



THE SCOTSMAN AND THE FASHIONISTA

The Complete Trilogy

by

GeodesicDragon

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FOREWORD

The Scotsman And The Fashionista is a series of stories which chronicle Rarity's misfortunes at the hands of, and eventual triumph over, a Scottish fashion journalist. As far as I know (and feel free to prove me wrong) this was the first ever fanfic to have a character who spoke with a Scottish accent.

The Scotsman And The Fashionista 1 proved more popular than I thought, and people asked for a sequel. I wrote one, but rather than give them what I opted for Wallace making a fool out of Rarity again, which of course led to the third and final story in the trilogy.

A lot of people have been asking me if I intend to take the new-found friendship between Jock and Rarity any further. Honestly, I don't know — but it is something that can be done, provided I can think of a decent story to write.

This document you are looking at contains all three stories wrapped up in one neat little package. Both the Scottish and English versions of each story are here.

Thanks for reading, and thanks for your support. It's you, my readers, who motivate me to write stuff like this.

—

Christopher "GeodesicDragon" Urquhart

Author

THE SCOTSMAN AND THE FASHIONISTA 1

ORIGINAL VERSION

The sewing machines in the Carousel Boutique worked non-stop as Rarity rushed between them, working on her latest designs. Ever since humans had arrived in Equestria, the seamstress had found herself inundated with new clientèle. Not that she was complaining, of course. In fact, she craved the challenge of creating clothing for a species unlike any she had seen before.

The bell above the shop rang out, indicating another customer had arrived. As Rarity stopped her magic, the sewing machines ground to a halt. Straightening herself as best she could, the unicorn trotted out onto the shop floor, a warm smile on her face.

Her eyes brightened when she saw a human male standing in the middle of her establishment. He was wearing a backpack and perusing several of the nearby mannequins, each one bearing a Rarity special. Upon hearing the hoofsteps approaching, he turned.

"Welcome to the Carousel Boutique," Rarity said politely, "where everything is chic, unique and magnifique! Are you purchasing for yourself, or somepony special?"

"Masel', lass." the human replied. "I'm here because I've bin hearin' that ye're the one tae see aboot gettin' a suit made."

Rarity balked slightly at the humans accent. It was quite different from anything she had heard before.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but could you say that again? I'm afraid I didn't quite understand you that well."

The human blinked.

"Whit's so hard tae understand?" he said. "I'm efter a suit. Cin ye make me ane or no'?"

"Oh, I see. You'd like a suit?" Rarity said.

"Aye."

"I see." she replied. "I just had trouble making out the words, due to your... unique accent."

"Och, awa'." the human laughed. "It's jist a Scots accent. There's nuhin' unique about it."

"Er, of course." Rarity said. "Now, please follow me, and I will take your measurements, Mr...?"

"Jist ca' me Jock." the human replied. "A'body else does."

"As you wish... er, Jock." Rarity replied.

She led Jock into the back of the shop, which was filled to bursting point with rolls of fabric, empty ponykins and mannequins, reams of paper with new designs, and various other bits and bobs that one would expect to find in a fashion emporium.

Rarity motioned towards small pedestal in the middle of the room with a nod of her head. Jock put his bag down and stood on it, straightening himself up and holding out his arms.

"Just hold still, and I shall take the measurements I need." Rarity said. "It will only take a couple of minutes."

"Nae worries, lass." Jock replied. "You jist take yer time. It's no' like ye've got onybody else waitin' fur ye."

Rarity smiled politely, as Jock's words went in one ear, only to come screaming out the other as incomprehensible babble.

Using a hoof, she grabbed a tape measure and held it against Jock's outstretched arms. She took the measurements she needed; arms, chest, waist, and then moved to the inside leg.

Jock stifled a laugh as the tape measure moved closer to his nether regions. He looked Rarity in the eyes and grinned.

"Normally when a lassie wants tae grab me there, ah hiv tae take her oot fur denner an' a movie first."

Rarity dropped the tape measure in shock. She didn't understand most of what Jock had said, but she *did* understand 'grab me there', and 'dinner and a movie'. She looked at him incredulously.

"How dare you!" she snapped. "I am *not* the sort of mare who jumps into bed with any stallion who treats her properly! I am simply taking your inside leg measurement for your suit, and I would thank you to keep your vile comments to yourself!"

Jock laughed.

"Calm doon, lass." he said calmly. "Ah wis only haein' ye on. Jings, ye're fair easy to rile up. Though Ah suppose that bein' a tailor can be awfy stressful, what wi' a' the orders and stuff, ye ken?"

Rarity huffed.

"I am *not* a 'tailor'," she pouted, "I am a fashionista. There is a very big difference between the two."

Jock raised an eyebrow.

"Oh aye?" he said. "And whit would that be?"

"Tailors make ordinary clothes for ordinary ponies." Rarity replied. "I, on the other hoof, make *extraordinary* fashions for all!"

Jock snorted.

"Crivvens, lass! Ah'd heard that ye had an ego problem," he said gruffly, "but this is jist ridiculous."

Rarity could feel her temper rising.

"I do not have an 'ego problem'," she said darkly, "you are thinking of Rainbow Dash. I am simply proud of the work I do, and why shouldn't I be? Everypony is talking about my fashions, and I have a list of exclusive clients as long as your arm!"

"And whit about the 'ordinary tailors'?" Jock asked. "Whit, ye 'hink ye're better than them?"

"Of course not!" Rarity defended. "In fact, I go to a lot of other designers when I need a helping hoof! It just so happens that my designs are... preferred... among Equestria's elite."

"There ye go again wi' the ego." Jock muttered, before changing his accent to mimic Rarity's. "Oh, I *do* admire your work, but I have to say that nopony in Canterlot is wearing any of it now, are they? Why, they prefer my work over yours. Quite frankly, darling, I don't know why you bother."

He punctuated this by putting one hand on his hips and waving the other hand around in a manner more suited to royalty.

Rarity's eye twitched involuntarily as Jock continued his mocking tirade. Eventually, she snapped.

"I should have guessed that an uncouth barbarian like yourself wouldn't understand fashion if it bit him on the flank!" she snarled. "And your *accent*! Every word sounds like somepony is pouring acid into my ears!"

Jock simply looked at her and snorted.

"See whit Ah mean?" he said. "A'thing Ah've heard aboot ye has been true. Easy tae rile up, an ego the size o' England, and completely unable tae take a joke. Ah dinnae ken why Ah even bothered ma arse comin' in here."

"You came in here because you wanted a suit." Rarity shot back. "And looking at you, I can probably guess what it's for. You look like such a ruffian, I wouldn't be surprised if this suit was for your next court appearance!"

Jock narrowed his eyes.

"Ah guess Ah cin add 'stereotypical' tae that list as well, noo." he said. "Whit, ye 'hink that because Ah'm Scottish, that automatically meks me a criminal? Well, Ah cin be stereotypical tae."

Rarity blinked.

"Oh, really?" she said sarcastically. "Well then, go right ahead."

"Well, let's see." Jock replied. "Furst o' all, yer accent is right posh. Secondly, Ah cin tell jist by lookin' at ye that yer a neat freak, wi' yer mane an' tail a' styled up like that. So, that leads me tae believe that you're jist a prissy, self-centred, arrogant *bitch*."

Rarity didn't miss a beat.

"Better to be prissy," she said with a smirk, "instead of a despicable low-life such as yourself, who probably wouldn't know what a comb *looks like*, let alone what it *does*."

"Where Ah come from," Jock shot back, "this haircut is the latest fashion. An' there wis me thinkin' that you kept up-tae-date wi' a' the latest trends. Or is humanity no' fashionable enough fer ye?"

"I've seen many humans since the link between our worlds opened up." Rarity snapped. "And none of them have been as awful as you. I can see why you came to me for clothes — the ones you are wearing now are truly awful, and you wanted only the best."

"Jings, ye're right." Jock replied. "Here, ye couldnae tell me whaur Ah could find 'the best', could ye? Cus it isnae here!"

"That's only because you're dragging down the atmosphere of my store!" Rarity yelled, her patience all but gone. "I have had enough of your presence. Get out, and don't ever darken my door again!"

"Gladly." Jock snarled. "And Ah'll make sure tae tell a' mah friends aboot ye... so they cin avoid ye like the plague!"

Rarity scoffed.

"I *sincerely doubt* that any of the people whom you no doubt associate with would come anywhere *near* an upmarket establishment such as mine!" she said. "Just leave, and take your empty threats with you!"

Jock didn't reply as he stepped off the pedestal before taking his bag and leaving the room. The sounds of the front door opening and then slamming shut followed soon after.

As the sound echoed through the now empty shop, Rarity sighed.

"Some people." she muttered, before heading back to her sewing machines and resuming her work.

"You twa telt me that Rarity wis the best o' the best." Jock said, addressing the two mares — a pink earth pony and a cyan-coloured pegasus — in front of him. "Ah spent twenty meenits inside her shop, and Ah didnae see anythin' tae back that up."

"Really?" the pink one asked. "Because Rarity is always super-happy to get new customers, because she can make super-cool outfits for them to wear, and she gets to make new friends!"

