

Trotting home after a long day of trying to teach little fillies how to play instruments, Lyra was exhausted. As much as she loved her job, and loved the children, they would really wear on her some days. Especially when she had to teach Sweetie Belle and her friends Applebloom and Scootaloo.

Sweetie Belle was fine, she had a lovely singing voice and was definitely Lyra's favorite student. But the other two would jump around to different instruments seemingly at random, never sitting still for more than a few minutes. They would attempt to play the violin, for example, then look expectantly at their flanks, and when they saw nothing there they would pick up another instrument and do the same, ad nauseum.

It would probably be a good idea to speak with their families. Maybe they had some sort of developmental disorder or something...

Reaching her modest little cottage, Lyra pushed the thoughts of work from her mind. All she really wanted to do now was walk in, say hello to Bon-Bon, then sit down with a cold drink and just relax.

"Bon-Boon~," she called as she pushed open the door, "I'm ho-...what's going on?"

Inside her home was a small crowd of ponies from town. There was the three "flower sisters," Lily, Roseluck, and Daisy. Lyra didn't know them very well, they were mostly Bon-Bon's friends, and all she could remember about them was that they weren't blood related, and that Lily was easily excitable and prone to fainting.

Next to them was Doctor Whooves, the town's clockmaker. Strangely, she had never learned what exactly he was a doctor of. And no one ever seemed to ask. It struck her as exceptionally odd, but...not very important for some reason...peculiar.

The next ponies she recognized were Romana and Berry Punch. Lyra herself had introduced the two at a party, and they had hit it off swimmingly, even though Berry was a single mother. She was so happy for them, and seeing them together reminded her of when she and Bon-Bon had first met.

Lyra shook herself from her comforting memories and recognized Carrot Top in the group. The two would occasionally see one another on her way home from work. They would chat for a bit about everyday life things, and she would give her some free carrots from her garden, never taking 'no' for an answer. Sometimes she had the feeling that the orange haired pony was a little sweet on her, but it was probably just her over-active imagination.

There were a few other ponies she recognized but had never really spoken to before. A blue colt with a musical notes cutie mark, a lilac pony with a cloud and sun cutie mark, and a cream coloured pony with a curled pink mane. Lyra was also fairly certain that was Ditzzy Doo rooting around in their fridge; such a silly pegasus.

And there was Bon-Bon in the middle of the group, a small frown on her face. Lyra stepped towards her.

"Hi sweetie," she began, still confused, but she kept a smile on her face. "What's going on? Is...is this some sort of surprise party?"

Lyra was starting to feel nervous with all these eyes on her, and began rambling. "Where's Pinky Pie? Doesn't she normally throw the parties around here? Heh, hope she doesn't get mad you're muscling in on her business, haha, you know how crazy random she is sometimes, eheh..."

Bon-Bon stepped forward, placing a hoof against Lyra's muzzle. "Honey, we...we need to

talk.”

The mint coloured unicorn took an involuntary step back, growing more and more confused by the second. And it was then that she finally noticed the banner hanging behind the crowd.

HAPPY INTERVENTION

Lyra blinked, looking down from the banner at Bon-Bon's concerned face, than back to the group, and then to the banner again.

“...intervention? Is that why everyony’s here?” she asked, looking around at the gaggle of ponies. Some of them avoided eye contact, and others just stared back with their own concerned expressions.

Lyra then surprised them all by letting out a short laugh. “Hah! This...this has to be some sort of joke right?” she asked, shifting her attention to her companion, “I mean, seriously Bon-Bon, an intervention? An intervention for what, exactly?”

Bon-Bon tried to speak but Lyra turned away, pushing past the group of ponies and making her way into the kitchen, still rambling. “I mean, what would I need an intervention *for*? I almost never smoke, and I only drink occasionally, you know, at parties, and when we're having a nice dinner at home...”

She walked back out from the kitchen, levitating a fizzing glass of liquid in front of her, heading towards her favorite chair.

“So what exactly is this whole 'intervention' for? Please tell me, I'd *love* to know.” She asked, setting her glass down before settling comfortably into her chair.

Some of the ponies in the room looked away, and the rest just stared.

Bon-Bon stepped forward, her brow furrowing in concern. “It's *that*, Lyra, just...just look at yourself!”

