

Butterscotch and the Blog Master

Butterscotch slowly walked through the crowded hallways in the school, it was already her third year here and she still couldn't seem to get used to so many ponies in such a small area. She stumbled momentarily as her mind began to wander, accidentally bumping into another pony. She quickly took a few steps back and lowered her head, "I'm so sorry!" she apologized, still facing down. She heard the other pony turn around, "Hey! Watch where you're going!"

Butterscotch recognized that voice, and dared to look up at the pony she bumped into. He was an average sized colt, with a dark blue mane that matched his light blue body. His mane was cut shorter than most other ponies, and he had a serious look on his face. It was the senior editor for the school newspaper. Butterscotch's dream was having one of her stories published in the school paper, and she would often leave her stories (usually fictional stories about other ponies) on the Newspaper Club's desk when no pony was looking. She quickly ducked her head down again, "I'm so sorry!" and took off in the other direction, running right by another-pony and knocking all her books on the floor. The pony tried to yell back at her, but she was already long gone.

By the time Butterscotch got to her first class, she was breathing heavily. When she ran off she didn't realize she was running in the complete opposite direction of her class, so she had to go around the entire school just to get there. She quickly sat down at her desk next to the window and looking at the garden below. The class was on the second floor of the building, right above the school garden. The bell rung and she heard the familiar calming voice of the school announcer, Eurobeat Pony. Eurobeat Pony had been the morning announcements pony for the last three years, his calming voice was perfect for such a job. Butterscotch enjoyed listening to him, but she had more important matters to deal with.

Bringing out a pad of paper, Butterscotch used her magic to pick up a pencil and began writing. She came up with the perfect idea earlier that morning for another story, a story that Sethisto BlogPony wouldn't be able to reject for the school paper. As Eurobeat finished the announcements, the teacher hushed the students and directed everypony to take out their textbooks. Butterscotch didn't hear her though, and continued writing, a very serious expression on her face. The bell rang and Butterscotch quickly looked up in confusion, was the bell early? But when she looked at the clock and all the other ponies leaving, she realized she got carried away with her writing, and completely missed the entire class!

Gathering her things, Butterscotch quickly slipped out of the room with the other ponies leaving, she didn't want the teacher to make her late to her next class again. The next period turned out exactly like the last, and before she knew it, it was already time for lunch. Butterscotch usually kept to herself during lunch, she didn't have many friends at the school,

usually working on her next greatest story. Sitting down at an empty table she opened her pack and rummaged through her books, but her notebook wasn't there! Frantically looking around for it, she stood up and started toward the door to go back to her last class.

"Hey Butterface! You dropped something," a pony from behind her giggled, Butterscotch spun around with a look of horror on her face, standing a few feet away was Gilded Lilly, the most stuck up and obnoxious pony in the entire school. She held the notebook in her jaws, smiling wide. Butterscotch just hoped she hadn't read *that one story*.

Butterscotch stepped closer to the pony, "Thank you for picking it up, I'll just take it back now." But when she reached out to take it, Gilded Lilly quickly pulled it out of reach, putting it back in her pack.

"I read part of the story with Sethisto." The pony said, smiling mischievously.

Butterscotch had to force herself to remain calm, she had written that story ages ago, she knew she should have removed it! She was sure Lilly was going to blackmail her with it, and she'd end up having to do something incredibly embarrassing. "What do you want Lilly?"

Lilly took the notebook out of her pack and threw it to the floor in front of Butterscotch, "Nothing now Butterface, just be careful where you leave your creepy fantasy stories. You wouldn't want somepony spreading it around." And with that she turned away and walked off.

Butterscotch quickly snatched up the notebook and put it back in her pack, confused at Lilly's behaviour. Normally Lilly would do ANYTHING to destroy Butterscotch's small reputation. Standing there for a few moments she shrugged it off, just glad to have her notebook back and unharmed. Going back to her empty table, she pulled out her notebook and quickly flipped through it. Her eyes widened as she saw the remains of a few torn out pages.

Her story was gone.

PART 2

Butterscotch frantically stood back up and quickly ran to the front doors of the cafeteria, but as she passed through them a larger male pony stepped in front of her, "And where are you running off to?" He asked, raising an eyebrow. He was an older orange colt with bright blue eyes/ He wore a black trilby hat with a checkered band around the base, and a checkered tie. His dark shades sat evenly on his nose as he looked at the student.

She tried to step around him but he quickly stepped to the side, blocking her path again. "I need to get by!" she shouted a little louder than she meant, stepping to the side as he blocked her again. She huffed in frustration, "I really need to find something important!"

Trilby Shades nodded, "I just wanted to congratulate you on finally getting your story in the school paper." Smiling, he continued, "I know how hard you've been working to write your stories, and I'm proud to know my best student accomplished something great!"

