

# Feeling Pinkie Green

{A/N: I neither condone, nor participate in drug use. This was written as satire, because while I don't condone it, I don't really care either, as long as it only affects the user. Also, drugs are funny! That being said, I do drink alot. Does that make me a hypocrite?}

Coming home from my new job felt good. I didn't have to deal with customers all day, and I actually was allowed to use my brain for something other than thinking up reasons to not kill my boss. My new boss loved me, my coworkers were in awe of my skills, and the pay raise wasn't bad either. So with a spring in my step, I opened the door and stepped into... a disaster.

"Dafuq? Pinkie! What the hell happened?" It looked like I had a localized earthquake, as everything was knocked over and moved around. When one is as organized as I tend to be, they notice things. As I passed through the kitchen, I saw the fridge open and empty; discarded food packages everywhere. I continued into the living room where I could hear the TV on and a familiar giggling coming from the couch.

"Pinkie, what the fuck is going on? Did you have a kegger and forget to invite me... again?" I glared at the pink pony as she giggled, peering up at me. She was covered in food stains, and she had grass and all sorts of trash tangled in her hair.

"Oh hiya Louie! Did you bring any food, cuz I really got the munchies!" She started to get off the couch, but I could see she was having trouble with the way her belly looked distended. After a few tries, she managed to wobble to her feet, and stumble over to me.

"Hey, you know what? I like TV. It's really funny. And you know what? I like you. You're warm." She proceeded to rub her head on my thigh like a giant pink cat, and purr. I looked down into her eyes which were bloodshot and half lidded, a dopey grin on her face as she rubbed against me. "Pet me Louie!"

It all clicked, and I remembered the other birthday present my uncle had given me. "Oh shit, my stash!" I bolted to my room, leaving a rather off balanced Pinkie to fall on her face with a giggle. I dug in my closet, feeling for the secret latch, and opening the hidden compartment. I gently extracted the small hand carved wooden box, and opened the lid.

Before me sat a glorious sight. Half a pound of the purest, stickiest, greenest Jamaican bud, still sealed in it's airtight container. I didn't partake very often, but the few times I did it was only the best. I sighed with relief, as I could see Pinkie hadn't gotten into my weed, but then was puzzled as to what she was high on. That she was stoned out of her pony mind was quite obvious: squinty red eyes, munchies, and generally acting stupid. Who the hell got my little pony stoned?

I carefully replaced the box, and made my way back to the living room. Pinkie was laying on her back, batting at her own tail like a kitten, and giggling like an idiot. I stalked over to the TV and turned it off.

"Alright Pinkie, spill it. What the hell are you on, and who sold it to you?" I squatted down to look her in the eye. She stopped swatting at her tail, and looked at me, the stupid grin still on her

face, and her eyes unfocused.

“Relax Louisisiss. I’m fiiine. Just feelin’ a little silly today.” She stuck her tongue out at me, then suddenly became fascinated with it as her eyes crossed.

“Pinkie, I can see you’re stoned, so what are you on? I don’t need any cops knockin on my door!” I grabbed her muzzle and made her look at me.

“I’m not stoned, silly! There’s no cockatrices here. I just feel a li’l funny. I was gonna make a salad, and I was lookin’ for herbs in the garden, and suddenly I had the munchies!” Slurring her words a little, the plastered pony seemed to be talking at a normal rate for the first time since I met her. It was like she was drunk and stoned at the same time. I had to wonder if somebody had slipped her something, or maybe sprayed something on my plants.

As for plants, it took me a moment to remember. I never was much for gardening, unlike my parents. My dad could grow almost anything, and my mom had a lovely herb garden she used for her cooking and potion making. Oh god, what if Pinkie ate something my mom planted?

Running out to the back yard, I spotted the garden. It had gone to seed, and was looking rather shabby looking from lack of care since my mom had left, and now it looked like someone had taken a lawn mower to it. I could see uprooted plants and broken greenery everywhere. From the looks, Pinkie must have rolled around in the plants for some time. I couldn’t even tell what was growing there anymore.

I decided it was time to get help. If Pinkie was sick from something out here, she would need medical help. I rushed into the house, and found my roommate laying upside down on the couch, once again watching TV as she drank a bottle of water with a straw.

“No Roundbob, don’t go in there!” she yelled, as a familiar yellow character came onto the screen. I suddenly realized that she had been laughing like him earlier too. This creeped me out more than it should.

