

(Authors Notes:

Well, this is my first time writing in a long while. EQD posted the prompt "What's it like to fly", so I decided to write a crossover that I've had in my mind for a long time (Scootaloo and Kiwi!). Tried to stretch my metaphorical pen and write some different styles. Hope you enjoy my (very) rough story.)

*"Hey Dash, what's it like to fly?"*

*"What's that squirt?"*

*"What's it like to fly?"*

*"Flight? Well, it's different for every pegasus. For me its exhilaration. Pushing my limits. I look up to the sky and I see a vast space just waiting for me to show it what I've got. What about you? What do you see when you look up at the great blue sky?"*

*"Freedom."*

*"Huh?"*

*"I see freedom. The ability to go where I want, do what I want. The ability to overcome...my limitations."*

*"Hey, chin up kid. You'll fly someday."*

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*That was 3 years ago, that she said I would fly someday. 3 years in which I've never truly felt free. But I plan to change all that today*

Celestia's sun was just starting to rise into the sky as Scootaloo made her way to the top of Chestnut Cliff. Thin, mountain air rushed through her mane, causing the young mare to shiver from the cold. Standing on the precipice, she took a deep breath of fresh air, and gazed down over all of Equestria below.

Early morning fog rolled off the forest at the mountain base, spreading out over the vast Equestrian plains; Ponyville glimmered in the sunlight, no larger than hoof at this distance. I reminder of everything she left behind for her dream.

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*"What's that Summer?"*

*"It's a note from the doctor. It's not good news - I don't think we should tell Scootaloo."*

*"She's our daughter. We have to tell her."*

*"But it would break her heart!"*

*"Mom? Dad? What are you whispering about?"*

*"It's... we just got a note back from the doctor about your examination..."*

*"And?"*

*"And... and he says that you have a rare disease. Your wings won't develop enough to support you. I'm sorry, but it looks like you're never going to fly."*

*"No... no no no NO! That CAN'T be true! I refuse to believe it!"*

*"Scootaloo! Come Back"*

*"NO! Just let me be alone for a while!"*

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*That was the last straw. I never spent much time with my family beforehand, but when they couldn't believe I would fly, we just drifted apart. They were ready to accept my fate, while I chose to fight it every day.*

A swift breeze stirred Scootaloo from her thoughts, perched on the edge. She leaned over the cliff, giving a final glance to the past year and a half's work.

Awaiting her on the edge of the cliff was a veritable forest; however the trees were pointing out horizontally out of the mountain. A smile graced the orange pegasus's face as she saw her plan finally come together. Each tree she had carted up the cliff from the forest below, painstakingly lowering them into place and fastened to the cliff.

Scootaloo backed away from the edge and lowered her flight goggles.

"This is it" she said out loud. "All that's left is to take the leap and soar."

Her words hung in the air, a note of finality in them, as she gave one final thought to everything she was leaving behind.

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*"Cummon Scootaloo, its been forever since you last came by the Crusader Clubhouse."*

*"I'm sorry Applebloom, but I've been busy."*

*"You always say that! What's so important you can't find time for us anymore"*

*"I'm going to make myself fly!"*

*"Are you still obsessed with that? You're amazing just being on the ground. Forget about that and come back to the clubhouse for once. We miss you."*

*"I'm sorry, but this is too important to me. Goodbye Applebloom".*

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*I finally understand what flight means to me. All the hard work over the past years, preparing myself, all for this one moment. Flight is freedom. Freedom to choose how you want to live your life, right up to the very end.*

Scootaloo took a deep breath, steadying her nerves, then broke out into a gallop. Wind rushed through her purple mane as she picked up speed, the ground thundering beneath her hooves. All of the work over the past years had helped her grow into a strong mare. She extended her wings, feeling the breeze slide over each individual feather, and gave them a few flaps to stretch out the rarely used muscles. Approaching the edge of the cliff, she stiffened her wings and leaped off the edge and into the open sky.

Immediately gravity started to pull her down, the ever present force that kept her grounded all these years; however this time she did not resist. She angled her wings downwards, turning to join gravity in its fall to earth, and she felt her (weight shifting). For once, she would not need to use her pitifully small wings to fight gravity, but to instead work with it. Flapping her wings, she propelled herself downwards, and towards the forest below.

