

Muleicous: *stares at Discord through the TV screen intently, his eyes unmoving until he blinks* Crap.

Discord: *from the TV* Whoo! Well that's about, what? Ten games I've won in a row?

Mule: I don't know how you're cheating, but I know you are.

Discord: *from the TV* Oh please, I don't cheat. I'm a good guy now, remember?

Mule: Right... And I'm a chicken.

Discord: *from the TV* You look nothing like Scootaloo. Anyway, hows about a riff?

Mule: Depends, is this another incest one?

Discord:*from the TV* Of course not, this one's actually pretty tame. It's a request from a writer named Draklox, he wanted you to riff one of his stories.

Mule: And he's sure about this?

Discord: *from the TV* He said, and I quote, '...if you can't laugh at yourself you have no right to laugh at anyone else' Smiley Face.

Mule: Huh, well he's a pretty good sport then. So, who's my co-riffer this time? *Pinkie Pie pops in from behind Mule's chair*

Pinkie: HI!

Mule: *falls out of chair and screams like a little girl* Pinkie! Don't... Don't do that.

Pinkie: Sorry Muley, but I'm just so excited! I don't think you and I have ever, ever, ever, EVER riffed together.

Mule: I honestly can't remember.

BUZZ

All: Story Sign!!!

A/N: This is a one shot.

Mule: He got a no scope!

Pinkie:Wow... Even I know that's dated.

I actually had this dream after chapter 10 of A World Apart.

Mule: Which from the description, sounds like a pretty good fic idea. Even if it's canceled, I might read it anyway.

I was just going to keep it to myself but the other day I checked to see how many trackers I had and was surprised at the number.

Pinkie: 'Oh wow! Two people are reading my fic!'

So I decided to write it for you guys. I might throw in more one

Mule: hit KOs, it all depends on the Pokemon I catch.

shots but none of them will be planned. Enjoy and as always, comment and criticize.

Mule and Pinkie: We will!

As I sat at my desk tapping away at my keyboard, I paused for a moment.

Mule: Stop, Hammer time!

Sometimes I can be an idiot. How the hell did I misspell that word?

Pinkie: 'Who am I talking to?'

I look at my mini fridge and think about getting a cold beer out, but I promised myself I wouldn't drink till I finished the chapter.

Mule: My god... A writer that doesn't drink and type. This man is my hero!

I wanted my trackers to have it before I got to drinking. I looked back at my main screen and rubbed my eyes. It was getting late. I used the spell checker and fixed

my mistake, then went back to writing. Out of the corner of my left eye I saw something on my laptops built in screen. It looked like something moving. But all that was there when I looked at it was my regular cycling wallpaper.

Mule: The new Doctor Who: Weeping Angel wallpaper! It really works!

It was a Pinkie Pie picture. I laughed for a second then went back to typing. Then I heard giggling coming from the laptop. But all the sound was supposed to come from my main screen.

Pinkie: Don't laptops have a main screen?

Mule: At this point in time, laptops are just a screen anymore.

As I looked at the laptop again, I saw a crack form. Oh crap, this cant be happening. I cant afford to fix it, being out of work for over a year.



Mule:

Another crack appeared, and I noticed the picture on the screen was still there. What the hell, aren't they supposed to go blank or show funny colors when they break?

Mule: Good sir, I believe you're mixing up an acid trip with a broken computer. Please refrain from popping anymore pills, thank you.

As I leaned in to see what was breaking my laptops screen, the center burst out. I

closed my eyes in time to avoid the broken glass, but I felt it shower against my face.

Pinkie: ‘Mmm, the refreshing feeling of broken glass on my face.’

Then I noticed a funny smell come into my room. “Cotton candy?”

Mule: What did I just say about the acid Mr.Draklox?

I exclaimed. I opened my eyes and was face to face with the impossible.

“Hi. Whatch ya doin?” the pink face asked

Mule: Oh god it’s a Phineas and Ferb crossover.

“Um.” was all I could say.

“Hi, I’m Pinkie Pie. I saw you thru one of Twilight's funny mirrors and you looked sad. So I came to cheer ya up.”

Mule: By breaking every known law of physics and reality?!

Pinkie: You’re just jealous, aren’t ya?

Mule:... Shut up.

“Ummm.” I said, looking behind the pink ponys head to the broken screen, still showing the wallpaper.

