

"I'm home, Maxie!" Squeak yelled from the kitchen. The yellow earth pony, with the rubber duck and writing pad cutie mark, had just gotten home from working at the Daily Wrap Up, he walked through the apartment, looking for the tan and green unicorn.

"Max?" he put his saddlebag on the counter. He noticed a small note.

"Sorry, had to go to work, but I got you a cupcake, the secret ingredient is...."

There was what appeared to be a small piece of tape over the last word, he bent down and nosed it off.

Confetti exploded out from the paper. He jumped back, tripping over himself.

"Bwah!" a long strip landed over his eyes, he pulled at with a hoof. When the offending paper was removed he noticed a cupcake sitting on his belly, the wrapper said "Oatmeal."

He smiled. "Her and her magic, geeze." he took a bite, "But this is delicious!" he righted himself and finished off the small pastry. Making sure his hat and tie were in the right place. Still chewing, he sat on the couch fell asleep.

Later, there was a knock on the door. Squeak stirred a little. The knocking got louder. "Huh? What?" Squeak said sleepily. The knocking got even louder. "Oh!" he leapt up and raced to the door quickly unlocking it. "Maxie!" he yelled finding Maxie Doodle.

"Squeak!" they shared a quick hug. "I missed you! I swear, Pacce is a slave driver."

"Tell me about it." the yellow earth pony reflected, looking back on that days work. "I had to finish six articles today."

"Well that's not so bad." Said Maxie.

"I had to do it in six minutes."

"Oh." Maxie noticed the forlorn look on Squeak's face. "Don't worry about it, it's that boss of his, that cube is a real pain in the haunch. Pacce is pretty nice when you get to know him."

"Yeah, I suppose...How was your work day?"

"It was good." she said, putting her saddlebag next to Squeak's on the counter. "I drew a butload of comics for next weeks issue. Only one of which should cause too much outcry."

Squeak smiled. "Oh Maxie, you're such a troll sometimes."

"Talk like that, and you can say goodbye to morning cupcakes."

"Aw! Come on! I mean it as an affectionate term!"

She gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "Yeah, you do, I just like how flustered you get when you don't get something sweet."

He blushed slightly. "Such.A.Troll."

"I know." she gave a little wink and walked into the living room.

"So, you up for a movie or something?" he said following behind. "I hear they're showing Sherlock Hoof at the cinema down the street."

"Nah, I'm going out again in a minute." she said as her purse floated towards her.

Squeak deflated. "Oh, where are you going?"

"Pacce got an invite to that new gallery in Ponyton."

"Oh! Cool, I'll grab my coat."

She looked at Squeak. "Sorry Squeaks. It's only for two."

"Oh...okay then." his head drooped.

"Oh cheer up." she gave him a shove. "I'll be back before nine, we can watch a movie on

DVD or something I promise.”

He looked, “Trot to the Future?”

“Sure thing, Doc.”

“Alright, then!” he chuckled. “You have fun, Maxie.”

“I sure will since you won’t be there.” she walked towards the door.

“What?....”

“Oh, for Celestia’s sake, I’m kidding you big goof!” She walked out the door.

“Such! A! Troll!” He called after her.

After she was gone he looked around. “Well, it’s as good a time as any to work on tomorrow’s article.” he grabbed a pencil from the rubber duck shaped holder on his desk.

At a few minutes past nine the door opened.

“Squeaks!” Maxie Doodle called, “Oh Squeaky!” she looked around the apartment.
“Squeak?”

A snoring sound came from the living room. she followed it.

“Squeaks?”

The yellow earth pony was out cold, slumped against the desk, the pencil still in his mouth. She smiled. “I guess Trot to the Future is out then?”

Her horn glowed, an object floated out of her saddlebags. They placed themselves on either side of his desk. She walked to her room, and promptly fell asleep.

The first rays of sunlight peeked through the window. Squeak moaned groggily as he lifted his head from the desk. The paper came with it, and he was briefly disoriented. When he realised what was happening he knocked it off with a hoof. In the dark he noticed a small shape on the desk. There was a card in front of it. “I got you a cupcake, the secret ingredient is....” a tab covered the last word. He looked at the object, which he now realised was said cupcake. “Breakfast.” he said drowsily. He bent down to take a bite.

The resounding squeak scared him so badly he fell to the floor. The card was knocked off in the process and it landed on his nose. The tab fell away.

“Rubber.” he read aloud. The toy muffin bounced across the floor. He smiled. “Such, a troll.”

“I know.” came a voice from the bedroom.

End.