Fixing up Miss Smartypants, Part 5

by Arkensaw Pinkerton

“Missus Cake? We need t’see Pinkie Pie.”

Applebloom fixed Cup Cake with her most serious expression, backed up by the other three crusaders. Fluttershy had given her a job to do, and it was the most difficult, most important job the crusaders had ever faced. It was mostly just trying to undo all the damage they’d done this morning, but that didn’t make it any less challenging. Actually, thought Applebloom, her sister often mentioned how much hard work it was to tidy up after their crusades. If they spent all their time fixing the problems they caused when they tried to help, perhaps that’d be the sort of hard work that would earn them their cutie marks! And if it didn’t then they’d probably caused even bigger problems, and then they could fix those! Filing the thought to the back of her mind to be examined at detail, Applebloom focussed her attention back on Mrs. Cake, who seemed to have some sort of objection.

“Girls, I’m afraid Pinkie’s got company at the moment. How about you wait here for her and I’ll let her know?” Mrs. Cake leaned in towards Dinky and Scootaloo. “I might even have a little batch of chocolate muffins that need taste testing, how does that sound?”

“Chocolate!?”

“Muffins!? That sounds totally great!” Dinky and Scootaloo were easily swayed, but Applebloom was resolved. Giving a nod to Sweetie Belle, she walked past Mrs. Cake towards a display of pastries, and as the baker turned to follow Applebloom’s progress Sweetie Belle took the opportunity to sneak up the unguarded stairs towards Pinkie’s room.

“Missus Cake, it’s important that we see her right now. Fluttershy sent us! It’s a matter of broken hearts!” Applebloom protested, trying not to look directly at Sweetie Belle.

“I know, dear, but it’s just best if she’s not disturbed at the moment. I promise I’ll let them- I mean, let her know as soon as possible. There might even be an apple and blueberry muffin that needs testing as well, if you’re a good girl.” Mrs. Cake gave Applebloom a wink and walked into the back to get the fillies some treats.

“You stay right there now!” the baker shouted back, oblivious to the ruckus starting behind her- the three fillies were having a spirited if silent argument about whether or not they should just all run up the stairs, which Applebloom was losing. Faced with the fact that Scootaloo and Dinky seemed quite happy to sit on their rumps and mouth “But chocolate muffins!” at her until their faces were blue, she rolled her eyes and started off up the stairs on her own.

She’d just reached the top of the stairs when she heard Mrs. Cake return.

“Here you go, girls- oh, dear. Where did Applebloom go? Wasn’t Sweetie Belle with you?”

“Um- you see, what happened was- we saw a big raccoon, okay?” Applebloom groaned quietly as Scootaloo started to tell the raccoon story again. It’s not that Scootaloo was a bad liar- she was the best out of the three of them when it came to straight-up denials- she just didn’t have a great imagination when she was put on the spot.

“Scootaloo’s just telling stories again, Mrs. Cake,” Dinky chimed in. Applebloom almost gave herself away by gasping loudly- was her new friend really going to rat them all out that quickly?

“The truth is that Fluttershy gave us a list of a few important things to do. So we figured we didn’t all have to wait here, and since Applebloom and Sweetie Belle don’t like chocolate muffins as much as we do, they went to go and talk to Rarity. It’s totally nice of them to let us stay!” Dinky cheerfully lied.

“I see. Well, take your time girls. I’ll just be in the kitchen-I think Pinkie might be another fifteen minutes or so. Maybe twenty-five.”

“Thanks Mrs. Cake!” Dinky chirruped. Applebloom was about to head on to Pinkie’s door when she heard Dinky mutter to Scootaloo.

“Seriously? A raccoon?”

Focussing on her task of getting to Pinkie, Applebloom carefully and quickly turned the corner, to see Sweetie Belle slowly lifting one hoof and putting it down an inch or so closer to Pinkie’s door. The little unicorn breathed a sigh of relief, and lifted another hoof. Ugh, thought Applebloom, that’s way too cautious! We’ll be here all day at this rate. Applebloom walked up behind Sweetie Belle and tapped her friend on the shoulder.

“I WASN’T DOINmmmfrgmm?” Sweetie Belle shouted out, her panicked objection cut short by Applebloom’s hoof in her mouth. Applebloom gave her friend a stern look before removing it. She indicated Pinkie’s door and the two crusaders edged stealthily towards it.

