

The sun was setting on another day at Junior Speedster Flight Camp and Rainbow Dash was impatiently watching the horizon with her forelegs crossed as her wings angrily beat the air. "Where is that griffon," she demanded.

Dash's right ear twitched and a smile crept across her face. In the blink of an eye, Dash had flown a body length to the side. A moment later, a brown and white blur swooped through the spot she just been and landed hard on the ground. "About time you showed up, Gilda," Dash said with a wry grin.

"How do you *always* do that," the griffon grumbled as she dusted herself off.

"Is that what had you running late? Don't you know that no one, pony or griffon, can get the jump on **THE** Rainbow Dash," she ended her boast by flexing her forelegs in front of her.

Gilda just rolled her eyes. "Whatever. I didn't think you'd be on time when you said to meet at our usual spot at sundown. You've never been before."

Rainbow snorted dismissively. "Well this is different, this is important! Do you remember Show Stopper?"

Gilda's face turned sour at the name, "It's sort of hard to forget a pony that calls you a disease spreading half breed." Gilda waved a talon dismissively, "What about her? You already got her back for me when you tossed her vast assortment of makeups into the lake." Gilda's beak rolled into a smile as she recounted that joyful day.

Dash swooped forward and placed her hooves on Gilda's shoulders, she vibrated in excitement as she spoke. "Last night I woke up to a sound outside my window, and when I looked out who do you think I saw?"

"Um, I'm gonna guess Show Stopper."

"Exactly," squealed the pegasus as she flew into the air. Dash dropped to the ground and pantomimed looking out her window, "So I see her and she's acting all suspicious like. I figure since I'm awake, that I might as well follow her and see what she's up to." Dash pressed her belly to the grass and crawled forward, "I'm sneaking from shadow to shadow, watching her every move when she ducks into one of the groundskeeper's sheds. I hide out in the bushes until she comes out again and I watch her fly back towards her cabin. So I ask myself-

Gilda let out an exaggerated yawn, interrupting the thrilling tale. "Is this going anywhere anytime soon?"

Dash glared as the griffon smiled at her playfully. "Anyway, I go to see what was in the shed and I find *this* hidden in there!" Reaching into her saddlebags, Dash yanked out a piece of

paper and held it in front of Gilda's face.

Gilda's smile melted away as she snatched the paper from the pegasus's mouth. On the sheet was a black and white picture of her and Dash asleep propped up against the tree on the very hill they were now standing. Dash's mouth was open in a loud snore with a hoof scratching at her nostril while Gilda's eyes were partially open with a steady stream of drool trailing from her mouth to her shoulder. Beneath the pair was the caption, "**The Best In Junior Speedsters?**"

"There were *dozens* of these in there," Dash explained as Gilda tore the paper to shreds. "Near as I can guess she was planning to paper the camp with them, but I've mulched that plan."

Gilda opened her claws and let the wind take the confetti, "Nice work Dash, but why has this gotten you so giddy? Ponies have taken shots at us before, comes with the territory of being more awesome than everyone."

Dash smiled from ear to ear and clenched her forelegs to herself in barely contained glee. "Don't you get it, G? She's just declared a prank war on *us* and on All Foal's Day no less!"

Gilda scratched her head, "All what now?"

Dash settled next to Gilda and threw a leg around her, her eyes full of mock sympathy. "Sometimes I forget that you've lived the deprived life of a griffon. All Foal's Day is the best day of the year! It's when anypony and everypony has free reign to pull pranks to make the other feel like, well, a foal! And it's tomorrow!"

Gilda ducked out from under the blue leg around her neck. "So what? You and I pull pranks on these dweebs all the time."

Dash sighed heavily and fell back on her haunches, "Yeah, but tomorrow it's okay for us to rub their faces in it." Dash stood up, her face stern. "And Show Stopper pulling this on All Foal's Day is a major attack and now it's time for our counter attack. This will be a first strike in our campaign to show everypony what happens when they go hoof to hoof with the unstoppable force that *is* Rainbow Dash and Gilda."

Gilda stared at her friend blankly for a few seconds before leaping into the air and clapping her claws together. "Okay, you've sold me. Show Stopper will pay for her foalish attack," Gilda rubbed her talons together anxiously as her eyes darted back and forth.

Dash slammed her right hoof to the ground, "That's the spirit!"

