

A black, bat-like creature with a single horn and large wings, identified as Nightmare Moon, is flying through a dark, starry night sky. Below her, a town with thatched-roof houses is visible. A sign for a theater named 'NATO' is prominent, with a woman in a purple dress and pink hair standing on a balcony. In the foreground, the heads of several ponies are visible, looking up at the creature. The scene is filled with a sense of mystery and tension.

FREE AGAIN! NO
LONGER AM I TRAPPED IN
THAT PATHETIC SHELL
THAT IS LUNA.

NIGHTMARE MOON
HAS RETURNED!

OH, THIS IS
GOING WAY BETTER
THAN I COULD HAVE
HOPED!

JUST WHEN I
THOUGHT THINGS
COULDN'T GET
WORSE.

YOU NEVER
TEMPT WORSE!
NEVER!



HA HAH HAH HAH!
CHAOS. BEAUTIFUL, SWEET,
CANDY-COATED CHAOS HAS
BEEN INTRODUCED INTO THE
SYSTEM, AND THE SYSTEM
IS GETTING A CAVITY!



WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR? YOU'RE
NIGHTMARE MOON, EVILLY
AWESOME AND FEARED BY
MANY! START MAKING
THE WORLD BURN!



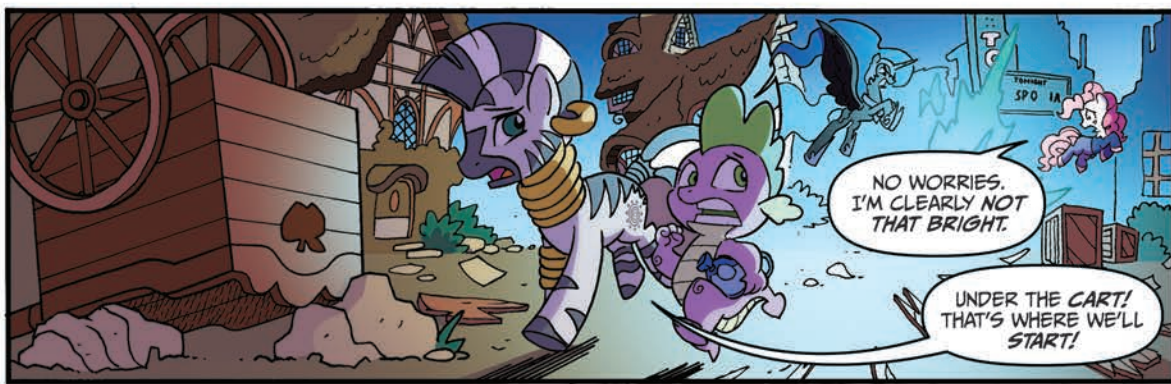
YOU...

WHOOOPS!



MY ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE
CHAOS HAS COME BACK ON ME
IN AN UNPREDICTABLE WAY.
HOW IRONIC!

MY REIGN WILL BE
ABSOLUTE AND ORDERLY
AND DARK! THERE IS NO ROOM
FOR YOUR BRIGHTNESS IN IT!



NO WORRIES.
I'M CLEARLY NOT
THAT BRIGHT.

UNDER THE CART!
THAT'S WHERE WE'LL
START!



THINGS ARE GOING FROM WORSE TO WORSER!

FROM SIX BAD PONIES TO SEVEN. WE'RE HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

PLUS FLUTTERSHY'S ARMY OF ANIMALS!



THIS DUST GLOWS RED IN THE PRESENCE OF MAGICS DARK. IT WILL GLOW BLUE WHEN OUR CURE BEGINS TO SPARK.

STAND STILL SO I CAN INCINERATE YOU!

I'M CRAZY—
—BUT I'M NOT THAT CRAZY.



THE MOST LOGICAL REASON FOR YOUR IMMUNITY IS THAT YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER OF THE PONY COMMUNITY.

THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO START.

MAYBE YOU NEED GLASSES?

TRY READING THE THIRD LINE DOWN.



DRAGON SCALES! THAT MUST BE IT! WE'LL HAVE A CURE IN JUST A BIT!



OUCH?

HOW DO I KEEP MISSING?

BECAUSE IT'S FUNNY!

DRAGON SCALES, FINELY GROUND, WILL TURN THIS TAINTED WATER AROUND.



OOOOF! THAT'S NOT FUNNY. HOW...?

I AIMED FOR WHERE YOU WEREN'T!