“C’mon Pinkie, we are gonna go get you some help.” I turned off the TV again, and got a whine from the pony.

“Aww, I don’t need any help. I just need a belly rub! RUB MAH BELLEH!” She bellowed as I approached her.

“I’m not gonna rub anything. I’m taking you to the hospital to find out what’s wrong with you.” I tried to bend down and pick her up, but suddenly she rolled away from me.

“No! Not the docs! Stinkin white coats all wanna probe you, and stick needles in you, and touch you in the no-no place!” She backed away from me, arching her back like a cat and hissing. Her eyes were wide, and her hair was starting to straighten from it’s normal curls.

Lunging for her, I fell onto the couch as she lept over my head, bouncing off my butt and landing across the room. I heard a crash, and turned around quickly to see she had landed face first into the coffee table, and seemed to be out cold, aside from the occasional tail twitch.

The things I do for my friends.

I managed to pick her up, having forgotten that despite her stature, she weighs as much as me. Lugging the dead weight out to my car was a chore, and I could feel myself sweating by time I got her strapped in for the ride.

It was a quick, frantic ride to the hospital, and I was in no mood for the normal traffic. Luck was on my side, and no cops saw me pulling off half a dozen illegal maneuvers as I rushed to my destination. Arriving at the emergency room, I ran inside and looked for the nearest person wearing white.

"I got a sick pony in my car, you treat ponies here, right?" I was praying they didn't tell me to head to a vet or some special pony hospital.

"Yes sir, we treat ponies here. Can they make it on their own, or do they need assistance?" A perky blond behind the counter smiled at me. Her co-worker gave me a long suffering frown, and shoved clipboard at me. Blondie must be the newcomer here.

"She took a facedive off my couch and is out cold. She's sick from something and acting all loopy." I looked down at the form, realizing I didn't know most of the information. Hell, I didn't even know her age, let alone birth date or home town.

"There is a paramedic coming out now to help you, please fill out as much information as you can." The older woman deadpanned, with the lifeless voice that only comes from years of working with an uncaring public.

"Thanks! Umm, I don't know most of it." I shrugged.

"Just fill out what you can. Does she have ID?" the younger woman piped in.

"Umm, to be honest, she probably does, but I'll be damned if I know where she keeps it, or any of the other crap she seems to pull outta thin air." I rolled my eyes, wondering where the paramedic was.

Giggling, the younger woman rolled her eyes back at me. "Sounds like you are friends with Pinkie Pie. She was always doing stuff like that in the show."

"Well maybe that's because it is Pinkie Pie?" I threw my hands into the air, and gave an exasperated sigh.

Suddenly all eyes were on me, and the yelling started. "Code Pink! Someone get doctor Stable in here, stat! Johnson, get that gurney out here now!" And like that, the emergency room was in an uproar, and I was following the paramedics out the door to my car. Pinkie was still out of it, and they transferred her to the mobile bed, and rushed her inside. It was all I could do to keep up.

"Vitals look good, eyes are dilated and red. Dammit, we got another 'regged pony on our

hands!" The paramedic shouted, as we were rushed to an examination room.

Suddenly I was outside as another pony came up to me and cleared his throat. "So how long has she been using? And we need to know if it's home grown or some crap off the street." I looked down to see a beige unicorn with salt and pepper hair and tail. He also looked like he hadn't shaved in a few days, nor slept in as long. Most noticeably was the cane he was levitating, and the brace on one of his rear legs.

"I'm sorry, but who the hell are you, and what do you mean, using? What the fuck is wrong with her?" I threw my hands in the air, and looked in at my friend who seemed to be coming around, and was now chatting with one of the nurses with a goofy grin on her face.

"I'm Doctor Stable, chief of pony medicine here. And if you say a word about my resemblance to that human doctor show, I will kick you in the kneecaps. I have enough diplomatic clout that nobody will even stop me." He huffed and leaned in his cane as he glared at me. "So I'm gonna ask again, how long has she been using?"

"Using what? I came home and she was like this. I mean what's your problem?" I glared back at the gruff pony, crossing my arms. "Who are you to..."