Gilda scratched under her chin as she plotted, "The way I see it, the only time our hated

enemy would be able to spread her propaganda would be in the middle of the night when none of the instructors could catch her.” Gilda placed her beak against Rainbow’s nose, a malicious look in her eyes. “I say we have a trap waiting for her to get this prank war started right.”

“Yes, Junior Pranksters are go,” Dash shouted as she smacked her forehead against her friend’s. Both girls cried out and fell away from each other, rubbing their battered foreheads.

The mismatched pair sat hidden in the shrubbery near the shed, bouncing lightly with excitement. Gilda looked to Rainbow Dash, “You’re sure you put the bucket of glue above the door just right?”

“Yeah, G” Dash said briskly, “If you were so worried about the bucket, why didn’t *you* hang it while I was a lookout?”

“I would have, but when it comes to delicate work I’m all thumbs,” Gilda said flaring her claws out and grinning broadly.

Rainbow screwed up her face, crinkling her nose, “I don’t get it. Is that a joke?”

Gilda let her hands drop. “Ponies,” she muttered.

Dash elbowed Gilda in the ribs as she pointed a hoof out towards the dark as a pony appeared creeping across the yard. Show Stopper’s light brown coat and auburn mane didn’t stand out too well at night, but her blindingly white cutie mark of a crying clown did. Dash and Gilda beamed at each other as the pony approached the door. As she began to push the door open Dash clenched her teeth and saw Gilda digging her talons into the dirt.

The pegasus disappeared inside and a moment later a crash signaled Gilda to fly out and slam the shed door shut. They both burst out laughing as a series of slams and cracks sounded against the walls and ceiling inside the shed ending in a loud clatter of gardening equipment falling to the ground.

“And it’s lights out for her,” Dash announced, triumphantly pumping her hoof in the air. “How long do you think it’ll take her to crawl to the nurse to get that bucket off of her? A couple of hours?” Dash yawned, stretching out her legs and wings. “Either way, I’m going to bed. I’m gonna need my energy for tomorrow.” She turned and yelled towards the shed, “This is only our first strike!”

Gilda walked towards the shed, Dash spotted a familiar gleam in her eye. “You go ahead, Dash. I wanna leave her a couple messages for her to see when she gets that bucket off. Maybe something about respecting the differences of others written in dye across her flank.”

Dash patted the griffon on the shoulder as she walked past and nodded solemnly, "It's for her own personal growth." Dash spread her wings and launched herself skywards "Have fun, G!"

"Oh, I intend to," Gilda called back before slowly approaching the shed.

Dash slept with a pleased look on her face. A sudden weight on the bed and the warmth of another body jarred Rainbow from her slumber. She opened her bleary eyes to see Gilda slumped against her bed, looking across the room. Rainbow opened her mouth to ask why she interrupted her dream, but let it shut when Gilda held up a talon to her own beak. Slowly, Gilda turned to look at Dash.

The pegasus gasped at the hollow and haunted look in her friend's eyes. "This wasn't our fault," Gilda whispered. "She started this. She messed with us and we got back at her, that's supposed to be the end of it, but she just kept going."

Rainbow Dash shuddered, but tried to keep it out of her voice, "What happened G, did she get out already and tattle on us." Dash forced out a giggle. "Are we in trouble again."

Gilda stared for several long seconds and then laughed. It was a quiet joyless laugh and it scarred Rainbow more than anything she'd ever heard in her life. "Oh, she won't be saying anything to anypony," tears streamed from her eyes, unheeded. "But we *are* in trouble."

Gilda lunged forward, her claws digging into Dash's shoulders. "No," she hissed. "No, this won't be the end of *us*! I won't let some lame pony take away our future!"

"What happened," Dash asked, not at all wanting to know.

Gilda seemed to realize she was hurting her friend and pulled her claws away. "I don't know if we used too much glue or if she just hit the walls too hard or if it was something that fell on her," Gilda shook her head. "But when I went in the she wasn't moving. She wasn't making any noise at all. She wasn't *breathing*."

The rainbow pegasus laughed and relaxed into her pillow. "Oh jeez, G. You almost had me going. Dead pony? It'll take more than that to make a foal out of me."

Gilda started shaking and gagging. Dash's eyes slowly went wide as she saw Gilda fall to the floor, her body racking with sobs. "I couldn't let this destroy your future. It was my plan. I had to do something, but the sun was already coming up. I hid her. In the crawlspace under the cafeteria. They only check the boiler in there once a month."

