

# Aftersome - Eriwen's Wanderings

A lone surviving Changeling Queen wanders ruined Equestria following a mysterious magical surge that left a majority of the continent in ruins. She attempts to rebuild her hive as she learns of what happened before Equestria fell.

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# ARC 01

**Eriwen wakes to find the world she knew has been lost.**

# 1. As You March Towards Your Death...

Eriwen opened her eyes to a world of ash and ruin. The last thing she had recalled was her mother pushing her underneath the throne, and the smell of strong magic. When she awoke, rather than the high ceiling of their hive's throne room, an overcast sky peering down the crater that was once her hive awaited her. The air stunk of char and the lingering scent of ozone, a distinct feature of powerful magic.

"Mother?" Eriwen's sweet voice cracked, her throat dry and burning as she inhaled microparticles of ash. As she looked around, a gasp ripped from her. Skeletons. So, so many skeletons. Drones who had begun to flee into the throne room leaned in piles against the ruined frame that once held the door, some traces of chitin and leathery skin hanging off of their bleached bones.

Eriwen nearly vomited at the sight of drones she could no longer recognize in piles, torched away with some foul spell. It was then she spotted a skeleton far larger than the others, lankier and more elegant, slumped over the top of the throne behind her.

The scream that escaped Eriwen was inequine and primal. Carefully, Eriwen held one of the twisted bones of her mother's hoof in her own warped forelegs. She sobbed, reaching to push some of her mother's rosy mane that remained plastered to her skull away from her empty sockets. Eriwen barely registered the fact that her poor mother's mane had fallen out and withered away at the slightest touch. She simply couldn't believe anything she was seeing.

"Oh, Mother... how has this happened...?" she whimpered, "what do I do...?" Eriwen spoke to the corpse of her mother as though it still held a modicum of life, as though her mother would suddenly look at her with the same smiling green eyes ever again. However, the bleached bone pile did not answer, deathly still.

Eriwen would sit there for hours, the overcast sky darkening until a terrible downpour rained down upon the ruined hive. Even then, Eriwen did not move a muscle. The crimson-maned Queen simply wept, and when she ran out of tears to cry, she sat completely still. She cared not if a predator or rival Queen heard her relentless blubbering; her pain was too great.

It was only after the next dawn when the rains would subside that Eriwen shifted at all. Her hunger had begun to gnaw, and some part of her still willed her to stand. Eriwen's eyes, once a bright golden, were dulled and sunken after a night of grief-driven howling. Her voice was long since lost to the endless screaming. So it was silently that Eriwen stood to her full height, gazed down upon her mother's skeleton with a hollow expression, and walked away. She didn't notice the crunching of drone bones or sifting piles of ash beneath her hooves as she departed her hive for the last time.



## 2. Letting Our Loneliness Out Into The Atmosphere...

A week had passed since Eriwen's awakening. Food was scarce; most of the land surrounding the old hive had been destroyed. Almost nothing survived whatever had eradicated her home, save small animals that she had to completely drain to even remotely slake her hunger. No ponies wandered the ruined village outside of the jungle mountains she'd once called home. There, too, were skeletons, which contained no lingering energy she could consume. Eriwen needed a plan, she needed to survive. For her mother, if nothing else.

Eriwen had wandered another few days until she found a patch of untouched forest a ways North of her old haunts. Therein were non-sapient creatures such as deer and rabbits a great deal stronger than the withered beasts back home. Eriwen took only what she needed, as she was trained. While most other hives were bottomless pits of hunger, Eriwen's mother had always taught her to respect those Changelings needed to feed upon to survive.

*"Everything is a cycle, Eriwen. When one part of the great machine of life loses its balance, the entire ecosystem will be destroyed in time. We must respect the beings we feed upon, as the ponies must allow their fields of grass to grow again or the squirrels must allow their trees to grow new nuts."*

Needless to say, it was an unusual lesson for a Queen. Most of the other Princesses Eriwen would meet at the Queens' Summit would tell tales of how they'd killed ponies by taking too much, or hunted lone ponies in the woods to take them prisoner. She was not like them, and would instead keep silent of her sylvan lifestyle as her mother always asked. Eriwen looked back on those lessons fondly, but supposed her mother simply wanted to retain some semblance of dignity in front of their peers... A Queen was always going to be a Queen, no matter their values.

