



EVERFREE NORTHWEST
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
AUGUST 17~19, 2012

EVERFREE



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EVERFREE

Welcome.

It gives us tremendous pleasure to have you as our guest at the very first annual Everfree Northwest. What you are about to experience would not have been possible without the support and enthusiasm from fans and attendees like yourself. Whether you've come from across town or across the ocean, we hope the spirit of Friendship looms large for you and those you meet. May these be times you cherish always, and memories that make you smile. We sincerely thank you for joining us this weekend, and if there's anything we can do to make your convention experience even better, please let us know.

—The Everfree Northwest Staff
and Pegasi Board of Directors

Contents

- 2 Staff of Everfree Northwest 2012
- 3 Everfree Northwest Code of Conduct
- 5 About our Charity, Seattle Children's Hospital
- 7 Traveling Pony Museum
- 9 "To Lend a Hoof" by Silver Quill
- 12 Featured Guests
- 18 Autographs • Sketches • Friends • Memories
- 21 Community Guests
- 27 "No Regrets" by Horizon (fimfiction.net/user/Horizon)
- 34 Maps of the Hotels
- 35 Map of the Dealer's Hall
- 36 Guidebook mobile app

Artwork

- 2 "Solar Flare Visits Seaddle"
Chelsea Hougan
- 5 "My Neighbor Fido"
DC
- 7 "Savior Parade"
DeathPwny (deathpwny.deviantart.com)
- 17 "Pony Pet Play-Date"
DeathPwny (deathpwny.deviantart.com)
- 24 "Tea in the Forest"
Angie Cakes
- 24 "Don't you worry..."
David James Swanson
- 25 "Touch Me, I'm Celestia"
dana (www.gocomics.com/heavenly-nostrils)
- 25 "Not Without a Fight"
Flutterscotch
- 25 "Pointy Manestream"
Ginger Mint
- 25 "Tales"
Sean Mirrsen
- 25 "Ditzy Doo"
Rozga (rozga-chan.deviantart.com)
- 29 "Luna's Planetarium"
Tympany (www.furaffinity.net/user/timkangaroo)
- 31 "Twilight's Books"
Kayleen Wall (rppirate.deviantart.com)
- 32 "Flutter Field"
James Muir
- 32 "Tessitura Chartreuse"
DeathPwny (deathpwny.deviantart.com)
- 32 "To the Skies"
Rozga (rozga-chan.deviantart.com)
- 33 "Three Mare Moon"
James Muir
- 33 "Refreshing Shy Pie Run"
DeathPwny (deathpwny.deviantart.com)
- 33 "Pinkie Party!"
Fangasm (fangasmic.deviantart.com)
- 36 "Queen Bee"
Rozga (rozga-chan.deviantart.com)

Staff of Everfree Northwest 2012

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The publications department of Everfree Northwest 2012 wishes to thank the following for their assistance:

Printing Conexions (www.printingconexions.com) for booklet and poster printing services.

RainFurthest (rainfurthest.com) for the use of their plastic badge printers.

Cosmic Unicorn, for the cover artwork.

Kayleen Wall (rppirate.deviantart.com) for the images that form the backgrounds of each page of this book and the additional figure art.

KT, for use of the MLP:FIM colour key (www.furaffinity.net/journal/2502402/).

Juan Pablo del Peral (www.huertatipografica.com.ar) for the font family Alegreya.

Squid (squidart.com) for the font Irish Grover.

Every contributor of artwork and writing, whether published or not.

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Silver Quill	Writing Track



Everfree Northwest Code of Conduct

Love and Tolerate!

First and foremost, take these three words to heart, as we are all here to have a great time. We ask that you treat your fellow guests – as well as the staff, hotel personnel and VIP's – with courtesy and respect. This means being mindful of others' personal space and property. No means no, and if someone does not wish to talk to you or interact with you, please respect their wishes. If you feel uncomfortable in any situation, please contact an Everfree NW staff member immediately.

Keep your hooves to yourself and your voice at a reasonable level. As we will be playing host to many younger attendees we kindly ask that you keep your language appropriate when in common areas and avoid excessive and loud profanity.

Our staff and organizers have worked hard to provide you with the most stress-free and enjoyable weekend possible. Please respect and comply with any directives or instructions given by our staff.

As our gracious hosts for this event, the staff of both the Holiday Inn and the Marriott should be afforded the same courtesy and respect. Treat the hotel's property and space with care and be aware that you are liable for any damage caused to hotel or convention property.

Public and convention areas are not authorized for overnight sleeping. If you are unable to book a hotel room, please see our forum to find roomshares.

While we would wish to provide this event to any fan who wishes to come, it does cost us money to host the convention and we ask that those attending have paid for their membership. Our staff has the right to ask to see your badge at any time when in the convention areas. Attendees are required to display their membership badge at all times.

Media Policies

Credentialed members of the press are welcome to cover our event. However, if you are a member of the press, you must announce yourself to Con Registration and obtain a press pass in order to be allowed into convention areas. For more information, please contact Public Relations at media@everfreenw.com.

Please be aware that there are many cameras present at an event like this and anything you say or do may end up being recorded and rebroadcast in video.

By attending the event, you acknowledge this fact and agree to the use of your likeness by Everfree NW in any promotional videos or photographs.

Drugs and Alcohol

Any recreational drugs or alcoholic beverages are strictly prohibited in convention areas. The sale or giving

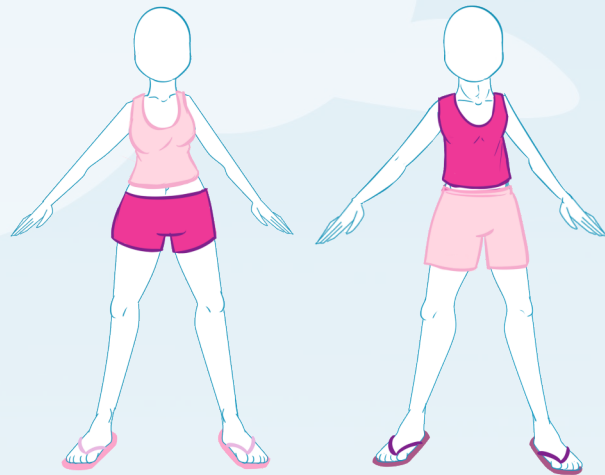
to minors of alcohol or drugs will be met with zero tolerance and is grounds for ejection from the convention. You are free to enjoy alcohol in the private comfort of your own hotel room, or in one of the hotels' fine restaurants.

Minors

While we welcome our fans of all ages, we ask that any minor children under the age of 13 be accompanied at all times by an adult parent or guardian, who in turn must purchase a membership. Foal Memberships for children under 13 are free of charge. Minors between the ages of 13 and 17 must purchase a standard convention membership. Please be advised that Everfree NW is not responsible for the supervision of minors at the convention.

Clothing

Attendees should maintain a level of dress appropriate to an all-ages atmosphere in a public venue. Pictured below is the recommended minimum coverage:



Weapons

Weapons may not be brought into the convention, even if they are replicas that are part of a costume.

More Information

If you have any questions about our code of conduct or our policies, we encourage you to ask! Violations of our policies will generally be met with corrective action and we know that most may not have recalled the entirety or details of our policy. Our staff will do everything possible to work with you in this event, but please understand that some behaviors will not be tolerated, even once (drugs, assault, &c.) Con Ops will be glad to answer any questions about this code of conduct.

EVERFREE

Sugar Clay Cafe

MLP Lucky Grab Bags
Pegasus Cosplay Wings
MLP Arm Bracers
MLP RPG Minis
MLP Cupcake Jewelry
MLP Con-badge Lanyards
Scented Dessert Charms
MLP i Phone Cases

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About our Charity, Seattle Children's Hospital

This year, Everfree Northwest's chosen charity is the Seattle Children's Hospital (www.seattlechildrens.org). Seattle Children's was initially founded and run by a group of philanthropic women more than one hundred years ago. Their generous spirit can be seen today in the support of thousands of donors and guild members. In fiscal year 2009, we expect to provide more than \$100 million in under- and uncompensated care.

Seattle Children's Hospital Foundation gathers this extraordinary community support and raises funds for Seattle Children's Hospital and Seattle Children's Research Institute. To assist with this, we at Everfree Northwest will be doing the following:

Toy Drive

During the convention, we will have several bins to collect new, unopened toys for boys and girls to be donated to the hospital. We're pleased to announce our host hotel, the Seatac International Holiday Inn, will also have a bin that the staff will be donating toys into.