"Who am I?" he interrupted, "Who am I? I'll tell you who I am. My name is Doctor Granite Stable. I graduated top of my class from Celestia's School for Gifted Unicorns, then again from the Canterlot Center for the Study of Medicine. I spent forty years at Canterlot General, becoming the head pathologist for not only ponies, but with a degree in griffin, donkey, and even zebra medicine. I ran an entire hospital, with a flawless record of having never lost a single patient under my care, before being offered the position of personal physician to Princess Celestia herself." The unicorn unleashed a review of his credentials, before sneering at me and leaning forward to continue. "I then spent five long years in that illustrious position before discovering the embarrassing fact that alicorn princesses never get sick. It was nothing more than an honorary retirement for ponies with exemplary careers in the medical field. I then promptly told the princess to shove the job up her sunny flank hole, and demanded I be allowed to do some real medicine again." He paused for breath, and I was about to respond when a single raised eyebrow stopped me.

"So then, when the chance to come to earth and study human medicine was offered, I got the job, and have spent the last three years becoming one of the foremost leaders in both human and pony medicine in two worlds. That. Is. Who. I am." he punctuated each word with a rap of his cane on the floor.

"Now, would you like to know anything else? My favorite color? Where I was born? Perhaps my cutie mark story?" he continued to glare. "Or, can we get on with helping your sick pony friend in there?"

"Uhh. Damn doc, I was just wondering why you are so rude. Your bedside manner sucks." I rubbed the back of my neck, thoroughly chastised.

"Yes, well when a patient shatters your leg in six places, it never really stops hurting. Unlike the fictional buffoon that everyone compares me to, I am not a pill popping addict, and the pain

makes me just a *teensy* bit grumpy. So for the last time, tell me about your friend, because I doubt I will get a straight answer from her.” he tapped his cane again and waited for a reply.

“I honestly don't know. She's lived with me for almost a year, and she's never been like this. What's wrong with her?” I peered into the room, where Pinkie was busy staring at her tongue, eyes crossed and drool dripping from her mouth.

“Oregano. She's high as a kite right now. If she hasn't been on it long, there may be some hope.” He looked into the room as well, sighing. “The friggin Element of Laughter is a ‘reg head’.”

“Woah, woah, woah! Oregano? Like the shit I put in spaghetti sauce? I've seen her eat it lots of times, and never acted like this. Hell, she once made a pizza that was nothing but italian herbs and cheese.” I looked over at the doctor in disbelief.

“What rock have you been living under? It's been all over the news for weeks.” He sighed and leaned against the doorframe, still looking at Pinkie, who now had a bucket of popcorn from somewhere, and was munching away as she stared at the beeping heart monitor at her bedside.

“Some genius found out that ponies react strangely to earth oregano. What's stranger is, only fresh oregano has the effect. Dried, cooked, even reconstituted is harmless, but the fresh stuff acts like a combination of catnip, marijuana and ecstasy. It's highly addictive, and the ponies quickly become hooked. What's worse is the crash.” Shaking his head, the doctor looked down at the boot of his cane. “She may be all goofy and happy now, but when it wears off, all the happiness will drain from her, leaving her a hollow shell of a pony. Depression, sadness, even pain in some cases are left behind until the system restores itself to balance.”

“Oh damn, is there anything we can do?” I ask.

“Well... How well do you know her?” The unicorn cocks an eyebrow and looks at me.

“Well she's my best friend, and she's been with me for almost a year, like I said.” I shrugged.

“No, I mean how well do you *know* her? As in, how close are the two of you?”

“I guess, as well as anyone can know another?” I shrugged again.

With a sigh, the unicorn shook his head. “I mean are you sleeping together? Have you bumped cuties? Hot to trot? High Ho Silver?” He must have mistaken the blank look of shock on my face as one of incomprehension, because he went on, “Are you having sexual relations with this pony?”

“No! Seriously doc, no! Why is everyone so damn obsessed with me screwing around with ponies? We are friends, we live together, nothing more.” I shook my head and growled.

“Okay, okay, calm down son. That would have just made things easier. If you could just take her home and screw her brains out, the endorphin flood would help her ride out the worst of the

withdrawal.” Scratching his head with his cane, he looked up at me again. “She have a coltfriend?”

“Not here on earth, that I know of. Fuck man, your bedside manner really sucks, you know that?” I rolled my eyes.

“Well, then you are in for a long strange trip, my friend.”

Suddenly Pinkie was in the doorway hugging the doctor. “No silly doc! That was last chapter! This chapter is Feeling Pinkie Green!” and then just as fast she backflipped back into bed.