Jock snorted.

"All Ah managed tae gather wis that she's got a really bad ego, cannae take a joke, is really quick tae anger, and that she 'hinks she's God's gift tae fashion, simply because maist of the ponies in Canterlot are wearin' her gear."

"That doesn't sound like the Rarity we know." the pegasus said. "Right, Pinkie?"

Pinkie nodded enthusiastically.

"Yep-a-roonie!" she said. "Rainbow Dash is right, that doesn't sound the Rarity we know and love!"

Jock shrugged.

"Ah dinnae care." he said. "All Ah care about is getting back tae the office and writing my article. Soon, a'body will ken about Rarity and her awfy attitude problem."

Dash and Pinkie exchanged a puzzled look.

"I really don't think Rarity will care about what your newspaper's opinion of her is." Dash said. "She'll simply laugh it off."

Jock laughed heartily.

"A newspaper?" he said. "You think that's what Ah dae? Jings, is a'body aroond here so narrow-minded?"

He took off his backpack and opened it, before reaching a hand inside and pulling out a folded magazine. He tossed it to Dash and Pinkie, who looked at it.

"You show her this," he said, "an' Ah *guarantee* that she'll care about mah opinion. Noo, Ah'm aff tae catch my train. Bye the noo."

With those words, he walked away, leaving the two ponies to unfold the magazine and look at the cover. Upon seeing it, they both burst out laughing.

"Oh, man!" Dash said. "When she sees this, she is gonna be begging him for mercy!"

"Totally!" Pinkie said.

For there, on the front cover of the magazine, as well as a picture of Jock in one corner, were the words...

FASHION SCOTLAND

EDITOR: Jock Wallace

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The sewing machines in the Carousel Boutique worked non-stop as Rarity rushed between them, working on her latest designs. Ever since humans had arrived in Equestria, the seamstress had found herself inundated with new clientèle. Not that she was complaining, of course. In fact, she craved the challenge of creating clothing for a species unlike any she had seen before.

The bell above the shop rang out, indicating another customer had arrived. As Rarity stopped her magic, the sewing machines ground to a halt. Straightening herself as best she could, the unicorn trotted out onto the shop floor, a warm smile on her face.

Her eyes brightened when she saw a human male standing in the middle of her establishment. He was wearing a backpack and perusing several of the nearby mannequins, each one bearing a Rarity special. Upon hearing the hoofsteps approaching, he turned.

"Welcome to the Carousel Boutique," Rarity said politely, "where everything is chic, unique and magnifique! Are you purchasing for yourself, or somepony special?"

"Myself, lass." the human replied. "I'm here because I've been hearing that you're the one to see about getting a suit made."

Rarity baulked slightly at the humans accent. It was quite different from anything she had heard before.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but could you say that again? I'm afraid I didn't quite understand you that well."

The human blinked.

"What's so hard to understand?" he said. "I'm after a suit. Can you make me one or not?"

"Oh, I see. You'd like a suit?" Rarity said.

"Yes."

"I see." she replied. "I just had trouble making out the words, due to your... unique accent."

"Oh, away." the human laughed. "It's just a Scots accent. There's nothing unique about it."

"Er, of course." Rarity said. "Now, please follow me, and I will take your measurements, Mr...?"

"Just call me Jock." the human replied. "Everybody else does."

"As you wish... er, Jock." Rarity replied.

She led Jock into the back of the shop, which was filled to bursting point with rolls of fabric, empty ponykins and mannequins, reams of paper with new designs, and various other bits and bobs that one would expect to find in a fashion emporium.

Rarity motioned towards small pedestal in the middle of the room with a nod of her head. Jock put his bag down and stood on it, straightening himself up and holding out his arms.

"Just hold still, and I shall take the measurements I need." Rarity said. "It will only take a couple of minutes."

"No worries, lass." Jock replied. "You just take your time. It's not like you've got anybody else waiting for you."

Rarity smiled politely, as Jock's words went in one ear, only to come screaming out the other as incomprehensible babble.

Using a hoof, she grabbed a tape measure and held it against Jock's outstretched arms. She took the measurements she needed; arms, chest, waist, and then moved to the inside leg.

Jock stifled a laugh as the tape measure moved closer to his nether regions. He looked Rarity in the eyes and grinned.

"Normally when a girl wants to grab me there, I have to take her out for dinner and a movie first."

Rarity dropped the tape measure in shock. She didn't understand most of what Jock had said, but she *did* understand 'grab me there', and 'dinner and a movie'. She looked at him incredulously.

"How dare you!" she snapped. "I am *not* the sort of mare who jumps into bed with any stallion who treats her properly! I am simply taking your inside leg measurement for your suit, and I would thank you to keep your vile comments to yourself!"

Jock laughed.

"Calm down, lass." he said calmly. "I was only having you on. Goodness me, you're really easy to rile up. Though I suppose that being a tailor can be awfully stressful, what with all the orders and stuff, you know?"

Rarity huffed.

"I am *not* a 'tailor'," she pouted, "I am a fashionista. There is a very big difference between the two."

Jock raised an eyebrow.

"Oh really?" he said. "And what would that be?"

"Tailors make ordinary clothes for ordinary ponies." Rarity replied. "I, on the other hoof, make *extraordinary* fashions for all!"

Jock snorted.

"My word, lass! I'd heard that you had an ego problem," he said gruffly, "but this is just ridiculous."

Rarity could feel her temper rising.

"I do not have an 'ego problem'," she said darkly, "you are thinking of Rainbow Dash. I am simply proud of the work I do, and why shouldn't I be? Everypony is talking about my fashions, and I have a list of exclusive clients as long as your arm!"

"And what about the 'ordinary tailors'?" Jock asked. "What, you think you're better than them?"

"Of course not!" Rarity defended. "In fact, I go to a lot of other designers when I need a helping hoof! It just so happens that my designs are... preferred... among Equestria's elite."

"There you go again with the ego." Jock muttered, before changing his accent to mimic Rarity's. "Oh, I *do* admire your work, but I have to say that nopony in Canterlot is wearing any of it now, are they? Why, they prefer my work over yours. Quite frankly, darling, I don't know why you bother."

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Rarity's eye twitched involuntarily as Jock continued his mocking tirade. Eventually, she snapped.

"I should have guessed that an uncouth barbarian like yourself wouldn't understand fashion if it bit him on the flank!" she snarled. "And your *accent*! Every word sounds like somepony is pouring acid into my ears!"

Jock simply looked at her and snorted.

"See what I mean?" he said. "Everything I've heard about you has been true. Easy to annoy, an ego the size of England, and completely unable to take a joke. I don't know why I even bothered coming in here."

"You came in here because you wanted a suit." Rarity shot back. "And looking at you, I can probably guess what it's for. You look like such a ruffian, I wouldn't be surprised if this suit was for your next court appearance!"

Jock narrowed his eyes.

"I guess I can add 'stereotypical' to that list as well, now." he said. "What, you think that because I'm Scottish, that automatically makes me a criminal? Well, I can be stereotypical as well."

Rarity blinked.

"Oh, really?" she said sarcastically. "Well then, go right ahead."

"Well, let's see." Jock replied. "First of all, your accent is really posh. Secondly, I can tell just by looking at you that you're a neat freak, with yer mane and tail all styled up like that. So, that leads me to believe that you're just a prissy, self-centred, arrogant *bitch*."

Rarity didn't miss a beat.

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"Where I come from," Jock shot back, "this haircut is the latest fashion. And there was me thinking that you kept up-to-date with the latest trends. Or is humanity not fashionable enough for you?"

"I've seen many humans since the link between our worlds opened up." Rarity snapped. "And none of them have been as awful as you. I can see why you came to me for clothes — the ones you are wearing now are truly awful, and you wanted only the best."

"Goodness me, you're right." Jock replied. "Well, you couldn't tell me where I could find 'the best', could you? Because it isn't here!"

"That's only because you're dragging down the atmosphere of my store!" Rarity yelled, her patience all but gone. "I have had enough of your presence. Get out, and don't ever darken my door again!"

"Gladly." Jock snarled. "And I'll make sure to tell all of my friends about you... so they can avoid you like the plague!"

Rarity scoffed.

"I *sincerely doubt* that any of the people whom you no doubt associate with would come anywhere *near* an upmarket establishment such as mine!" she said. "Just leave, and take your empty threats with you!"

Jock didn't reply as he stepped off the pedestal before taking his bag and leaving the room. The sounds of the front door opening and then slamming shut followed soon after.

As the sound echoed through the now empty shop, Rarity sighed.

"Some people." she muttered, before heading back to her sewing machines and resuming her work.

"You two told me that Rarity was the best of the best." Jock said, addressing the two mares — a pink earth pony and a cyan-coloured pegasus — in front of him. "I spent twenty minutes inside her shop, and I didn't see anything to back that up."

"Really?" the pink one asked. "Because Rarity is always super-happy to get new customers, because she can make super-cool outfits for them to wear, and she gets to make new friends!"

Jock snorted.

"All I managed to gather was that she's got a really bad ego, can't take a joke, is really quick to anger, and that she thinks she's God's gift to fashion, simply because most of the ponies in Canterlot are wearing her designs."