Charity Auction

Saturday afternoon of the convention, we will be holding a charity auction for Seattle Children's Hospital's "Greatest Needs" fund. All money raised by this charity

auction will be donated in full to this fund to help save the lives of kids who need it most. We're pleased that some of the talent appearing at our convention – as well as some not able to attend – are donating towards this wonderful charity auction for such a good cause.

Those wishing to donate My Little Pony-related items are encouraged to email our donation lead Stephan Gauch at frosty@everfreenw.com

Hospital Visit

Some of our talent are partnering with the Traveling Pony Museum (travelingponymuseum.com) and Seattle Children's Hospital to bring Everfree Northwest to the kids at the hospital. We're planning an event where kids unable to attend due to injury or illness – but whom are still fans – can experience the convention in person at the hospital.



Seattle Children's

HOSPITAL • RESEARCH • FOUNDATION



© DC

*** SUEAA = SuperUltraExtremeAwesAmazing *** Height is approximate and is measured from hoof to top of head *** Commissions may close at any time *** Current commissions are for fleece plushies with inkjet-printed iron-on eyes.

Would you like to hug your OC pony?

Commission a custom pony plushie!



(large, body only)

	Tiny	Small	Medium	Large	SUEAA
Height	9"	18"	24"	31"	44"
For kids?	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Body only	\$40	\$60	\$80	\$100	\$180
Regular	\$75	\$100	\$140	\$180	\$300
Sitting frame	NA	NA	NA	+\$80	+\$100

Contact for details and availability:
Asarothem.DeviantArt.com
asarothem@gmail.com

paid in full before the plushie is completed *** Because of the nature of OCs, no returns are accepted, but we will work closely with you to ensure your satisfaction *** Prices listed here are valid through Dec 2012 *** Plushie pattern is by Voodootiki on Deviantart *** Eyes by TheNero on Deviantart *** Some resources are © Hasbro, Inc.

children (Large/SUEAA) or adults (SUEAA only) *** When ordering, mention code FINEPRINT for 10% off your plushie *** Cost of shipping, handling, accessories, and/or pattern changing not included *** Plushie commissions must be children (Large/SUEAA) or adults (SUEAA only) *** If pony is damaged during normal play (no pets) in the first 6 months after purchase, ship it to us for free repair *** Sitting frame can support

Traveling Pony Museum



The Traveling Pony Museum is a traveling collection of works by talented artists from the *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* fan community. Growing out of a wish to cast a spotlight on underexposed artists, TPM quickly developed from a single planned exhibition at one event into an organization dedicated to appearances at conventions and events around the country. As diverse as the *My Little Pony* community itself, the museum's collection includes drawings, paintings, prints, sculptures, digital artwork, customized pony dolls, and custom stuffed toys.

The goal of TPM is to be able to bring this wonderful artwork to people—both within and without the MLP fan community—who otherwise might not have a chance to see such things. Artwork that may have been seen only through pictures online can now be seen in real life, bringing enjoyment to viewers and exposure to an ever-growing collection of community artists. Having

their work travel and be seen by thousands of people helps bring to light their talent and allows people to find artists who may not have been known about otherwise.

In addition to being deeply involved in the MLP fan community, the Museum prides itself on its charity and outreach activities. Past and present efforts include a raffle which raised money for "Inked! Art for Africa" (with which Maddy Peters, the voice of Scootaloo, is affiliated), as well as an upcoming appearance at the Seattle Children's Hospital. The positive vision of *My Little Pony* brings joy to many peoples' lives, and we are delighted to have the opportunity to entertain the hospital's young patients.

In addition to coordinating for appearances at some of the largest and most prestigious events in the *My Little Pony* fan community (such as BronyCon and Everfree NW), TPM also works together with well-known community organizations such as Everfree Radio, Bronies for Good, and the Humble Brony Bundle.

At present, the museum's collection (including pledged works) encompasses over one-hundred pieces by more than forty artists. A listing of these incredible artists can be found on the Traveling Pony Museum's website at www.travelingponymuseum.com/artists.



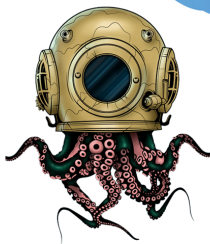
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To Lend a Hoof

Silver Quill

Rarity stared at the plate in front of her. The “base of mixed greens” in her salad had turned out to be a small mountain of wilting iceberg lettuce and alfalfa. Four lonely spinach leaves sat atop the pile of roughage, supporting three halved strawberries and a half-dozen limp slices of cucumber. Dribbles of lemon-poppysseed vinaigrette covered her plate, and the “dandelion crisps” glistened with grease. *So much for the Feed Bag’s “exciting lighter fare” option.*

“Well.” The unicorn took a deep breath and smiled brightly, hoping that the twitch in her right eye was just her imagination. “It looks lovely. Shall we?” Lifting her fork with her horn, she speared at her salad with it, then gave it a delicate shake to try to rid it of some of the excess dressing. She brought it to her muzzle and carefully chewed, then quickly swapped out for her water glass; the vinaigrette was mostly olive oil, with just enough lemon juice to pass the sniff test.

Rarity’s father hefted his overgrilled daisy-burger in one hoof and took a powerful bite, chasing it down with a few cheese-covered hay fries. “Yeah, your mother and I always love eating here. Lunch on us was the least we could do, since you’re taking in Sweetie Belle for the weekend.”

Rarity swallowed heavily and nodded. “Yes, well, think nothing of it.” *It’s only three days of enforced non-productivity.* She favored her sister with a broad smile, who beamed back over her grilled cheese. “It’s always lovely to have her over.”

“Oh, that’s just swell to hear, my daughters gettin’ on so well!” Rarity imagined her eye twitching again at the older unicorn’s accent. “Almost as excitin’ as heading back to Whinnyapolis for de weekend!” The older unicorn scooped up another spoonful of macaroni-and-cheese. “Oh dearie me. I’m already talkin’ like I’m back home.”

Rarity’s father popped the last bite of his burger into his muzzle and grinned. *No point in asking if he enjoyed it; he hardly tasted it.* “You know, Rarity, if there’s anything we can ever do for you, just ask, right?”

The designer picked over her salad, scooping the fried flowers off to the side of her plate. “Really, father, you don’t have to—”

“Oh, but we waaant to, Rarity!” Her mother stretched

the vowel in *want*, dragging it into just shy of a whine. “All dis time, an you never ask for anyting! It’s almost embarrassin’! Why, it’s like you’re all grown up now!”

The designer focused on her plate as she chewed over a cucumber and her mother’s words. *I am all grown up, Mother. I don’t have to ask for help.* Finally she swallowed and took another sip from her glass. “Really, mother, it’s sweet of you to offer, but I’m fine. Carousel Boutique is practally swimmin’—” She stopped, took a deep breath, and spoke again with clearer diction. “*Practically swimming* in orders since my fall showing. Everything really is going well.”

Rarity’s father frowned, more in a twitch of his mustache than any noticeable change in expression. He grabbed another hoofful of hay fries and shoved them into his muzzle, while his wife gave the briefest nod. “Well, okay den, Rarity. If you say so.” She turned to her younger daughter and gave her a hug. “Now you be good and do everyting Rarity tells you to do, you hear?”

“I will, Mom!” Sweetie Belle piped up. “We’re gonna head over to Sweet Apple Acres tonight! I’m gonna spend the night with the Crusaders!”

“Oh, dat sounds just wonderful!” Rarity’s mother actually clopped her hooves together. “Anyway, dearies, we need to be off. De train’s not going to run itself all de way ta Whinnyapolis!” She rummaged around in her purse, then dropped a small sackful of bits on the table. “Dat’s for lunch; dere should be plenty! Take your time, Rarity. Just give us a hug!”

Rarity slipped from her seat and hugged both her parents, then watched as Sweetie Belle did the same. Then she dropped back into her seat and watched as they shrugged into their overstuffed saddlebags and left. As soon as her parents were both out the door, Rarity had her own pocketbook in front of her. The bag of coins, she passed to Sweetie. “Do be a dear and hold onto these for mother,” she said. “I’ll cover lunch.”

Sweetie’s eyes widened, then scrunched in confusion. “But, Rarity, Mom said she was going to pay for lunch! That was their gift for looking after me for the weekend.”

This time, Rarity knew the eye-twitch wasn’t just in her head. “Sweetie, honey, I am a successful businessmare, and I am more than capable of taking care of the both of us. I could never accept such an offer!” She leaned

To Lend a Hoof

over and gave her sister a sidelong hug. “Besides, I’m afraid I just can’t eat any more of this. Finish your sandwich, dear; we can stop at the café on the way to the farm.”

