This fanfic is a continuation of the fanon set forth by I Won't See You Tonight, and it's subsequent chapters.

A Little Piece of Heaven

CoffeeGrunt



Image courtesy of MixerMike622

The sun filtered through the leafy branches, dappling Trixie's coat in its shadow. She welcomed the shade, not only did it keep the powerful summer sun off her back, but it also gave her a paper-thin disguise against the other ponies in the town. The weather was amazing, if you weren't a pony that had just walked half of the Inter-Equestrian highway from Canterlot that is. Whoever worked up there, hated clouds. There wasn't a single one in the sky, only the occasional wispy remnant of ones that had been brutalised by the resident cloud-hater.

Trixie had done a lot of scenery admiring lately. Perusing an *exquisite* house as a couple walked by her, ogling a simply *excellent* selection of cakes as the shop owner stared her down, and sampling the *beautiful* weather as pegasus ponies perched themselves on the rooftops and glared at her. Yes, while her bold plan had been to gallop into Ponyville and make them love her, in the end her reputation here was still fairly strong. She had yet to even meet the ponies she'd brought on stage either. *That* was going to be like a trip to the moon.

It was whenTrixie was admiring a simply *devine* al fresco cafe that she heard the yell. Somepony blindsided her, the words "*twitchy tail*" rang in her ears as she was tackled to the ground by a pink pony who apparently had personal-space issues. It wasn't until a second afterwards - while Trixie was fighting to regain her breath - that she saw the pile of furniture crash on the spot she had been using as her architectural admiration vantage point. Trixie fought to sputter words out, still winded by the impact. The earth-mare was *strong.*
"What..the...hay!?"
The pink mare cocked her head to one side and giggled. "Oh you silly filly, you should be more careful where you're standing. It's lucky your Auntie Pinkie was walking by and got a really bad twitchy tail and fast heart, then saw you and Derpy up there." She raised a hoof towards the sky, and Trixie could make out a grey pegasus being berated by a removal team for dropping the cargo. "And I knew that my pinkie sense was telling me to save you from getting all squished!"
"So...you get twitchy tails and fast heart-rates whenever someone's in danger?"
"Oh no, I only get the twitchy tail when something's about to fall. I never got a fast heart before, so I figured it meant I should save you. I don't make the rules, I just kinda do what my body tells me to."
Trixie's face contorted in confusion. A psychiatrist was definitely needed to help work this one out.
"Oh. My. Gosh! You're new!" The pink mare began to bound up and down in front of Trixie, who took the moment to stand up next to her. "New new new new NEW! My name's Pinkie Pie, it's so super fun and awesome to meet you!" She seized Trixie's hoof and began shaking it exuberantly.
"Umm...yeh, My name's Trixie. I...haven't been here before." She saw looks from eavesdroppers nearby that clearly spelled "*horse-apples*."
"You know what that means! You have to meet everypony! I know everypony in this town and everypony knows me. You'll have loads of friends in no time at all!"
"Oh...I'm not really ready to meet lots of ponies. I just want a quiet life. I don't even have a house yet." She laughed nervously, having spent the last two hours wandering aimlessly around the town, scared to ask anypony for directions.
"Oh that's okay. Tell ya what, how about I meet ya for lunch, and bring *my* friends along? They're super-cool ponies, especially Rainbow Dash. Oh! You'll *love* her sonic rainbooms!"
"Sonic...rainbooms?"
Pinkie Pie sighed. "You're just like Twilight. Oh! If you want to get along with her, read loads of books. She loves books!"
"Okay... will do. Where do I go to ask about housing?"
Pinkie stood to attention. She began jabbing her forelegs out sharply, accentuating her speech. "You take a left. Then a right. Then two lefts. Four rights. Then look for the big circley building. Talk to Mayor mare, she sorts all that stuff out."
"Thanks Pinkie." Trixie chanced a smile that for once wasn't put on for her audience."Where do you want to meet afterwards then?"
"Just come to Sugarcube Corner. It's the big bakery over there." She jabbed another hoof out at a building that looked as though it was simply *made* of cake. "I'll go round up my friends and

we'll be waiting on you to come back with a nice, new house!"
Trixie's smile was no longer a half-effort. A new house, life, and potential circle of friends? Her move to Ponyville might just turn out as she'd hoped. She'd finally taken her past head-on, and came up trumps. Her optimism lightened her legs and cooled her from the hot sun as she cantered her way to the Mayor's Office.

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"Name?"
"Trixie. T-R-I-X-I-E."
The elderly mare scribbled another note onto the parchment, never looking up at Trixie.
"Title?"
"Ummm...'The Great and Powerful." Trixie saw a smile appear on the mayor's lips. "But uhh...'Miss' will do."
"Miss Trixie... What's your occupation?"
Trixie fidgeted in her chair, trying to get comfy on the plain wooden seat. "Showmare...retired. I'll take whatever you have going really."
The mayor nodded her head lightly in acknowledgement. "It appears we do have a house, a family is moving to Manehattan and leaving the house behind."
Trixie chuckled nervously. "Well, they were hardly going to bring it with them."
"You'd be surprised, Miss Trixie. Especially Pegasi cloud homes."
Trixie's nervous laughter died in her throat. "So, where's the house? Is it out on the edge of town, somewhere nice and...quiet?"
"More or less on the outskirts. Small, detached house. Two bedrooms, fairly decent size. I'm afraid the family isn't moving out for another week. They've only just started moving the furniture today, actually."
"Was it a grey pegasus mare delivering them?"
"Oh yes, I believe our resident mailmare gave them a hoof. She... has her problems, Celestia bless her, but she pulls through."
Trixie remembered the pile of furniture that had crashed to the ground inches away from her.
"They may want a new employee then." Trixie chuckled, this time a little less nervously than before.
"Perhaps. Well, I'll see you in a week to collect the keys. I trust you have somewhere to stay until then?"
"I spent years on the road, I'll sort something out 'til then. Thanks again, mayor."
"No thank *you.* I hope you become a happy part of our community." The mayor smiled as Trixie trotted out the door, snapping it away as she resumed her massive payload of paperwork that lay on her desk. For such a small town, she had ever so much to sort through.

Trixie stepped out once more into the sun. She was no longer evading the attention of the Ponyville locals as she practically pranced her way through the streets to Sugarcube Corner. She wasn't sure where her filly-like excitement came from... maybe it was the idea of having friends, or being somewhere new. A luxury she hadn't had for... such a long time. She

extinguished the embers of her memories. She had ponies who'd care about her and talk to her, and all the other things friends do. A massive grin was plastered over her face as she nudged the bakery door open and cantered inside. She saw the ponies congregated around the table. Pinkie sat with a yellow pegasus she didn't recognise, and that Rainbow mare from the show. Trixie's spine chilled as she saw the other mares, the cowfilly who she had hog-tied, and the purple unicorn who had defeated the Ursa... who had saved her life.

