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Chapter One: Differences

"When I get my hands on Princess, she's going to wish she was never born," a voice said, rousing Blossom from unconsciousness. Trying to open her eyes was a mistake, as the light appeared to set off a nuclear explosion in her brain. Screwing her eyes shut, Blossom decided to give a reply.

This soothing green text is my paragraph-by-paragraph thoughts and suggestions. Comments will highlight grammatical problems, things that are more objectively errors.

This paragraph is from Blossom's perspective. « a voice » suggests she doesn't know who's speaking..

« appeared to set off » obvious metaphor weakened by "appear"

« to give a reply » I can see that. I don't need you to tell me.

"Now, Buttercup, don't do anything you might regret," she chided. "After all, we're alive and well, aren't we? Well...alive anyway," she amended. "I have a headache the size of some of those monsters from Monster Island."

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"Well, at least I'm not alone in that," Buttercup's voice replied. A third voice joined them with a groan.

Strip out the non-dialog stuff...

"Ow...why is the light so bright? Can someone turn it down?" Bubbles had apparently learned the same thing that Blossom had; don't open your eyes right after being unconscious.

and « "Ow... why is the light so bright?" Bubbles said with a groan. "Can someone turn it down?" » Please note the following:

- Each paragraph functions to show a moment of time, similar to a single shot in film or TV.
- That's the general rule behind the strict "new speaker, new paragraph" rule
- « had apparently learned the same thing » I read this as a narrator comment, the special power specific to 3rd-omniscient narrators. It's the written version of the voice-over narrator in TV, so I'd hope for the same sort of humor as the PPG narrator. Just something to think about.

Sucking in a breath, Blossom risked cracking one eye open. The sliver of light didn't set off any explosions in her mind this time, so she slowly opened it further, followed by her other eye. She was on her back, it appeared, and looking at the sky. Looking around, only moving her eyes, she determined that she was in a clearing in a rather dark forest. The look of the place gave her the shivers. Twitching a little, Blossom tried to move. Still no protest, either from her brain or body. With a grunt, she forced herself into a sitting position, something that felt different than it normally did. She had noticed that her body felt different, but attributed it to being groggy. Now, though, she couldn't deny that something felt off. For example, why couldn't she feel her hands? Looking down at them, she got her answer.

Lots of excess words to trim: « this time » « it appeared »

Double « looking » + « she determined » = awkward

Whole paragraph is rough.

Try changing the last sentence to

She looked down at her arms.

This will set up the next paragraph

"WHAT THE HECK?!" she exclaimed, then groaned as the shout had set off another explosion in her head. Trying to massage her head only worsened her feelings of

trepidation.

"What the heck?!" Her arm was covered in short, thick red hair and ended in, well... in a hoof.

You may not hold the reader in suspense like that, not even for one sentence. If the perspective character obviously knows something important, the narrator must tell. That's just the rule for third-person; first is different.

"Blossom, not so loud," Buttercup groaned, with a whimper of agreement from Bubbles. "What's gotten you so...oh." Looking around, Blossom spotted her sisters...or what she assumed were her sisters.

New speaker, new paragraph. Every time!

A light green pony was pushing herself to her hooves, her untidy black mane and tail a clear indicator of who she was, if one wasn't looking at the absolutely gobsmacked expression on her face. On the other side, a light blue pony was content to simply stare at the other two, before looking at herself.

« a clear indicator » no, it's not, especially not in a cross-over. Don't assume the readers are familiar with the characters.

mane and tail and her gobsmacked expression making her Buttercup. Next to her, a light-blue pony with Bubbles's hair- uh, *mane*-style stared in turn at the other two and herself.

"Well...this is different," Bubbles's voice came from the light blue pony, before rising to her hooves.

If you identify Bubbles in the last paragraph, just Bubbles said before rising to her hooves.

"Different? That's not the word I'd use," Buttercup's voice said from the green pony. If it weren't for the fact that the ponies' mouths were moving in tandem with the words that were spoken, Blossom was sure she'd have been looking harder for her sisters. As it was, she could only look down at her own pink-furred legs and hooves.

Blossom has to be red because of the Japanese "transforming superhero" cliché in which the red one is always the leader. (She actually says something like "Of course I'm the leader; I'm the red one" in PPGZ) Unless, of course, there's something in the PPG canon about "pink" vs "red" that I don't know about.

Also, ponies have hair, not fur.

