

To Feel The Music

by Secret Pony

-Song 4: Fredric's Pain-

-----Meanwhile, down the mountain and over the stream in Ponyville-----

Lyra was sitting on the couch in her usual position reading the newspaper. The day had started out pretty average so far. Wake up, a quick bath, breakfast at Bonbon's Cafe. Nothing out of the ordinary, the day was actually more peaceful than usual.

"Hmm, I wonder what I should have for lunch?" Lyra thought aloud, when suddenly a blinding flash of light appeared and a slightly bloodstained Octavia was launched onto the floor. The first thing that went through Lyra's mind was '*A daisy sandwich it is!*' After deciding what was for lunch, her next thought was '*Oh horseapples! Who's going to fix the floor?*' Followed by a string of pony-themed curses, and a few in goat, before the dust finally settled and she got a clear view of the pony-projectile that had made the hole in the floor. "O-Octavia! Octavia Philharmonica? Is that you?!"

Octavia weakly raised her hoof at Lyra in a feeble attempt to wave at her. Lyra, however, having spent many years studying '*humans*', immediately assumed Octavia giving her a very different hoof gesture.

"Well then!" Lyra yelled, quite offended, and yet secretly impressed at Octavia for knowing such an advanced human insult. She walked on her hind hooves over to her front door and grabbed the brown trench coat and hat from the rack.

"If that's how you're going to act, then there are bandages in the bathroom cupboard. I am going to Bonbon's for lunch. Good *day* to you!" She slammed the door shut, leaving the gray mare even more confused than before.

-----Back where things make sense.. er I mean Canterlot-----

Vinyl watched as the small group set up their music. Fredric plucked a few strings on the violin he was holding, tuning it to the correct key, as was Octavia with her cello. Harpo was staring up at the clouds, his harp had been the most difficult to bring outside, but its golden color shined beautifully in the twilight sun. Vinyl moved her head slightly to the side so she could see Beauty. She had a somewhat large brass instrument in her hooves. A sousaphone? Vinyl couldn't tell. She was never good with brass. Beauty's instrument aside, Vinyl noticed that she

was idly waiting in a similar manner to Harpo, with the exception of her staring at Fredric. She chuckled. The DJ may not have been good at dealing with her own feelings, but she was definitely an expert at reading others.

Octavia raised her bow and tapped on her stand, apparently signaling that they were about to begin. Vinyl listened in and slowly closed her eyes as the melody began to take shape. Octavia started out with a simple long drag on her cello. The long 'C' note filled Vinyl with a strong feeling of anticipation and longing that quickly died away when Fredric began plucking a few strings on his violin, creating a momentary clash of feelings within Vinyl as the sharp staccato notes morphed the song into a light hearted one. It was then that Harpo came in with his harp. The air immediately became calm and soothing as the melody fell into a smooth adagio tempo. Scratch smiled to herself, she felt like she was flying. It made Vinyl think about her fillyhood, back when her father would take her to large music halls and they would sit and listen to the orchestra practice.

The song changed to a slightly faster melody, this time more melancholy. Vinyl didn't notice as her thoughts floated to the night before, as she stood on the edge of that roof. She frowned. She hadn't told Octavia about that in their conversation earlier; she felt that it would be weird to tell someone she hardly knew that she had really considered taking that step. Again, the song changed, this time to a quicker jazzy song. Vinyl's head began moving to the beat; she began to think of her life in Manehattan, more specifically, her last night there. While normally Vinyl would have been out clubbing or DJ-ing at some place, instead she had stayed home and just watched the cars pass by on the roof of her old building. It was one of the few times she had ever felt truly content. She let out a sigh, and just tuned everything out.

Vinyl was brought back to reality with a jolt; Octavia was poking her in the head with her Love Stick.

"You're not dead are you?" The grey mare asked, slightly annoyed.

Vinyl looked around quickly. The group appeared to have finished practicing for the night. Her cheeks turned a deep crimson, embarrassed for getting so lost in the music.

"Come on. Get up." Octavia said with a slight chuckle in her voice. "I was going to ask what you thought of our music but it seems that I don't need to."

Vinyl looked up at the mare like she was growing an extra limb.

"Huh?" She said, mostly out of confusion at Octavia's last statement.

"You had the goofiest expression on your face the entire time." Octavia barely managed to say, in between giggles.

"The others are already back in my apartment. Come on, upsie daisy!" She grabbed Vinyl's hoof and pulled her up before trotting over to the stairwell. Vinyl stood there looking confused as ever. Normally, she was fine with being confused, however, there were plenty of things that she knew she would never understand no matter how much she tried. This definitely threw her for a loop. She momentarily wondered if the grey mare was broken or something. Her sudden change in mood was baffling, to say the least.

Earlier she had been so calm and emotionless, almost harsh at times, but now she was giggling like a schoolfilly. She hadn't even acted like that during her story.

'It's like she's a completely different pony or something...'

Inside, the group sat there enjoying themselves, idly chatting about things that had struck them as odd during rehearsal today, or a random timing issue that a certain somepony had. Vinyl felt like an outsider intruding on their private time. She wanted to leave, not to bother such a perfect group of friends. In fact, she almost did, had Fredric not turned his head and waved her over.

"Ahh, well if it isn't Sleeping Beauty herself!" He cried jokingly. "Did you enjoy your nap?" The others chuckled and Vinyl gave an embarrassed smile as she sat down.

"Yeah, sorry, your music was just so cool, ya know? I must have...gotten lost in thought or something." She replied hastily, still not quite awake.