"That doesn't sound like the Rarity we know." the pegasus said. "Right, Pinkie?"

Pinkie nodded enthusiastically.

"Yep-a-roonie!" she said. "Rainbow Dash is right, that doesn't sound the Rarity we know and love!"

Jock shrugged.

"I don't care." he said. "All I care about is getting back to the office and writing my article. Soon, everybody will know about Rarity and her awful attitude problem."

Dash and Pinkie exchanged a puzzled look.

"I really don't think Rarity will care about what your newspaper's opinion of her is." Dash said. "She'll simply laugh it off."

Jock laughed heartily.

"A newspaper?" he said. "You think that's what I do? Jeez, is everybody around here so narrow-minded?"

He took off his backpack and opened it, before reaching a hand inside and pulling out a folded magazine. He tossed it to Dash and Pinkie, who looked at it.

"You show her this," he said, "and I *guarantee* that she will care about my opinion. Now, I'm off to catch my train. Good day."

With those words, he walked away, leaving the two ponies to unfold the magazine and look at the cover. Upon seeing it, they both burst out laughing.

"Oh, man!" Dash said. "When she sees this, she is gonna be begging him for mercy!"

"Totally!" Pinkie said.

For there on the front cover of the magazine, alongside a picture of Jock in one corner, were the words...

FASHION SCOTLAND

Jock Wallace, EDITOR

THE SCOTSMAN AND THE FASHIONISTA 2

ORIGINAL VERSION

While Equestrian citizens may not wear clothes all the time, they still have need of them for formal occasions. And when they do, they visit one of Equestria's many fashion outlets. And with so many of these places now accepting human clients, there are a wide variety of styles to choose from. If you want a good item of clothing, excellent customer service and a decent price, then look at the list of recommended places on pages fourteen to seventeen.

However, if you want to be judged and abused, then might I suggest paying a visit to the Carousel Boutique in Ponyville? Miss Rarity will be all too happy to oblige, especially if you have the gall to make a joke in her presence. I found her ego insufferable, her stereotypical views disgusting, and her attitude towards her fellow tailors amazing. I spent only twenty minutes inside her shop, but that was more than enough time for me to realise that she sees herself as the best tailor in Equestria, simply because a few ponies in Canterlot are wearing her designs.

She then made personal comments about my appearance and ordered me to leave her store — a command I was all too happy to obey. I was sent to the Carousel Boutique on the advice of two of Rarity's friends, who shall remain anonymous. How they can be friends with such an uptight, mare is beyond me.

So, in conclusion: avoid the Carousel Boutique at all costs, and spend your money at Perfect Stitches, which is a few doors down the street. I went there the next day and got excellent service and a good suit at an even better price.

As an added bonus (for me at least), Thread Spool — the mare who runs Perfect Stitches — had a very good sense of humour, and she seemed understanding of the fact that my own sense of humour can be a bit risqué at times. If you are reading this, Miss Rarity (and I'm pretty sure you are), then might I suggest that you take a few lessons from Thread Spool, and clean up your act?

It has to be said that out of all the Equestrian citizens I have met since the link between our worlds opened, Miss Rarity certainly lives up to her name. Because while everypony else was kind and accommodating, she was the exact opposite. A single hostile entity in a town filled with kindness. And if that's not a rarity, then I don't know what is.

Jock sat back in his chair and chuckled as he put the magazine down on his desk. The ceiling fan spun idly as the dull light streaming through the windows cast dim shadows on the walls. The human stood up, stretching himself with a contented sigh amid several popping noises.

"Aye, that's a damn fine article, even if I do say so mase'." he muttered, as he powered down his computer. "It's jist a pity that uptight mare wasnae as polite as I wis led tae believe."

A knock at the door caught Jock's attention. It opened slightly and a woman poked her head through.

"Mister Wallace?" she said. "You have a visitor."

Jock looked at her blankly.

"Are ye sure, Sandra?" he asked. "Cuz I'm jist aboot tae head hame fer the nicht. Tell them tae come back the morrow."

"She says its important," Sandra replied, "and that she has something she needs to give you."

Jock sighed.

"Aye, a'right." he groaned. "I'll gie her whit she wants. Go ahead and send her in, please."

Sandra nodded and removed her head from the door, speaking to someone Jock assumed was his mystery visitor.

"Here she is, Mister Wallace." Sandra said. "Do you need me for anything else?"

"Naw Sandra," Jock replied with a wave of his hand, "awa' ye go hame. Spend time wi' yer kids, an' I'll see ye in the mornin'."

"Very well, Mister Wallace." she replied with a smile. "I shall see you tomorrow. Have a nice evening."

Jock returned the smile and waited patiently for his visitor to appear as the sound of hoofsteps slowly became audible. Jock raised an eyebrow as he contemplated which one of Equestria's citizens would come all this way just to see him.

The answer came in the form of a white unicorn mare with a purple mane and tail, and three diamonds on her flank. Jock stifled a laugh as he realised who it was. The pony smiled wryly at him and trotted into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Miss Rarity." Jock said. "I hiv tae say that I wisnae expectin' tae see ye again so soon. I tak' it ye're here because ye've read mah wee article?"

Rarity nodded.

"That is indeed why I am here, Jock." she replied. "I just thought I would come by to congratulate you on what you wrote. I must say that it was..." She suddenly reared up and planted both forehooves on the desk with a resounding thump. Jock flinched at the sudden show of aggression as Rarity continued speaking, each word dripping with venom. "... the most *despicable* thing I have ever read in my entire life!"

"Oh aye?" Jock replied, refusing to be intimidated. "Well I think ye'll find that a'thing I wrote wis the truth. So there's nothing ye can dae about it, cuz I dinnae tell lees! Now get yer hooves aff mah desk and calm doon before I call security!"

Rarity snarled and did as she was asked, falling to her haunches. She continued to glare at Jock, who glared back. The silence in the air was palpable. Eventually, Jock sighed and leaned back in his chair, drumming his fingers idly on the desk.

"Let me get this straight." he said. "Ye've come a' this way jist tae tell me that ye didnae like mah article?"

"And demand that you print a retraction." Rarity hissed. "My business has been badly affected by your article. My takings are down, several of my clients have dismissed me as their designer, and my suppliers have cut me off. In short, you have ruined me."

"Oh no ye dinnae, lass." Jock snapped. "Dinnae you go blamin' *me* fur *your* bad attitude. It's no' mah fault ye couldnae take a joke and lost yer temper like that. An' as I said, I only wrote the truth... which basically means ye're no' gettin' yer redaction."

"B-but you've ruined me! Surely you weren't expecting everypony to take your review so seriously? If I can't recover my good name, I'll be broke and homeless by the end of the month! Please, you must have some sense of compassion in that heart of yours!"

Jock leaned forward and looked into Rarity's eyes.

"... not mah problem." he said gruffly. "Now, unless there wis somethin' else ye wanted, I'm awa' hame fur the night."

He stood up and walked over to the light switch, putting a hand on it. Rarity did not move from her position on the floor. Jock sighed and moved back, standing in front of the unicorn with his arms folded and his eyebrows raised.

"I've no' got time fur this." he said gruffly. "Are ye goin' or no'?"

It was then that he noticed that Rarity was crying. The tears ran down her cheeks and made a small silvery pool on the floor. Her shoulders heaved and she sniffled intensively.

Jock's expression softened and he knelt down in front of the distressed fashionista, laying a hand on her shoulder, which Rarity pushed away. She slowly raised her head until she was looking him in the face, her eyes puffy and red from the crying.

"At the end of this month," she said quietly, "I will be evicted from my home. Now while I am sure my friends would be more than happy to let me stay with them, I fear that our parents will want Sweetie Belle to move back to Manehattan with them. She will be torn away from her friends and neighbours and forced to start a new life in a city she barely knows."

Jock sat down on the floor, his back against his desk. He ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

"I tak' it that ye care fur this wee sister o' yours?" he asked, getting a nod from Rarity in return. "I ken how ye feel. I felt the same about mah wee brither. I wis always lookin' oot fer him, makin' sure he didnae get intae trouble."

"I'm sure you had your disagreements, though?" Rarity replied. "Celestia knows that Sweetie Belle and I have had our fair share of arguments. But she is my little sister, and I do care for her."

Jock nodded.

"Aye, mah brither and I always used tae fecht." he said. "That's whit siblings *dae*. They drive ye batty. But we always patched up oor differences in the end. And I still continued tae watch oot for him, no matter what happened."

"Where are you going with this?" Rarity said.

"Eh?... oh, aye. Well, lookin' efter mah brither like that made him a very successful man in later life. In fact, he's the wan who started this here magazine. But he had tae tak' early retirement due tae ill health, and he gied ownership o' the whole operation tae me."

"Really?" Rarity checked. "He gave you all of this? That was very noble of him."

"Aye." Jock said. "Ye see, I tried startin' mah ain company, sellin' computers. But it fell through and I ended up on the streets, wi' nothin' tae mah name. So mah brither says to me, 'Jock, since ye helped me oot, I'm gonnae dae the same fur you'. And that was that. He retired and I wis CEO. And I've taken good care o' his business, jist like he wouldae wanted me tae."