After Eriwen had what she needed to survive, she moved on from the wooded land with some hesitation and wonder. How was it that such a beautiful place had been protected from the blast that had seemingly destroyed everything?

Eriwen needed a plan... She couldn't survive off of woodland critters and hope forever. A plan, a plan...

# 3. To See The Sun Far Above...

Three weeks. That was how long the sun was obscured from sight, and how long Eriwen had been wandering the ruins of Southern Equestria. More patches of pristine land had been located, and she had steadily been mapping them out mentally to return to later. However, with the sun's absence, it wouldn't be long before plants began to wither and die. There were already signs of what little grass remained starting to shrivel away.

Eriwen's hooves ached, but she kept walking Northbound. As she walked, she saw towns and villages half-destroyed, with bleached skeletons just the same as the last. Signs once vibrant and full of character were worn away, blasted to pieces or bleached away as though they'd been there for centuries.

Eriwen did her best to ignore the crippling horror growing in her chest each day she awoke to find her nightmare unending. She had to focus on her newfound goal; reach Canterlot, and find out what happened. Ruined roads led her to the Northern fields of Equestria, where the capital of Canterlot was said to be seated on a mountain summit high above the rest of the country. She had heard tales of the great seat of pony power, but had never been there herself. If it weren't for the destruction of the land, she wouldn't have the chance to. Truly it was a bittersweet sort of thing, but the crimson Queen tried her best to keep her glass half full, and not empty...

The world was not dark. The sun still moved, but it hid like a coward from the world below. The clouds, Eriwen realized halfway through the fourth week, were not natural. Perhaps the world itself wept with its great loss, or something else was at play... Even so, the sun could not nurture the land by day and the stars could not guide the way by night. Eriwen relied entirely on her horn and magic, which was a problem when food was so rare to come by as she wandered further and further from her home. Well... her hive wasn't really her home any longer, she supposed. She needed a new home, but her desire for closure kept her from staying in one place for too long. No doubt the Sun Goddess or some other bureaucratic pony would know what happened and what was wrong with the sun, right?

That is, if they remained in Canterlot. It seemed as though Central Equestria was indeed the epicenter as 'oases' (Eriwen had thought it an obvious term for the pristine patches of land) became smaller and rarer the closer she trekked. She worried that if Equestria's capital was too close, that nobody would have survived, and her journey would be for nothing. It was worth a shot, at least... right?

## 4. Count The Bodies

Two months of wandering, feeding off of scraps and sleeping underneath invisible stars. Nothing remained of the legendary Ponyville. Straw-and-wood houses were hardly a match for such powerful magic, but Eriwen expected at least... something. The only thing left standing was a towering crystal palace that belonged to the fourth royal alicorn. What was her name? Twiggle Spark? Something like that.

Eriwen had been unable to go inside; it seemed whatever protected the flawless castle refused to let any sort of outside presence within. She'd sleep without shelter that night.

The next morning she resumed her trek. It was a lonely one, as her entire trip had been. This one especially; no skeletons had remained this close to the epicenter. The world was gray and white, no life or color left in anything. What did remain was covered in ash. It was like some ill-tempered god had razed the land and stripped away any vibrancy.

It was a wasteland. Only variations in elevation remained; trees, grasses and other flora were entirely burned away. The mountains surrounding Canterlot were visible from any direction now, and Eriwen could see the spires of the capital city. They were strange to her, ornate and colored a pale purple and gold. The fact any color remained in the buildings at all was strange, but she pressed on.

The gates were utterly destroyed. The bridges connecting the mountain passes to the city were still, miraculously, intact. However, that was where Eriwen's luck ended. As she walked through the nearly unrecognizable gates of the city, Eriwen stared wide-eyed at the buildings. They were half destroyed, but some were intact enough that she could still see storefronts, furniture and even some half-disintegrated skeletons laying upon the ground in various poses. Some part of Eriwen felt some relief at seeing more corpses; at least here she wasn't quite so alone with her thoughts.

The castle was beautiful, even in this state. She stood in awe at the palace and could imagine the bustling staff, marching guards and elegant aura. Eriwen closed her eyes and imagined the great Sun and Moon goddesses conversing in the gardens having tea and gossiping as sisters did... It was beautiful, but left her feeling morose. It seemed that nobody remained alive here.

"Who..." a voice echoed from somewhere ahead, causing Eriwen to yelp and jump, wings buzzing in alarm.

