

A Single Wish

It was early morning at the Apple family homestead, and Applejack had finished getting ready to do the first chores of the day. Before she could get to work she first needed to fetch her older brother who had yet to wake up. The orange earth pony trotted down the hall to her brother's room, and once at his door she raised a hoof and gave three knocks.

"Big Macintosh, it's time to git up."

There was no response. Applejack gave a sigh, then immediately opened the door and stepped in. Once inside her brother's room she spotted the lummo sleeping soundly in his bed, a blanket snugly wrapped around him except for his head.

"Time to git up, lazy bones."

The heavy-built red stallion stirred, and with a yawn he raised himself to look at his impatient sister, his blanket shifting down in the process.

"Sorry sis. I was jes feelin' more comfortable than usual."

As he spoke Applejack caught sight of something amusing: Big Macintosh was holding a ragged button-eyed doll with a dreadlock mane close to his chest.

"Maybe dat doll o yers has sumthin' to do with it," she remarked half-jokingly.

"Eeyup. I reckon," he replied in humble honesty.

This was the third time Applejack caught her brother sleeping with the doll. Ever since he brought the doll home a week ago, Big Macintosh had been unashamedly displaying the ratty toy in his room, and even going to bed with it. The doll's arrival into the Apple household also marked the beginning of a worrisome trend of Big Macintosh sleeping in instead of waking up early for chores like he usually does. The added sleep also seemed to make the stallion more relaxed, making him more laid-back in his day-to-day as a result.

Applejack thought it odd, but it seemed the doll that had once drove Ponyville into a frenzy was benefiting her brother, so she chose not to say anything about it to his face. And there was something inherently funny seeing a stallion his age sleeping with an old children's toy.

"You've been comfortable long enough, Big Macintosh. There's chores that need to be done."

"Eeyup," he replied in ready agreement.

Applejack left Big Macintosh's room, and shortly after the good-natured workhorse was on his hooves and out the door, not having bothered to tidy up his sizable bed. Atop the rumpled

mound of blankets, the ragged keepsake, known as Smartypants, sat idly by for its companion's return.

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My life had been very typical, or typical for one such as myself. My earliest memory was being on display in a toyshop amidst others of my kind, the sights and sounds of both joyful and stingy children filling each of my days. The ideal doll for any up and coming genius was the pitch made by the salesponies, and it was an effective one, for I watched my fellow kin get selected and purchased one by one to patrons young and old that sought our supposed genius-fostering capabilities. Eventually I found myself purchased and presented to a well-mannered, though shy, unicorn filly by the name of Twilight Sparkle.

She loved me dearly and played with me constantly, and as a doll I couldn't have asked for anything else. For many evenings when she wasn't studying she would help me "study," writing down imaginary homework with the notepad and quill that came with me. She would bring me to show-and-tell on occasion at Magic Kindergarten, and though some would make fun of her for having a doll like me she never stopped caring for me. She always told me that I was her most favorite doll in the world, and that she would always love me.

Time would pass, and dear Twilight grew up. Though she was a sweet pony, I always knew that her interests would grow and broaden, and as a consequence, shift away from me. Then the day came where I was placed in a trunk and never taken out again. I never held resentment toward her for that; after all, I was a children's doll, and she was no longer a child. If anything I was grateful that she didn't throw me in the trash like with other toys that had lost their appeal. But the time in the darkness of the trunk, while peaceful, was very lonely. As the years went by I resigned myself to believing that this was how the remainder of my days would be, and I was perfectly alright with that. As a simple doll, what more could I have asked for?

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A warm breeze blew calmly across Sweet Apple Acres as two friends, engaged in conversation, shared a hearty apple-laden midday meal beneath the shade of an apple tree close to the main household.

"Thanks again for inviting me to lunch Applejack," said the lavender-coated unicorn.

"It's my pleasure Twilight. On a fine day like this, what's better then takin' a load off and enjoyin' the breeze? Jes wish I coulda got the others to come."