Trixie's grin slumped off her face. But that was nothing compared to the expressions of the other ponies. Confusion on the lavender unicorn's face passed to downright anger on the rainbow pegasus'. Pinkie seemed unaware of the sudden absolute-zero temperature the room had taken on as she trotted over to Trixie and crushed her under a massive hug. She spun around, waving a hoof in front of Trixie like a show pony.
"Hey girls, I'd like you to meet Trixie. She's a new mare in town and I wanted to make sure she'd have lots of *new* friends to go with her nice *new* life. Rarity couldn't make it because she had a bunch of dresses to make. She runs the boutique here, she even made us all dresses for the gala!"
It was the cowfilly who was first to speak, her glare was locked onto Trixie. Oddly calculative for the situation. "Oh, we've met before all right. Ah don't forget nopony who makes a foal ah me."
Trixie's cheeks began to warm, then the indignant pegasus burst forth, the cowfilly grabbing her rainbow-streaked tail in her teeth. "AJ let me go. Lemme at 'er! I'll show her who's Great and Powerful!"
"Sith dowm, sheeth not wuth it!" The "AJ" struggled to both hold the rainbow pegasus back and speak, but the angry mare took her message and sat back down, still glaring daggers at Trixie. The yellow pegasus looked confused, and whispered something to the purple one. Trixie turned to Pinkie, who only had one foreleg around her now, seemingly having finally caught on to the sudden freeze-up.
"Why...why is everypony acting so crazy?"
"Because you brought *her* here? Why'd you bring her here, didn't we tell you about Trixie, Pinkie?" Apparently the rainbow one could hold a grudge.
"Umm, nuh-uh! Dash, I think I'd remember if you told me about her, she's new here. Oh! Is she like an old high school friend like Gilda?"
"She's no friend, but she's *just* like Gilda!"
It was at this point that the purple one spoke out against 'Dash.' "Well I don't think that's fair Dash. I mean sure Trixie is boastful, but she wasn't exactly bullying people."
Dash crossed her forelegs. "Says the one who wasn't put in a rainado then shocked with a thunderbolt." Trixie's cheeks flared violet, this was getting out of hoof.
"Hey, she didn't tie y'all up with an apple in yer mouth like a pig!"
"Yeah well, thunderbolts are worse!"
"Nuh-uh. I'm pretty sure gettin' tied-up is worse." AJ shunted her snout right up to Dash as if it were a challenge.
"Then you've *obviously* nev-."
"Seriously girls?" The purple unicorn cut in, thankfully. "Are we really going to compare how much Trixie wronged us like a contest?"

Dash muttered something nopony else could make out, then huffed up with her forelegs crossed.
“She’s not like Gilda, Dashie.” Pinkie Pie piped up. “I can tell whether a pony’s a meany mcmean pants like Gilda, and Trixie isn’t like that.”
Trixie’s heart started to pound. She’d never had another pony to fight her battles for her, it had been her against Equestria all the way. She finally found her voice, and made up her mind.
“I’m sorry.”
Dash and AJ froze up for a second. “Wha-?” They exclaimed simultaneously.
“I’m sorry. For embarrassing you in front of a crowd, for mistreating and hurting you. It was unfair of me to challenge my audience...unshowmarely.” Trixie levelled her gaze at the ponies around the table, taking the empty seat originally planned for her. “I don’t expect you to forget, I’m just asking you to forgive.”

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The rest of the lunch had passed on a slowly improving gradient. There had been a small argument, AJ, (or “AppleJack” as Trixie later found out), had decided to give her the benefit of the doubt after Pinkie had told them “*everypony deserves a second chance.”* Dash hadn’t been so willing, and Trixie still sensed the frosty nature in her speech. Twilight, as it turned out, was Princess Celestia’s *personal student*. Apparently she was still studying magic and such, so she was actually very interested in Trixie’s own brand of showmare magic. Trixie actually had a fairly comfortable conversation with her in comparison with the others. In the end the ponies left for their different jobs, and Trixie helped Pinkie clear up - finding out she actually lived *above* the bakery.

“So Trixie...how’d your house-huntin’ go?” There was a curious trepidation in Pinkie’s voice, just below the hyper overtone.
“Oh...I talked to the mayor mare. She said they’d have something in a week, but I guess I could just...stay in an inn or-?”
“Oh no! There’s no inns in Ponyville anyway, so you couldn’t do that, and I could hardly let you sleep under a bridge. What sorta friend would I be then? You can stay here - I have a spare bed, not that we’d share a bed, that’d be silly and all squashed up. We could have a like...a week of sleepovers!”
“That sounds fun.” A grin streaked across Trixie’s face. “I suppose you could show me around Ponyville for the week, all the fun places to go and such?”
“Yeah, that’d be super fun. We could make cupcakes too! I love making cupcakes, we wouldn’t need any of the others, unless you want them to come. Do you want them to come? They might be busy with work and studying and stuff.” Pinkie was carrying an enormous smile across her face that helped Trixie forget the friction with her friends.
“Whatever you wanna do Pinkie. I’ve gotta say, I’m pretty tired from all the walking and talking I’ve done today.” She yawned, stretching her forelegs upwards. “That comfy spare bed you have sounds really nice right now.”
Pinkie helped Trixie to bed, even going so far as to tuck her in. Trixie wriggled into the mattress

to get comfier, she could get used to friendship treatment like this. Soon the trials of the day dulled her mind, and she fell asleep. For the first time in years her subconscious didn't torment her with dreams about her past.

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Trixie's mind blearily regained it's momentum, sluggishly starting to regain it's consciousness. She stretched out under her covers, it was almost like how she imagined sleeping on a cloud would be. Years on inn beds had done her back no good, but she could get used to this static living deal. She opened her eyes and saw Pinkie standing next to her bed, a tray held between her teeth. On it was a stack of steaming pancakes coated in syrup, muffins, cupcakes, even a mug of nettle tea. Trixie's stomach growled at the sight of the spread, a little too loudly for her comfort.

