Sweetie’s Song

Author: Gunthor the Perilous

A little pony had wondered into the territory of the Froggy Bottom Hydra. Slowly, stealthily, four serpentine heads pulled themselves from the oozing bog. The hydra creeped up behind the foal as quietly as it could.

"This was an easy dare. I can't believe Scootlaoo and Apple Bloom were scared of this little old swa-." Sweetie Belle stopped speaking for a moment. Something wet had landed on her head. “That's odd, it wasn't drizzling or anything.” Looking up she only saw four rows of teeth, drool dripping off of them falling around her like a light rain.

The hydra was too cocky for it's own good. It could have eaten the pony then and there, but first it had to show off it's superiority. As its heads pulled back to unleash a bone shaking roar the little pony started making a sound. Quiet at first, then it grew in strength until the hydra was too enthralled to pull its attention away. It leaned its heads down closer so it could hear more.

Sweetie Belle was giving it her all. She heard from an old mare's tale that music soothed the savage beast and she was putting all of her hope into her ability.

As the little pony continued to sing the Hydra became more passive, eventually laying it's heads down on the mossy ground. It was not long before the large beast began to add it's own snoring to the little ponie's song.

"I can't believe that worked! I gotta get back to Ponyville!" The diminutive pony fled, as quick as she could, from the sleeping behemoth. That little foal would wake the next morning to find her biggest wishes granted, a musical note shown off proudly from her flank.