"Who..." the voice echoed again, "...are you? Why are you here?" it became more clear as it spoke, as though it had not rang out for a long, long time.

"I'm... My name is Eriwen," she decided to drop her title. Queen of what, anyways? "I'm here looking for answers... My hive, it was destroyed. I don't know where to go, what to do..."

Suddenly, a flash of gold and Eriwen gazed upon the most beautiful, yet revolting pony she'd ever seen. Half of the tall, beautiful creature was coated in alabaster fur, with a rainbowy flowing mane drifting on invisible wind. Gold seemed to be melted into her skin, as though she once wore regalia that had not survived a blast of fire. On the other half was burned skin and a hollow eye socket. Some of the pony's bones were visible through the char, causing Eriwen to flinch upon seeing them.

"Come with me," if the pony noticed her disgust, she did not acknowledge it, "if you want answers, that is."

"O-Of course..." Eriwen smiled nervously, not entirely sure if she could trust the pony. It was then that the pony turned around Eriwen noticed... wings. She contained a gasp, "you're--"

"I was once Princess Celestia. But I suppose considering current circumstances, we can forget that silly title..." Celestia chuckled sadly, "this is my home, Eriwen. Welcome," she smiled warmly on the side of her face that could still smile at all as she and Eriwen entered the castle foyer.

"Celestia... What happened here?" Eriwen held back tears as she gazed upon the ruined interior of the castle.

"I.. Well, I suppose you did come here for answers and not a social call," Celestia sighed, "let me tell you a story, Eriwen..."

# 5. Kuebiko, A State of Exhaustion Inspired By An Act Of Senseless Violence...

Nobody knew what happened to trigger Twilight's sudden paranoia. Some believed she finally snapped after years of nervous breakdowns and anxiety. Doctors believed she had a predisposition for certain mental disorders. Celestia believed in her no matter what. And perhaps that's what led to the destruction of all she worked so hard to build.

Twilight was a daughter to the immortal Princess of the Day first, and a weapon second. But she was still a weapon, tempered and dangerous. The most magically gifted unicorn since Starswirl so long ago, born at such a convenient time. Celestia supposed she was blinded by her optimism, that she ignored Twilight's shortcomings and problems.

Even so, they had not seen Twilight for weeks when the young alicorn suddenly broke into the throne room ranting and babbling about conspiracies with no basis. It happened so quickly, so unexpectedly...

Celestia moved to settle her student physically. Her horn lit up. Twilight snapped. A surge so powerful that it...

It...

"Celestia? Are you alright...?" Eriwen whispered, not daring to touch the sobbing alicorn lest she upset her further.

"I-I am not. I apologize," Celestia let out a shuddering, rattling breath, "I will finish the story."

Eriwen nodded silently as Celestia steeled herself.

The surge was so powerful that it destroyed the lands of Equestria and wiped out most, if not all, who lived within its borders. The spell tore away at mortal ponies and turned them to ash and bone, their souls sent to the Elysian Fields within the blink of an eye. The arcane nexus was wild, unpredictable and utterly destructive.

Celestia only survived thanks to her connection to the sun itself, her body only scarred and not disintegrated in an instant. Her wounds would never heal, but nor would she perish from them. A curse that would forever mark the destruction wrought by her hubris.

Luna, her dear sister, was nowhere to be found, but it could be assumed her lunar counterpart was similarly scarred wherever she had gone off to. Cadence, sweet Cadence, had not replied to attempts to contact her. Perhaps the spell reached as far as the Crystal Empire, and wiped out the crystal ponies who called it home. Celestia could not know; she was rendered flightless by her injuries.

“Could you not teleport?” Eriwen asked innocently. Celestia smiled wryly.

“I could, but the Sol does not speak to me. She ignores my whims, hides her light from me... I have very little power left, Eriwen. My time is running short,” Celestia looked up at the cloudy sky through a sizable hole in the throne room. The pair had wandered the halls until they came across the old throne room, which was... well, surprisingly intact for being the total epicenter of the disaster,

“I could never have imagined a Changeling Queen would find her way so far. Where are you from, Eriwen?”

“I’m from the jungles South of here. Me and my Mother lived with our drones in the mountains...”

“Ah, the Sylvan Jungles. I had always hoped to visit...” Celestia smiled, eyes warm with mirth she had not seemed to experience in months, “your Mother. Does she live?”