Rarity tipped back her mug of cider, then set it on the table. “Thank you so much, Applejack.” The rest of the house had long since excused themselves—Apple Bloom and Sweetie Belle to play, Macintosh to worry with finances, and Granny Smith for an early nap—leaving the two friends alone in the dining room. “I wouldn’t normally eat so much, but my parents tried to take me to the Feed Bag for lunch.”

The farm-pony snickered as she started clearing away dishes. “Not to yer tastes, huh? You musta been powerful hungry, not havin’ any food since breakfast.”

“I was positively famished, yes, thus my reprehensible display of gluttony.” Rarity pushed back from the table and lifted her plate, but the orange mare snatched it with her muzzle. “Applejack! Honestly, I’m capable of taking care of my own dishes.”

“S’called hospitality, Rare.” Applejack grinned around the plate in her teeth as she carried it to the kitchen. “We treat guests right around here.”

“Hmph.” Rarity sniffed as she followed her hostess. “At least tell me I can help you wash up.”

“Nothin’ doin’, sugarcube.” Applejack waved towards the table. “Take a seat. I’ll get these scrubbed up quick. More cider ‘fore I get started?” Rarity nodded and took a step forward, but a hoof quickly blocked her path. “Hostess’ prerogative. I’ll get it for ya.” Then she grabbed Rarity’s mug and turned back towards the kitchen.

The designer stamped a forehoof. “Applejack, really! This is absurd. I am a grown mare! You’re acting like my mother.”

The blonde pony stopped in front of the icebox, one hoof on the door latch. “How do you figure?”

Rarity sighed exaggeratedly. “I swear, she treats me like a filly every time I see her. She and my father both. They’re always asking me how they can help, as if I weren’t perfectly able to support myself. They keep trying to pay me to look after Sweetie Belle as though I need an allowance! They left a whole sack of bits on the table just to pay for lunch at the *Feed Bag*!” She dropped heavily into her chair. “I own my own business! I don’t need their help!”

Applejack remained still for another few seconds, then slowly opened the icebox and refilled the mug from the chilled barrel within. With a practiced twist of her hip, she nudged the door closed again, then trotted Rarity’s mug back over to her. “Maybe they just like tryin’ t’ help, like another generous pony I know.”

Oh dear. Rarity knew that subdued tone; she’d said something that the farmer did *not* appreciate. *Time to*

change the subject. “They mean well, I’m sure.” She accepted the cider from her friend. “Speaking of meaning well, are you sure the girls are going to be warm enough in the clubhouse? Dash says the weather team is bringing in our first snow from Cloudsdale on Canterday!”

Applejack refilled her own mug, then took a deep drink. “They’ll be fine.” Her voice had lost its edge to it, slipping back to its relaxed drawl. “Bloom fixed up the windows last week, an’ the roof the week afore, so it’ll be nice an’ cozy in there as long as they stay under the blankets. You, on th’ other hoof....” That stern note crept back into her tone. “I think you could use some help.”

“Me?” Rarity put one hoof over her chest, eyes widening at Applejack. “Whatever for?”

“Lookin’ a gift horse in th’ muzzle.” The farmer leaned forward, resting both hooves on the table in front of her. “Listen, sugarcube. I ain’t your ma, and I can’t say as I know what she’s thinkin’ when she or yer pa try t’ pay for stuff, but I can tell ya it’s a lot nicer’n not having anypony willin’ or able t’ help.”

Rarity bit her lip and mulled over Applejack’s comment. “Mmmaybe,” she replied with exaggerated slowness. “It still rankles, though. Why, I represent the Element of Generosity! I should be the one taking care of others. Besides, they’re so—” *Crass.* She couldn’t stop the word from coming to mind, but under the farm-pony’s icy glare, she could at least keep it from passing her lips. “Provincial.”

Applejack took another swig of her cider and tipped her broad-brimmed hat back on her head. “Yer jealous, that’s yer problem.”

“I am not!” *Too hasty. It sounds insincere, even if it’s not.* She sighed and shook her head, matching her friend’s drink. “It’s not jealousy. It’s *frustration*, Applejack! They’re so... hamhooved about it all. ‘Let us pay for Sweetie Belle’s visit.’ ‘Let us take care of that bill.’ ‘We’ll pick up the check.’ And all the while, they’re turning their muzzles up at Horsia’s and unironically treating Whinnyapolis like Manehattan.” She set her mug down on the table a little too heavily. “If they were spending their money to show off that they had money to spend, I could at least understand that. I wouldn’t *like* it, but I could get it. This, though... it defies comprehension!”

Applejack sat across from the unicorn for several long seconds, studying her over her cider. Then she leaned back in her chair and drained her mug dry. “It ain’t too hard to figure out, sugarcube,” the farmer said with what Rarity recognized as strained patience, the same too-kindly tone she’d herself used with her sister on more than one occasion. “But, seein’ as I’m the hostess, it’d be plumb rude of me t’ just explain it, so get comfortable and let me tell you a story.”

“Applejack,” Rarity chuckled gently, trying to lighten

To Lend a Hoof

the mood. "Please, if you have some insight, you could just *tell*—"

"Nope!" Applejack cut her off with a grin. "My house, my rules. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yeah. This woulda been back when I was just a filly. Middle of summer. Mac had just got his cutie mark, so he was off workin' one of the fields himself. Pappy had me followin' him around, watchin' him buck th' trees. We worked in silence, mostly just the wind an' the sound of hoof against tree an' apple against basket. Every so often, he'd look up at a tree and say 'Jackie, you try this one.' So, I'd rear back, an' I'd let fly with both back hooves, an' just nothin' would happen. So I'd try again. Nothin'. An' then I'd rear back for a third an' Pappy'd put a hoof on my shoulder and say, 'here, let me help.'"

"So, Pappy'd draw back, an' he'd give that tree a solid whack, an' all the apples would fall off before I could finish. An' then we'd do it again, an' again. Just as I'd get riled up enough t' buck the tree right, he'd stop me an' do it himself. Every time he did it, I got a little more angry, a little more upset, an' finally about noon I just couldn't take it no more and I took off for the house, cryin' up a storm."

The farmer paused to rub at her eyes with the back of one hoof and took another swig of cider. "Mama sat down with me an' asked what's wrong, an' I said Pappy wouldn't let me do anything for myself. She put a leg around my neck, an' she hugged me, an' she said, 'Honey, your pappy's a good stallion, an' a proud father, but he ain't real good with words. So, every time he says, 'let me help,' I want you to imagine he's sayin', 'I love you.'"

Rarity tucked her kerchief back into her saddlebag with a wisp of magic. "Surely you didn't have anything quite so blatantly educational actually happen to you. It's practically out of a story book."

"You callin' the Element of Honesty a liar?" Applejack smiled and leaned back in her chair. "Funny thing about honesty, actually." Applejack said with a slow smile. "It ain't just about words. It's about intent, too. Mare-do-Well weren't exactly the most honest thing we ever did, but we had our hearts in the right place when we did it."

Rarity coughed at the reminder. "Yes, well, I'm glad to say my participation in that particular event was limited to sartorial support. Speaking of which, I should get back to the boutique and take advantage of the quiet night. I'll have the place organized if you could bring the girls by after lunch?"

Applejack nodded and let out a belch, not bothering to cover her muzzle with her hoof. "Lunch sounds good." She rose from her seat and trotted around to hug the seamstress goodnight. "I'll see you tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow, then." Rarity hugged the farmer back. "Good night, Applejack."

"Daddy!" Sweetie Belle ran forward towards the train, hopping up as her father stepped down off of the car. "Welcome back!"

"Howdy, pumpkin!" Sweetie's father scooped her up in one foreleg and then trotted down the steps, his wife following right behind. "And hey there, Rarity!"

Rarity trotted up to her parents and lay her neck alongside her father's in a hug. "Welcome back! How was Whinnyapolis?"

"Cold!" her mother exclaimed, giving an exaggerated shiver. "Next time I say I wanna go back an visit family, remind me ta go in the spring after winter's all tucked away"

Rarity's father exchanged a look with his elder daughter, and the two chuckled politely. "Of course, dear." He hugged his youngest, then set her down again. "I tell you what, I'm starving." He gave Rarity a faint smile. "How's about we all head to the Feed Bag? My treat!"

