

The Steadfast Sky : A Not-Quite-Hearth's-Warming-Eve Special

The Grey Potter

<http://www.fimfiction.net/story/11495/The-Steadfast-Sky>

<http://cosmicponyfiction.tumblr.com>

~Discord~

Canterlot had fallen quiet hours and hours ago, party winding down and leaving with barely a whisper. Right here and now, I think Luna and I were the only ones awake in all of Canterlot. Well, actually, I don't know if Luna's awake. She seemed pretty groggy when we left... And she could be asleep by now. Should I check? Eh. Maybe when I drop her off.

Right now, I felt mentally alone. And mentally annoyed. There was a burning sensation across my snout, like blushing gone annoyingly painful, and I didn't have a clue where it came from. Does too much sugar do this to me? I know Luna had turned a sort of dark pink at one point, but she was also running around like... like some crazy run-around thing.

Tired. Brain turning off. I don't even know if this is a dream or not. I'm carting around, well, a little cart. That I made. It's a sweet cart, looks and runs exactly like a real wooden cart, well-constructed by yours truly. If it is a dream, I'm going to make it again in the real world. Not even to use it. Just to make it again and admire how much my magical skills have grown. Probably doesn't feel like a cart, but screw that, I needed a way to carry Luna. And all the presents. But Luna's most important.

Ow. Face twinged. How can blushing hurt so... annoyingly??

There was a shift in the paper behind me. I slowed down, strained my ears. So was she awake...?

"Hey," Luna mumbled, "Discord?"

"Yeah?"

More shuffling. "Why'd you bring all the fancy colored paper crap?"

"I um... thought it would be polite to clean up a little. We kind've went nuts with those gifts, didn't we?"

Luna giggled, then shifted again. The cart rocked and squealed, harness mock-up digging into my back and driving me into the ground. Okay, maybe this cart is crappier than I thought. Next order on magical experimentation to-do list: Perfect making softer cloth things.

"I like this..." Luna mumbled, wrappings rustling. "It's like the paper bed of a Hearth's Warming morning. Haven't had one of those in..." Luna yawned, the cart jiggled once more, and things became quiet again.

...

Back asleep, I guess. So I'm just back to my own thoughts.

...

What is this, the second, third fourth time I've had to carry her around? How does this keep wind up being—?

"Discord?" Luna mumbled behind me. "Is it Hearth's Warming Day yet?"

"Nah. We missed that by like, two months."

"Oh yeah."

Back asleep, I guess—

"Waiiit, how do you know?"

"Know what?"

"That it was two months ago!"

"You wouldn't shut up about it!" I said. "Jumping off that bench, screaming 'Hearthswarming! Hearthswarming! Make the fireworks red and green, Discord! All these gifts make it Hearthswarming! Even if it's two months late, it's Hearthswarming!'"

"Oh yeah..."

Once more, Luna seemed to drift away, body struggling to pull her down as her mind struggled to keep herself up. I wondered what she looked like, snuggled up in the paper. Was she on her stomach now? Using the sheets as a blanket? I hoped that she was at least comfortable... snuggled up and warm... face peaceful...

"Discord?" Luna suddenly yapped, "Can it be Hearth's Warming, Discord?"

"Sure!" I squeaked, "Why not?!"

She giggled loudly, and the cart jammed its way into my back, side creaking as she threw herself over it. My mind snapped to hardening the sides, binding them tighter. Oh life, don't break, don't break...!

"Well!" Luna cried. "We're going to need some decorations to make this Hearth's Warming!"

"Okay—"

"I'm going to say a whole bunch of things and you make it happen, Discord!"

"Can do!"

"First, make the cart red!"

“Easy.” Real easy, I mastered colors before I even mastered talking. In a blink, red. Didn’t even have to look to see it change.

“And, and the tires should be green!”

“Done.”

“And, and um...” Bounce bounce ow ow *ow ow*. “You know, you know the branches of an evergreen tree? The kind of tree that makes pinecones?”

“Yes?”

“Wrap those all around the sides of the cart.” I started, but then, “No, no! Make them bright gold! Like glittering gold! Oh wow” ... “Oh.”

“‘Oh,’ what?”

“They’re not solid...”

“Just easier that way.”

“Guess so. So um...” She giggled again, muffled, into her hoof. A *mischievous* giggle. “Diiiiis~coooooorrrd~”

The pinching blush flushed all over my face. Oh no. Why’d she say my name like that? What? What’s she thinking?!

“Ah, um, yes? Luna?”

“Make your nose bright red!”

“Um.” I splashed it red like the cart, but in a moment more...

“Noooo, you’re doing it wrong! Um... Um... Like. Like stick a bright red plum. On your nose!”

“Okay.”

I summoned an image of a plum, painted it bright red, then slapped it on my nose. Plum juice and guts splattered all over my face, streaks dribbling down my chin. I spat, paw shooting up to wipe the juice away.

“Omigosh,” Luna squeaked, “Was that a real plum?!”

“Nah!” Grin stupid wide, I waved my paw through the plum-like illusion, “Gotcha!”

“Holy crap, Discord!” Luna laughed, “Why don’t you do crazy stuff like this more often?! That was cool!”

“I... I guess it hasn’t had much utility...” I mumbled. Man, Luna. Hasn’t stopped being excited all night, yet now she looks like she’s about to explode over a little trick. “Used to experiment with that stuff all the time, but with all the crazy and the fear and the running...” I thought a moment. “But! We don’t

have to worry about that stuff anymore, so yeah! Magic, away!”

With a jerk of my hand, I let loose a gust of wild magic. It had blossomed into a firework of color before I decided it should turn into a cloud of doves. They silently fluttered and darted into the walls, Luna’s furious clapping the only sound in the hall.

“Okay, okay, back to Hearth’s Warming stuff!” Luna squeaked, “Give yourself another antler! Nooo, make them even in size! ... Too big, you nut!” She playfully punched my rump. “Okay! Now make it snow! And, um... You know, Apple’s cloak thing? The red cape with a white, fuzzy trim? Give me that to wear, but purple. And make my tiara silver! Yes, yes, yes! Now!”

Once more the cart rattled, another side cracking ever so slightly as my friend hefted herself atop it. I turned back to fix and harden the side, but my thoughts withered as I saw Luna. She stood tall, proud. Eyes closed, chin lifted, and face so very quiet. Her face was still flush with magenta, she looked softer, or even warmed by my illusion of a cloak. Light snow drifted by her, and I watched as little flakes fell to rest on her shoulders.

And for just a moment, everything, the whole world was quiet. No sound, muffled and taken by the snow.

“Um,” Luna’s forehead creased, “I can’t remember the poem. Princess Platinum had a really nice Hearth’s Warming poem...”

“Who’s...” Words turned to putty in my mouth, “Princess Platinum...?”

“Me, silly!” Luna huffed. “Oh, whatever. I don’t need no stinking poem! Now hurry, mighty reindeer Vercingetorix!” She threw out a hoof, cloak failing to flutter dramatically. “We must fetch all the children of the North, and bring them Hearth’s Fire!”

“Uh...”

“And we’ll bring them gifts too! Now fly! Fly like a windego!”

“Right, Princess Platinum!”

Moment ruined, or maybe solidified in my mind as completely perfect, I spun and charged down the crystal-lit halls of Canterlot. To where, or when, or whatever the hell, I didn’t know. All I knew was that mid-February was now Hearth’s Warming Eve...

And I was spending the holiday with the pony who mattered most.