"Alright, let's not lose our heads, here," Blossom tried to reassert control of the situation. "This is...bizarre, true, but we can't fall to pieces because we're not in our old

bodies. This isn't the first time we've been changed into something else, remember?"

"Yeah, but last time, we couldn't talk. This isn't normal," Buttercup countered. "Plus, that time was because Mojo stole that Anubis head, and was changing EVERYone. Who knows why or how we changed this time."

needs more "said" Consider empasizing words with *italics* rather than caps. I think they look nicer.

"Calm down, Buttercup," Bubbles said, lifting off into a hover. "We can't just...huh?" Twisting her head around, she was looking at her back. The reason was obvious, as Blossom and Buttercup learned when they looked at her. A pair of wings the same color as her fur were flapping on Bubbles's back, keeping her aloft. "Where did THESE come from?" she asked, confused.

« was looking » I have a personal vendetta against "was verbing". Always try without it.
« the reason was obvious ... » delete this entire sentence, as *it* is too obvious

Blossom and Buttercup checked their own backs, only to find them devoid of wings. Buttercup then looked at Blossom, and her eyes widened. "No wings, but you've got a horn on your head, Leader Girl."

Not a correction, but a compliment: you're doing a really good job with your 3rd-omniscient narrator. I haven't felt any perspective whiplash.

Reaching up with a hoof (a feat that she idly noted was normally impossible for ponies), Blossom could indeed feel a protrusion from her forehead. "So...I'm a unicorn, then? And Bubbles is a pegasus?"

Buttercup shrugged. "So what does that make me? Just a pony? Not like it really mat-OOF!" She had attempted to kick off into the air, only to fall back to earth. "What the-?! I can't fly anymore!" / *I'd break the paragraph right here* / This revelation sent the quickly panicking girls into testing their various powers. A few minutes later, they had determined that each of them had lost some abilities, but retained others. And none of them shared any of the same abilities anymore.

Blossom, as it turned out, still had her ice breath and heat rays, though both now emanated from her horn rather than her mouth and eyes, respectively. She had also developed a kind of telekinesis, surrounding objects in a pink aura and lifting them with a thought. Bubbles, aside from flight, could still use her Sonic Scream (though she cut it off after a second as to not draw too much attention). She also retained the various vision abilities (aside from heat) that the Girls normally all shared. Buttercup, much to her chagrin, had only one thing; the super strength that used to define all of the Girls. She had lost everything else.

Please consider showing the reader them doing this. It gives you a chance to introduce non-PPG readers to what their powers should be, and characterize how they respond to a crisis.

"Why?! What's going on here?! Why am I the one who's lost the most?!" Buttercup was going into hysterics, her irises contracting into minuscule points. Before she could panic much further, her head was seized in a telekinetic grip, and pulled to look Blossom in the eyes.

Again, was verbing. This could also be a chance to show non-pony readers an important rule of the pony world: unicorns are telekinetic.

"SNAP OUT OF IT!" barked the pink unicorn. Buttercup quickly complied, losing her hysteria as she remembered her meditation exercises, closing her eyes as she did so. Bubbles floated nearby, looking worried. Finally, the green pony opened her eyes, revealing normal-sized irises.

remember, I got rid of the meditation exercises. That's because crazy characters are more fun.

"Sorry, girls. This was just one shock too many in too short a time," she apologized, her eyes brimming with tears. "I mean, I know we've all started to branch off from each other, but still, we used to have so much in common. And now? Now we've got nothing, aside from our names." Buttercup wasn't one given to being despondent, but when she WAS sad, it often got really bad.

I'm not happy with the characterization here. That's partly my bias against 3rd-omni, but I'd maybe try something like this if I were to tell the reader:

Buttercup was usually the tough one, but when she was sad, it really affected her.

Fortunately, she wasn't alone. A moment after her depressed declaration, Blossom had wrapped her in a hug, with Bubbles joining in. "Don't worry, Buttercup," the pegasus said, holding on tight. "Even if we're not the same anymore, we're still sisters at heart. And that's what counts."

More unneeded words. It's easier to show than explain, but I promise I'll back off after this.

Fortunately, she wasn't alone. "Oh," Bubbles said, hugging her shoulders with her forehooves. "Don't worry, Buttercup. Even if we're not the same anymore, we're still sisters at heart."

Blossom joined their hug. "And that's what counts. Bubbles is right. [...]"