She looked up at Dash, her claws had gouged into the floorboards. "I just need you to watch out for me tonight. I'll carry her, I'll even dig the hole, I just need to get rid of the body and then we'll be okay."

'The *body*,' Dash's mind locked onto those words, they repeated over and over.

The griffon pulled herself up and looked into the mirror. "I need to clean myself up. We both just need to be cool today." She giggled briefly, sputtering up some saliva. "Cool. And then after tonight we'll be fine. She was always ditching lessons to primp in the mirror or whatever, so no one will bat an eye when she doesn't show up."

Gilda ran to the window and slid out of it before looking back at her frozen friend. "Just be cool, we're the unstoppable force of Gilda and Rainbow Dash." She shut the window and flew towards her cabin.

Dash sat, unmoving, staring at the window. After the longest seconds of her life, Rainbow ran into her bathroom and threw up.

The day's lesson passed in a hazy blur for Rainbow Dash. She flew sluggish and failed at even the most basic tricks. The instructor came over and said something to Dash, she had trouble following the words, but she got the impression that she was excused for the day. She sat on the sidelines of the training field and just stared out.

Dash's dazed state was only broken by Gilda flopping on to the ground next to her. "This isn't what I'd call 'playing it cool'," she said as she cheerfully poked the pegasus in the ribs. When Dash didn't say anything Gilda sighed and sat up. Cupping her claws in front of her beak she shouted towards the field, "Hey, has anypony seen that snot Show Stopper?"

Dash stared at the griffon in horror, "Are you crazy!?" Gilda shushed her with a talon on her lips.

One of the male campers flew by and called down, "No, I don't think anypony's seen her all day. She's probably ditched again to primp in the mirror or whatever it is she does." The colt looked at Dash dubiously, "What's with her?"

Gilda shouted up, "She's just on edge because we iced Show Stopper last night and we're gonna have to bury her in a shallow grave later."

The boy laughed as he flew off, "And a happy All Foal's Days to you too."

Rainbow Dash collapsed in on herself, shaking. Gilda clicked her tongue and pulled Dash into a one armed hug, resting her chin on top of her friend's head. "I get it Dash, I do. This is big. You saw me last night, I was upset too." She pulled her arm back and gently grabbed the pegasus's shoulders as she looked her in the eyes. "But then I thought about it for a while and this really isn't *that* bad."

Dash's mouth fell open, "How is *this* not that bad!?"

Gilda let go of Dash and leaned back, propping herself up on her wings and elbows, "What I'm saying is it's not like Show Stopper had any friends and she only ever talked about her family to complain about 'em. I'm saying that if an accident like this *had* to happen, it couldn't have happened to a better pony. I've already scribbled out a note to leave on her pillow about her 'not being able to take the pressure' and planning to fly away from camp. And you know it's a dangerous world out there, sometimes ponies go into the woods and don't come out again."

Dash's face hadn't changed the whole time, her jaw still hung open. Gilda looked at her and laughed, "Careful Dash, otherwise a bird's gonna build a nest in there." Gilda's stomach audibly grumbled, "Aw man, I shouldn't of skipped breakfast. Let's go grab a bite," she said as she pulled both herself and Rainbow up.

At the cafeteria Gilda was shoving the vegetable and fruit lunch into her mouth as quickly as she could, Rainbow sat next to her, still staring in slack jawed horror. Seeing that her tray was now empty, Gilda looked around hungrily. Spotting a passing pegasus engrossed in conversation with her pal, Gilda snaked out her tail and snatched a tomato from her tray.

Gilda let out a small satisfied laugh before taking a chomp out of her ill gotten veggie. Dash's stomach turned as the juices leaked from the edges of the griffon's beak. Gilda then leaned over and glanced down at Dash's own tray and then back at Dash. "You gonna eat that," Gilda asked exposing the partially chewed tomato in her mouth.

Rainbow Dash's blue coat turned a shade of green as she threw a hoof over her mouth and ran towards the bathroom. The last thing she heard before pushing passed the door was Gilda calling out, "Is that a no?"

Away from all the sounds and smells of ponies eating, Dash calmed down as she stared at her reflection for several minutes. She turned on the sink and splashed water on her face, the coolness eased her mind and stomach. "I can do this," she said to herself.

