

Bomb-Bomb Cakes

By: Garnot

“Baking; why did it have to be baking?” Dash said to herself as she stared at the various ingredients before her. “Of all things to learn,” she whined, “why baking! I’m not good at baking!” She groaned. “And why does it have to be cakes?”

“Because cakes are fun and tasty~!” Pinkie replied as she walked into the kitchen, holding a tray of cupcakes she had baked earlier that day.

“Tell me again why you are ‘forcing’ me to learn baking?” Dash asked as she picked up the bag of flour.

Pinkie smiled. “Well,” she started, “you said you need to learn something other than flying, so baking it is! Besides, baking’s fun!”

“Yeah... fun for you maybe...” Dash said in a low voice while speaking through her clenched teeth.

Pinkie only continued to smile.

Dash sighed in defeat. “Alright Pinkie,” She said, “let’s get started...”

“Okie doiki Loki!” Pinkie said with a smile and a hop. She grabbed the bag of flour and poured its contents on a large magenta bowl. “First,” she began, “we pour the flour like so, careful not to spill any of it on the counter.” She emptied the entire bag’s content and tossed it aside. Dash looked at the bag, and couldn’t help but notice something odd about it. She shook her head. *Why bother with a bag?* She thought to herself.

“Next,” Pinkie continued, “we pour the other ingredients! Vanilla, sugar, some baking soda and a few cups of milk!” She poured all the ingredients in the order she called them, using both hooves with such dexterity, it was almost a show in itself. “Now,” Pinkie said as she handed the bowl to Dash, “we stir the batter!”

“And how am I supposed to that?” Dash asked with some slight annoyance, “I don’t have a mixing spoon.”

“Oh silly~” Pinkie said with a coy smile, “we don’t use spoons anymore! We use a mixer!” She pointed to a pony-sized white machine that looked a might too complex to be in Pinkie’s immediate vicinity. “Mixing by hand would take ages!” Pinkie said as she pushed Dash towards the machine. “The mixer speeds up productivity. Yup! No more sore limbs!”

“Pinkie,” Dash said with a tint of concern, “Should I, you know, be operating such a contraption without reading some sort manual?”

“Nope!” Pinkie said as she stopped pushing Dash and hopped towards the mixer’s controls.

“It’s real simple!” Pinkie started as she pointed at the mixer, “just pour the batter in, set the speed of the rotors, and keep track of the time. This batch shouldn’t be mixed for more than five minutes otherwise the batter will get too thick, which will make the cakes too hard once they are baked.” She stuck out her tongue out, showing some displeasure at the thought. “Too little time though,” she continued, “and the batter will be watery, making the cakes soggy and

unappealing.” She flopped her hoof about before pointing at the speed switch, which went from ‘off’ to the number ‘11’. “That’s the control panel. Just push the switch up to turn on the machine. Simple!” She stepped back. “One last thing,” Pinkie suddenly said, “for this recipe, we never, ever, EVER!” Pinkie emphasized the word ‘ever’ in her sentence, “turn up the speed to eleven! Bad things happen at eleven.” She beamed at Dash, who smiled back awkwardly. “okie doky then!” Pinkie said with a smirk, “I’ll leave you alone to mix the batter! I’ve gotta get the decorations for the sweet cakes that we’ll be baking. Be back in five minutes!” She said, hopping out of the kitchen while humming the cupcake song, leaving Dash all alone.

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Dash just flew there, eyeing the machine with mistrust as her wings gently flapped. She looked down at the bowl of batter in her hooves and then back at the machine. Her eyes narrowed as she flew closer to the apparatus. “Okay... I guess I should pour the batter into this... whatever Pinkie called it.” She emptied the bowl and gently placed it on the counter. She then landed on the floor and walked towards the Mixer’s controls. She noticed the switch was set of ‘off’. “Well,” She said, “guess I should turn this thing on or something.” She gently pushed the machine’s switch upwards to the first digit, the number one.

