

The Vagaries and Advantages of a Higher Society Based on More Fabulous Habits

God's sun's rays filtered through the immensely fashionable mauve-and-gold curtains of Cloudy Skies' bedroom, sending glittering light dancing across his exquisite face. Cloudy was a human, a slim and elegant creature of unfathomable beauty and grace. With a perfect yawn, he swung his long, fur-less limbs around and left his bed behind, making his way across the room in a dignified two-legged gait of incomparable beauty. His room was stocked with human furniture and burgeoning with grip trainers and other commodities that were common in their world, lumps of granite and iron adorning every surface. This left precious little space for memorabilia and items celebrating his love for his favorite animated show, but still he made room for a few statuettes of a nameless white unicorn.

A nameless white unicorn with a perfectly coiffed purple mane, a flawlessly maintained coat, and a cutie mark of unparalleled beauty, the details of which are unimportant.

At last, Cloudy stood before the centerpiece of his room: The cabinet in which he kept all his clothes. Since he was a human, Cloudy had an immense wealth of clothes as part of a society where fabulosity was the norm rather than the exception. First, Cloudy held up a human pair of two socks, the hand-woven exotic black-dyed wool soft to his touch. Due to the humans' unique foot shape, the article was bent forty-five degrees at halfway down the single-opening tube, but the fabric had enough stretch that rather than fit around each of his nimble toes, it conformed to his shape.

A small shudder ran through his body as he wore his first garments with reckless abandon, reaching next for a pair of pants. These, too, were dyed black, the color adored by his kind. Cloudy balanced on a single leg for a second in a simple yet stunning display of human acrobatics, slipping one leg into the cloth, then the next, the weight of the pants resting around his midsection due to his exquisite and fashion-compatible physique. Cloudy paused to run his hands through his luscious mane, relishing in the feeling of clothedness as he did every morning, mind reeling with all the possibilities of so many and varied limbs and digits. After the moment had passed, he stuck one of his long, slender arms into the cabinet to extract another garment, this one a sweater.

Unlike ponies, humans wore sweaters all the time, and often in large amounts. Cloudy sighed contentedly as he put on the bright blue sweater, relishing the feeling of silk against his bare, furless chest, static electricity a non-issue for him, and the proud and tall shoulders putting on display the sweatermaker's skill. So beclothed, he reached for another pair of pants, a common design unique to his physique. These "panties" were far smaller, covering only a small part of his behind and where his hindlegs met, but they fit snugly on his body adding a daring splash of orange to his outfit, the half-translucent thin cotton still showing the other pair of pants.

"Cloudy, are you awake?" called one of his friends from outside, but he ignored them, for some things were more important than whatever business his friends wanted to drag him along on. As good friends, they respected both his privacy and his desire to focus on his clothes instead. Cloudy barely offered them a second thought as he slipped into a vest, a fashionable garment made in a strong, mysterious brown fabric humans often wore, given high strength and durability whilst still remaining supple; just one of the many wonders of humanworld.

Of course, he did not stop there. As a member of a high-standing society, Cloudy's room was rife with clothes. The light pink human fished out another pair of pants, shortly after followed by yet another sweater, utilizing his dextrous limbs to put them both on at the same time. The pants were a brilliant white, bedecked in tassels and frills, and his shirt was adorned with rows upon rows of buttons. After a moment's contemplation, the human put on a pair of gloves, hand-socks crafted with loving care, fitting to each of his many digits, their complicated design making them worth easily half again as much as any of his other clothes.

"Finally. It is time," Cloudy declared in his sonorous voice, reaching for the defining piece of his outfit. The brassiere went over his sweaters, a proud jutting pair of rigid cotton shapes that gave him the distinction and authority that he needed to perform his function as an important member of human society. Finally, Cloudy was ready to head out to face the day.