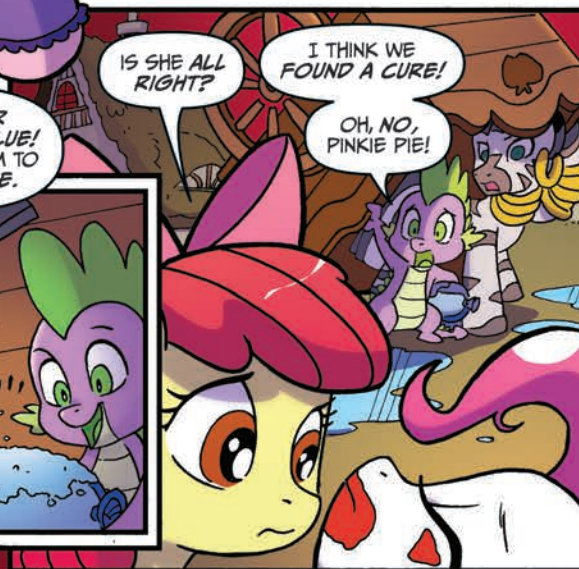
ZAP

THE BELLWETHER DUST HAS TURNED BLUE! WE CAN RETURN THEM TO THEIR FORMS TRUE.



THAT'S ONE LESS MENACE IN MY WAY. NOW, TO TAKE CARE OF THE TWO IN THE CASTLE.

PINKIE PIE!



IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

I THINK WE FOUND A CURE!

OH, NO, PINKIE PIE!



PINKIE PIE ISN'T HURT, SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT ESPECIALLY IF THIS CURE REMOVES ALL HER SPITE.



WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

YOU TOOK A BATH IN SOME HOT SPRINGS, BUT THE WATER MADE YOU EVIL.



IT WAS HORRIBLE. IT WAS LIKE I WASN'T IN CONTROL, AND NOT IN THE GOOD WAY. EVERY THOUGHT THAT CROSSED MY MIND BECAME ACTION. THERE WAS NO FILTER. HORRIBLE. HORRIBLE!

SO THE OTHERS ARE LIKE THIS?

TWILIGHT SPARKLE AND RARITY ARE TRYING TO RULE EQUESTRIA. APPLEJACK HAS BECOME AN APPLE BARON. FLUTTERSHY IS LADY OF THE FLIES AND EVERY OTHER ANIMAL—



—AND RAINBOW DASH IS MAKING SONIC RAINBOOMS AND CAUSING DESTRUCTION!

BUT NOW WE KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE CURE! WE CAN RETURN THEM TO THEIR FORMS MOST PURE!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE OTHERS ARE, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHERE MY SISTER WILL BE.

—GOLDURN IT, YOU AIN'T LISTENIN'. I SAID TEN BUSHELS OF PORK BELLIES! TEN!



DON'T THEY KNOW HOW TO READ YOUR DOTS AN' DASHES, OR DO YOU NOT KNOW HOW TO TYPE? I'M TRYING TO TAKE OVER APPALOOSA HOSTILE-LIKE AND MAKE IT A SUBSIDIARY OF SWEET APPLE ACRES, AND I CAN'T DO THAT IF YOU AIN'T DOIN' THIS RIGHT.

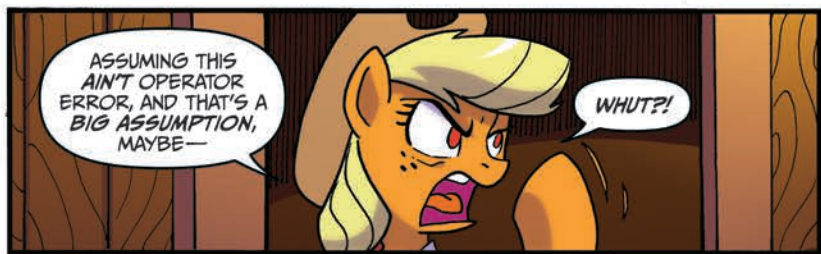
I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! THEY'RE RESPONDING NOW.



THEY SAY YOUR TERMS ARE INSANE. YOU'RE TRYING TO CRASH THE MARK.

YOU MEAN MARKET?

NO, THEY SAID "MARK" AND NOTHING ELSE. THAT'S ODD.



ASSUMING THIS AIN'T OPERATOR ERROR, AND THAT'S A BIG ASSUMPTION, MAYBE—

WHUT?!



MY OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD! BRINGING MY TRADING DOWN FROM THE INSIDE!

I'D BE PROUD IF I WEREN'T SO MAD!