"I'd love to, but—" Rarity caught her voice before the tremor could take over. *Remember what he's trying to say.* "Well... would you mind if we went somewhere different? The salad from last time didn't agree with me, but I know this charming little café. They've got a lovely spicy bean burger." She swallowed. "I know they're a bit *spendy*, as you might say, but—"

"Oh, dearie me," her mother interrupted. "Money's not the issue, Rarity, you know that. We just want to help."

Rarity let out her breath and smiled. "I know. I do too. Let me carry your bag at least, Mom."

Dear Princess Celestia,

Sometimes, the hardest part of friendship can be in knowing how to show it. Somepony can mean well and want the best for you, but not really know how to express that. It's important to remember, if you don't speak the same language as somepony else, to try to always accept gifts with the spirit in which they're given.

*Yours truly,
Rarity*

Featured Guests



Michelle Creber

Voices: Apple Bloom, Sweetie Belle (singing)

Michelle Creber is an actor, singer, dancer, musician and voiceover artist based in Vancouver, Canada. The child of professional musicians, Michelle first joined her parents onstage at age one, and has never looked back. She has appeared on many concert stages and her vocals have been compared to those of Aretha Franklin and a young Michael Jackson. Michelle is the featured singing voice of two characters (Sweetie Belle & Apple Bloom) on the hit animated series, *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* and her solo vocals can also be heard on the soundtracks for *The Search For Santa Paws*, *Smart Cookies*, and *Martha Speaks*.

On-screen credits include a lead role in *Smart Cookies*, guest star appearances on *The Haunting Hour* and *Supernatural*, principal roles in *Eureka*, *Christmas Lodge*, *Killer Among Us* and *The Search For Santa Paws*.

In the world of animation, Michelle voices Apple Bloom in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*, Lucy in *Peanuts*, Alice in *Martha Speaks*, and guest characters on *Dinosaur Train*. Her stage credits include the title role in *Annie* for two productions (Theatre Under the Stars 2009 & Gateway Theatre 2010), Brigitta in *The Sound of Music* and Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* (Footlight Theatre 2010 and 2011).

Michelle's first CD – an album of covers from the last one hundred years – has already spawned four successful singles and will be released in 2012.



Cathy Weseluck

Voices: Spike, Mayor Mare

Internationally known, award-winning voice-over actor Cathy Weseluck's acting and production career extends over a wide range of areas. In addition to her continued success as a voice-over performer, Cathy's noted accomplishments also include her work as a TV actor, instructor, consultant, guest speaker, casting director, director, associate producer, writer, composer, performer and photographer.

Cathy launched her voice-over career first with radio and TV commercials and later went on to master the voice-over world of animation, narration, ADR, and the gaming industry. Best known for her starring roles as Spike and the Mayor in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*, Cathy also played Rarity in her previous G3 incarnation in *The Runaway Rainbow*. Other notable voice-over credits include: Cybersix and Adrian in the award-winning TMS/NOA *Cybersix*, Dennis in the hit Disney comedy series *Kid vs Kat*, Near in *Death Note*, Young Trunks in *Dragonball Z*, Dorothy Catalonia in *Gundam Wing*, and Shampoo in *Ranma ½*.

Cathy has also served as a Casting Director, Director and/or Music Director for several projects including *My Little Pony Tales* and has appeared as a guest speaker and performer on a number of occasions. For over twenty years, Cathy has also been revered as an accomplished and highly respected voice-over instructor and consultant for the film and TV industries and the public, in addition to creating and conducting her own voice-over workshops and private coaching sessions which she continues to conduct to this day.

Featured Guests



Peter New

Voices: Big Macintosh

Peter New is an actor, voice actor and writer. He has around seventy professional credits including *Fringe*, *Mr Young*, *The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus*, *Lost Treasure of the Grand Canyon*, *Psych*, *Men In Trees* and *Scooby Doo 2: Monsters Unleashed*. He has voiced many cartoon characters, from Evan in *Barbie Thumbelina*, to Ian Vashti in *Gundamoo*, to Lunk in *Powerpuff Girls Z*, and Big Macintosh in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*. Other voice credits include *InuYasha*, *Warhammer 40,000: Dawn of War*, *Sushi Pack*, *Fantastic Four*, *Rekkit Rabbit*, *Martha Speaks*, *Dino Train*, and *Need 4 Speed: Hot Pursuit*.

Peter began acting with a sketch comedy troupe called The Legend of Bonefish, who disbanded twenty years ago, although some of those old sketches have begun springing up on YouTube recently. He has broad interests, from astrophysics to photography, architecture to environmentalism. He plays a little piano, a little guitar, and a little ukulele. He enjoys cooking, but more than that, eating.

Ten years ago, Peter won a Leo award for Best Comedy and Variety Writing for a Canadian news satire called *Point Blank*, in which he also appeared in four separate roles. In 2012, Peter is nominated again, this time for Best Supporting Actor in a Feature Film for his role in *Sunflower Hour*, which he did not write.



Tabitha St. Germain

Voices: Rarity, Princess Luna, Mrs Cake, Granny Smith

T. St. G., started her acting career at the age of 0.9, when an improbable collision of cells resulted in a clotsome little singularity that squeaked.

Radiation from the planet Ninc¹, or “ninny rays,” followed, giving us the T. St. G. of today, who is capable of being almost anything that doesn’t involve math or common sense, for a union-approved fee. The T. St. G. singularity worked at the Keg Steakhouse in Halifax as an (appalling) hostess for about a month in the eighties and then took the next logical step and joined the theatre.

She was the lead singer of the wildly forgettable band “Mystery Diarrhea”, who released many things, none of which was an album.

Asking personal questions will usually only bring forth a string of tatty fabrications from this monkey. “I’m not lying,” she has said, “I’m *acting*.” This is because, while she does have a rich inner life, her outer life is pretty much divided between mucking about in gardens and making noise.

She was hatched, not born, vaguely recalling siblings twittering about in a wasteland of cracked shells. It is possible that she ate them. She amuses herself by setting all the egg timers in Ikea to five minutes, and leaving.

¹ Ninc OM’ poop 4. Dimmest star in the Getyerteamonthoice nebula – which bursts like a carbuncle every thirty Octobers and gives off these pernicious rays.

Featured Guests



Lee Tockar

Voices: Snips, "Steven Magnet"

Lee Tockar has lent his voice to hundreds of well-loved animated characters, in over five thousand episodes of animation and dozens of animated movies on the big and small screens.

In 2008, Seth McFarlane (*Family Guy*) presented Lee with the ELAN (Electronic Animation) award, for "Best Male Voice Over Artist of the Year," for his performance of George in *George of the Jungle*.

Since then, his career has continued to flourish, performing the roles of Dr Frogg in *League of Super Evil*, Snips in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*, Bling Bling Boy, The General and Speed McCool in *Johnny Test*, adding to an already incredible list of iconic characters in shows such as *Beast Wars*, *X-Men*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Iron Man*, *Fantastic Four*, *Dragon Booster*, *Pucca*, and *Eon Kid*. Among his shows presently in development, Lee has landed the part of Pronto the Magnificent in the upcoming Disney/Nerd Corps' co-production entitled, *Slugterra*.

In addition to his voice career, Lee is also a collected painter, singer-songwriter and writer of poetry, plays, and children's books. He's even penned some of the cartoons he has performed in such as *Yam Roll* and *League of Super Evil* and is presently writing a feature film entitled *The Grym Possession of Chesterfield Couch*.

Originally from Kelowna, BC, Lee now makes his home in Vancouver, BC. His interests include geekin' out at comic books shops, listening to demented carnival music, collecting weird voices and plotting to take over the world.



Kazumi Evans

Voices: Rarity (singing)

Kazumi is a Canadian singer, dancer, actor, based in Vancouver, BC. In 2007, she auditioned and was chosen to be a competitor on the CBC TV talent search *Triple Sensation* produced by Garth Drabinsky. After making it as a top six finalist on the show she knew she wanted to delve into all aspects of the entertainment business.

Since then she has performed professionally with theatre companies all over British Columbia. Recent credits include: *La Cage Aux Folles*, *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels* (Vancouver Playhouse); Phoenix in *The Forbidden Phoenix* (Gateway Theatre); Dancer in *Eugene Onegin* (Vancouver Opera); and Maria in *West Side Story* and Wendy in *Peter Pan* (Royal City Musical Theatre).

As a voice actress, she has lent her voice to characters such as Harmony in *Barbie: Princess Charm School*, Blair in *The Little Prince*, and been a featured singer on the soundtracks of *Martha Speaks* and as Rarity in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* (her personal favourite of course!)

This past June she graduated from the Vancouver Academy of Music with a Bachelor of Music, majoring in Opera Performance.

