It was midday, and the students of Ponyville Elementary found themselves in the middle of another lecture by their substitute teacher, Aryanne. After a call had come in that Cheerilee had fallen ill, the school had rushed to find a teacher to replace her. Aryanne, being the only adult in all of Ponyville without a job, happily accepted. She said it was her duty to “educate” the youth.

Tapping the chalkboard with her hoof, Aryanne said, “As you can see, zis particular aspect is absolutely essential to any plan whose ultimate goal is ze eradication of an inferior race.”

Scootaloo frowned, cocking her head to the side. “But, like, why would infiltration be ‘absolutely essential’? I mean, if you’re going to kill everyone anyway, why go through the trouble of hiding it all?”

“Yeah, what’s the point of it all?” asked Sweetie Belle.

Aryanne shook her head. “Children, children, it’s is not so easy that you can just institute a statewide eugenics program like zat. You must first ingratiate yourself within ze community. Make zem like you. Make zem think that it is for their own good.”

“Miss Aryanne,” said Apple Bloom, raising her hoof, “what’s ‘eugenics’?”

Aryanne smiled that aryan smile of hers. She tossed her blonde mane over her shoulder, giving a little chuckle, before she answered, “Mein little pony, eugenics is the key to a healthy and prosperous society. It is the one true path. The way to the light!” She stamped her hoof down, her tight-fitting uniform only ruffling slightly.

“Well, right, but what *is* it?” Apple Bloom asked, more firmly this time.

Aryanne smiled sweetly, like a prison guard at an inmate. “Mein little pony, eugenics is a beautiful thing. It will bring about a new glorious age in zis country. All but the unicorns, the master race, will be swept clean during the Final Solution.”

Suddenly one of the students near the front lit up. “Oh! I like the sound of that,” said Diamond Tiara.

“You’re an earth pony, you idiot,” said Sweetie Belle, shaking her head. “But, Miss Aryanne, aren’t you an earth pony too? I don’t see a horn.”

Aryanne’s face suddenly went dark. She shuffled her hooves, looking down at the ground so as to avoid Sweetie Belle’s piercing glare. Finally, with a stomp of her hoof, she said, “Nein! I’m a unicorn at heart, even if I must suffer from zis mudpony blood.” She stuck out her hoof perfectly straight, staring at some far off place. “Heil Unicornia!”

“I don’t get it, Miss Aryanne,” said Apple Bloom, her brow furrowed, “how come y’all hate earth ponies so much? What about pegasus?”

“Yeah!” said Scootaloo, pushing her seat back and standing up. “Do you hate me too?”

Aryanne’s eyes flitted back and forth between Scootaloo and Sweetie Belle. “Well, I…” She reached up a hoof and adjusted her collar, pulling the red tie loose a bit. “You see, mein little ponies, I—”

“You what?” said Scootaloo, raising her eyebrow.

“I… I…”

Before anyone could even tell what had happened, Aryanne, who was now sweating profusely, tossed her chalk aside and sprinted out the door. She could be seen through the window running away from the school a second later.

The students simply looked at each other in silence for a minute, then Scootaloo shouted, “School’s out!” and all the students fled the room as quickly as they could.

Aryanne now found herself trotting hurriedly through Ponyville, eliciting awkward glances from passersby, all of which she did her best to ignore. After a few minutes, she finally came upon her destination. She knocked three times on the door loudly and rapidly.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m coming,” came a voice from inside.

A few seconds later and the door opened, revealing a short, pudgy little purple and green dragon who wore a tired expression on his face. He looked up, raising an eyebrow.

“Who are you?” he asked.

Aryanne stood perfectly straight, adjusting her suit so it fit just perfectly and puffed out her chest. “Ich möchte Aryanne.”

The dragon merely raised his eyebrow higher. “Uhh…”

“Oh, Aryanne!” The door was pushed open a little further as Twilight came up beside him. She was smiling, and quickly waved Aryanne in. “Don’t mind Spike,” she said. “He can be a little—” she leaned in towards Aryanne, whispering quietly “—*uncultured* sometimes.”

“But not deaf,” said Spike, rolling his eyes as he shut the door.

Twilight chuckled. “Oh, Spike, you know I was just joking. Can you go make us some tea, please?”

Spike heaved a heavy sigh before trudging off to the kitchen, leaving Aryanne and Twilight alone in the main foyer.

“So,” said Twilight as she turned to Aryanne, “what’s up?”

Aryanne grimaced. She had a pained expression on her face, like she was having a really hard time coming up with the words to say. Eventually she settled on, “Twilight, mein freund, it is ze children. Zey do not understand.” She sighed, offering a pleading expression.

