

Rainbow Dash's Grumpy Morning

by Kassaz

Rainbow Dash soared through the skies above Ponyville with nothing slowing her down. Every cloud she passed through was destroyed and every cloud she passed by was moved towards her by the simple force of her tailwind. Nothing could stop her.

She was stopped by a voice calling out to her from one of the clouds she'd spared. "Hey Rainbow Dash, over here!" She immediately pinpointed the sound's source and flew over to see none other than Pinkie Pie standing on the cloud, balloons tied around her waist and a plate with a cupcake sitting on it in hoof. "I brought you a present! Here, eat it!"

Rainbow Dash wordlessly hit the plate on its edge, sending it groundward and sending the cupcake skyward. She easily caught it in her mouth and swallowed it whole without even removing the wrapping. "Thanks, Pinkie. That was pretty good. What flavour was it?" Pinkie Pie had no answer. She was giggling, covering her mouth with her right forehoof. Rainbow Dash knew that couldn't be a good sign. She'd been pranked. "Pinkie, what was wrong with that cupcake?"

On cue, Rainbow felt a rumbling in her gut. Then a force nearly burst from underneath her skin, causing her to grunt in pain and falter in her flying. It then happened again and again, with no sign of stopping. "It was bomb-flavoured!" Pinkie Pie laughed so hard she fell through the cloud, but Rainbow Dash didn't notice.

She put her forehooves at her belly and tried to push against the explosions, finding no success. She couldn't see Pinkie Pie, and realized she was falling to the ground with no ability to recover. She woke up well before she hit the ground.

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Rainbow knew she had left the dream world before her eyes slowly opened, and could feel the cause before she moved the covers out of the way to glare at it. She could see the vague outline of her foal's wing stretching her out from the inside, before moving erratically for a moment and then receding. She propped herself up and turned her head to glare at her husband, who wasn't there. She kicked the covers off—her wings shoved them the rest of the way—and didn't make the bed after she rotated off the bed, grumbling about how he was at work so she couldn't complain at him or anything.

She brushed her teeth, ate a bowl of cereal for breakfast, and lounged around the house wondering what to do. She didn't have any work to do, and being on maternity leave was so boring. She'd read every book in her home already. She didn't even have any cleaning or other chores to do. She wished there were some way to get some entertainment; no festivals were scheduled for today, and she figured there probably weren't any for tomorrow either.

Flying always cheered her up—helped her clear her head—but it was more than a little hard to go as fast as possible with a literal drag hanging between her legs, a delicate, squirming little drag. Flying would just remind her of her lack of mobility. Still, staring at the ceiling got awfully boring, and she decided to do it anyway. She kissed Tank on the head and took off.

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Rainbow hovered slowly through Ponyville aimlessly, with a fuzzy head and keeping an altitude that placed her below the rooflines. She didn't even notice Sugarcube Corner until she stopped to pinpoint a voice calling out to her from one of the buildings. "Hey Rainbow Dash, over here!" She turned her head to look in the voice's general direction. It was Pinkie Pie, waving at her from the second story window.

Rainbow glided her way and stopped to hover in front of the open window with a long yawn. “Hey, Pinkie Pie. How are you doing today?”

“I’m doing just absolute perfect today, thanks for asking!” Pinkie Pie nearly fell out of the window with excitement as she spoke, only calming down a little with her next sentence. “What about you? You look real tired!” Rainbow yawned again, and Pinkie Pie spoke again as she did so. “You should come inside! I’ve got a sweet treat sure to put a pep in your step,” she looked at the ground far below Rainbow Dash, “or a fwump in your flap!”

“A fwump in my flap?” Rainbow didn’t think the sound of her wings to be anything like a “fwump,” although she listened to the sound of her wings as she hovered there in confusion and then started to hear it.

Pinkie Pie hummed to herself. “I guess I should go back to the drawing board with that one—Gummy didn’t see anything wrong with it—but “mo in your glow” totally still works for unicorns, don’t you think?” Rainbow Dash was beginning to get tired, and yawned again in response. “Anyway, come on inside and I’ll give you something sweet to eat.” Pinkie Pie left the windowsill to make way for Rainbow Dash, who peeked her head through but didn’t fully enter yet.

“You fed me a bomb-flavoured cupcake in my dream today, Pinkie.” Rainbow’s voice was a mix of accusatory and plain tired.

“Why I’d never. We don’t even make bomb-flavoured cupcakes!” She rolled over onto the floor and giggled some more. Rainbow really didn’t feel like flying anymore, so she entered Pinkie’s room through the window, and tried several times unsuccessfully to close it behind her with a hindleg before giving up and plopping herself onto a bean bag chair. She groaned.

Rainbow didn’t wait for Pinkie’s laughter to die down before talking. “Being pregnant sucks, Pinkie.” Pinkie heard it anyway, which Rainbow knew would happen, and gasped, which Rainbow didn’t expect but was too tired to care about nevertheless.

“How could you say that, Rainbow Dash?!” Pinkie flopped herself over to Rainbow as if she were a fish and raised her head from the floor once she flopped close enough. “Babies are awesome! Don’t you like babies Rainbow Dash?”

“I like *other* pony’s babies, I guess.” She propped her head up against the back of her hoof while the other prodded her pregnancy. “It’s a bit different when you can’t just fly away once they start crying, though.”

