

*"Your imagination is the single most important asset you possess. Your imagination is your power to create mental pictures of things that don't exist yet and that you want to bring into being. Your imagination is what you use to shape your future. And so in your own way, you are a prophet. You generate countless predictions every day. Your imagination is the source, tirelessly churning out mental pictures of what you'll be doing in the future."*

*Rob Brezsny*

I sat on the wall of my room, hearing the knocks continue. The voice outside was soft, as well as the knocks. The voice called out again,

"Please, is anypony here?"

I sighed as I began to move off of my bed, planting my feet on the ground. I took a very deep breath, and walked over to the door, afraid of what I was going to see. When I opened it, I nearly lost my breath. In front of me stood a small yellow pony with pink hair.

I began to stumble around at the door, seeing a pony standing at my door. I started to stumble out a few words, and the small pony looked down. She began to say,

"Sorry about intruding you... but I did not know where this house came from..." She said this with an unbelievable amount of shyness, and my heart began to melt. I felt my cheeks turn red, but I shook my head. I pulled myself together and stood back up, staring at the pony.

"This is just a dream.." I said out loud, continuing the stare at the pony. I half expected the pony to disappear, but there she still stood, now looking even more nervous.

"Why are you staring at me..." She said, her cheeks now turning red. I stared at the pony, and felt my head become light.

"This pony... is real..." I thought, and felt myself lose consciousness.

Fluttershy watched the strange mammal fall to the ground. She became very frightened for the mammal, as it hit its head on his desk. She ran inside of its house, picking him up with her hooves. She tried to pick him up to lay him on his bed, but she did not realize how heavy it really was! She started to quickly flap her wings, and the mammal's body began to float in the air. She struggled to carry the body onto the bed, and plopped him down on top of it.

She stared at the mammal, wondering what it was.

"I have a good feeling it is a male..." she thought as she touched his hair. She was very afraid he was going to wake up, but the feeling soon went away. She continued to play with his hair, but remembered what she put him on the bed in the first place for.

“I need to take care of this poor thing!” She said out loud, becoming scared as she yelled, and thought she woke him up. the mammal stayed quiet and did not move a muscle. She smiled at this, and ran outside of the house to gather her supplies.