Twilight gave a knowing smile, patting Aryanne on the back. “Believe me, I know how you feel. You try to teach them about the finer points of Pre-Equestrian civil society, and they just glaze over like a bunch of brainless donuts.” She chuckled. “Kids these days, am I right?” She nudged Aryanne’s shoulder with her own.

Aryanne shook her head. “Nein, nein, I mean zat zey do not understand why it is that we must rid ourselves of the earth pony and pegasus vermin if we want a glorious future. Zey do not understand why eugenics is important.”

A little light came on in Twilight’s head at that exact moment that made her stop and think about the wisdom of punching Aryanne in the face right then and there. So instead she merely gave Aryanne a wide-eyed and awkward-as-hell grin. “Umm, forgive me for asking, but which children are we talking about again?”

“Ze ones at ze Ponyville Elementary.”

The light in Twilight’s head grew brighter. “And why exactly were you teaching the children at the school about eugenics?”

Aryanne frowned. “Why wouldn’t I? I am zere teacher, so I will teach them.”

Twilight returned the frown. “Okay, so, follow-up question. Uh, why are you teaching the students at Ponyville Elementary? Where is Miss Cheerilee?”

“Fräulein Cheerilee fell ill this morning, and so I was asked to be a temporary substitute,” said Aryanne in the kind of voice that said, ‘No, I did not poison Cheerilee.’

“And they *reeeeeaally* couldn’t get anyone else?” said Twilight, cringing a bit.

“Nein.”

Twilight gulped. “Hoo boy.” Placing her hoof on Aryanne’s shoulder, she leaned in a bit and said, “What*exactly* did you tell them?”

Aryanne frowned, the officer’s cap perched on her head slipping a bit. “I only told zem zat statewide eugenics was the only way to a future free of ze mudponies.”

“But you didn’t tell them what eugenics was… right?” said Twilight, biting her lip.

Aryanne shook her head. “Nein, I didn’t get ze chance.”

Twilight let out a sigh of relief. “Oh, thank Celestia,” she muttered under her breath. Looking up at Aryanne, she gave her a smile. “Well, I think we can fix this. Come with me.” Twilight grabbed Aryanne’s hoof and led her down into the basement where a mixture of a dozen different types of lab equipment were strewn about the room. If there was an order to it, Aryanne couldn’t tell what it was. As Twilight led Aryanne over to a large cabinet standing beside the wall, she said, “Now, I think I *might* just have a potion in here that can help you out.”

Aryanne cocked her head to the side a bit. “Is zis your poison storage?”

“Huh? Oh, uhh, something like that, sure,” answered Twilight without looking back.

Aryanne watched with mild curiosity as Twilight rummaged through the cabinet in search of what she assumed must be a very special poison if it was taking so much time to find. After another minute or so of silence, she finally asked Twilight, “Twilight, why is zat you do not hate ze mudponies and ze winged ones? You are a unicorn yourself, nein? You are part of ze master race.”

Twilight stopped her search for a moment to turn around and look Aryanne in the eye. She stared silently for a moment, then said, “I don’t hate them because I have no reason to. Equestria is a place of peace and love and friendship. There’s not exactly a whole lot of room for bigotry and hatred. Besides, I get the feeling you don’t hate anyone either.”

Aryanne blinked. “But… ze unicorns are ze master race. All others must be destroyed.”

“Do you really believe that?”

“Aber ja!”

Twilight tilted her head a bit, raising her eyebrow.

Aryanne swallowed, reaching up to adjust her collar some. “Well, I… I suppose I don’t hate ze children, even ze mudpony ones. Ze are too cute to hate, nein?”

Twilight suppressed a giggle. She smiled at Aryanne, nodding. “Ja, they are much too cute to hate.”

“But… how can I help bring about ze Final Solution if zere are still inferior races?”

“Look at yourself, Aryanne,” said Twilight, shaking her head. “You’re an earth pony too. Do you hate yourself?”

Aryanne took a step back. “I… I am a unicorn in mein heart. Even if I do not have ze horn, I have ze will of a unicorn.”

“And what about all those other non-unicorn ponies?” asked Twilight, her eyebrow raised. “Do they not have ‘ze will’?”

Aryanne’s mouth opened and closed silently a few times as she fumbled for words.

Twilight chuckled. “I’ll let you think about that one for awhile. In the meantime—” she turned back to the cabinet and pulled out a vial “—take this.” She started to hand the vial to Aryanne, then stopped. She looked at Aryanne’s black and red uniform that stood out against her snow white fur, her blonde mane leaking out from beneath the black and red cap she wore on her head. “Actually, lemme get a stronger one.” She turned back to the cabinet and replaced the vial while grabbing a different one off a different shelf. Turning back to Aryanne, she placed the vial in the pony’s hoof.