Pinkie deposited the tray onto the bed next to where Trixie lay, the wafting smell of fresh bakery goods crept into Trixie's nose.
"Hey Trixie! I made these for you because I figured you'd be up soon. I didn't wanna wake you because that wouldn't be very nice and you looked so comfy anyway, and you said you were all tired from walking. I think they're still warm, I gotta go get ready for today while you eat up."
Trixie started eating the spread as Pinkie exited the room. The pancakes were perfect, fluffy and light to contrast the thick, sweet syrup strewn over them. The muffins and cupcakes were likewise fluffy, the blueberry flavoured ones in particular being her favourite, though she wasn't exactly complaining about the rest.

After finishing her breakfast, Trixie fixed up the bed with a flick of her magic. As she cantered down the steps, she was met with the presence of Pinkie in the bakery, with a white unicorn. No, *that* white unicorn! She wasn't ready for more confrontations, how did Pinkie know all these ponies!? Although as she approached her,Trixie sensed that a slandering match was the last thing the seemingly cultured pony wanted, she trotted up to her, extending a nervous hoof to shake. The white unicorn took it in hers and shook, then with a sincere nod she released her hold. A light cough vented from her lips, evidently she still held her ladylike demeanour Trixie remembered.
"I'm really sorry, about what happened at the show with your hair."
The white unicorn seemed to cringe at the memory of her fashion wound. "Oh no dear, it's quite alright, Fluttershy told me about your...apology last night. My name's Rarity, I don't believe we've been officially introduced."
"Mine's Trixie. A pleasure to uhh...meet you."
"Likewise, I imagine you dropped your title?"
Trixie blushed. "It didn't seem...fitting, afterwards." She winced as she realised what the loss of her title meant to her.
"Well, hopefully this will put a smile on your face." With a flourished motion Rarity opened her saddlebag and withdrew a cloak, then the hat that paired with it. The tattered shreds still held their night sky-like sheen of deep purple, with stars smattering the surface. Tears welled in

Trixie's eyes, and she forced a smile for Rarity as she accepted the return of the possessions she had thought long lost.

Looking at the outfit, it almost had been. The fabric was ripped and punctured at many points, the sheen was faded in some areas as the magic held within had bled from the wounds. Yet Trixie still cuddled it as she had on so many nights before. She slowly wrapped it around herself, the familiar feeling of the soft, silky fabric enveloping her body. She breath a sigh of relief, as though she'd just had a lung returned to her.
"I'm ever so sorry I couldn't repair it. However the fabric turned out to be Arcotton, extremely rare," she indicated a hoof towards the cloak, "as I'm sure you're more than aware of. I saw it and thought that despite it's...ownership, it was definitely an item worth saving." She smiled at Trixie, a genuine smile, not her usual high-society faked affair. "Now that I can apply that sentiment to the owner, I'm glad I kept it."
Trixie blushed, awoken from her trance by Rarity's words. "Thank you Rarity, both this gift and those words mean a lot to me."
"I'm just sorry I couldn't repair it, but it would take precise magic, and by it's nature, only the owner may apply such magic to it."
"I never knew it was special in such a way. It's always meant a lot to me in a...different way." She shrouded herself tightly in the cloak. It was comforting to feel it once again. She'd find a way to repair it, although in her heart she wanted it to remain tattered and untampered. A reminder of what she'd done to her dream.
In the end Rarity had talked with Trixie about how best to repair it, Trixie had listened intently, in case she ever changed her mind. Soon the white lady left, another order of exquisite dresses required her attention and she had little time left to complete her designs. Trixie and Pinkie were soon left alone, and Trixie retired to a corner. Pinkie sat down next to her, watching Trixie caress the smooth fabric she shrouded herself in.
"Hey Trixie, you okay?"
Trixie looked up from her cloak. "Couldn't be better. I've missed this for so long, it's like part of myself now." Both a smile and tears shared her face.
"Where'd you get it-?" Pinkie questioned, but halted as she saw Trixie shake her head slowly.
"There's some stories a mare never tells. Maybe one day...but not today, sorry."
Pinkie nodded, and wrapped a comforting leg around Trixie's shoulders. Trixie welcomed the sensation, it felt calming as her memories came back to her once again. But with a friend by her side, they didn't sting quite as much as before.

The next day Trixie was awoken with the same cheery breakfast-in-bed routine. She was slightly embarrassed, and made a mental note that she should return the favour to Pinkie at some point. It didn't seem fair that the pink mare should look after her so well while she simply accepted it. For most of that day, they baked various foods, and a large array of inedible lumps of char-grilled cupcakes that ended up resembling coal. In the end they muddled together something fairly edible, and smothered it in icing until it tasted good.

It was then that Trixie remembered a recipe she'd had in her cloak pocket. The result of much

begging and pleading, and even threw a private show the maker's family just to get a hold of it. She whipped out the piece of paper and showed it to Pinkie, surprisingly still intact despite the cloak's damage.
"We should make this." She hoofed the paper to Pinkie, who stared at it pensively.
"What is it? Is it a cupcake recipe or something?"
"Better. This recipe is only known in one town, on one little island in the Españiard seas. They call it the 'coco de patata.'"
"I duno if I wanna eat it, I don't normally eat dog food, it normally tastes all yucky."
"Trust me, I had to throw a special show just for them to get it. When I tasted it, I knew I wanted it. They put a spell on this paper so that if I ever try to sell the recipe, the cakes will always turn out wrong, or burnt."
"Well if you went to all that trouble, I guess we can try it. If they're as super-tasty as you say, then they gotta be worth a bite!"

The steaming cakes were ejected from the oven by Trixie's careful magic. The smell of the cakes wafted over to her as she levitated the tray onto the counter. They were still hot, but that didn't stop Pinkie from grabbing one and eating it whole. As she chewed happily on the cake, she knelt down into a cupboard and extracted a bottle of hot sauce. Smothering another cake in the fiery condiment, she pounded it down with a happy giggle.

Trixie giggled as she saw the mare burn her way through the pile of cakes. It wasn't until they were all gone that that Pinkie allowed a sigh to vent from her lips, and rubbed her stomach with her hoof.
"Y'know...I was kinda hoping to have some too Pinkie." Trixie's giggles continue as she levelled a hoof at the empty tray. "We were meant to share them."
Pinkie joined in Trixie's giggling fits. "Well you gotta be faster than that! Especially with those cakes, those cakes are great! We need to make more. Make sure you grab yourself some this time." Pinkie stuck a cheeky tongue out at Trixie, who playfully cuffed her with a hoof.
"Don't make me make you give me some!"
Pinkie brandished the spatula in her teeth like a sword. "Oh yeah? We'll see about that miss Great and Powerful!" The threat would've had more impact if it weren't interrupted by her hysterics.
"I'll show *you* who's Great and Powerful!" Trixie brandished her cloak like an old vampony from the old Bridleway plays. Pinkie giggled, mocking fear as she tried to defend herself with a wooden spoon. For a hair of a second, Trixie thought that they must look like the most immature pair of fillies in all Equestria, but at that moment she didn't care. They were having too much fun to care about anything, really.