"Wanted?" Rarity said, her eyes widening. "You're speaking in the past tense, does that mean that—"

"— he died?" Jock finished. "Aye. Last year fae cancer. Not a day goes by where I dinnae think about him."

He put his hand on Rarity's shoulder again and looked her in the eye. She made no attempt to resist.

"If mah article means that your wee sister ends up bein' uprooted fae her friends an' family, then that is somethin' I *cannae* be held responsible for. So, since she clearly means so much tae ye, I'll write another article... one that'll set a'thing right."

Rarity's eyes widened further as a smile came to her lips. Without warning or thought, she reached up and wrapped her forehooves around Jock's waist in a tight hug.

"Thank you." she whispered. "My little sister means the world to me. It is good that you are willing to do this for a filly you've never even met."

Jock patted Rarity on the back.

"Faimily means as much tae me as much as it does tae you." he explained. "I've already lost the siblin' I cared about the most. I dinnae want tae see the same happenin' tae you."

Rarity pulled back from Jock. Rearing onto her hind legs, she planted a small kiss firmly on his cheek, causing him to blush.

"Thank you, Jock." she said. "You really are a good man at heart."

"Dinnae you worry, Miss Rarity." Jock replied. "In the next issue of *Fashion Scotland*, ye'll get whit ye truly deserve."

Rarity smiled and got on all fours.

"I'm looking forward to it already." she said, as she trotted to the door and opened it with her magic. "Goodnight, Jock."

"Goodnight Miss Rarity," he replied with a wink, "say hello tae yer wee sister fur me."

Rarity nodded and left the room, closing the door behind her. Her departing hoofsteps echoed around the empty corridor before fading into nothingness.

Jock sighed and got to his feet. As he opened the door, he looked back towards his computer on the desk.

"Aye." he muttered. "I'll gie her whit she deserves, a'right."

He turned off the light and closed the door, his own footsteps soon fading once again into a calm silence.

A redaction is not something that Fashion Scotland does lightly. As our readers are no doubt aware, all of our articles are written with honesty and passion, such as the recent one about the Carousel Boutique in Ponyville.

Miss Rarity came to my office the day after that article was published and asked me, rather curtly at first, to print an article taking back all that I had originally wrote.

We got talking, and Rarity told me about her little sister Sweetie Belle — who apparently faces being uprooted from their home in Ponyville and forced to start a new life in Manehattan, a town she 'barely knows', according to her sister.

While we were on the subject of family, I decided to tell Rarity about how I came to be the editor of this magazine after inheriting control of it from my brother Tam, who sadly passed away earlier this year from cancer. I then told her that I had, and would continue to, run things just how he would have were he still here.

Which includes not caving in to acts of emotional blackmail.

It is not the fault of this magazine that Rarity and her sister are facing eviction from the Boutique. If Rarity hadn't have acted towards me in the way she did, I would never have written that article, which in turn means that she wouldn't be in the dire situation she faces now.

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Rarity tore the magazine in half and threw it against the wall as Sweetie Belle watched nervously. Her left eye ticked and her mane and tail were dishevelled. Clenching her forehooves together, Rarity took a deep breath and looked towards the ceiling. She then bellowed as loudly as she could.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAACE!"

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

While Equestrian citizens may not wear clothes all the time, they still have need of them for formal occasions. And when they do, they visit one of Equestria's many fashion outlets. And with so many of these places now accepting human clients, there are a wide variety of styles to choose from. If you want a good item of clothing, excellent customer service and a decent price, then look at the list of recommended places on pages fourteen to seventeen.

However, if you want to be judged and abused, then might I suggest paying a visit to the Carousel Boutique in Ponyville? Miss Rarity will be all too happy to oblige, especially if you have the gall to make a joke in her presence. I found her ego insufferable, her stereotypical views disgusting, and her attitude towards her fellow tailors amazing. I spent only twenty minutes inside her shop, but that was more than enough time for me to realise that she sees herself as the best tailor in Equestria, simply because a few ponies in Canterlot are wearing her designs.

She then made personal comments about my appearance and ordered me to leave her store — a command I was all too happy to obey. I was sent to the Carousel Boutique on the advice of two of Rarity's friends, who shall remain anonymous. How they can be friends with such an uptight, mare is beyond me.

So, in conclusion: avoid the Carousel Boutique at all costs, and spend your money at Perfect Stitches, which is a few doors down the street. I went there the next day and got excellent service and a good suit at an even better price.

As an added bonus (for me at least), Thread Spool — the mare who runs Perfect Stitches — had a very good sense of humour, and she seemed understanding of the fact that my own sense of humour can be a bit risqué at times. If you are reading this, Miss Rarity (and I'm pretty sure you are), then might I suggest that you take a few lessons from Thread Spool, and clean up your act?

It has to be said that out of all the Equestrian citizens I have met since the link between our worlds opened, Miss Rarity certainly lives up to her name. Because while everypony else was kind and accommodating, she was the exact opposite. A single hostile entity in a town filled with kindness. And if that's not a rarity, then I don't know what is.

Jock sat back in his chair and chuckled as he put the magazine down on his desk. The ceiling fan spun idly as the dull light streaming through the windows cast dim shadows on the walls. The human stood up, stretching himself with a contented sigh amid several popping noises.

"Yes, that's a damn fine article, even if I do say so myself." he muttered, as he powered down his computer. "It's just a pity that uptight mare wasn't as polite as I was led to believe."

A knock at the door caught Jock's attention. It opened slightly and a woman poked her head through.

"Mister Wallace?" she said. "You have a visitor."

Jock looked at her blankly.

"Are you sure, Sandra?" he asked. "Because I'm just about to head home for the night. Tell them to come back tomorrow."

"She says its important," Sandra replied, "and that she has something she needs to give you."

Jock sighed.

"Yes, all right." he groaned. "I'll give her what she wants. Go ahead and send her in, please."

Sandra nodded and removed her head from the door, speaking to someone Jock assumed was his mystery visitor.

"Here she is, Mister Wallace." Sandra said. "Do you need me for anything else?"

"No Sandra," Jock replied with a wave of his hand, "you can go home. Spend time with your kids, and I'll see you in the morning."

"Very well, Mister Wallace." she replied with a smile. "I shall see you tomorrow. Have a nice evening."

Jock returned the smile and waited patiently for his visitor to appear as the sound of hoofsteps slowly became audible. Jock raised an eyebrow as he contemplated which one of Equestria's citizens would come all this way just to see him.

The answer came in the form of a white unicorn mare with a purple mane and tail, and three diamonds on her flank. Jock stifled a laugh as he realised who it was. The pony smiled wryly at him and trotted into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Miss Rarity." Jock said. "I have to say that I wasn't expecting to see you again so soon. I take it you're here because you've read my little article?"

Rarity nodded.

"That is indeed why I am here, Jock." she replied. "I just thought I would come by to congratulate you on what you wrote. I must say that it was..." She suddenly reared up and planted both forehooves on the desk with a resounding thump. Jock flinched at the sudden show of aggression as Rarity continued speaking, each word dripping with venom. "... the most *despicable* thing I have ever read in my entire life!"

"Oh really?" Jock replied, refusing to be intimidated. "Well I think you'll find that everything I wrote was the truth. So there's nothing you can do about it, because I don't tell lies! Now get your hooves off my desk and calm down before I call security!"

Rarity snarled and did as she was asked, falling to her haunches. She continued to glare at Jock, who glared back. The silence in the air was palpable. Eventually, Jock sighed and leaned back in his chair, drumming his fingers idly on the desk.

"Let me get this straight." he said. "You've come all this way just to tell me that you didn't like my article?"

"And demand that you print a retraction." Rarity hissed. "My business has been badly affected by your article. My takings are down, several of my clients have dismissed me as their designer, and my suppliers have cut me off. In short, you have ruined me."

"Oh no you don't, girl." Jock snapped. "Don't you go blaming *me* for *your* bad attitude. It's not my fault you couldn't take a joke and lost your temper like that. And as I said, I only wrote the truth... which basically means you're not getting your redaction."

"B-but you've ruined me! Surely you weren't expecting everypony to take your review so seriously? If I can't recover my good name, I'll be broke and homeless by the end of the month! Please, you must have some sense of compassion in that heart of yours!"

Jock leaned forward and looked into Rarity's eyes.

"... not my problem." he said gruffly. "Now, unless there was something else you wanted, I'm away home for the night."

He stood up and walked over to the light switch, putting a hand on it. Rarity did not move from her position on the floor. Jock sighed and moved back, standing in front of the unicorn with his arms folded and his eyebrows raised.

"I've not got time for this." he said gruffly. "Are you going or not?"

It was then that he noticed that Rarity was crying. The tears ran down her cheeks and made a small silvery pool on the floor. Her shoulders heaved and she sniffled intensively.

Jock's expression softened and he knelt down in front of the distressed fashionista, laying a hand on her shoulder, which Rarity pushed away. She slowly raised her head until she was looking him in the face, her eyes puffy and red from the crying.