“Are you sure this is Pinkie’s room?” Sweetie Belle asked, only to be answered by a giggle from the other side of the door followed by a snort that couldn’t really belong to anypony else. Emboldened, Sweetie Belle knocked on the door loudly. From the other side, though, there were suddenly two voices- Pinkie’s and another mare’s that neither of the two young fillies recognised.

“Oh! There’s someone at the door! Could you get that for me?”

“Seriously? I was just about- ugh. Fine! But if this is either of the Cakes with another pastry-” the door opened, to reveal a unicorn with an electric blue mane and enormous sunglasses pushed

up onto her forehead. “-then I’m going to tell them to shove it right up their-”

The unicorn looked out at first and then down, registering that their guests were a lot smaller than she’d expected. Her red eyes narrowed in confusion, and whatever she was going to say was cut short by Sweetie Belle.

“I know you! You’re the DJ my sister hired for her fashion show. Vinyl Scratch, right?”

“Oh yeah!” Applebloom chimed in. “What are you doin’ in Pinkie’s room?”

The two crusaders looked up at the reddening unicorn, who was looking around for an explanation.

“We were, er, doing the sort of thing you might, um. Oh! We were planning a party! I’m a DJ and Pinkie plans parties, and we were planning a party together. Yes. That’s what it was.”

“It was!?” Pinkie shouted in excitement, bouncing off the bed towards the door with an expression of delighted surprise. “I thought we were just making out! Were we planning a party at the same time? That’s my best invention ever!”

Pinkie completely ignored Vinyl, who was pinching the bridge of her nose and muttering something about the most embarrassing marefriend she’d ever had, to lean in and have a quick chat with Applebloom and Sweetie Belle.

“Hi girls! Were you looking for me?” Pinkie asked. Applebloom took a deep breath and tried to say everything at once. Better to get it over with fast, she figured.

“Today we decided to try and get our cutie marks by doin’ matchmaking so we were gonna set up Applejack and Twilight and then Rainbow and Rarity so we wrote letters to Rainbow and Rarity from each other and secretly delivered them but Fluttershy says it’ll only make things worse and she says that Applejack’s probably not interested in Twilight and Twilight’s probably interested in some other pony but we’ve been throwin’ apples at her and she said we should come and get you for help an’ *Ah didn’t mean to mess it all up!*”

Applebloom took some deep breaths, trying to hold back her tears.

“Aw, don’t cry Applebloom! I’ve been waiting for something like this to happen for a few months now. Everypony’s been hiding their feelings and letting it bottle up and bottle up until KABLOOEY!”

Pinkie pulled a small string behind the door frame and a variety of streamers suddenly exploded across her room, accompanied by a small trumpet cheer. Vinyl and Sweetie Belle exchanged confused looks, but Applebloom seemed quite encouraged.

“So this isn’t all our fault?” she asked in a very small voice.

“Not at all!” Pinkie smiled at her. “In fact, it means everything’s happening all at once, which means it can all happen in the same place, and THAT means I can make sure everything happens exactly the way it’s supposed to!”

“You can?” asked the other three ponies in unison, the crusaders delighted and Vinyl genuinely confused.

“Yep! Because if everything’s happening tonight, then everypony’s going to be at the big party! So all we have to do is make sure that all of my very bestest friends attend as well, and then we can make sure everything comes out right.”

“Wait, this big bash you hired me for is tonight? Sweet Celestia, Pinkie, I usually have a little more warning than that! Where am I setting up?” Vinyl shouted, suddenly panicked.

“You’ll be in the park! Don’t worry, my Cloudsdale boys will already be setting up the stage for you and the sound system will be tuned just as you like it on preset number 2. All you have to do is hustle your rump down there for seven-thirty sharp and start warming everypony up!”

Pinkie winked at Vinyl, who visibly relaxed for a second before levitating a pen and pad out of one of her bags.

“Okay, so just your standard party mix, not too much dubtrot- wait, preset number 2? Have you got another act booked for this thing?”

“Yep!” The pink party pony giggled. “My sister owes me her yearly favour in exchange for keeping out of her hair, so she’s going to be-”

The pad and pan fell to the floor.

“Your sister. You mean Octavia? You can’t mean Tavi, Pinkie. You wouldn’t. Tell me you wouldn’t invite her to the same party as me. You know I can’t see her right now, right?” Vinyl’s voice had a dangerous edge
to it, Applebloom noticed, and the two fillies slowly started backing away from the door.

