The Anniversary

By Birdy

“Honey,” Derpy said cautiously. “Maybe, this one time, we could just go into town?”

She watched her husband's wild dark-brown mane pop up into view from beneath the Tardis's dashboard. “But this is our tenth anniversary, Derps! It needs something special.”

Derpy Hooves chuckled and walked over to his side. “You've said that on every single one we've had. Besides, a party planned by Pinkie Pie is something special, right? Or maybe dinner at that new restaurant -”

Her darling snorted. “But those things are so normal. Plus, we're really going somewhere special this time! It's – no, wait, it's better to surprise you.” He slid back under the dashboard, where there was suddenly a sickening crack. “Um, honey? I think – my sonic screwdriver – umm, it kind of, sort of, broke.”

The gray mare laughed and handed him his spare. “To tell you the truth, I have a bit of a surprise, too.”

“Reeeaa–lly?”

“Yes, I -”

There was another loud crack. “Sweetie, you wouldn't mind handing me a spare spare, would you?”

Derpy shook her head and handed him his spare spare.

“Thank you, dear, you're a lifesaver.”

“Literally.”

“Yes, literally, and you don't really mind that we're not doing something simple, do you?” He peeked up at her with slightly desperate eyes.

Beautiful, beautiful blue eyes.

Derpy smiled, and gave him a kiss on the forehead. “Doctor, I'd follow you anywhere.”

Doctor Hooves gave her a relieved grin, and scooted back under. “Don't worry, I'm ninety-percent sure that there will be no danger whatsoever, which is a great improvement!”

Derpy gave a Fluttershy-quiet sigh. Time to tell him. “Umm – honey -”

“YEEEASSSS!!” The Doctor blasted out from beneath the dashboard to slam a large lever down nearby. The large tubular structure sticking up from the dashboard began to whir, and the Tardis made its trademark sound. “Ha, it's working!,” the Doctor crowed.

The gray pony thought two things while the Tardis began to travel. One was that now she would have to wait to spill the news, which was rather frustrating and relieving at the same time. She wanted to tell him, but she wasn't sure how much he would freak out.

The second thing was a memory- the first time she met Doctor Whooves . . . .

She was in the kitchen when she heard that fateful, wonderful whooshing sound.

Seconds later, a giant blue box smashed into her living room.

Derpy rushed in just in time to see a rather handsome light brown stallion with a shock of wild dark brown hair emerge from within the box, coughing while dark-gray smoke billowed out and filled the room.

His eyes caught sight of her, and they widened. “Oh – my - . . . you are gorge -”

He then caught sight of the gigantic hole. “HOLY - did I – did – did I do – um – did I do -?”

Derpy nodded.

“I am – so – sorry – um – well, you see, my spaceship, it, err, it kind of, sort of, malfunctioned – ummm - how, uh, how much would this wall, uh, cost?”

“Three-thousand bits,” she said softly.

“Okay, that's a lot of money.” He rubbed his head. “Um, I would pay you back, except I don't have that money right now.” The stallion looked back at her. “Does anything I've said make sense at all?”

“Not really.”

“Ooooookay.” He made a troubled face. “Um, by the way, what's your name?”

She didn't know what it was that made her trust him so much – all that she knew was that she did. “ My real name's Ditzy Doo, but everyone just calls me Derpy. Because of my eyes. I don't really mind too much.”

“Ohhh. Yeah, you are a bit wall-eyed there, aren't you?”

“Yeah. What's your name?”

“I'm the Doctor. Doctor Whooves.”

“You mean like, you help sick ponies?”

“Yeah, sumthin' like that.”

“You got an hourglass for your cutie mark.”

“Umm . . . yeah . . . you, um - you got bubbles. Seven.”

“I think it means I'm good at being lucky. You?”

“Um, it means that I'm good at all stuff . . . timey-wimey.”

Derpy snorted. “Timey-wimey?”

“Yeah! Why not? Oh, um, I believe I owe you an explanation, sooo- would you like to get treated to a, uh . . . trip? In my spaceship?”

“I don't know? I got a job . . . .” She neglected to add the “ Are you nuts” part.

“Oh, we'll be real quick! It'll be like you were never gone.” He motioned towards the blue box smack-dab in the room. “Just, um, step in here.”

“In there?” She couldn't hide the incredulity in her voice.

“Yeah.”

She had decided to humor him and enter the big blue box, where she gasped. It – it was so – so spacious. “It's - it's -”

“Bigger on the inside?,” Doctor Whooves finished for her.

“Yes!” Derpy thrust herself back out and waved a hoof behind the blue box. Nothing but air. She galloped back inside. “This – this is amazing!”

The Doctor had a huge grin on his face. “Isn't it? And wait until you see where this baby can go!” He pushed some buttons and pulled a lever, and the contraption started to make that fateful whirring noise . . . .

“DERPS, PULL THE LEE-VER!!!”

Derpy was shaken out of her memories. She quickly grabbed the nearby lever in her mouth and tugged.

“You feeling okay, darling?,” the Doctor said as he twirled her around in a half-dance to the other side of the Tardis's main room. “You seem a bit daydreamy.”