"Bubbles is right. We may not look the same or have the same powers, but it's what's inside that matters," Blossom agreed. "Right now, we can't afford to lose our heads. We've got no idea where we are, or why we're in these bodies. We have to keep our cools until we know more. And we're not going to learn anything else here. So let's get moving."

Wiping the tears out of her eyes, Buttercup nodded. "Yeah. Let's go." Bubbles nodded as well, and the three girls set off. They stumbled for a bit, unfamiliar with their new bodies, but they adjusted quickly enough as they left the clearing.

After leaving the clearing, the forest had quickly turned dark. Still, with Bubbles scouting the way, they soon found a path that led out of the forest. As they left, they all unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yeesh...That place was creepy," Buttercup said, shivering a little.

"Were you scared?" asked Blossom in a teasing tone.

"No!" Buttercup replied quickly. "I'm just...not used to being so underpowered. Who knows what that place has in it? What if we'd run into something like a cockatrice?"

Blossom rolled her eyes. "Please, Buttercup, there's no..." She trailed off as Buttercup, with a half-lidded gaze, was pointing at Bubbles, who was now hovering a few feet off the ground, her wings flapping to keep her aloft. "...nevermind." Blossom eyed the forest nervously, before looking back to Bubbles. "Can you go up a bit, and tell us what you see?"

I don't get the train of thought... PPG in-joke?

With a nod, Bubbles soared higher into the sky. As the other two watched, she looked around for a bit, before appearing to be startled by something. She flew back down, and said, "Well, I think I know why we have these new bodies."

Don't need « as the other two watched ». I'd try « when she returned, she said, »

"Huh?" the other two replied with a blink.

"You can probably see it over the next hill," Bubbles said, as she hovered forward. The other two followed, cresting the hill, and gasped at what they saw.

Hovering would be stationary, no?

A small town lay before them. It seemed to consist mostly of small one-or-two story houses with thatched straw roofs. There were a few buildings that stood out, such as one that looked like the witch's house from Hansel and Gretel, a circular building with a small spire in the middle, and a rather large tree with windows. But what got the girls' attention were-

"Ponies!" Blossom and Buttercup breathed. Indeed, from what they could tell, the town appeared to be entirely inhabited by ponies. A few ponies, apparently pegasi, flew through the airspace above the town, while other ponies walked on the ground. The girls didn't need super vision to see all of this; all of the ponies were quadrupedal and brightly colored.

In the interest of not writing your story for you, and of getting to something else today (I forgot how long these things take!) I'm going to flag the bits I think need the most work.

For a moment, all three of them just stared. Then Blossom shook herself, going into leader mode. "Alright, here's what we're going to do. I'll go into town, see if they have a library or somewhere else where I can get some information. Bubbles, you fly overhead, scout the area. Buttercup, you look through the outskirts of town, see if you can learn anything from there. We'll try to meet up later, okay?"

"Got it!" the other two replied. Bubbles took off into the air, while Buttercup took a side road that branched off of the path they were on. Blossom herself took a breath, then began her trek into town.

As she got closer, Blossom could tell something right away; she was smaller than most of these ponies, albeit not by too much. *It makes sense*, she thought. *We're still young by human standards. The average horse doesn't live as long as the average human, but normal rules don't seem to apply here.* She was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she didn't notice another pony crossing her path until they collided.

"OOF!" Both Blossom and her new acquaintance were unprepared for the sudden change in direction that their collision resulted in. From the sound of things, the other pony had dropped a few grocery bags. Blossom herself had landed face-first in a mudhole, much to her embarrassment. *I've already cleaned my hair 3 times today!* she thought with a groan. Her ears were still above the mud line, though and she could hear a few other ponies chuckling, as well as one very nearby voice.

"Oh, I'm *terribly* sorry, I was not looking where I was going at all!" The voice was cultured and female. Dragging her face out of the mud and shaking it a little, Blossom got a look at the speaker. It was another unicorn, one with a pure white coat and a curly purple mane and tail. The curls looked like they'd been styled that way on purpose. A few paper bags lay scattered around, though it looked like nothing had spilled.

"It's okay," Blossom said, pushing herself upright. "I wasn't paying any attention either. No harm done."

"No harm?!" the white mare exclaimed. "My dear, I've completely *ruined* your mane. I simply *must* apologize in the best way possible!" As she spoke, a soft glow surrounded her horn, as well as the bags, which began to float around her. "Come along, dear, I'll have you fixed up in no time at all!"