Pinkie: Good thing Twilight isn’t here, or she’d blow up about that missing apostrophe.

As she saw I was looking behind her, she turn and looked as well. Sheepishly she said “Oh, sorry I broke your funny mirror, let me see if Twilight can fix it.” With that she ducked back into the screen.

Mule: At this point, I'd be reaching for a beer.

As I stared at the hole left behind I could just hear faint voices. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but I knew exactly who was talking.

Mule: Batman and Charlie the Unicorn?

Just then the pink head poked back out.

"Twilight says she can fix this but I want to cheer you up first." And with that she broke the whole screen and stepped out and onto my desk. She looked at my main screen and saw the writing I had already done. "Oh, your a writer. I see a lot of those in the mirrors. You don't write those gross storys about ponys mating do you?" She seemed disgusted at the thought.

Mule: 'No, but I do write these stories about ponies who pay for BREAKING MY SHIT!'

Pinkie: Seriously, the grammar's getting to the point where it's affecting me a bit.

Gathering my wits, I responded with real words.

Pinkie: But fake words are so much fun! Like squizzledorf, or challltara.

"No, I don't write those kind of stories."

"So what do you write? Are they fun stories or sad stories? I cried for days after reading My Little Dashie. It was so sad. I told Rainbow Dash about it and we cried together too.

Dash: *from the TV* Hey! I didn't cry after reading that! I just... Had something in my eye. *sniff*

I don't think I ever saw her cry before." She looked so sad thinking about it.

Pinkie: Does that time she laughed so hard she cried and fell down count?

Mule:... You know what? Sure!

"No, nothing quite like that. But I read it too and I almost cried."

"You didn't cry? Why not?"

Mule: Because I AM A MAN! *punches off screen and pulls his hand back to reveal his fist stuck in an apple pie* Ha. I'm fisting-

AJ: *from the TV* Finish that sentence... I dare ya.

"Because when you've seen and done some of the things I have, you get a little desensitized."

"What could make you so cold as not to cry?"

Mule: Porn, hours of porn. Hours upon days, upon months of porn.

Pinkie: Muley, that's kinda mean.

Mule: What? It's not like this guy's parents died.

"I'd really rather not talk about it. I will say this, I was in the military about 15 years ago. And we had to do some bad things as part of our jobs. And before that I lost both my parents.

Mule:...

Pinkie: You want me to-?

Mule Eeyup. *gets kicked in the face by Pinkie*

Pinkie: Better?

Mule: *dazed, spitting out broken teeth* No thanks, I don't like my tea with cat fur.

I've been on my own trying to survive since I was 16.”

“How old are you now. You look a lot older than most humans I see in the mirrors.”

Mule: How old are the humans you know Pinkie?

Pinkie: Well, there’s you. Fallen, Author, Super Big Mac, Glitch, Glassed, Madgod, and a whole lot more. Like those guys?

Mule: Who?

Pinkie: Them. *points at the reader*

Mule: *looks out* Pinkie, what the hell... Never mind.

“I’m 32. I’ve been out of work for a year and a half.”

“What kind of work did you do?”

“A little bit of everything. One of the lessons my dad taught me before he died was to be what we humans call a jack of all trades.

Mule: Unless your name’s Bill Nye, then you must be a Science Guy. And nothing else... Ever.

For many years it kept me working but the things that have happened on earth have made a lot of people suffer. And right now it doesn’t look like its gonna change soon.”

Her hair started to deflate somewhat. “Thats so sad. I heard there was trouble here but I didn’t know it was that bad.”

Mule: So, these magic mirrors let you see the human world, but only the good parts?

Pinkie: I guess so, but we don’t really have magic mirrors.

Mule: Oh.

Pinkie: Yeah, the giant TV in the center of every city works good enough for us.

Mule:... Just smile and nod Mule, smile and nod.

“We will survive this and over come it. But if you don’t mind me asking, how the heck are you sitting on my desk talking to me. Aren't you a cartoon character?”

“Yep. But all of the fans who have taken the story to heart and make cool art and storys have caused us to be alive in our own right.

Mule: That... Is honestly a plot point I love in stories like this. It’s cool to think that the community's so devoted to the characters that they take on a life of their own.

Pinkie: Even the clopfics?