"At the end of this month," she said quietly, "I will be evicted from my home. Now while I am sure my friends would be more than happy to let me stay with them, I fear that our parents will want Sweetie Belle to move back to Manehattan with them. She will be torn away from her friends and neighbours and forced to start a new life in a city she barely knows."

Jock sat down on the floor, his back against his desk. He ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

"I take it that you care for this little sister of yours?" he asked, getting a nod from Rarity in return. "I know how you feel. I felt the same about my little brother. I was always looking out for him, making sure he didn't get into trouble."

"I'm sure you had your disagreements, though?" Rarity replied. "Celestia knows that Sweetie Belle and I have had our fair share of arguments. But she is my little sister, and I do care for her."

Jock nodded.

"Aye, mah brother and I always used to fight." he said. "That's what siblings *do*. They drive you mad. But we always patched up our differences in the end. And I still continued to watch out for him, no matter what happened."

"Where are you going with this?" Rarity said.

"Huh?... oh, yes. Well, looking after my brother like that made him a very successful man in later life. In fact, he's the one who started this very magazine. But he had to take early retirement due to ill health, and he gave ownership of the whole operation to me."

"Really?" Rarity checked. "He gave you all of this? That was very noble of him."

"Indeed." Jock said. "You see, I tried starting my own company, selling computers. But it fell through and I ended up on the streets, with nothing to my name. So my brother says to me, 'Jock, since you helped me out, I'm going to do the same for you'. And that was that. He retired and I was CEO. And I've taken good care of his business, just like he would have wanted me to."

"Wanted?" Rarity said, her eyes widening. "You're speaking in the past tense, does that mean that—"

"— he died?" Jock finished. "Yes. Last year from cancer. Not a day goes by where I don't think about him."

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"If my article means that your little sister ends up being uprooted from her friends and family, then that is something I *can't* be held responsible for. So, since she clearly means so much to you, I'll write another article... one that'll set everything right."

Rarity's eyes widened further as a smile came to her lips. Without warning or thought, she reached up and wrapped her forehooves around Jock's waist in a tight hug.

"Thank you." she whispered. "My little sister means the world to me. It is good that you are willing to do this for a filly you've never even met."

Jock patted Rarity on the back.

"Family means as much to me as much as it does to you." he explained. "I've already lost the sibling I cared about the most. I don't want to see the same happening to you."

Rarity pulled back from Jock. Rearing onto her hind legs, she planted a small kiss firmly on his cheek, causing him to blush.

"Thank you, Jock." she said. "You really are a good man at heart."

"Don't you worry, Miss Rarity." Jock replied. "In the next issue of *Fashion Scotland*, you'll get what you truly deserve."

Rarity smiled and got on all fours.

"I'm looking forward to it already." she said, as she trotted to the door and opened it with her magic. "Goodnight, Jock."

"Goodnight Miss Rarity," he replied with a wink, "say hello to your little sister for me."

Rarity nodded and left the room, closing the door behind her. Her departing hoofsteps echoed around the empty corridor before fading into nothingness.

Jock sighed and got to his feet. As he opened the door, he looked back towards his computer on the desk.

"Yeah." he muttered. "I'll give her what she deserves, all right."

He turned off the light and closed the door, his own footsteps soon fading once again into a calm silence.

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"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAACE!"

THE SCOTSMAN AND THE FASHIONISTA 3

ORIGINAL VERSION

Rarity opened one eye blearily, allowing herself to adjust to the light peeking through a crack in the curtains. The covers on her bed had been tossed to one side and the waste bin was overflowing with tissues which were wet with mascara and tears.

A small figure entered Rarity's field of vision. The blurry shape soon took the form of a unicorn filly, who was looking at Rarity concernedly. She slowly approached the bed.

"Rarity," she said softly, "are you okay?"

"No Sweetie Belle," Rarity deadpanned, "I'm not okay."

"Oh come on Rarity," Sweetie Belle replied, "you really need to start thinking positively."

"Positively?" Rarity slowly sat up and glared at her sister, "Look around you, Sweetie Belle! We've lost our home and my business and have been reduced to living in a room in a seedy hotel. A room which I am rapidly running out of bits to pay for because nopony will hire me, and it's all because of that *stupid human* and his Celestia-damned magazine!"

She slammed a hoof into the drawers next to the bed and snorted angrily. Sweetie Belle flinched at the display of anger and took a few nervous paces backwards. Rarity saw the look of fear on her sister's face and sighed.

"I'm sorry Sweetie," she said, "it's not your fault this has happened, so it is wrong of me to take my anger out on you like this. But at the end of the week I'll be forced to leave the hotel, and you'll be forced back to Manehattan to live with our parents."

Sweetie Belle sniffled as she trotted across the room, jumping onto the bed next to Rarity and hugging her.

"I don't want to leave Ponyville," she said, "I've got friends here. If I go to Manehattan I'll have to start all over again!"

Rarity ran a hoof along Sweetie's mane as the filly cried into her chest. She looked blankly at her reflection in a mirror on the other side of the room, barely recognising the mare who stared back.

"I didn't want to tell you in case you got mad," Sweetie mumbled, "but the other Crusaders and I did something the other day that might actually help you."

Rarity gently pushed Sweetie Belle away from her and wiped the filly's eyes with a forehoof.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked.

Sweetie Belle leaned in and whispered. As she spoke the faintest glimmer of hope appeared in Rarity's eyes, while a grin began creeping onto her face.

"Aye, I ken it wis a guid article," Jock said to the caller on the phone, "I just hope that daft mare saw it. That'll teach her tae try an' blackmail me... aye, you tae lad, I'll see ya the morrow, a'richt?... Nae worries, bye the noo."

He replaced the receiver and let out a groan, rubbing the bridge of his nose with two fingers while looking at the floor.

"Jist what I need," he muttered, "tae spend anither day wi' that numpty as he prattles on aboot stuff I dinnae care aboot."

"Well well well," a feminine voice cut in, "you're being two-faced again. Though of course, that's hardly a surprise."

Jock looked up, making sure to put a grin on his face. He soon found himself locking eyes with a stern-looking unicorn mare who was wearing a saddlebag.

"Miss Rarity," Jock said flatly, "huv ye come back f'r roond three?"

Rarity snorted.

"On the contrary Mister Wallace," she said, "I'm actually here to give you this."

She opened her saddlebag and levitated an envelope from it, laying it down on Jock's desk. He took it in his hands and turned it over, his eyes taking in the golden seal holding it shut.

"What's this?" he asked, "It looks awfy important."

"Open it," Rarity replied, "and see for yourself."

Jock tore the envelope open and extracted a piece of paper. He cast his eyes over it before looking at Rarity and smirking.

"So ye're takin' me tae court are ye?" he said, "Fine by me, missy. I look forward tae humiliatin' ye even mair."

Rarity returned Jock's smirk with one of her own.

"We'll see Jock." she said as she turned to leave, "We'll see."

As Rarity left the room, she could hear Jock erupting into laughter. She scowled and left the building, her conversation with Sweetie Belle replaying in her mind and filling her with determination.

Rarity sat nervously in her seat and listened to the sound of the wind and rain outside.

How fitting, she thought, bad weather for what could very well turn out to be a bad day.

The scraping of wood against the floor brought Rarity from her thoughts. She turned to see Jock taking his place at the table opposite, the smug grin returning to his face.

"All rise for the honourable judge Swift Gavel." the bailiff said.

The courtroom went silent as the assembled ponies got to their hooves. Swift Gavel came out of a back room and took his place at the bench. He nodded curtly at those present, who then allowed themselves to sit down. The bailiff passed him a stack of papers which he took in his magic.

"Case number seven-eight-one-four-nine-three," he said, "Rarity versus Jock Wallace. Miss Rarity is suing Mister Wallace for defamation of character and libel. Do either of you have representation for this hearing?"

"Naw yer Honour," Jock said, "I'm jist gonnae represent masel'."

"As am I." Rarity added.

"Very well," Swift Gavel said, "you may now present your arguments. Miss Rarity, as the complainant, you may start."

Rarity stood up and walked to the front of the courtroom before turning to face the assembled ponies. She cleared her throat.

"This man," she pointed at Jock, "has ruined my business and my reputation with his venomous words. All I did was express disgust at his so-called sense of humour, and he twists my words into the abomination everypony read in his magazine."

She turned to face Swift Gavel, who peered at her over his glasses.

"Under Equestrian law, members of the media are required to display and present cards identifying themselves as such. Mister Wallace did not and at no point during our meeting did he say that he was a journalist, albeit for a fashion magazine. Therefore I argue that he had no legal right to publish that article, as I was unaware of who he really was."

Swift Gavel nodded.

"Mister Wallace," he said, "your counter-argument?"

Rarity took her seat as Jock stood up from his.

"In Scotland, only journalism is covered by the term 'media'. which is why I wasnae cerryin' an ID card. As for no' telling Rarity who I really wis, I dae a lot o' undercover work reviewin' designers and it is my belief that if they knew I wis a reporter, then they would go oot o' their way tae cater to mah every need. Which in turn would mean that my articles were biased. I wouldnae get the 'real deal', if ye catch my drift. And that, yer Honour, is why I 'hink this trial is a huge waste o' everypony's time."

