Alexandra clucked her tongue and sat down on a nearby chair, using her hand to prop up her head as she looked upon Rarity, wondering what to say. Meanwhile, Rarity furrowed her brow in confusion, and glanced around.

"Where… did that chair come from?"'

"Well, I needed somewhere to sit..." Alexandra responded, purposefully being vague. She gestured to Rarity's left. "I'm sure you wouldn't mind taking a seat as well."

Rarity glanced over and to her shock, saw that her own couch that she used for dramatic flops was placed there, as if it had been there all along. She cast a side-eye back to Alexandra.

"How did… Are you… You wouldn't happen to be familiar with a certain… Discord, would you?"

Alexandra gave a small, sharp derisive laugh. "Yeah, I can see why you'd think that. But no, I've got nothing to do with him. I'm just…" She sighed and threw her head back against the backrest of the chair, gazing and frowning at the sky.

"God dammit. I've had two weeks to think about this, and I'm *still* not sure how to explain this to you."

"Two… weeks?" Rarity asked.

Alexandra turned her attention back to Rarity. "Yeah. Y'see, I'm kinda… 'outside' of your reality. As it were. So, I can just… spend time in my reality thinking on how to proceed over here." She gestured to herself. "I'm not really here. What you see before you is um… like, an avatar of myself." After a beat she flashed a smile and gave a small wave. "So… that's a thing, I guess."

Rarity sat for a moment stunned, thinking about this. She cautiously got up onto her couch while asking her next question.

"So… you spent… two weeks just now… just to respond to me?"

Alexandra paused as she rested a finger on her pursed lips before responded. "Okay, I'll admit, that doesn't exactly leave me looking smart here." She gave a wry smile. "Dammit, maybe I should've taken another week to think about this."

Rarity relaxed slightly with the new tone of the conversation, but was still perturbed. "But I still don't understand. Just who are you?"

"Who am I…" Alexandra mulled over, before widening her eyes. "Oh! Well, shhh-oot, I've been rude!" She placed a hand on her chest. "First things first! My name is Alexandra!"

Rarity nodded. "Well, I am Rarity… but you seem like you already knew that."

"Haaa, yes…" Alexandra admitted sheepishly.

Rarity frowned slightly. "But what are you doing here exactly, if I may ask?"

Alexandra groaned. "This is the part that's hard…" She cleared her throat and sat up straight. "Okay. So. Um." She stared at Rarity in thought, unintentionally making her uneasy. Eventually she held up her a finger. "Okay! I've… got an idea. You know Daring Do, right? The… series of books, I mean."

"Yes, I do," Rarity answered, slightly bewildered by this sudden turn, "Although it's not a particular favorite series of mine. Personally, I prefer-"

"Ah yeah yeah yeah!" Alexandra interrupted, "That's cool and all, but now's not the time to establish stuff!" She noticed the slightly hurtful look on Rarity's face. "…Sorry. I just don't want to spent more time than I've already have. But yeah, so Daring Do. Imagine Rainb- Ah. Hm. Imagine *Twilight Sparkle* was reading Daring Do, and she's really enjoying it, right?"

"Of course."

"Yeah, so, she's sitting there and she's like, 'Wow this is great!' but then she gets her own idea for a story about Daring Do, and she starts writing her own story of Daring Do. It's just like a normal Daring Do story; it has the characters, the settings, everything, only, Twilight's writing it."

"So… fanfiction."

"Yeah, and-" Alexandra paused. "Oh. You… You know what fanfiction is."

"It's hardly a new concept, darling."

Alexandra nodded numbly. "Right. Of course. I just… huh." She shook her head. "Well, okay. That makes things easier I suppose." She leaned forward. "Okay so, Twilight's writing her fanf- look, I'm just going to keep saying 'story'. She's writing her story, she's writing Daring Do and everything around her. So you could say that Twilight is in control of what happens in her story, right?"

Rarity nodded. "Yeeess… Where are you going with-"

"I'm getting there. So. Let's say… Twilight needs to think about a scene she's writing. She wants it to go right. She… takes some time away from the story to think it over. But for the Daring Do in the story, no time had passed during that scene, right? Even though Twilight may have taken, say… two weeks to think it over?"

Rarity's eyes darted back and forth in growing concern as Alexandra forcibly connected the dots for her. "Are you… implying that…"

"Yeeesss?"

"This is… a scene being written by… you?"

"Mm-hmm."

"And you're Twilight?!"

Alexandra facepalmed, mumbling to herself. "Yeah. I should've taken that extra week…"