

No pony could remember a time when it had rained so hard. The rain hit hard on the windows of the Cloudsdale hospital as nurses rushed to assist in one particularly hard birth. The Pegasus mare laid on her back, wings spread wide open, sweating and grunting. Her colt husband sat by her side holding her hoof trying to comfort her. Lightning shot through the skies and rocked the hospital as the mare still struggled through her labor. A doctor offered her some medicine to help the pain but the mare refused, preferring a more natural birth. The wind outside rocked the windows violently as the thunder boomed and the torrent of rain just got harder. The rain and the wind were so loud against the glass of the birthing room the mare could barely make out the instructions of the doctor. She pushed as hard as she could and then stopped to take a breather and continued to push as hard as she could. The doctor said that he could see the head of the newborn when lightning struck the hospital itself and everything went black. No sound could be heard except the receding of the rain on the glass and the crying of a newborn baby foal. The lights went back on and the doctor held the newborn in his arms.

“Congratulations, it’s a filly.” The doctor said as he handed it to the new mother and let the father have the honor of cutting the umbilical cord.

“She’s beautiful,” said the father kissing his wife on the side of her head, “what are we going to name her?” The new mother looked out the window and saw the most beautiful rainbow she had seen in a long time, the kind of rainbow that you only get after a very hard rain. She turned back to her husband and replied back simply.

“Rainbow, Rainbow Dash.”