“...No, I’m afraid not. She- She saved me...” old wounds opened for Eriwen, causing her to feel a surge of emotion.

“Do you plan to rebuild?” Celestia asked, her curiosity growing obvious. For what purpose, Eriwen did not know.

“Well.. Yes, someday. I will have to, a Queen is nothing without a hive,” Eriwen spoke as though it were obvious, “I just hope that wherever we go... there’ll be enough food.”

Celestia’s gaze hardened somewhat. Eriwen whimpered and quickly explained,

“Oh, no! My hive... We weren’t like the others! The other Queens always took and took, but we respected the balance of life, Celestia. I swear on it,” Eriwen relaxed as Celestia shook her head with a smile.

“It hardly matters, dear. There is nothing left for me to protect, even if you did not hold such values...” Celestia sighed, “there is one thing I can do for you with the last of my power. But you must promise something to me, Queen.”

Eriwen furrowed her brow in confusion,

“I don’t make promises if I don’t know what I’m promising.”

Celestia stood to her full height, horn glowing with mounting power, “promise me you will use this gift wisely... And live fully.”

“Wait, what’s going on? What are you doing?” Eriwen gasped as the growing power surrounding Celestia began to blow her back, “Celestia!”

“Be calm, Eriwen,” Celestia smiled sadly, “my gift to you... is Equestria. Through my power I can heal the land. Through my blessing, I give to you what is left of my nation. Thrive, Queen Eriwen. Succeed where I have failed!”

Eriwen was too shocked to speak as Celestia’s body began to transform. Solar magic pulsed through the castle, through the mountains and deep into the earth as what was left of Celestia began to morph into a tree atop what was once the throne of Canterlot. It became so bright Eriwen tried to close her eyes, and still her pupils constricted into slits from the spell’s light.

*“Twilight... Twilight, can you hear me...? I’m coming home...”*

And just like that, the spell ceased. Eriwen hesitated to open her eyes, but when she did, she witnessed a mighty, spiraling trunk that rose hundreds of feet into the air, Sprawling branches with leaves of various pastel colors rustled in a newfound breeze, sparkling as the sun shined down for the first time in two and a half months. Fresh air replaced the stagnant choking smog that had claimed Equestria for so long, revitalizing Eriwen unexpectedly.

It was then, as Eriwen gazed upon the tree that was once Celestia, that the poor scarred alicorn had waited so long to reunite with those she had lost. Weeks of suffering, waiting for release... And her poor Twilight who had become so sick... Who had taken everyone. It was not Eriwen’s place to judge the pony royals, she knew. It was hers to take the pony’s place in this land, and become better. It was nothing more than a tragedy outside of anyone’s control, and Eriwen, as sad as it was, could not change the past.

So, for the second time, she turned away from the past and walked to the future. Atop a balcony overlooking the still-awakening lands of Equestria, Eriwen smiled. She had work to do.

# ARC 02

The hive's humble beginnings & hardships.

# 6. Ambedo Over The Meadows

The sun had been shining for a week. Combined with Celestia's life magic that had radiated through the land and sky, Equestria was on track to recover most, if not all of the damage that had been inflicted by Twilight's surge. Though it pained Eriwen to see the destruction and death that had been inflicted upon the once great nation, it was worth it to be able to build her hive upon such rich land.

Eriwen had, admittedly, visited Celestia's tree (she had come to refer to it as the 'Celestial tree') often. While she was certain Celestia was at peace, she still spoke as if the matronly Princess was still there. She spoke of plans, of hopes and dreams for her hive. The crimson royal had even built a nursery in the ruined throne room, so that Celestia's spirit could watch over her growing drones closely and witness the future of Equestria for herself.

Even so, Eriwen had a long way to go before Equestria would be the beating heart it had once been. First steps were important. She needed drones, and she needed drones fast. However, she could only produce so many drones at once, and nymphs were hungry little things. Eriwen needed to be able to feed her young until they could hunt for themselves. Ponies no longer inhabited Equestria, but there were creatures that would suffice in the meantime... Deer, elk, and woodland creatures were fine enough, but what Eriwen needed were magical beasts. Hydras, kelpies, and other such creatures that once roamed Equestria. While their emotions were not as potent as a sapient being, they were a great deal more nutritious to Eriwen and her growing clutch.

