

A Very Pinkie Christmas

Prelude

"Hey Pinks!" I turned around to see my bestest friend, Rainbow Dash landing softly behind me. She looked so very awesome in her red scarf with the multi-colored tassels.

"Heya Dashie! Is that the scarf Rarity sent you?" I grinned and bounced in place, showing off my own hoof-knitted scarf with the embroidered cutie mark and pink tassels.

"Sure is. It's awesome for this weather, especially at high altitude." She demonstrated by way of shivering, and pulled the scarf off of her muzzle to release puffy white steam clouds into the air. "I still can't believe they won't let us do any weather control. I mean, they finally figured how to enchant our hooves to act like they do in Equestria."

"Yeah, they are all scared of magic." I shrugged, and turned back to what I had been watching.

"Hey Louis. Whatcha doin?" Dash looked up to spot what I was looking at.

"Rigging up the lights." Louis gruffly answered. He was being a bit of a grouchy-pants about it, but he did promise to help me. Hooves are just not as good as hands at hanging lights, and he was afraid I would fall off the ladder.

"Huh, well that's just silly. You should just get a pegasus or unicorn to do it for you." Rainbow Dash responded. If she noticed the death glare she received, she ignored it.

"So you all ready for X-mas?" Turning to me, she grinned widely, and pranced in the light snow that covered the yard.

"I think it's pronounced Christmas. I've been reading all sorts-a books and stuff on it! I even got Louis to help with stuff." I bounced, enjoying the soft crunch of the snow under my hooves.

"Rigging up these lights!" Again, Louis groused to no pony in particular.

"What was that, big guy? My friend asked him.

"I'm tryin' to rig up these lights!" He shouted back.

"You askin' for help or something?" She shot back, and was met with another glare. I guess I really shouldn't have blackmailed him into putting the lights up.

Before Rainbow could get too riled up, I came to Louis' defense. "I think he's determined to do them himself. I kinda... maybe... implied that he wasn't stallion enough to do them all by himself, and he's been at it all day. He only fell twice though!" I smiled and put my arm around Dashie's shoulders.

Louis has at this point stomped back into the house to look for something. From within the depths of our home I heard him yell, "What? We have no extension cords?!"

“Are you sure he doesn’t want help? I can like, fly up and have it done in ten seconds flat!” Dash looked at me, a worried look on her face.

Suddenly, the slowly gathering gloom of evening was pierced by a majestic glow, as the lights flickered to life. Triumphant, Louis stomped out of the house, arms raised in victory as he grinned at us. Moments later, the lights began to flicker intermittently.

“NOW WHY THE HELL ARE THEY BLINKING?!!!” Louis bellowed, before stomping back into the house.

“I really think it would be better if you let him handle this himself. He’s already kinda cranky about the holidays, and he’s been getting even more grouchy since starting these lights.” I sighed and shook my head. Dashie looked back at me, sympathy in her eyes. We all knew somepony like this--with a pride bigger than their brain.

With a fizzling sound, the lights stopped their frenzied flashing, and the yard was plunged into darkness. “One light goes out, they ALL go out!” More yelling could be heard from inside the house. I think I heard something crash, and a cat could be heard yowling. I was rather puzzled by this, since we didn’t own a cat.

“Really, Pinks, I think he needs help. Or an intervention.” Dash popped into the air with a flap of her wings, looking worried.

The next sound I heard would forever be etched into my brain, as a steady stream of obscenities wafted out of the house. The neighbors peeked out of their curtains, and just as quickly shut them. I am sure that even Discord would have trouble unraveling the mangled mess that was being woven out of the human language as every obscenity I had ever learned in my time in this world, and many others new to my pony ears were screamed into the nether. In the heat of battle, my Louis wove a tapestry of obscenity, that as far as we know is still hanging in space over Baltimore.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the profanity stopped, and both me and Rainbow Dash released a breath we didn’t realize we were holding. After a moment more, I heard one last shout, directed at me.

“Pinkie! Get a flashlight, I blew a fuse!” Emerging from the house, covered in dust, cobwebs, and for some reason, cake frosting, came Louis. His normally light brown skin was a livid red, and his beautiful curly black hair was a dusty grey. His eyes were bloodshot, and he appeared to be grinding his teeth.

“Umm, seriously big guy. It’s no problem! Let me help you.” Dash made one more misguided attempt at assistance. I couldn’t help, however, noticing her wings were fully extended in the classic pegasus position of “Fight or Flight.”

And for a brief moment, I almost thought it was going to work. My dear friend, Louis, took a deep breath, and I saw all of the tension flow out of his rigid frame. He closed his eyes for a moment, and seemed to be counting down.

And then it all went to hell as he snapped his eyes open again, a vicious snarl on his face. "FINE!" he screeched, his voice gaining in volume and pitch. "You're so smart, YOU RIG UP THE LIGHTS!" And in one smooth motion, he launched the bundle of cords he was holding across the yard, where they impacted a tree and rolled away, unfurling as they went. Continuing his tantrum, he turned away from us and stomped off into the snow and descending gloom of the winter evening.

"Wow, Pinkie. I don't think I have ever seen him that pissed off before. He really hates rigging up these lights." Dash adjusted her scarf nervously as the adrenaline washed through her system.

"Oh, this isn't so bad. You should have seen him when we were out finding a christmas tree." I quipped, before bouncing over to retrieve the fallen lights.