With the wind at her back, and gravity at her head, she turned her attention to the trees below. From her perspective, it seemed like any forest in Equestria, except instead of holding her down, gravity was slowly driving her forwards at an ever increasing speed. *Finally, free from its shackles* she thought, relishing in the ability to soar through the air.

As the first of the trees quickly approached, Scootaloo extended her wings out to her sides. Her individual feather could feel the wind currents rushing through them, each current giving her a

little bit of power and control over her flight, adding up to a torrent of wind. A daring smirk crossed her face as she dove into the forest. Weaving around the first tree, she plunged into the dark forest, the canopy only letting speckles of light dance across her face.

The colder air away from the sun only served to heighten Scootaloo`s awareness, shocking her to a more alert state as the trees rushed forwards. Angling the wind currents flowing through her wings, she deftly darted around the trunks, twisting and turning with a speed that had never been possible on the ground. She reveled in the finesse that fly allowed her, and the fine control she had, easily changing course by simply altering the wind flow in her feathers.

Angling herself upwards, she tucked her wings into her body and rocketed through the canopy and into the open air. As she soared above the trees she could see the ground far below yet approaching rapidly, but she paid it no mind; she was too focused in the act of flying to care. The heat of the sun returned to her body, now competing with the whipping wind trying to chill her to the bone. She could feel the air rushing past her body, its roar blocking out all other sound, its pressure hers to control and guide her path with. Carving the wind was just so instinctive to her, that it felt right. That she was meant to fly, like every other pegasus.

Her mane whipped in her face as she continued to fly down the cliff face, ever accelerating. Scootaloo flapped her wings, pushing herself even faster down, on the verge of losing control. The exhilaration flight brought her was something unrivaled by any experience she had had before, the intensity of it overwhelming. Instinctively, she extended her wings to slow herself to a more relaxed speed.

As she started approaching the base of the mountain, much warmer air came up to meet her, encompassing her with a warm hug. Scootaloo gave one last look around her; at the trees, at the sky, at Ponyville in the distance, and finally down towards the fog rushing up to envelop her. She knew her wings wouldn't be strong enough to pull up, and she didn't even try. The wind brushed the tears from her eyes, as she wrapped her wings around herself and plunged into the fog.

Sound disappeared from around her, as the cold water settled on her skin. At the speed at which she was falling, the water pelting her forced her eyes closed. Scootaloo took one deep breath and relaxed, letting all of her worries go. The wind was rushing past her, but she was at peace.

“I’VE GOT YOU, KID”

A pair of strong hooves wrapped around Scootaloo, and she felt a sudden jolt as she started turning. Powerful wings flapped from behind her, lifting up and out of the fog. Tree’s rushed past, whipping her in the face as her saviour struggled to pull up, flying now a fight for survival. Still pointed towards the ground, they were accelerating at a rapid pace. The rushing wind created air pressure surrounding them, resisting against any movement and squishing the two pegasi together.

Scootaloo’s heart was racing with the adrenaline, her mind struggling to take everything in as the wind stole the breath from her lips. The cyan hooves around her chest held her close, as the air started closing into a cone around them. The ground rushed up to meet them, and the only thing they could do was go faster.

The wind was nearly cutting her at this point, blurring the colours around her with its speed. The pressure closing in and squeezing her tightly in its clutches, as her rescuer pushed them faster and faster. And then suddenly, the world around her exploded.

Air pressure blasted outwards as colours were brought into hyper-focus in front of her. Released from the winds hold, In a mere instant they were racing along the ground instead of into it. The deepest blue sky stretched out above her, as a vivid rainbow blossomed across it. Grass cut into Scootaloo’s legs, razor sharp at this speed but only helping to make her feel more alive.

Turning up into the sky, they started to lose speed. Colours started to bleed together, losing their vividness as the air pressure cone reformed around them. And then, even that faded away. Cool air flooded Scootaloo’s lungs as she was set down on a nearby cloud, wincing from the pain but thankful for it. Slowly rising, she turned around to see who had saved her.

Rainbow Dash stood on the far end of the cloud, gazing down at Scootaloo while she stretched out her wings. Her eyes were filled with worry, though seemed oddly understanding. She crossed the cloud and lay down beside the orange pegasus, wrapping her in a wing. Not

knowing what else to do, Scootaloo collapsed into her embrace and started to cry.