Everyday Eriwen would venture out to the wilds and claim as much energy as she could. Everyday, she grew just that little bit stronger, her chitin shining more, her red hair growing more lustrous.

It was to Eriwen's great surprise as well that the protected oases that she'd visited on her way to Canterlot had become fonts of solar magic, as though Celestia's sacrifice had triggered some slumbering power. Eriwen wished she could ask her what they were for, but she could only assume the fonts were some sort of failsafe or protective array. When she got close to one, her body thrummed with power, as though it was judging her to her very core...

As Eriwen hunted the beasts that roamed her lands far and wide, her clutch grew. By the time a month had passed since their laying, she awaited her first drones' hatching.

One egg split, then two, and three and four! Eriwen felt a surge of joy pierce her soul, and she smiled. As her little nymphs burst forth, carapaces shining crimson red, she noticed something over her newly emerged hive mind. There was no mistaking the tinge upon their forms, the growing energy emanating from their souls linked with hers.

Eriwen's drones were capable of producing love. They were self-sufficient, they would not need to feed as she did! They would survive in this empty land.

“Thank you, Celestia,” she whispered as she embraced her first four drones as her mother once did for her. Their energy sustained her, and they would sustain each other as well, “what a wonderful gift...”

# 7. Beauty, In All Its Forms

The stories told of Equestria said that the weather was controlled by pegasi. However, without pegasi to control the rain and snow, things would be a bit more complex... or so Eriwen thought. It was to her great surprise another of Celestia's gifts made themselves apparent one cloudy morning. A raindrop fell upon the hard gossamer-like window of Eriwen's chambers, causing her to awaken abruptly. Horn primed, she crept towards the foggy insect-wing covering, and jumped when yet another drop pattered.

With a sentimental smile, she opened the gossamer and flew outside to enjoy the weather.

"Queen Eriwen, what are you doing?" one of her firstborn drones who had been tending to the castle's rebuilt walls called up to her, and she laughed. Unsettled, the drone smiled and chuckled nervously with her.

"The pony I spoke of, who gave us all of these wonderful gifts. Surely you remember, Syphi?"

"Of course, My Queen," Syphi nodded, "I just suppose tales of our own homeland overshadow the significance of natural phenomena..."

"I was so scared there would be no rain and we'd have to improvise," Eriwen sighed and landed on her balcony to better see her daughter. Syphi hummed,

"To speak freely, Mother... She certainly takes good care of a Changeling she barely knew."

"We were her last hope, Syphi," Eriwen explained, "there was nothing else left for her. I guess me showing up when I did was a bit of a miracle in her eyes. She didn't just see a Changeling when I arrived..."

"She saw a future. In you..." Syphi finished, suddenly understanding. The drone's gently glowing yellow eyes widened in realization, "that's rather inspiring."

"Indeed."

By time the warm months had passed and the first frost coated the grasses of Equestria, the castle had been fully converted into that of a palace worthy of Eriwen's hive. The deconstruction of the old nobility's quarter had been partially completed, and there was more than enough love to go around thanks to Celestia's gift. The hive's numbers only grew, and exponentially so. Without other hives threatening their growth and the surplus of love her drones could share with each other and herself, Eriwen had only high hopes for the future.

However, they couldn't let their guard down just yet. Eriwen passed down her training to her finest, and they would pass it down to their subordinates in hopes that if there were to be conflict at any point, they were ready. However, Eriwen's combat expertise was limited, so she encouraged her drones to experiment as much as they could and fill in the blanks. It wasn't satisfactory, but it was all she could do to prepare them.

Without need for the wildlife's energy any longer, populations of all sorts of animals boomed. They needed to cull more aggressive species occasionally, but the true threat came from the anomalous beasts such as constellations and manticores. Though the Celestial tree's magic kept the beasts away from New Canterlot, expeditions needed additional muscle to keep them safe.

All in all, Eriwen's lessons from her mother paid off. When discipline was needed, she followed through. When her drones proposed a currency and economy system, she listened and offered her own suggestions. Life was never dull... But there was one topic she would avoid discussing. Conflict with other hives was inevitable. The fonts attracted attention, and word of Equestria's destruction had already been spread far and wide no doubt. The Changeling presence in the very heart of old Equestria was probably rumored as well.

It was only a matter of time before other Queens began to make moves, and her budding hive needed to be ready.