Featured Guests



Tara Strong

Voices: Twilight Sparkle

Tara Strong began her professional acting career at the age of thirteen, performing in Toronto's Yiddish Theater. She booked several TV and film roles and her first animated series, voicing the title role of *Hello Kitty*. By the age of sixteen, she had a lead in a sitcom, and voiced more than twenty animated series, as well as several musical theater, TV, and film roles. She moved to Los Angeles in 1994, and worked on *Party of Five*, *National Lampoon's Senior Trip*, *Touched by an Angel*, *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*, and several other guest roles.

She has enjoyed a very successful voice over career including, Bubbles in *The Powerpuff Girls*, Timmy on *The Fairly Odd Parents*, Dil in *Rugrats*, Raven on *Teen Titans*, *Batgirl*, *Chowder*, *Transformers*, *Drawn Together*, *Ben 10*, Melody in the sequel to *The Little Mermaid*, and many more. She was nominated for an Emmy Award for her role in *Jakers*.

She can currently be seen on camera as the teacher, Miss Collins, on Nickelodeon's hit show *Big Time Rush*. Tara is extremely excited to step into the fabulous shoes of Harley Quinn in the hit game *Batman: Arkham City* and wouldn't feel right about ending her bio without giving love to all her bronies from Twilight Sparkle on the hit show *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*. She is also excited for the highly anticipated new Fox Network series *Napoleon Dynamite*, where she plays more characters than she can remember.



Madeleine Peters

Voices: Scootaloo

Madeleine Peters has been performing since the age of six. She began in Musical Theatre as a trained singer, dancer and stage actress, and is now an accomplished voice actress whose credits include multiple seasons of several internationally acclaimed animated series. She has recorded eighty episodes as the voice of Helen on the PBS hit *Martha Speaks*; and in her role as Scootaloo for the Hub's wildly popular *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*, she continues to attract audiences around the world. In addition to acting and singing roles in series such as *Being Ian*, *Kid vs. Kat*, and *Yakkity Yak*, she also played the role of Emily in the movie *Barbie 11: Princess Charm School*, to the delight of her younger sisters.

A grade ten student at Ecole Sentinel Secondaire in West Vancouver, Maddy is an avid volleyball and softball player who also enjoys ballet, tap, jazz and modern dance. She is also an artist and clothing designer with an interest in photography, fashion, fine art and music. When voice acting, she loves exploring different characters and enjoys the energy and camaraderie with fellow actors in the studio.

Featured Guests



Daniel Ingram

Composer

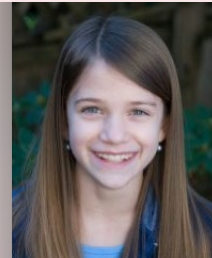
Daniel is best known amongst fans of *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* as the guy who writes all the songs. He started his career writing music for animation in 2007 and has been busy ever since, scoring hundreds of TV episodes and penning over a hundred songs for such titles as **artha Speaks*, *Adventures of Chuck & Friends*, *Pound Puppies*, *My Little Pony*, and more. Daniel's songs were nominated for two Daytime Emmy Awards this year and he's currently working on a new exciting series... that he can't talk about yet.



Andrew Francis

Voices: Braeburn, Shining Armor

Andrew Francis is a producer and actor. His professional acting career began at eight years old. He has appeared on-camera in hundreds of television shows and feature films including most recently, *Fakers* and *Primary*. He was nominated for a Gemini Award last year in the Best Actor Category for his lead work in *Fakers*. Andrew has also voiced several lead role character voices in cartoon/animation shows as well. His most recent credits include *My Little Pony*, *Dinosaur Train*, *Voltron Force*, and *Johnny Test*. When Andrew isn't acting he enjoys wakeboarding, skiing, hockey, and listening to music.



Claire Corlett

Voices: Sweetie Belle

Claire "Maggie" Corlett was born in Vancouver and has made it her goal to be seen and heard since she popped out in 1999!

Claire's voiceover career is fairly extensive for this young talent, ranging from Charlie Brown's sister Sally in *Peanuts*, Michelle in NBC's *3-2-1 Penguins*, Stacie in a soon to be released *Barbie* movie, to Tiny in PBS's number-one show *Dinosaur Train*. Her favorite fans know her best as Sweetie Belle in Hasbro's *My Little Pony*. Last year Claire ventured out into live action and can be seen in her first film *Smart Cookies* set to debut in August of 2012 on the Hallmark channel in the US.

She's practicing to be a vegetarian and enjoys cooking (and eating) with that in mind. Although awarded MVP of her school basketball team and nominated team captain by her peers, soccer is still her favorite sport. She is a big Whitecaps and Canucks fan and enjoys going to games.

Any free time Claire has she spends with her family, friends, and her dog Lucy. Check out her youtube channel at www.youtube.com/ClaireCoeCoeNutz.

Jim Miller

Storyboard Artist

"Big Jim" Miller is a storyboard artist working and living in Vancouver, BC. He has been in the animation industry for almost fifteen years, having primarily done boards for Danny Antonucci's *Ed, Edd n Eddy* on Cartoon Network, and as the storyboard supervisor for Hasbro's *My Little Pony: Friendship Is Magic*. He is currently 6'2" tall, 260 pounds,* and will rock you like a hurricane or other wind-related weather catastrophe.

* Weights and measurements are based on estimates only and are subject to change without notice, or peer review.



Andrea Libman

Voices: Pinkie Pie, Fluttershy

Andrea Libman has worked as a voice over actor for more than twenty years. She has had roles on numerous animated TV series, including Madeline in *Madeline* and *The New Adventures of Madeline*, Emmy in *DragonTales*, young AndrAia in *Reboot*, and Cathy in *Monster Buster Club*. Recently, she's voiced the characters of Lemon Meringue, Pupcake and Princess Berrykin in *Strawberry Shortcake's Berry Bitty Adventures* and Pinkie Pie and Fluttershy in *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*.

Andrea teaches and plays the piano and enjoys running, skiing and snowboarding, yoga and volunteer work. She holds her Bachelor of Applied Science in Civil Engineering from the University of British Columbia.



Shannon Chan-Kent

Voices: Pinkie Pie (singing), Silver Spoon

Shannon Chan-Kent has a Masters Degree in Opera from the University of British Columbia. Her professional acting career began at thirteen years old. She has appeared in several on-camera television shows and features including most recently, *Life Unexpected* and *Spectacular*. Shannon has also voiced several lead-role character voices in several cartoons and animated shows as well. Her most recent credits include *Voltron*, *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*, and *Martha Speaks*. When Shannon isn't acting she enjoys cooking, piano, exercising and singing and song writing.



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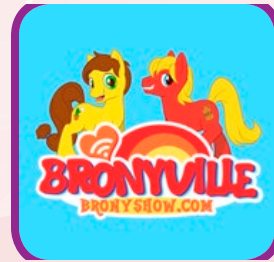
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Community Guests



Equestria Daily

Equestria Daily is a collection of all things awesome in the fandom, with a goal to keep everyone entertained and informed in a fun and slightly ridiculous environment. When you are bored and looking for something to do, hit it up and be prepared for a nonstop deluge of pony all day long. Attending are Sethisto, Cereal Velocity, and PK.



Bronyville

Apple Cider and Chef Sandy run this awesome podcast called Bronyville. It's really good. How good? Like chart topping, awesome guest getting, one-and-a-half hours of pony content every single week good. News, episode reviews, emails, fic, music, and more each week with great guest hosts. You can run over to www.bronyshow.com for all their slick content or catch the podcast on iTunes.



Derpy Hooves News

Since 2010, Derpy Hooves News has provided news and entertainment to the ever-growing *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* community. Outside of being a news organization we strive to help the community in any way possible, carrying the motto, "Ask not what you can do for DHN, but what DHN can do for you".



The Round Stable

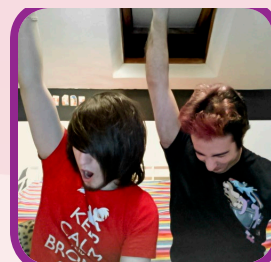
The Round Stable is a community site armed with news coverage, interviews, editorials, and original productions. TRS isn't just a news site, it's a platform for authors to discuss and examine all things pony. Attending are KefkaFloyd and Isaak (Shiropoint).

Community Guests



Everfree Radio

EverFree Radio has grown from a weekly podcast into a full-fledged Brony media network. EFR hosts high-profile interviews as well as in-depth fanfic and episode reviews. Aside from their 24/7 Shoutcast music stream, they also broadcast a variety of special events and brony programs on their livestream, including “Stay Brony My Friends” with DustyKatt and the “Equestria Inquirer.”



