

## FOREWORD

To you, my dear Reader,

Organization! Oh, how I love that word. Arranging things in their proper place, and bringing the chaos of life into order. I have always been a proponent for neatness, as you may well know. I was, for a long time, the librarian of the Ponyville Central Library. And when I came back to Canterlot years ago, I took up similar duties for their University libraries. For hours I would walk amongst the shelves of books whose pages overflowed with unlearned knowledge, waiting for the willing recipient. And I loved nothing more than attending to them, ensuring they remained in their proper place, and re-shelving them when ponies came through to browse. And, of course, reading them!

Organization!

It is because of that very compulsion of mine that we are now here, me writing this note to you, and you eagerly awaiting to discover what lies within the pages of this book. Fear not! I won't take too long. I would never dream of keeping an excited reader from the adventure of their newest find in the library, but I do have a few things I would like you to know about these hallowed pages before you plunge into the story.

I was recently digging through the dark dusty corners of our archives at the Canterlot University Library, trying to bring some order to the mess. The archives are in horrible disarray, something I have been trying to rectify for many years now, and I was turning over boxes and opening drawers in the hopes of clearing the clutter while at the same time attempting to find some small diversion from the boring tedium of normalcy. It was then that I found the work you now hold in your hands. It wasn't a book then; it was a series of small diaries that were bound together with a piece of string, and stuck to a small letter that was addressed to me. The letter, as well as the diaries were written by a pony very dear to my heart, and the book you are about to read is a compilation of those diaries. I have put them together into a single bound volume and segmented the whole thing in to chapters. I feel that his is a story worth telling, even if it's just to entertain those who find themselves browsing through the library on a rainy afternoon.

Quill Paiges, the pony who wrote this, always kept a diary. In fact, in all the years I knew him, I never saw him without one of those infernal tiny books. He never let me read them, of course, the jerk.

But now, many years later, he has passed on to greener pastures, and left his diaries for me to find. The letter that accompanied these invited me to finally understand a part of his story; a time in his life he had never told me about. Perhaps I will print the letter in the back of this book, so you can understand more about the kind of character Quill was. But I think it is more fun to delve into this particular book without knowing anything about him.

In any case, I hope you can enjoy the story he wove in his diaries, the story you now

hold. "Patchwork" is a book that is difficult to place. On one hoof, one could say it is an eyewitness account (straight from the horses mouth, as it were) of a series of events that shouldn't have happened. On the other hoof, these diaries could be viewed as an entirely fictitious account of events that never happened. After all, the story written here is one that is difficult to believe.

For what it is worth, I believe it. I believe every word.

But whether or not you choose to believe this story, I hope that you can at least enjoy it for what it is: a good read. Quill always did have a way with words, and I hope that this book serves his memory well.

Happy Reading!

*-Princess Twilight Sparkle*

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