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.

Revision #1
Created 2024-01-22 17:28:40 UTC by oblivvys
Updated 2024-01-22 17:32:27 UTC by oblivvys