AcousticBrony

AcousticBrony – Edd and Jimmy – are a duo from London, UK. They began writing and recording pony inspired music just over a year ago. Between the two of them they play a wide variety of instruments and cover many genres from chiptune, all the way to metal. They also do a collab project with fellow brony musician MandoPony under the name AcustiMandoBrony.



Mic the Microphone

Mic writes: “I’m aspiring VA who fancies himself a vocalist of some kind. I started out doing pony music almost a year ago. I did it as more of a joke than anything, given my inability to compose. I just wanted to have fun and enjoy myself, and this served as a creative outlet for venting as well! Next thing I know, though, it exploded into... this.” He is best known for his dramatic readings: *Beyond Her Tomb*, *Nightmare Night*, and *The Epic Pony Rap Battles of Equestria*.



Equestrian Dreamers

Equestrian Dreamers is a game development team working on the upcoming *Ace Attorney*-inspired MLP:FIM fan game *My Little Investigations*. First formed in late 2011 as a partnership between GabuEx and ZeusAssassin, it’s since grown to a team of seventeen bronies all working towards the goal of providing entertainment for bronies by bronies.

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*"Don't you worry...
Your head little pony...
There's no need to cry...
Don't you fret now
Dear little pony
Your friends are by your side..."*

*We will watch for you...
Sweet little pony...
Shut your weary eyes...
Drift to dreamland...
My Little Pony...
Your friends are by your side."*



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The collage features four distinct images: a purple pony plushie with a black hat and goggles; a yellow pony plushie with a pink mane; a small blue pony figurine in a basket of beads; and a person with long blue hair wearing a unicorn headband and a black shirt with a colorful design.

No Regrets

Horizon

The great Celestia, most beloved of ponykind, crouches, head bowed.

Kneels! She kneels to me! For a moment, disbelief overrules my senses—

(Of course she kneels, in her desperation. Ponies have neglected my night for a millennium, and I am done humoring her pleas. It is year 999 of the Celestial Era, and she has summoned me to her gardens, in the moonshadow of the statue of Discord. I am swathed in black and iron.)

“Sister.” Her golden voice breaks, and with it, my vertigo. “Please. There must be another way.”

I stare at her through purple haze and cold eyes. My mind insists I am gripped by vengeance. My heart is less certain.

“Another way?” Even as the mocking words leave my mouth, they feel rehearsed. *(They were. She is predictable and I am prepared.)* “Still thou dost not understand, sister.”

Celestia’s face angles up as I speak. Her eyes flick around the gardens, then lock in to mine. She opens her mouth, stops, tries again, lets her jaw hang. Blinks as if disoriented.

Something is wrong. Is she stalling? I ought to fling my Elements in her face and depart before she springs a trap. But I hesitate; some inner voice whispers – *(A millennium of unbearable isolation. Barren rock, festering rage.)* – that that way lies madness.

Celestia closes her eyes sorrowfully and stands. “My beloved sister... you are right.”

What?

That is not how this meeting goes. My sister is too proud. For generations she has begged for tolerance, pleaded for reason, but refused to concede a single scrap of respect to my frustrations. “Luna, your night is so cool and peaceful! When would you have them sleep?” “Luna, there isn’t enough light for them to work by the stars.” “Luna, you’re being foalish again. Of course they love you.” Dismissal upon dismissal, each a tiny wound upon my heart.

But tonight: “I’ve tried my best – yet here we stand. Clearly I *don’t* understand. I’ve failed you, Lulu. I’m sorry.”

To finally hear those words wrenches at me. “Sister,” I respond with poor grace, “I am certain thou art – but that will not move the moon.”

“Alright,” she says quietly. “Then tell me... why?”

“Thou knowest!” I snap. “They relish thy day. They shun my beautiful night.”

She looks deep into me, her eyes welling with tears. “Not that. You *know* that I can’t wave a wing and change ponykind – and yet you’re here with me. Why?” Celestia is vulnerable, earnest – small despite her towering size. In that fragility, her gaze holds mine as surely as any cockatrice’s. This is a sister I have not seen in... *(a thousand years)* ...a long time.

Part of me screeches incoherently, impatient to unleash devastation. Another part of me whispers that I should not have come here at all. *(“No – your highness – don’t –”)* “Tia,” the remainder says, teeth clenched.

Why, indeed. I wanted my rebellion to *mean* something. I wanted to laugh in triumph as comprehension dawned upon her muzzle. But now that the moment has arrived... the dark part of me is oddly silent. This is too, too bitter.

She sees my hesitation. Her breath catches.

“Tia,” I snarl again, closing my eyes and steeling myself. “Make this no harder than it must be. Submit.”

“Lulu—” She pauses, infinitesimally, but her voice is strong— “Wait. Listen. Trade with me, and take the day.”

My eyes snap open. She is serious.

A generation passes. They call me Aurora. I am loved. It is all I ever desired.

I sit upon the balcony, as I do each nightfall, drinking in the sweep of the stars as Celestia glides down from her raising. She lands, staggers over, and sags against me. I rest a forehoof on her shoulders and hold her in a hug. She buries her muzzle in the rainbow of my mane, nuzzles my neck, and gasps for breath.

(It is springtime, year 50 of the Auroran Era; 1049 CE under the old Celestial calendar. The remodel of Everfree Castle is almost complete. Equestria’s borders have expanded so far that my sister and I were called to subdue the Three-Headed Beast of Canter Peak with the Elements of Harmony. Equestria prospers. I am loved. It is all I ever desired.)

Celestia’s struggle to adjust is often visible upon her muzzle. Her night comes, as mine once did, with endless responsibility. My day comes with endless energy. I understand now why running Equestria once came

No Regrets

so naturally to her; she required outlets for her excess radiance.

In the years since our averted war, I have assumed that oversight. In addition, I have written an encyclopædia, seventeen novels, and twenty-four doctoral theses. I have mastered all major strategy games save *lapides*; even there, only a dozen mortal ponies can still force me to take a handicap. I have begun tutoring the magical students Celestia no longer has time to teach, and in the process have singlehornedly founded a new branch of thaumaturgy.

Despite her perpetual exhaustion, my sister seems unexpectedly content. Lacking the vitality to maintain a thousand years of accumulated obligation, she has begun to shed it; and as I have thrown myself into the necessities of leadership, she has been able to focus upon the old friends who bring her the greatest joy.

But tonight, as strength returns to her legs, that contentment is elusive. I look straight into the eyes of my older sister, at the stardrift mane that perches incongruously above her dappled dirty-white coat, and smile encouragingly. "My dear Tia. Thy sky is lovely."

She shakes her head, turns from my gaze. "I... I'm an amateur. Five decades, and I'm still spilling the Milky Way across half the sky. And I realized tonight that I've been maintaining the Hyades so irregularly they've split into a *double cluster*."

"Oh, Tia." Without looking, I wingpoint just west of northwest, thirty-two degrees from the horizon. "Chi Perseus and ha Perseus? That was far from my only double cluster. It is simply the only one that *survives*. I long ago encouraged the rest to scatter."

"On top of that," she continues, raising her voice, "I let Markab and Homam drift too far apart for most of last month. I don't look forward to telling the astronomers about August's new meteor shower. Let's not even *discuss* that sordid collision of Fagen and Ankaa—"

"Tia." I cut her off firmly. I still do not understand her disproportionate horror at her first stellar impact – it took me six centuries to be rid of mine, and I had warned her to expect them in large quantities that never materialized – but for the conversation to turn to her solitary failure would be unproductive. "Thou art making it *thy sky*. Its beauty will follow only and ever from its imperfections. Dost thou remember... once upon a time, thou wert driven to madness by why I made Pegasus the largest equine constellation?"

She considers, for long moments. Recognition sparks in her eyes as I am about to explain. "You placed the horn on the wrong end, didn't you?"

I giggle. "I moved it above the flank and declared it intentional."

Her laughter explodes forth, and I am swept up.

Our amusement spirals, soars. It is a punchline I have yearned to share for a thousand years with somepony who *understands*, and soon it is less laughter than catharsis, clinging to each other as our spasms and gasps shake a great weight from our hearts. Our guards peer through the balcony door, in prudent yet unnecessary concern. Finally – flat upon the stone, under her beautiful, glorious, clumsy sky – we recover our breath.

"Lulu," she asks, out of nowhere, "are you happy?"

