

Based on this image by 'Livi !AtaujZ3gvQ



Dinky's Morning

An alarm clock, sitting on the bedside table, enthusiastically announced 'good morning' to the bedroom's young occupant. A pale lavender hoof poked out of its duvet-cocoon and began to blindly seek the source of the noise. The hoof made contact with a 'thunk!' and the clock fell from the table, happy in the knowledge of a job well done.

A flailing of legs managed to dislodge the pony from its bedsheets, leaving them in a pile on the floor. Dinky Doo yawned widely and sat up. She waited for her head to stop spinning before lowering herself to the ground and proceeded to throw the discarded duvet back onto the bed. It landed in such a way that, from a certain angle, the bed could have been considered 'made'.

Dinky began to walk across her room, but stopped when she stepped on something strange. She glanced down, but the dim, early morning light that crept around the curtains did little to reveal her surroundings, instead distorting shapes in the darkness to confuse an already sleep-addled mind. She knelt down to get a closer look. A white, squarish-thing with black lines on it... a book!

Identification aided recollection; it was her bedtime story. Even in the poor lighting she could make out the words '**Chapter 6**' written in large, bold font on the open page. That was funny, she didn't remember her mother reading that far.

She made her way to the window and pulled open the curtains, letting in the rest of the morning that had been waiting outside. With the room now illuminated, Dinky trotted over to her dressing table. It had clearly seen a lot of use, the outer layers of paint were peeling away to reveal older colours underneath and in the mirror's top left corner, a delicate spider web of cracks hinted of some minor accident in the furniture's past.

Dinky loved it all the same; it had been given to her by her mother, who had received it from *her*

mother and so on, stretching back several generations. Dinky just wished that she had more use for it. She gazed at the hairbrush that was kept on the table top and felt a teeny-tiny glimmer of hope; perhaps *today* was *the day*.

Furrowing her brow with concentration, she tried to move the brush. Nothing happened. Imagining a force extending from her horn, she tried to move the brush. Nothing happened. Saying the magic word out loud, she tried to move the brush. Nothing happened. Dinky hadn't expected saying 'please' to work, but it was worth a shot.

Still no magic today. She didn't know when unicorns first got their magic, but it ought to happen one of these days she reckoned. Perhaps tomorrow.

Her next destination was the bathroom, but on the way she stopped outside her mother's room and rested her head against the door. With an ear pressed up against the wood, she could hear gentle snoring coming from within. Dinky smiled, her mum would get a few more minutes this morning.

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She left the bathroom feeling refreshed and awake in the way that only a shower can provide. Once again she stopped outside her mother's room, but this time Dinky opened the door and poked her head in.

“Mum, it's time to get up!”

“Mmmhrrm,” Ditzzy said, rolling over.

“Come on! It's already half six.”

“Mmhrr–What?!?” Ditzzy fell out of bed like an experienced professional and shot out the door, past the retreating form of her daughter who had stepped away in anticipation.

A slam from the direction of the bathroom told Dinky that the morning was progressing smoothly.

She trotted off to the kitchen to stick some bread in the toaster and fix herself some cereal. The filly was chewing through her second crunchy mouthful, when her mother walked in. At that precise moment, the toaster launched its payload. Quick as a flash, Ditzzy leapt into the air and caught the toasted projectiles. It was quite a challenge; that toaster could fire through walls.

Dinky clapped her hooves together as her mother returned to the ground with a bow.

“That was great!” said Dinky. “Much better than yesterday.”

Ditzzy nodded in agreement. Yesterday she had caught one slice without trouble but the other had completely vanished. She suspected gnomes. Or wormholes in space. Or gnomes riding worms that create holes in space that they use to...

Dinky looked up at her mother and buried her own face in her hooves. The mare's eyes were now pointing in completely different directions. This was a tell-tale sign that the pegasus was lost in thought. Or drunk; but since she wasn't trying to get Dinky to jump up and down on the bed with her, it was probably the first option. The look oddly complimented the two pieces of toast she held in her mouth.

“Mum! Your toast's getting cold.”

“...Wee Fre-men.” Ditzzy shook her head; both eyes focused again. “Sorry Dinky, I drifted off there a bit.” She dropped the toast on a plate next to her daughter's bowl.

Dinky looked up. “You want me to butter them for you?”

“Yes please,” said Ditzzy, trotting over to pack her daughter's school bag.

The filly finished spreading the first slice, but paused before starting the second. “Mum?”

“Yes Dinky?”

“When am I going to get my magic?”

“I don't know muffin, I'm sorry. Maybe you can ask your teacher?” Ditzzy said, fishing around in the cutlery drawer and bringing out a hair brush.

“But she *always* just says that it's different for every unicorn.”

“Well, there you go then.”

“But I want to know *now!*” Dinky had finished with the knife and was pouting into her cereal.

Ditzzy brushed her daughter's hair. “Dinky, knowing when it happens won't make it happen any sooner.”

Dinky kept pouting.

The mare sighed. “I can ask some of the unicorns I meet today if you like. They'll probably say the same thing though.”

Dinky looked up from her bowl. “Thanks mum.” She looked down again. “You won't have time to eat your breakfast if you keep brushing my hair.”

“No daughter of mine is going to school with a messy mane. I'll just eat on the wing.”

“Then what about *your* hair?”

“If it's scruffy the postmistress will fix it for me. She won't even let me out the door until I look presentable.”

Arguments defeated, Dinky could do little more than continue to munch cereal while her mother finished with her mane.

“Right,” said Ditzzy, as she put down the brush and picked up her toast, “I had better be off then.”

“Mum, aren't you forgetting something?”

The pegasus cocked her head for a moment before remembering. “Of course!” She said and

dropped her toast back onto the table. Dinky noticed that today they landed butter-side up.

“You ready?”

Dinky nodded eagerly.

*"The Cake's are in the bakery,
along with Pinkie, that makes three.*

*Rainbow's in the clouds up high,
taking a rest from Pinkie Pie!*

*Near the school lives Cheerilee,
she's as happy as can be.*

*A shop with dresses, so pretty!
That's where you'll find Rarity.*

*The Apples live down on the farm,
all inside that big red barn.*

*Carrot's fields are right next door,
she's given us some treats before.*

*Spy a cottage as you fly?
Then you just might see Fluttershy!*

*Twilight's in her library,
it's inside that great big tree.*

*Who lives at number twenty-two?
It's mum and Dinky; me and you!”*

Ditzy kissed her daughter on the nose. “Love you muffin. Have a good day at school.”

“I will mum. And I love you too!” Dinky called after the grey streak that blazed a trail out the door.

At least her mother had remembered the toast this morning.