Aryanne examined the vial. It contained a pink fluid and was encased in a little glass oval. She shook it around a bit, and the pink fluid foamed slightly. “What does it do?” she asked.

“Hmm? Oh, it, uhh, is a, uhh, what do you call it? Um, it’s a poison! Yeah, a poison that, uhh, kills non-unicorn ponies after, uhh, let’s say two weeks.” Twilight gave the least reassuring grin that Aryanne had ever seen.

Aryanne’s face lit up and she wrapped her hooves around Twilight, pulling her into a tight hug. “Oh! Danke, mein freund! I will make sure it is put to good use.”

Twilight hugged Aryanne back. “Don’t mention.” She pulled away from the hug, still smiling, then said, “But seriously though… don’t mention it. To anyone. Ever.”

Aryanne nodded quickly. “Oh, nein nein. I would never give up mein freund even if I were tortured and killed.”

Twilight’s eyes went wide. “A bit extreme, but all right. So, about distributing this ‘poison’. I think I have the perfect solution to that problem.”

Raising her eyebrows, Aryanne cocked her head to the side.

Twilight merely grinned in return.

“All right, so I think you’ve got everything you need, right?” asked Twilight as she stood in front of the lemonade stand she and Aryanne had just finished constructing. A lopsided sign was leaned against the front of the stand that said, “Free Leomnade!” Twilight had decided not to correct Aryanne’s spelling for fear of hurting her feelings.

“Ja! Danke, Twilight! Zis is everything I have hoped for.” Aryanne gave a huge smile to Twilight. She sat on the other side of the lemonade stand, her hooves in her lap and a pitcher of lemonade with some paper cups sitting next to her. She wiggled a little bit, barely able to contain her excitement. “I hope for many customers!”

Twilight smiled. “I hope you have many customers too.” She nodded towards the door of the library, which was right beside the lemonade stand. “I’ve gotta go back inside to work on some stuff, but let me know if you need anything, okay?”

Aryanne nodded.

“Okay, well good luck, Aryanne.” With that, Twilight headed back into the library. She spent the next hour or two reshelving some of the books, as she often did when she was feeling particularly pleased about something. However, while she was in the middle of redoing the cartography section, she heard a knock at the door. Replacing the book she had in her hooves on the shelf, she hurried over to the door, expecting Aryanne to be there. Instead she found one of her much older and less racist friends.

“Oh, hey, Rainbow Dash. What’s up?”

Rainbow Dash opened her mouth slightly. “Uhh…” She stepped to the side and showed Twilight what her front lawn looked like.

Twilight’s jaw dropped as she saw that there were at least two dozen ponies lined up outside Aryanne’s lemonade stand, and another dozen were sitting around drinking lemonade from half-empty cups, talking and laughing with Aryanne as she poured yet more of the sweet drink for new customers.

“Sooooooo, yeah,” said Rainbow Dash.

Twilight quickly pulled Rainbow inside and shut the door behind her. Once she was sure the door was fully closed, she smiled widely. “I can’t believe it’s working so well. I was never expecting *this* kind of reaction.”

Rainbow Dash cocked an eyebrow. “You, uhh, wanna fill me in here, Twi? Like, maybe explain why there’s a pony with a swastika cutie mark on your front lawn selling lemonade?”

“Oh, that,” said Twilight, waving her hoof dismissively. “That’s Aryanne. She’s, well, a bit strange, to say the least.”

“Well, I figured that much out,” said Rainbow, rolling her eyes. “I mean, why is she giving away free lemonade?”

Twilight chuckled, rubbing the back of her neck. “Well, funny story. Sooooooo, I *might* have told her it was a poison that killed non-unicorns.”

Rainbow blinked a few times. “Excuse me?”

Twilight waved her hooves quickly. “But it’s not! It’s not! I just told her that so she’d do what I wanted her to do.”

“Which was?”

Twilight sighed, kicking her hoof absentmindedly at the wood floor. “Look, Aryanne has some strange ideas, and she doesn’t really make friends very easily, so I thought I might help her out a bit in that area. Y’know, give her a boost.”

Rainbow Dash’s eyebrow rose higher.

“So, it’s not a poison,” said Twilight, biting her lip. “It’s actually a very mild love potion. All it really does is make the pony you give it to really like you. I figured if she got some more ponies to talk to, she might make some friends and stop wanting to kill every non-unicorn.”