"Of course." I stare into her eyes, willing the universe to sing along with my voice, no mere words able to capture the majesty of my response. If Equestria's salvation had rested at that moment upon my ability to rein in my smile, I would have doomed us all. "And thou?"

There is a second in which her expression freezes, a deer in the spotlight – (*his muzzle – perfectly groomed moustache and too-white teeth – is agape in shock and bewilderment as we lock eyes*) – and then Celestia relaxes into an easy and genuine smile. "Yes, Lulu. I am." Her joy is so palpable, so absolute, that my strange figment of thought falls away.

Nothing more is said – nothing more need be said – for several minutes. We lie in sororal embrace, sage-blue and roan-grey. Half our world is smothered in a blanket of darkness, half trimmed in the glimmering gemstones of night, and her moon, *her moon*, wraps our bodies in the pale gauze of its light.

Finally, the smoldering question burns its way to my lips. "Tia," I ask softly, "what made thee give up thy sun?"

Silence stretches into awkwardness, then discomfort. I am about to retract the question when her words stumble forth: "The bigger question is why it took me so long." Her voice is distant. "It hurt me to see your pain, Lulu. I was scared of it – of what would happen to Equestria if one of us ever gave in to it, even once. So I sought refuge from those fears in duty. I thought you would *have* to see reason if I could lead by example. But that night in the garden...."

(*It was 999 CE. Ponies had neglected my night for a millennium, and I was done humoring her pleas....*)

"I knew I had failed, but I didn't know what else to do. I saw you holding Equestria hostage, Lulu. I saw only a choice between love and duty." She sighs. "And I *had* to choose duty! Otherwise eternal night would have ended ponykind, in ice or in starvation. But something stopped me. A... little voice, a deep inner regret, a whisper of what we faced...."

(*A millennium of unbearable isolation.*)

"A millennium of unbearable isolation," we chorus – then stop, startled.

(*Barren rock, festering rage, stellar conjunction, darkness resurgent, spectral flensing—*)

The phantom thoughts surge unbidden. I flinch. They are vivid, all too plausible. I try to distract myself, eyes

No Regrets

darting around the sky, locking in on the moon. (*Barren rock, festering rage – barren rock, festering rage—*)

Something inside me starts screaming. I jolt to my hooves, blindly bodyslam the balcony door open, and dash into the tower.

(*Stellar conjunction, darkness resurgent, spectral flensing, rebirth – sunshine, springtime, bright balloons, squealing foals – the shocked, moustached muzzle – “No, your highness, don’t—”*)

A voice drags me back to awareness. “Oh, stars. Lulu!” she shouts. “Luna! ...Aurora! ...Sister!”

I blink – (“*Each eye-blink is a day; each minute is a year.*”) – and focus on Celestia’s frightened eyes. I am balled up behind her bed, body shaking, cheeks wet. Three guards are hovering nervously; one is wingsprinting down to the castle. At my reaction, Celestia lunges in desperately, neck arcing against mine, sobbing. “Oh, stars. Sister.”

“T-tia,” I whimper. “What is going on?”

“Little sister. It’s okay. I’m here. I’ll always be here for you. I love you.”

After an exhaustive battery of negative tests, the Royal Physician diagnoses it as a stress reaction exacerbated by overwork, and strictly forbids me from continuing to plan the upcoming Summer Sun Celebration. Though it is to be my fiftieth, I pass oversight to a hastily assembled committee.

I do not attend Celestia’s raisings for a month, and avoid being outdoors at night. The visions fade. By unspoken agreement, we do not speak of that night in the garden again.

“I’m sorry I’m late,” she says, trotting in behind the horn-shimmer of the opening door. “It’s great to...”

My pupil and I look up from our studies. Celestia’s words and motion both lurch to a halt.

(*It is springtime, 136 AE. Our Elements of Harmony embrace ever more of the world. We have cleaned out the monster nests from the old Dragon Kingdoms, unsealing the Tartar Caverns underneath the Palace Draconic to create habitations for the beasts who friendship will not reform. Those who see reason are given liberty and surface land, and soon Mythologia is a flourishing trade partner. Equestria prospers. I am loved. It is all I ever desired.*)

The filly’s face lights up. “Auntie Tia! Art thou here to teach me magic, as well?” The Everfree Court has, over several generations, fallen back into the High Speech that Celestia once discouraged; the common dialect that she prefers is beginning to sound anachronistic.

“I, ah, not tonight, Star Sparkle,” Tia says, gifting me a subtle glare as the filly’s muzzle falls. “I was told your granddam was here?”

Guilt drags my stomach into my bowels. Star Sparkle



No Regrets

the *Younger*, despite her age, is the most promising mage of our generation. Star Sparkle the *Elder* is a dear friend of Celestia's. Of a sudden, my tutelage—especially during these evening hours—feels like theft.

"Oh, sister," I say, voice radiant with love and empathy. "It is but Star Sparkle's lessons, tonight. The message of her arrival must have miscarried. But if it pleaseth thee—" I leap to my hooves as the final sentence deflects from her retreating flanks and ruffled wings. "Sister! Oh, feathers."

Celestia is hurtling out into the night at such velocity that I am obliged to teleport into her path. "Tia! Wait!" She curves left; I flap to block. "Tia!" In a flurry of wings, she airbrakes to avoid a collision.

Cornered, she lashes out. "So when you missed two of my raisings last week, were *those* 'but Star Sparkle's lessons'?"

"No, Tia! I was—"

"My best friend's grandfoal! How long have you been teaching her, Aurora?"

I stare, shocked. Her mud-grey muzzle is not yet so dark that I cannot see the flush spread across it. We hover, speechless, for a heartbeat.

"Rorie! I—I didn't mean...."

"I know thou didst not," I say gently, bringing a cerulean forehoof up to her shoulder. "Thou art upset. I love thee, Tia."

"My best mortal friend. She—I have so few—" She begins to cry. "Oh, Ror— oh, Lulu. You'll always be my Lulu...."

"Sshhhh." I hold her, heart sinking. I know where her isolation will inevitably lead. When her tears are spent, I close my eyes and say faintly, "Dost thou wish thy sun back?"

"What?" she starts, and I know I have struck home. "No."

"The truth, Tia," I say as gently as the warmth of a spring day.

I hear her swallow. "The truth? I.... Yes, I miss it, sister, but that does not mean I want it! I— Oh, feathers. Lulu... are you happy?"

"What?" I ask, suspicious of the subject change, but look at her as I answer decisively: "Yes."

"Then I am, too. I'm doing this for you. I only ever was." She sighs. "It has been a hard season, sister. That's all. You survived a millennium of this—you know its highs and lows."

I do. I know all of the red flags, as well. "Thou speakest of 'surviving' it, Tia. If it tortures thee as it did me—then 'tis only fair we share it."

Fear, then determination, flare up in her eyes. "I will be fine. I promise."

I stifle my unease and take her at her word.

The beast writhes, wrapped in rainbows, loosing an earth-shaking roar. Then it falls—a mountain of scales and spines crashing across our entire horizon—and the earth *does* shake. I flap against the sudden rush of air. Tia staggers, fights for footing. The dragon thrashes, lies still.

I land. The black, star-speckled alicorn at my side lets out a long sigh. I wrap a comforting white wing around her.

(It is springtime, 203 AE. With their old wilds reclaimed, the dragon migrations have turned to depredations. We have finally subdued the last and largest of their raiding parties. Even the gryphons now make overtures for peace. Equestria is the shining glory of the world, and an era of golden empire lies open before us. I am loved. It is all I ever desired.)

It is our moment of victory, but there is no triumph in her voice, only an exhaustion as deep as her midday shadow. "Let's go home," she says. "I'm so tired."

I open my mouth to respond, and am interrupted by a crackle of magical energy. I step back, surprised. Tia's eyes widen. Space unfolds. A scroll—made of a parchment foreign to Everfree—appears in a gout of green dragon's-fire, and bounces to a rest at our feet.

Her eyes betray guilt. "Celestia," I say, evenly, "what is that?" Her jaw works soundlessly. I snatch the scroll in horn and read:

Dear Princess Celestia,

I don't know... but I'm sending Rainbow Dash for my reference books now. Don't worry—we've still got an hour before your sun needs to set and Luna's moon needs to rise. That's a tight deadline to break such a complex, ambitious, and sloppy enchantment, but you're the most amazing mage in all of Equestria. If anyone can do it, you can.

Both of your vital signs look good, but I can't take anything for granted since neither the monitor nor the machine itself were designed for the indefinite lifespan of alicorns.

Your faithful student,

Twilight Sparkle

Now it is my turn for speechlessness. "Explain," I order.

