Have you read "a fun day?" Don't. It's fucking awful. The premise is the Mane 6 torturing and murdering Scootaloo for no fucking reason. Fallen Prime riffed it and that was really the only way I would have ever read it.
Well, we got us a sequel. It's not as graphic as the first story, but that doesn't stop it from sucking ass.
And I'm pulling in a friend for this one. Simon O' Sullivan has just started his own riffing career and I'd recommend checking some of his riffs out sometime.
Welp, let's begin shall we? This is [The Melancholy Death of Apple Bloom].

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twow: Alrighty, this will be tough...
Derpy: You created a safe that can only be locked by your spit. How hard can this be?
twow: It's not the safest thing to use a dwarf star for powering a entertainment system.
Derpy: Is this gonna blow the house up?
twow: Course not. I mean, as long as it doesn't melt down...
Pinkie (from TV) What happens if it melts down T?
twow: The entire floor will be covered in lava.
Derpy: O_O
twow: Yeah. Don't worry, it's stable for now.
Pinkie: (holding up a small hammer) What's this do?
twow: That summons the TAR-how the fuck did you get that?!
Pinkie: I don't know! Let's see if it works!
twow: Pinkie, wait!
(A humming noise begins in the lab, a blue police box materializing in the lab.)
twow: Well, at least it still works.
Derpy: Doctor?
(The door opens to reveal the Doctor and Simon O' Sullivan)
twow: Simon! It's great to see you!
Simon: (waves his axe) Twow! Damn, I'm glad to see you too!
Derpy: (dashing forward and tackling the Doctor) Oh, it's great to see you! It's been so long!
Simon: (smirks) Now that's a welcoming greeting.
twow: Well, it has been a bit of time. How've you been holding up, Doctor?
Doctor: Well, I've been a bit busy joining this human here and a Scandineighvian stallion. Something twisted reality in such a way that some of those fics Fallen and you torture yourselves and other ponies with become living atrocities. We travel in the TARDIS trying to take them down. Aside from that, pretty nicely, thanks.
twow: Huh. Sounds interesting.
Pinkie: Um, about that...
twow: Oh god.
(A banging comes from the lab doors.)
Pinkie: I might of accidentally sorta created one of those.
Derpy: You did WHAT.
Simon: (hits shield with axe) Twow, Derpy, pick whatever weapon you can get. Doctor, what does the TARDIS say about it?
Doctor: Its name is "The Melancholy Death of Apple Bloom."
Simon: ... another blow to my love for the Apple Family.
twow: Wonderful. Well, let's take this shit out. (pulls out space/time sword) Derpy...
Derpy: (cocks muffin gun)

twow: I'm just gonna let you have that one.
Simon: Show no mercy for that thing; it won't be that generous with any of you.
twow: I believe it.
(With those words said, the lab doors burst open)
Doctor: Allons-y!
Simon: Onward!
twow and Derpy: We've got story sign!

The Melancholy Death of Apple Bloom

twow: Well, at least the title's honest.
Simon: That won't make me hate this less.

"I…I just don't get it Sis…how did Scootaloo just disappear? Why would she leave us?" Apple Bloom lamented as she carried another basket of her family's eponymous fruit into the barn.

twow: She had to go to Mordor.

"Now remember what I told you Apple Bloom, shut up and let your sister relax," Applejack admonished, "and don't worry about yer little friend, I'm sure she's fine…it's not like she got exactly what she deserved or anything…" the mare had to suppress a small smile.

Derpy: Even though she didn't.
twow: Shh, this is OOC Applejack, she doesn't know any better.
Simon: Depending on the story, sometimes the names are mispelled, and I can gullibly think that she's a different character. This isn't the case, and I hate them for it.

"But you've been drinkin' all day Sis, and my back is starting to hurt again! You promised you'd help with chores for once!"

twow: I wanna know who did them before AB in this universe.
Simon: I remember those baskets. They didn't look THAT heavy to me.