A sound behind her perked her ears. Dash turned her head and saw that she was still alone. Listening carefully, she heard it again. A small shuffling sound, but it was coming from

beneath the floor boards. "I hid her," Dash remembered Gilda saying. 'She hid her under the cafeteria,' her mind finished.

A small scratching started and Dash swallowed hard as she walked towards where the sound was emanating. As she got close, the scratching stopped. Shaking faintly, Dash pressed her ear to the floor. She heard something very faint that she couldn't identify. Lifting her head up again, Dash nervously chewed her lip. Spotting the widest gap in the boards, less than a few centimeters across, she put her face just above it and tried to see anything in the gloom.

After seconds of nothing, something whipped by beneath her. Dash leaned forward, all but pressing her eye against the floor. She started breathing shallow and sweat broke out on her face as she watched for movement. At last the cause of the disturbance showed itself, a well fed rat shuffled into her view. Dash giggled to herself, "Hey there squeakers!" A hoof slammed into the boards right beneath her eye.

Rainbow shrieked as she leapt into the air and didn't bother with the door as flew out the open window. She kept her eyes fixed on the cafeteria as she tried to speed away until she collided with something soft. She looked up and screamed into the face of Gilda.

"Toilet trouble?"

"She's still alive," Dash panted. "I heard her! I saw her!"

Gilda arched her brow skeptically, "Dash, I'm pretty sure I can tell the difference between a live dweeb and a dead one."

"Just check again," Dash pleaded.

Gilda sighed and rolled her eyes, "Okay, just be my lookout, I don't want to be seen going in or out of there."

Dash followed Gilda around to the back of the cafeteria and looked around to make sure no one was looking. She gave Gilda a nod and she opened the latch to the crawlspace before disappearing into the shadows.

Rainbow couldn't help smiling, "I don't care if they kick us out of camp," she said joyfully to herself. "I knew there was no way that we'd actually-"

The little door behind her flew open and Gilda emerged waving her claw in front of her nostrils. "Whew, that's rank! Oh she's dead alright, it looks like something's been snacking on her too." Gilda stuck her tongue out in disgust.

"But I saw," she tried to push past Gilda. "Let me see!"

Gilda grabbed Rainbow's tail and yanked her back. "I don't think you want to do that." Gilda looked at Dash sadly. "I know this has been rough on you. You didn't sleep after I left, did you?" Dash shook her head. "I think you've gone past nerves here, Dash. You're cracking up."

"I know what I saw," Dash protested.

Dash's eyes went wide as Gilda hugged her tightly. "I'm sorry I've put you through this," she said into her the pegasus's ear. She let go of Dash and took a step back before continuing, "I'll take it from here. I'm strong enough to carry her and I've got good eyes, I can watch my own back. Besides, it was my plan that got her," Gilda trailed off and looked away.

Dash's panic and fear subsided and her body unclenched for the first time that day. She placed a hoof on Gilda's back. "No way G. We're in this together"

Gilda looked back and patted Dash's hoof, "You are such a softie. Thanks." Gilda sat down scratching at the tip of her beak as she spoke, "I'm gonna look around the woods, see if I can find a good spot. You think you can sneak out a pair of shovels for us?"

"I'm on it," Dash said confidently. "We'll meet at our usual spot right after sunset."

Gilda nodded, "I'll carry her, you carry the tools. Be sure to get some rest, you're gonna need your strength. Okay, let's do this."

Celestia had lowered the sun over an hour before Dash flew to their meeting place, shovels strapped to her back. As she approached, she saw Gilda standing next to a filthy sheet wrapped in a large bundle. Gilda waved up to her and threw the bundle over her back. She then flew up to meet Rainbow. "Follow me," was all she said.

The two flew deep over the neighboring woods before Gilda descended towards a small hill. "This place is perfect," she said as swooped into a cave at the base of the hill. As they both walked into the gloom, Gilda grabbed a lamp she had left by the entrance and shook the glowbugs inside to get them shining. "Watch your step, what makes this place so perfect is there's all these little pits in here. I think something big used to call this cave 'home'." She stopped in front of the biggest hole and shined the lamp towards the depths, it looked about three meters deep.

Dash peered down into the pit, "So I guess all we gotta do is drop her in and," she paused. "And cover her up."

Gilda frowned heavily as she dropped into the hole carrying the body. "Just give me a

minute here, wouldya Dash?" Rainbow nodded and turned away. She unstrapped the shovels and set them on the ground when Gilda screamed.

