

To Feel The Music

by Secret Pony

-Song 2: The Hunt!-

Statistics say that if one were to approach a random pony on the streets of Canterlot and ask them to help you find the source of a sound that they couldn't even hear in the middle of one of the largest cities in Equestria, they will do one of three things: Ignore you outright, slap you in the face before giving you whatever they had in their pockets at the moment as an apology, or give you directions to the nearest mental institution with instructions to check yourself in.

In an effort to save time, it just so happens that at that moment a certain white mare was living proof of all three.

"Well, I'm definitely closer than I was earlier..." She said to herself in a slightly melancholic tone as she stared off into the distance. She rubbed her sore cheeks with her fore-hooves while recounting the events of the night thus far.

She had been escorted to a mental health clinic four times, given three free bubble baths, an offer to star in an adult movie, six coupons for a free sandwich at Frank's Sandwich Emporium, and a rather peculiar looking box containing a bottle of rosy red #5 eyeliner and a few other things linked to a recent string of murders that should not be discussed without the proper authorities around, which she found out the hard way by attempting such an act, promptly being arrested and then set free due to another prisoners hair-brained attempt to escape using only a sponge, a wad of slightly used bubblegum and an ear of corn. Which oddly enough would have succeeded had Scratch not been present that night. How he had acquired said objects while in jail is another story that may make you question your very understanding of the concept of reality and is best saved for another time. On top of all that, she was now locked on top of yet another roof.

Vinyl gave a heavy sigh, it was almost morning and she knew her window of opportunity for locating the source of the sound was quickly drawing to a close. Gathering all the resources she could find, she tried to formulate a plan.

"Damn it! Why didn't I listen to that crazy stallion when I had a chance? I'm sure he could have thought of something! Damn it all! Damn it all to the moon!" She yelled out attempting to bang her head into the concrete wall next to her only to be stopped by her horn.

"Ouch! My bucking horn! Always getting in the..." She rubbed her now aching horn.

“Wait a minute...” she looked in the direction of her pile of junk, focusing her attention on a slightly chewed mop. “I’m a unicorn! I have magic, and...stuff...!”

Making all kinds of noise, Vinyl dashed off towards the direction of the door, her foalproof plan quickly forming as she ran. She was about halfway to the door when she heard the music suddenly stop, and in a moment of distraction didn’t see the door fly open with a very angry grey earth pony come storming out onto the roof, holding a bow in one hoof, the words ‘Love Stick’ clearly etched onto the side.

“What in blazes is going on up here?” she asked sternly.

Caught off guard by the sudden entrance of another pony, Vinyl tripped on the bucket that had somehow attached itself to her hind-leg and proceeded to roll across the roof until coming to a stop at the hoof of the angry mare.

“Uhm...hi?” Vinyl said, slightly dazed, trying to lighten the mood somewhat while looking as dignified as possible.

“Hello to you as well.” The mare replied equally as stern as before. “Would you care to explain what exactly you are doing up here that is...causing....all this...noise....” Her voice trailed off as she looked around the rooftop. “You know what? I don’t even want to know....” She turned to leave.

“Uhh...Hey! Wait! I couldn’t help but notice your cutie mark, Miss... uh...” Scratch quickly said snapping out of her reverie and standing up.

The grey mare turned and looked back at Vinyl before noticing her cutie mark. “Octavia. My name is Octavia Philharmonica.” She spoke in a careful manner. “I see you’re a musical pony of sorts as well. Well it certainly is a delight to meet another of our kind around these parts, you don’t see them too often.” She turned and proceeded down the stairs a few steps before turning. “Well are you coming or not? I haven’t got all day you know.”

“Uh yeah sure, hang on a moment Octy!” Vinyl yelled down the stairwell and ran over to her pile of stuff and picked up the sandwich coupons. *‘Heheh I’m savin’ you for later.’* She chuckled darkly and ran back down the stairs to see Octavia giving her a disgruntled look.

“What?”

“Please don’t call me that.” Octavia said before opening the door closest to the stairwell.

“Wait, call you what? Octy? Why not? It sounds much better than ‘Octavia,’ that sounds so...stuffy.” Vinyl replied happily while walking into the apartment after her newest acquaintance.

“Well I’m sorry that my name does not meet your...standards of casualness.” The earth mare replied, setting her bow down on a music stand by the small patio as she walked over to the kitchen and placed two cups on a tray. “But nonetheless, my name is Octavia and not ‘Octy’. Now, please, do sit down, it has been far too long since I have had someone to discuss music over.”

“Don’t mind if I do!” The unicorn walked into what she assumed was the living room and plonked herself down on the sofa. The room was full of music stands and instruments of all kinds. *‘She can’t really play all of those, can she?’* Vinyl mused to herself when a specific instrument caught her eye.

It was a well-known fact that when it came to anything musical, Vinyl was far from incompetent; her profession and cutie mark are proof of that.

Being a DJ (especially one that mixes her own music) requires not only a considerable amount of skill in picking out rhythms and subtle sounds, but also in knowing what sounds belonged to which instruments, or at least what type of instruments. And there before her, sitting just inside the doorway, was a large cello, not unlike what had been making the melody that had seemed to elude her all night.

“No way...it can’t be...” Scratch mumbled to herself as Octavia walked into the room with a pitcher of lemonade and some muffins.

“What can’t be?” Octavia spoke up, snapping the unicorn out of her reverie.

“Hey Octy, can you play that for me?” Vinyl pointed to the cello.

Next Chapter:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/16dwxY43HcQmJZuEjA7p3x717nUZS0rm2o7ukaTe6u0s/edit?hl=en_GB