“I'm just thinking.”

“Thinking what?”

“Things.” She smiled up at him.” Do you remember, that first time we met -?”

“Oh, yeah! We had a run-in with some Windigos on that trip into the past. Hmp, they were really annoying, but at least we had a nice Hearth's Warming Eve, yeah?”

“And then you got those bits from who knows where and paid for my wall.”

“Um, yeah, just an 'ittle little bit of tweaking with my screwdrivah.”

“And after that,” Derpy added, spinning and twirling slowly around the dashboard with the Doctor, “you dragged me back into this spaceship of yours and took me on more adventures.”

“Yep.”

“Every single one full of monsters and mysteries.”

“Yeeeahh.”

“Danger and death at every turn, everywhere we went.”

“Um yeah, bu-”

“All with you, just the way I like it.” She gave him a light kiss, and they paused for a moment in their dance.

“Did I mention how gorgeous your golden eyes are?,” the Doctor said softly.

“Every day.”

The Tardis shuddered as it landed.

“Ah, we're here!” The Doctor leaped from Derpy's side and thrust the door open. “Dearest Ditzy, I welcome you to Equestria's Golden Age! Some call it the Age of the Seven Regal Royal Princesses, but that's way too long to say.”

Derpy laughed and followed him out onto a beautiful grassy hillside littered with flowers. A golden sun shined down warm rays on the couple, and fluffy white clouds floated lazily overhead.

Doctor Hooves bounded up the hill, skidding to a halt at the top, and patiently waiting for his wife to plod her way to his side. He grinned when she was almost there, and dramatically sweeped his right front leg to the sky. “Now, this is what I wanted to show you.”

The gray mare drew in a sudden intake of breath at the view. The ground below was covered in sparkling crystal houses, and a great white crystal castle was planted simply smack-dab in the middle of them all. Crystal ponies wandered about, chatting and waving and everything. It was just like Ponyville and Twilight's castle, except without the crystal part.

“Say 'ello to the Crystal Kingdom,” Doctor Hooves said, beaming. “In allllllll it's crystalline glory. Happy Anniversary, Ditzy Doo.”

“It's beautiful.” She turned to her husband with a smile. “Like you.”

The Doctor blushed. “Naww. Now, you're even more gorgeous than a crystallized kingdom.”

Said kingdom's castle's tallest spire decided to explode in fire, eliciting several screams from the ponies below.

The brown stallion frowned. “That's not good.”

The wall-eyed pony squinted down below. “I think that's a hydra.”

Sure enough, an orange creature with seven heads full of flaming red hair was attacking the Crystal Palace.

“Should we-” Derpy was cut off by a huge blast of violet magic which incinerated the hydra and made her heart jump.

“Oh, good ol' Princess Twilight!,” the Doctor chirruped. “Took care of the problem for us! Reminds me, you remember that one time on the planet with the weirdo? What do you know, Princess Luna of all ponies-”

The gray pony was totally ignoring the Doctor's unceasing chitchat. The explosion and the thought of danger made her feel an urge to tell her husband exactly what was going on, as if that might somehow remove the sense of urgency she feeling. She was hoping to wait until after today, but -”

“Honey.”

“- and then of all things, a dragon -”

“Doctor, I'm pregnant.”

He froze. “You – you're - WHAT!?!?”

He was freaking out. “Doctor -”

“How did - how could this happen – how - what!?!?”

“Doctor.”

“Who - whose child are you even carrying?!”

“Um, ours.”

“Wha - I – I'm - what – how is this -”

“Doctor!” Derpy held him still with her hooves. “Please, calm down!”

“Calm - you were going to tell me this when?!”

“I – I just found out yesterday, when you were repairing the Tardis. My stomach felt kind of weird, so I went to the hospital, and Doctor Horse looked, and he said I was pregnant, okay?”

“Okay!? How – I - I'm not – Ditzy Doo, I can't be a father! I don't even know - how do I even start?? What do I do?? For Luna's sake, I'm not ready for this kind of -”

“DOCTOR!”

He stopped.

“Yes, I know this is kind of - of shocking to you - but I know you can handle this. Please, just - for us.” She touched a hoof to her belly. “All three of us.”

“Derpy, I - I have no idea how to be a dad,” he whispered. “How do I get everything right? How – how -”

“When you're a parent,” Derpy replied softly, “you make mistakes all the time. Not being perfect is part of being a parent. I know you hate mistakes, but they're just a normal part of life that you have to deal with. And – and -”

She gave him a look. “Remember that day you proposed?”

The Doctor thought back to that day, along with Derpy . . . .

“I can't believe we're having a normal date,” Derpy remarked, looking around her at the walls of the Haystack Restaurant. She sat on a plush red bench in a booth, Doctor Whooves sitting beside her. He was a lot more fidgety than normal. A lot.

“Hm . . . yes . . . I, uh, I thought you might like a bit of a change, a break, eh?,” he chuckled nervously.

“I do, it's nice, but really,” Derpy said, grinning at him while slurping apple cider out a plastic straw, “I don't care where we are, so long as it's with my guardian angel.”