# 8. The Rat

Eriwen had gone for walks often. It wasn't like she was unfamiliar with her new home; quite the opposite, she was addicted. Magical energy surged through her every step. Even after a year and a half, the kick from Celestia's sacrificial spell did not waver. Oh, Eriwen knew full well the alicorn's power was not infinite, but it would last decades before it finally began to waver she'd reckoned.

It was on a particularly uninspiring walk that Eriwen caught the scent of something that was not solar magic nor her own drones' hivescent. With a low growl, her wings buzzed.

[General, we have company,] Eriwen reached out through the hive mind and created a connection with her trusted General, Faryn.

[What manner of company, my Queen?] he quickly responded, thoughts urgent.

[I smell... a pony. He is alone, but I cannot be certain. Send two praetorians in case he isn't feeling friendly.]

[At once, my Queen!] Eriwen could almost feel the salute over the link, and a small chuckle escaped despite her mood. Oh, who was she kidding?! She was thrilled- a pony, a real live pony! If her nose wasn't fooling her...

With perhaps a little too much excitement, Eriwen fluttered into the air and headed towards the harmonic essence she'd picked up on... only to find herself dodging spellfire after just a few minutes of speedy flying.

"Woah!" she audibly cried, spinning in the air before righting herself. Before her, a shaggy pale lavender stallion stood prepared for a fight! His long brown mane fluttered as he charged his horn for yet another attack,

"Wait! I'm not a threat!" Eriwen shouted, shielding herself with a quick array of magic before the next missile could strike her, "I swear-!"

"Likely story, Changeling!" the stallion snarled, rearing up and stomping his hooves with murderous intent, "where's the rest of your hive, huh?! Or are you easy pickings?"

"I'd rather not be 'easy pickings'!" Eriwen laughed nervously, landing on the grass while maintaining her shield spell, "in fact, I'd rather we stop the fireballs and just... talk?"

The stallion appeared confused for a moment, before Eriwen's drones suddenly appeared from nowhere and tackled him to the ground. The crimson queen gasped and waved her hooves about.

"No! He's not dangerous! Leave him be!" she commanded before they could knock him out, or worse. Her drones looked at her with utter confusion, as though they were saying 'the fireballs said

otherwise', but kept the struggling stallion pinned, "he's a guest of the crown. Please, ah, release him."

"As you command, My Queen," they said in near-unison. The stallion was released, and with a snarl the pony sat up.

"Real welcoming reception for a bug who just 'wants to talk'," he snarked bravely. Eriwen smiled nervously.

"I apologize. My drones are a little jumpy. They've never seen a pony before."

"Wait, what?" the stallion scoffed, "no way. There's gotta be others, right? What about Princess Celestia, or Princess Luna? ...Princess Twilight?" He tried to propose each Princess by name, and with each shake of Eriwen's head his hope withered.

"There was Celestia, but she..." Eriwen sighed, "would you like to come with me? To New Canterlot? I promise you won't be harmed, on my honor as a Queen."

"Not much good your honor does you, o Queen. The last bug Queen who came to Equestria came to conquer it," the stallion snorted.

"Then on my honor as another being who just wants to survive," Eriwen pleaded, "my name is Eriwen. And yours is...?"

"...Just call me Rat," he relented, and stood up to his ragged hooves, "lead the way."

Upon closer inspection, Rat was an unusual sort. He hadn't been surviving out there all on his own; there were cells of survivors that had been protected by family members or just sheer luck, who were scattered and lost without their Princesses to guide them. Some had resorted to violence and savagery to survive...

Rat was not a raider, not in any sense of the word, but he wasn't the party-loving type his fellow ponies had been either. He was ragged, he was a survivor in a world that had, up until the previous year, wanted to kill him and his fellow survivors. Rat was realistic, but not beaten down to such a degree that he'd become a lawless bastard roaming the ruins of his destroyed nation.

Turned out that the survivors renewed their hopes when Equestria was miraculously healed, they thought their 'Elements of Harmony' had restored the land. However, their hopes were dashed when nopony came to save them. It was Rat and two others' jobs to locate the Princesses, or anypony else that would have a say in how to restore order.

"I'm afraid nothing remains of Old Equestria," Eriwen explained as gently but directly as she could, "when I arrived, Princess Celestia was all who remained..."

