

What a party! thought Twist, walking through the doors of Sugarcube Corner. She didn't even remember why there was a party today, though knowing Pinkie Pie, there probably wasn't a reason. Walking around, she saw the usual selection of ponies, including a familiar yellow earth pony.

"Hi Apple Bloom!" Twist shouted across the party, trying to grab her friend's attention over the loud music.

"Hiya Twist! Ah haven't seen you since...well, this mornin' in class."

Suddenly, a filly's voice rang out across the room: "Apple Bloom! Come quick! Sweetie Belle and I just realized we haven't tried being Cutie Mark Crusader Stair Climbers yet!"

"Oh. Ah gotta go, crusadin' calls! See ya later, Twist!" And with that, the yellow filly cantered across the room to her two friends.

Twist sighed. She quickly scanned the room for any of her other classmates, but it seemed they had all decided to skip today's party for whatever reason. Sighing again, she decided to look around a second time for somepony interesting to meet.

Too old, too old, that couple theemth deep in converthation, too old, he theemth too buthy popping balloonth...

Suddenly, the young filly's jaw dropped.

Standing off in the corner of the room, her eyes fixed on the stunning green alligator lazily standing around. Those large, violet eyes; those brilliant viridian scales...Twist knew that this guy was something special.

She turned to the cross-eyed pegasus dancing next to her. "Exthcuse me, but do you know who that ith in the corner?"

The gray pony stopped dancing for a moment. "Oh, that's Gummy, Pinkie's pet. I usually see him around when I stop by to deliver the mail and get my daily muffin." She then returned to what she was doing as Twist looked back at the alligator.

Noticing that she was staring, she quickly averted her eyes, hoping he hadn't caught her gawking. Slowly, as to avoid attention, she began sneaking across the room in short bursts to get closer and closer to this gorgeous creature. When she finally felt close enough to talk over the music, she began: "Hi, I'm..."

Seized by nervousness, Twist halted just as quickly as she began. She turned away to conceal her blushing, praying to Celestia that she hadn't blown her chance. In an attempt to calm herself, she started taking deep breaths, but ended up gazing at him again. At the moment, he appeared to be staring off into space, perhaps captivated by a small streamer

floating slowly to the ground.

Gothsh, she thought, *he'th tho mythteriouth. Pull yourthelf together, Twitht; don't let him get away!*

She took one final deep breath and turned back to the alligator.

"Hi, I'm, uh, Twitht," she managed to say, extending her hoof.

Gummy jumped up and nipped at the extended hoof, holding it in his mouth for a brief second before releasing and falling to the ground again.

Thuthch a gentlecolt, kithing my hoof! she thought, using every ounce of effort not to swoon in front of her target of affection.

"A...Anyway, I, uh, just noticed...um...how handthome you...uh...look today," she stammered, trying desperately but ultimately failing to come up with anything to say.

"Wanna...uh...um, hangoutthometime?" she squeaked.

Twist preemptively cringed, but managed to at least keep her eyes on Gummy. She couldn't *quite* tell, but the corners of his mouth seemed to turn up and his head seemed to move up and down slightly.

"Wonderful!" She yelled in glee. Overcome with happiness, she felt she had to run home before her antics attracted too much attention. She galloped out the door, yelling back "OKAYI'LLTHEEYOUATERBYE!"

I'm in, I'm in, I'm in! she cheered in her head once she got home, jumping up and down with joy. *But how can I thpend more time with him? Think, Twitht, think...*

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Twist felt her heart flutter in her chest as she walked through the doors of Sugarcube Corner. The plan was simple: she'd get a job working alongside Pinkie, then use her break time to get closer to Gummy. Once she got settled in, no one would question her going back over to the bakery so often, and they could be together at last.

Thankfully, the store was empty; ponies probably didn't want sweets right after lunch. Twist nervously trotted up to the counter and rang the small bell. "Coming!" rang out from the back room, followed by a pink pony clad in an equally pink apron with three balloons on her flank.

"Hiya, Twist!" said Pinkie Pie, cheery as always. "Here to pick up some yummy pastries?"

"Oh..uh..no, thank you. Thay, where'th Gummy?"

"Oh, he's not allowed in the kitchen. Last time we tried that, he almost ate an entire cake by himself!" Pinkie Pie giggled. "So what's up?"

"I..uh...well I jutht thought...he'th allwayth with you," replied Twist.

"Nopeadope! He usually just sits in my room all day. But I was actually asking what *you* were doing here, you silly filly!" Pinkie giggled again.

"Oh! Right. Uh..." How could she be forgetting her own plan now?

"Say, you look awfully nervous," said Pinkie, scrunching up her face in concentration. "Something wrong? Is there anything I can do?" Pinkie Pie then widened her eyes as she came up with an idea. "Oh! I know! How about...I throw you a party!"

"Oh no, that'th quite alright! I wath jutht here to...apply for a job!" blurted Twist, remembering her own plan. "Yeth, that's right. That'th why I wath tho nervouth."

"Ohhhhhhhh...okie dokie lokie! I remember when I applied to work here! I was *shaking* in my horseshoes out of nervousness!" replied Pinkie, acting out her words as she went.