"I will, just as soons as I finish this mug o' cider,"

"But you said that eight mugs ago!"

Derpy: Seems legit.
Simon: Apparently drunk Applejack speaks without her usual accent. Then again, unless Apple Bloom's drunk too, I'm calling laziness from the author.

"Now sugar cube, what happens when Apple Bloom doesn't shut her mouth and do as she's told?"

Simon: I was going to say she's sent to the corner of mean fillies to think about what she's done, but even I am not that optimistic anymore.
twow: I lost my optimism at "Momma Fluttershy"

"Apple Bloom gets a beatin'," the filly sighed, looking down dejectedly.

twow: "But it's okay, because those turn me on." (smacked by Derpy)

"Exactly!" Her sister declared emphatically.

Simon: I think she heard you, twow. And apparently approves.
twow: That's a disturbing thought.

"I guess there is somethin' in that misshapen little skull of yours."

"My head's funny lookin?"

Simon: Makes the best jokes and innuendos. It's the soul of every party!

"Eeyup!" said Big Macintosh as he joined his sisters, sitting down next to Applejack, bottle of apple whiskey in hoof, giving her a wink. Just the other day Rarity had coached them in the art of working insults into every day conversation.

Doctor: I didn't know Rarity was like that.
Simon: I picture that as a way of saying obscure insults that they won't get. Then again, if they don't get offended, if basically kills the purpose of insulting them.
twow: Story of my high school life.

"It's quite easy you see," she'd explained as they sipped their drinks, lounging in the unicorn's boutique, "just watch. Ahem. SWEETIE BELLE! GET YOUR HIDEOUS FACE IN HERE AND BRING ME ANOTHER SCOTCH!"

Simon: I expected Rarity to ask for something more... upper class.
Doctor: A Martini, maybe?
Derpy: Margarita.
twow: ...Wut.

Applejack was hoping that if she made her sister hate herself enough she'd hang herself before her overworked body gave out and had to be disposed of. It wasn't that she didn't want to put a load of buckshot in the little filly's face, it was simply a question of effort…if the kid killed herself then that would be that.

twow: Because that'll provide less questions as to her death.
Doctor: I'm sure that people don't just shrug at suicides that easily. I would've flipped
the bird to humanity if they did.
twow: At this point, I'm surprised you haven't.

If she suddenly disappeared a lot of awkward explanations would be required. Unlike Scootaloo, some ponies actually gave a fuck about Apple Bloom.

Derpy: There's one thing that's actually normal.
Simon: By the way they speak, it's like not even Sweetie Belle cared for Scoots.

"Applejack…I'm startin' to get a little sore!" the filly's words betrayed excruciating pain, but she was as much a stubborn ass as her sister and would never let on that she was on the verge of

collapsing. A.J. hoped this wouldn't be the day that…

twow: She lost her virginity. (smacked by Derpy)
Doctor: I'll be damn if those baskets aren't made of lead or the like.

CRACK

Simon: Drug party!

Apple Bloom's little leg snapped like a twig. Consarinit, thought Applejack, It had to be today…

Doctor: Dislocated? Totally possible. But this?
Simon: My axe wouldn't be able to do that. Not that I would even think about doing that, though.

"Um…oh no little sis are you okay?" A.J. wasn't a very good actor. Big Mac wasn't even trying, laughing hysterically as his sister writhed in pain.

twow: Well, at least he's not failing to act.
Derpy: He's just failing to be a decent specimen of a pony.

"I think my leg's busted!" Apple Bloom said through clenched teeth. Great. It had finally happened.

twow: Bitch, you've been working her ass off! What the fuck did you THINK was gonna happen?!
Simon: First she doesn't want it to happen today, and now she's totally fine with it? Make up your mind!

"Welp," Big Macintosh said, "I'll go get the shotg…"

"You mean the camera?" A.J. cut him off loudly, "yeah go get the camera Big Mac, and make sure it's loaded." She leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Dammit, she ain't as stupid as she looks!"