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Trixie awoke once more the next morning, but this time there was no cheery greeting or a tray of delicious breakfast. She looked at the clock, it wasn't *early,* but if Pinkie had slept in she may have a chance to return the favour for once. She checked in Pinkie's room, but found the bed

already made. Odd. She continued downstairs, the kitchen was untouched, exempt from the usual Pinkie Pie culinary debris she'd begun to notice. Instead there was Pinkie sitting at the dining table. Her once puffed-out hair lay in straight, downward strands over her shoulders. Her coat even seemed less vibrant, although it may have been the lack of light. All the curtains were drawn, shrouding the room in a twilight ambience.

Trixie then heard the sobs. Short. Sharp. Pinkie's shoulders heaved in time with them as she sat there, Trixie drew closer, treading softly as hooves would allow so she wouldn't startle her. A piece of paper sat in Pinkie's hooves, and Trixie didn't need her friend's special sense to tell it was the cause of the tears. She drew a chair and sat next to Pinkie. She was barely acknowledged. It struck Trixie how little experience she had dealing with other ponies, the best she could managed was a concerned question.

“Pinkie...are you okay?”
Pinkie turned towards her, her pink eyes puffed up red. She saw the concern etched into Trixie's features, and hoofed her the letter. Trixie gingerly took it, and read the contents:

Dear Miss Pinkamina Diane Pie,

We regret to inform you on behalf of the Equestrian Registrar, that on the 27th of November at 8PM, your younger sister Miss Greyotrina Dolores Pie passed away due to her illness. Her state funded funeral is being held in the Canterlot Royal Sisters' Cemetery this Sunday. Your father requested we send this message to you, so that you may attend.

Our Condolences,

Mortis Scribe.

Trixie sat the letter down on the table, she looked into Pinkie's eyes. So deep, so hurt. They reminded her of times she had looked in the mirror. She couldn't allow her friend to suffer what she had. She needed to help her, no matter what.
“Pinkie.” She took Pinkie's hoof in hers, which elicited her attention. “I am so. Sorry. It wasn't right of me to push my snout into your family business, but...I have something I need to tell you. When I’m done, I hope you’ll understand why I didn’t want to tell you before.”
Pinkie saw the sincerity in Trixie's eyes through the tears in her own. She nodded, and Trixie began.
At first it had hurt. For so long she had evaded and buried her fillyhood, to unearth it and lay it bare for Pinkie now was painful. As Trixie progressed, the poverty of her foalhood, the loss of her mother, living as a street urchin. It all began to lift. A story she had never shared, always shouldering the burden on her own. For her part, Pinkie listened intently, her vibrant eyes now somber as Trixie recounted her debut night, the message from her stage manager. As Trixie recounted her last promise to Cassandra, tears once more came to her eyes. She looked back at Pinkie, having recited the story to the table top. Trixie hadn't even used her eyes the whole time, she just sat...remembering and relaying her past. She saw tears falling down from Pinkie's

eyes, and at that moment Pinkie understood the motive behind the secret.

“I've never told anypony else before. I always kept it down, hid it away. But she deserves better than that, I can see it now. Her story shouldn't be kept hidden away by me alone. Thanks for listening, Pinkie.”
Pinkie reached out her forelegs and gave Trixie a soft hug. The two sat there for an unknown time, each comforting the other's wounds. In the end it was Pinkie who broke off the embrace. She looked into Trixie's eyes, her own carried a sincerity she rarely used.
“I..I want you to do my speech for me then, Trixie.”
Trixie was taken aback. “Pinkie, I don't know if that's right. You have lots of other friends who'd know you better.”
“I do Trixie. But I..I just can't find the words for it, but you found words for me perfectly. You knew how I felt, how I still feel. I *want* you to do this for me. Don't make me plead.”
Even though Trixie hadn't known Pinkie for very long, she felt the uncharacteristic seriousness in her now-level voice. Part of her wanted to do it, to release more of her burden and tell her sister's story. The other part realised it would do anything for a chance to see another smile on those pink lips.

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The funeral hung over the week like a dark cloud, as Pinkie and Trixie waited for the moment to come. Pinkie's friends had come to pay their condolences, and Pinkie asked them to come along to support her. She needed all the moral support she could get with this, and Trixie was rarely far from her side with a comforting foreleg, until the day itself came.

Trixie's nerves reached meteoric levels as she sat in the rows of chairs. The frail body of Pinkie's sister was revealed. Barely more than a filly, her youth startled Trixie. That one so young could be taken by a simple illness shocked her. The last rites were read by the vicar in attendance, and Pinkie's father took the stand for his speech. He spoke of his beloved daughter, his youngest little fire now extinguished. The stallion made no effort to hold back his tears, there were times when even the most stallionly colts admitted their emotions were too strong for them. In the end he retired to his seat, embracing his wife as they shared their grief for their little filly.

Pinkie sat a hoof on Trixie's leg, and nodded. She had been changing her mind on whether or not to take the speech herself for the days leading up to it many times. In this last moment, it seemed she had made her final decision. Trixie took a deep breath, then rose as a roomful of eyes appraised her. She trotted slowly to the altar where Pinkie's father had made his speech. She had thought of what to say, rehearsed it as was her shomare's wont. But at that moment as she looked over the congregated mourners, it all dissolved away.

She coughed to clear her throat, and began. “I imagine you are all sitting here, wondering what in Equestria gives me the right to take Pinkie's place. To speak for her about a filly I never had the pleasure of meeting.” Her eyes aligned on Pinkie's friends, who had taken the row behind

her and Pinkie's own. She found them giving her encouraging glances, and soldiered on.
“The problem is, not any of us can say with a certainty that we know what death is. It is one of life's great mysteries, that the culmination ends in it's greatest secret. I have had a lot of time to question the world over this, because I've suffered a loss just like Pinkie had.” She gulped, here would come the hard part.

