

“This meeting of the Legion of Pony-Pets will come to order,” said Angel. “Any new business?”

“My owner used me as a hat rack this morning,” said Opalescence. “I move to censure her.”

“That’s not fair!” said Winona. “We can’t just put a big black bar over Rarity! How will she see where she’s going?”

“For the last time, you ridiculous cur, that’s not what the word mea-”

“Order!” said Angel. “The chair reminds you that this body doesn’t actually have the authority to censure anyone. It’s merely a forum through which us pets can express our views.”

“My view is that we should be allowed to censure Rarity.”

“Noted,” said Angel. “Any business that isn’t completely stupid?”

“I think we should make Applejack president of this club!” said Winona. “I know she’s not a pet and also can’t understand us, but she’s so great! This morning I got her a stick she threw and she patted me on the head and called me good dog! And that was the happiest moment of my life.”

Angel rolled his eyes. “Last week the happiest moment of your life was the time she gave you a bone. And the week before, it was the time she kind of looked at you for half a second but was actually looking at something next to you.”

“I know! She’s so GREAT!” said Winona.

“Gummy!” Angel said. “You’re pretty quiet. Anything to add?”

Gummy stood, walked to the front of the room, and whispered:

“One day I will eat the world. Everyone will bleed and I will swim in it. You all have been chosen to witness my glorious coming. Rejoice. REJOICE!”

“That’s nice,” said Angel. “Okay, the chair moves that we invite Spike to the next meeting just to piss him off.”