That's a good way to describe TK the first time you show the reader. But, if you revise it so Blossom discovered her own earlier, it's too weird. Try

As she spoke, she collected her bags with her soft blue magic.

Unicorn magic is an ordinary thing in-universe. By describing it ordidinarly (?) you bring the reader into your world.

Blossom found herself being pulled along by the other unicorn's own telekinesis. "But-I-wait!" she tried to explain, to no avail. She found herself being led to the circular building with the spire, which had a sign that she could now read. It read, 'Carousel Boutique'. The sheer surprise value that ponies could operate, let alone own, a boutique was enough to quench her irritation at being dragged off. *Maybe this place won't be as bad as I thought...*

A quick rinse and dry job later, Blossom found herself being whisked through a fashion montage the likes of which she'd never seen before. She'd been forced into half-a-dozen different outfits, when her 'host' had finally settled on a red frilly vest inlaid with rubies along the border. */new paragraph/* "Well, my dear, what do you think?" the white unicorn asked, obviously pleased with this choice.

Blossom was entranced. She had never thought ponies would have such a sense of fashion! "This...is one of the best designs I've ever seen! I mean, I've worked on dresses before, but never with jewels. You've woven them into these outfits seamlessly. You're quite possibly the best fashion designer I've ever had the pleasure to meet!"

Gotta mention this at some point, but isn't Bubbles the fashion-conscious one?

The other unicorn's eyes sparkled. "Isn't it the truth?! I've designed outfits fit for royalty. And you, my dear, have a better eye than most. I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship!" She smiled, then gasped. "OH! Where *have* my manners gone!? I've been so rude, dragging you into my store, and I haven't even given you my name!" Recovering her smile, she held out a hoof. "I'm Rarity, owner of the Carousel Boutique. Welcome to Ponyville!"

Blossom smiled back. "I'm Blossom," she replied, and shook Rarity's hoof with her own. *With ponies like this 'Rarity', I think I might enjoy it here in Ponyville.*

Bubbles was flying over the town, surveying the location of every building. She

couldn't help but smile. *It's so peaceful here...so serene...*

The peace was shattered when she heard a shout from behind and above her. "INCOMING!!" With a bare second to react to the out-of-control wingbeats she could now hear, Bubbles kicked off the air into a backwards somersault. At the height of her jump, she saw a rainbow-colored blur zoom by underneath, impacting with a cloud. Bubbles completed her somersault, and flew over to the cloud, a bit concerned as the blur's owner became visible.

It was another pegasus, as she thought. The pegasus was similar in hue to herself, at least for the main body. Her mane and tail, however, were a literal rainbow, including all the main colors, from red to violet. Both her mane and tail were done in a spiky style that heavily reminded Bubbles of Buttercup. The pegasus's eyes were a rose color, and were currently gazing at Bubbles with an appraising look.

"Nice reflexes," the rainbow-maned pegasus said at last, smiling. She patted the cloud next to her. Bubbles, taking the invitation, landed. It wasn't the first time she had sat down on a cloud. "You've got some moves, avoiding me like you did with no warning and all. You got a name?" The pegasus's voice was brash, but friendly.

"I'm Bubbles," the blond pegasus answered, holding out a hoof.

"The name's Rainbow Dash," the other introduced herself, shaking the offered hoof. "You know, not every pegasus has the skill to do what you did. You a good flier?"

Bubbles blinked at the question. "Well, I like to think so, yes."

Rainbow got a gleam in her eyes. "Well, do you think you're good enough to take on the fastest flier in all Equestria? That is to say, me?"

Bubbles arched an eyebrow at the title. *Someone's confident*, she thought idly. Out loud, she asked, "Not sure. What's in it for me?"

Rainbow Dash blinked. "Whaddya mean, what's in it for you?! You're challenging the fastest flier in Equestria! If you win somehow, you get the right to call yourself that. If you lose, you can still say you had fun. It's as simple as that!"

Yay, you got bestpony #2's character right! I'm happy.

Bubbles cocked her head to the side. "So...you race...for fun?" Bubbles wasn't an idiot. Call her a 'bimbo', and she'd clock you upside the head. Nonetheless, she wasn't aware that there was such a thing as racing for nothing but fun. After all, she and her

sisters usually had a purpose when flying somewhere quickly.

