

TWILIGHT'S TEPID REVENGE

There was no denying it: Twilight Sparkle could not take any more of Pinkie Pie's pranks.

Pinkie had made it routine to trick and tease the purple unicorn. Twilight had found herself slapped in the face with pies, tripped and squashed with cartoonish implements, and even transformed into various forms to be used by her pink friend. It was getting to be such a frequent and predictable occurrence that Twilight could count on being pranked at least twice a month.

"But this month will be different" Twilight said to herself, trotting through town, muttering under her breath. "I'm going to get Pinkie back when she least expects it! And when she's sat there, dazed and confused, I'll give her a thorough lesson on how to be a more considerate, and *less-obnoxious* friend!"

Pinkie Pie was doing her laundry in a small field adjacent to the bakery she lived in. Damp articles of clothing hung from a taut line, drying in the warm spring sun. She hummed a chipper tune as she worked, cranking the arm of a clothes wringer to the beat, feeding sopping wet fabric through the rollers.

"Hmm... I wonder if laundry day would be more fun if you did it with a friend..." Pinkie mused to herself. "Even if you doubled the work, it'd be nice just to have someone to talk to!"

As she reached to hang up a pair of socks, she felt a tug at her tail. "Oh?" She gasped, turning around, but seeing no one there.

With a shrug, Pinkie clipped the socks to the line, before feeling a stronger tug. She shot around, her big blue eyes darting about the field. There was no one in sight.

Suddenly, she felt a *very* strong pull, and saw a shimmer of purple magic surround the tip of her tail, as if a ghostly hand had its fingers wrapped around the curly length of hair.

"*Eep!* Hey! What's the big idea?"

The swirl of magic replied by pulling firmly, dragging Pinkie's tail towards the clothes wringer, and wrenching her tail between the damp metal rollers. Pinkie yelped, trying to wriggle free, but it was no use.

"Help! Somepony?" She squeaked, grasping at the ground with her hooves.

With a quick jolt, the crank of the device began to turn, drawing Pinkie's tail further into the wringer, crushing the poofy appendage like a pressed flower. The metal rollers made quick work of the tail, before biting down on Pinkie's rump, drawing it through the narrow gap like a wad of pasta dough.

"Y-yowch! Hey, knock it off, I'm not even *wet*!" Pinkie whined, starting to slow her efforts to escape, as she felt her body slip into the mechanism, being spread out and squashed like a pastel-pink pancake. The sounds of her flattening flank nearly drowned out the squeaking of the wringer. It was a sort of scrunching, squeezing, rubbery noise, like stepping on balloon full of strawberry gelatin and crunchy peanut-butter.

Pinkie Pie let out a whimper and wiggled her legs as the rollers flattened her up to her neck. Only her head and the tips of her hooves remained three-dimensional, but that would not be the case for long; one final, hearty crank of the wringer was all it took to squash Pinkie's pretty little head into a doofy looking flap-jack. Her eyes were crossed, her tongue stuck out, and her expression: that of bewilderment and shock.

"How's THAT for a prank?" A voice called out.

Pinkie's eyes looked around, landing on a purple figure in the distance. Twilight's horn was glowing with a familiar purple shine, and a wide grin was plastered on her face. "Did you think you could mess with me, and not get tricked in return?"

Twilight paced around her floppy friend, chest puffed out, eyes half-lidded. She felt pretty pleased with her practical joke, and even more pleased to see Pinkie in such a pathetic state for once.

"You see, it's not nice for pranks to be so one-sided. True friends prank in moderation! Am I wrong?" Twilight smirked, leaning in towards Pinkie.

“Mmph... Oh... Totally!” Pinkie chirped, a big silly smile lighting up her face. “You shoulda’ just told me you wanted to have some fun, Twilight! I didn’t know you had such good taste in pranks!”

The triumphant unicorn’s shoulders sagged a bit, as her mood shifted from proud to perturbed. “I mean, I’m not having *‘fun’*, Pinkie. I’m trying to teach you a lesson. What I’m trying to get at is: we should tamper-down on the constant pranking, right? You don’t like it when it happens to you, *right?*”

“Oh no! I *really* like this! You know, I always wondered what it’d feel like to be a pony-skin rug, and now I know! It’s all tingly!”

Twilight grumbled and nudged Pinkie with her hoof, as if to kick at the edge of the ‘rug’. “You’re not taking this seriously. You *need* to quit it with these pranks! I can’t study or do my duties if you’re always messing with me!”

“Hah! Oh lighten up, Twilight. It’s always fun when we hang out, right? Even if you’re not exactly *yourself*. Hehe!”

Furrowing her brow, Twilight stepped on top of the pink carpet splayed out before her, grinding her hooves into the giggling material, and reaching down to bite into Pinkie’s mane. She reared back and tugged, stretching Pinkie out, warping her from the neck-up like a sheet of pony-shaped rubber. Even Pinkie’s eyes looked stretched, as if scribbled onto a wide elastic band.