“Wow, a baby crying before she’s even born!” Pinkie Pie propped her body up from the floor enough to rest an ear against Rainbow’s belly, and resting a hoof on its front before moving it around as if she were turning a dial. Rainbow didn’t even care. The only sound from inside that entered her ears was a loud rumble lasting several seconds.

“So, uh, you promised food, Pinkie?” Rainbow looked around, but nothing Pinkie had laying around seemed appetizing, although she was beginning to eye the cake with several bite marks out of it on a nearby table, regardless of how old it probably was.

Pinkie leapt into a standing position. “Right! I’ll bring you something sweet to eat, and something sweet.” She left the room, and Rainbow tried to ignore the memories of her dream alongside what that second sweet thing could possibly be.

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“Just another moment.” Pinkie’s voice was quieter, and muffled, as she walked rather than hopped back up the staircase to Rainbow Dash. She returned with a plate in her mouth, a slice of cake on the plate, and continued walking carefully across the room until she reached Rainbow’s bean bag chair. “Here you go.” She hadn’t set it down anywhere, and expected Rainbow to take it. Rainbow knew better than to lean over to grab it with her mouth, so she awkwardly balanced it between her forehooves before setting it, begrudgingly, on the only thing like a table nearby, her belly.

She still couldn't quite reach it with her neck, and brought it into her forelegs again. She still somewhat suspected there was something wrong with the cake, but she figured she could either get a stomach ache from the cake or from the foal her growling stomach would wake up; she took a bite, followed by another, and then ate the final piece. She didn't feel anything amiss.

"Are you ready for the other sweet thing?" Rainbow had never seen Pinkie controlling her excitement so well; she was nearly bouncing on her hooves, vibrating in place. Rainbow felt a bit better after the cake, but sighed anyway.

"Yeah, what is it?" She watched Pinkie dig into her mane and pull out the most surprising thing she'd hidden there so far: the Cake twins, both asleep. Pinkie passed Pound Cake over to Rainbow Dash, who felt she had little choice in accepting him, and sat down before cradling Pumpkin Cake in her hooves.

"Pinkie," Rainbow was whispering, "why did you bring these foals up here?"

Pinkie whispered back. "I'm foalsitting them, and thought you should remind yourself of just how cute foals are." Pumpkin opened her mouth and started to flutter her eyes open. Pinkie held her out in front of her for a moment, and whispered a little more loudly than just beforehoof. "I wish I had my own foals, but I haven't met the right stallion yet. You're lucky, Rainbow Dash, don't you think?"

Rainbow looked down at Pound, who was also starting to wake up with a yawn, which totally wasn't cute at all. He started squirming, and she brought him to an upright position resting his butt on the top of her belly and his little head in the crook of her neck. He nuzzled her, and Rainbow didn't scrunch her muzzle in an attempt to act cool. She appreciated what Pinkie was trying to do, in a way, but found it necessary to fight back regardless. "Have their diapers been changed?"

Pinkie didn't even look Rainbow's way when she answered with a cheerful "yes" and instead occupied herself with touching noses to Pumpkin, who started to giggle. Pound started squirming in her grasp again, and she looked down at him; their eyes met, and he put a hoof in his mouth, which he soon thereafter used to touch her nose. Rainbow giggled, and then stopped herself. "Did I hear a giggle? A giggle from you, Rainbow?" Pinkie had an unnecessarily smug look on her face as she looked over to Rainbow while Pumpkin gnawed on her mane.

"I get it, Pinkie, foals are nice and I should be happy. I am happy!" Pound had by now returned to sucking on his hoof and merely watching Rainbow.

"You weren't happy when I saw you this morning, but you are now." Pinkie placed Pumpkin on her back as she walked over. "Isn't it awesome that you've got your own of these," she rubbed Pound's mane for emphasis, "in here?!" She rubbed Rainbow's belly for emphasis.

Rainbow was happy and not even a little bit disappointed when Pinkie picked up Pound to join his sister on her back. "I was never upset, Pinkie Pie. I like having a little squirt who depends on me for everything, who isn't a turtle." She poked her hoof into Pinkie's chest. "There's nothing wrong with being down in the dumps a little, Pinkie. Not everypony needs to be cheerful all the time."

Pinkie merely stuck her tongue out at Rainbow with a big smile on her face before speaking. "Maybe, but isn't it super duper nicer to be happy and laughing?" She stuck her tongue out again until Rainbow snorted.

"I guess you're right. Thanks for being my friend, Pinkie." Rainbow was able to lift herself from the bean bag after a few tries built up her momentum. "I was wondering what I was going to do today, and now I know."

"What's that?" She followed Rainbow to the window, and felt an ache in her left ear, attributing it to her Pinkie sense. "Oooh, does it involve your hubby?"

"Yeah, I'm going to go see my husband, and give him a big smooch in front of his buddies." Rainbow Dash looked back as she climbed onto the windowsill. "That'll embarrass him!"

Rainbow Dash was certainly stylish and not at all clumsy as she fell out of the window and started flapping her wings furiously. Pinkie Pie leaned out of the window to get the last word in. "You go, Rainbow Dash! You smooch him as hard as you can!"

Author's Note: I found it very difficult to write for this art pack, and had to rush myself at the end to get anything finished, but I hope reading this story managed to bring a smile to your face regardless. Even though it can be unpleasant at times, life is always precious. Long live /mlp/.