"I'm sure they just got caught up in tending to urgent matters, or something like that."

"I reckon so. Still, I appreciate you comin' over at least."

"Like you said, my pleasure." Twilight took a moment to observe the surrounding fields of apple trees. "I must say, this year's apple crop looks wonderful."

"Don't it? This could be the hardest yield yet, and if Big Macintosh doesn't git himself injured then this year's Applebuck Season will go by smoothly." The farm mare paused a moment to

think, then addressed Twilight.

“Say, Twilight, you remember a month ago when ya went a little stir crazy over not having anything to write to the princess?”

“Oh goodness, how can I forget?” Twilight responded with a mild laugh. “I made such an embarrassing mess of things over a little letter.”

“Yeah. And do you recall how when Celestia came to fix everythin’ Big Macintosh made off with that doll of yers, uh, what was it called?”

“You mean Smartypants?”

“Yeah that. Um, do ya s’pose some of that ‘wanting’ spell of yers was still on it?”

“Nooo, I’m certain that Princess Celestia had it completely dispelled when she arrived. Why are you asking me all this anyway?”

“Well, it’s probably nothin’ too embarrassin’, but ya see, Big Macintosh has sorta grown attached to it. As in, sleeps with it every night attached.”

“Really?” Twilight chuckled. “I’d never imagine somepony like him needing something to sleep with.”

“Yeah, neither did I. But it’s been goin’ on fer over a month, and he really does seem to like that doll. Not all crazy like when he was under that spell, but he’s pretty fond of it. What’s more, me knowin’ bout it don’t bother him in the slightest. Even when Applebloom caught wind of it he still wasn’t bothered none. At this point I’m more plum surprised at him not hidin’ it then at him doin’ it. I’m not sure if this is sumthin’ to be concerned over to be honest. What do you think Twilight?”

“Well I don’t think it’s something to be concerned about Applejack. Unless he’s spending all his time playing with it and treating it like a real pony, then the whole thing seems like a mild quirk.”

“A quirk?” Applejack asked, raising an eyebrow.

“There’s nothing inherently wrong with a pony sleeping with a toy. Young fillies and colts do it to make themselves more comfortable and secure when they sleep, so why not with adults? Though it’s admittedly a bit weird, rationally it’s not much different then drinking warm milk or leaving a fan on to help get to sleep.”

Applejack thought over Twilight’s words, then said, “So yer sayin’ Big Macintosh is usin’ that doll as a sleep aid? Well, he has been gittin’ plenty of it since he brought that doll home.”

“See? It’s a simple and potentially healthy habit, so it’s nothing to worry about unless it was otherwise. Plus, it’s commonplace for grown ponies to on occasion do things they used to do when they were kids. I can think of a few instances where I gave into my inner child, and undoubtedly you’ve had a few moments yourself that you’re not too proud to mention.”

“I guess ya got a good point there,” Applejack agreed humbly, before recomposing herself with a small laugh. “It’s really not surprisin’ how unashamed he is about it all when I think about it. He’s a very open and honest pony when it comes to his feelins and interests, which aren’t many. Honesty: An Apple family trademark if there ever was one, aside from specialty in apples.”

“You got that right, Applejack.”

“How bout we head inside Twi? I jes remembered we got a fresh gallon of cool lemonade from the market yesterday, and I’m figurin’ there’s two ponies wantin’ to have a taste, wouldn’t you agree?”

“I certainly would!”

With the promise of lemonade the two friends tidied up and headed for the house, chatting lively along the way.

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It was one day, some time ago, when I beheld something I had long accepted that I would never see again: Light. Twilight had opened the lid of the trunk that had been my home for countless years, and through the gaps of the pile of other knickknacks that had piled atop me I saw her face, now that of a young adult mare. At first I told myself that she was simply rummaging for some memento and would return me to darkness again, leaving me with a new memory of her to tide me over. To my great surprise the memento she was looking for was me, and with a tug of her magic I was lifted from the dusty confines of the trunk and met with the sights of a new place and time.

