



The lights flickered in the studio, the concrete floors and dark corners giving the illusion that the building was to be considered a large garage. However, it was a bit more ornate than that, as banners hanging from the ceiling and different metal machines adorned the edges near the walls, showcasing a pony in a white suit, with even it's mane and tail completely hidden within the confines of the fabric, a shining white helmet adorning the stallion's head, leaving any idea of the pony under the cloth to be a complete mystery.

A bushy maned pony walked into the center of the staging area of the building, stepping upon a raised platform which held two couches, one large enough for two ponies, and the other the beige pony found himself occupying, placing some documents on the table as he rested himself on the seat. Flipping through pages, the pony's expressions flipped lazily from mild surprise to utter disgust as fiddled with the color of his suit. "Riiioight."

"Tell me it's a winner this week Jeremy," a voice called, splitting the attention of the bushy tailed pony. A small pegasus, brown in color with a wild mane that defied his age, glided to a halt on the platform and retracted his wings. As he did, a loose fitting shirt that had bundled up next to the pegasus' shoulders fell back over his wings, hiding them underneath the fabric. "I don't think I can handle listening to another member of Celestia's board of traffic control for another week."

"Haymond..." Jeremy Coltson sighed, pushing one of the folders toward his companion with his hoof. "I think we've got a treat. Look at this! Go on, look." Richard Haymond sighed, giving

Jeremy a long look, the beige pony with a look of utter glee on his face. Rolling his eyes, Richard leaned his neck over and struggled for the next fifteen seconds to pull his shirt up over one of his wings so it could stretch out on it's own, all the while muttering all manners of inappropriate words towards his friend.

"You're a bastard. A right bloody bastard." All the while Coltson chuckled nigh inaudibly as Richard expertly flapped his loose wing, the wind catching the top of the folder and flipping it open. "Okay, so what am I looking for?" Jeremy's tilted his head slightly, before the page before Haymond flipped over to the other side, the pegasus rolling his eyes. "If you were going to help me find it you could have done so in the first place!"

Among the bushel of hair that made up Jeremy's hair was a horn, cracked in half from a recent accident involving a Ferrari carriage that had initially promised to 'knock your hooves off'. However, shortly after getting over the fact his pointed horn was now half as long and having himself be completely emasculated on Equestrian television, the unicorn had found he rather liked having his horn hidden in his hair, even if he didn't always get the magic as precise as he used to. Smiling with unstereotypically good teeth for their part of Equestria, Jeremy gestured to the paper. "You're missing the point, Haymond. Look at our guest."

Glancing down, the pegasus' eyes scanned the document before him, dancing between the lines until he found the guest for the upcoming show. "Oh no," he bleated, shaking his mane about. "That can't be right. This is rubbish. *You're* rubbish."

"And a cawck," a third voice chimed in. An even paler shade of tan coat dully found itself among the others, an Earth pony by the name of James Mule, one who took no pride in his surname. Decked out in probably the most boring striped sweater a pony could be found in, the tired looking colt trotted slowly toward the two. "What has Jeremy signed us up for this time?"

Indignant, the beige stallion huffed slightly. "I didn't do anything to us. I told Haymond to look at our next Star in a Reasonably Priced Carriage." Waving a hoof toward the paper, Jeremy pressured his co-hosts to focus on the surprise at hand. "I can hardly believe it myself." Leaning back, the beige pony folded his hooves together in front of him. "We're looking at six guests. *Six!*"

Pausing, James looked from Richard to Jeremy, trying to understand the problem. "We have multiple guests at the start of a number of our series. It's nothing special. Who are they?"

Richard shook his head. "Those Elements of Harmony girls from Ponyville."

"Wait, we're looking at show with *actual* heroes? Not action stars, but actual productive members of society?" Captain Slow asked, tired curls lazily drifting off his shoulders as he shook his head.

"Looks like it," Jeremy mentioned.

Eyes narrowed, James moved over to the paper and gave it a look over. "That's rubbish." Leaning in close and squinting hard, he went over the names of the guests. "Twilight Sparkle, formally of Canterlot. Applejack, blue collar from Sweet Apple Acres - Oo, I love their apples." Mule paused to consider the taste, but refocused on the list. "Uh, let's see here... Rarity, fashion barista, maybe she could give you some tips, Jeremy."

Looking down at his sensible jacket and shirt, Coltson dismissed the remark with a, "Phht, my fashion sense is fine! I'm always dressed to perfection."

"Oh come off it, Jeremy." Richard shook his mane, a large grin over his features. "What about when Doctor Whoof was on the show last series? You wore that awful multi-colored shirt with little pictures of carrages on it."

Recalling the memory was obviously painful for the largest pony of the three, and he made his best face to cover the insult to his pride. "I lost a bet. Besides, it wasn't so bad, I think I have the coat for it," the stallion mused, patting his chest and his flank, checking his fur over.

"I don't really care to know what bet had you cut up a child's blanket and wear it," James muttered, his tone awash in a mock darkness. "Just as long as you don't do it again." Jeremy snorted loudly, flicking his hoof away from himself.