He sat down with a contented look on his face and and folded his arms as Rarity stood up.

"While it is true that I was rude," she said, "I have to say that I only acted like that as a result of Mister Wallace's provocations."

"Objection," Jock said with a raised hand, "she has no evidence to back up this claim."

Swift Gavel looked at Rarity.

"Is this true, Miss Rarity?" he said, "Do you not have the evidence to back up your claim?"

"As a matter of fact," Rarity said smugly, "I do have evidence. With your permission, your Honour, I would like to call a witness."

"Objection overruled Mister Wallace," Swift Gavel replied, "and I will allow Miss Rarity to bring in her witness."

"Sweetie Belle," she said loudly, "would you be a dear and come to the witness box please?"

Sweetie Belle got up from her seat amongst the spectators and trotted nervously to the front of the courtroom, casting a glance at Jock, who regarded the filly with disdain as he took notice of the saddlebag she was wearing.

"Objection!" he yelled.

"On what grounds, Mister Wallace?" Swift Gavel asked.

"Sweetie Belle is Rarity's wee sister," Jock replied, "so of course she's gonna say anything tae back her up."

"Actually your Honour," Rarity said, "my sister is going to present the evidence I mentioned."

"I'm intrigued," Swift Gavel mused, "so I am going to allow this. Objection overruled. Now, Sweetie Belle, please take your place in the witness box."

Sweetie did as she was asked and got into the box with help from Rarity, who looked at her warmly.

"Okay Sweetie Belle," she said softly, "tell everypony exactly what you told me a few days ago at the hotel."

Sweetie Belle nodded and took a deep breath before launching into her story.

Anypony will tell you that my friends Apple Bloom, Scootaloo and I are part of a club called the Cutie Mark Crusaders. I remember that Mister Wallace came to the Boutique in the afternoon, because that morning the Crusaders had been trying to figure out other ways of getting our cutie marks.

We were sitting in our clubhouse, coming up with ideas and then tossing them aside because we'd either done it, or because we were all banned from the place we could try to do it.

Ever since the link between Equestria and Earth opened, more and more human technology has been arriving. Such as DVDs and DVD players. We had a small portable one, and were watching some old spy movie. That's when the idea came to me.

"Why don't we try to get our cutie marks in spying?" I asked.

Apple Bloom and Scootaloo looked at me.

"Spying?" Apple Bloom asked, "And how do you suppose we go about trying that?"

I looked around the room while I tried thinking of an answer. And that's when I saw it. Another piece of human technology which would be our tool for our latest attempt — a digital recorder.

"We could use that," I said as I pointed at it, "and plant it somewhere where nopony would find it. Just like that man did in that movie we watched. If he got some good stuff then maybe we can too! It makes so much sense!"

Apple Bloom and Scootaloo both nodded in approval. But then Scootaloo had to go and ask the million-bit question.

"Do you have any idea where to hide it?"

The smile faded from my face as I tried to come up with an answer. But then I got it.

"We could hide it in the Boutique." I said, "Rarity is always talking with her customers, so maybe we could get some gossip!"

"Oh come on," Scootaloo groaned, "I thought we'd learned our lesson with gossip after the Gabby Gums incident?"

"We won't actually do anything with what we record," I replied, "we'll just have a listen. It'll probably just be boring stuff about the weather and the price of hay bacon."

"Sounds good to me." Scootaloo said.

"And me." Apple Bloom added.

We grabbed the recorder and left, already talking about what a cutie mark in spying would look like.

"So after spending fifteen minutes looking for a hiding place," Sweetie Belle finished, "we hid the recorder in amongst some old design ideas Rarity had filed away and left. We came back to get it later that day and... well, hear for yourself."

She reached into her saddlebag and took out a small black object which she then passed to Swift Gavel, who placed it on the bench in front of him and pressed a button. The room filled with the sounds of three bickering fillies as they attempted to hide it. Sweetie Belle blushed while Swift Gavel pressed another button and held it down. A few seconds later he released it.

—where everything is chic, unique and magnifique! Are you purchasing for yourself, or somepony special?

"Ah," said Rarity, "this is when I first made Mister Wallace's acquaintance. Fast forward a few minutes and you'll hear what started this whole mess."

Normally when a lassie wants tae grab me there, ah hiv tae take her oot fur denner an' a movie first.

"I was merely taking Mister Wallace's measurements, and he makes a joke like that, if you could even *call it* a joke. Saying such things may be acceptable on Earth, but not here. Which is why I responded the way I did."

How dare you! I am not the sort of mare who jumps into bed with any stallion who treats her properly! I am simply taking your inside leg measurement for your suit, and I would thank you to keep your vile comments to yourself!

"While it is true that Mister Wallace is implying less-than-savoury things about you Miss Rarity," Swift Gavel said, "I don't see how this helps your case."

Calm doon, lass. Ah wis only haein' ye on.

"See?" Jock argued, "I even *telt* her I wis jokin'!"

"I'm sorry Miss Rarity," Swift Gavel said solemnly, "but this isn't looking good for you. Mister Wallace hasn't shown any signs of hostility towards you."

And whit about the 'ordinary tailors'? Whit, ye 'hink ye're better than them?

Of course not! In fact, I go to a lot of other designers when I need a helping hoof! It just so happens that my designs are... preferred... among Equestria's elite.

"Ah here we are," Rarity said, "twisting my words to make it seem like I was badmouthing my fellows in the fashion business. But it is true about my designs being more popular. I don't mean that in a bad way, and even other designers agree with me when I say it."

Oh, I do admire your work, but I have to say that no pony in Canterlot is wearing any of it now, are they? Why, they prefer my work over yours.

"Now *this*," Rarity hissed, "was not only uncalled for, but entirely unprofessional of him."

"Aye a'right," Jock said, "I'll admit that makin' fun o' her accent was a bit much."

I should have guessed that an uncouth barbarian like yourself wouldn't understand fashion if it bit him on the flank!

"Ah yes," Rarity coughed in embarrassment, "my outburst. But you have to agree that I had every right to be angry."

And your accent! Every word sounds like some pony is pouring acid into my ears!

"And yes," she added, "that was uncalled for as well."

You look like such a ruffian, I wouldn't be surprised if this suit was for your next court appearance!

"As was that..." she muttered.

Swift Gavel pressed a button on the recorder and the sound stopped. He put the device to one side and crossed his forehooves in front of him.

"I've heard enough," he said, "and I've already come to a decision on what is going to happen here."

He looked at Rarity.

"First of all, it has to be said that while what Mister Wallace implied was wrong, he did say it was a joke. In all honesty, Miss Rarity, it was you referring to him as an 'uncouth barbarian' which caused this whole thing to erupt."

Rarity's face fell while Jock managed to conceal the small grin creeping onto his face.

"However," Swift Gavel said as he looked at him, "this whole thing is still your fault, Mister Wallace."

"What?" Jock shouted, "How is ony o' this *my* fault?!"

"When you first came to Equestria and were filling in the application for your visitation pass, what did you say your occupation was?"

"I said I wis a writer," Jock replied, "but I dinnae see how th—"

"So on other words," Swift Gavel interrupted, "you neglected to mention the fact you worked in the media?"

"Naepony bothered tae ask me ony follow up questions," Jock argued, "so I dinnae see how I cin be held at fault for them no' daein' their jobs properly."

"Of course not," Swift Gavel replied, "but you *can* be held at fault for filling in the form wrong. When you signed it, you were declaring that the information you provided was true and accurate. A 'writer', Mister Wallace, is somepony who creates stories – such as the Daring Do series. You are a journalist, plain and simple."

"You... but I..." Jock stuttered.

"Jock Wallace," Swift Gavel raised his namesake, "because you lied about your occupation you had no right to publish that article about the Carousel Boutique, as you were not in possession of a media ID card. It is for that reason that I rule in favour of Miss Rarity."

Jock's face fell as Rarity struggled to contain her excitement.

"I hereby decree the following: one, you are to print a retraction of the article in your next issue. Two, you are to pay Miss Rarity one hundred thousand bits in compensation for defamation of character and loss of earnings. And three, you are to surrender your visitation and apply for a new one."

He banged his gavel on the bench.

"Court dismissed." he said.

"All rise." the bailiff instructed.

Everyone stood up as Swift Gavel returned to the back room. Once he was out of sight, Jock fell back into his seat and buried his face in his hands while muttering to himself.

Sweetie Belle launched herself at her sister and the two of them hugged. Placing the filly onto her back, Rarity trotted out of the courtroom with her head held high.

"Thank you for your custom darling. I shall have that finished for you in, say, a week? I'm a bit busy just now, as you can imagine."

"Not at all Rarity. Take your time, and... er, I'm sorry for turning my back on you like that. It was wrong of me to believe what that human had written, when he wasn't even a licensed journalist."

Rarity waved a hoof dismissively.

"Do not fear, dear Haywick." she said, "I forgive you. Now run along my dear stallion, you don't want to keep your patients waiting."