Before I knew it she had taken me somewhere outside, the coolness of fresh air feeling wondrous on my face. She brought me to a trio of younger fillies, all of whom were as young as Twilight when I first met her, and presented me as a gift. Despite Twilight’s urgings the little ones didn’t appear enthralled by my looks, which came as no surprise given my appearance. As the girls turned their attention to other things I suddenly felt myself overcome with a strange sensation, and moments later the trio that had readily dismissed me had begun fighting amongst themselves fiercely for possession of me.

The sudden attention they showed me didn’t seem natural. I suspected that Twilight, being as magically talented and caring as she was, placed a spell on me to make the fillies become enraptured by the thought of having me. The effect seemed far-reaching as well, for the remainder of the day I was chased and fought over by every pony around, young and old.

Even though I had gone years without attention, the attention I was receiving that day was overwhelming and quite frankly unwanted. Everypony sought me out not because they cared about me or wanted to play

with me, but solely to have me. Ponies fought tooth and hoof to get a hold of me, all because of a mischievous spell.

It was a very vexing and unusual day to say the least, to have my return bring about such mayhem. However there was something that made it all worthwhile, which made such a chaotic day worth remembering with fondness. On that day, I met Him...

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Near the barn of Sweet Apple Acres a meek but kindhearted pink-maned pegasus was finishing up the last of some pest removal.

“Okay little moles, even though the ground here is soft and very nice to dig through it’s currently being used for farming by other ponies, and though I know you mean no real harm the tunnels you keep burrowing could result in somepony tripping over and possibly hurting themselves. However, I did spot a nice patch of ground a little ways south that isn’t being used, so if you could kindly head in that direction me and the ponies here on the farm would really appreciate it.”

The moles in attendance nodded their heads to the pegasus’s soft-spoken words before retreating back into the earth. Fluttershy let out a breath of content as a large red figure approached from the side.

“Oh, hey there Big Macintosh,” Fluttershy greeted, slightly surprised by his silent arrival. “The mole infestation has been taken care of, so if you happen to see Applejack then you’re free to tell her that.”

Big Macintosh gave a gentle nod, then said, “I reckon I will. Want to come inside for some refreshments?”

“Huh? Actually, some refreshments would be nice. I guess I could come in for a while, if it wouldn’t be a bother.”

“Nnnope, not at all,” he assured with a warm smile, which made Fluttershy blush slightly.

“Okay, I guess I can take you up on your offer, Big Macintosh.”

Her job finished, Fluttershy headed inside with Big Macintosh for an afternoon snack.

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Never before had I seen a stallion like him: Strong-built with a radiant crimson hue, but with a look of compassion and chivalry. From the moment he pulled me from the filly fray I found myself intrigued, and throughout the day he provided plenty of validation for this intrigue. From the speed he displayed in fleeing the crazed fillies, to the way he held me above a swarming mob, and especially when he burst from the masses when I was snatched by an old bespectacled mare. And when everypony abandoned me after the spell had gone, he alone came to my aid and lifted me from the dirt, claiming me, not due to a spell, but

because he genuinely wanted to have me.

Months have passed since that fateful day, and I still remain in ownership of the red stallion, whose name is Big Macintosh. To both my surprise and delight I found myself being given the attention and care that I once received from young Twilight, only now it was from a full-grown stallion. For the first month I was taken to bed whenever he slept and every so often he would straighten my locks and make sure that I was as well-kept as the day he took me into his home. While the other members of his family gave him looks on occasion and made remarks he continued to show me a kindness and devotion I never would have imagined possible from a creature as large and strong as he.

