

The Roar of the Crowd by Yappy

'Behold!'

A sudden burst of sparkling smoke, carrying the scents of the Orient, cleared at the sound of a fanfare. From the clearing mists emerged the unmistakable form of the most magnificently magical pony in all of Equestria:

'Yes, it is !! The Great and Powerful Trixie!'

A mighty roar erupted around Her elegantly sculpted ears, and as She gently inclined Her beautiful head in recognition, there came the sound of ten thousand hooves stamping in unison. The love of the crowd, their adoration, why, this is what She lived for!

Striking a pose that would make artists for generations weep, The Great and Powerful Trixie turned Her horn to bless an otherwise ordinary patch of air with Her attention. Instantly, the spot became a fantastic cornucopia, filling the air with flowers, and carpeting the boards at Her hooves in a thousand hues. The roar around Her reached deafening levels, and yet She had barely begun Her opening act! This performance would surely be Her greatest yet!

THUNK.

THUNK THUNK.

Maintaining Her graceful smile, and still revelling in the cheers, The Great and Powerful Trixie bequeathed a glance unto the slats beneath Her. An ancient and mysterious voice suddenly addressed Her:

'Young lady, I absolutely must insist that you cease that racket! Other patrons are trying to sleep!'

A moment's pause, and the cheering stopped. The small and ridiculed Trixie gently pushed the gramophone back into her travelling case, erased the illusionary flowers, and climbed awkwardly into the small, cold bed. For all the embarrassment and shame she had endured in Ponyville, she knew she would find a new audience eventually.

Eventually.