Once more she told her story, small details this time, about what her loss had inflicted on her.
“It was at that moment when I saw Pinkie crying at the table, the letter in her hoof, that I realised that Pinkie saved me from a pit of corrupt, hateful grief. I wanted to do whatever I could so that she wouldn't become as torn apart by her loss as I was. I'm the living testament that when a pony dies, a little part of everyone they knew dies with her. For some ponies it's a small chip, for others it's a gaping wound that seems beyond healing.”
She stopped for breath, and to shunt back her tears.
“And so, I always remembered my sister's last verse as an actress, as she recounted it to me on her deathbed.” The tears had overran her defences, so she let them come. It was a poem that had never left her thoughts, she remembered it as well as her own name.
”All Equestria's a stage,
and all the stallions and mares merely players;
they have their exits and their entrances,
and one mare in her time plays many parts.
I think everpony here can take a little solace in those words. In the end we all meet up together, and I’m sure Greyotrina is happily awaiting you all with the rest of our lost loved ones. Thank you.”

Trixie inclined her head to the congregated mourners, and stepped down from the pedestal, evading their eyes, simply making her way to her seat next to Pinkie. She sat down, relief flooded over her. Pinkie reached a foreleg around her, a thanks whispered in her ear. Trixie managed a half-smile as Pinkie lay her head on her shoulder. Trixie owed a lot to the mad, pink mare. She had both literally and figuratively saved her life. She rested her head against Pinkie's, and watched as the coffin was lowered into the ground. Pinkie wouldn't suffer her fate. She had this extensive family, loving friends, and if all those failed, she had *her.*

The funeral ended, and the mourners began to leave for their far-off homes. It was as Trixie made to leave that she felt a soft prod on her shoulder, she turned, and saw the sincere face of Pinkie's father staring at her.
“Mr Pie, I'm so sorry for your loss. Pinkie asked me to speak for her, she said she couldn't find the words.”
“But you did. And I thank you. You didn't just speak for Pinkamina, you spoke for me too. I hope you find closure with the loss of your sister.”
“And I hope you and your family find closure with the loss of your daughter.” The words seemed to elicit an almost unnoticeable wince from Papa Pie.
“I aim to. A life wasted on grief means that two ponies were lost today, not one. The last thing I want is Pinkie getting eaten up by her grief. With you by her side, I'm sure she'll be okay. For

once in that little filly's life, I can say she made a great choice."
And with that he turned, making towards the train station that would bear him back to his simple rock farm in Whinnysota. Trixie never did find out what he felt she was a good choice in, she became aware of Rainbow Dash at her side. The pegasus seemed uncomfortable, but pushed through it as she spoke.
"I just wanna tell you Trixie, since Pinkie likes you so much, I suppose we're gunna have to make nice." She offered a hoof to Trixie, and Trixie accepted it.
"I'm just glad we're not mortal enemies. I think it'd be better for Pinkie if her two friends were friends themselves."
"Yeh, heheh, her two...friends." She shot Trixie a curious look, then set off into the blue sky on her way home.

Trixie noticed Pinkie's presence at her side. Her withered locks were slightly more voluminous, as though somepony had gently reinflated a balloon. She took Trixie's hoof in hers, and shared a soft smile. They left for the hot air balloon, and began the long journey back home.

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The next morning Trixie had delivered on her promise, and woken up early to make Pinkie her breakfast. The earth mare's hair still hadn't regained it's puffiness, and she was still quite distant, but Trixie still endeavored to make her feel as comfortable as possible. It wasn't a duty as such, she enjoyed it. It felt so good to have somepony to look after, who needed her. Trixie knew that Pinkie had a rough road ahead of her, so she wanted to be there with a helping hoof to stop her grief turning her into...well, whatever you would call the type of pony Trixie had become. She sighed as she cleaned up the dishes, her gesture had only received a weak thanks and a smile, a shadow of the ones she had been greeted with these past few days.

It was then that Trixie sat down at the table, her cloak arrayed on it before her. Still tattered and unrepaired, she caressed it softly with a hoof, lifting the ragged edges gingerly. She had intended to keep it like this, as a reminder of what she became, but was it really necessary to use it for *those* memories? She remembered happier times parading as a magician, nothing more than a filly's fantasy. Those are what would come to her as she wore this cloak now, the joy of performing for crowds. A gift left tattered is disrespectful to the giver, and Trixie knew what she wanted to do with it now. She focused her magic, lifting the shredded garment up above her. It draped itself before her like a derelict curtain, the fabric still shimmered despite the bleeding of the magic held within.

She started to redouble her efforts, compounding her will onto the ripped seams. Slowly, they came together, not stitched like a simple garment. The frayed ends joined each other, individual fibers twisting and reconnecting as though no damage had been done. The rips were welded shut, flawless and seamless as the wounds healed. Trixie finished her labour of love, and focused further. She poured her magic into the cloak, it greedily ate it up, the stars became brilliant pinpricks of light against the now empty black of the cloak. It took on the darkness only

the infinite tracts of space could hold, yet the light of the stars scattered across it made it seem more regal than gothic. Trixie smiled as she clasped the diamond around her neck, and allowed the repaired cloak to envelop her once more.

So deeply engrossed in her repair job was she, that she never noticed a certain pink pony watching from the bottom of the staircase. In fact it wasn't until Pinkie laid a hoof on her shoulder that she acknowledged her, with a startled yelp. Pinkie giggled.
“Gotcha!” She whispered in Trixie's ear.
“You only startled me, I have my new cloak, you shall not defeat The New and Improved Trixie!” Once more she paraded like a foal, only now, the cloak matched the theatrics.
Pinkie's giggles continued as she watched the pantomiming blue unicorn. “Silly filly, you think a nice cloak is going to impress me?”
“You like it? I wanted to make sure it was perfect.”
“It is...it suits you.”

Trixie was about to question what the pink pony meant by that, until a knock at the door cut off her line of thought. She shot a weak smile at Pinkie, and flipped the door open with her magic. Twilight was treated to the sight of Trixie standing regally in her flowing night-sky cloak, Pinkie standing by her side with an odd smile on her face.
“Oh sorry, I'm not too early am I? I didn't know if you two wanted more time to yourselves.”
Trixie's expression turned from imposing to bemused. “Oh, it's okay. I think Pinkie's over the worst of it now, at least, I hope you are.” She turned to her roompony, who's vibrant pink coat and flamboyant mane had returned. As had her smile, seeing it only made Trixie smile more.
“*Twilight must think we're both grinning idiots*.”
Twilight coughed. “Yes, the funeral. Well, I've been...researching these last few days, and I found something...something I felt I should let you know. You know, if you want to hear it.”
“I don't see why not.”
Twilight's cheeks started to burn red. “Well...I found a spell, that will let a pony enter the afterlife. Well, entering is easy, but it creates a lifeline to come back with.”
Trixie was dumbstruck. One thought hit her, hard. Could she bear to see her again? To reveal to her both the failure of her promise and their dream? In the end Trixie turned to Pinkie for guidance.

