

Skittles

-By MetalGearSamus

“You invented a new candy?” Twilight was skeptical of her pink friend’s claim. Sure, the overly energetic pony could bake, but she never seemed like one to try and make something wholly new. Using hot sauce to frost her cupcakes? Making muffins with marshmallows? Yes, those made sense, but supposedly coming up with an entirely new type of candy? In a *bakery*? That seemed a little too out of the blue, even for Pinkie.

“Yes! I call them ‘Rainbow Bits!’ Here, try some!” Smiling widely, the pink pony pushed a bowl across the counter toward her purple friend. It was filled with small, multicolored pellets that shook slightly as their container moved. Twilight eyed the bowl skeptically, cautiously sniffing its contents. They smelled like...air?

“Oh no, silly.” giggled Pinkie Pie, “You don’t smell ‘em. You eat ‘em!” And, as an example, she leaned over the counter and scooped up a mouthful of the unfamiliar candy. She let out a satisfied “Mm!” as she chomped happily on the small spheres.

Twilight, assured that her friend’s concoction was at least somewhat edible, slowly bent her head towards the bowl and tentatively scooped a few rainbow bits into her mouth with her tongue. She chewed slowly. The candies were hard-shelled, but extremely chewy on the inside. They tasted...sweet; sweeter than anything she had ever eaten. But it was more than just sugar, they tasted like all the best flavors of every fruit she had ever eaten. Like fresh apples and peaches and plums and grapes and bananas, all mixing together in her mouth yet still retaining their unique flavors.

“OH, HO-HO! THIS IS DELICIOUS!” the unicorn exclaimed, immediately plunging her head back into the bowl. She inhaled the remainder of its contents, and then sat chewing at the counter for a good minute; her cheeks puffing outward like a chipmunk’s. Finally, she finished the sweets, and then caught her breath as she prepared to ask Pinkie another question.

“So, how’d you manage to make these? I don’t know much about cooking, but I know that baking and candy-making are *completely* different ball games.”

“Oh Twilight don’t be ridiculous, we don’t have nearly enough room to play ball in the kitchen!” The pony laughed, “Besides, it’s too messy after all we did today. It took me *sixty-nine* batches to get the flavors right! It’s a good thing Rainbow Dash stuck around as long as she did, otherwise it might have taken forever!” She threw her hooves into the air for emphasis as she spoke the last word, accidentally sending a plate of croissants flying across the room. “Oopsy-daisy!” She darted to the falling plate, managing to catch it perfectly on one hoof. She then tossed it carelessly back onto the counter, where it landed with a violent thunk and swirled around for a few tense moments before settling down. It was due solely to sheer luck that none

of the pastries fell off. "Tah-Dah!" Pinkie Pie said, a satisfied grin on her face.

"Aaanyway..." Twilight resumed, choosing to ignore her friend's klutziness, "You said that Rainbow Dash helped make these? Really? I thought she hated cooking. And not flying every two minutes."

"Oh no, she didn't help cook, I just needed her to make sure the taste was right!" The pink pony hopped back behind the counter, pulling another bowl of Rainbow Bits from underneath and setting them in between her and Twilight.

"You...used her as a taste-tester?" Now the unicorn was really confused. "That makes even less sense! You've never needed one before! Besides, you're the one creating a new recipe, why do you need someone else to taste it for you? Heck, how did Rainbow even get involved in this process in the first place? Why not?"

"Oh, Twilight," the pink pony giggled, waving off the barrage of questions with a hoof, "It's a very long story. Just let auntie Pinkie start from the beginning and aaaall your questions will be answered!"

"Pinkie, we're the same a-"

"So there I was, just walking down the street..."

It was a late morning in Ponyville, and the town was busting with activity. Today was Saturday, and the main square was filled with fillies and colts of all colors, each at stands selling and buying an endless variety of products and produce. Through the middle of it all, totally oblivious to her surroundings, hopped Pinkie Pie, who hummed happily to herself and occasionally burst into song.

"Dooo wah diddy, diddy-dum, diddy-do!" She giggled as a few ponies glanced at her. Ignoring their curious gazes, she continued to sing to herself, "...and shufflin' her hooves, singin' dooo wah d-OH!" She halted suddenly as a blur of color swept overhead, its velocity sending a powerful gush of wind through the market. The figure then darted upward, twirling through the air and shedding velocity until it reached the apex of its climb.

Pinkie Pie hopped up and down in excitement, "Whoo-hoo! Way to go, Rainbow Dash!" she cheered.

