

Pinkie leaned in and smelled the pleasant aroma coming from the storefront display. "They're beautiful, Rose." A bumblebee flew into the flower next to her and she froze. Her mind filled with memories of old friend, Cranky.

*Not the bees! Not the bees!* Pinkie could hear his voice so vividly in her mind.

"Hello Mr. Bumblebee!" I said in a soft voice. Bumblebees like that, when I speak to them softly. This one time I shouted at one and-

"Not again."

"Hi Mr. Narrator!"

The narrator fidgeted and thacked against the keyboard, "aldkfjas;skd"

"Are you mad again?"

"No, Pinkie. I love it when I can't control my characters. It's not like I put *thought* into my writing."

"Well that's good. I thought I was annoying you or something. Hey, what was that about Cranky?"

"Nothing. Cranky is fine. It's a fictional story."

"No he's not. He's Cranky."

The narrator slumped his shoulders and raised his chin to the ceiling. "Let's just get on with the story, okay?"

"Okay." I really did think that Rose's rose was the best rose in the whole world, and she wasn't scared of the bumblebee, like *somebody* was implying.

The narrator's right eyebrow fell -- onto the floor -- as he read what Pinkie wrote. "Pinkie, that's not where I was going with that. I was going to have you run into Twilight after running away from the bee."

"Oh! Silly me!" I was suddenly scared of the bumblebee because I realized that it wasn't a bumblebee at all. It was a mechanized super wasp! These deadly things could kill a pony in one bite.

"Bite?"

"Yeah, bite. Why?"

"Wasps sting," the narrator put his elbows on his desk, covering his left eye with his hand.

"What? Mecha super wasps don't sting unless they're set to kill."

The narrator covered his other eye.

Anyway, I ran as fast as I could away while screaming. Then I bumped into Twilight. She looked happy like always. She's so pretty and fun. I remembered that she wanted to have a slumber party so I asked her what time. "What time?" And then-

"Piiiiinkiiiee!"

"Yes?"

"How am I-" the narrator exhaled as he paused, "Look, I know you want to help, but I'd really like to write a fic about you without you taking over my narration... for once."

"Okie dokie lokie!" I said to lift his spirits. I wasn't planning on doing it, but he needed this right now.

The narrator sighed and leaned back in his chair, glancing at his computer screen. "Pinkie, what would you like this story to be about?"

"Iunno. You're the writer."

"Am I?"

"Are you?" I turned my head for dramatic effect.

Pinkie's eyes turned 90 degrees, like a parenthetical colon face. "Am I?"

"Am I?"

"Are you what?" Pinkie's face twisted to 180 degrees.

"A coconut!"

Pinkie fell over laughing because she... rhymed... I guess.

"Ha! Ha!" Snort, "Wait, what were we talking about again?" I could see the narrator was spinning around in his chair, obviously not listening to what I had to say. So I think that this is a

good time for some exposition.

“No.” The narrator stopped spinning in his chair and took damage control.

A long long time ago in a galaxy far away, there lived a hobbit by the name of Elijah Wood. He lived happily ever after, until one day the Fire Nation attacked, and then the actor started doing really weird stuff like appearing nude on stage in some musical-

It was worse than he had imagined. “Please stop.”

Luckily Optimus Prime straightened him out by going super saiyan four and taking him to the Drunken Clam, where he met Princess Celestia, and that’s how sea ponies were made.

“My theory was shrooms.” The narrator itched the top of his head and stared at her text.

“So what did you think of my exposition?”

The narrator smirked as he looked down and to the right. “It was wonderful Pinkie. I wanted to go Grimdark anyway.”

“Do you want more?”

The narrator’s shoulders rolled up about a quarter of an inch as air filled his cheeks and came out of his nose. He closed his eyes and said, “No, no. That’s alright. Too much exposition will bore the reader,” he said laughingly. “Let’s just get on with the story.”

“Right!”

So there I was, being chased by the mecha super wasps.