“What do you want to do?” She chanced a smile, wary of the chain-reaction it caused.
Pinkie's face remained thoughtful. “If I could see my family one last time...” She trailed off into nothing, staring past Twilight out into the street. After a moment, she came back to her senses. “I'll do it, if Trixie comes with me. It might be scary over there, I want somepony to look after me.” She turned and smiled at Trixie. “Y'know, if you want to go.”
Trixie nodded slowly, then walked with her as Twilight lead them to the library where everything was set up.

Twilight stood over everypony, explaining the ritual. She levitated a heavy, leather tome in front of her as she spoke, occasionally riffling through pages to find the segment she needed. “Right,

the book says the spell consists of three parts. 'The Anchor, the Chain and the Vessel. Visiting the afterlife appears to be like sailing, without an anchor, the vessel will be lost in the waves.'"

She gulped, her look of fear shared by everpony there. Pinkie squeezed Trixie's hoof harder, her nerves visibly building under the surface. "'The Anchor is a ring of ponies, focused by the diagrams.'" She waved a hoof at the ring of her friends, each had locked hooves to make the circle complete. "'One unicorn must be present in the Anchor to make the connection to the Chain.' Rarity, that's you. 'The Vessel must be of at least two ponies, one of which must be a unicorn. A light vessel on harsh waves will capsize easier than a weighted vessel. The unicorn also establishes the magical connection to the chain.'"

Here Twilight reached the worrying part, her role. "'The Chain is the point where the greatest stress is applied, if it is too weak, it will break, and the Vessel will be lost. It is therefore recommended the strongest unicorn take this role, for the sake of those in the vessel.'" Twilight halted. Was she really willing to place the lives of two friends on her magical talent?

It was Pinkie who spoke out from the nervous silence. She gave Twilight a light hug and a reassuring smile. "I trust you, you're the best magician I've met, and a better friend."
Still holding Trixie's hoof, she led them both into their position as the Vessel, where they lay. It was necessary, as standing while their minds were removed would result in their bodies being dropped to the floor. She nodded to Twilight, and turned to Trixie, who saw the cracks in her brave facade.

Twilight moved into her position, dead center in the circle. Her horn glowed, arcing onto Rarity's, then Trixie's own. Trixie's mind began to lighten, her vision fading. The last thing she saw was Pinkie's face, her fear seeping through the cracks. Soon Trixie had left her body, no sight, or any other senses presented themselves. Just her thoughts. Then, from the edges of her perception, she felt a presence. Pinkie. She saw *her* mind, *her* thoughts. They unravelled before her like birthday wrapping being torn from a present. Irresistibly, it all flooded into Trixie's mind, her penchant for hot sauce and bakery goods, her love for her pet Gummy, her happiness in her friends being with her. It did not slow, however, it began to speed up, more and more revealed itself, the wrapping became darker, more dank. Deeper memories. A tea party with rocks and a bucket of turnips, a depressed childhood on a rock farm, Trixie found herself unwilling to continue, but unable to stop. She reached the core of Pinkie's mind, a great, crushing sphere of fear. Her fear of being alone. It flooded into Trixie's mind, the eternal worry of one who was never truly secure in their friendships. One who needed more than friends who would be there if they could, but a pony who would be there no matter what.

As Pinkie's memories folded into her own, her presence did too. Pinkie's thoughts flowed in concert with Trixie's. They came so thick and fast, but Trixie could feel the undertone now. The voice in her subconscious she was always trying to drown out with her endless speech and partying. It was then Trixie understood Pinkie for what she was, and were she able to cry over the sad state of her mind, she would have done extensively. The facade shattered before her,

the sad, little filly within revealed.

The merging completed, and Trixie felt Pinkie's thoughts fall superfluously within her own. So much of them were about her. One small voice broke free from the furore.
"*Trixie? Are you there?*"
"*Don't worry Pinkie, Auntie Trixie's right here with you."*
Trixie felt Pinkie's relief. Not an expression of it like a contented sigh or a smile, but the raw, unfiltered emotion that motivated these gestures. "*Trixie. Please...don't go anywhere*."
"*Don't worry Pinkie, we're going to get through this together, okay?*"

Her thoughts were cut short as another flood of relief emanated from Pinkie's psyche. The rapid flow of her thoughts seemed to lessen, and she seemed to slip into contentment. Trixie felt the sensation of them both being squeezed. Concentrated into a single, minute point. A rush erupted around them, though neither could feel nor sense it, they were both fully aware of it anyway. Fear crept back into Pinkie's mind, but Trixie reassured her. They would both go together. Their minds were overthrown by a flare of light, it enveloped them both with a searing fire. They passed through unhindered however, emerging at long last into the Great Beyond.

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Infinity is impossible for the pony mind to imagine. Even the greatest dreamers have filters and limits on their perceptions. However, as Trixie and Pinkie entered the afterlife, that is what they soon experienced. They were a collected puff of smoke rapidly diffusing into a smog of ponies that had entered before them. Some had been resting here for millenia, ancient caveponies from darker times, others had been alive only this morning, still coming to terms with their own death. Both the intrepid adventurers found themselves surrounded by billions of ponies, looking into Trixie and Pinkie's memories while sharing their own. They were greeted by a thousand different cultures, but language was not a barrier. No words were uttered, no writing shared. Instead of these worldly translations the ponies collected here shared the core thoughts these languages tried to convey. The feelings that were universal to ponykind past, present and future. Were Trixie and Pinkie still in their bodies, they would have gone insane from the rate of thought transfer tearing through their minds. However, here the mind was unlimited by the physical body, and it could achieve far more than anypony living could even imagine.

Trixie felt Pinkie's mind leap with joy. She tried to find the source, but it was lost in the smog. She hoped the earth pony had found who she was looking for, Trixie still combed the ether around her. A billion ponies were conversing with her but she only wanted one. She focused her mind on the memory, a young, beautiful ruby-red mare. A beaming, motherly smile and sympathetic eyes. The immortal image Trixie had held for all these years. Soon the flood of knowledge lessened, it became more focused the more she focused on her image. She remembered the golden mane, how it flowed in the wind. The slight over-acting in her mannerisms, the playful faces she made with Trixie. The search narrowed, inquisitive minds probed her memories of this pony then disappeared, spreading the word of the search.