The pegasus descended, letting gravity propel her back towards the ground. She adjusted her trajectory, aiming for the library, and began furiously flapping her wings to further increase her speed. As soon as she passed the library's canopy she turned, circling it once while still descending, pulling up just before she hit the ground, and then re-circling the giant

tree as she returned to the sky. Unfortunately, as she passed the library's upper deck her wing caught on a branch, causing her to lose control of her flight and go tumbling through the air.

Rainbow Dash careened toward the makeshift market, her limbs flailing every which way. Although she managed to regain control at the last moment, she was unable to change direction in time and crashed, headfirst, into a vendor's wagon. The crowd, which had been watching the show intently, gasped as debris flew everywhere.

"Oh no!" Pinkie Pie rushed over to her friend, who lay sprawled out on the ground, dazed. "Are you okay?" Around them, a murmur had arisen in the crowd.

"What? What's going on? What happened?" A green stallion with a grey mane pushed his way through the crowd, halting suddenly when he saw the wreckage. His face twisted into a look of horror. "OH CELESTIA. MY CABBAGES! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?" He frantically stepped through the rubble, trying desperately to salvage any remnants of his wares. He shortly gave up and began sobbing into his hooves.

"Uh...sorry..." Rainbow Dash, still struggling to see straight, stood shakily as she apologized. She turned to her pink friend, more frustrated than regretful, "I was so *sure* it would work this time." She pawed at the ground with her hoof as she attempted to quell her dissatisfaction. Pinkie Pie, who remained the only pony still smiling, opened her mouth to reassure the pegasus, but before she could speak another voice erupted from the crowd.

"RAINBOW DASH!" The crowd parted and a brown pony stepped out. It was the mayor. "What have I told you about stunt-flying that close to town on market days? You could have seriously hurt somepony!" The crowd grew silent as the mayor approached the pegasus.

"I *said* I was sorry!" Rainbow Dash retorted, "Besides, it's not my fault! If it hadn't been for that tree branch I could have totally pulled off another Sonic Rainboo-"

"A Sonic Rainboom? *Are you insane!?*" The mayor was now directly in front of the azure daredevil, leaning in so close that their faces were almost touching. She spoke quietly yet fiercely, "Do you have any idea what might happen if that much energy was released so close to the town? For all we know you could have leveled half the city!" She could barely contain her fury at the blue pegasus; it took all her self-control not to scream at her outright.

"S-sorry..." Rainbow fell back on her haunches, hanging her head in embarrassment and shame, realizing that almost the entire town was watching her "I-it won't happen again."

"It had better not." The mayor huffed, "Now, I do believe you owe somepony a new cabbage stand." She pointed to the still-sobbing stallion with her hoof before walking off again, sighing angrily and muttering to herself. The crowd turned back to stare at Rainbow Dash, who sat silently in the middle, unsure of what to do next.

“Well this isn’t very good.” Pinkie, still smiling, saw that her friend was at a loss and decided to try and better the situation. “Hey! I know! How about a party? To cheer up everypony!” She bounced upwards as she said this, barely able to contain her excitement at the prospect of a party. The crowd did not share her enthusiasm, however, and instead responded with a collective muttering of no-thank-you’s.

Pinkie Pie’s smile dropped. As the crowd dispersed, she silently helped Rainbow Dash gather up any remaining cabbages and together they piled them next to the green and grey pony. Finally, the pegasus, head still hung in defeat, timidly offered to pay for the damages she had caused, but did not have enough to cover all of it. Pinkie Pie lent her some bits, and, in an attempt to cheer her friend up, walked her to Sugarcube Corner for some comfort food.

The bakery was deserted, and Rainbow Dash sat alone at a table while Pinkie Pie prepared some food. The pony gathered some pastries onto a dish and then poured two glasses of milk, humming as she did so. She sat the plate in the middle of the table, and then returned quickly with the drinks. She ate happily at first, taking a big bite out of a tart and a huge gulp of milk. However, she stopped her meal as soon as she noticed that her friend was not touching her food. Rainbow sat, head hung, staring blankly at the brown tabletop.

“Are you okay, Dashie?” Pinkie leaned closer to the pegasus, extending a comforting hoof across the table. “Don’t let those grumpy-wumpies get to you. You were amazing until the tree got in your way!”

The blue pony looked up at her friend, trying to force a smile “Thanks Pinkie...but the mayor’s right, I shouldn’t have been practicing something like that above the town. Also I...I did actually hurt my side. I don’t think I’ll be doing any more flying today.” She sighed, “I was *this* close...”