“How about this? Is this ‘fun’? I could do a lot with a sheet of dumb pony-rubber you know!” Twilight huffed.

Pinkie only snickered and cooed in response. “Woooah, my vision is all vertical now! You *gotta* try this!”

With a grunt, Twilight let go, causing Pinkie’s face to whip back down to the grass, slapping against the floor. Pinkie chortled with a snort.

Twilight would have to take more extreme measures.

“Alright Pinkie Pie, You leave me no choice. If you aren’t embarrassed or annoyed at being flattened, maybe you’ll change your tune if everypony in town can *see* you being humiliated!”

Twilight’s horn lit up once more, enveloping Pinkie in a thin film

of magical energy.

“Oooh... Really? What are you gonna’ do, huh, huh?” Pinkie sounded quite curious and excited, which only elicited a groan from Twilight.

“Oh you’ll see...” The unicorn mused, as she concentrated on her secretive spell.

Pinkie could feel something welling up inside of her stomach. A slight pressure was building, as if she had swallowed a whole apple, or would a watermelon be more accurate? Pumpkin? It was certainly growing larger, whatever it was.

The flat pony watched with a smile as her body began to fill out, inflating gently like an air mattress, growing in thickness, then becoming taut and recognizable once more, though she was hollow and rubbery. “Oh gosh, this is a new one! Where’d you learn this spell? Do ponies at the circus use this one when selling balloons?”

Twilight only quickened the casting in reply, gritting her teeth at Pinkie’s enthusiasm. “You’ll be as big as a blimp in no time, and then the whole town is going to be able to see your big balloon butt bobbing in the sky! How are you going to explain that one to everypony, huh?”

Pinkie merely giggled at the idea. “Oh, easy! I’ll tell them my friend *Twilight* turned me into a balloon! It’s a pretty good gag. You should be proud!”

The annoyed mage ignored her now floating friend. Pinkie was indeed hovering a few inches off the ground, now nearly spherical, and as wide as a covered wagon. As Twilight filled her further, her rubbery hooves slowly sank into her rotund form, nearly disappearing from sight. Her neck was absorbed, leaving only her now chubby and full face poking out from divot in the front of the balloon, still smiling and looking about in an excited state.

A cacophony of rubbery, groaning balloon noises echoed through the area, though they were not loud enough to drown out Pinkie Pie, who was now as large as a cabin, and feeling just as cozy.

“Am I a big enough blimp yet, Twilight? If your magic isn’t strong enough, we could always get out the helium tanks!”

“AUGH! That’s *IT!*” Twilight snapped, letting a sudden burst of magical energy flow from her horn, and into the ditzy dirigible.

“YIPE!” Pinkie gasped, as she swelled a whole yard wider in a split-second, her rubber skin straining past its limits.

POP!

The field was overtaken with a stream of rushing air and the sound of Pinkie squealing. The party pony was flying through the air, zig-zagging to and fro, looping and careening past trees and fence posts, before flying up into the air, and crashing back down, landing with a hefty ‘flop’ onto the clothes line, now nothing but a dizzy pink tarp of rubber, folded in two, with a small hole in her side.

“W-woah... You should have gone with *that* one from the start!” She grinned, looking at Twilight from the line, her flattened face hung upside-down.

Twilight rolled her eyes and let out a defeated sigh, rubbing at her temples with a hoof, exhausted. “Alright Pinkie, you win. I guess there’s nothing I could do to prank you as hard as you have pranked me... You.. You’re just too... Too *comfortable* being ‘abused’ in this way.”

Pinkie couldn’t help but smile in a somewhat cocky manner, wiggling her eyebrows at Twilight. “What can I say? I can bounce back from *anything*.”

“...Well... I guess I’ll take your word for it then. I’ll let you be. You were in the middle of doing laundry, right?”

“Yup! Just hanging stuff up to dry.” Pinkie beamed.

“Alright then. Give a shout if you need any help, and I’m sure someone will come and give you a helping hoof, right?”

Twilight plucked a few clothes pins off the ground, and clipped them on to the deflated Pinkie Pie tarp, holding her firmly in place.

“Uh, totally! I mean, I may need just a teensey-weensey bit of help, heh...” Pinkie stammered, looking at the pins digging into her squishy, helpless body.

“Yeah, I have a feeling you might...” Twilight gave a wry smirk, as she clipped one more pin right on Pinkie’s lips, shutting her mouth closed like a coin purse.

“M-mmph?... Hm hm hm! Fmmmny! Gmmd owm Twmmllmmt...” Pinkie gave an anxious and muffled giggle. A bit of sweat was forming on her brow. She attempted a weak sort of wriggle, though it wasn’t even enough to lift up a corner of her deflated body.

Twilight Sparkle just nodded, not saying a word. The little smile she wore and the wink she gave to Pinkie said enough. She walked off, sauntering along and humming a little tune, only glancing back once she was on the path towards town.

Funny, from over here, it all looked like normal laundry.

THE END