The machine suddenly rumbled as the rotors began to spin. Dash stood back as the machine slowly churned the batter.

Dash looked on and yawned. To her, the batter wasn’t getting mixed fast enough.

“Well,” she said, “this is taking forever.” She walked up to the controls of the mixer and looked at the numbers. Her eyes set themselves on the number eleven. “Now, what did pinkie say about eleven?” Dash asked herself. She placed a hoof on her chin and tried to recall Pinkie’s exact words.

“For this recipe, we ever, ever, ever, EVER turn the speed up to eleven!”

“Ever, ever, ever?” Dash said to herself, “Did she like, mean always or what?” She looked at the number eleven and shrugged. “Oh well, setting it to eleven will definitely make the batter be ready in five minutes.” She grabbed the switch and ran it up, all the way to eleven.

The mixer whirred violently, spinning faster and faster until it was spinning so fast, the rotors were little more than blurs of white and silver.

Dash smiled as she walked away from the machine, content that the batter would be ready in time. She noticed the discarded back of flour and picked it up.

“Boy, Pinkie can be messy sometimes...” She said to herself. She looked at the bag of flour, this time, paying close attention to the name. “Bomb-Bomb cakes,” She read out loud, “strange name for flour...” She turned the bag over to read the back. “Bomb-Bomb cakes,” she read out loud once again, “a treat guaranteed to put a delightful sizzle in your stomach. Fun for all ages!” She smiled; only Pinkie would bake something with such a preposterous name. She then noticed a label in the lower section of the bag. “Warning,” she read, “Bomb-Bomb cakes contains traces of

volatile flour. Do not store in places of extreme heat. Do not drop from an altitude higher than thirty feet and do not, under any circumstance, mix at a speed higher than eleven.”

Dash gulped. She lowered the bag and looked at the mixer, which was still spinning rapidly. She could hear what sounded like light rumbling.

She took a step back, suddenly realizing Pinkie’s actual words.

“Never, ever, EVER...” Dash mouthed to herself, sweat forming on her brown.

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Pinkie happily hopped back towards Sugarcube corner, basket of decorations in mouth. She was beaming and humming.

There was a sudden blast.

Pinkie stopped in her tracks and looked up at the sky. A gigantic geyser of batter shot upwards and fell back down to the ground, causing it to rain all over the vicinity. Pinkie sighed, hopping back to Sugarcube corner at a faster pace.

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Dash emerged from a pool of raw batter, coughing and spitting. She wiped the raw liquid from her face and looked at the kitchen, or what was left of it anyway. The roof had a large hole on it, the mixing machine was twisted and badly beaten, and the batter was everywhere and on everything. Dash got up and gulped.

She looked at the doorway and saw Pinkie, who was standing there with a rather concerned look. She walked up to Dash, who expected some kind of reprisal. Would she start yelling? Would she grow furious and have another ‘episode’ of insanity? Would she start crying?

Oh no, please don’t start crying! Dash thought to herself.

Pinkie looked around at the kitchen and sighed. She turned to Dash and smiled. “And that is why we don’t use the eleventh speed on the mixer.” She said. She walked up to a closet, opened the door, and took out two brooms, two mops, two pails and two large shovels. “Well,” Pinkie said with a smile, “we better start cleaning. Whole area is covered in batter. Hopefully we’ll be finished by sunset.”

“Uh, Pinkie,” Dash said with a look of slight confusion, “aren’t you mad at me for disobeying your instructions?”

“Of course not you silly filly!” Pinkie replied with a broad smile, “Mistakes happen! Besides,” She looked at the hole in the ceiling, “this is nothing compared to the first time I made Bomb-Bomb cakes.” She pointed at the roof. “The roof’s still there, and so are the walls.”

“Pinkie Pie,” Dash said as she began to scoop batter off the floor with the shovel, “You are so random.” She said with a broad smile.

After that day, Dash never, ever baked again.