“Damn, son. I do not envy you the pain you are gonna have to endure.” He shook his head again, and muttered darkly. “Let’s just hope she doesn’t have and suicidal tendencies.”

“Oh fuck.” I suddenly remembered her friend telling me about a near-fatal party and a poisoned birthday cake, and my blood ran cold. I quickly told the doctor about it, and his face fell.

“Yea, I’m sorry, but it sounds like you’re screwed.” Fishing around in his pocket, he offered me some candies. “Now might be time to reconsider your feelings about ponies.” And with that, he stepped in to talk to Pinkie personally, now that the nurse gave him the all clear sign.

“Fuck, he has the worst bedside manner ever.” I muttered to myself.

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*Quickly after it’s discovery, the use of fresh oregano as a narcotic has spread among Equestrians. The import has been strictly banned since then, although some plants were smuggled through the portal before the discovery was made, and a growing underground traffic has spring up on the pony homeworld. On Earth, the control of the substance has proven much more difficult, due to it’s effect being limited to Equestrian ponies only, and it’s long history of use as a common food ingredient.*

*With the speed that only the modern information age can provide, the use and terminology for oregano has exploded around the world. Slang names have been introduced into the everyday vocabulary, and grow constantly. Names such as ‘Big O’, ‘Pony-Nip’, and ‘Reg’ are commonly used on the street and online. The use of the substance is known as ‘Regging’, ‘Getting Spiced’, or sometimes ‘Grazing’. Users are commonly referred to ‘Reg Heads’, or ‘Pony-O’s’.*

*It is an interesting fact that the common garden herb only seems to have an effect if consumed raw, and that drying or cooking renders it harmless to ponykind. This masked it’s insidious nature for a long time, until it was discovered by a simple gardener that a pony friend had passed out while tending his garden. It was not until months later, after his friend was admitted for severe depression, that the full impact came to light.*

*The common effects of Oregano on the Equestrian pony are euphoria, sensory amplification, loss of inhibition, and increased appetite. It has been compared to the effects of Marijuana, Ecstasy, and Catnip. The affected pony will become more friendly,*

*often rubbing or hugging those around them, and some rare cases of premature heat have been reported in mares. Brain function seems to become impaired, while coordination suffers as well.*

*Sadly, the true dangers of the drug are not the initial effects, but the symptoms of withdrawal. After a short high, the pony inevitably crashes severely. Depression, pain, light and sound sensitivity, as well as general malaise are the usual symptoms. This often leads to a vicious cycle of addiction, where the pony will seek more oregano to regain the euphoria. Several severe cases of unsupervised withdrawal have been recorded as ending in severe depression, and eventual suicide.*

*It is strongly suggested that any pony under the influence of the drug seek treatment immediately. the longer the patient is under the influence, the worse the eventual withdrawal can be, an the higher risk of a fatal reaction. Friends and family are encouraged to help and monitor recovering addicts, to alleviate the severity of the crash.*

*If you or a somepony you know has tried oregano, please report to a hospital for treatment as soon as possible. Treatment, friends, and loved ones may be the difference between life and death.*

*-American Journal of Public Health*

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Reading the report I found on the internet did little to make me feel better. Pinkie was fortunate that she had only been exposed the one time, but I was warned that the urge to eat more would be a continuing problem for the near future. I would need to stay vigilant, and make sure she didn't relapse until the drug was completely out of her system.

The first thing I did, of course, was to attend to my garden. This was a much harder task than it seemed, since my garden had been left to run wild in the years since my mother left, and oregano was a rather hardy and invasive plant. I found runners and sprouts everywhere, being only contested by the mint that fought for control of my small garden. A few hours of hard labor later, my garden was a bare patch of earth. Maybe I would plant some flowers later. Pinkie loved to eat flowers, especially daisies and daffodils.

The next day, I went back to the hospital where they were holding Pinkie for observation. The pony that they wheeled out to meet me was so different from the normally bright and cheerful mare I had grown to know, that I almost mistook her for someone else. Her light pink coat was dull and greyed, as if someone had rubbed ash into it, and her chaotically curly hair was straight and limp. Her playful blue eyes, always full of mischief and laughter now looked bloodshot and dull. It was as if they had wheeled a living corpse out to meet me, and it broke my heart to see her this way.

"Pinkie? How ya feeling, kid?" I asked, hesitantly.

Slowly her hundred yard stare lifted to meet my own, and focused on my face. It was a few moments before she responded, as if it hurt to talk. "Hey Louis. I feel like shit."

