

“Pinkie, are you sure this is right? This seems like a lot of flour.”

“Of course! *All you gotta do is take a cup of flour, add it to—*“

“I know the song! It’s been stuck in my head for days.”

“Then why did you grab a lemon, silly?”

“Uh... *Sweet, not sour...* Aw. Got that mixed up.”

Pinkie Pie giggled. “I guess I’ll have to keep singing it!”

Rainbow Dash blew her multicoloured hair out from in front of her face, sending a bit of white powder around. “Probably,” she acknowledged. She grabbed the cup’s handle with her mouth. “Oky, whr doth thif go?”

“Well, you gotta get a bowl first!” Pinkie said.

“Gaahhhpth.” Rainbow attempted to spit the cup back out onto table – overshooting and draping more of the kitchen in white.

Pinkie Pie giggled again. “Oh, Dashie! What a mess!”

“Yeah, cause incident #17 is what really pushed it over the edge,” Rainbow deadpanned.

Pinkie Pie looked around. “Man, you are *messy*! There’s flour everywhere! It’s all over the table!” She sniffed at it, covering her nose in white.

“Huh. That *is* a lot,” Rainbow said. “Well, no point in pouring some more when we have all this!” She started to scoop some together, making a pile.

“You can’t just... willy-nilly make a pile, and throw it in willy-nilly! You need to use the measuring cup, silly filly!”

“Man, I don’t even know where it *is* by this point! The entire kitchen is monochrome!” She continued organizing a pile.

“Didn’t you toss it behind the table?” Pinkie turned her head upside down, looking under the table.

“Oh, yeah.” Having failed in her attempt to make Pinkie get it for her, Dash hopped up and flew over the table. Brushing aside a mound of floor flour, she found the measuring cup and returned to her spot. “Wha—hey! Where’s my flour pile!?”

“Wings, Dashie,” coughed Pinkie Pie, now more white than pink. “Flap. Whoosh. Waah!” She demonstrated the act of flour spreading everywhere by wildly waving her hooves, then fell over.

“Uh. Oops. I guess these kind of delicate operations weren’t made to be done by somepony with wings, huh?”

“That’s silly!” Pinkie Pie said from the floor. “Look at all those snowflake-making pegasus ponies we saw in Cloudsdale! They didn’t have such a hard time!”

Rainbow Dash gave her a sideglare, causing Pinkie Pie to realize how her ‘encouragement’ came out. “C’mon, keep at it! Here, try getting the pinch of salt!”

Not one to surrender so easily, Rainbow dashed over to the cabinet and grabbed the salt container. “Oky! Whr doth—“

“Bowl?” Pinkie said with a wide but apologetic grin.

“GAAHHHPTH.” Rainbow placed the salt container gently on the table and dug around in some of the lower cabinets for a bowl. “There’s flour in *here*. How did that even *happen?*”

“It’s like winter in here! We’re gonna have to do some kind of-- kitchen wrap-up or something!” Pinkie said, bouncing around as Rainbow returned with a bowl. Rainbow grabbed the salt container again and tipped it over, shaking some salt into the mixing bowl before placing it back down.

“Woah, woah, woah! That’s like *several* pinches, miss Pinchie Pie!” said Pinkie.

“Pinchie...?” Rainbow looked at her incredulously. “Nah, this is good! Hit ‘em with flavour, right? The more taste, the better!”

“That’s what I keep saying, but nopony else seems to agree!” said Pinkie, glancing at a nearby hot sauce container.

“Well, at least *we’ll* like these, then.” Rainbow started humming. “*A teaspoon of vanilla...* alright, where are the teaspoons?”

Pinkie grinned and slammed a drawer behind her, causing the one above it to pop out, spoons spilling out onto the floor and landing in various piles of flour.

“Huh. How’d you do that?” Rainbow fished around with her nose until she found one marked as a teaspoon.

“I know how this kitchen *moves!* I bump into things a lot.”

“Yeah, but now you have to put everything back, right?”

Pinkie looked down. “Hmmm. I always forget about that part.” She started sorting the spoons back together.

“You really think it’s possible for me to start cooking as a hobby, Pinkie? I’m not, like, incredibly far gone, or something?” Rainbow said, opening the freezer.

“Of course not, Dashie!” Pinkie replied, putting the last of the measuring spoons away. “It’d take something *really* silly to convince me you’re not cut out for cooking!”

Rainbow closed the freezer. “Well, done with the vanilla. Hmmm... back to flour, then. I can totally get it right this time! Probably.”

Pinkie Pie wandered over to the bowl. “Yup! Then some sweet stuff, then... then...”

Pinkie stared at the teaspoon of ice cream on top of the pile of salt.

“Yeah. So, what, like, candy? I’ll get that after I’m done with Mount Flourest.” Dash said, sculpting another pile.

“...You may not be cut out for cooking, Dashie.”

“Oh, *what?* What’s wrong now? I made sure it was vanilla!”

Pinkie Pie grabbed a bottle of vanilla from the cabinet and showed Rainbow.

“Well, that doesn’t look anything—how was I supposed to know!? C’mon! You know what!?” Rainbow glared. “Maybe *you’re* just a bad *teacher!*”

“What!?” Pinkie looked hurt, then stood up to Dash. “That’s not true! C’mon, I taught Apple Bloom how to... well, I mean, that didn’t... right, but I was there to help Applejack... uh... hmm. Ohh...” she said, her hair deflating just a bit, “You might have a point.”

Rainbow relaxed and patted Pinkie on the back. “Ahhh, who cares. I was just looking for something to do. There’s no clouds out, and Spike was whining about being hungry, and I was like—“

“Wait, Spike would be eating these?” Pinkie said.

Rainbow shrugged. “After we were done with them. What does that mean?”

Pinkie grinned. “That it doesn’t matter *what* we put in ‘em.”

Rainbow’s eyes widened, then narrowed.

“I’ll get the earthworms.”