Dash ran to the edge of the hole and looked down to see Gilda struggling as the sheet shook and jumped violently. "I knew it," Dash shouted with relief.

Gilda looked up at her, her eyes were like a wild beast's, "This changes nothing," she growled as she dropped the bundle. Gilda sat on the shaking pile and wrapped her claws around it near the top, her talons digging into the fabric.

Dash couldn't believe or even understand what she was seeing. "G, what are you doing!?"

Gilda let go of the sheet, it was still again. "Get out of here Dash, go back to your cabin. I don't want you to be a part of this."

"Gilda, what did you do," Dash's voice cracked as she yelled.

Gilda leapt out of the the hole and pushed past the blue pegasus to grab a shovel. "I did what I had to. For us. For you." She turned to look at Dash and shoved her back towards the cave mouth. "Now get lost, I gotta do this."

Dash flew, she flew faster and harder than she could ever remember doing before. She refused to accept what she just saw. When she got back to her cabin, she collapsed onto her bed, emotionally and physically exhausted. Unable to sleep or move, she just lied there and tried not to think.

She lost track of the time that passed. She only knew that it was as black as it ever got at night when her window slid open. Dash got up from her bed. "Why did you do that," she demanded. "We could have explained what happened! You didn't have to," before she could finish Gilda fell through the window and landed hard on the floor. Dash could see, even in the darkness, as something dark and wet pooled out from around the fallen griffon's throat. "G," she said in a terrified whisper.

A heavy smack against the windowsill pulled her eyes from her friend. She stepped back as she saw a dull grey and dirt covered bucket rise into view. Hooves grabbed the edge of the window and pulled the dirt and blood caked pegasus into the room, white bones shining through ragged patches in the coat.

"No," Dash breathed as she fell back on her haunches and crawled backwards. The filthy pegasus stood on it's hind legs and pushed up on the edges of the bucket. Dash looked away, but the horrible ripping noise made her burst out sobbing as she saw the gore drenched bucket fall to the floor out of the corner of her eye. With slow steps, it came near. Dash huddled into the

corner of the room as it got ever closer.

Only when it was right in front of her did she dare to look. The face and mane were mostly torn away, revealing bleeding muscle and only one eye looked at her as the other was pulled half free of the socket. Dash opened her mouth to scream when a hoof clamped over her mouth. The ghoul leaned in and what remained of its lips parted. "Happy All Foal's Day."

Dash made a small noise in confusion as the other pony pulled her hoof away and grabbed the edges of it's neck. It pushed up and the elaborate prosthetic rolled up and away as the auburn mane spilled out.

Gilda leapt up and looked towards the small clock on the bedside table. "Just under the wire," she said victoriously. "Another couple of minutes and it would have been past midnight."

"But how?" Dash said looking back and forth between the two.

Show Stopper clucked her tongue and turned her haunches towards Rainbow. "Didn't you ever wonder what my cutie mark meant?"

Dash looked at the crying clown adorning her side and then back at her face, "That you're lousy at telling jokes."

Gilda laughed across the room and the other pegasus huffed in annoyance. "My talent is stage makeup you uncultured swine!" She then started peeling away her "wounds". "Special effects as well, I spent hours making sure these would show up well enough in this light."

Gilda sat down next to Rainbow Dash, "Turns out that makeup of hers you tossed in the lake was of her own mixing, and she was pretty sore to lose it all."

Dash blinked several times, "Okay, but why would *you* help *her*?"

Gilda cocked her head at Rainbow, "You don't remember?"

-Two Weeks Earlier-

Rainbow Dash waited, the soaked towel dangling from her mouth. She waited until the griffon left the shower area, a towel wrapped around her head. Dash dropped low and did a small leap as she threw her head to the side, her form was practiced perfection.

With a mighty snap, Gilda fell forward, her claws grasping at hindquarters. Rainbow Dash squealed in delight and the other fillies filled the room with peals of laughter.

Gilda stood up and pointed a talon in Rainbow's face, "You're gonna pay for that one Dash, just you wait!"

Dash just laughed, "Hit me with your best shot, G."

-Two Weeks Later-

Gilda smiled as she swelled with pride, "So how did you like my best shot?"

