# A House in September

In a pretty house on a dead end street lived two fillies. They didn’t know their names, but they’d come up with names for each other because they didn’t know how to call one another if they hadn’t. The younger one was called Cloud Duster, for her Pegasus wings and gray coat. Her mane was a bright sky blue. It often got unbrushed, much to her annoyance. The older one was called Sunbeam; she was an orange unicorn with a bright golden mane which flowed down lengthily almost to the ground.

They had lived there together since birth, both orphans and with very little money. The few ponies that they see never go near the house, and despite its pink shutters they fear something horrible lies inside. In the basement of this very house, everything was about to change. After the previous owner had abandoned it, leaving behind the tracings of this being some sort of shop, they took shelter in this beautiful house with all its sugary furniture and bubbly décor. The pantry and fridge still had so many sweets and boxes full of cake that the filly sisters didn’t need to buy anything for a long time. They were both blank flanks, but they didn’t much care because they didn’t know much about the common pony culture.

They lived in a relatively dead neighborhood; the rest of the houses had been torn down or deserted. If they had known about the history of this place, they would’ve known where they were. But the schoolhouse had been abandoned for a long time, and almost nopony lived here anymore, so they were as ignorant of the town’s past as they were of their own.

“I want to go adventuring out there,” Cloud said to her sister, “and I want to look around this town.” Sunbeam agreed and decided that they should first pack their saddlebags with some food and other necessities, in case they’d be gone for a long time. Cloud decided this would help, and they packed their saddlebags and met at the front door. They put on their scarves as they opened the door to the fall chill. Down the almost completely eroded dirt pathway, there was a tree which looked like it had some kind of sign before it and a door that led into it. They read the half of the sign which was still readable; it said “ille Library”. The writing before that was too smudged to read.

“Come on, let’s go in!” said Cloud Duster, not waiting for a moment to open the door. The library was surprisingly clean, and inside stood a purple alicorn wearing a crown, necklace and slippers. She was reading a book on advanced spells, and noticed the opening of her door. “Hello?” said a surprisingly young voice. “How may I help you?” “We were adventuring around this town. Who are you?” said Sunbeam. “My name is Twilight Sparkle. Come in, it’s awfully cold out there,” said Twilight, turning around and closing her book. “This is the library. You can come whenever you please, I’m always here. I need no presence in Canterlot anymore, my daughter Nyx is Princess of Equestria now.” Cloud Duster and Sunbeam stood there with their mouths open. They had many questions.

“YOU WERE PRINCESS OF EQUESTRIA?!” they shouted in unison. Twilight blushed a little. “Yes, I was. But I’m not anymore, so I came back to where I first met my friends. I like it here in Ponyville, despite how much it’s been through.” They asked many questions about Ponyville’s history, Sunbeam asked about spells, Cloud Duster asked about flying lessons, and by the time all questions were answered it was night time. “It looks like Nyx has raised the moon, time to go to bed little ones. Where do you two live?” asked Twilight, showing the two fillies to the door. “We live down the path from you. In that pretty house over there,” said Sunbeam. “That used to be Sugarcube Corner, my favorite bakery. Can you two bake?” asked Twilight, genuinely curious. “We live in a bakery? Cool!” announced Cloud Duster, “And we’ve never tried. Can you teleport us over please, Twilight?” “Absolutely,” she said, and her horn started glowing. Instantly they were inside their house.

“We should try baking! We might get our cutie marks,” said Sunbeam, anxious to apply her new knowledge. “Absolutely!” announced Cloud. Getting out an old recipe book, the two started baking cake. It turns out that Sunbeam was extraordinarily good at it, and she got her cutie mark as a sun decorated on a cake, which was what the end result of the cake looked like. After eating, Cloud Duster decided to do something that might fit her name, and she blew on some clouds which had been in the same place for a long time and got them moving. Her cutie mark was a white cloud with wind blowing it. They made another cake to celebrate, and finished it quickly. They then decided to explore the house, for Twilight had gotten them curious.

“Let’s start with the basement! It looks cool and kinda spooky,” said Cloud Duster, enamored of cool stuff after seeing a picture of Twilight’s old friend Rainbow Dash doing a sonic rainboom. “I dunno, it does look really creepy,” said Sunbeam, wary of the basement. “Oh come on, it’s just a basement!” yelled Cloud, already halfway down the stairs into the dark basement, “and there’s a light down here! Come on down!” “All right, if you say so,” Sunbeam said, her voice barely above a whisper, “I’m coming.”