“You're – um -” He looked around. “Where?”

“You, silly,” she giggled, prodding him with a gray hoof.

A waiter swooped by with a platter of food. “Daisy sandwich and donuts?”

“Yes, that's us,” Derpy replied, and the waiter pony set their plates down on the table and trotted away.

“Oh, I'm starved,” she chuckled, picking up her sandwich. Biting into it, she watched the Doctor pick at his donuts.

After several minutes of poking and biting, she'd had enough, and set her half-eaten food down. “Okay Doctor, spit it out, what's eatin' you?”

He looked at her incredulously. “Did you just make a pun?”

“You know what I mean. And no, pun was not intended.”

Doctor Whooves played with his donuts several seconds more before he finally relented. “Okay. Well, Derps, what do you think about me? I mean, like, really, really think. Like, without all that fake stuff or something.”

The gray mare thought a bit. “Well - you're pretty annoying sometimes. And cheeky. And you never tell me what's going on about fifty percent of the time. And you freak out a lot.”

The Doctor wilted slightly.

“Buuuuut,” Derpy continued. “You have the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen. You'd do anything and everything possible to protect those you love. You're clever, and unique. And I know that you'd never, ever leave my side.” She leaned closer. “And no matter how many companions you've gone through, you will always be my Doctor.”

Derpy leaned back. “Now, what about me?”

He blinked a few times. “Wha - wait, what?”

“I've told you what I thought about you, now you tell me the raw facts about me.”

“Oh! Um, okay, uhhh . . . you have absolutely gorgeous golden eyes- and um, uh, pretty blonde mane. And, um, you're special. I - I mean, n - not in THAT WAY, with your wall-eyes, I, uh, I mean -”

She raised an eyebrow as he stammered on.

“Oh, ahem. You, um, you're smart and logical. You - you're always calm when I need you to be. You're gentle, and sweet, and kind and forgiving. You're - you're amazing, and, and wonderful, and - and - oh, sweet Celestia, I love you, Ditzy! I really, truly – oh, Ditzy Doo, will - will you marry me?”

Derpy gasped. “Do – you – do you really mean it?”

“Yes! Yes, I – I do. I don't have anything except my love to give you, and - and all those things you said, and – and -”

She gave him a kiss. “All I need is you, Doctor. And yes! I accept your proposal. Oh, you loon! I love you, too!”

“I don't know how I ever could've doubted it,” the Doctor mumbled, teary-eyed, and Derpy cried, too . . . .

“You told me you loved me,” Derpy whispered, the wind blowing through her golden mane. “Do you still?”

“Of - of course, I – I'm just shocked, is all -”

“I know, but that's not the point. The point is that you still love me, and if you can still love me after all these years, then you can give your daughter that love, too, right?”

“R - right.”

“All that matters is that you love her.”

“Love her . . . yes.”

“Let's go back.”

“Of course. Yeah.”

The Doctor led her back to the Tardis, moving slowly, as if she were so fragile she might break at the tiniest fall.

“How long until . . . it's a girl?”

“Five months of wait. And yes, Doctor Horse is pretty sure it's a girl.”

“Just five . . . and a girl . . . do you think the baby'll be okay? You know, because I'm an al-”

“She'll be fine. Doctor Horse's sure of that, too.”

“Okay. Let's go home and take it easy for once. Don't worry.”

“I won't.” She leaned against him. “I've got my guardian angel.”

EIGHT YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS LATER

Dinky Doo furiously tried to stuff her teddy bear into her suitcase. It wasn't that there wasn't enough room – the lavender filly was just extremely excited. It was her eighth birthday, and her daddy had said she was finally old enough to go with him and her mommy on their special trips. Goodbye, babysitter Amethyst Star - hello, adventure!

“Sweetie, are you done yet?,” her mother called from downstairs.

“Almost!,” Dinky called back.

“Do you need any help?”

“No, I got it!,” She slammed the suitcase shut and dragged it out of her room and down the stairs with her teeth. Despite being a unicorn, magic didn't come easily to her, so she had to use her mouth most of the time.

At the bottom of the staircase, Derpy gently took her daughter's suitcase and tucked it under a gray wing. “Ready?”

“Yup!” Dinky bounced after her mother into the living room, where the always-locked blue box sat in the corner, her daddy waiting patiently in front of it.

“ 'Ello, darling,” he said, grinning, and ruffled Dinky's pale-yellow hair.

“Hey!,” Dinky giggled. She batted his hoof away. “Are we going?”

“Yes, we are.” Doctor Hooves flung open the door of the now-unlocked blue box. “Dinky Doo, meet the Tardis!”

Dinky Doo gasped and galloped inside, her sweet voice floating out. “It's BIGGER on the inside!! Daddy, you're awesome!!!”

The Doctor blushed. Derpy gave him a kiss.

“See?” Derpy smiled. “You are a good dad.”

“Oh, I luv ya, Derps,” he chuckled, following his wife into the Tardis. The door shut behind him.

The blue box made a whooshing sound, and slowly disappeared from sight.

The End