“Well...” Pinkie tried to think of a better conversation topic, or at least a better perspective on the current one, “Why don’t you tell me what you *were* trying to do? You said it involved a Sonic Rainboom?” She grinned, eager to hear what new stunt her friend had concocted.

“Oh, yeah!” The pegasus lifted her head from the table, her smile genuine this time, “So, I was thinking, I’ve only ever pulled off a Sonic Rainboom when I’m going downwards, which means gravity has always been helping me. So if I did it going upwards, then gravity would be working *against* me, which means I’d need to work even harder and I’d be *even more awesome* if I pulled it off going upwards!” She grinned smugly, but quickly returned to a more mellow expression. “But...I didn’t pull it off.”

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll do it next time.” Pinkie Pie took another huge bite out of her meal, swallowing it whole. She gagged slightly, causing Rainbow Dash to giggle and take interest in her own meal.

“Thanks Pinkie, I hope you’re right.” She took a small bite from a cupcake, her mood very much improved by the reassurance. They ate happily, not talking but making plenty of noise. When they finished, and Pinkie had licked the plate clean, Rainbow Dash decided that she really was done with flying for the day, and offered to help her friend out in the kitchen. The pony was more than happy to have the company,

“It’ll be like a baking party!” She pranced around in excitement, “Woohoo!” Rainbow Dash chuckled softly at her friend’s behavior.

“Oh Pinkie Pie, you are so random.”

The Cakes were out shopping, so the two girls spent the next half-hour goofing off in the kitchen, trying to come up with ideas for a new pastry or flavor of frosting. No one else entered the shop as they worked, so their fun went undisturbed, although Pinkie Pie later realized that this was because she had forgotten to remove the “Closed” sign from the front window. Now, as they cleaned up the results of their latest attempt at invention, Rainbow Dash had another idea.

“Hey, has anyone made a recipe for some sort of spicy pastry?”

“Oh! That reminds me!” Pinkie Pie, who had been sweeping the floor with a small, mouth-held broom, jerked her head back up, her movement sending the broom flying across the room. She made no attempt to stop it from crashing into a pile of dirty dishes. She looked eagerly at the blue pegasus as she spoke. “Can I taste you?”

“What.”

Rainbow Dash stopped in her tracks, letting the mop she had been casually swishing side-to-side fall to the ground. She stared, horrified, at her pink friend, hoping that she had just misheard.

“See, I thought of this a long time ago, you know how rainbows taste spicy? Well, since you’re *Rainbow* Dash, that means that, by the associative property at least, you should taste spicy too!” Pinkie hopped closer to her friend, smiling innocently as she spoke, “So can I taste you to see if you’re spicy?”

“YOU WANT TO EAT ME!?” Rainbow recoiled in fear; her wings deployed defensively, and she began frantically searching for the fastest way out of the building.

“Oh no, silly. What ever gave you *that* idea?” Pinkie giggled uncontrollably, rolling her eyes as she did. After a few seconds of laughter, which made the pegasus even more uncomfortable, she finally regained control of herself. “I just want to see what you taste like.”

Then, without waiting for further comment from Rainbow Dash, she darted over to her side and moved her head quickly upward, licking from the bottom of the pegasus' stomach up to the tip of her wing. Rainbow Dash instantly retracted her wings, and quickly backed away from the insane pink pony.

"Pinkie!" She yelled, terrified.

"Blegh! Tastes just like raisins." Pinkie let out a disappointed sigh, "And not even spicy raisins."

"What's wrong with you? Don't you know—"

"Ooh! Maybe-!"

"—better than to invade people's priva—"

Before she could finish, Pinkie darted in close to her and kissed her full on the lips, her tongue quickly probing the stunned pegasus' mouth. She pulled away as suddenly as she had pushed in, and now stood contemplating what she had just tasted. Rainbow Dash could do nothing but stare blankly at her friend, her face slowly reddening as she measured her own feelings about the situation.

"Wow." Said Pinkie, "That...tastes...INCREDIBLE! It's like every type of fruit I've ever tasted! And it's so sweet! Like frosting, but more natural!" She hopped up and down, licking her lips for more flavor. "This would be an incredible flavor for a doughnut! No wait-! Even better! A *candy*! It's too sweet for a pastry, yes, definitely more of a candy-tasting type of taste!" She suddenly turned back to Rainbow Dash, who stood in the middle of the kitchen, stunned into silence. "Ooh, ooh! Can I have some more?"

"Uh..." the pegasus swallowed nervously, her cheeks now blazing a deep purple as she turned her gaze back to the pink pony, "N-Um...I...Ap-I mean, uh...y-yes?"