Needless to say I was immensely grateful for having a place in somepony's life once again, even if it was with an adult (though a most gentlecoltly adult). I once again felt myself filled with joy, but as time went on I became aware of another growing feeling. A feeling I had never felt before that perplexed me at first, for it felt oddly familiar. It felt like the feelings of affection I held for little Twilight, the same kind of love that she had for me in our time together. But it felt stronger than that, somehow. Stronger, and more fulfilling...

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"You've had that doll for a while, haven't you?"

"Eeyup. I s'pose I ought to be embarrassed, the way more of the town is talkin' bout it."

"Oh no, I don't think it's really anything to be embarrassed about. In fact, I think it's kind of adorable."

In the kitchen of the Apple family household Fluttershy and Big Macintosh were about done with their fill of apple fritters and apple tea. Despite the stallion's natural red coloration, a noticeable blush arose from hearing the pegasus's opinion.

"Uh, I r-reckon so," he stammered in agreement, his eyes darting back briefly. At seeing this Fluttershy gave a giggle.

"It suddenly doesn't seem like it. Are you feeling ashamed because I had something to say?"

"Eh, n-nnope," he said unconvincingly.

"Don't worry about it, and I'm sorry for making you feel uncomfortable."

"Uh, nothin' fer you to worry bout."

"I know you've always been a nice and gentle pony, but this thing about Smartypants just makes you seem more caring and, well, kind to me. I bet you take really good care of her as well."

"A lil' bit. She's still kinda, uh, worn out though, like when I first saw her."

"Is that so?" Fluttershy thought for a moment before saying, "Um, if you want, I could probably

help fix her up for you.”

“You could?” Big Macintosh replied, sounding genuinely surprised.

“You might not think it, but I know a bit about sewing, and if you want I can look Smartypants over and maybe smooth out some edges or repair some seams. Just a bit of doll upkeep.”

“You’d be willin’ to do that?”

“It would be my pleasure, um, if that’s alright with you, that is.”

“I don’t see a problem with it,” assured the workhorse. “Can you do it now?”

“Right now?” Fluttershy paused momentarily before giving an eager nod. “I suppose I can. Just lead the way.”

“Eeyup.”

The gentle stallion escorted the even gentler Pegasus back to his room, where his doll awaited.

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It was hard for me to describe this newfound feeling at first. I just knew it came to me every time he was around.

Whenever he would return after a long day, whenever he would hold and caress me with those thick hooves, I found myself filled with joy and that perplexing emotion which made me feel lighter than air. I would experience this same sensation every night when he snuggled me close to his broad chest, but unlike my time in Twilight’s embrace I also felt a calming warmth in seeing him sleep soundly. Rather than be frightened by these feelings I welcomed them, for they brought a sublime measure of happiness I had never felt before.

And I could never forget the unknown euphoria that came every time I saw his smile. As he held me, looked into my loosened button eyes, moved my patchwork limbs, and especially whenever he hugged me to produce a squeak, he would make that endearing smile. I imagined that if every minute of every day consisted solely of his soft smiling face, then I would have accepted it as the end of my existence without quarrel.

I inevitably came to realize what I was feeling: Love. Not the simple platonic love one would have for a child, but true love. I had fallen in love with my savior, and I couldn’t have been happier.

Sadly, this realization also made the reality of my situation all the harsher to bear...

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“There! Good as new.”

Fluttershy stood back with needle in mouth and observed her hoofiwork. The button eyes of the doll that had been formerly loose were sewn with fresh tight string, and the parts of it that had started to tear were fixed with the same loving professional care. If it wasn't for the one purple patch on its front right leg and the overall fading of colors, Smartyparts could have passed for a newly bought doll. Big Macintosh was amazed by this miraculous transformation, even more so that it happened in mere minutes.

"Well, maybe not completely new, but certainly an improvement," the pink-maned seamstress humbly added. "Don't you think so Big Macintosh?"

"Eeyup. She looks might spiffy," the stallion agreed, marveling the restored toy perched on the bed before him.