"And you said she isn't here?" Rat's voice betrayed no emotion, but Eriwen could taste his grief on the air. Eriwen was quiet for a good few moments, weighing her options. She hesitated to show him

the Celestial tree, where her young were being cared for in the once elegant throne room. To reveal the hatchery and nursery to an outsider, no less a pony, was taboo even to her traditions...

Eriwen owed the ponies their matriarch's fate, at least.

"Come with me. But please, be careful. What is inside is precious to me and my hive."

"My Queen, you aren't seriously considering letting this pony into the hatchery?!" one of her drones exclaimed with audible disgust. Eriwen recognized him as Somnum, one of her first hatched and most loyal of advisors, "your Mother--"

"Queen Aziwe would have honored the ponies in showing her final resting place, Vizier," Eriwen spoke firmly, causing Somnum to bow slightly in submission, "do not deign to tell me what my Mother would or would not want for my hive."

"Yes, My Queen," Somnum spoke glumly. Rat grimaced,

"I really don't want to disrespect--"

"You deserve to see the truth," Eriwen gently used a gossamer wing to guide her guest towards the castle gates. While Rat had never seen the old castle in person, the change in architecture was obvious. Very little of the old castle remained, replaced with hard dark red salve and chitinous plates along its exterior. It was wholly alien and a little unnerving, the only inviting aspect of the hive being the golden tree twisting and reaching to the sky above. The tree even from this distance was as beautiful as the mare who'd created it; multicolored leaves rustled in the summer breeze, shimmering with power.

The interior of the changeling hive's palace was surprisingly elegant. Inside the dark red crystalline salve shimmered like rubies and garnets. Glowing red crystals lined the halls and hung from the high ceilings, no doubt powered by magic within. As Eriwen guided Rat towards the old throne room, he noticed that the amount of guards multiplied. No doubt ordered by that Vizier who'd spoken against taking him into the hatchery, or even the Queen herself.

"Woah," Rat muttered as he finally stepped hoof into the large room. Small nymphs were being cared for by drones, and developing nymphs transitioning into drones slumbered quietly in dark red chrysalises hanging from the walls and ceilings. Patches of salve carrying eggs nestled in corners and against the bases of the tall walls. The ceiling covered most of the room, but a large portion of the ceiling was built around the absolutely massive Celestial tree that towered high above. Sunlight spilled through, lighting the hatchery with healing light and blessing the presence of all who called it home.

"Please mind your step. My nymphs are lively and may get underhoof," Eriwen chuckled brightly, walking ahead of Rat towards the Celestial tree.

Rat followed, carefully avoiding Eriwen's young. In truth he had no idea how to feel about the alien Changeling hive. On one hoof he was perhaps a bit angry they'd taken over his ancestral home. On the other, Celestia had accepted them and allowed them to remain here to settle and rebuild.

A sense of wonder overcame him as he gazed up at glistening aurum bark. It was almost blinding. Yet, he felt great sadness. His Princess, to whom he'd been loyal and protected by since the day he was born, was dead. Reduced to a single towering tree.

"Queen Eriwen," he spoke, voice husky from grief, "what happened?"

"Princess Twilight Sparkle. Did you know of her... condition?"

"I did, sort of... Nobody spoke much of it, except that she came down with a mysterious illness," Rat spoke thoughtfully. Eriwen nodded, and sat next to the tree. She patted the space next to her, and Rat tentatively approached to sit next to her.

"Celestia told me this story, and it's only right that I pass it on in her stead..."

Rat felt sick to his stomach. He'd excused himself to retreat to the outdoors. He couldn't bear to remain in that room, where it'd happened. After he released whatever lunch he'd eaten prior to meeting Eriwen from his gut, he panted and sat on his haunches abruptly. He lost everything... to a mental break? He chuckled darkly as he caught his breath. Rat supposed it was only a matter of time until an alicorn had another fit and wrecked their fragile existences.

He was sick, he was lost, he was... angry.

"I can't tell them," he rasped as he heard Eriwen's hoofsteps, "they won't accept it. None of them will accept what's happened, they'll... they'll blame you."

"Surely you're joking," Eriwen deadpanned.

Rat laughed with a tinge of mania, "I know my people. I know they'll look for any excuse to take up arms. Not all of 'em are like me. They're afraid. They're hurt, lost and when you back a pony into a corner they'll do anything it takes to survive."

Eriwen was speechless.