Soon the search party faded altogether. Trixie's desperation mounted, she had come so far, been through so much. She needed to find her! Then, a small nudge touched at the edge of her mind, barely even a thought. She refocused on the source, and found her. Shimmering red coat and golden mane, and those eyes. The result of the memories of twenty ponies' viewpoints, all joined together to create the perfect reproduction. Cassandra smiled, a tear escaped the edge of her eye. Her smile turned to a sad one, but with a rueful edge.
"*Oh little sis, whatever have you done?*"
Trixie felt the crushing weight of Cassandra's disappointment. "*I...I'm so sorry Cass. It was so hard, to go without you after all that time. I broke my promise, I let you down.*"
Cassandra returned that smile. The one she had greeted Trixie with for so many years. Lucid, understanding, caring. She flooded Trixie's mind with emotion. She flooded it with pride.
"*Oh my little sister, all alone in the world. I can see it, see all of it. I want you to know, you never for one second let me down. Anypony who can bear a burden like you and still put on a show to make an audience smile is worthy of only the greatest rewards."*
"*But...our dream? I never got it, never got famous for us."*
"*Life is about more than success Trixie. It's only after you die that you learn such lessons. Sadly there's no chance to go back after you learn how to do it. That's why I want you to take it now, it's a rare insight you've been given – coming here. I want you to make me a new promise Trixie, one which you must never break until the day you die."*
Trixie's mind flared. Could she bear to let her down? Would Cassandra forgive her a second time? Looking into those kind eyes, she understood that Cassandra spoke the truth, she could never let her big sister down. "*What is it sis, what do you want me to do?"*
"*Be happy. I want you to keep that promise every day, until you grow old and come back here. I don't care what, where, or who makes you happy, so long as you are Trixie. It's all I ever wanted for you, a happy life outside the poverty we were born into. You have a good chance for a lot of things with that new friend of yours."* Cassandra's image gave a slight, sly grin.
"*Pinkie? She's just a friend, we've only just met."*
"*And yet so many of your thoughts are about her, even now as you meet me after all these years. I'm kinda jealous little sis."* Cassandra winked at her, her grin extending across her face.
"*If there's one thing I regret now, it's not chasing love. Take it from a filly who knows, I can see into both your thoughts, we all can. You're both thinking a lot about each other, without actually* thinking."
"*You think Pinkie..?*"
"*I know she does Trixie, and if you still care about the taboo, I approve anyway. Otherwise I'd be quite the hypocrite.*"
If Trixie had cheeks they'd be blushing, "*You mean Velvet?*"
"*Yes...it saddens me I'll have to wait ninety years to atone my sins with her. I never thought about other ponies back then, but now I can see that's all I should have done. Don't make my mistakes Trixie, take what's there with both hooves and don't let go.*"
"*Thank you sis...I won't let you down.*"
"*Sorry, I didn't quite catch that. Odd, you seem to be fading out, I can't feel your memories so clearly.*"

“*I said 'thank you.'*”
“*You're returning Trixie...slipping back to the real world. Goodbye little sister, for now. Bring happy memories of a full life for me next time*.”
Cassandra's image turned away as if walking down an invisible road. It began to scatter, the composite memories that made it falling away one-by-one. She faded from view as Trixie was once more reunited with Pinkie, with the pony who's love she had mistaken for friendship for all this time. She could see it all now, laid bare on Pinkie's thoughts. At the core it wasn't *a pony* that she needed to be there for her, but *the pony.* Trixie peeled back the paper-thin facade and saw herself and Pinkie, dreams of a long life together. From the depths of her own mind her sister’s memories stirred, dreams she had dismissed as a result of her lack of friendship making ability.

They passed once more through the fire, splitting off from each other as they exited. Pinkie's presence was torn from Trixie's mind, and she felt the cold, empty loneliness of mortality as she was committed back to her body.

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Her body. She had used it for years, it had been with her since the start, and yet, the operation of such a delicate and complex machine eluded Trixie. The sound of her heart pounding thudded in her ears. Her eyes remained unopened, how to even operate the many tiny muscles required to do so seemed impossible to her now. As short as her visit to the afterlife had been, she'd almost lost the ability to control her own body. Her mind also seemed so slow now, even a bit sluggish. Clamped in and limited by the overly complex body that contained it. She twitched a hind leg, then raised a hoof to her head to scratch it. Good, those were fairly simple, not exactly delicate motions. Now she tried the complicated little eyelids. They fluttered for a few seconds, then opened to unleash the harsh light of the room onto her retinas. It took them a few minutes to focus and clarify her surroundings.

The ring of ponies had tightened around her and Pinkie, worry was etched on everypony who looked down on the two as they reasserted themselves with their bodies. Twilight looked terrible, she was coated in sweat and seemed barely conscious herself. The spell must have tried every ounce of her magical reserves. Trixie shivered as she imagined what would have happened to them both had Twilight's powers given out.

She rolled over to find Pinkie already staring at her. They shared a weak smile as they saw each other, both seemed to share the same thought. The sudden emptiness in their minds after they had been split apart once more. Trixie reached out a hoof to Pinkie, and she took it. They both lay there, neither willing to break the eye contact that had welded them together. That is, not until a thud alerted them back to Twilight. She lay sprawled on the ground, limbs at awkward angles. Trixie mustered all her strength and sat up, crawling over to the prone pony. Twilight's breathing was shallow and laboured. She needed a doctor.

The wards of the Ponyville hospital were strangely cold and modern in contrast to the rustic architecture of the rest of the town. White walls and sterile floors greeted the worried group as they sat in the waiting room, hoping for help with their friend. Trixie wrapped a foreleg around Pinkie, who seemed most worried. Trixie could tell she was probably blaming herself for making Twilight do the spell for her. She calmed down a bit when Trixie wrapped a leg around her. The earth pony laid her head on Trixie's shoulder. It took half an hour for the doctor to emerge from Twilight's room, but it barely seemed like any time at all for the two. The sound of the door opening caught everypony's attention, and they all looked at the doctor, awaiting the news.