“Of course it’s Octypuss, silly! You can’t see her because she’s not in the same room yet, but that’s okay because she should be arriving in about a hundred and ninety-six seconds. You two are going to be performing together!” Pinkie bounced around a stunned Vinyl, who was sat, speechless, with one of her eyelids twitching.

“Well, she took that better than I thought.” Pinkie whispered from behind Applebloom, who

jumped, startled at the sudden shift in Pinkie's location. Pinkie closed the door on Vinyl before turning to face the two crusaders.

"Now, like I said, if everypony does their part, then we can make sure this is the best party ever! I need you to do some special jobs, though. Is Scootaloo with you?"

"Yup! She's downstairs with Dinky. Is Vinyl going to be-" Applebloom got cut off by Pinkie as the older pony herded the two fillies down the stairs.

"She'll be fine! She's just upset because she used to date my sister and they were super-serious and then Octavia got all smoochy with this showpony she met and they had a huge enormous argument about it. So I invited Vinyl to come and stay with me for a few days!"

They arrived downstairs, where a deeply satisfied Dinky and Scootaloo sat with a plate between them, scattered with a few forlorn crumbs and the occasional escaped chocolate chip.

"Okay, crusaders! Form up!" Pinkie shouted, affecting a military salute. The four fillies snapped to attention, lining up in front of Pinkie. Dinky seemed to take a moment longer than the other three, holding her stomach as she wobbled to her feet.

"This party is going to be the biggest, most important party Ponyville has ever seen. It's a surprise party for the whole town, all asked for by one particular pony so she can propose! As a matter of absolute secrecy, I can't tell you which pony it is-"

"It's Lyra, isn't it? She talks about it with my mom sometimes and I'm not supposed to say anything." Dinky clapped her hooves over her mouth, appalled at what she'd just blurted out. Even Pinkie seemed surprised.

"Okay, so you all know, but now you have to keep it completely secret. You're going to have to Pinkie Pie swear on it, otherwise the party will be ruined and everypony will end up unhappy. Do you swear to keep it a secret?"

The four fillies crossed their hearts and placed a hoof over their eyes, leaving Dinky and Scootaloo each with a dark ring of chocolate crumbs around their right eyes. Dinky breathed a sigh of relief- she hadn't meant to say anything.

"Good," Pinkie continued. "Now, I've got three important jobs that you're going to have to do. The first one is that somepony needs to head to the library and get Spike. I need him to send some messages for me. But you can't let Twilight Sparkle know he's gone!"

"I'll do it! Pick me!" Sweetie Belle bounced up and down, a hoof in the air before she realised none of the other crusaders had volunteered. Applebloom and Scootaloo snickered to each other- when Dinky gave them a confused look, Scootaloo leaned in and whispered something in

her ear.

“But he’s a dragon,” Dinky started to say, until she saw the angry, blushing face on Sweetie Belle.

“Private Sweetie Belle of the Party Brigade, you have your orders! Go and retrieve Spike!” Pinkie shouted, cutting through the tension and sending Sweetie Belle bouncing happily out of the bakery door. Before the door could swing shut, a grey earth pony with a neat little bow tie pushed it back open and strode in, her dark mane coiffed perfectly.

“Good afternoon, Pinkamena. I thought I’d stop by and confirm the arrangements for this evening; I’ve already dropped off my cello at the park,” said the newcomer, who was immediately bowled over with an enormous hug from Pinkie.

“Octavia! Octy-wocty-Octypuss! It’s so good to see you! You’re supposed to be on stage at seven-thirty sharp- you’re on preset one on the sound system and I’ve made sure you’ve got exactly the same number of amps as your opponent! Afterwards we can go and get drinks and you can introduce me to your new marefriend. Then I can introduce her to MY new marefriend! You won’t have to be introduced because you already know everypony.”

“There’s no need for the introductions to wait until then,” Octavia said. “I rather hoped I could introduce you now. She’s waiting outside, I’ll fetch her in a moment. I’m also hoping that you’ll go into perhaps a teensy bit more detail about my ‘opponent’, as you put it. Am I to be competing in a musical challenge of some variety?” Octavia raised an eyebrow as she extricated herself from Pinkie’s grip, adjusting her bow-tie back to its former position.

“Haha, yep! You’ll be going amp to amp, both playing at once! It’ll be the musical war of the century!” Pinkie squealed with delight.