"No need to worry about that, mate. I think I burned the rags as soon as I got home." Running a foreleg front the back of his mane to the front, Jeremy's hoof hit his hidden horn harmlessly. Richard's mane-to-mane grin flashed between the two before he jostled James into continuing down the list.

James Mule gave Haymond a cross look, placing a hoof on the page. "You've already *given* this a look. Why are you so-"

"Because I didn't look through it all! I just saw that there were *names*. A lot of *names*. I don't really have time for it, but you, ah haa, well I'm sure this is right up your alley." Haymond looked about, his wing folding back and his shirt slipping down again, hiding the pegasus' important distinction. His head spun around, suddenly uncaring of his cohorts reactions.

Rolling his eyes and snorting in a light sigh, James removed his hoof and gave the paper a read. "So what you're saying, is... Hold on." Jolting forward, Captain Slow looked closer at the document as his eyes, much unlike his name, quickly darted from line to line. "Rainbow Dash, Junior Speedster and winner of the Best Young Flyers Competition..." Jostling his head back and forth, James attempted to focus his eyes on the next name. "*Pinkie Pie*, now that's a name, uh... well it doesn't say much about her outside of being a 'premiere party pony'. What a load of cock."

Haymond shook his mane about. "No no, it's pretty legitimate."

"Oh? What do you know about her?" Jeremy laughed, putting a hoof up to his mouth, holding it there. Richard's eyebrows shot up, large brown orbs dancing between Coltson and Mule.

"Well, uh. Uhp. N-Nothing too much," he coughed, uneasy. Underneath his shirt the wings beneath could be seen furling and unfurling from inside, creating a very odd and slightly disturbing effect that looked like a breathing shirt.

James snorted loudly, shaking his head down and around as he strung together his words in his mind. "You mean to tell me you've met our guest? And *partied* with her?"

Coughing, Richard attempted to put on a straight face. He failed spectacularly. "Well, not in that sense, no. But I was a rambunctious lad in my youth-"

"She's hardly over twenty you cock."

"I'm still in my youth compared to you two. Early Thirties, I was. She was eighteen."

Jeremy chuckled. "Well at least we won't need to inform the fuzz."

"I swear, it's *not* like that. Look, let's drop it. Who's the last one?" Haymond pushed himself in between James and the paper, giving the Earth Pony a loss of balance, falling back unto the couch behind him. Swearing at the pegasus under his breath, Mule aimed a hoof for Haymond's flank before the pegasus shouted. "Aha! Fluttershy! Animal doctor." Looking pleased with himself, the pegasus trotted out of the way of the attack, completely oblivious of his friend's attempt at harm.

Jeremy pushed a back leg out, halting the pegasus. "Oh wait, Richard. There's more!" Smirking, he shooed the brown pony back towards the paper, a disgruntled sigh emanating from the flighted stallion as he made his way back to the folder. "I think you'll find it would take just a little too long for each of them to go around our track, montages aside."

James nodded slowly, his mind picking through various ideas that could include the team of six mares. "You said that Rainbow Dash was a Junior Speedster? I heard we'd be up against some of them in one of the new carriages. Jaguar, I think."

Richard, completely oblivious of the discussion, shook his mane. "I hate jags. Their tales are like snakes and they eat other animals. Barbaric," he murmured under his breath, earning a couple looks from his friends. Feeling their prying eyes, Richard's eyes unglued from the document and danced between the two. "What? Haven't you seen their teeth?" Raising himself up on two legs, Haymond bent his hooves as he brought them next to his mouth. "Huuuuge

fangs. Could cut a pony in half with one of those."

Rolling his eyes, Jeremy ignored the smaller than usual pegasus and decided to cut to the chase. "Right, quirks aside it looks like the producers are forcing our hooves on this one to make it a special, and we'll be... dealing with these mares for the entire episode."

"You're saying they're going to be guest hosts?" Mule asked, shaking his mane. The sweater wearing pony did not look amused in the slightest. "How can... a student, a diva, a vet, a farmer, and a party animal be any kind of entertaining... on a show like this?"

"You forgot the pegasus," Haymond mentioned, looking over the names. "Oh, wait, there are two pegasi. The vet is one too." Nodding his head, Richard looked toward Jeremy with a smirk. "Never heard of a pegasus as an animal doctor."

"Well, I'd imagine that at least one of them might fit in," James bleated, moving his legs into a more comfortable position as he fidgeted on the couch. "My votes on the racer."

Jeremy agreed, leaning forward on his own seat. "It's not as if we're hurting on ratings, though, so I can't imagine we're doing this for the views." Eyebrow raised, the stallion sighed and shrugged, defeated on ideas as to why in Equestria they were so forced to endure little ponies.

"This is seriously not our demographic," Haymond sighed through his nose. Trotting around the table and leaping up on the other side of the long couch, he distanced himself from Mule, catching a rather dangerous look from the colt as he passed by. "I honestly can't think of any stallion worth his salt tuning in to see a bunch of mares talk about fashion or fuzzy little animals."