Mule:... Way to ruin the moment Pinkie.

We exist because so many of you humans have made us come to life.” she got a confused look on her face. “At least that’s what Twilight says. I don’t understand what she says sometimes.”

Mule: And now you know how Spike feels.

Spike: *from the TV* Hey!... No, wait. You’re right.

“Oh well. Some people like to talk over others heads to make themselves feel better.”

Pinkie: I don’t think this guy likes Twilight too much.

Mule: Oddly enough, not a lot of Bronies do.

“Whats that mean?”

“They use big words to make themselves feel smarter than others.”

“Oh, she doesn’t do it on purpose. Shes just really smart and forgets we all aren't as smart as she is.”

“I think your right. But people here do that.”

Mule: Yeah like those scientists, with their Ph.D.s and their fancy Quantum Theory! Give me a book of Wiccan Spells anyday!

Pinkie: Wow, now that was mean.

Mule: Not really. By the rules of bigotry, as long as you’re from the group you can make fun of it.

“Thats just mean. Just cause your a smart smarty pants doesn’t make you better.”

Mule: But Smarty Pants is best doll.

“So, anywho, why exactly are you here?”

Pinkie: ‘I’m here to eat your brains, it’s a cartoon thing. You wouldn’t get it.’

“To cheer you up. I've met other writers who looked sad and I figured out helping them write makes them happy. So I’m here to help you write.”

Mule: Is that why you guys hang out with me and SBM and the others?

Pinkie: Well, a little. But most of it’s just because you guys are real fun to be around.

“Um, you don’t know what the story is about.”

“Well, duh. So tell me what its about.”

“Thats a bit complicated.” I explained my story so far.

Mule: [Previously on MLP](#)

Pinkie: What?

Pinkie had tons of questions. But somehow I couldn't get mad about it. And all her questions were actually helping give me more ideas.

Pinkie: "If I were red, would I be called Redie Rie?"

Mule: "If Rainbow Dash were a fish, would she be Rainbow Trout?"

Discord: *from the TV* "Will this bit ever get old?"

Pinkie jumped into my lap. I was quick enough to avoid male injury when she did. I eeped a bit still.

Both: Ewww.

Mule: That's nasty.

She ignored it and said "Lets read the story so far and see if I can figure out any ideas."

We sat and read all the chapters. Again she had a ton of questions. And again the questions led to ideas.

Mule: Questions lead to ideas, ideas lead to typing, typing leads to riffing. Riffing... leads to suffering.

At the end of the last finished chapter, she started to jump up and down in my lap. This time I wasn't fast enough. I yelled out in pain.

"Oh my gosh, did I hurt you?"

"Yes, you just landed on my boy bits." I had to censor myself.

Mule: *breaks down laughing* Even in fan fiction, nut shots are funny as hell!

“OH! I’m so sorry. I forgot humans had those there. For ponys they are a bit more protected.”

Mule: “By that I mean we don’t have any, cuz we’re cartoons.”

Pinkie: LOGIC!

I slowly recovered. I wouldn’t get the chapter done tonight. I knew just what I needed to ease the pain. I opened the fridge and grabbed a cold beer.

“Whats that? Is it a soda? Can I have one?”

“Is not a soda, and I think it would be a really bad idea for you to have one.

Mule: Oh come on man! A drinking pony is the best pony.

You’ve done a lot to help me with my story but you’ve done some damage too. I’d hate to see what you’d do if you got drunk.”

“Drunk?”

“What happens when you drink too much alcohol. Some humans do it to help ease pain.”

“So its like one of Zecora's healing potions?”

“You could say that. But it makes you stupid for a while too.”

Pinkie: Is it just me, or is this guy a bit of a mokey dokey.

Mule: You could say that. I won’t, but you could.

“That doesn’t sound good.”

As I gulp my beer, I pull out a cigg and light it.

Mule: If this goes into Twi-dye Sparkle territory, I will punch my computer.

The pink pony scrunched her nose at the smell. “Why are you breathing in that smelly smoke?”

“It calms my nerves.”

“It smells worse than dragon breath.”

“And its bad for me too, just like the beer. But it helps me fell better.”

Mule: “However, they do make me change tense in the middle of my sentences.”

“That doesn’t sound right.”

“In our world, unlike yours, there’s a lot of suffering. And some people like me use bad things to get relief from them. Its a temporary fix but its better than nothing.”

