

## Big Macs Bigger Debt

“You don’t want to let me down do ya Mac? You’ll have those bits by weeks end won’t ya?”

A stone faced Earth pony stood before Big Mac and Caramal Apple in the dimly lit barn. Hard lines cut into his face which were obscured by the heavy black wireframed glasses resting on his snout.

“O’ course Red Top, we’ll scrounge up them bits right Carm?” Mac murmured fretfully.

“Y-Yes, of course”

“OF **COURSE** FRIGGEN OF COURSE! Wasn’t asking I was telling,” interjected Red Top, yellowed teeth glinting as he spoke. “After that day passes it’ll be your family, startin’ with the girls. The pigs’ll finish what the dogs don’t do.”

“We’ll get them bits you decrepit monster...” muttered Caramal a little too loudly.

“Mac your lady friend got a voice? Well speak up sweetheart you’ve got to repeat that.”

Mac shot Caramal an urgent look and he backed down. “Can it will ya Carm? This ain’t easy fer us both and we’re here ‘cause of *you* ya remember?”

Red Top walked over to his caged hounds, prodding them with an iron poker.

“You don’t want to get bitten now do ya?”

“No sir Red Top...Carm here is just a might nervous is all.”

“I don’t care if he’s nervous, although if I was in his horseshoes I could see nervous when your indebted 400 bits.”

Big Mac shifted on his feet “Can ya give us a break? It’s not easy getting that money so easy...”

Red Top turned and violently tossed the poker at Caramal, putting a deep slash down his thigh.

“NO YOU PRATS! Get my money by week’s end. This is my final warning. You are treading thin ice my pedigree chums, and I shall be under it when it breaks. Now trot off.”