Butterscotch quickly nodded, "Yes, yes, thank you Mr. Shades, but I really need to-" She stopped herself, her expression slowly turning grim as she looked him in the eyes, "M...My story?"

The teacher pony nodded, "The story was good, but it was most certainly an interesting pick." He closed his eyes for a moment, thinking. "I didn't know you wrote that kind of romance, what was your inspiration for.." But when he opened his eyes again, he was standing alone in the hall. Sighing and shaking his head, he made his way into the cafeteria.

Butterscotch raced through the hallways of the school, bumping into the occasional wandering student. Her target was the Newspaper Club, Sethisto usually stayed there during the lunches to work on the newest edition of the school paper. After running for what seemed like hours, she finally reached the classroom. She took a deep breath and walked in, but when she looked around the room was completely empty.

Butterscotch has been in the Newspaper club room many times before to drop her stories off on the big desk that sat near the far corner of the room. She slowly walked up to it, it was completely bare save for a pen and a printed copy of this weeks paper. The words, "New Copy, approved by:" and Mr. Shade's signature filled the blank spot after that. Using her unicorn magic, she slowly flipped through the pages searching for her story. Page three. Her story was on the third page, and was even mentioned on the front page. She read the first few lines of her story, grimly acknowledging it was in fact *that* story.

The familiar voice of the senior pony spoke up behind her, "What are you doing in here? Other students aren't allowed to read the paper until it's published." Butterscotch's heart sank when she slowly turned around and faced Sethisto. His bright amber eyes stared at her, and widened slightly when he realised who she was. "You're the one who wrote the story!"

Butterscotch nodded slowly, her face turning a slight shade of red. The story wasn't meant for anypony to see, especially not him. She admitted it was one of her better written stories, but it was far too embarrassing. But the die had already been cast, and it was too late to take it back now. Sethisto took a step closer, "I thought it was very well written, the characters were a little strange, but the story was pretty great!"

"Y..You liked it?" She asked in astonishment, this is not the kind of reaction she was expecting after having dozens of her stories rejected by him.

Nodding, Sethisto continued, "Normally I'm not one for those romance-type stories, but the characters were really well developed..." he continued rambling on about what he linked

about the story, Butterscotch could only stand there in astonishment. She had never seen him like this before, not that she ever talked to him anyway, but he always seemed like the stuck-up bully type. After letting him talk for a few minutes, the confused Butterscotch finally interrupted him. "But what about my other stories?"

He sopped talking and tilted his head to the side, "what other stories? This is the first story Lilly's given me to add to the paper."

Butterscotch shook her head, "No, I've been turning stories in for the past few years... Wait, Lilly?"

Sethisto nodded, "Yeah, Lilly's been in charge of fan mail, criticism, and other student submitted work the the past few years." Butterscotch stomped her hoof in frustration, looking at the ground, how could she have been so stupid? The paper never even got her stories because of Lilly, the stuck up pony who seemed to go out of her way to make Butterscotch's life harder. But if that was true, why'd she submit this story? Maybe Sethisto just reacted in a completely different manner than she expected, after all, the story was a romance about the two of them.

Blushing again slightly she looked back up at Sethisto, "So you really liked it?"

Sethisto smiled and nodded again, "You're a great writer, Butterscotch."

Butterscotch smiled widely and closed her eyes, her stories had at long last been acknowledged by Sethisto. She felt as if her life was complete now, it had been three long school years of her writing story after story, secretly submitting each one to the paper, and seemingly being denied each time. A small tear ran down the side of her face as she opened her eyes again, Sethisto looked at her with a concerned expression, "Are you oka-" but was suddenly cut off when Butterscotch leaped towards him. His eyes widened as their lips met. Her sudden actions shocked him, but he didn't pull away from her. They stood like that for what seemed like an eternity for Butterscotch, before she finally stepped back, blushing deeply and lowering her head.

"I... I'm sorry.." she apologized, bracing herself for the worst.

"So the Sethisto in the story was me after all," he said, blushing as well while he turned his head away from her.

Butterscotch looked up at him again, stuttering slightly as she spoke, "Y..Yeah, why?"

Sethisto smiled and turned back to her, "You're pretty cute when you're embarrassed, you know that?" His sudden comment caused her to blush more and divert her eyes, she wasn't used to being complimented like that by anypony. Sethisto turned away and walked over to the desk, "How would you like to read your story to me one time before I send this to get printed?"

Butterscotch nodded enthusiastically and walked over to him, laying on the floor as the story floated down in front of her. Sethisto joined her and smiled as she cleared her throat, beginning to read her story, "Butterscotch slowly walked through the crowded hallways in the school..."

THE END