“And my opponent?” Octavia pressed.

“That would be me.” Vinyl’s voice was cold as she stepped down the stairs, her head high and her signature shades firmly in place. “I can’t say I’m happy about being the pony who destroys your musical career, Tavi, so if you wanna back out of the gig now I’ll be happy to fill the fifteen seconds of entertainment you’d usually be able to muster up.”

Octavia snorted, her face flushing with anger as she faced her former beau.

“You can be angry at me all you like, Vinyl, but don’t try to win points by comparing our musical skills. I have some, you see, whereas all you are is a glorified ringleader. You showcase other ponies’ talents. I believe you have very little of your own.”

“Better a ringleader than a clown. I see you’ve still got that pathetic little bow-tie.”

“Hah, as though you can call anyone a clown while you’re wearing those ridiculous sunglasses.”

“Still pretending you’re upper-crust to get gigs, rock farm girl?”

“Still pretending you’re not, Lady Scratch of the Canterlot Scratches?”

“Enough!” Vinyl shouted. The two ponies had gotten closer and closer as they were shouting, their faces read and their breathing heavy as they stood an inch or two apart. They both seemed to realise how close they’d gotten at the same time, backing off and dropping their eyes from the other’s.

“Enough,” the unicorn repeated. “I don’t want to get into a spat with an ex in front of my new marefriend.”

Without taking her gaze off Octavia, Vinyl leaned in towards Pinkie and kissed her on the cheek, before breaking into a malicious smile. Octavia’s face fell for a second, genuine upset creeping into her expression before she recovered and screamed at the top of her lungs.

“TRIXIE! GET IN HERE!”

Vinyl reached up and pulled off her shades, fury in her eyes. Octavia jutted her lip for a second before the two ponies launched into another shouting match.

“You brought her with you? You knew I was spending some time in Ponyville!”

“I didn’t know you’d be using that time to seduce my big sister! How could you, Vinyl?”

“How could I? Don’t you dare put the blame for this on me! You broke my heart, Tavi. I have no reason to apologise for taking comfort where I find it!”

“Comfort? What, you think I used you so you’re using Pinkie in revenge? She’s my sister! She should have nothing to do with this disaster of a breakup!”

The two ponies paused for breath for a brief second, and suddenly the lights in the bakery went dim. With a flash of green flame and a firework squeal, the door flew open, the flash of rockets momentarily silhouetting the blue unicorn in the cape and wizard hat who was rearing in the doorway.

“Greetings, friends of Octavia! The Great and Powerful Trixie-”

Trixie looked around the room at the expressions of the ponies. Scootaloo, Applebloom and Dinky looked thoroughly confused, and Vinyl and Octavia looked like they both wanted to

murder somepony. Only Pinkie had the delighted expression Trixie usually liked to see after a grand entrance. She took a second look at Vinyl before saying anything else, landing on all fours as she did.

“-will be waiting outside for you, Octavia Louise Pie, and is sorry that she interrupted.” Trixie’s voice fell away as she scooted outside with as much dignity as she could muster.

“Her? Seriously?” Vinyl said, quietly, fixing her sunglasses back in place.

“Oh, shut up,” Octavia muttered, although there was no more venom in her voice.

“I’m going to crush you this evening, you know,” Vinyl said, and now there was a hint of challenge in her voice.

“We’ll see. Well, you’ll see, anyway. Every other pony will just be listening to me,” Octavia responded. “Pinkie, this has been- educational- but I’m off to check my setup. I’m sure you understand.”

“Wait, you don’t go anywhere near that stage without me. I don’t want you messing it up.” Vinyl stepped towards the door at the same time as Octavia, and without words the two ponies started speeding up. They left the bakery at a run, racing towards the park side by side.

Applebloom tugged at Pinkie’s tail as the pink pony smiled after her sister and Vinyl charging off towards the park.

“Pinkie? Do all of yer plans involve that much yelling?” she asked, quietly.

“Nope!” Pinkie answered happily. “I think maybe Rarity and Rainbow will have to yell a little, but you’ll see. It’ll all come together! Applebloom, I have a special job for you. You remember that big catapult? Rainbow’s old one that you borrowed for the bass drum experiment?”

“It’s hard to forget,” Applebloom said, tilting her ears downwards. “Applejack made me take the whole thing apart after Ah destroyed her cart.”