"Oh no, It's quite alright. Please, no need to apologize," Harpo spoke up; even in mirth, his voice still carried a soothing feel to it. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself greatly." He gave her a soft smile. Beauty nodded in agreement.

"Ah yes, you looked quite elated my dear," Fredric laughed again. "You had the most amusing grin on your face the entire time."

"Uh...yeah...hang on a sec. Where did Octy go?" Vinyl said trying to change the subject, clearly not wanting to deal with the teasing in her drowsy state. However, this only roused yet another round of laughter from the merry group.

"Hey, what's so funny?" She asked, beginning to panic. She was definitely not used to being the one left out of the loop, especially when it was her being laughed at.

Fredric wiped a tear from his eye. "I'm so sorry, Miss Scratch, but did you really just call Octavia, 'Octy'?" The brown stallion asked between laughs.

"I mean truly, how are you still in good health? Unless..." He stopped laughing long enough to turn his head and gave a wink over to the others which, in turn, caused them to all burst out laughing again.

"Wait what? What do you mean *'how am I still in good health'*? What the hay is that suppose to mean?" A hint of anger could clearly be heard in her voice. Vinyl was beyond confused by now, she simply couldn't see why that nickname was so funny.

"Miss Scratch, please, calm down. I'm sure I speak for all of us here when I say we're just surprised. Octavia does not particularly like that nickname. Nor is she very forgiving of those who call her it, and to see you calling her it so casually and without fear is quite astounding." Harpo spoke up, not having nearly as much trouble keeping his composure as Fredric or Beauty. Without missing a beat he pointed to Fredric "If you don't believe me, just watch."

Vinyl followed the blue stallions hoof over to the couch that Fredric was sitting on. Behind him Octavia was steadily walking up to the unsuspecting musician with an evil look on her face. Fredric, still paralyzed with laughter, opened his eyes just in time to see Octavia stand up on her hind legs and look down on him. Needless to say, any hint of laughter from him vanished along with the colour of his face as Octavia loomed menacingly over him.

"You know Fredric," Octavia spoke in a cheerful voice, betrayed only by the look on her face. "I think I must be going crazy, because I am positive you didn't practically yell out a bastardization of my name at the top of your lungs, right?"

Fredric's only response was a few very slow nods of his head, as if moving any faster would cause his untimely demise. Octavia's face suddenly lit up as she turned her attention to the rest of her ensemble.

"Good, I'm happy to hear that. Now I think it's about time you three headed home. It's getting quite late and I wouldn't want to hold you up."

Harpo was the first to get up. "Well Vinyl, it has been a pleasure meeting you. I do hope we can do this again sometime. Perhaps you could display your form of musical talent to us then, or at least let us know what it is you do." Harpo gave Vinyl a smile. She snapped out of her reverie with a shake of her head.

"Yeah! That sounds cool! I'll definitely show you my music! It's the least I can do after falling asleep on you guys." She grinned nervously, but Harpo just nodded his head and flashed her another smile before walking off.

With Harpo out of the way, the DJ had a clear view of Beauty violently shaking Fredric in a vain attempt to wake him up. It took Vinyl a moment to register what was going on. She hadn't noticed that he had fainted, and chuckled at the humorous display. Octavia walked over and

motioned for Beauty to stop while she squeezed water from a wet rag onto Fredric's face. When that didn't work she just shook her head and hefted the unconscious body onto Beauty's back with instructions to bang him into as many things as she could on the way to the elevator. Beauty nodded her head quickly a few times before trotting out the door that Harpo was so generously holding open. He muttered another "Goodnight" before closing the door.

After the others had left, Octavia walked over to the den and lay down on the couch that Fredric had been sitting on.

"Wow, I really didn't expect Beauty to be such a work-horse." Vinyl thought aloud, quite impressed with the mare's strength.

"Yes well, it comes from years of playing heavy instruments like the sousaphone or the tuba. Those things can be quite tiring to hold, let alone to play." Octavia answered from inside the couch before turning and sitting up.

"Now then Miss Scratch, don't you think that you should be heading home sometime, yourself?"

Vinyl thought for a moment. As much as she wanted to deny it, she had to agree she was beginning to miss her own bed. In fact the only things that were keeping her here at the moment were the prospect of more muffins and the fact that she had no idea where she was. Both had been good enough reasons a few hours ago, but now her increasing worry of whether or not she had locked her front door in her drunken state was beginning to overpower the deliciousness of those muffins. Finally her doubt reached its peak and she decided to ask the gray mare for help.

"Well, you see, the thing is... err.... I actually have no clue as to where I am... in relation to my house I mean. I only moved here a few months ago and haven't been to this part of the city yet." Vinyl gave Octavia a sheepish grin.

"I see..." Octavia stood up, "Well it looks like I will just have to help you find your way back then."

Vinyl cocked an eyebrow "You sure? I mean, you said it yourself, it is getting pretty late. I wouldn't be surprised if we don't reach my place before sunset."

"I'm positive." Octavia said, before opening the door. "Well come on, then. Let's not dally now!"

Hioh! If you want more, I post each new 'half chapter' on FIMFiction. What is it a half chapter you ask? Well my chapters arent long enough to be 'one chapter' on EQD so I have to write 2 chapters for every update I make on EQD.

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~Secret Pony

P.S. heres the link:

<http://www.fimfiction.net/story/2284/6/To-Feel-the-Music/Return-of-the-Narrator!>

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