I find this a little hard to buy. That makes me think you're telling me something important about the character: that she either is a ditz, or has lived a very sheltered life. If that's not your intent, it's just wrong.

"Uh, yeah! Why else would I race? I'm not part of the Wonderbolts yet, so I can't be a professional racer, but I gotta keep practicing for when I do get to join them!"

Rainbow Dash seemed very keen on this goal.

This is a tad un-Dashy, though. Fun is sufficient reason for her to do something, so she's not likely to come up with justifications like that. "Uh, yeah, and to get into the Wonderbolts!" is more up her alley.

Not that I know who the Wonderbolts are, Bubbles thought. Still, she smiled.

"Well, if you're practicing, I suppose I can oblige you."

"Great!" Rainbow began scanning around. "Alright, you see that cloud waaaay over there? Over the library? That's our endpoint."

The 'library', it seemed, was inside the tree with windows. *Blossom might be in there by now...* Nodding, Bubbles set herself in a racing stance. She'd seen some track-and-field races in her school days, so she knew a bit about how it worked. Next to her, Rainbow Dash took a similar stance. "So, are we going to have a countdown, or what?"

Dash smirked. "On your mark...get set...GO!" The rainbow-maned pegasus's legs fired, hurtling her forward at a speed few ponies could match.

Bubbles, however, was one of those few ponies. She had kicked off the cloud at the same time Rainbow had, and was flapping her wings furiously. She was keeping pace with Rainbow easily. This fact didn't go unnoticed, as Rainbow began to flap her wings harder, trying to get ahead. Bubbles, in response, matched the rhythm of Rainbow's wingbeats, keeping them neck-and-neck. Whenever Rainbow increased her speed, Bubbles matched it.

They collided with the cloud above the library at the exact same time, as Bubbles had planned on. She had no desire to be called the 'fastest flier in Equestria'. She wasn't competitive, after all. Next to her, Rainbow gave her a critical look.

"Not bad at all, Bubbles. But that was just a straight-shot course. Tying me on a straight course isn't that big a deal. It's when you add things like twists and turns and the like that I can really show what I've got." The rainbow-maned pegasus was trying to sound gruff, but Bubbles could hear that she had actually impressed the 'fastest flier'.

more good Dash characterization

"It's no big deal, Rainbow. I'm not that competitive a pony, actually. I just wanted to help you get some practice for the Wonderbolts," she said.

Rainbow raised an eyebrow. "Huh. Could've fooled me. You looked pretty serious during that little flight." She then smiled. "Now, if you REALLY wanna help me practice, then you've gotta wait until I can get a real race course set up. That could take a while."

Bubbles blinked, but then smiled. "Sure. Just tell me when you've gotten things ready, and I'll be ready to help you out!"

"Great! This friendship is looking good," Rainbow Dash said, throwing a foreleg around Bubbles's neck. "By the way, welcome to Ponyville!"

Inwardly, Bubbles blinked at the mention of friendship, but then she smiled. *Now that I think about it, we Powerpuff Girls don't have much in the way of friends...this looks like a good time to change that.*

I hope this is related to the main conflict, since it's a really cool theme.

Buttercup was lost. Something she hated to admit to anyone was that she had a bad sense of direction at times. She had taken the side road down for a while, but had gotten herself completely turned around and lost when she'd tripped over a loose stone. That trip had sent her careening off the path. Now she couldn't find the path, despite searching her best.

"Darn it, I wish Bubbles were here. She could probably find the path for me." Thinking about that made her remember why she was having such problems in the first place. "Argh! I just don't get it. Why were we all seperated into different breeds? We're **sisters**, for crying out loud, we should at least have all been the **same** breed."

In her frustration, she kicked at a nearby tree with one of her hind legs. She hadn't used her full force, as she didn't hold grudges against plant life. Still, she was rather surprised when she found herself buried under a shower of apples. Surfacing, she looked at the apple pile she'd found herself in, then looked around. She had stumbled into an apple orchard, it seemed.

"Oh, great. That's all I need. If the orchard's owner comes out here and sees this,

they are going to be peeved that I knocked down all of the apples on this tree," she groaned.