“Exactly! So if some pony like me had saved all the parts in their basement then you’d be able to put it back together, right? We need that catapult up and ready in the park. I had some of my teamsters drag all the parts and connections and stuff out there earlier, just in case, but I can’t spare them to put it together because they’re all super busy with the stage.”

“Ah guess Ah could put it back together,” said Applebloom, pursing her lips as she thought it through. “But Ah can’t lift all the stuff to the places it needs to be. Ah’m not big enough!”

“That’s not a problem,” smirked Pinkie, looking out towards the door before raising her voice.

“Trixie! Come in here, we need you to settle a bet!”

The doorway remained defiantly empty. After a few seconds, Trixie could be heard speaking in a loud stage whisper.

“Is Vinyl still in there?”

“Nope! She and Octavia went to sort out the music for this evening,” shouted Scootaloo, before dropping her voice so that Trixie wouldn’t hear. “What do we need that blowhard for? She’s no good at anything.”

“Fear not, fillies and gentlecolts!” Trixie shouted as she strode into Sugarcube Corner. “The Great and Powerful Trixie has deigned to settle your meaningless bet.”

Dinky rolled her eyes at Scootaloo, who was trying to suppress a groan.

“Here’s the bet- I bet these fillies a whole week’s worth of chores that you couldn’t do an hour of manual labour,” said Pinkie. “I’ve got a device that needs putting together and Applebloom knows how to put it together but she’s not strong enough to lift the heavy parts. Since Applebloom’s such a huge fan of yours, she suggested you, since everypony knows that the Great and Powerful Trixie has the strongest magic in Equestria! And I said that there was no way you could do it because you’re just a big phony faker.”

Trixie seemed to swell with indignation, rearing up and stamping on the floor. Applebloom mouthed ‘I’m a big fan?’ at Pinkie, who just shrugged as Trixie found her voice.

“You dare to insult Trixie to her face? Trixie has never exaggerated or faked anything! Trixie is more than powerful enough to assist this foal! Why, Trixie once-”

“Okay great! Applebloom, lead the way!” said Pinkie, herding Applebloom and Trixie towards the door. Applebloom swore she saw Pinkie wink at her quickly before the door was closed behind them.

“Alright miss Trixie, we got work to do. Now come on!” Applebloom said, running towards the park before Trixie could sort out her cape or work out exactly what had just happened. Behind her, she heard Trixie’s objections before the showpony finally gave in and chased after her.

“Little filly, Trixie had no intention of actually- wait! Trixie is not going to- slow down! Wait for Trixie!”

Sweetie Belle threw another ruby at the library’s kitchen window and huffed in annoyance. Spike

was taking forever to notice her; not that that was any different from normal, she thought to herself. She lifted the last little gemstone she'd liberated from Rarity's stores and threw it at the window with irritated strength.

Spike opened the window with a quizzical expression, and Sweetie Belle covered her mouth in horror as her emerald projectile hit Spike in the eye. The young dragon immediately grabbed his face with both claws, losing his grip on the windowsill and falling out into the rosebushes below.

"Oh no! Spike, are you okay? I'm so sorry!"

Sweetie Belle ran over to the little flowerbed, grimacing as she saw Spike extract himself from the thorns. He looked extremely sorry for himself until he noticed the little gems littering the ground around his window, quickly crunching up one of the rubies before responding.

"I've had worse. Don't remind me about Twilight's number 6," Spike said, shuddering as he picked up a sapphire and swallowed it whole. "Have you been throwing these gems at the window? Not that I don't appreciate it, but you could have just knocked. And maybe added a little cinnamon."

"I couldn't knock. I needed to talk to you without Twilight knowing I'd come and got you."

"Why can't Twilight- oh, is it something about the date? Rarity hasn't changed her mind or anything, has she?"

Sweetie Belle was incredibly confused. What on earth was Spike talking about? Had he organised a date with Rarity? Was Twilight jealous or something?

"Wait, you organised a date? With Rarity?"

"Hey, I didn't do the organising. Rarity planned it all out herself! All I have to do is make sure Twilight doesn't catch on. So what's the problem?"

Sweetie Belle's stomach tightened for a second, but she tried not to let it show. What on earth was her big sister doing playing around with Spike's feelings?

"Spike, I don't think Rarity's going to be taking any date she's on all that seriously. She's got a huge crush on Rainbow Dash. I'm not sure anypony else really has a chance with her."