*Good, thshe doethn't thuthpect anything*, thought Twist, sighing with relief.

"Oh." Pinkie's face suddenly fell.

"Oh?" Twist suddenly got nervous again. Her plan was about to fall apart before she could even start!

"Wellllll...actually, Mr. and Mrs. Cake are the ones who deal with hiring employees, and they haven't needed anypony else around since I've been here." Seeing Twist's face fall further, she thought for a quick second before coming up with a brilliant idea.

"Don't worry! I'll put in a good word for you! Not only that, but since we're not too busy, I can give you a mock interview to help you for the real thing!"

*Well, Pinkie hath definitely worked here a long time. I thuppothe being prepared couldn't hurt.*

"Okay!" Twist responded in a hopeful voice. "That would be great!"

"Okie dokie lokie!" Pinkie pulled off the apron and set it on the counter. "Come back here and we'll get started."

Twist trotted past the counter, closer to the pink pony.

"Question 1!" Pinkie said, forcing a lower voice in order to imitate Mr. Cake. "How much baking experience do you have?"

*Good, an eathy quethtion.* Twist thought. "Well, I've been helping my mom in the kitchen for about a year now, and doing my own baking for about half that."

“Good! Question 2!” Pinkie said, now as Mrs. Cake. “What hours can you work?”

*If the interview goeth thith thmoothly, I'll be with Gummy in no time!*

“Well, I have thchool for motht of the day, but my afternoonth and weekendth are free!”

“That *would* help me throw some more parties for my friends...” Pinkie tapped her hoof against her chin. “So I’m good with that!” she said jubilantly.

Twist smiled. Things were going much better than she expected. Why was she even nervous in the first place?

“Question threeeeeeeeeee!” This time, she was so excited that she forgot her impersonations entirely. “What can you bring to the bakery that it doesn’t already have?”

Twist let out a chuckle. This is the question that she had been rehearsing for.

“Well, my cutie mark thshould thpeak for itthelf. My thpecial talent is making peppermint thtickth, which I’m thshure would go nithely with your current thelection of confectionth,” she recited, ending with an somewhat overconfident flourish.

“Ooooh! I’m sure that’ll work out great! Maybe you can make the Cakes and I some of those; that’ll be sure to convince them!” Pinkie Pie was leaping up and down in excitement.

“I’ll be thshure to!” said Twist, feeling just as happy as Pinkie.

“Now,” Pinkie said, only slightly calmer, “That’s just about everything I can think of. There’ll also be a baking exam, but I can’t really let you practice here ‘cause Mr. and Mrs. Cake don’t like strangers in the kitchen. You’ll just have to practice at home!” Pinkie thought for a moment. “Oooh, I just remembered what else they might ask!” She returned to her Mr. Cake impression. “Do you have any other questions about working here at Sugarcube Corner?”

Entirely too confident and giddy, Twist blurted out: “What’tth your policy on workplathe relathionthshipth?” Immediately she brought her hoof to her mouth, but it was too late.

“Well...” Pinkie screwed up her face in concentration. “Hmm....well clearly they’d have to be allowed, cause Mr. and Mrs. Cake are married!” She giggled, then returned to a thoughtful demeanor. “But I’m the only other employee, remember? So...that means...”

Pinkie burst out laughing, falling to the floor. Twist said nothing, trying to cover her intensely red face.

“Oh, Twist...” Pinkie began, before bursting into another round of laughter. The other pony stayed silent.

Pinkie managed to calm herself a bit. “I know what it’s like to have confusing feelings about other ponies around you. But aren’t I a bit old for you?” Pinkie thought for a moment, but was again overtaken by laughter.

Twist finally managed to find her voice again, stammering, "No...I...it'th that...there'th this...uh...cute colt that...uh...can altho bake...and I wath gonna thee if...he wanted to work here too...and...uh..." Twist's voice faded back into silence.

"Riiiiiiight. Don't worry, I won't tell anypony else! Cross my heart and hope to fly, stick a cupcake in my eye!" Pinkie said while miming her actions. "But I just want to be friends. You understand, right?"

"YETH!" Twist shouted. "Uh, I mean, I didn't have any feelingth..."

"You don't have to be ashamed! Things like this happen to everypony. But enough about that, how about I bake you something? It'll be on the house!"

Twist could only nod, still hanging her head in embarrassment.

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Pinkie was practically galloping back and forth between the kitchen and the counter, selling cookies and pastries mere seconds after taking them out of the oven. Even then, the mare couldn't keep up with the stream of demanding customers each trying to get their own sweet treat.

Twist has been on break an awfully long time...I could really use her help! She thought as she took another sheet out of the oven, almost burning herself in the process. *What is she doing?*

Upstairs, Twist was locking lips with her beloved green alligator. She slid her tongue into his mouth, letting it explore and run over all the little pads where teeth were to grow later.

Mmmm... she thought to herself. The inthide of Gummy'th toothleth mouth ith jutht...tho thuper.

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Author's note: I can now be found under the name "cloppyhooves" :3