"Ah wouldn't say ah'd be peeved, more like ah'm curious as t'how ya bucked all the apples off with jus' one leg," came a southern drawl from behind her. Were it not for the feminine tone, Buttercup would have linked the voice to a certain territorial hillbilly back home. Still, she turned around slowly. *If this pony is in any way pink, I'm booking it*, she told herself.

lol, Fuzzy's probably my fave

Her fears, fortunately, were unfounded. The mare in question wasn't colored pink at all. Her body was colored orange, and she had a blond mane and tail, both tied off at the ends. Green eyes peered at Buttercup from beneath the rim of a brown hat. Overall, she gave a much more welcoming appearance than Fuzzy Lumpkins did.

"Um...hi. Sorry about this," Buttercup said, pulling herself out of the pile of apples.

"Don't worry 'bout it none, ah ain't mad, sugarcube. Like ah said, ah'm jus' curious as t'how ya bucked a full tree's crop off with jus' one leg," the cowpony repeated.

"Well...I've done a lot of training with my legs in my time. I'm probably one of the strongest ponies around," Buttercup said, truthfully. She had done a fair amount of kicking villains and criminals around, especially when she was younger.

The cowpony nodded, and smiled a big smile. "With a kick like that, ah don' doubt it. Hay, ah thought fer a second ya might be family. But, ah've never seen ya at any o' the reunions, so that ain't it. Name's Applejack, by the way." She held out a hoof.

Buttercup blinked, then smiled back. "Buttercup. Nice to meet you," she replied, shaking the proffered hoof.

"Likewise," Applejack nodded. "So, if'n ya don' mind mah askin', what got ya so worked up ya decided to take it out on mah apple trees?"

Buttercup blinked, then sighed. "Well...I just got into town today. I came with...a couple of friends, a pegasus and a unicorn." She decided that saying they were her sisters wouldn't be believable, since they were all different breeds. "I've...just always been jealous. I mean, Blossom can move things with her mind and Bubbles can fly. Me? I can't do anything cool like that. I'm just a normal pony." She looked down, her earlier depression coming back full force.

Fortunately, she still wasn't alone. "Sugarcube, ah don' know who ya done been talkin' to ta go an' get those kinda ideas in yer head. So ya don' have magic. So what? So ya cain't fly. Who cares?" Applejack leaned in, reaching out a hoof to raise Buttercup's head to look her in the eyes. "There are plenty o' things we earth ponies kin do that pegasi an' unicorns cain't. If'n it weren't fer us, the other breeds would starve. We grow most o' Equestria's food, y'know. Not ta say pegasi and unicorns cain't grow their own, they jus' ain't as good as we are. Plus, we're usually stronger an' tougher than the average pony of another breed. Hay, ya done proved that already. Ah've yet ta see a unicorn or pegasus that kin buck a whole Sweet Apple Acres apple tree with one leg."

The seriousness of the cowpony's voice, combined with the southern drawl, had the desired effect of lifting Buttercup's spirits. "Yeah...you're right. I shouldn't sulk about the things I don't have. I gotta be proud of the things I do have, and work with them."

Applejack smiled. "Thar ya go, Buttercup. Ya jus' gotta think positive." She then looked around. "Say, ah was due ta bring in some o' our crop to market in Ponyville, anyway...Ya wouldn' mind lendin' a hoof, would ya?"

Buttercup blinked. "Well...what exactly would that entail?"

"Nothin' big. Ya'd just need ta pull the wagon inta town, while ah go on ahead and set up shop." Applejack led Buttercup through the orchard as she was talking. They soon came to a large barn. Near the barn was a wagon laden with various types of apples. "Normally, mah brother Big Macintosh would haul the wagon, but he went and hurt his ankle, so he ain't up to pullin' nothin' for a while."

Buttercup nodded. "Sounds simple enough...assuming I don't trip off the path again." Noting Applejack's odd look, the green pony sighed. "I have a bad sense of direction when I'm not on a path, okay?"

"Ah. That'd explain why ya were in mah apple orchard, lookin' a little lost." The cowpony wasn't laughing, though she did have a small smile. "Don' worry none, ah won' say nothin' to nopony else. Meet ya in Ponyville!" With that, Applejack turned and headed down the path, under a sign that read 'Sweet Apple Acres'. At least, Buttercup assumed that's what the sign read.

Sighing, she looked at the wagon, then turned around, backing herself into the harness. "Now how in the hay am I supposed to hook this up without help?" She blinked at the slip, as she'd meant to say 'heck!'. "Great. Not even in town an hour, and I'm already getting used to the place." *Not that there's anything wrong with that...*