"...Oh, Rorie," she whispers, shaking her head. "I didn't want..." At my glare, she swallows, starts anew. "She says she's the Element of Magic, far in the future, and the two of us—"

"I am not," I interrupt, raising my voice, "interested in the beliefs of the mentally ill."

"But she *knows* things. The visions—"

"I am not *inquiring* of this Twilight!" I shout. "I am *inquiring* of *thee*! Is thy life truly so miserable that thou must turn to the fancies of madmares for solace?"

No Regrets



"She knows things we've seen that I haven't told anyone!"

"Then perhaps she is the *source* of them!" When Celestia hesitates, I press on, more quietly. "Thou promised thou wert bearing thy duties without suffering."

"I am," she says quietly. "I just didn't want to upset you until I could be certain."

"Certain of what? A foal's time-travel tale?"

Celestia draws herself to her full height, staring upward into my eyes defiantly. "Yes, Aurora. Because I'm convinced it's the truth, and if you'll just *listen to reason* for ten seconds...."

I narrow my eyes, humoring her. *One... two....*

She takes a deep breath. "According to Twilight, that night in the garden, we... failed to reconcile. We fought. I banished you to the moon."

(*Barren rock, festering rage—*) ...three... four....

"A thousand years later, you returned to bring eternal night once more, but she and her friends stopped you with the Elements of Harmony. The two of us finally reunited, with a millennium between us. So I suggested we disguise ourselves to attend a carnival—and be sisters, *normal* sisters, for a day."

(*Sunshine, springtime, bright balloons, squealing foals—*) ...five... six... seven....

"There was a large magical machine on the midway—its unicorn inventors called it the 'Grand Nostalgic Chronophagic Regret Eradicator 2000.' Step inside it, and for a few minutes—"

...Eight... nine— No. This is *entirely* too convenient, and I see where this is going.

"No."

Celestia keeps trying to speak. The Royal Canterlot Voice drowns it out. My body hovers. The rocky ground

starts to heatshimmer. The fallen dragon whimpers, eyes wide at my rage, and tries to drag himself away. "No, *Night-mare*. Do not further insult two centuries of dearest friendship. My love for thee is no illusion to salve my regrets."

Celestia flinches as if struck. Her eyes tear up—though from my words, or the hot, scouring wind, I cannot tell. She mouths a word that might be "But—"

"*This conversation is over. For the sake of our beloved Equestria, thou wilt converse no more with Twilight Sparkle.*"

Forty-five years later, the moon fails to yield for the dawn. I find Celestia in the garden. She is swathed in black and iron.

"My beloved sister," I say with infinite kindness. "Not only I, but the world who also loves thee, begs thee: Stand down."

(*No, your highness, don't—*)

She shakes her head. I kneel and bow. "Then take back thy rightful day. It better suits thee than this... this lunacy"

"And still you don't understand," she says, her silver voice breaking.

My blood instantly runs cold. "...Twilight." She is silent. I stand, heart ripping asunder. "Oh, sister. I understand—but I reject. See *reason*! Thou fell prey to a dark force manipulating thy pain! Thy fancies about my regrets improve not with repetition, nor gain in truth by holding thy world hostage."

"No. You don't understand *why I'm here*."

"I understand vengeance. Bitterness. Two hundred and fifty years of unrewarded exhaustion, punctuated by a sundering which I *do* deeply regret. Sister... there is another way. We have shown it once already."

"I'm here," she continues, as if I had said nothing, "to save us both. I figured it out. To break the enchantment, the regret once erased must be restored."

I can but laugh helplessly. "Art thou listening to thyself, sister? Discord, then. It can only be."

"It's not. I'll tell you how I know."

I have failed her. Somehow... I have failed. I tell myself that at least Equestria might yet be saved. I raise wings of light; the garden shines as day. Celestia crouches, and the cold and ironic power of Nightmare Moon gathers and swirls around her.

Then she whispers from within her dark haze: "My beloved sister... you were right."

What?

"The regrets *weren't* yours. Once you realized the machine was malfunctioning... you came in to save me."

I hesitate. She lunges.

Darkness falls.





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Maps of the Hotels



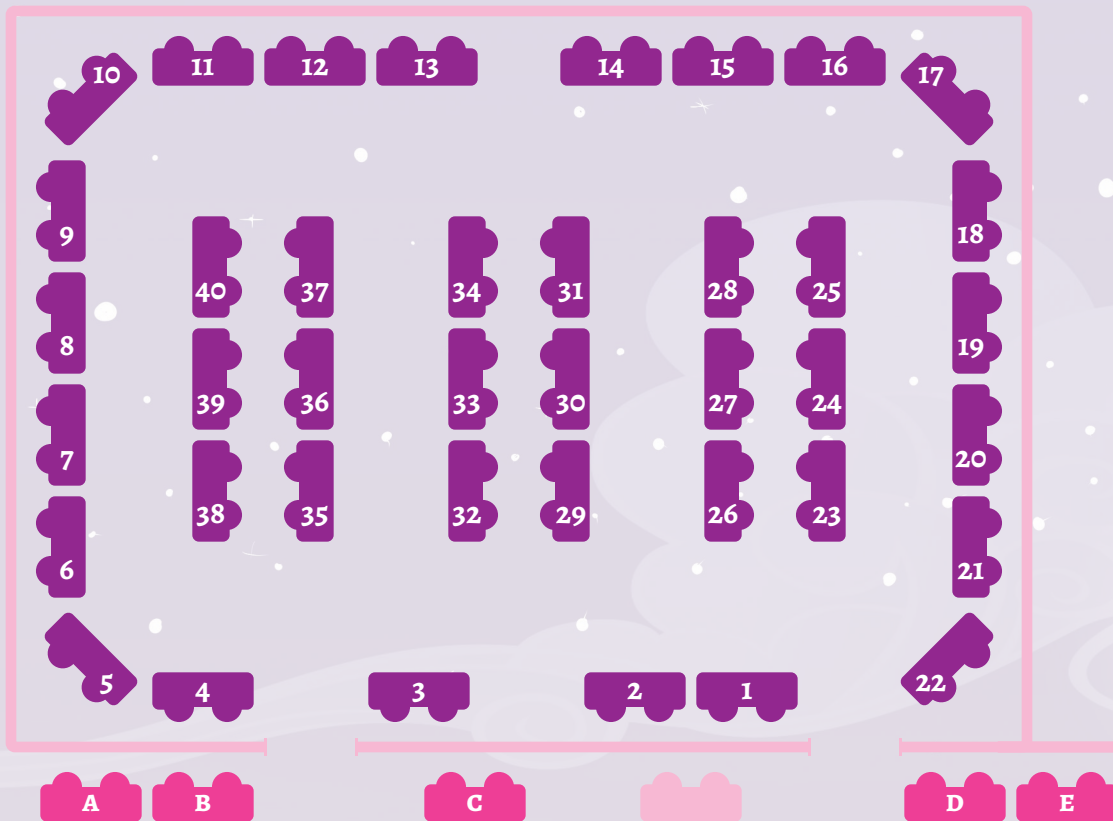
Foaliday Inn (Holiday Inn)



Mareiott (Marriott)



Map of the Dealer's Hall



- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 5 Apron Strings | 35 MonoChrome |
| 15 Atomic Laundry | 39 Moony Couture |
| 7 Bijoux | 11 Mumbles! / Pretty Pixellations |
| E Bronycon | 2 My Little Pony Fair |
| 23 Canterlot Gardens | 33 Nightwing Accents |
| 36 Childhood Relics | 29 OtakuSquirrel / Cat Whitney |
| 13 Con*Tact Caffeine | 4 Past and Present |
| 10 CosmicUnicorn | 32 Pixelkitties |
| 19~20 Dea Star | 24 PonymUSH |
| 38 Deborah Kehimkar | 30 PurpleKecleon |
| 25 Dr Adorable | 34 RaritysBoutique |
| 17 Dustnrain | D Sakuracon |
| 12 E the Pony | 40 Second Chance Artwork |
| C Enterplay | 16 Spark Absurd |
| B Equestria LA | 26 Stefz |
| 14 Everfree NW Con Store | 21~22 Sugar Clay Cafe |
| 9 Everfree Radio | 28 Tsitra 360 |
| 37 Garrett Gilchrist | 18 WeLoveFine |
| 3 Geek Girl Con | A Winter Wrap Up Con |
| 8 Jeff Rice | 27 Wolf Hound Records |
| 31 John Joseco | 1 Wonder Northwest |
| 6 MittyMandi | |

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