“Wait,” Rainbow stole a glance out the nearest window, “isn’t she an earth pony?”

Twilight shrugged. “I told you, she’s a bit strange.”

“I dunno, Twi. This seems like it might not be a great plan. What happens when she finds out you lied to her?”

Twilight waved her hoof. “I don’t think it’ll come to that. I’m sure she’s already forgotten why she was out there in the first place and has just started giving away what she thinks is plain lemonade.”

“Whatever you say, Twi. Just don’t come crying to me when everything backfires.” Rainbow Dash headed back to the door. Opening it, she glanced back at Twilight and said, “Seriously though, I’m gonna go take a nap. Don’t actually come crying to me.” With that, she stepped outside, spread her wings and took off, leaving Twilight to look out into the front yard where yet more ponies were surrounding Aryanne.

It only took a few more minutes before Twilight heard another knock on the door. This time, however, it was Aryanne, and she was holding an empty pitcher.

“It seems I have run out of lemonade, mein freund.” She grinned. “It is selling so well. I am very pleased with how many ponies like it.”

Twilight grinned back. “Oh, well that’s not problem. Let’s just make you some more—”

“Nein,” said Aryanne, shaking her head. “I… I don’t want anymore poison. This time I want an antidote.”

Twilight’s brow rose. “Sorry, did you say antidote?”

Nodding furiously, Aryanne said, “I believe zat I have made a mistake. You were right about zese ponies, Twilight. I do not hate zem. I like zem, and I think zey like me too.” She bit her lip. “I am sorry I ever wanted to kill zem. Now I just want to save zem.”

Twilight gulped. “So, about that… Umm, the ‘poison’ I made for you wasn’t, well, poison.”

Aryanne frowned, lowering the empty pitcher. “Was?”

Twilight bit her lip. “Well, it was actually a mild love potion.”

Aryanne blinked a few times, then she dropped the pitcher where it shattered on the ground. “Mein freund… you… lied to me?” Tears started to well up in her eyes.

Twilight held out her hoof, but Aryanne knocked it away. “Aryanne, I’m sorry. I was just trying to—”

“Lügen!” Tears started to fall down Aryanne’s face, soaking her white fur. “I trusted you, mein freund, and you… you betrayed me.”

Twilight reached out her hoof again. “Aryanne, I—”

Aryanne turned away, shaking her head. “Nein. Nein, nein, nein. Nein!” She wiped the tears from her eyes and then ran away. Running out the door, and past the crowd, Aryanne galloped away from the library, her officer’s cap falling off as she passed a tall stallion. The stallion bent down and picked up the hat.

Twilight sighed. “Well… shoot. I guess Rainbow Dash was right.” She paused, thinking to herself. “Huh, that’s the first time I’ve said that.”

Suddenly she saw someone standing in front of her. It was the stallion who had picked up Aryanne’s cap. He held it out for Twilight. “She dropped this,” he said simply.

Twilight took the cap and held it up to her face. She looked on the inside where Aryanne had misspelled her own name on the lining as ‘Arianne’. Despite herself, she giggled a bit. The stallion gave her an odd look. “Hey,” said Twilight, “did you feel something when you drank the lemonade? Did it make you… like her?”

The stallion raised an eyebrow. “It was a bit sweet, but that’s about it.”

Twilight furrowed her brow. “Wait, then why are there so many ponies getting lemonade from her?”

He shrugged. “She’s just a really sweet mare. The lemonade isn’t half bad, but I think we all just wanted to be near her. She’s got that kind of personality, y’know?”

“Oh, I see,” said Twilight, still wrestling with some internal questions.

“Anyways, you better go after her. She looked pretty upset,” he said before giving Twilight a look that said, ‘Good job, jerk,’ and then he turned away.

Twilight followed him outside, and then went to the lemonade stand where she found the empty vial hidden under the chair Aryanne had been sitting in. She picked it up. Looking at it more closely, a sudden realization hit her. She groaned, muttering to herself, “Sweetener. It was freakin’ sweetener.” Tossing the bottle aside, she added, “Great, now I gotta go find Rainbow Dash. She’s gonna gloat like there’s no tomorrow.”

Twilight stood beneath a large cloud, holding a small rock in her magic. Licking her lips, she took aim, then shot the rock up into the cloud, eliciting a yelp from its inhabitant. After a second or two, a blue figure poked its head out.

“Hey! Watch where you’re—Oh… it’s you, Twi.” Rainbow Dash rolled off the cloud and dove down to the ground. Swooping in for a graceful landing, she touched the dirt and tucked her wings in. “What’s up? Wait, don’t tell me you’re here because your plan backfired.” She grinned smugly. “Oh, man, I totally called it.”