Derpy: Then she caught what Big Mac was saying.
Simon: I'm having flashbacks of "The Emperor's New Groove."

"Why a camera?" Apple Bloom's pain was now muddled with confusion, "I need a doctor!"

Simon: Not you.
Doctor: Of course not. I'm THE Doctor.
Derpy: (hugging the Doctor) And MY Doctor.

"Er…um…of course, but first we gotta take your picture. Gotta have a picture of your first horrible accident…yup…it's uh…an Apple family tradition!"

twow: Sense. This makes so much.
Simon: If that's true, I want to see the rest of the family's. It must be great to lose your appetite. And will to live.

"Urgh…I didn't know about that one…" the filly grunted, trying to stand. She managed to get up on

three feet and hobble over to her sister.

"I've got the camera," Big Mac said upon his return, "Er…we only had one roll of film so we have to make sure we get it right on the first shot, If you catch my drift."

Doctor: I'm assuming that this shotgun is crafted in a way that can be used by ponies.
Still, I'm surprised that Apple Bloom has no idea what a shotgun is, much less if they have on at home.
Simon: I've heard of girls who were tricked into believing that jizz could be used for skin hydration.
twow: And that piss is natural lemonade.

"Alright, well, why don't we go and find a nice pretty spot in the woods…" A.J. picked Apple Bloom up by the scruff of her neck and the three inbreds headed off toward the forest.

twow: This will end wonderfully.
Simon: I thought that Sweet Apple Acres was far away enough from everything to shoot her and nopony would notice.

"I think right here's good enough…" Big Macintosh looked toward his sister. She nodded in assent and dropped Apple Bloom.

Doctor: Well, at least they didn't force her to walk her way there with the shattered leg.
Simon: Yeah, I think the author doesn't hate Apple Bloom as much as Scootaloo.
Derpy: Doesn't change the fact that he still hates them.
Simon: Oh, I have a friend who wrote a Cupcakes sequel starring his favorite character, stating that only he, who loves her, could make her justice.

They had made their way far enough into the trees that nopony would hear the gunshot. The little pony grunted as she hit the ground.

Simon: Considering that the closest to a ranged weapon I've used is a bow, I can't talk
with experience, but I think a shot can be heard from QUITE far away.
twow: I think Fallen and I can both attest to the fact that it can.

"C…can we j…just get this over with? I think I should go to the hospital."

Doctor: She has a shattered leg and she only THINKS she should go to the hospital?
Simon: She's a tough lass. On the other end of the spectrum, my little sister refuses to
go to high school on very rainy days.

"Sure thing kid. Big Mac, could ya hand me the camera?"

twow: That isn't a Kodak.

"Nope, not yet, there's something I gotta do first!" The stallion approached his younger sibling, who was now shuddering from shock and pain, but A.J. stopped him with a hoof to the chest.

"Oh no you randy jackass, this has to look like an accident," she hissed.

twow: How in the FUCK are you gonna do that?!

"How's a gunshot to the head gonna look like an accident," Big Mac whispered.

Derpy: He's got the idea.
Simon: With VERY good aim from quite far away. But shotguns aren't known for their
legendary accuracy.

"I was just gonna say we were a'huntin' and I mistook her for a wild boar."

Simon: Oh, Drakkar would be VERY pissed if he were here.
Doctor: Hunting? That doesn't make sense. They don't-
Simon: They have a shotgun. You don't mess with ponies with shotguns.

"At point blank range?" Big Mac facehoofed, "that's the worst cover story I ever heard…"

"Well in any case you ain't rapin' her. Now gimme the gun," Applejack Muttered.
Derpy: Ya just HAD to bring up that subject.
Simon: That would save them the trouble of shooting her. After that, I'm sure she'd pull
the trigger herself.