Haywick nodded and left. After he had gone, Rarity turned the 'open' sign around to 'closed' and locked the door before sighing.

The knock which followed made her groan.

"I'm sorry," she shouted, "but I am closed for tonight. Please come back tomorrow!"

"I cannae dae that," a familiar voice replied, "because I'm only here on a temporary pass, an' it runs oot the night."

Rarity unlocked the door and opened it slightly. On the other side, Jock stood with a nervous smile on his face and a bouquet of roses in one hand.

"Hello Mister Wallace," she said politely, "and what can I do you for you this fine evening?"

Jock held out the roses.

"Ye cin accept my apologies f'r a'hing that's happened." he replied, "I didnae purposely set out tae ruin ye, but I guess it all just got oot of haund. Can ye ever forgive me?"

Rarity took the roses in her magical aura and sniffed them. A small blush came to her cheeks as she smiled.

"Of course I can," she said, "because I actually have to thank you."

"Me?" Jock replied in shock, "Why dae ye want tae thank me f'r almost ruinin' yer life?"

"Ever since you published that retraction, all of my clients have come back to me. Some have even ordered several items as a way of apologising to me for taking your words to heart. It has sufficiently boosted my income, and the orders I have received will keep me busy for months to come."

"So in a way," Jock mused, "my article wis the best thing that ever happened tae ye?"

Rarity nodded.

"Yes," she giggled, "it is rather ironic, isn't it?"

Jock rubbed the back of his head and laughed hesitantly.

"Aye, it is." he muttered, "But, er, I'm jist glad that ye've accepted my apology. And... if it's no' too much bother... I'd like tae publish a proper article about ye."

"But I know who you are," Rarity replied, "so won't that make the article biased?"

"Aye," Jock said, "but... I wouldnae hae it ony other way."

Rarity smiled again and opened the door wider.

"Well in that case," she said, "you had better come in, because we have much to discuss."

Jock returned her smile and entered the Boutique, closing the door behind him with a soft click.

***** THE END *****

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Rarity opened one eye blearily, allowing herself to adjust to the light peeking through a crack in the curtains. The covers on her bed had been tossed to one side and the waste bin was overflowing with tissues which were wet with mascara and tears.

A small figure entered Rarity's field of vision. The blurry shape soon took the form of a unicorn filly, who was looking at Rarity concernedly. She slowly approached the bed.

"Rarity," she said softly, "are you okay?"

"No Sweetie Belle," Rarity deadpanned, "I'm not okay."

"Oh come on Rarity," Sweetie Belle replied, "you really need to start thinking positively."

"Positively?" Rarity slowly sat up and glared at her sister, "Look around you, Sweetie Belle! We've lost our home and my business and have been reduced to living in a room in a seedy hotel. A room which I am rapidly running out of bits to pay for because no pony will hire me, and it's all because of that *stupid human* and his Celestia-damned magazine!"

She slammed a hoof into the drawers next to the bed and snorted angrily. Sweetie Belle flinched at the display of anger and took a few nervous paces backwards. Rarity saw the look of fear on her sister's face and sighed.

"I'm sorry Sweetie," she said, "it's not your fault this has happened, so it is wrong of me to take my anger out on you like this. But at the end of the week I'll be forced to leave the hotel, and you'll be forced back to Manehattan to live with our parents."

Sweetie Belle sniffled as she trotted across the room, jumping onto the bed next to Rarity and hugging her.

"I don't want to leave Ponyville," she said, "I've got friends here. If I go to Manehattan I'll have to start all over again!"

Rarity ran a hoof along Sweetie's mane as the filly cried into her chest. She looked blankly at her reflection in a mirror on the other side of the room, barely recognising the mare who stared back.

"I didn't want to tell you in case you got mad," Sweetie mumbled, "but the other Crusaders and I did something the other day that might actually help you."

Rarity gently pushed Sweetie Belle away from her and wiped the filly's eyes with a forehoof.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked.

Sweetie Belle leaned in and whispered. As she spoke the faintest glimmer of hope appeared in Rarity's eyes, while a grin began creeping onto her face.

"Yes, I know it was a good article," Jock said to the caller on the phone, "I just hope that stupid mare saw it. That'll teach her to try and blackmail me... yes, you too mate, I'll see you tomorrow, all right?... No worries, bye for now."

He replaced the receiver and let out a groan, rubbing the bridge of his nose with two fingers while looking at the floor.

"Just what I need," he muttered, "to spend another day with that fool as he prattles on about stuff I don't care about."

"Well well well," a feminine voice cut in, "you're being two-faced again. Though of course, that's hardly a surprise."

Jock looked up, making sure to put a grin on his face. He soon found himself locking eyes with a stern-looking unicorn mare who was wearing a saddlebag.

"Miss Rarity," Jock said flatly, "you've come back for round three?"

Rarity snorted.

"On the contrary Mister Wallace," she said, "I'm actually here to give you this."

She opened her saddlebag and levitated an envelope from it, laying it down on Jock's desk. He took it in his hands and turned it over, his eyes taking in the golden seal holding it shut.

"What's this?" he asked, "It looks awfully important."

"Open it," Rarity replied, "and see for yourself."

Jock tore the envelope open and extracted a piece of paper. He cast his eyes over it before looking at Rarity and smirking.

"So you're taking me to court are you?" he said, "Fine by me, lady. I look forward to humiliating ye even more."

Rarity returned Jock's smirk with one of her own.

"We'll see Jock." she said as she turned to leave, "We'll see."

As Rarity left the room, she could hear Jock erupting into laughter. She scowled and left the building, her conversation with Sweetie Belle replaying in her mind and filling her with determination.

Rarity sat nervously in her seat and listened to the sound of the wind and rain outside.

How fitting, she thought, bad weather for what could very well turn out to be a bad day.

The scraping of wood against the floor brought Rarity from her thoughts. She turned to see Jock taking his place at the table opposite, the smug grin returning to his face.

"All rise for the honourable judge Swift Gavel." the bailiff said.

The courtroom went silent as the assembled ponies got to their hooves. Swift Gavel came out of a back room and took his place at the bench. He nodded curtly at those present, who then allowed themselves to sit down. The bailiff passed him a stack of papers which he took in his magic.

"Case number seven-eight-one-four-nine-three," he said, "Rarity versus Jock Wallace. Miss Rarity is suing Mister Wallace for defamation of character and libel. Do either of you have representation for this hearing?"

"No your Honour," Jock said, "I'm going to represent myself'."

"As am I." Rarity added.

"Very well," Swift Gavel said, "you may now present your arguments. Miss Rarity, as the complainant, you may start."

Rarity stood up and walked to the front of the courtroom before turning to face the assembled ponies. She cleared her throat.

"This man," she pointed at Jock, "has ruined my business and my reputation with his venomous words. All I did was express disgust at his so-called sense of humour, and he twists my words into the abomination everypony read in his magazine."

She turned to face Swift Gavel, who peered at her over his glasses.

"Under Equestrian law, members of the media are required to display and present cards identifying themselves as such. Mister Wallace did not and at no point during our meeting did he say that he was a journalist, albeit for a fashion magazine. Therefore I argue that he had no legal right to publish that article, as I was unaware of who he really was."

Swift Gavel nodded.

"Mister Wallace," he said, "your counter-argument?"

Rarity took her seat as Jock stood up from his.

"In Scotland, only journalism is covered by the term 'media'. which is why I wasn't carrying an ID card. As for not telling Rarity who I really was, I do a lot o' undercover work reviewing designers and it is my belief that if they knew I was a reporter, then they would go out of their way to cater to my every need. Which in turn would mean that my articles were biased. I wouldn't get the 'real deal', if you catch my drift. And that, your Honour, is why I think this trial is a huge waste o' everypony's time."

He sat down with a contented look on his face and and folded his arms as Rarity stood up.

"While it is true that I was rude," she said, "I have to say that I only acted like that as a result of Mister Wallace's provocations."

"Objection," Jock said with a raised hand, "she has no evidence to back up this claim."

Swift Gavel looked at Rarity.

"Is this true, Miss Rarity?" he said, "Do you not have the evidence to back up your claim?"

"As a matter of fact," Rarity said smugly, "I do have evidence. With your permission, your Honour, I would like to call a witness."

"Objection overruled Mister Wallace," Swift Gavel replied, "and I will allow Miss Rarity to bring in her witness."

"Sweetie Belle," she said loudly, "would you be a dear and come to the witness box please?"

Sweetie Belle got up from her seat amongst the spectators and trotted nervously to the front of the courtroom, casting a glance at Jock, who regarded the filly with disdain as he took notice of the saddlebag she was wearing.

"Objection!" he yelled.

"On what grounds, Mister Wallace?" Swift Gavel asked.

"Sweetie Belle is Rarity's little sister," Jock replied, "so of course she's gonna say anything to back her up."

"Actually your Honour," Rarity said, "my sister is going to present the evidence I mentioned."

"I'm intrigued," Swift Gavel mused, "so I am going to allow this. Objection overruled. Now, Sweetie Belle, please take your place in the witness box."

Sweetie did as she was asked and got into the box with help from Rarity, who looked at her warmly.