"So all this, the posters, that show last night, the cafeteria, the cave, and 'The Return of the Pony Dead' here, all of it was payback for me whipping you with a towel?" Gilda's smile only stretched further. Dash stared hard at her friend as tears welled up in her eyes. Rainbow Dash fell on her back, laughing as hard as she could, "You are an *insane* genius!"

Show Stopper laughed derisively, "Don't you *dare* give her the credit for this. I was the one who made this into something memorable." She pointed a hoof at Gilda, "I'd heard that one talking about wanting to get back at you and I offered my *brilliant* services. All she wanted was for me to play dead until you came to investigate. That bird brain's *best* was no more than having me shout 'Boo'."

Gilda crossed her arms, "*I* was the one who had to do all heavy acting. Without me putting the idea in her mind you were just a pony in a fright mask. And then there was my quick improv at the cafeteria. I grabbed that googly eyed pegasus and gave her two bits to crawl under the floorboards and make a bunch of noise while Dash was freaking out in the bathroom." Gilda paused and looked off in the distance, "I should probably let her out before I go to bed."

Show Stopper shrugged, "So you had an idiot make spooky noises, am I supposed to be impressed?"

Gilda gave Show Stopper a withering glare. Dash looked up at Gilda, "What I find most unbelievable about all this is that you two are friends."

It was Gilda's turn to laugh, "Are you joking?! While *that one* was busy getting herself dolled up for tonight, I snuck into her cabin and annihilated all her little notes and formulas."

Show Stopper's face went slack. "What?" Fury filled her face and angry tears formed at the corners of her eyes. "That was my life's work!"

Gilda looked like the cat that ate the canary, "And since you were 'dead' tonight I figured I should cremate your life's work." Rainbow Dash and Gilda, neither one looking, pounded hoof and claw.

Show Stopper shook in place, "You're monsters, both of you!" She then threw herself out the window and took to the sky.

Gilda leapt forward and shouted out the window, "And a Happy All Foal's Day to you too, you weak-limbed, puny-winged, flying horse-apple factory!" Gilda then paused and looked back to her pegasus friend. "Um, no offense."

Dash walked over and patted Gilda on the back. "None taken you feather faced freak show." She then sighed, "You know, you really had me going there for a minute or two."

Gilda stuck her chest out proudly and rubbed her knuckles against her feathers, "I guess all those years of theatre work my parents forced me to do were worth it."

Dash playfully shoved her friend forward. Gilda grabbed the window's ledge and flung herself out, making as though it was all from Dash's push. "Gilda," Dash called down to her, propping herself on the edge with her forelegs, "you *do* realize that I'm gonna have to destroy you for this?"

Gilda smirked at Rainbow before walking away. "I know you'll *try*." She then let out a loud and sharp laugh. "I *love* All Foal's Day!"

Rainbow Dash smiled slyly as she watched the griffon disappear into the night. "Oh just *you* wait, I'll get back at you. Right when you least expect it. I promise you that."

-Some Time Later-

Rainbow Dash had just finished her weather jobs around Ponyville when she spied Pinkie Pie hopping towards her. "What's up, Pinkie," she called as she flew towards the pink earth pony. "Have you seen Gilda around town?"

Pinkie smiled forcibly, "Yeah, I've seen her. Um, she seemed a teeny winnie little bit stressed out."

Dash sighed, "She doesn't exactly do well with making new friends."

Pinkie nodded rapidly, "Uh huh! But you know what would be the *perfect* thing to loosen her up," she asked while hopping up and down. "A *pa-*"

"A party," Dash interrupted, in a flat tone.

Pinkie pressed her hoof against Rainbow's nose. "Yes! One of those! Oh it'll be great! There'll be streamers and candy and punch and presents and games and everypony in town will be there! It's just thing to toss out that glum and make her a chum!"

"That *is* a good idea," Dash said thoughtfully. "I don't think she's ever had anypony or griffon throw her a party like that."

Pinkie smiled excitedly as she began to hop away. “Oh there’s *so much* to do!”

As Dash watched her depart a thought crept into her mind. More than a thought, it was a memory, a promise. A dark grin spread over her face and she flew quickly in front of the bouncing pony. “Pinkie, you’ve gotta let me help with the party. She’s my friend and this party will need my special input!”

Pinkie leapt once high into air, “I’d love any help! Oh this is gonna be *so great!*” With that, she sped off towards Sugar Cube Corner.

Rainbow Dash stayed behind, flapping in place as she rubbed her forehooves together. “This is gonna be the **best party ever.**”