I blinked in surprise. The use of profanity was shocking from the normal child friendly mare, and the voice that spoke it sounded like she was still recovering from a nasty cold. It spoke of pain, and perhaps more than a bit of screaming in her recent past. There was no life or energy left to it, only sad resignation.

"Damn Pinks, you sound like shit too. Let's get you home, get you some of that ice cream you love, and watch some kung fu theatre, okay?" I leaned over to give her a hug, only to have her flinch as I touched her. I pulled back, and saw a flicker of a smile try to make it's way through the pained grimace.

"Mister Morgan?" The nurse addressed me, "I'm afraid that Miss Pie will be more than a little sensitive for a few days. The withdrawal will leave her sore and irate for a while, and she will most likely be dealing with some depression as well. The Doctor told me that he already gave you a prescription for what she needs, and that if you cannot obtain it, try chocolate."

I rolled my eyes, knowing very well what the doctor prescribed, and that I was not about to offer it to her. It was a good thing I kept the house stocked on chocolate. Having a hyperactive female in the house meant always having chocolate. Hell, that was true of any female, really.

"C'mon Pinkie, let's get you home." I gently knelt down to help the pink mare out of the chair, only to have her flinch away from me.

"Don't touch me!" She screamed, stumbling away and toward the waiting car. Both me and the nurse were speechless as the mare climbed inside, buckling herself in and staring straight ahead. I shook myself out of the little shock, and took one last glance back at the nurse, who was still staring with her mouth open, before climbing into the driver's seat.

As we pulled off, I heard a soft sob, and looked into the rearview mirror to see Pinkie curled up against her flaccid tail as she cried quietly.

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At home, I walked my roommate to her room, and gently tucked her into bed. Her eyes blinked at me, red and puffy from crying, but her smile was genuine. An extra large bowl of double chocolate fudge surprise ice cream made it even bigger, as she dug into the indulgent mess. Her hair even managed to regain some of it's normal curl by the time she had finished, and I kissed her on the forehead goodnight.

"Thanks Louis. You really are my bestest friend, you know that?" In a quiet voice, she thanked me. "I'm sorry I made you worry so much."

"It's fine, Pinkie. Just rest up, and get better, and we can throw you an All Better party." I tousled her hair, getting only a mild flinch from the contact, before leaving her to rest.

A few hours later, I was awakened from where I was snoozing on the couch by a slamming door. Falling off the couch, I scrambled to see what was going on, only to hear giggling from the kitchen. As I entered, found the refrigerator door open, and the contents strewn across my floor,



and a very strung out looking pony in the corner.

"Pinkie, what the fuck is going on?" I yelled, trying to make sense of the mess. Her hair and fur were back to normal, although it was now covered in dirt and leaves.

"Oh hiya Louis! I was feelin really, really bad, so I decided I needed something to take the edge off. That's when I remembered I left some of that yummy salad in the fridge for later! It was only a little it, but it did the trick. I feel much better and totally pinkerrific again! But then, when I went to the garden to get some more, the garden was all gone." She frowned a bit at the memory. "But that's okay. We can plant a new one, and it will be super duper awesome!"

"Oh god, Pinkie! You had more oregano in the fridge? What the fuck were you thinking?" I stumbled to the mess on the floor, finding a small bowl labeled "Super Salad" laying open and empty.

"Well actually I was feeling alot like cutting myself, or maybe jumping off a cliff, but those are bad, bad negativerooni thoughts. Those aren't Pinkie thoughts at all! But now I feel all happy, happy, and tingly again." Her insane grin was a little lopsided as her head drifted a bit askew.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! What am I gonna do with you?" I flinched as she began rubbing her head against my leg like a cat.

"Well I can think of a few things you can do with me. Or to me." her voice suddenly grew thick and husky as she peered up at me with half lidded eyes.

"Dammit, not this shit again." I stumbled toward the phone and called the hospital.

A few rings later, I heard a gruff voice on the other end of the line. "Lemme guess, the laughing pony relapsed, didn't she?"

"W-what? Doctor Stable? How did you know?" I stuttered.

"They always relapse, I had the nurse give you my private line. Look on the bright side, at least she didn't kill herself." I heard him sigh. "Look, just give her some ipecac, plenty of water, and keep her away from any more drugs. She will be fine in a few days so long as she stays clean."

