

TWILIGHT SPARKLE TRIES IRN BRU

By GeodesicDragon

In the basement of the Golden Oaks library, Twilight Sparkle rushed back and forth between various pieces of equipment, taking hold of a continuous stream of paper streaming out of one. She looked at the incomprehensible scribbles it held and nodded to herself.

"Okay, everything seems to be in order here." She said. "All the conduits are in the right place and the machinery is working at normal efficiency. The time is right for me to re-attempt my experiment, and bring an object from another world into Equestria. Ooh, the possibilities are endless!"

She clopped her forehooves together eagerly, not noticing the piercing stare of the young dragon standing next to her. He cleared his throat, which startled Twilight and made her fall to the ground in a tangled mess of limbs.

"Spike!" Twilight shouted. "Don't sneak up on me like that! Now, have you got what I sent you out for? It is vitally important that I get it immediate—"

"Yeah yeah, Twilight." Spike interrupted, holding up a bag and a paper cup. "One daisy sandwich and a coffee, just like you wanted."

Twilight smiled and took the items from her assistant, putting them on a nearby table. She then walked over to her machine and began pressing buttons on it.

"Jeez, Twilight." Spike groaned. "Don't tell me you're *still* working on this crazy experiment of yours. Why can't you just accept that there's nothing out there and do something else?"

Twilight turned to glare at him and he backed away slightly. He twiddled his claws for a moment before giggling sheepishly.

"Never mind!" He said quickly. "You do what you want... I'll, er, I'll be upstairs sweeping the library!"

With those words he ran up the stairs out of the basement. Twilight snorted and turned her attention back to her machine. She pressed a few more buttons and then lit her horn, taking hold of a small lever in her magical aura.

"Okay..." She took a deep breath. "Here goes nothing."

She pulled the lever and the machine sprung to life. The basement was bathed in a brilliant white light, which Twilight shielded her eyes from. A series of beeps and bangs followed before a sudden silence descended upon the library once more.

Twilight uncovered her eyes and looked at her machine. Through the glass door she could see an object. With a squeal of glee she opened the door and took the object in her levitation field.

"Spike!" She shouted. "It worked! It worked! I've managed to bring an object from another world into Equestria!"

Spike appeared on the stairs a moment later and rushed to Twilight's side, whereupon she held the object up for him to see. It was a small plastic bottle filled with an orange liquid. An orange and blue label around it bore the words 'Irn Bru'. Spike scratched his head in confusion.

"Urn Bruh?" He muttered. "What the heck is that supposed to mean? Is it some kind of weird alien language?"

"Who cares?!" Twilight studied the bottle closely, the large grin still fixed firmly upon her face. "Not only did my experiment work, I now have something else I can try! Now... how do I open this?"

Spike's eyes widened.

"Whoa whoa whoa!" He said, holding out his claws and waving them frantically. "You're actually gonna *drink* that stuff?! But you have no idea what it is! It could be poisoned or something!"

"Oh, Spike." Twilight scoffed. "I'm only going to try a little bit. That way, if it is dangerous, I can get to the hospital quicker."

She worked her magic on the bottle some more and eventually managed to remove the cap. A hiss of air escaped the bottle and caused the contents to bubble furiously. Spike chewed his nails in fear as Twilight held the bottle to her lips.

"For science." She said proudly. "Now... flanks up!"

She took a swig of the liquid, allowing the sweet taste to flow over her tongue and down her throat. Licking her lips she began chugging the rest of it down, much to Spike's horror.

"Twilight, no!" He pleaded. "You only said you were going to try a little bit of that stuff!"

Twilight finished off the bottle and dropped it onto the floor. She licked her lips again and let out a loud belch.

"Oh my! Excuse me." She giggled. "That stuff is really good, but I'm still clueless as to what it actually is. It's probably just a drink for refreshment purposes. You know, like a hay shake."

"Do..." Spike swallowed nervously. "Do you feel any different?"

Twilight shook her head.

"Not really." She replied, before her voice suddenly changed. "I cannae say that I do feel ony... here! Whit's wrang wi' mah voice?"

"I knew it." Spike wailed. "I knew it! It was a creepy alien potion of some kind! I warned you, Twilight, I warned you!"

"Ach wheesht, Spike." Twilight snapped. "I've jist aboot had it up tae here wi' yer prattlin' and whinin'."

"I... I don't... what?!" Spike replied. "What does that even mean? Do you even know what you're saying?!"

"Of course I dae." Twilight said. "It's no' mah fault that ye're too much o' a numpty tae unnerstaund ony of it."

Spike didn't reply. He stood in silence, his brain trying in vain to decipher the babble coming from his friends' mouth. Before he could formulate a reply, Twilight groaned in pain and brought a forehoof to her head.

"Aw, jings." She said. "I dinnae feel so guid."

Spike's eyes and mouth widened in horror as Twilight's mane suddenly began to change. Instead of its usual purple and pink, it was slowly changing to a deep red colour.

"T-Twilight?" Spike whimpered. "What's wrong with your mane?"

Twilight glanced at a mirror and watched as the colour change finished. She cocked her head at the mirror slightly, before a grin came to her features and she nodded.