Lyra look down, just seeing the pelt of her stomach same as always. “Bon-Bon, I don't understand what you-”

“It's the way you're *sitting* Lyra!” Bon-Bon almost sobbed, “it's not *natural*, ponies don't sit that way!”

Lyra looked down at herself again, she was sitting the way she always sat, back against the back rest and her legs draped over the edge of the seat.

She looked back at Bon-Bon. “Wha...I...oh, come on now,” she said, almost laughing, “you're telling me that you're doing all this...just because you don't like the way I *sit*? Honestly Bon-Bon, that's...that's ridiculous!”

Lyra was almost shouting now, and Bon-Bon looked close to tears.

“You called all our friends over for something so silly, just to...to make both of us look like a couple of foals!” The room was suddenly very hot to Lyra, and her pelt felt itchy and constricting. “Look, I...I'm sorry, everypony, that you all came here for such a ridiculous little thing. You can all go home now, I'm...I'm really sorry...”

A few of the ponies shifted uneasily on their hooves, not knowing what to do. That's when the Doctor spoke up. “Lyra, we all knew why she wanted to do this intervention. She told us about

your...problem, and we all wanted to help.”

Lyra wanted to reply, but her mouth suddenly felt very, very dry. Carrot Top spoke next. “It's true, we just want to help you, I...we all care so much about you.” The faint blush on the orange maned pony's cheeks went unnoticed as the rest of the group nodded in agreement.

“All we want is what's best for you and Bon-Bon, can't you see how much this is hurting her?” Berry Punch chimed in, Romana nodding along with her.

Lyra's face grew hotter, and she finally got up from her seat (everypony cringed as she did so). “Look, you...you're *all* just being ridiculous now! There's nothing...there isn't anything wrong with...I...I want you out, I want you ALL! OUT!”

She screamed at them, she was so disoriented and it was so hard to breath now, her entire body felt hot and constricted, and it was all she could do to try and keep standing, her legs threatened to buckle at any moment.

Lyra opened her mouth to scream again, but it died in her throat when she felt a sudden weight against her. Bon-Bon had thrown her forelegs around her shoulders, and was now sobbing into her neck. Her legs finally buckled and she fell to the ground, Bon-Bon refusing to let go.

Looking at the crowd again, Lyra could see the incredible worry in all of their faces, and Carrot Top was crying as well. Her defenses finally crumbled, and began to cry with them, wrapping her forelegs around Bon-Bon and holding her as tight as close as she could.

“I-I'm sorry everyone, I'm so sorry, Oh Celestia I'm s-so sorry Bon-Bon...”

The two ponies sat there, sobbing and holding each other, Lyra whispering apologies into Bon-Bon's ear over and over again. Their friends looked on in relieved sadness, thankful that the healing could now begin, and hoping that their love and friendship could help them get through any hardships yet to come...

Lyra sat on her bed, hunched over and facing away from the sleeping form of Bon-Bon, legs dangling over the edge. It had been a long, trying day for the both of them. They'd cried for hours before any real talking began. It would take a lot of time and effort for her to kick her...habit, but she had all the support in the world that she needed.

Part of her still felt like it was all somewhat ridiculous, but...she'd do anything to make Bon-Bon happy.

Looking back at the sleeping earth pony, Lyra felt at peace. The two had reconciled after all the others had left, but she still felt so guilty for flying off the handle at the most important pony in the world to her.

Reaching a hoof out, she rubbed Bon-Bon's side, getting a soft murmur and smile in response. She smiled as well, comforted by her companion even as she slept.

Everything was going to work out, she was sure of it.

A sudden rumble from her stomach caused Lyra to frown however, and realize that she hadn't eaten since leaving the school. Slipping on her green robe, she quietly shuffled out of their bedroom, making her way through the house to the kitchen.

Passing the banner on the way, she made a mental note to take it down in the morning, and stopped in front of the refrigerator. Her stomach grumbled in hunger as she imagined eating one of those delicious carrots Carrot Top had given them. They might have an apple or two left as well.

Lyra eagerly opened the refrigerator door...

...only to be greeted by an almost vacant interior. The only thing inside was a folded triangle of paper, with a short message written in crayon.

I emptied your fridge! - Ditzzy Doo