The doctor fidgeted at the sudden attention directed at him. "Well, your friend's going to be okay, so there's no need to worry. We've got her stable now, she just needs some bed rest."
It was Pinkie who spoke first. "How long for doc? She isn't too bad, right?"
"Oh no, no, no. She simply over exerted her magic. She's awake now, she'll just need to take it easy for the next few days, no more complex spells if she can avoid it."
A collective sigh of relief filled the waiting room. "Ah suppose we can't see her now, given she's only just woken up?" Applejack had been tapping her hooves with worry the whole time.
"Oh no, she's quite okay to receive visitors. Just...no crowding please, and keep the noise down for her sake. She has quite the headache as you can imagine."
The group rushed into the room, and ignoring the doctors orders, Twilight found herself receiving a myriad of hugs and worried cries from all directions. She tried to shunt them off, then gave up as they insistently held onto her.
"Girls please. I'm okay, just a little exhausted."
"Ah little? You clean went out on us in the middle o' the floor. Gave us quite the scare Twi."
"Sorry about that, really I am. I ended the spell as I noticed my energy beginning to run out. I apologise for cutting your... visit short, but I imagine you'd prefer it to staying there." She directed herself towards Pinkie and Trixie, who stood awkwardly as the group turned on them.
"Umm, well...I'm not-"
"What she wants to say is 'thank you Twilight.'" Pinkie cut in.
"Oh and you know what I was gunna say?" She shot Pinkie a playful grin.
"Well duh!" She tapped Trixie's head with a hoof. "I got a nice look inside that ol' head of yours."
They both looked at each other for a second, then laughed. The ponies around them seemed confused, but it was Twilight that voiced herself.
"You...saw into each other's *minds*?"
Trixie blushed. "Well...you see when you sent us in, our thoughts sorta...mixed together. Then in the afterlife itself, they mixed with everypony there." She put a hoof to her head, it overexerted her brain to even *remember* the mass of information that flowed through her in the other realm.
Twilight's face lit up with joy. "This is fascinating! You say the minds of everypony in the afterlife are joined? I need you both to write down everything you can remember about it, I'm stuck off studying and magic for a few days." She pouted at the doctor, who sternly nodded. "So you'll have to write down everything you remember to prevent you from forgetting!"
Twilight's two little researchers chuckled. "No problem, it's the least we could do for you, I guess." Twilight grinned, before the doctor ushered everyone out so she could rest – mostly against their will. Rainbow Dash exited the room with Applejack dragging her by the tail. While

Rarity simply whined at the doctor until Twilight herself asked her to leave, for the sake of her headache.

The ponies went their separate ways, apart from Trixie and Pinkie. They retired to Sugarcube Corner together, and as Celestia's sun gave way for Luna's moonrise, they discussed what they had experienced in the afterlife.

“Do you remember it all? My head hurts just *thinking* about it! I mean, I remember that it was big...like really big. Bigger than the biggest thing I can imagine!”
Trixie smiled. “You mean it was infinite?”
“Yeah, but it was so weird, talking to millions and millions of ponies at once. It'd be a great place for a party at least. Did you... did you find your sister?”
Trixie's smiled weakened, then regained it's strength plus some. “Yes...yes I did. She...told me some things, apparently thoughts are impossible to hide there.”
“I found my Grannie Pie. She told me some... things too.”
Trixie's smile had turned to more of a sly grin. “What sort of 'things' did she tell you?” She giggled, as she already knew the answer.
“I dunno Trixie, what did your sister tell *you?*” Pinkie stuck her tongue out, the two ponies slowly moving closer to each other, challenging each other.
“My sister... she told me how to shut you up.” Trixie let a wink slip out.
Pinkie's face became a challenge against Trixie. “Oh yeah?” She grinned maniacally at Trixie, the two ponies' faces barely an inch away. Trixie moved first, she locked her lips onto Pinkie's, who had been anticipating it. The two never moved for the longest time, seemingly welded together at the lips. Eventually they broke off, each giggling at the other.
“Yeah...yeah she did.” They locked lips again, more passionately than before. Trixie flicked the bedroom lights off with her horn, and the two were plunged into the privacy of Luna's night..

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Winter roamed through the streets of Ponyville. With it came the light, fluffy snowflakes painstakingly manufactured by the pegasi ponies in Cloudsdale. They flurried through the wide, rural streets, coating little fillies and colts who revelled in the day out of school. Ponies continued about their business, whether it was work or play. On the edge of town there was a small house, the redecoration of which had barely been finished. Two ponies lay in front of the fireplace, enjoying the warmth of both the flames and each other. Before them lay a photo album, barely more than a couple of pages yet it brought infinite joy to the two as they perused it.

The pink one turned to her blue mate, curiosity playing across her face with the light from the fire. She seemed hesitant, almost worried about the reaction her planned sentence would bring. She cleared her throat, and Trixie lifted her gaze to her's.
“This album is really, really cool and all. But...it's a bit empty with just us two, dontcha think?”
She smiled warmly as Trixie tried to decipher what she meant.

“Well...this is for just us. We have another one with our friends in it too. Would you like me to get that one out?”
“Oh no, no, no. Not that our friends aren't cool, but...you remember when our minds got all mixed together?”
Trixie grinned. “How could I ever forget?”
Pinkie grinned, but more nervously than her partner. She tapped her forehooves together before speaking. “Can you imagine...if we got like...a little pony that was a mix between the two of us? For this album?”
Trixie saw through Pinkie's ruse. She was always bad at deceit, she never attempted it normally and Trixie loved her all the more for it. “You mean...like a *foal*, for example?”
Pinkie grinned as her flimsy ploy was found out. “Yeah...if, I dunno if we *could* Trixie. But I've been thinking about it for weeks and weeks, and I really want one...with you.”
Trixie smiled, and an idea formed in her head. “Well. Two mares can't *normally* have kids...but it's happened. I reckon if anypony can help us-.”
“Twilight? Maybe her super-duper magic could do something. We should go see her now and ask!”
“Oh no, we should wait. She's doing stuff for Celestia today, and it wouldn't be fair to cut her off from that for us.”
“Yeah...it would be kinda rude. But tomorrow, we'll do it tomorrow?”
“I promise.”
“You *swear?*” Pinkie grinned at Trixie, who ran a hoof across her chest, flapped her forelegs, then rammed a hoof into her eye. She sat and smiled at Pinkie after she had finished.
“I Trinkie Pie swear.”

Author Notes:

Well, that’s it fillies and gentlecolts, I got tired of writing a depressing story, so engineered a happy ending. Considering all the bases that needed covering I felt I’ve done fairly well with this. Also I got the opportunity to ship Trixie with Pinkie, why has this not been done before?

So that’s it...series is over, for now. It’s been fun writing and giving a little something back to the community. It’s not exactly star-6 material, but hell, I don’t want that attention anyway. Only makes everyone’s expectations higher. I have another fic, that if all goes to plan will be landing sometime after friday. Just after we defeat Rebecca Black. It’s another thing I’m minorly disappointed that noone has seemed to got onto ED. It’s unlikely I’m the first to try, so I doubt I’ll be the first to succeed.

Also Inmate 402/Velvet Storm is...somewhere else. Not in Ponyville, so she didn’t seem relevant. Sorry. She’ll appear somewhere else at some point in time.