"Okay Sweetie Belle," she said softly, "tell everypony exactly what you told me a few days ago at the hotel."

Sweetie Belle nodded and took a deep breath before launching into her story.

Anypony will tell you that my friends Apple Bloom, Scootaloo and I are part of a club called the Cutie Mark Crusaders. I remember that Mister Wallace came to the Boutique in the afternoon, because that morning the Crusaders had been trying to figure out other ways of getting our cutie marks.

We were sitting in our clubhouse, coming up with ideas and then tossing them aside because we'd either done it, or because we were all banned from the place we could try to do it.

Ever since the link between Equestria and Earth opened, more and more human technology has been arriving. Such as DVDs and DVD players. We had a small portable one, and were watching some old spy movie. That's when the idea came to me.

"Why don't we try to get our cutie marks in spying?" I asked.

Apple Bloom and Scootaloo looked at me.

"Spying?" Apple Bloom asked, "And how do you suppose we go about trying that?"

I looked around the room while I tried thinking of an answer. And that's when I saw it. Another piece of human technology which would be our tool for our latest attempt — a digital recorder.

"We could use that," I said as I pointed at it, "and plant it somewhere where nopony would find it. Just like that man did in that movie we watched. If he got some good stuff then maybe we can too! It makes so much sense!"

Apple Bloom and Scootaloo both nodded in approval. But then Scootaloo had to go and ask the million-bit question.

"Do you have any idea where to hide it?"

The smile faded from my face as I tried to come up with an answer. But then I got it.

"We could hide it in the Boutique." I said, "Rarity is always talking with her customers, so maybe we could get some gossip!"

"Oh come on," Scootaloo groaned, "I thought we'd learned our lesson with gossip after the Gabby Gums incident?"

"We won't actually do anything with what we record," I replied, "we'll just have a listen. It'll probably just be boring stuff about the weather and the price of hay bacon."

"Sounds good to me." Scootaloo said.

"And me." Apple Bloom added.

We grabbed the recorder and left, already talking about what a cutie mark in spying would look like.

"So after spending fifteen minutes looking for a hiding place," Sweetie Belle finished, "we hid the recorder in amongst some old design ideas Rarity had filed away and left. We came back to get it later that day and... well, hear for yourself."

She reached into her saddlebag and took out a small black object which she then passed to Swift Gavel, who placed it on the bench in front of him and pressed a button. The room filled with the sounds of three bickering fillies as they attempted to hide it. Sweetie Belle blushed while Swift Gavel pressed another button and held it down. A few seconds later he released it.

—where everything is chic, unique and magnifique! Are you purchasing for yourself, or somepony special?

"Ah," said Rarity, "this is when I first made Mister Wallace's acquaintance. Fast forward a few minutes and you'll hear what started this whole mess."

Normally when a girl wants to grab me there, I have to take her out for dinner and a movie first.

"I was merely taking Mister Wallace's measurements, and he makes a joke like that, if you could even *call it* a joke. Saying such things may be acceptable on Earth, but not here. Which is why I responded the way I did."

How dare you! I am not the sort of mare who jumps into bed with any stallion who treats her properly! I am simply taking your inside leg measurement for your suit, and I would thank you to keep your vile comments to yourself!

"While it is true that Mister Wallace is implying less-than-savoury things about you Miss Rarity," Swift Gavel said, "I don't see how this helps your case."

Calm down, girl. I was only having you on.

"See?" Jock argued, "I even *told* her I was joking!"

"I'm sorry Miss Rarity," Swift Gavel said solemnly, "but this isn't looking good for you. Mister Wallace hasn't shown any signs of hostility towards you."

And what about the 'ordinary tailors'? What, you think you're better than them?

Of course not! In fact, I go to a lot of other designers when I need a helping hoof! It just so happens that my designs are... preferred... among Equestria's elite.

"Ah here we are," Rarity said, "twisting my words to make it seem like I was badmouthing my fellows in the fashion business. But it is true about my designs being more popular. I don't mean that in a bad way, and even other designers agree with me when I say it."

Oh, I do admire your work, but I have to say that no pony in Canterlot is wearing any of it now, are they? Why, they prefer my work over yours.

"Now *this*," Rarity hissed, "was not only uncalled for, but entirely unprofessional of him."

"Yes all right," Jock said, "I'll admit that making fun of her accent was a bit much."

I should have guessed that an uncouth barbarian like yourself wouldn't understand fashion if it bit him on the flank!

"Ah yes," Rarity coughed in embarrassment, "my outburst. But you have to agree that I had every right to be angry."

And your accent! Every word sounds like some pony is pouring acid into my ears!

"And yes," she added, "that was uncalled for as well."

You look like such a ruffian, I wouldn't be surprised if this suit was for your next court appearance!

"As was that..." she muttered.

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"First of all, it has to be said that while what Mister Wallace implied was wrong, he did say it was a joke. In all honesty, Miss Rarity, it was you referring to him as an 'uncouth barbarian' which caused this whole thing to erupt."

Rarity's face fell while Jock managed to conceal the small grin creeping onto his face.

"However," Swift Gavel said as he looked at him, "this whole thing is still your fault, Mister Wallace."

"What?" Jock shouted, "How is any of this *my* fault?!"

"When you first came to Equestria and were filling in the application for your visitation pass, what did you say your occupation was?"

"I said I was a writer," Jock replied, "but I don't see how th—"

"So on other words," Swift Gavel interrupted, "you neglected to mention the fact you worked in the media?"

"No pony bothered to ask me any follow up questions," Jock argued, "so I don't see how I can be held at fault for them not doing their jobs properly."

"Of course not," Swift Gavel replied, "but you *can* be held at fault for filling in the form wrong. When you signed it, you were declaring that the information you provided was true and accurate. A 'writer', Mister Wallace, is some pony who creates stories – such as the Daring Do series. You are a journalist, plain and simple."

"You... but I..." Jock stuttered.

"Jock Wallace," Swift Gavel raised his namesake, "because you lied about your occupation you had no right to publish that article about the Carousel Boutique, as you were not in possession of a media ID card. It is for that reason that I rule in favour of Miss Rarity."

Jock's face fell as Rarity struggled to contain her excitement.

"I hereby decree the following: one, you are to print a retraction of the article in your next issue. Two, you are to pay Miss Rarity one hundred thousand bits in compensation for defamation of character and loss of earnings. And three, you are to surrender your visitation and apply for a new one."

He banged his gavel on the bench.

"Court dismissed." he said.

"All rise." the bailiff instructed.

Everyone stood up as Swift Gavel returned to the back room. Once he was out of sight, Jock fell back into his seat and buried his face in his hands while muttering to himself.

Sweetie Belle launched herself at her sister and the two of them hugged. Placing the filly onto her back, Rarity trotted out of the courtroom with her head held high.

"Thank you for your custom darling. I shall have that finished for you in, say, a week? I'm a bit busy just now, as you can imagine."

"Not at all Rarity. Take your time, and... er, I'm sorry for turning my back on you like that. It was wrong of me to believe what that human had written, when he wasn't even a licensed journalist."

Rarity waved a hoof dismissively.

"Do not fear, dear Haywick." she said, "I forgive you. Now run along my dear stallion, you don't want to keep your patients waiting."

Haywick nodded and left. After he had gone, Rarity turned the 'open' sign around to 'closed' and locked the door before sighing.

The knock which followed made her groan.

"I'm sorry," she shouted, "but I am closed for tonight. Please come back tomorrow!"

"I can't do that," a familiar voice replied, "because I'm only here on a temporary pass, and it runs out tonight."

Rarity unlocked the door and opened it slightly. On the other side, Jock stood with a nervous smile on his face and a bouquet of roses in one hand.

"Hello Mister Wallace," she said politely, "and what can I do you for you this fine evening?"

Jock held out the roses.

"You can accept my apologies for everything that's happened." he replied, "I didn't purposely set out to ruin you, but I guess it all just got out of hand. Can you ever forgive me?"

Rarity took the roses in her magical aura and sniffed them. A small blush came to her cheeks as she smiled.

"Of course I can," she said, "because I actually have to thank you."

"Me?" Jock replied in shock, "Why do you want to thank me for almost ruining your life?"

"Ever since you published that retraction, all of my clients have come back to me. Some have even ordered several items as a way of apologising to me for taking your words to heart. It has sufficiently boosted my income, and the orders I have received will keep me busy for months to come."

"So in a way," Jock mused, "my article was the best thing that ever happened to you?"

Rarity nodded.

"Yes," she giggled, "it is rather ironic, isn't it?"

Jock rubbed the back of his head and laughed hesitantly.

"Yes, it is." he muttered, "But, er, I'm just glad that you have accepted my apology. And... if it's not too much bother... I'd like to publish a proper article about you."

"But I know who you are," Rarity replied, "so won't that make the article biased?"

"Yes," Jock said, "but... I wouldn't have it any other way."

Rarity smiled again and opened the door wider.

"Well in that case," she said, "you had better come in, because we have much to discuss."

Jock returned her smile and entered the Boutique, closing the door behind him with a soft click.

***** THE END *****