"That's a b…big c…camera,"

Simon: Because with the appropriately twisted mind, everything can be interpreted as a reference to reproductive organs. (smacked by Derpy) Totally worth it.
Doctor: I knew we traveled among males only for a reason.
twow: I deal with this shit ALL the time. Your wife has a mean backhoof.

Apple Bloom remarked as her brother handed the shotgun to her sister, a hint of confusion flashing across her already contorted face.

"SAY CHEESE!"

"Ch…CHEESE!"

twow: "Chocola!"

Two things happened at once. Applejack experienced what was probably the most violent drunken hiccup of her life,

Simon: I've been drunk and I've never have hiccups problems.

and the gun discharged.

Simon: (Snorts noisily)
Doctor: Sometimes you're too childish for your own good.

The shot was completely off. Apple Bloom squealed as the buckshot grazed the side of her skull, taking off one of her soft little ears. She fell to the ground, clutching her head and screaming in agony.

Derpy: She's gonna have quite the earache.
Doctor: "My ear hurts!"
Simon: BANG!
Doctor: "AIEEEEEEEEEE!"
Simon: "Does your ear hurt anymore?"
Doctor: "No! Now my face hurts!"
Simon: "Your ear doesn't hurt anymore! You're cured! That'll be five grands, please."

"CONSARNIT! And we ain't got another cartridge, do we?" A.J. stomped a hoof in frustration.

"Nope."

twow: "All I got is this thick piece of meat." (curb-stomped by Derpy)
Simon: If Bronystories is to be trusted, that's a lethal weapon like any other.
Doctor: I pity the poor stallion. No mare would date him if they read all those stories about his monstrously endowed virility.
twow: Unless they wanna be split apart. Hey Derpy- (smacked by Derpy and the Doctor)

"Alright, now I gotta think…I hate doin' that…" The cowpony stroked her chin, face screwed up, trying to get the neurons firing in her tiny redneck brain. Suddenly, she had an idea. "Hey Mac, you got your whiskey on ya?" A.J. had to raise her voice over the sound of her younger sister's wailing.

twow: (busts up laughing)
Simon: Ah, yes, racism and stereotypes. Comedy's Easy Mode. Yet you can't live without them.

"Eeyup"

"Give it here…"

twow: "Nnope!"
Derpy: "It's all mine! MINE!!"

Big Macintosh opened his saddle bag and pulled out the jug of apple whiskey and offered it to Applejack. She uncorked it and emptied the contents onto Apple Bloom. She screamed louder when the alcohol seeped into her gunshot wound.

Simon: At least she'll die without infected wounds.

"Now hold on just one second," Big Mac said angrily, "I thought you needed to do some thinkin' drinkin'! What're you playin' at? That stuff's hard to make you know!"

Doctor: You can also buy it, you know?

"Got a match?" Applejack grinned.

"Oooooooh," her brother finally comprehended the plan of action. He produced from his bag a pack of cigarettes and a book of matches. He lit a smoke and then tossed the still burning match onto the booze-soaked filly, who erupted into flames.

Simon: I wonder if it's really that easy. I mean, you just empty a bottle of booze over a
dude and throw a match and him and BAM, instant combustion?
twow: Seems legit.
Doctor: Thousands of dollars spent in fuel and modern technological stuff when you can kill a man with less than a couple bucks worth of stuff.

"Big Macintosh!" A.J. Punched him in the shoulder, ignoring her flaming sister's screams, "I thought you quit!"

Simon: Wait, Big Macintosh quit smoking?
Doctor: Big Macintosh STARTED smoking?
Simon: I picture him as the John Wayne of the ponies. Making smoking popular and all.

"HELP ME OH CELESTIA MAKE THE HURT STOP!" Apple Bloom howled.

Simon: I didn't expect Apple Bloom to say anything aside from "AIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!"

"Nope"

"HELP ME A.J. PLEASE!"

Doctor: She set you on fire, kid! I admire your loyalty, but she's not going to help you!