"You know, I'd like to think every toy should get a second chance," Fluttershy said. "Smartypants is pretty old, but look at what a difference a needle and thread can do. I bet she'll be a lot more cozy come bedtime."

Big Macintosh gave a nod and a satisfied "Mm-hm." Fluttershy turned to look up at him.

"Thank you for letting me see her, and also for showing me your room. It's all very... nice."

"I should be the one thankin' you, Fluttershy."

"Well, you're very welcome then," Fluttershy responded with a slight bow. "If you continue being gentle with her then she should hold together. Anyway I should be going. I have a few things left to do at home."

"I'll see you out then," Big Macintosh offered.

"Oh, then by all means. I appreciate your courtesy."

Fluttershy smiled at the good-hearted stallion, and then the two departed for the front of the house. Alone once again, the restored Smartypants sat and stared longingly into empty space.

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I never once fooled myself with the notion of us ever being together. The fact of the matter was that I was a doll, made of cloth and fluff, whereas he was a living, animate being. The two of us pairing up would simply be unnatural as well as impossible. And I believe Fate sought to further widen that irrefutable gap.

Even though my body had been restored and made more appealing, in time he began to lose his interest in me. On more and more nights I found myself placed on a shelf rather than between his hooves, and gradually he tended to me less and less. It's also clear that there is another in his life that he is drawn to, one that can fulfill all his needs, of which a doll will forever be incapable of doing.

So now I find myself atop a shelf for the fourth straight night in a row, staring down at my gentle stallion as he dreams away peacefully without my aid. Soon I shall become a permanent fixture on this wall, a keepsake from a period of restless nights that was alleviated through a squeaky companion. I will become forgotten, perhaps tossed away, as has been my fate all along.

As before I hold no grudge over this outcome, and am ready to accept it with grace. However, I do hold one regret: That I will never be able to show him my gratitude for all that he has done for me. Not for caring for me and having use for me, but for the wonderful feelings that his presence has given me in those months he cherished me. Though my time with Twilight was joyful in itself, my time with Big Macintosh made me feel less like a child's plaything and more... alive. My feelings for him gave me an intoxicating glimpse into the wonders of life, and it's an experience I will forever cherish.

I only wish I can express my thanks to Big Macintosh before the passage of time reduces me to dust. To tell him, in my own words, how meaningful his devotion to me was, how wonderful our time together was. If nothing else, I just want to tell him how much he means to me...

Ah! What expression, what sincerity, what emotion! And all from such an unlikely source!

Huh? Who said that?

Why, it's the Voice of Opportunity of course. For this evening, though, you can refer to me as your "fairy godfather," hmhm.

Where are you? What are you?

I am but one of this world's many great mysteries; what I am exactly is unimportant at this time. What is important is the bothersome plight you're in.

Plight?

Yeees, the one you've been going on about, regarding your precious flesh-and-blood savior and your, uh-hum, compromising feelings toward him.

You heard all of that?

Yes I did. I've been listening to your inner thoughts for quite some time, but you needn't be ashamed. I was actually quite touched by your monologue. It had the hallmarks of a lover's lament, only from a doll's perspective! Can't say I've seen anything exactly like it, though some things do come close when I think about it...

What, ARE you exactly?

As stated before, I am one of this world's many undefined mysteries. Yet, I am one that is capable of making things happen, which makes this your lucky day!

What do you mean?

Listening to your innermost thoughts has tugged at my heartstrings, and therefore I shall bestow upon you the granting of one single wish to be carried out this night. Anything you want, anything at all, I will make into reality. There is little I cannot do, and the fulfillment of a doll's single desire is hardly a trifle.

...A single wish, for anything?

Anything your small but vivid mind can imagine. As I said, it shouldn't be a trifle. So what will it be?

...If there is validity in your offer, then there is only one thing I could ever want. For my single wish, I wish for the chance to tell Big Macintosh everything I've ever wanted to say to him. I wish to be able to tell him my appreciation for everything he has done for me, and how dearly he means to me. And if I could, perhaps even show him.

