

IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER

by GeodesicDragon

As you trot through the quiet streets humming merrily to yourself, you take time to reflect on your life. You've got great friends, a great job at the weather factory, and a great family — all of which are conveniently located in a great town.

You are currently on your way home after finishing your shift. Making snowflakes is a tedious job, but everypony on the team has to do it at some point or another. But at least it's over, and you were even able to get in some quality time with your friends.

But now it is family time, and as you get closer to your house you can smell your wife's cooking wafting down the street. You wipe a bit of drool from your lip, your wings slowly flapping as you idly hover along the road.

As your house finally comes into view you set down on all fours and trot up to the gate. But as you put a forehoof on it to open it, you hear voices coming from the garden next door. Glancing over, you see your neighbours having a discussion. The two humans, Owen and Colette, appeared in Equestria some time ago and have been residents ever since.

"I'm telling you, Colette," Owen says. "There is absolutely nothing wrong with having some filly every now and again."

Your ears prick up at this statement. *Did he seriously just say what I think he said?!*

"And I'm telling you that you're crazy," Colette replies. "Don't you realise that if you partake in filly too often, it just gets boring?"

"It can never get boring," Owen snaps. "Because there are just so many different kinds to choose from!"

By Celestia! you scream internally. *He did! I should do something... right after I get some more evidence.*

Acting as nonchalantly as possible you go up to the fence diving your two properties and busy yourself with sorting through your rubbish. Neither human seems aware of your presence, but if they are then they're ignoring you.

"I can picture it now," Owen says dreamily. "Get a nice bit of filly, spread it nice and even and then dive straight in."

You stifle a gag at hearing this while Colette rolls her eyes. "All right, I get that filly comes in different varieties," she says. "But you're forgetting that you'll soon run out."

Owen scoffs. "I can always get some more," he grumbles. "And with so many different sizes available, I'll be able to enjoy it for as long as I possibly can."

I've heard enough, you think as you walk as quickly as you can away from your bins. Time to get some help, and show these perverts what we do to their kind.

You spend a good half hour going around Ponyville, knocking loudly on doors and informing your fellow ponies of the 'great evil lurking in my street'. By the time you're done, you are resisting the temptation to call yourself a Captain — because of the small army of angry ponies who are now hanging on to your every word.

Pushing open the gate you and your legion pour into the garden, resulting in both humans giving you their undivided attention.

"Uh... hey, everypony," Colette says nervously. "What brings you to our humble abode today?" She looks over the crowd. "And, er, what's with all the weapons?"

"Get out of our way, Colette," you snarl. "We want Owen." He looks at you in confusion. "Don't act all innocent, *pervert*, I heard everything you said about what you like to do to fillies."

Owen processes your words for a moment before realisation washes over him and he waves his arms in front of him in a defensive manner. "Whoa, whoa, whoa!" he replies. "I think I know what you're getting at, but I can assure you that I didn't say what you think I said! I can explain it, just give me a chance!"

"How?" you demand. "How can you *possibly* explain wanting to 'get a nice bit of filly'? How can you *possibly* explain what you meant by 'there are so many different kinds'?" You narrow your eyes at him, forcing him to shy away slightly. "And how can you *possibly* explain 'spread it nice and even, and dive right in'?"

Owen drags his palm down his face and groans. "You would do well to learn all the facts before you make such wild accusations," he snaps. "Now, if you would be so kind as to look at the object sitting on the table next to me..."

You cock your head at him, but do as he requests nonetheless. Sitting on the table is a small plastic tub with 'Philadelphia' written on the side of it.

"So?" you say scornfully. "What is that supposed to be?"

"It is Philadelphia cheese spread," Owen replies, before grinning at you. "It is often called 'Philly' for short." He picks up the tub. "Do you see what I'm getting at?"

You think about this for a moment before you finally figure it out. "I'm sorry," you whisper. "I get it now." You fold your ears against your head, your cheeks flush crimson, and you let out a sheepish chuckle — looking at your hooves in an attempt to avoid the stern glares of the other ponies with you.

However, looking at the ground has one slight disadvantage — you don't see the tub of Philadelphia as it sails through the air, connecting sharply with your forehead.

The last thing you see before it all goes black is Owen pumping a fist into the air with a triumphant shout of "Three points!".