Pinkie: Wait... Always suffering, meets a main character, becomes friends with character. Muley, did this guy make himself into a Gary Stu?

Mule: Hmm... No. If all six of you were instantly his best friends, and his computer was a magical gateway to Equestria that was always open then he would be a Gary Stu. Right now, he’s just kind of a buzzkill.

“That sound so sad.”

“It is, but such is life here.”

Mule: Dude, goths aren’t this depressed.

Just then a face appeared in the hole in my laptops screen. It was Twilight.

Mule: I would make a Twilight joke, but I think they're kind of wooden at this point... Like Kristen Stewart's acting. BOOM! Haha!

She said "Pinkie, its time to come back. Its been two hours and if you stay much longer you might not be able to get back."

Both: Why?

Pinkie: Twilight didn't seem to give me a time limit, why can't I stay longer? Mr. Mopey here obviously needs me, why can't he come with? Would that reset the timer? Could we use that as a loophole to travel from the human world and back?

Mule: Also, where's the comma between 'and' and 'hours'?

Pinkie looked a little annoyed at being rushed. But she knew she had to get back. Before she walked to the screen to go home she looked right into my eyes.

"Please promise me one thing Mike.

Pinkie: 'Promise me you'll tell me how I know your name.'"

Promise me that you'll try to find a way to be really happy." Her eyes seemed to get larger and she had puffed out her lower lip.

Mule: Oh god it's the face! Look away quickly before-!

I couldn't resist feeling bad for troubling her with my problems. But I also felt she really just wanted every pony and every person to just be happy. "I promise."

"Pinkie Promise?"

“Cross my heart and hope to fly, stick a cupcake in my eye.” I recited

Mule: You know, that sounds a bit painful to be honest. At least a needle in your eye would be quick, a cupcake’s gonna get frosting all in your retina.

“You better do it, or I’ll come back and try out what they said in that Cupcakes story.” she said with a gleam in her eye.

Mule: As opposed to a b gleam?

Pinkie: Or a g gleam?

I was honestly scared of what she said. Then she giggled. “I’m kidding. I’d never do that to anypony.”

Mule: Notice how she didn’t say anything about humans.

I giggled myself at that. She had pranked me.

Pinkie: Worst. Prank. Ever.

“Bye Mike.”

“Bye Pinkie.”

Mule and Discord: Bye Dr. Nick!

With that she jumped back thru the screen. Then Twilight appeared and said “I hope Pinkie didn’t bother you too much. She just hates to see anyone sad. I thought I hid my mirrors into the human world but I guess I missed one. By the way, I’ve read your story myself and I find it fascinating. I look forward to more.”

Mule: Twilight must be so ticked that he canceled it.

And with that her horn glowed. My laptop screen magically started to reform. Then with a dimming purple glow, it was repaired.

I sat there stunned for an hour, staring at the screen. The pictures cycled thru, but no sign of the hole or the ponys.

Pinkie: But what about the ponies?!

I downed the now warm beer and headed for bed. I turned around at looked at the screen and saw a Pinkie Pie wallpaper pop up. I smiled. Then as I was turning away I could have sworn it winked at me. And her voice distantly said “Forever”

Mule: “That’s how long it’ll be before you get drunk enough to see me again!”

Discord: *from the TV* So, what did you two think?

Mule: Honestly, I think it’s one of the few human meets pony stories that I consider readable.

Discord: *from the TV* But...?

Pinkie: He was so sad! No human can be that sad when they’re talking to a cute, cuddly, fun pony... Especially me!

Mule: I have to agree, not to mention he took seeing a colorful cartoon pony a little too well for my tastes.

Discord: *from the TV* He did mention that it was a dream he had after finishing chapter 10 of his other story.

Mule:... That makes sense, but now I wish this guy would have dreams that were more fun.

Pinkie: Yeah, like going to a carnival on the moon!

Luna: *from the TV* I’ve done that, it’s not as fun as you think.

Discord: *from the TV* Well, shows over...

Mule: aren’t you going to unlock the doors?

Discord: *from the TV* I never locked them.

Mule:... Seriously? I could’ve just left?

Discord: *from the TV* Yep.

Mule:... GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! *bangs his head on his desk and

Pinkie leave, smiling and humming*