James solemnly found himself agreeing with the colt next to him. "I'll have to agree with Richard on this. I don't see this working out. It's rubbish."

"Truly rubbish," Richard echoed, nodding his head.

Jeremy shook his mane. "We're a man's show, we're all about carriages, and speed. So what if we're bogged down with girls with their good looks and highly available status that the paper says their all highly single." The two ponies opposite him perked their ears slightly, casting sideways glances toward each other. "And I suppose we *could* say no to Princess Celestia's *prized student*."

There was a fairly long silence after that point, with Coltson sporting a blank face as he turned his head between the two in jarring motions.

Richard cleared his throat, shifting about his hooves and wings. "What I *mean* to say, is that

it's truly rubbish it took them so long to sign them up for our show." His lower lip stuck out slightly, stretching the neck muscles under his snout.

Mule suddenly found himself in absolute agreement with his co-presenters. "Absolutely dreadful, really. It's a service to the Princess that they're on here as soon as possible." Captain Slow picked himself off the seat and hopped off onto the raised platform beneath him. Finding himself overlooking the papers for anything else he might of missed, he nodded his approval to Jeremy.

The bushy tailed presenter smiled coyly as his friends so quickly changed their tunes. "Well then, this'll be a first. Guest presenters over the whole show." Chuckling, the pony picked himself up, and not to be left out, Haymond got up as well, pushing back with his forehooves to let the fabric of his shirt catch the couch and free his wings with ease. Coltson's horn glowed - although nopony present could see under his mess of a mane - and gathered up the documents, folding the beach-colored envelope and letting it come to rest. "So, James, what was that about our challenges?

"Tonight, on Top Gear!" Jeremy Coltson's voice boomed over the speakers in the garage, a crowd of ponies thundering their hooves in response. Six special ponies stood at the ready on a raised platform over the concrete expanse. Each one wore a different expression. A white maned unicorn looked prim and proper, gazing about the crowd of fillies and gentlecolts, fluttering her eyelashes at a few stallions. A rainbow-maned pegasus floated lazily as she looked over the ponies, eager to get to the part of the show that she liked to hear; the 'Challenges'.

However, behind a rather stoic looking orange Earth pony cowered a very meek butter-yellow pegasus, who wanted nothing more than to disappear from in front of the crowds. The orange Earth pony bent down and whispered some words of encouragement to her friend, and as the colt's voice boomed out, the pegasus steeled herself to stand among her friends, even if she still tried to hide under her light pink mane.

Next to them were a rather excited looking pink mare, with a deep pink mane to keep the pony from falling too far from her namesake. The balloons on her flank seemed to keep her airborne as she hopped to the various raised edges of platform, talking quickly and excitedly to anypony that would listen - or hear her, for that matter. Tracking her friend was a nervous but generally together lavender unicorn. Her purple mane was accented with a light pink stripe, which helped characterize the learned pupil of Princess Celestia. As she beckoned her friend over to the rest of the main cast, she cautiously glanced over the crowds as her eyes slowly fell upon one of the presenters she had met today.

Jeremy walked with purpose among the crowds of ponies, whom of which kept at least a little

distance from him and the camerapones as he went through his monologue. "Captain Slow races the entire Junior Speedsters camp in the new Jaguar XJ," Screens along the garage hummed to life as images of a rather sleek carriage magically flew along a gravel road, the scraggly maned tan pony at the forefront. The screen flipped to a number of Junior Speedsters at the ready, with even a griffin among them. The flying rainbow mare smirked at the shot of the group, noticing a pony with a wild mane hoof-bumping the griffin.

"Richard and I get a crash course in "fashionable" driving..." Jeremy paused his speech as he ran a hoof through his mane, which felt horribly violated. As soon as she had stepped off the carriage, the white unicorn had almost assaulted him and his co-presenters by screaming about proper mane and tail care, and almost died when she had seen his own tail. Apparently, the bushy hair was so far out of fashion it was never to be considered 'in'. And that had earned him quite a few jabs from his so called 'friends'.

As such, his next line didn't exactly have the same punch as the others as the rather annoyed Jeremy Coltson waved his hoof about. **"And Stiggy masters the power of flight."** The screen flickered again as it zoomed in on a marble colored pony, decked out in a complete suit with no distinguishable features outside a custom built racing helmet. He was obviously an Earth pony, as there were no wing-holes for if a pegasus had suited up in the costume. And as they looked on, the studious mare gave the pony a critical look. She honestly couldn't see where or how the pony had gotten into the suit, and that... honestly intrigued her. Greatly.

However, what happened next on the screen surprised her as the camera zoomed out, and a fangasp to her... up distracted her for the slightest second as the rainbow-maned pony spun in mid-air. The white-suited pony was flanked on either side by the Wonderbolts, a flaming orange maned mare, with a dark blue maned stallion on the other side. Each held a length of rope in their mouths, and they were knotted around the Stig quite tightly. No fidgets, not even the slightest hint of a reaction came from the stallion in the get-up, outside of a slight turn of the head.

And thus, the highest rated show of Top Gear began.