"Wait, shouldn't I bring her back to the hospital? She's really messed up!" I cried.

"No need. She hasn't had any long term exposure, so the drugs will work their way out of her system on their own. Now stop wasting my time and go help your friend. The longer you wait, the worse it will get." Suddenly I was left with a click and dead air as the line was disconnected.

Twenty minutes later had me reliving my college days as I held my friend's hair out of her face while she emptied her stomach. She was looking considerably greener, and a bit less crazy.

"Ugh... Louis, don't think I like that medicine. I feel all icky-sicky, like the time I ate those baked bads." As the heaves subsided, she groaned in misery.

First I made her brush her teeth, and then I gave her a bottle of water to drink. It took some doing, but she drank most of it. After that we sat down on the couch for a good long talk.

“Dammit Pinkie, what the hell were you thinking?”

“I dunno Louis. It just hurt so bad, I couldn't stand it any more. I felt all icky, and sad and all these nasty thoughts kept popping into my head. I was all sad and lonely, and even when you touched me, it hurt.” Sobbing, the pink mare gripped me like a drowning victim.

“Shhh, shhh. It's okay now Pinkie. We will get through this. I'll be here as long as you need me, and you will get better.” I gently stroked her mane as she sobbed into my shirt. I continued to make soothing noises, as I turned on the stereo with the remote for some relaxing music. I almost laughed as the first song to play was one of my favorite [Bob Nesta songs](#). It was equally parts ironic, and fitting as the master of reggae assured that everything was going to be alright.

My mind went back to my mother, telling me stories of growing up with the near mythical singer. She had met him as a kid, and they remained good friends until his death. She always described him as being one of the most laid back people she has ever met, and yet with a fiery passion in his eyes whenever he spoke about the freedom of his people. As the music of my mother's homeland flowed over us, I could feel it too. I could even almost believe the teasing jests that he was almost my father.

Soon Pinkie's sobs and shaking stopped, as the song came to a close. I looked down to see the pink angel sleeping in my arms, and felt my heart skip a beat. Careful not to wake her, I picked my friend up and carried her to her room. I paused for a moment, staring at her garishly decorated room, looking as if Barbie had regressed to a pre-teen and decided to go into interior design. The memories of what Pinkie had said came back to me. Thoughts of cutting herself, and how alone and sad she felt made me change my mind. With a sigh, and a feeling that I would regret it, I turned on my heel and instead carried my charge to my own larger bed.

Carefully, I slid her under the covers, and tucked her in. I shook my head and swiped my hand slowly down my face as I asked myself once again, “Dammit Pinkie, what am I gonna do with you?”

I quickly retrieved the little blue canary night light from her room, in case she woke in the night, before stripping down to my boxers. After a second thought, I upgraded to full pajamas, just in case her mood went the other way and she got any ideas. Rolling my eyes one last time, I slid into the bed beside her, and was immediately latched onto. I gasped in surprise, ready to reprimand her behavior, before I realised that the party pony was still asleep, and softly whimpering. I instead sighed wearily, and stroked her mane until she drifted back into silence, and my own exhaustion claimed me.

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I awoke the next morning, a little achy from laying on my back, and with a damp drool stain on my shirt. Pinkie was nowhere to be found, and I quickly jumped out of bed in a panic. I soon heard the sound of a frustrated yell, and the crash of something being thrown. Following the noise, I found a straight haired pony glaring at the broken pieces of my phone on the kitchen

floor.

"Pinkie, what the fuck are you doing now?" I growled. It was definitely too early for this shit.

"Oh, it's you." She turned to glare at me, venom dripping from her voice. "Come to poke fun at the crazy pony some more? Or are you just gonna tease me until I cry again?" With a sniff, she wiped away the tears that were staining her fur.

"Pinkie, I dunno what your malfunction is today, but I'm here to help you. I'm your friend, and I care about you, so will you please chill the fuck out and let me help?" I sighed. "Start by telling me what's wrong, and why you felt the need to take it out on my phone."

"Help? HELP!? Oh, what a load of horseapples. You are probably like my other so-called friends. They all won't answer my calls! They are showing how they really feel now. 'Silly little Pinkie, so good when you need a pratfall, or a party thrown.' but when I need help, they don't care!" Her voice reached a fevered pitch as she started to pace the floor and rant:

"And YOU!" Whirling to glare at me again, "You say you care about me, but you never show it! I pour my heart out, and all you do is push me away. Are you gonna tease me some more, so my heart keeps breaking? I bet you get your kicks out of leading me on, making me love you and then pushing me away whenever I get too close!"