"With your kind's history here... No pony's forgotten Queen Chrysalis's invasion. They won't stop to consider any of what I've seen here," he finally turned to look at Eriwen and frowned.

"So what will you do, Rat? Will you return, lie and move on? They will eventually learn the truth. I wanted to ignore it all this time... But there's hardly any avoiding conflict. Someday surviving ponies will yearn for their home. Someday the other Queens will take advantage of Equestria's loss. Someday raiders will find their way here and try to scavenge anything they can."

"I don't know... I-I don't know!" Rat growled, stomping a hoof onto the cobblestone below him. The guards nearby shifted just enough to rattle their armor and set Rat on edge. He slumped, "I'm... I'm lost too..."

“But you’re not afraid.”

“What?” Rat looked at her with puzzlement.

“You came here and you attacked me, a Changeling Queen, without hesitation. You wrestled my drones even when the odds were against you. You accepted my invitation, and listened to the truth of things as best you could. You did not blindly presume anything of us...” Eriwen smiled gently, “you’re different.”

“Uh, I suppose so...”

“Would you like to stay here, Rat?” Eriwen offered plainly. Rat’s eyes widened with shock and awe.

“I- Uh- I mean-” Rat was entirely taken aback. He stumbled to find the right words. Eriwen laughed, and shook her head.

“I’m sorry for my forwardness. I’ve been observing you, and I find you to be... well, you’re kind at least. Strong. It would be an honor to provide you with shelter until you regain the strength to return to your ponies.”

It took a few moments for Rat to respond.

“I accept your offer. For now.”

Everything was a blur afterwards. He had been shown his quarters, where the amenities were and other such things. Rat was surprised to learn that Changelings did in fact need to eat physical matter to supplement their love intake, so he’d hardly go hungry due to their dietary differences.

His unease slowly melted as drones waved to him and introduced themselves. It was, strangely enough, like he’d belonged among the Changelings all along. Part of him questioned why their Queen had been so open to allowing him to stay. Doubts had been pressed to the back of his mind, but they came to the forefront of his thoughts as he laid awake that same night.

Rat really was a name he’d made up on the spot. No way in Tartarus would he give the Changeling Queen his real name! However, he grew to regret his decision to conceal the truth as the Changelings unexpectedly welcomed him. Rat didn’t even know it’d work, really; Changeling Queens were said to be able to read minds and rip memories straight from your skull! Well, in hindsight that was probably not entirely true...

Still, Changelings! The last thing he’d have expected at all! And Celestia-blessed Changelings that could sustain themselves... It was hard to believe. Yet there he laid, within the heart of their hive, safe and comfortable in the first bed he’d laid upon in over a year.

Rat allowed himself to drift to sleep after a while, secure and at peace.

“Mother... You don't think it's the least bit suspicious at all? That a pony conveniently arrives alone, and accepts everything at face value?” Somnum pleaded with Eriwen, begging her to see reason. The two debated deep within the depths of the underhive, where Eriwen's throne room dominated the large caverns that were once the crystal mines deep beneath Canterlot.

“I do have my suspicions about Rat, Somnum. He only provided the barest amount of information. Nothing that could be used against him; he came prepared to face enemies and possibly combat. Anyone could see that,” she tsk'd, “it's unlike ponies, and I'm worried. If we keep this pony close and he comes to trust us... he may reveal more information we can use to reason with these 'raiders' and other survivor cells he mentioned.”

It was then Somnum understood what his mother's plan had been all along. He nodded, deeply bowing in both respect and admiration for his queen.

“Have a good night, Somnum. And make sure your sisters sleep,” Eriwen spoke with a glint of mirth in her eyes, “you know Phalanx and Syphi are restless souls.”

“Yes, Mother,” Somnum smiled to himself as he exited the throne room.

Sheltering ponies wasn't exactly on his list of things he'd have liked to do; there were simply too many unknowns! However, his Queen had a plan, and that would have to suffice. It was not Somnum's place to question her beyond that point, even as her Vizier. He did feel a twinge of jealousy at times, but he quickly put himself in his place. Queenly matters were not for the mind of a drone... That's simply how it was and always would be.

Somnum did not notice the chill, nor the shadow following behind his own through the halls of the underhive.

# Tales of the Hive

Drabbles + Oneshots of moments from Eriwen's hive. Little interactions, dynamics & events that couldn't make it into the main story.