

Silver Wonder - Prologue

By Saintspirit

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"Do you think it will be all right?"

"Don't worry dear, it didn't sound too critical to me."

A red mare with beige mane lay in a bed of the Ponyville healthcare, with a black maned, brown stallion standing at her side. Despite what the stallion had just said they were both slightly worried; the birth of their foal had occurred much earlier than expected - and while Nurse Redheart had told them such things had happened before and she knew how to handle it, it was also a bit risky. The door opened, and Nurse Redheart walked into the room holding something in her right front leg.

"I must congratulate you," she said to the two earth ponies. "You have given birth to a wonderful little filly."

"Do you mean... That she is okay?" the red pony - Willow, as she was named - asked as a tear appeared in her eye. "Oh Maple, I am so happy!" she then said and hugged her husband.

"Me too darling, me too..." he said as he hugged her back.

"Can we see her?" Willow then asked, as both looked towards the nurse and the little pony she held. Nurse Redheart smiled happily.

"Yes, of course." she responded and placed the tiny foal on the bed, just beside her mother. The filly was brown, with a bright grey beginning of a mane and tail.

"She's beautiful..." Maple whispered to his wife. They both fell silent looking at their sleeping infant. It was Nurse Redheart who broke the silence, now however with some hesitation in her otherwise so warm and confidential voice.

"There is something... Something you must know, though." The two earth ponies turned their eyes from the foal and looked at Nurse Redheart, who now had a sad expression in her face.

"...What..?"

"Well, you see... Oh, I am sorry, but as she was given birth earlier than what is common for ponies, her eyes... They didn't get enough time to develop properly, so..."

"Do you mean she's blind..?" the brown stallion asked, even though he practically knew the answer already. The nurse nodded slowly. Another tear appeared in the red mare's eye.

"But," Nurse Redheart continued, "it is not actually as critical as it may sound at first. Early birth can give much worse handicaps than this. Also, other blind ponies I know and have treated often learn how to use their other senses - mainly hearing and feeling - to build up a sense of awareness." Both earth ponies now looked a bit dazzled, as if they didn't know exactly how to react to what they were being told right now.

"As it seems, the other senses of a blind pony commonly become superior to one with sight, to compensate for their disability to see. It takes time of course, so she will need very much care in her early years." She then smiled a little. "But I know she'll be all right, you will be great parents. It is a little wonder you have there, you know," she said and pointed towards the filly sleeping in her mother's arms. "I'll leave you two with her for a while," Nurse Redheart said and walked out of the room. *There is truly nothing more beautiful than parents love to their foal*, she thought for herself as she closed the door. Willow looked up at her husband silently.

"Dear, I believe we are very lucky," Maple said. "As Nurse Redheart just told us, it could have been worse. But now our filly will be able to live a relatively common life. We should be happy."

"Yes... You are right, as always." Willow replied with a smile. They both looked at their foal huddled up on the quilt, still asleep.

"She has your coat," Willow said. "Brown like a spruce..."

"What shall we name her?"

"I don't know... But her mane looks almost like it is spun from silver." Maple scratched his head and pondered what his wife had just mentioned.

"Hmm... I cannot think of any tree with silver in its name." He looked quite concerned about this. There had for long been a tradition in the family to name the colts and fillies after kinds of trees.

"But Maple, remember what Nurse Redheart said? That it is a little wonder we have here. Wouldn't that be a good name for her?"

"You mean that we should break the tradition?" Maple asked his wife who nodded, not without a mischievous look in her eyes.

"Gramps is going to get mad."

"Yes, most likely."

"Silver Wonder... That is a good name."