My, such boldness from a toy! But I sense that your intentions are pure. Very well: I shall grant you your wish. I will make it possible for you to reveal your most heartfelt feelings to that which is most precious to you. You will be given the means to make your feelings known, but it's up to you to follow through. You only have this one night to do it though, but judging from your level of certainty that should be more than enough time. Now go get him, and best of luck!

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Big Macintosh slept soundly and peacefully within the confines of his darkened room. His rest was suddenly disrupted when a soft serene light fell across his face. His eyelids fluttered lazily open as the light grew brighter, and looking at the other end of his bed the stallion abruptly got on his haunches for the sight he beheld.

Before the foot of his bed there stood a breathtakingly beautiful brown mare with a long flowing dark brown mane of flawless sheen that partially covered her face. She wore a majestic purple with white polka dot dress that seemed to add to the radiance of the soothing aura that surrounded her. In the presence of such indescribable beauty Big Macintosh only had this to say:

“Uhhh, uhhhh...”

The mare's eyes, which had been closed up to now, slowly opened to reveal two striking pupils of different colors: One a deep tranquil blue, and the other a sharp fiery fuchsia. For a moment the magnificent mare looked at her surroundings in confusion, but the moment she laid her eyes upon the resting stallion her eyes softened and she made a warm smile.

“Hello there,” she spoke with a mature and kindly voice akin to that of a caring sage.

“Uh, hi,” Big Macintosh replied, still dumbfounded by the visitor’s presence. The mare laughed sweetly.

“It’s rather surprising for me as well. I hadn’t expected it to be this immediate or... showy.” The mare trotted slowly up to the side of the stallion’s bed, his eyes following her every move.

“Who, are you?” he finally asked.

At this the mare hesitated with a brief look of conflict, but then looked at Big Macintosh with a gentle look.

“I’m... a close friend. Though you probably don’t think of me as such, but that’s what I think of you. Truthfully I think of you more than that... Oh listen to me ramble all this nonsense! Um, all that stuff really isn’t all that important, though I am curious about my new self. I can finally talk, and there are all these new sensations, and my looks. I’m actually alive! What do you think? Do I look nice?”

The excited mare flicked her head to one side and blinked playfully to show off to her lone male audience. Big Macintosh on the other hoof was still dumbstruck by the situation as well as the mare’s beauty, but being the gentlecolt he was he willed himself to give an answer to the mare’s query.

“...I like yer mane...”

“You do? I like it too. I just can’t believe how long and smooth it is, and so clean and shiny and-“ The mare shook her head before she could ramble on further and quickly recomposed herself. “No no I didn’t come here to say that! Listen, there’s something I want to tell you, while I have the chance.”

The mare stepped closer to Big Macintosh’s side while looking straight into his eyes.

“Big Macintosh, I wanted to tell you how grateful I am for all that you have done for me. You gave me care, shelter, attention, but most of all you let me into your heart. Because of you I once again found worth in my existence. More than that, I gained something I never even thought possible. You brought joy back into this old heart and inadvertently showed me one of the great aspects of being alive, all from you just being you. There are no words to convey the appreciation I have for everything that led up to my being in your company, for the months I’ve been with you have been the most fulfilling and wonderful in all my years in this world. So I say thank you, Big Macintosh, from the very bottom of my heart. Thank you, thank you, forever and always I endlessly thank you.”

A tear slid down the mare’s face as she poured her feelings to the red stallion, who had ceased being entirely dumbstruck and now felt a deep sympathy for the lady by his bed, stranger though she was. Feeling the depth and sincerity of her words, he looked into her dichromatic eyes and acknowledged her feelings the only way he could think of.

“Yer very welcome, I s’pose.”