I closed my eyes for a moment, so I wouldn't have to see that hateful, hurt glare, before sighing and kneeling to take her in my arms.

"I do love you, Pinkie, but just not the way you want me to." I tried to hold her for a hug, but she pushed me away with a yell.

"Don't touch me!" She scrambled away from me, backing into a corner where she started to cry.

"What's wrong? You always love it when I hug you." I sat on the floor, unsure what to do next with her erratic behavior.

"It hurts Louis! Why does it hurt?" She mumbled between the sobs.

"What hurts? Tell me, I can't help you unless you tell me."

"The light is too bright, the sounds are too loud, and everything hurts when it touches me. I woke up with my head pounding, and I keep having these mean, nasty thoughts. I just want it to stop so I can go back to being happy Pinkie again."

"Okay, I think I understand. The doc said this is the side effect of the stuff you were on. He said you will be very sensitive to everything, and that you will get really depressed." I tried to reach out to her, but stopped when she flinched.

"I'm not depressed anymore. Now I'm angry. I just feel so angry and alone. I keep getting thoughts about making it all stop. I just want it to stop!" she sobbed wetly, and wiped her nose on her arm. "I keep thinking about the knives in the drawer, and how my friends won't have to

bother with me being silly and crazy anymore once I'm gone."

"That's not true, and you know it! Your friends all love you." I ran my hand through my hair and stood up. "Do you have any idea how many of them have threatened to wreck my shit if I ever hurt you? The Princess herself sent me a warning that involved banishment and imprisonment in the place I was banished to if I screwed up. For fuck's sake, I've had klan members that were more subtle."

"They only act that way because I'm the Element of Laughter. They need me in case some big nasty thing appears and they need me to giggle at it." Growling, she turned away from me like a petulant child. "None of them really care. Nopony really loves me. I'm just silly little Pinkie, the Random."

"Well, I don't really give a shit. I love you Pinkie. You are my best friend, and the only person I have ever shared my life with. I've had plenty of girlfriends that meant far less to me than you do. So what if I don't wanna have sex with you? You will always be like my little sister, and I won't let anyone hurt you. Even you." I nodded, and stomped off to the bedroom.

A moment later, I had a bottle in one hand, and a glass of water in the other. A now-silent Pinkie was looking at me strangely. I offered the glass, and a small pill for her to swallow.

"What, you gonna poison me? Make it nice and quick so I don't have to annoy you anymore with my crying?" She was back to glaring again.

"Just shut up and take the damn pill. You aren't the only one that has problems. I used to get the shit beat out of me on a weekly basis, just for being a smart black kid. I also had a smart mouth, and people hated me for it." I slid to the floor as she took the pill and returned to glaring at me.

"I wasn't always the well groomed and charismatic man you see today. I was too smart, too black, always too something. I got picked on, alot. And eventually it got to me." I shrugged, as her eyes showed disbelief, but she remained silent.

"I tried to kill myself. It was stupid, it was selfish, and it was stupid."

"You said stupid twice." she muttered.

"Well it was extra stupid." I held up a cool looking tattoo on my forearm. "Plenty of people thought I was a big Henry Potter fan when i got this, but it was to cover up the scar." the twined snake tattoo hid the scar well. "The docs sent me to counseling, and gave me some meds. They call it Fukitol. It worked, until I got my head screwed on straight again. I keep em around in case I ever have a relapse. Now it's your turn. You have the meds, and tomorrow, we will both go see my therapist. He's a pretty cool guy." I grinned evilly. "I do gotta warn you though, he may try some hug therapy on you. He's a bit of a brony, and a big fan of yours."

"You know, suddenly I really don't care, Louis." Blinking, she looked at me with a wry expression.

"Good! That means the pills are working. Now give me a hug." I grinned even wider as the pony

threw herself at me, and gave me one of her bone crushing hugs.

"Thanks Louis, I really needed your help." Sighing, Pinkie whispered into my ear.

"No worries, Pinkie. I'll always be here for you." I winced a bit as her hug tightened on my ribs.

"Oh, and Pinkie?" I muttered.

"Yes, Louis?" Came her glib reply.

"Just this once, it's okay if you touch my ass." I replied.