"Really? I dunno, Sweetie Belle. Rainbow's great and all, but Rarity seemed awfully keen on getting that doll fixed up to give to Twilight at their date tonight."

"But Applejack found that old doll! My big sister was only repairing it for her as a favour," said Sweetie Belle.

Spike and Sweetie Belle frowned at each other, both thinking things through. So Rarity's date was with Twilight? Or was it Applejack's date? Sweetie Belle couldn't work it out. She suddenly realised that Spike's eyes were widening, his claws covering his mouth unconsciously as he came to some terrible conclusion.

"I think I might have made a mistake, Sweetie Belle." He said, nervously looking from side to side. "I didn't mean to but I've told so many ponies about this. If I was wrong- what am I gonna do? I'll upset everypony!"

Sweetie Belle cautiously put a foreleg around Spike's shoulders, pulling him in for an awkward hug. As she did, she could feel the warmth emanating from his body- it was so unlike hugging another pony. For a lot of reasons, she thought, dropping her hoof to the ground again and speaking in as determined a voice as she could muster.

"I know exactly what we're going to do. We're going to go to see Pinkie Pie and you tell her everything you know. She's got a plan for it! I promise."

"Are you sure?" Spike looked like he was on the verge of crying.

"I'm sure. But we've got to move fast! Come on!"

Sweetie Belle and Spike ran back towards Sugarcube corner as fast as their legs would carry them.

Big Macintosh knocked on the door again for the third time in as many minutes, with no discernible effect other than a slight increase in the volume of the incoherent, screaming sobs coming from within. He'd made it to the boutique a while ago, alternating between calling for Rarity and knocking on the door, but he'd seen neither hide nor hair of the fashionista.

Consarn it, this is frustrating! Thought the big stallion. If Rarity's interested in Twilight, then that's fine. She asked Twilight out first and she deserves a fair try to win Miz Sparkle's affections. But Ah'm interested in Twilight too- more than interested- and Ah intend to press my suit as well. The honourable thing to do is to let Rarity know, so there's a level playing field and Twilight can make a fair choice. So why won't the mare stop crying for a fraction of a second so Ah can talk to her?

Big Mac sighed and tried knocking on the door again, to no avail. He was about to call out again when he saw Whooves round the corner, the smaller stallion's face breaking into an expression of relief.

“Macintosh! Thank Celestia I’ve finally found you. Who would have thought this place was so hard to locate, eh?”

Big Mac just shrugged, encouraging Whooves to go on.

“Mac, I need your help, I’m afraid. I think I’ve rather managed to upset Dizzy- Ditzy, I mean- and I’m not quite sure how. Or how to apologise.” Whooves sat down, ears lowered.

“How did y’upset her?” Big Mac asked carefully. Whooves sprang up, gesticulating wildly as he tried to explain- the fella looks like he’s at th’ end of a long rope, thought the big red stallion.

“I don’t know! Look, this is what happened- you decided to go charging off out to this town’s miniscule fashion district to see a mare about a letter, and I was a bit lost as to the cause of your actions. Dizzy- I mean Ditzy- said that she thought you were interested in Miss Sparkle, from the library?” Whooves paused for a second, waiting for confirmation, and Big Mac gave him a grudging nod.

“Ha! See, I thought you were seeing Dizzy! Ditzy! So as soon as I find out you’re not, obviously I’m delighted, because now there’s no reason I can’t ask her out to dinner. On a date, I mean. Romantically. Do you follow?”

Big Mac blinked.

“Well there’s no need to be sarcastic. Except, obviously, I can’t ask her out, because she’s a client and that would be terribly unethical. So that’s the only thing in my way, yes? I ask her to sit down and I tell her you don’t need the sessions any more- you don’t, by the way, I really think you’ve made marvellous progress- and I tell her that I don’t think the sessions are really helping her, and so we should wrap the sessions up. Then she screamed at me-”

“Wait, you led with ‘these sessions ain’t helping you and you shouldn’t come to ‘em any more now that Big Mac’s alright’?” said Big Mac, raising an eyebrow.

“Don’t be daft! I didn’t- well, that wasn’t my point, I meant to say that- if she’d stayed around to hear me out I could have- oh, figs.” Whooves slumped, defeated.

