

## **CHANCELLOR NEIGHSAY GETS WHAT HE DESERVES**

*by GeodesicDragon*

At the sound of the knock, Celestia looked up from the pile of parchment on her desk, put her quill down, and stood up.

"Come in." she smiled as her visitor entered. "Good evening, Chancellor Neighsay, and thank you for coming at short notice."

"A summons from the Princess is not to be taken lightly, Your Highness." Neighsay offered a small bow. "How can I help you?"

"Please, take a seat." Celestia sat down and waited for Neighsay to do the same. Once he did, she resumed speaking. "There is a small matter that I need to discuss with you, Chancellor; nothing too serious, it's just that I need to alleviate these fears I have."

"Fears?" Neighsay cleared his throat. "Such as?"

"I sense that you're still upset over what happened at the Friendship School earlier," Celestia said. "Am I right about that?"

At the mention of the school, Neighsay narrowed his eyes and furrowed his brow. "You are correct," he said. "And I still stand by everything I said to Princess Twilight; her school is doomed to fail."

"And why is that, Chancellor?" Celestia asked. "Surely, learning friendship is a great thing? If unicorns, Earth ponies and pegasi could put aside their differences to found Equestria, who's to say that other creatures learning about friendship will not somehow benefit all of us in one way or another?"

Neighsay snorted. "Those creatures do not care for us," he said. "They only care about furthering their own agendas. Take the Changelings for instance; they may look different now, but beneath all that colour, they are still the same monsters who attacked our fair capital and terrorised many innocent ponies."

"The Changelings were only acting that way because of Queen Chrysalis," Celestia defended. "With her gone, and Thorax in charge, they are looking to a brighter future. They have made mistakes, yes, but they want to learn about how friendship can benefit them as much as it benefits us." She paused. "And to be perfectly honest, I would rather have more friends than enemies."

Neighsay ground his teeth together. "Those *insects* will show their true colours sooner or later, Princess," he snapped. "And when they do, I will be first in line to tell you 'I told you so!'"

Celestia frowned. "And *there* it is," she said sadly. "That right there, Chancellor, is the real reason why I have summoned you here tonight." She looked him in the eyes. "Chancellor, are you a racist?"

Neighsay looked shocked. "A racist?" he scoffed. "How can you even suggest such a thing, Princess? Why, the very idea is laughable; I deal with non-unicorns daily, so I don't see—"

Celestia cut him off. "I don't mean racist towards other ponies," she said. "I meant are you racist towards *other creatures*?" When Neighsay didn't reply, she picked up a piece of parchment and read it. "'Then how do you know these *creatures* won't take what they have learned here and use it against us?'" She looked at him. "You seemed quick to immediately assume the worst of them."

"Well.. I, er..."

Celestia picked up another piece of parchment. "Oh, here's another one: when Twilight told you that 'friendship isn't just for ponies,' you replied, rather bluntly, with 'It should be.'" she put the parchment down. "I don't remember ever putting you in charge of deciding who can and cannot come to Equestria, Neighsay."

"It's not like that at all, Your Highness," Neighsay replied. "I was merely suggesting that ponies alone have the experiences necessary to learn what friendship can do for them."

"And the Changelings don't?" Celestia replied. "They suffered under a cruel leader who was using them as fodder for her own twisted schemes. And what of the yaks? They are a proud race, yes, but they understand that having friends does not make them weak."

"What of the dragons?" Neighsay shot back. "You cannot seriously be telling me that *they* are willing to learn about friendship!"

Celestia narrowed her eyes at him. "It was *because of a dragon* that we even became friends with them in the first place," she said sternly. "Twilight's assistant and friend, Spike, is a dragon who was born and raised here in Equestria; when the opportunity presented itself, he opted to remain here with the ponies he sees as his friends, rather than go and live with the other dragons. It is because of Spike we have the allegiance of Dragon Lord Ember. So I will ask you again, Chancellor, who are you to deny the teachings of friendship to those who truly wish to learn about it?"

"I am the head of the Equestria Education Association." Neighsay stood up and stomped a forehoof into the carpet. "I do not care what Princess Twilight says; her school is unaccredited, and therefore not recognised in the eyes of the law."

"Two things, Chancellor," Celestia said sweetly. "First of all, I have personally granted the Friendship School a Royal Seal of Approval; this means that Twilight and her friends can run it as they see fit, without any interference from the EEA."

"... and the second thing?" Neighsay asked, somewhat hesitantly.

"The second thing is that I will not tolerate your kind of attitude," Celestia replied. "You may not be willing to admit it, Chancellor, but it is quite plain to me that you *are* a racist." She looked at another piece of parchment. "'Well, perhaps you should return to *your kind*.'" She put the sheet down and grabbed another. "'Perhaps if you had had *higher standards* for who was admitted, this could have been avoided!'" She threw the parchments into the air, scattering them every which way, and fixed Neighsay with a cold gaze. "You are no longer head of the EEA, Chancellor; you're fired."

"W-what?" Neighsay gasped. "You can't do that!"

Celestia snorted. "I think you'll find that I can, Neighsay," she said. "The EEA is a government organisation, after all, and the government represents the ponies of Equestria. The government also reports directly to Luna and I, meaning that – as the heads of state – we are granted some leeway to intervene as we see fit. I tend not to get *too* involved in such matters, but I felt that an exception had to be made where you were concerned." She slammed a forehoof against her desk and rose to her full height. "Put simply, your horrendous attitude does not quite fit in with the Equestria of today, though it would have been widely accepted a few hundred years ago. Ponies these days, Neighsay, they wish to learn of new cultures, new ways of thinking, new languages... but most importantly, they want to *make friends*; ponies like you, however, make that somewhat difficult." She let out a hollow laugh. "I mean, by the Sun, your words and actions nearly started a *war*! That alone should convey just how toxic your attitude is."

Neighsay was quiet for a moment, but soon regained his composure and stood up. "So I'm fired, am I?" he asked, to which Celestia nodded. "Very well, Princess, but do not think that I will not be proven right sometime in the future. Those creatures you call 'friends' will one day turn their backs on us; some of them may even become our conquerors. They are using you, they are using Princess Twilight, they are using the school... you are nothing but puppets, and they are the ones pulling the strings."

"You will soon find yourself proven wrong, Neighsay, of that I have no doubt." Celestia pointed a wing towards the door. "You may leave; perhaps you will quickly realise what everypony else in Equestria has learned over the last few hundred years: that you don't need to be a pony in order to be a good friend."

Neighsay didn't reply as he left, slamming the door behind him. With a heavy sigh, Celestia resumed working, knowing full well that this would not be the last she would see of him.