Letting out a girlish squeal of delight, the pink pony in my arms slid her hooves down my body, and clutched at my firm, muscular buttocks. It wasn't so bad, actually.

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**"Greetings! My name is Quentin Andrews, and I play the character you know as Louis Morgan."**

*"And I'm Diane Pinkerson, and I play Pinkie Pie!"*

**"We hope you enjoyed this episode, and wanted to bring to you a very special message. Every day, many people..."**

*"And Ponies!"*

**"...and ponies, are facing problems like this. Drugs have become commonplace, and affect all of us. We did this episode to help teach everyone about the dangers of drug use, and to help the families and friends of these poor souls cope with the damage that is caused."**

*"Also, the judge ordered us to do it as part of our community service, otherwise he was gonna throw the book at us! That really hurts too. I once had Twilight throw a book at me, and I couldn't taste purple for a week!"*

**"Diane..."**

*"A whole week! Can you imagine how awful that was? And all because I walked in on her reading her special books and enjoying her 'Twilight Time'."*

**"Diane!"**

*"I mean really, it's a public library, after all. Put a sign on the door or something, right?"*

**"PINKIE!"**

*"Oh, sorry Quentin."*

**\*sigh\* “Anyway, we just want to tell all of you, don’t do drugs. It’s just not worth it, and you only hurt yourself and the ones you love.”**

**“Except weed...”**

**“Oh, fuck yea. Weed is totally cool.” \*fistbump\***

--The End--

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### **Bonus Scene**

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“So let me get this straight. Miss Pie here, a non-native alien species, was coming down from drug withdrawal, suffering from severe depression, and you thought it would be a good idea to administer her a highly experimental antipsychotic drug that not only had never been properly been tested on Equestrians, but didn't even pass trials for use on humans? Does that about sum up what you told me?” A man with thinning grey hair sat in an overstuffed armchair, glared at the pink pony and the brown human in his office. He was wearing a white lab coat, over a knitted sweater, brown pants and loafers. The other human in the room was looking rather uncomfortable, while the straight haired pony seemed to be entirely disinterested in the world around her.

“Yes, pretty much Doctor Williams. I didn't know what else to do, and they worked so well on me. I figure what’s the worst that could happen?” Louis shrugged, and the doctor flinched at the words. Pinkie just looked back and forth between them, her face expressionless.

“The worst that could happen? She could go insane, or die. Or she could go insane, and die! Half the patients we tested that stuff on did go insane, which was why the tests were stopped.” The doctor rolled his eyes.

“Or, I could have gone insane, found a knife, and made my way to a local hospital, where I would go from room to room, slitting the throats of every person I came across as I systematically execute every last one before a crack team of police swat officers storm the building, only to be forced to put me down with a well placed shot to the head from their expert sniper.” In a slow, methodical voice that reminded Louis of Pinkie’s sister Maud, the mare explained a much worse scenario. The look of absolute horror on the faces of both humans made her pause.

“What? You asked what the worst that could happen. That would be much worse.” Slowly, and indifferently she shrugged, her face still an impassive mask of disinterest. Three seconds later, she blinked.

“Seriously doc, she’s the one that needs help. Why the hell am I even here?” Louis huffed. “I’ve been fine ever since you discharged me, and I haven't had to take the Fukitol since then. The only reason I kept it was in case of relapse, but it’s been six years!”

"You are here because you could go to jail for giving her those pills, and I could lose my license for not reporting you." The doctor growled in frustration. "Besides. You are clearly enabling her as her roommate and closest friend, and just as much a part of the problem, as well as a possible solution. So you will come to these sessions, you will sit through them, and you will keep on coming until I deem that you are both fit to be discharged from my care."

"Yes, Doc." Louis sighed. "Just help my friend, that's all I ask, and I will do whatever you say."

"Don't worry. Studies have shown that pony psychology is almost identical to that of humans most of the time." The doctor chuckled and leaned back farther in his chair. "Just remember to name the kid after me."

"Dammit doc, that's not funny. We are not fooling around. Pinkie is just a good friend, I swear!" Crossing his arms, Louis sat back in the chair and glowered.

"Well, I believe your friend's smile says otherwise." The therapist gestured over at the pony. Louis looked on as his friend, who for the last day had showed no signs of emotion or interest, was suddenly smiling at him with a bone chilling smile and bedroom eyes.

"Oh, fuck me..." He exclaimed, while facepalming.