"Well, ya should quit, I get to worryin' about yer health sometimes…"

twow: Yup. Ignore the pony burning alive in front of you.
Derpy: I'm surprised they didn't start roasting marshmallows.

Suddenly Apple Bloom got up and darted off toward Ponyville, pain and adrenaline allowing the burning filly to ignore her broken leg.

"Aww son of a bitch," said Applejack.

Derpy: But she's a pony and a female.
twow: Don't question it. You'll retain control of your brain.

Bon Bon and Lyra were sitting on their favorite bench on the edge of town, engaged in a platonic conversation that had nothing to do with humans or sitting posture. They were interrupted by a steadily growing noise.

"…aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa…"

Simon: (singing) O-H-M-Y-G-O-D-I-M-O-N-F-I-R-E
twow: Where's Mario with FLUDD at a time like this?

The blazing foal went streaking past them.

"See? PERFECT example!" Lyra said.

Doctor: Okay, NOW I want to know what they were talking about.
Simon: Maybe about how, if you're pregnant and you drink alcohol while sunbathing, you could give birth fo foals on fire.
Doctor: … I… well, it's the best we have.
Derpy: Are you insane?!

Apple Bloom had almost made it to the fountain in Ponyville square before she finally expired, her scorched lungs giving out.

twow: Damn, she's a strong little filly.
Simon: She died like in those silly cartoons; inches away from her goal.

"…so you see," Applejack explained to the sheriff, "the little punk was makin' drugs right under our noses, that's how the explosion happened. We tried to save her but we just didn't make it in time…"

Derpy: "I had no idea we had all the materials for her to do it."
Simon: So much for the Element of Honesty.
Doctor: Wait, why are they in Appleoosa now?
twow: The Reason.

"Kids these days!" The sheriff huffed. "Well, thank you Miss Applejack. I'll be sending some officers over to Sweet Apple Acres to investigate. We can't have this sort of thing catching on in our little town."

twow: "Now excuse me, I need to smoke a joint."

"Sure thing!" Applejack grinned nervously. After the Sheriff left she took off running toward home.

"Where ya goin' in such a hurry sis?" Big Macintosh ran after her.

"Shit I gotta go blow up my meth lab before the cops get there!"

twow: And I'm done understanding logic.
Derpy: Can..we go now? Is it dead?

Simon: Looks like so.
Doctor: We're done here.

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twow: Well, that was quite the experience.
Simon: Yeah, small ones aren't that much of a problem. Now, huge ones... those are tricky.
Doctor: How was Pinkie able to create one, though?
twow: I have a lot of shit in here I've never tested.
Pinkie (from TV) I was looking for a story and I shot the TV with this weird star stick.
twow: So THAT'S where my reanimating wand went.
Derpy: I'm just glad you were here. (squeezing the Doctor)
Doctor: Don't ever doubt it.
Simon: Well, this was something indeed. This one wasn't that troublesome anyways.
Doctor: Yup, we finished sooner than usual.
Simon: It's not fair for Drakkar to pick him up so early. And I think Derpy wants you to
stay here a bit longer.
Derpy: YES.
twow: I don't think he has a choice.
Simon: Well, this is her house and she doesn't know me enough, so I guess I'll get in the TARDIS to not disturb.
twow: I live here as well Simon. You can stay with me while they go UPSTAIRS and have their private time.
Simon: Sounds good, then. Maybe while they're on it we can clean this mess.
Doctor: Considering how long I've been away, you'll have spare time to do that and not
only play, but FINISH a Monopoly game.
Simon: Those are some pretty high stakes, Doctor.
twow: But not impossible.
Derpy: (dragging the Doctor) Come on! Dinky will want to see you!
Simon (stares at the closing door) Well, looks like I'll stay here until tomorrow at the
earliest, then.
twow: It'll be fine. I'll show you my transmogrifier.
Pinkie: You two have fun!
(Pinkie pushes the button, and the TV turns off with a blip.)