much like her. Rawly honest.

"Auntie, could ah ask a question?" The filly managed to form her words from a mouthful of hayfries.

"Why of course, fire away Babs." The mare wiped her muzzle gently with a napkin.

"Why aren't ya' with your folks?"

To some ponies, Jacqueline would be considered heartless. From all her successes individually and in the corporal field, she has never shared it to anyone but herself. Of course, this notion was only to the public eye. She has, in fact, invited her family to share her wealth with her. She even offered them to be partners in the business venture or letting her family move in with her altogether. Granny Smith seemed to always decline though, opting to hoof it through alone. She was as stubborn as a mule, and that's saying something because she has already worked with mules. But in turn, Jacqueline herself wouldn't give up without a fight.

For years she persisted and nagged her grandmother to join her in Manehattan. She asked her brother if he could convince Granny, since he was more open to the idea. Big Macintosh developed a charming air around him over the years, replacing the once stoic stallion she used to know. She hunched that due to her moving out, Big Mac needed to take on the bulk of the responsibility, thus making him interact with business partners and ponies more often. From what the letters told her, Mac was now a very persuasive stallion, with everypony easily becoming his friend while also managing to capture the hearts of most of the mares around town. But alas, not even his glamour could move Granny's decision.

She also tried to ask a favor from Apple Bloom to try too, but with no such luck. It made Jacqueline remember how she felt bad because she only got to see her younger sister in photos and got to talk to her only through letters. In fact, she hadn't even seen the farm for a

while now. The reason for all of this was because of a heated argument that she and Granny Smith had in the last Apple family reunion she attended. She couldn't manage to come to the following gatherings after that. Due to her isolation from her family, however, she had focused on working to grow and enhance her line of food products, then the rest was history.

"We jus' got into a lil' fight is all."

Jacqueline was taken aback from what she just said. Her natural drawl managed to leak out from all her deep musing. She could tell that Babs was shocked too, from her wide eyes and gaping mouth. She simply chuckled and nonchalantly shook her head. This wasn't the first time she slipped, and it sure wouldn't be the last. Although she always found it amusing to look at ponies' reactions every time it happened. To her they looked humorous when they all just stared at her in awe.

Much like the other ponies around the joint that recently gathered while they were talking and eating.

She couldn't care less of what they were thinking about her, however. No pony could make her bend. Not her employees, not her managers, not the majority of ponies, and not even her family. To her, what she does is on her own merit, and she should be able to do them so without opposition. She was the pony that she liked being.

To some ponies, Jacqueline would be considered rude.

The black carriage stopped in front of a small lot that was owned by the Seed family. Jacqueline checked her hoofwatch.

9:00 AM

On time again. She was pleased with this. Both mares descended from their ride and headed to the front gate of the estate. Babs had given her thanks to the coach stallion and headed with her inside the property and approached the front door.

"Ah' had a fun time with ya', auntie Jackie." Babs grinned. "Ah wanted to thank ya' (yet) again for the meal an' for pickin' me up too." She expressed her final thanks as she pulled Jacqueline into another hug.

"It was my pleasure Babs." She leaned in for the filly to grasp her easier.

The filly pulled back, then untied the only knot that holstered her cape to her neck. She then beckoned for the mare to lean in again closer, which Jacqueline complied to. Babs then tied the cape to her neck.

Jacqueline stood back up with all fours when her cousin loosened her grip. She felt the cape reach only halfway of her body. To ponies passing by, it would have looked more like a kerchief than a cape. Although, that wasn't the reason on why she had a quizzical look on her face.

"Why are you giving this to me, Babs?" She asked.

The filly was silent for a moment. Seemingly mulling over the right words to say.

"Well ah'... uh... Ah' wanted ta' give ya' somethin' back, but ah' don't really have anythin' so... Ah' decided ta' give ya' that." She dug one of her hoof deeper and shifted her eyes left and right, then focused her gaze down. "Although ya' already got your cutie mark so... Jus' think of it as a friendship token. We **are** friends, right Ms. Apple?" The filly looked back up to Jacqueline with her hopes high. "Besides, ah'm sure Apple Bloom would be happy to know that ah' made friends with her sister." She awkwardly put up a smile.