“I’ve made a royal mess of this, Mac. You’ve got to go and talk to Dizzy for me, see if she’ll at least hear me out. I don’t expect a miracle. If she doesn’t want me then I can get over it, I’m a big lad. But she thinks I don’t want her, and she’s right off the mark.”

Big Mac thought for a moment, looking at Whooves with new eyes. He trusted the smaller stallion with a lot of things- therapy was very personal after all- and he’d always borne up well. Ditzy was important to Big Mac, and she’d always played her personal feelings very close to her chest. For a long time, the stallion had thought that she might have been attracted to him, but as

time went on, that hadn't seemed to be the case; their relationship had matured into a close friendship. He felt more comfortable around Ditzy than almost any other pony. He made a decision and stared at Whooves, making the smaller stallion flinch.

"Y'really like her?"

"Yes." Whooves didn't drop his gaze for a second.

"You weren't just crushing on her because you couldn't have her?"

"Of course not." Whooves snorted indignantly.

"And you ain't just looking to stud her?"

"You listen here, big fella, you talk about her like that again and farm upbringing or not I will kick you so hard you'll forget what apples are." Whooves narrowed his eyes.

Big Mac could barely suppress his laughter- Whooves was puffed up like a bantam rooster, fury in his eyes as he stared up at the enormous farmpony.

"Alright, Ah'll talk to her. But Ah have to speak with Miz Rarity first, an' she won't stop c-crying," said Big Macintosh, allowing himself a smile as Whooves deflated into a wide grin. Whooves seemed to be about to say something in response when a familiar buzzing noise interrupted them; as the noise got louder, Scootaloo powered around the corner, her wings flapping madly as she used her scooter to pull a wagon containing Dinky and a stack of flyers. Big Mac had barely had time to register what he was seeing before Dinky threw a handful of the flyers at the two stallions, shouting.

"There's a party tonight! In the park! Everypony totally has to come, it's a really big deal!"

Big Mac looked at one of the flyers- something about a "Magical Mystery Benefactor Bash". Seemed like some pony had decided to throw a real festival for every little pony in town. He was only distracted for a second, though, suddenly remembering he had a good reason to talk to Scootaloo.

"Scootaloo! You get back here, now! We need to have a c-conversation!"

"Can't hear you! Going too fast! Doing this for Pinkie! Sorry!" Scootaloo shouted back as the two fillies rounded another corner, but Big Mac was sure the little filly looked far too worried to have missed what he said. Whooves peeled a flyer off his face, dismissing it before he continued.

"I was about to say that I may be some help with regards to your hysterical friend. I am a therapist, after all. I'll pop in there, calm her down enough for you to speak to her, and then we

can go and chat with Dizzy. Does that sound like a plan?"

Big Mac shrugged, as Whooves walked up to the boutique's door and rapped on it smartly a couple of times.

"Miss Rarity? My name is Doctor John Smith and I'm a therapist! I couldn't help but hear you crying, and I wondered if I might be- augh!"

The door cracked open enough for a pale foreleg to reach out, grab Whooves around the neck and yank him into the building, where the sobbing seemed to be immediately replaced with a rambling monologue that Big Mac couldn't, thankfully, quite make out. Unsure if his friend had actually been any help at all, Big mac wrinkled his nose before sitting down again and resigning himself to wait.

He had a look at one of the flyers again- at least there was going to be something to do tonight. Pinkie could be a bit off sometimes, he mused, but the mare knew how to put on a decent hootenanny, that was for sure. If he could just square things with Rarity, he might even get a dance with Miz Sparkle. Smiling quietly to himself, Big Mac started daydreaming, thinking about the steps of a waltz and a certain lavender unicorn.

Author's extraneous notes!

Okay, this one was a bit bigger than I thought it would be! Still two updates to go, I think. The last update will be the entire party, but I think I've enough set-up left that there's at least one more update before that. Might be a shorter one though, or arrive a little faster.

In other news: Octavia! Vinyl! Trixie! Pinkie! How have I not been writing Pinkie the entire time? SO MUCH FUN. As always, feedback is appreciated- If you feel like dropping me a note, leave a comment on Equestria Daily or just email me with the link at the top.

Oh, and one final note: Why is Ditzy called Ditzy if Rainbow calls her "Derpy" in the cartoon? Well, there's one of two explanations:

1) I started this story before that episode aired, and now it is non-canon;
2) Rainbow Dash can be kind of a jerk.

Pick your favourite!

<--------- Part Four!
Part Six! ---------->