"Oh aye." She said, casting a glance at the discarded bottle laying on the floor. "I'm beginnin' tae like this stuff. First ma accent changes, and noo ma mane has changed. I wonder whit's gonnae change about me next?"

"I don't know." Spike muttered. "But whatever happens, I bet it's gonna be just as weird as everything else."

"Och awa'." Twilight waved a hoof dismissively. "I'm daein' this a' in the name o' science... That reminds me, I really should start takin' notes about whit's gannin' on here."

She grabbed a quill and began scribbling away furiously on a roll of parchment while muttering to herself. Spike glanced at the bottle and then to the machine Twilight used to bring it to the library, when something inside caught his attention.

"Hey, Twilight." He said, poking her in the side. "There's something else in that machine of yours. Looks like you got two items."

Twilight looked up from her notes and towards the equipment. Sure enough, there was something else behind the door. She scrunched up her face in confusion.

"That wisnae there a meenit ago." She said. "So whaur the hell did it come fae? An' mair tae the point... whit is it?"

Spike shrugged. Throwing down her quill and parchment, Twilight walked over to the machine and opened the door. Using her magic she took out an object and took a closer look at it, a smile slowly creeping across her face.

"It looks like a bag of some kind." Spike said. "But what are those things sticking out of it?"

"Are ye daft?" Twilight replied. "These are bagpipes, you wee nyaff! An' *this* is whit ye dae with them."

Taking a deep breath, Twilight put her lips to the bagpipes and began blowing, using her magic to assist her. A few seconds later, a wailing sound filled the library. Spike covered his ears and dove under a table as Twilight began parading around the basement, playing her [music](#).

"Okay, okay!" Spike pleaded. "I get it! Just please stop with that infernal racket! I can't hear myself think!"

Twilight stopped playing and Spike let out a sigh of relief before crawling out from underneath the table. He looked at Twilight — and gasped in shock.

She was now wearing a hat and what looked like a skirt in several colours. Even her cutie mark had changed, into a white cross against a blue rectangle.



"What the...?" Spike trailed off, unable to understand what he was looking at. "Twilight... is that you in there?"

"Aye, it's me." Twilight replied. "Twilight McSparkle, at yer service."

"I think..." Spike hesitated for a moment. "I think you need to go to the hospital now, Twilight, before anything else weird happens. Maybe Zecora has the cure for your affliction?"

Twilight narrowed her eyes at him.

"Affliction?" She snarled. "Are you sayin' that bein' Scottish is a disease o' some kind?"

Spike took a nervous step backwards.

"N-no... no!" He said. "I'm just saying that this isn't who you are, Twi. I want you to go back to your old self, not stay as this weirdo you've become!"

Twilight's eyes narrowed even further. Spike looked around nervously, fearful of what was going to happen next.

"So being Scottish mak's me a weirdo now, does it?!" She bellowed, before her voice suddenly became eerily calm. "Ye ken somethin', Spike? I'm suddenly in the mood f'r mince and tatties... so haud still, you wee fanny!"

With those words she started sprinting across the room towards her target. Spike, not knowing what Twilight was on about, decided that retreat was his best option.

As he ran towards the door, he was snared in Twilight's levitation field. Cursing himself for forgetting about it, Spike prepared to accept his fate. He felt himself being turned around — and found himself looking into the confused eyes of a back-to-normal Twilight.

"And just where do you think you're going?" She asked as she put him down. "I've still got experiments to run."

"But you just did one!" Spike replied. "You drank that orange stuff and then you went crazy! Well... crazier than usual. Don't you remember any of that?"

"I do indeed, Spike." Twilight said. "And it has made me realise that there are other things in this world that need to be examined. So stand back while I fire up the machine again!"

Spike nodded and sighed in relief as Twilight walked back over to the machine and reset it. As she pressed buttons, a thought crossed Spike's mind.

"Hey, Twi?" He wondered. "How did you turn back to normal? I was beginning to think that that weird transformation you went through was going to be permanent."

"My digestive system, combined with my bodies' natural defences, must have dealt with... whatever was in that stuff." Twilight punctuated this sentence by belching again. "Excuse me. But whatever happened, I'm glad it did."

"Me too." Spike replied. "So, what do you think is going to come through the machine next?"

"Well..." Twilight looked at the empty bottle, the bagpipes, the hat and the skirt which lay strewn around the room. "These objects all seem to be from the same culture. So my guess is the next object I'll get will be as well."

She pulled the lever on the machine. The familiar bangs and beeps filled the room again, followed by the blinding light. When it was all clear, a small object lay behind the door. Opening it, Twilight removed the object with her magic and held it to her face. A smell emanating from the object caused her eyes to twitch.

"It's chocolate..." She mumbled. "But it's covered in batter!"

She looked at Spike, who shrugged.

"Okay, to Tartarus with this." Twilight grumbled. "These experiments are going to drive me to the very brink of insanity, even worse than that time I tried to figure out Pinkie Sense!"

She threw the batter-covered chocolate to Spike, who sniffed it. With a shrug he ate it, savouring the taste before following Twilight out of the basement.

The lights were turned off, and the room was plunged into darkness once more, the only sound being the echo of the slamming door.

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