Jacqueline looked at Babs intently. On the other hand she found the filly to be naive for her to already be offering something of that value to somepony she just had lunch with for a day, yet Jacqueline also felt the sincerity of the filly's offer as she made her out to be a genuine friend. She decided to believe in the latter and chose to accept the offer with a nod.

It's been a while since she made friends.

"Yes Babs, we're friends." Jacqueline replied to the younger mare, who in turn was naturally expecting that answer as she sprung up for joy. "But only if you promise me one thing..." She teased.

"Anythin' Auntie Jackie! Anythin'!" Babs pleaded.

"... From now on, call me Applejack."

9:00 PM

Her clock displayed as it was giving the time to no pony in a soft neon green tint that wasn't blindingly bright in the contrast of the night.

The click of the door knob emanated through the now dim hallway of the complex floor. Most of her neighboring flatmates were still in their jobs, so she usually had an hour or two to herself. She opened the door to her own room and headed in. She let out an exasperated sigh and turned on one of the only lights in her suite. She had already finished up her work with another meeting with her managers followed by an interview with food critics. Her day closed to a full circle, finally complete.

Except for a lone letter on her floor.

*'Mail **this** late? Now it must be **really** urgent, or maybe the post office derped up again.'*

She picked up the letter and silently read it as she went over to her work station to store her company issued saddlebags.

My Dearest Applejack,

I'm sorry.

I know it's been a while since we last met or spoke to each other. It was all because of our argument on that Apple Family Reunion. I was just so frustrated and hurt with you showing

up suddenly, after all the years you didn't accept our RSVP's. I sent you an invitation every year and you declined them all. All except for one. I know that you understand how it feels to be turned down for so many times only to be suddenly needed again. It hurts, Applejack. And it did. It hurt just like the time you left us. I still feel it from time to time, and I know you do too.

But Applejack, you need to understand one thing: I'm proud of you. I really am. Every time I see you on a float on the Summer Harvest Parade beside Princess Luna, I feel happy. I feel proud. Proud that you, as young as you are, made it to where no Apple ever made it before, and for that I'm happy for you, Applejack. I find it hilarious that in every market I go to, I see your name on fruits and pastries. I finally see that you were right. I began to see that a little later that I would have liked, though.

I know you noticed but I've stopped sending you an invitation ever since our fight, but that changes today. Inserted with this letter is a formal invitation card. I would like you to come this year, Applejack. Although, if you decide not to, that's also fine with me. I see now that as a city mare, your hooves get pretty full. It's like a never ending Apple Bucking Day for you city folk.

If you're wondering why I suddenly had the guts to write to you, you should thank a certain little filly first thing tomorrow morning. She told me what you did for her, and what she did for you. Babs is a good little filly with a golden heart pure intentions. She saw right through you, Applejack.

*Yours Truly,
Granny Smith*

P.S. I've also been thinking about giving you the farm in Ponyville and moving in with you.

How's that sound?

P.P.S. Dagnabbit Applejack. You could have changed your name to something simpler.

It took her a while, but Applejack "Jacqueline" Apple managed to pick herself up from the ground to head over to her writing desk.

'After all these years... Finally... Thank you Granny...'

She cried again. Isolated but finally, for the first time, not alone.

Dear Apples,

I want to thank you for deciding to give me another invitation. I'll be gladly be attending the next Apple Family Reunion. I'll even bring Babs with me. To help in preparation for the gathering, I would also like to offer my catering service to you, free of charge. I shall arrive a day before not only to supervise on the preparations but to also catch up on what has been happening around the farm.

I'm glad that Granny Smith is considering to move the family in with me here, although lately I've been thinking. Ponyville has the perfect weather and land for mass production of my products. Therefore, I plan to move the flagship store and company HQ in the town, specifically in the farm premises. I shall give further details when I visit there.

I will also be presenting a new campaign strategy and a completely new name for my produce line in general. I finished printing the sample wrappers of the prototypes. I've decided to rename my products as: Sweet Apple Acres, with its theme centered around familial homecomings and hospitality. I don't know what you think about that, but I think it has a nice ring to it.

Until we see each other.

Yours Truly and Truthfully,

Applejack

P.S. Thank you, Granny. For everything.

"Mah' sis is comin'! Mah sis' is comin'!" The little yellow filly squealed and galloped back towards the barn as she carried the letter, eager to give the news.

~Fin~