Cloud Duster was right; there was a light down there. Sunbeam galloped over and switched it on. There was a table made of bones, covered in pony hide, with straps and blood on it. There was also writing on the ceiling of the basement that said, in bright red dripping blood, “LIFE IS A PARTY”. There were various organs which had been painted with bright colors and strung up from the ceiling. Inclusive to the creepiness, there was a closet full of pony hides as well as hide suits and dresses. There were necklaces made of unicorn horns, a fancy saddle with seven different colored pairs of differently sized Pegasus wings stitched to it, and a dress made of cutie marks. The light was red and made the blood even creepier. They saw an ominous shadow in the corner of the room, and felt as if somepony was watching.

“Let’s get out of here!” Sunbeam exclaimed to Cloud Duster, but it was too late. A pink pony with straight, dark pink hair and an apron stained with blood had grabbed Cloud Duster and strapped her to the bone table. She didn’t see Sunbeam, because she was under a table and peeking out from behind the table cloth. It was too dark to see her. Sunbeam saw the pink pony grab a large chopping knife from the table with her mouth, then set it down again. “This one is too big for the original incision. I need something smaller,” she muttered. “I-I-Incision?” Cloud Duster stammered, unable to get a hold of what had just happened. She turned her head to the side, and nailed to a pole was the skin of the one and only Rainbow Dash. Cloud Duster then wished she’d never seen it, and then thought this might all be a dream. Sunbeam, meanwhile, saw the only small knife on the floor. She grabbed it and swiped it under the table with her, making no noise. “Where is my knife?” muttered the pink pony, looking around. “I swear I set it down right here…” she noted, pointing her front hoof to the table beside her. It too was made of bones. Cloud Duster looked around the room, thankful for her last moments of life before this pony cut her open and hung her guts from the ceiling, but also wishing it could just be over. She was too caught up in her own fate to think about her sister.

Sunbeam crawled around under the huge table, making sure not to make any noises or move too fast. She decided to cut her mane and tail short, so they wouldn’t stick out. Quickly, carefully and quietly she cut most of her beautiful hair off. She stuffed it out from under the table, still completely unnoticed by the pink pony. “Pinkamena needs her knife!” the pink pony shouted. “Where is it?! Come to Pinkie, little knife, so I may cut this pony open and sell her guts to the Black Market. Come to Pinkie, little knife! Here, knife! Here!” Cloud Duster completely forgot her predicament and did her best to not laugh. It was completely hilarious to see the pony searching and beckoning for her knife. “Hey! Pinkie! I found your knife!” Sunbeam said, out from under the table, covered in blood, and with a plan.

“Goodie! Now Pinkie can cut this pony open and sell her guts to the Black Market. Give Pinkie the knife, so Pinkie can do as she will,” said Pinkie, beckoning Sunbeam for the knife. “I want to cut her open,” Sunbeam said, “and I will because she’s MY sister!” Cloud Duster was too dumbfounded to speak. Her own sister, who she had known and respected her whole life, was going to cut her open. “Pinkie sees your point. Pinkie will let you cut your sister open. But Pinkie gets her organs,” Pinkie said. “But we split the profit half and half, because she’s MY sister,” said Sunbeam, refusing to budge from her plan. “No, Pinkie gets the profit because Pinkie trapped her and she is Pinkie’s.” “No, she’s mine!” This argument went on for such a long time that Pinkie became sleepy. Soon, she was fast asleep. Sunbeam was still awake because of the two cakes she had eaten earlier; and the sugar kept her up.

“Now to free my sister!” exclaimed Sunbeam quietly, for she didn’t want to wake the psycho before it was time. She loosened the bands carefully as to not break them, levitated her sister upstairs to bed, and came back down. Pinkie was still sleeping like a foal. Sunbeam carefully picked the psycho pony up, strapped her to the table, put on Pinkie’s apron, and then screamed loudly to wake her up. Pinkie woke up instantly. She struggled to get free from her bindings, but she couldn’t. Sunbeam had read Pinkie’s diary and knew exactly how to properly cut up a pony. She put on a smug face and got to work. Pinkie was tougher than Sunbeam expected, and didn’t pass out a single time. Sunbeam used the proper tools to first make the original incision, carefully remove the organs, make wry humor at her; doing all the things that Pinkie herself would do to her victims. When she was done she hung Pinkie’s skin up by Rainbow Dash and Fluttershy’s, took off the apron, washed up, and got ready to make some cupcakes.