

The Bar 2

“E'yup,” Big Mac said after chugging a can of beer. He didn't in particular care about what he was responding to, which was some story that The Mayor was telling about her and Big Mac's grandma in their youth.

“So what did me and Apple Smith do? We decided that we would do a fundraiser to help support the boys off in that far away land! Of course, we were only around the age of Applejack and her friends, so we might've of been going in over our heads... But I think we were successful.” The Mayor continued on and on, unaware that Big Mac was ignoring her. “Anyway, I got to get home, since there's an important meeting in the morning. Have to talk to a relative about what I should wear for...”

Big Mac stared off at the clock on the wall. It was 10 PM. Grabbing another can of bear, he opened it and began drinking, paying light attention to the words of the old mare only because of the fact that his grandmother and her have such a good friendship, and being friends with the mayor can lead to some benefits of itself.

It was 10:20 when The Mayor finally left the bar. “Finally,” Big Mac muttered as he walked over to a jukebox and tossed a coin into it. As the sound of rockabilly music started to flow through the bar, Big Mac put on a cowboy hat, and placed a fern (or whatever they're called) in his mouth. Heading back to the counter he was sitting at, he continued drinking beer.

At 10:29, Big Mac heard music he had not listened to since his college years. “Yo, BM! Been a while, hasn't it?” A colt said.

Big Mac ate the fern that had hung out of his mouth. “Dadgumit,” he whispered to himself. A moment later he felt a pat on the back, and he turned to see the colt that had done it.

“You remember me, don't ya? It's me, your pal Ace!” Big Mac stared at the pony with muttonchops and shorts, trying his hardest to keep the stare neutral. “You're sort of creeping me out with that stare...”

“Oh,” Big Mac muttered as he tried to look to the left. “Sorry, must've forgotten for a moment. You know how it is while drinking.”

“Well, yeah. But still, you forgot me, Ace, your wingman!” Ace shouted.

“My... wingman?” Big Mac asked.

“Yeah, don't you remember me helping you get with Cheerlie at that one party?” Ace asked.

“Uh... Not really.” Big Mac said.

“Well I did. Speaking of which, how are you and Cheerlie these days?” Ace asked.

“She's my sister's teacher.” Big Mac answered.

“Yeah, well I bet there's some things you can teach her!” Ace said before laughing. Big Mac swallowed

his sigh out of courtesy. "But anyway, you two aren't dating or anything?"

"Nope. Never was," Big Mac answered, "probably never will."

"Heh," Ace smiled, "well that just leaves her open for me. She's gonna be a test I'm gonna Ace!" Ace once again laugh. Big Mac turned his eyes downward, displeased by this conversation.

There soon appeared a smile, however, on Big Mac's face as he heard a filly's voice. "Hi Big Mac, how was your day?" Big Mac turned to see who had said it.

"Hello Carrot Top, it was mighty good." Big Mac answered as he looked at the orange-hair yellow pony.

"Hey BM," Ace said as he tapped Big Mac on the shoulder. "Who's this broad? Your gal?"

Big Mac ignored the questions and walked towards Carrot Top. "How was your day?" He asked her.

"Oh, it was alright. Although I was wondering if you wouldn't mind helping me with something real quick. I know it's almost 11 and all, but I could really use your help." Carrot Top said.

"Why shoot, just tell me, and I'll help." Big Mac replied.

"Well... Uh... I think the best way to do this would be for me to show you what it is first..." Carrot Top responded. "I think Van Horse has been using those cursed paints again, and they sort of get into the soil..."

"Oh hey, Van Horse!" Ace shouted. "I remember that dude. I'm pretty sure he was gay though, since even when he had hundred of fillies around him, the guy would just focus on his painting."

Carrot Top slowly moved the focus of her eyes over to Ace. She stopped however, when she noticed that Big Mac was rapidly moving the focus of his eyes left and right, his way of politely telling somepony 'Hell No!'. "But yeah, I'll go and show you what happened to the carrots I grew... They're sort of.. Well, you'll see."

