

# A1 - P1

- You wake up with a start, in an immense amount of pain.
- You are a Royal Changeling, a Princess to your hive in your Proto-Queen stage of maturation. You eat love, and all others cower before your kind because of it.
- Everything around you is sandy. It seems you ended up in a canyon. Drones hover above you, clad in blue iridescent armor.
- As you stand, your front explodes with pain. However you CAN stand, at least...
- Suddenly, a voice explodes in your brain- [Anon! Answer me NOW!]
- You knew this voice. The voice of your predecessor and Queen-Mother, Chrysalis.
- [Yes, Mother?] you ping back through your unique link with her.
- All Changelings shared the Link, a means of silent communication. No other being could access it as a Changeling could, and it made you a dangerous lot indeed.
- [You are to return to the hive at ONCE!] she screeched mentally, causing you to flinch.
- [Yes, Mother.] you calmly returned. As disoriented as you were, you did not want to anger your mother further.
- You took to the skies upon seeing your wings undamaged, and the drones followed you without a word.
- Unlike some other hives, the Badlands Hive's soldier drones were under the complete control of the Queen. You saw no problem with this. It was simply how things worked under Chrysalis' care.
- You pondered if she knew of your crash... Most likely, given the drones are to keep her constantly updated on your position and status at all times.
- Shame overcame you. She was probably disappointed, or equally ashamed that you had been done in by a stray rock formation of all things.
- Instead of mulling over your crash, you decide to fly more carefully back to the hive with the squad of drones. No point in regretting what is already done. However, you do spare a gaze to the North, seeing the distant verdant green of the Southern Equestrian Jungles.
- You were always told to never go anywhere near the place for your whole life.
- 'Duly noted', you had thought as Chrysalis instructed you on the hive territories, but in all your 20 years, you had never gotten the chance to do anything except serve her.
- You were constantly under watch. Grounded outside of scheduled patrols, only allowed to eat when you were watched...
- Life was stifling, suffocating and all around boring. Change was the way of your kind, but it always seemed as though Chrysalis fought against it.
- A darkness overcame your features as you glared ahead at the distant towers of the hive.
- Perhaps it was time for change, you mused.
- A royal in her Proto-Queen stage was a weak thing indeed. It would only be a few months more, however, before you would fully mature, and THEN you could-
- You suddenly feel something secure around your body, locking your wings to your sides and forcing you out of the air.
- 'Ah, I'm falling' is all you think before you mentally reach out to the squad of drones, but... they aren't there.
- 'Shit' you snarl and look around frantically, only to see a squad of what seemed to be armored

ponies, and the ground directly behind them littered with drone bodies oozing sickly green blood.

☐ Oh.

☐ You were probably going to die.

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