"Yay!" And in a flash she was back, the inertia behind her kiss pushing Rainbow into a sitting position. After a few seconds, the pegasus worked up enough nerve to kiss back, causing Pinkie to giggle at the new sensation. Finally, and more slowly than the last time, the kiss broke. Pinkie was the first to speak.

"Soooo, what did I taste like? Huh? Huh?" She grinned eagerly.

"Pinkie..." Rainbow sighed, smiling at her friend's naivety.

"WeeeeIIIIII?"

“Heh, heh. You taste like cotton candy.”

“Aaaw...but that’s already been invented...”

“And then the rest of the day we made candy until I finally got the flavors right!” Pinkie exclaimed, “Although Rainbow Dash kept knocking over things with her wings. She absolutely *refused* to put them down after I compared the first batch.” She giggled to herself, still more concerned with her own thoughts than her friend’s reaction. Suddenly, she began waving a hoof in front of her face, fanning herself with it, “Hey, Twilight, when did it get so hot in here. Heh. Or is it just me?”

But the purple unicorn was too shocked to react to her friend’s sudden fluster. She sat, slowly chewing a few final Rainbow Bits, and tried to process what the pony had just told her. Suddenly, she realized what she was eating and spat them out, unsure how she felt about the whole situation. Unfortunately for her, Rainbow Dash chose this moment to stagger out of the kitchen, her eyes half-open and legs still shaky from all the hours of “baking,” causing Twilight even more inner turmoil.

Does...does she really taste like that? She instantly recoiled at her own thought, *No. There are more important questions than that. Many more. Like...like, uh...like...WHY IN CELESTIA’S NAME CAN’T I THINK OF ANY MORE QUESTIONS!?*

Luckily, she did not have to suffer her own thoughts for much longer, for only seconds after Rainbow Dash appeared the bakery door swung open, causing the chimes to sing and revealing a tired yet satisfied-looking Applejack.

“Whoo-wee!” She exclaimed, “Why if that weren’t the busiest market day ah ever seen!” She trotted quickly to the counter, not noticing Twilight’s stunned silence or Rainbow Dash’s post-ecstasy drowsiness, “Ah sure am hungry. Ya’ got anything special today, Pinkie?”

“You betcha!” She replied enthusiastically, her hoof still working to lower her body’s perceived temperature, “Here!” She withdrew another bowl from under the counter, “It’s a new candy! I call them ‘Rainbow Bits!’ ”

“New candy? Well shucks, ah never knew ya’ could make that kinda stuff in a bakery.” She shoved her head into the bowl, slurping up a mouthful of the candies before either Twilight or Rainbow Dash had time to react. She chewed happily. “Mm-hm! Well ah’ll be, if this don’t taste exactly like—” Her eyes widened in horror and she turned her head slowly toward the blue pegasus.

“Well, I couldn’t have done it without Rainbow Dash!” Pinkie Pie continued, oblivious to

Applejack's sudden halt, "Ooh! That reminds me! I forgot to tell you, Twilight, but after we perfected the Rainbow Bits, we managed to use Dashie's original idea after all! It turns I was right about the associative property!"

"Oh-original idea? Associative what now?" Applejack turned back to Pinkie, while Rainbow Dash, finally coming out of her daze, realized what she had missed. She was instantly alert, but lacked the foresight to realize what was about to happen. Twilight, however, did not, and promptly fainted as soon as the implications hit her. Her friends were too enthralled with Pinkie Pie to notice.

"Yep!" The pink pony ducked under the counter again, this time re-surfacing with a plate, "But I was wrong about the place. Here!" She shoved the pastry-filled plate toward the other end of the counter. "You can be one of the first ponies to ever taste a spicy Rainbow Dash Muffin!"

Rainbow Dash's cheeks skipped purple and when straight to a blazing crimson.

Applejack fainted.

"And that's how I got my Cutie Mark!" Pinkie Pie concluded. "Maybe next time I'll tell you about the day I invented a new candy!"

"Wait, wha-?" However, before Applebloom could finish questioning Pinkie's tale, the pony had skipped happily away, humming to herself as she moved towards the sunset. Behind her, Sweetiebelle, mouth agape, sat in utter confusion and dawning horror. Meanwhile Applebloom lay between her two friends, hooves folded in front of her and head tilted to one side, muttering softly to herself and trying to figure out exactly what the eccentric pink pony had just told them. Finally Scootaloo, her cheeks burning red, stood wondering why she couldn't force her wings back down, and why the hay had they sprung up like that in the first place?