As Big Mac and Carrot Top began to leave, Ace ran after them. "Hey BM, you're gonna come back soon, right?"

"Uh... Well, it's getting sort of late, and I need to make sure my family is okay," Big Mac answered. "But I'll try... See you around Ace." Big Mac and Carrot Top then left.

"Yeah," Ace muttered as he walked towards the counter of the bar, "see you around... BM."

"So... Who is that colt, and why does he smell of heavy alcohol?" Carrot Top asked when she and Big Mac were outside.

Big Mac sighed. "Somepony that was my roommate during my last year of college at Coltsburg U."

“Wait, you went to Coltsburg?” A look of disgust appeared on Carrot Top's face. “And you were planning to keep this a secret from me how long?”

“Listen, it was on a scholarship, an-” Big Mac tried explaining.

“What type of scholarship?” Carrot Top interrupted.

“...Athletics...” Big Mac muttered.

“Be more specific,” Carrot Top said. “What sport?”

“Well...” Big Mac sighed again. “Hoofball.”

Carrot Top's eyes came close to flying out of their sockets. “You were a hoofball player at Coltsburg U? Did you never notice all the Tailton U merchandise in my house?”

“I did... Just I thought it would be okay to let those old times go. I mean, it's not like ol' number 29 caused any injury to those around you.” Big Mac said trying to calm down Carrot Top.

Carrot Top stared at Big Mac for a few moment. “Were you number 29 at the 58 to 43 game between Coltsburg and Tailton?”

Big Mac stared back for a moment. “E...yup...”

Carrot Top began twitching in the eye. “Tell me, do you remember 19 from Tailton? The colt sent to the emergency room, needed large amounts of surgery, and is no longer able to play for the rest of his life?”

There was a few minutes of pure silence.

“And all because of you.” Carrot Top added.

Big Mac tried to say something, “Uh.. Um... S-sor...”

“He was my brother.” Carrot Top stated.

“Oh Lord. I'm sorry Carrot Top, I honestly had no idea about any of this. I mean, I felt bad and all, and it was a complete accident, an-”

“We both forgave you,” Carrot Top smiled.

“Wait... Why?” Big Mac was confused.

“Because that was what it was. An accident. Besides, my brother was able to recuperate. He might not be able to play the game, but he's able to coach it.” Carrot Top said.

“Wait... Your brother is the Coach Top?” Big Mac asked.

Carrot Top smiled at him before saying, "E'yup."

"Wow... Oh, about those carrots! Exactly how big are they?" Big Mac asked, trying to get off of a now settled-subject.

"Well, remember that one big apple you entered into that country fair contest, where it won largest size?" Carrot Top asked.

"E'yup." Big Mac replied with a prideful smile.

"Well, they're about twice the size of that." Carrot Top said.

Big Mac's smile disappeared. "Uh... Listen, Carrot Top... I hurt my back recently, and I don't know if we'll be able to do that by ourselves..."

"Then go get your friend," Carrot Top replied.

"Ace? I don't think you would want to deal with him... He's rather..." Big Mac hesitated trying to find an appropriate word.

"We can deal with it. Besides, it should only take half an hour."

"Yeah," Big Mac said, "but he's probably drunk."

"And how do I not know you're probably drunk?" Carrot Top asked. "How many cans of beer have you had tonight?"

Big Mac sighed. "Fine, I'll go get him," and he went back into the bar.

Ace had drank a can or two or more of beer. "Ace?" Ace turned around and saw Big Mac at the door. "Hey Ace, you wouldn't mind helping me move some giant carrots, would you?"

Ace smiled. "No problem at all, BM."

That process turned out as well as two drunk ponies and one non-drunk pony moving giant cursed carrots could possibly turn out.

"Thank you, both of you, for your help." Carrot Top said.

"No problem," Ace said.

"E'yup," Big Mac catch-phrased, "now why don't we all go celebrate with some good old cans of beer? I'll pay."