The mare raised a hoof to wipe the tear from her face, then said, “You don’t have to say anything dear. Just knowing that I was able to say all that to you is comforting enough.” Just then she took another step forward and leaned her neck down, putting herself face to face with the stallion. “Although, there is one other way I can show you my appreciation.” She gave a mischievous laugh as Big Macintosh began feeling nervous. “Just one little thing, to show you what I really think of you.”

Without warning the lovely mare pressed her lips to the stallion's and locked him in a tender kiss. Big Macintosh moved his eyes in a panic briefly but gave in to the moment and closed his eyes, completing the effect. As the two shared their moment the bedroom door suddenly cracked open.

“Big Macintosh, who are ya talkin’-?”

The light from Applejack’s candle revealed her brother sitting upright in bed kissing the Smartypants doll in his hooves, eyes closed and with relish. Upon hearing his sister, the lummo opened his eyes wide and took a moment to realize what it was he was doing, and having done so slowly withdrew his lips from the doll’s face while holding a stupefied look.

“Interestin’ dream there big brother?” Applejack asked with some unease.

“...Eeyup?” was his confused response.

An uncomfortable silence befell the two siblings as they looked at one another in the partially lit room, Big Macintosh still holding the doll in his outstretched limbs.

“Alrighty then,” Applejack said to break the silence. “I’ll jes... go back to bed now.”

As Applejack slowly withdrew to shut the door she poked her head in one more time. “Not to be too pryin’, but maybe ya ought to go out and see sum girls. Like, real girls.”

“...Yer probably right, Applejack,” he agreed calmly.

“Jes sayin’. G’night.”

With that Applejack closed the door and let darkness return to the room. All by himself, Big Macintosh blinked his eyes and looked at his doll, moving it slightly between his hooves inquisitively.

“Was that...?”

The perplexed workhorse let his thought drop as he gave a hard look into the colored

button eyes of Smartypants. After a few more seconds of looking, Big Macintosh decided to lie back down and try to sleep again, only now unconsciously clutching the doll close to him.

Many years later...

The cold winter wind from outside had picked up significantly, causing the cottage to rattle from all corners. Amidst the murmurings given by the house, a couple looked upon a sleeping colt tucked in his bed, a single candle in the corner providing illumination.

“He really does look like an angel.”

“That he does. It’s mostly due to you though.”

“He has some of your features too, like that adorable tuft for a mane.”

“Hehe, yeah.”

“I hope it isn’t too cold for him. All that wind is only going to make things chillier in here.”

“A little cold shouldn’t hurt. With all them blankets he oughtta be fine, plus a bit o chill probably helps him sleep.”

“It didn’t take him long to fall asleep, so you could be right.”

“Eeyup. Hmm...”

“Dear, what are you doing?”

“It’s a bit early, but I figure he could have his present the moment he wakes up.”

“Wait, is that? Wow! I cannot believe you still have that thing after all these years.”

“It’s been kinda special to me, so I figured I’d keep it around. It’s sorta one of the first things that brought us together when I think about that.”

“Oh now I remember. Hm, you were pretty bashful then.”

“Yeah, I was hunh? Anyway, I think this thing’s right for his age.”

“Me too. Pretty outdated compared to what’s available, but it’s the thought that counts. I’m sure he’ll love it.”

“Here’s hopin’.”

“...I love you honey.”

“I love ya too darlin’.”

Sharing a brief kiss, the loving couple took their leave of the colt, blowing out the candle light on their way out. Once again in a child’s possession, Smartypants silently stared into her new surroundings as the wind outside kept on blowing.

Thank you once again, my savior.

Whether it’s a doll, a stuffed animal, or a simple piece of linen, everyone should cherish their little keepsakes. Often they represent the fondest or most vivid memories of one’s past or even present, and if maintained properly they can be passed down to the next generation to potentially create more precious memories. Perhaps if these keepsakes are treated well enough, over time something special might occur. Hmhmhmhm, one can only imagine.

END