



The Curse Of The Sun And Moon

My Little Pony Generation 4: Friendship is Magic (Cartoon 2010) · Not Rated · 1153 words

by Arukir

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Relationships: Princess Celestia & Princess Luna (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic), Princess Celestia & Princess Luna & Star Swirl the Bearded (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic)

Characters: Princess Celestia (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic), Princess Luna (My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic)

Tags: Angst with a Happy Ending, Sister-Sister Relationship, Sad and Sweet, Orphans, Adoption, sorta - Free-

form, I kinda imply the Sky Sisters were adopted by Star Swirl, though as apprentices/wards not daughters, he

still cares about them though, in his gruff and socially awkward way, Backstory, Tragic Backstory, Hurt/Comfort

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We've heard Celestia's backstory before, condensed into a children's play.

But what was it like to actually live through it?

One of the angstier things I've written, I'm warning you right now that Celestia and Luna's parents both die (non-graphically) in the beginning. But it does end happily, I promise.

Celestia was much too young to have such old eyes. But that was what happened when one had to face the world without their parents behind them, and smile out at it despite the breaking of their heart.

The curse started before she was born, when the sun and moon halted in the Equestrian sky, burning one half of the land and freezing the other. It was said to be a parting 'gift' by some great evil, though nopony knew its origins for sure.

She was a filly when her father was chosen to help summon day and night. She remembered how sick he was whenever he'd get home, the way his magic would be gone for weeks each time. And then months. And then years. And then...

Luna had barely been born when the drain took their father from them. She was a filly when the chill of the Windigos froze their mother's wings and made her drop from the sky, leaving them alone.

Luna cried when the new United Pony Council chose Celestia to help shift the days and nights. She was so young, younger than any chosen before, but Unicorns that could still use their magic were becoming rarer by the day.

"Not you too, Sister! Don't leave me alone, please..."

"It's okay, Luna, there there. I'll be alright. I'll just be a bit sick for a little while, okay? I'll come back."

"P-promise?"

"...I promise. So long as we stick together, Little Sister, everything will always be okay."

Sometimes, Celestia wondered what would have happened if she hadn't said that last part. She'd been emotional, terrified for herself and her sister but trying not to show it, she had just wanted to say something to make them both feel better.

Luna took it as an invitation to sneak along.

It wasn't like any spell Celestia had tried before. It hurt so much. Spells weren't supposed to hurt unless you were *really* exhausted. Then again, she was really exhausted. It was like something was clawing around inside of her, scooping out every part of magic she had, even from places she'd never known it filled until she suddenly couldn't feel it anymore. Was this how Father had felt, so many times? That thought, more than the pain, made tears well up in her eyes.

"Tia!" She hadn't realized the world had faded out until something slamming hard into her side brought it back into focus, making her weakened body fall to the ground. She blinked heavy eyes at the dark blue blur that she could just barely make out. "Tia, are you alright?"

"Luna..?" she breathed. It was hard to think. Her mind felt so fogged up... "You, you can't be here." She couldn't remember why, but that was important.

"Tia, stop, the spell's hurting you," Luna cried. The blur shifted slightly, maybe looking around. "It's hurting all of you."

The spell was important. Necessary. Everypony was counting on it.

But Celestia couldn't remember why. So she gave into her crying sister, as big sisters are wont to do, and tried to cancel the spell.

She couldn't.

"I... It's not stopping..." Celestia muttered. She sounded like she felt: half dead. "I can't stop, Lulu. 'm s'ry..."

"No no no, don't fall asleep... Tia? Tia!" Somepony was shaking her now, but Celestia couldn't bring herself to care. The shaking stopped, and she could just make out a quiet voice. "If only I was a Unicorn like you, Sister, then I could help you. But what good is a Pegasus when you're... trying to move things... in the sky. Hehe. I bet a Pegasus would actually be pretty good at that, if she had a horn. Or maybe if I could give you my wings... Please don't leave me, Sister."

Something soft and warm and heavy but so small wrapped itself around Celestia. It felt familiar, safe, and she wanted to reach out to it. But she felt too weak to move. Too empty. Something was missing...

Oh. Right. Her magic. Now that it was almost all gone, she thought she understood it a bit better. She hadn't realized how warm and bright it was, like a Summer's day or a fire in the heart of Winter.

Celestia blinked, her vision coming back. She felt... stronger? How—

The other six unicorns were fainted, but the sun wasn't fully up, and the moon wasn't fully down. Seven adult unicorns were supposed to do this, of course she couldn't help, of course—

"Luna," Celestia whispered, remembering. She lifted her head, looking at the little Pegasus filly pressed into her side. She gasped, seeing that her sister's hooves and wing-tips were glowing, a soft light filtering through her tightly-closed eyelids.

Something cold and soothing seeped into Celestia's body. Like a sweet breeze on a Summer's night or a soft lullaby.

Celestia's horn, which had already gone dark, flared back to life.

On that fateful day, the curse of the sun and the moon may not have been lifted, but it was lessened greatly. No more would Unicorns have to sacrifice themselves to bring about day and night.

Magic wasn't typically alive, but it wasn't exactly not alive either. Equestria's magic was very old, older even than the first ones to claim it. The curse seeped into the land and took its people's magic. So Equestria birthed two who could correct that.

Luna was a little old to not have her Cutie Mark, and Celestia was very old to not have hers. They had tried so many things before, from the mundane to the ridiculous, but nothing called to them.

Now they knew why. After all, who would ever guess that their special talents were *raising and lowering the celestial bodies*?

Celestia was too young to have such old eyes. One would think that an apprenticeship under one of the most powerful wizards of their time and the added responsibilities of being a *princess* would worsen that.

But Celestia watched her little sister stumble through her first few spells. She watched her paint the night sky with constellations. She watched her run around, safe and warm and happy under the care of their gruff-but-loving new guardian.

Celestia flew with clumsy wingstrokes and watched the dawn break by her command, no trace of pain within her. It wasn't even that hard.

She watched as the Ponies below — *her people* — woke up to embrace the day, content and free and no longer dreading what the sun's light costed them.

She smiled, the expression true and full and bright for the first time in too long, and it made her eyes look just a little bit younger.

— end of "The Curse Of The Sun And Moon" —