Twilight rolled her eyes. “Yes, yes, you were right.” She waved her hoof. “Go ahead and gloat all you want, but I need your help first. We have to go find Aryanne so I can apologize to her.”

Rainbow puffed out her chest. “Well, it’s lucky for you I just saw her a little while ago. She was heading towards the Everfree Forest.”

“Shoot.” Twilight clicked her tongue. “I guess we better go stop her then.”

“What’s the worst that could happen to her?” asked Rainbow. “What, is she gonna euthanize the trees?”

Twilight shot Rainbow a look that said, ‘Don’t be silly. You can’t euthanize trees,’ then she said, “No, but seriously though. We should stop her before she gets hurt or something.”

Sighing, Rainbow shrugged. “Yeah, you’re right. Okay, let’s go get her.”

Gathering themselves up, the pair of ponies took off at a trot towards the Everfree. Luckily for them, however, they didn’t have to go far before Rainbow spotted Aryanne sitting beneath a large oak tree just outside the forest, with her head between hooves, quietly weeping. Twilight and Rainbow approached slowly, not wanting to scare her.

“Aryanne?” said Twilight as quietly as she could while still being loud enough to be heard.

The white pony looked up, her face soaked with tears. Scowling, she cried, “Gehen Sie weg! Leave me alone, Twilight.”

Twilight pursed her lips, taking a few more steps closer to Aryanne. “Aryanne, I’m sorry about lying to you. It was wrong, but—”

“Aber? But what, Twilight?” she said, her eyes narrowing. “I thought zey liked me. I thought zey wanted to be mein freunde, but it was all a lie. Zey only liked me because of your potion.”

Twilight shook her head. “No, that’s not true, Aryanne.”

“Nein? But you told me you gave me a love potion, not poison.”

Scratching the back of her neck, Twilight chuckled awkwardly. “Funny story. Remember when I switched vials?”

Aryanne nodded.

“Right, well apparently all I gave you was some artificial sweetener, not a love potion.” Smiling, Twilight added, “Do you see? They liked you for you, Aryanne. It wasn’t anything I did.”

Aryanne sniffled. “Ist es wahr?”

“It’s true,” Twilight said reassuringly. “I promise I’m not lying to you this time.”

Standing herself up, Aryanne wiped away the tearstains from her eyes and said, “But how can I trust you, mein freund? How do I know it is not all die Lügen?”

Twilight nudged Rainbow Dash with her hoof. “Go on,” she whispered. “Tell her I’m not lying.”

“Right, uhh…” Rainbow Dash took a step forward. “Twilight’s right, y’know? She screwed up pretty bad, but now she’s trying to fix it all because that’s the kind of friend she is. Now it’s your job to forgive her, right? I mean, that’s what friends do afterall. They forgive each other.”

Aryanne bit her lip. She looked at Twilight for a moment. “Verzeihen?” After a moment, she nodded. “Ja, you are right, rainbow pony. I will forgive Twilight.” Smiling, Aryanne took a few steps forward and held out her hoof for Twilight. “Freunde?”

Twilight smiled back, pushing Aryanne’s hoof away so she could go in for a hug. Wrapping her hooves around Aryanne’s neck, she squeezed her tight, saying, “Freunde.” Once they’d finally let go of the hug, Twilight’s eyes lit up as she’d just remembered something. “Oh! I almost forgot, but you dropped this.” She pulled out Aryanne’s cap from a bag and handed it over to the mare.

Gasping, Aryanne gave a huge smile and took the hat. “Mein kappe! Danke, Twilight!” I was worried I had lost it.”

“So,” said Twilight, “how do you feel about eugenics now? Still want to kill all non-unicorns?”

Pausing for a moment, Aryanne brought a hoof to her lip. She shook her head. “Nein. I like ponies ze way zey are. I want zem to stay zat way, and I will stay ze way I am too. I may have ze will of a unicorn, but I am still an earth pony.”

Twilight raised an eyebrow. “Earth pony, not mudpony?”

Shaking her head, Aryanne said, “Nein. Earth pony.”

Rainbow Dash just shook her head. “I have no idea what’s going on right now.”

Laughing, Twilight put her hoof on Aryanne’s shoulder and said, “All right, let’s go back home.”

Aryanne nodded. “Ja, wir.”

That night, at the Rich manor, Diamond Tiara set down her fork and looked up from the salad plate to her father who was sitting across from her still eating his own salad.

“Dad,” she said inquisitively, “what are ‘eugenics’?”

Filthy Rich groaned, leaning back in his seat which caused it to creak in protest. “Oh boy…”