

RARITY AND THE MISSING LOTTERY TICKET

by GeodesicDragon

"Oh... oh, my."

A newspaper was unceremoniously tossed to one side as a white and purple blur shot out of one room and into another one nearby, whereupon a blue glow encompassed drawers and cupboard doors.

Several items were levitated out of the drawers and examined for the briefest of moments before being dumped on the floor at the hooves of a unicorn mare, who held a forehoof to her head and scrunched her brow in thought.

"Come on, Rarity," she said to herself. "Surely you must remember where on Equestria you left it... perhaps the inspiration room?"

She turned on her hooves and left, leaving behind a small mountain of various objects, when the bell above the front door chimed softly. Stopping in her tracks, Rarity flailed for a moment as she quickly slammed the door to the messy room closed.

"Hiya, Rarity!" Pinkie Pie's cheery voice resonated through the Boutique. "I was passing the spa earlier, when I saw Fluttershy standing around outside looking really sad! So I asked her what was wrong, and she said you were late for your weekly spa trip. Then I asked her if she'd like me to go and look for you, while she waited at the spa in case you came back. She said that would be really helpful of me, so I came here first just in case you were working — but instead I found you running around your house emptying drawers all over the floor. Then I said 'Hiya, Rarity!' and began explaining why I was here... but you knew that already."

Rarity smiled politely, Pinkie's words having been spoken without a chance of her getting a reply in edgeways. "Hello, Pinkie," she replied. "I'm sorry, darling, but I completely lost track of time. It's just that I have lost something important, and I was looking for it."

Pinkie nodded. "What is it?" she asked. "I could help you look for it, and then you can get down to the spa so you can enjoy your fun girly time with Fluttershy."

"I was reading the paper earlier, when I saw the latest lottery results," Rarity explained. "And, unless I am sorely mistaken... I believe that the ticket I bought last week is a winner." She raised a hoof to prevent Pinkie from unleashing a gleeful squeal. "That ticket, Pinkie, is what I have been looking for."

"Well, what are you standing around for, you silly filly?" Pinkie exclaimed. "Let's find that ticket!"

With those words, she zipped upstairs — Rarity's ears soon being met with the sounds of crashing and banging, as the overexcited mare began opening every drawer and cupboard she could find.

Rarity winced, knowing full well that she would have to tidy up a colossal mess later on. Shaking her head, she went into her inspiration room and looked around. Rolls of fabric were stacked neatly on many shelves, while sunlight streaming in through the window reflected off mannequins wearing clothing in various stages of completion, highlighting the many colours – and, in some cases, the many gems – that Rarity had used in their designs.

Rarity trotted over to a desk in the corner which was festooned with several pieces of paper, some of which had been crumpled up into balls and put next to an overflowing rubbish bin. She lit her horn, carefully levitating the paper into the air, and looked through it. As she reached the last piece in the pile, she frowned and put it back on the desk, letting out a frustrated snort.

"If it's not in here, then where else could it be?" she wondered aloud. She gasped slightly as an idea formed. "My bedroom, of course! It seems like the most logical place to put it."

She went upstairs, trying not to cringe as she passed Sweetie Belle's bedroom — which, thanks to Pinkie, looked as though the mother of all tornadoes had been through it.

As Rarity approached her bedroom, Pinkie suddenly came out of it and stood in front of her.

"It's not in there, Rarity." Pinkie shook her head. "I checked every nook and cranny I could — and I even asked Discord if he could help. He was also trying to help Fluttershy find you, but I told him I had things pretty much covered."

At this, Rarity's eyes shrank and she gently pushed Pinkie aside so she could enter her bedroom — which had been, quite literally, turned upside down. She turned to Pinkie with her eye twitching and her jaw hanging slack, stuttering for a moment before she was able to formulate a coherent sentence.

"You didn't even ask him to change it back?!" she yelled. "How am I supposed to fix—" She cut herself off and sighed. "Never mind, I'll worry about that later. In the meantime, I really mustn't leave poor Fluttershy waiting." She closed the door. "I shall make myself presentable, and then head down to the spa." She smiled warmly at Pinkie. "Thank you for your help, darling."

"No problem, Rarity!" Pinkie hopped on the spot. "If you want, after you're done at the spa, I can come back with the rest of the girls and we can all help you look for the ticket."

Rarity nodded. "I'd like that," she replied. "Thank you." Pinkie was about to reply when her stomach growled, causing both mares to chuckle. "You sound like you could use a snack, Pinkie, so please feel free to go to the kitchen and—"

Pinkie stopped hopping when she noticed that Rarity had stopped talking. "Rarity?" she asked. "Are you okay?"

"THE KITCHEN!" Rarity yelled suddenly. "It's the only place where I haven't looked yet!" She took off down the stairs, followed closely by Pinkie Pie, and raced into the kitchen. "Yes, yes, it must be in here somewhere." She paused. "But where?"

Pinkie looked around. "Want some help?"

Rarity shook her head. "No, thank you, dear," she said. "You need a break, so please feel free to make yourself something to eat." Her horn began to glow softly. "I can handle this part myself."

Before she could begin her search, a pink blur began whizzing around the kitchen as Pinkie began making an enormous sandwich. Rarity watched in silent awe as it got taller and taller, eventually becoming as tall as Princess Celestia herself.

I don't know how Pinkie can eat so much and not gain a single pound, she thought. But, at the same time, I don't know how I'm going to replace all the ingredients she's just used.

Pinkie stepped back to admire her creation for a second — before taking it between her hooves, compressing it to the size of a normal sandwich, and eating it. She chewed loudly, savouring the taste of a fields worth of lettuce and cucumber, then swallowed.

"Mmm, that was really tasty!" Pinkie licked her lips. "Thanks, Rarity, I really needed something to eat. And, don't worry, I'll replace everything I—" She screwed her face up. "Oh, hang on a second, I think I've got something stuck between my teeth."

She began probing the inside of her mouth with her tongue, Rarity looking away in silent disgust at the display. After a minute she hummed triumphantly and stuck her tongue out, presenting Rarity with the obstruction she had removed.

"Pinkie Pie," Rarity whined. "Could you please do me a favour, and *not* show me your leftovers? It is hardly behaviour fitting of— wait just a minute, let me see that."

She took the item in her magical aura and looked it over, her eyes shrinking to pinpricks and her face turning a paler shade of white than normal, as she dropped the item and began sobbing uncontrollably. Pinkie looked at her blankly, then cast her glance to the ground — where she could barely make out three words:

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