

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY PUSSY?"

by GeodesicDragon

"— and then there was this one time, when Gummy totally did a backflip over the bathtub and landed in it, which I thought looked super fun. So I tried it, but it wasn't as fun as I thought because all the water got splashed out of the bath. And then Mrs. Cake yelled at me for flooding the kitchen..."

Rarity and Fluttershy smiled politely as Pinkie continued talking excitedly, occasionally nodding or gasping as required. The few clouds that dotted the sky provided ample cover from the blazing heat of the midday sun, and the three mares were taking advantage of the situation to sit outside a cafe and talk.

"And that's how Equestria was made!" Pinkie finished her story with a flourish of confetti from nowhere, as was the norm. "So tell us, Fluttershy, has Angel being doing anything fun lately?"

"Um... not really, to be honest," Fluttershy replied. "I've tried to get him to take part in the activities I do with the other animals in my care, but he doesn't seem interested at all."

"Aww, that's a shame," Pinkie said. "I'm sure you'll win him around eventually, though! Maybe a party would cheer him up?"

Rarity coughed politely. "Darling, I don't think a party would be of much use to a rabbit." she took a dainty sip of tea. "But since we're talking about our animals... Fluttershy, dear, I was wondering if you could give me some advice about my precious Opalescence?"

Fluttershy nodded. "I can, Rarity," she said. "Is everything okay?"

"Well..." Rarity sighed. "She's been acting rather strange lately, and I'm worried that something is wrong with her."

"Oh?" Fluttershy cocked her head slightly. "What has she been doing that would suggest a change in her behaviour?"

"Where do I begin?" Rarity thought for a moment. "To start with, she spent a full five minutes the other day kneading on me." She watched as Fluttershy and Pinkie exchanged a glance. "She will occasionally show affection by purring and rubbing herself against me, but this is something entirely new to me."

Fluttershy nodded. "I see," she replied. "Is there anything else?"

"For the last seven days in a row, I have gone into the bathroom and found cat litter *everywhere*." Rarity shuddered. "Again, this sort of behaviour is completely unlike her."

"I think I might know what the problem is," Fluttershy mused. "But a little bit more information – if you have it – would help."

Rarity held up a foreleg, showing an angry scratch that was running along the otherwise pristine white fur. "I got this a couple of days ago; I went into my bedroom and found Opal sitting on the bed, staring at me. As soon as I looked away, she ran over and did this to my leg before bolting out of the room." She chuckled weakly. "Although there have been a few occasions when she's ran out of a room the instant I've walked into it."

"Wowee, Rarity, that looks like a nasty scratch!" Pinkie said concernedly. "I hope that it doesn't hurt too much."

Rarity smiled. "Doctor Haywick has already looked at it, and he gave me some antiseptic cream that I could use," she replied. "Nonetheless, I thank you for your concern, darling."

"Is that all to it, Rarity?" Fluttershy asked.

Rarity rubbed her foreleg. "Not exactly, Fluttershy." she looked her friend in the eyes. "Do you remember that injured bird I brought to you the other day; the one I said I found while out for a walk?"

"Yes, but what does that have to do with—" Fluttershy gasped as realisation washed over her. "*Opal* did that?"

"I'm afraid so." Rarity sighed. "I'm so sorry I lied to you, but I didn't want to even think that my dear sweet kitty could do such a horrible thing to a poor bird. But given everything else I've mentioned, I felt that maybe it was about time I came clean. She brought it to me one day, just dumped it at my hooves while I worked on a dress design. I thought it was dead, but – thank Celestia – it moved, so I quickly brought it to you." She paused for a moment. "How is the poor little fellow doing, anyway?"

"He's fine." Fluttershy smiled warmly. "Is there anything else?"

Rarity furrowed her brow in thought. "She vomited on the carpet the other day," she said, grimacing at the memory. "But when I went to clean it up, I saw that it was mostly grass."

"That's nothing to worry about, silly!" Pinkie waved a forehoof dismissively. "Cats eat grass because it's good for them!"

"I've lost count of the number of times I've seen her eyes, just... watching me from the darkness." Rarity absent-mindedly stirred her tea. "Plus there have been times when I've had to wake her up because she was sleeping on my sewing machine, or the phone."

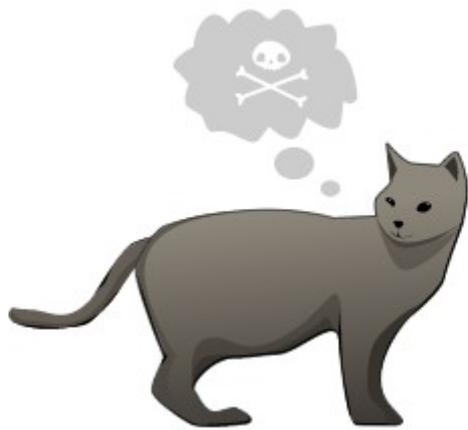
"Hmm..." Fluttershy put a forehoof to her chin in thought, removing it after a few moments. "Well, Rarity, I think I know what the problem is. The only thing is, it's not good... for you."

"Not good for *me*?" Rarity looked at Fluttershy, a look of confusion etched on her face. "Whatever do you mean by that, darling?"

"Rarity..." Fluttershy took a deep breath and let it out. "As much as it pains me to say, Opalescence is... plotting to kill you."

"What?" Rarity burst out laughing. "Kill me? I'm sorry, Fluttershy, but that is the most ridiculous thing I have ever— what's this?"

She looked at the book Fluttershy had pulled from her saddlebag and slid over the table to her. Picking it up, Rarity looked with growing alarm at the image on the front cover.



How to tell if your **cat** is plotting to **kill you.**

"W-wha—?" Rarity gripped the book with both forehooves, her horn sparking to life as she flipped through the pages. "Kneading on you: You may think this is a sign of affection, but your cat is actually checking your internal organs for signs of weakness."

"Excessive shovelling of kitty litter: After using the litter box, your cat needlessly kicks litter around, most of it ending up all over the room. This is practice for burying bodies."

She read on. "Staring contests: looking away will indicate that you are weak, and an attack is likely to follow. Bringing you dead animals – although that bird was still alive – this is not a gift, it's a warning. Sleeping on your electronics: Ponies have superior technology. Your cat knows this and will attempt to disrupt all communications with the outside world." She closed the book and put it down. "Sweet Celestia... I... I need to go!"

She gathered up her belongings, dropped a few bits on the table and quickly rushed off in the direction of Sugarcube Corner. As soon as she was out of sight, Fluttershy and Pinkie looked at each other.

After a moment, they both howled with laughter.

"I can't believe she fell for it!" Fluttershy said. "I was making up all of that rubbish as I went along, but it was just so... perfect!"

"I know, right?" Pinkie giggled and held up a forehoof, which Fluttershy bumped with hers. "I wonder what she's gonna do?"

"Who cares?" Fluttershy said. "All I know is that I need to get out of this thing. Where did you even get it, anyway?" She thought for a moment. "Come to think of it, *why* do you have this?"

Pinkie Pie shrugged. "I have one for everypony." she smiled. "I used this one waaaaaayyy back in the Crystal Empire, when we were trying to get info from the Crystal Ponies. Here, I'll help you."

She put a forehoof to Fluttershy's neck and pulled, the sound of a zip soon being followed by a contented sigh.

"Best. Prank. *Ever.*" Rainbow Dash said.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This story was inspired by [this comic](#), created by Matthew Inman of [The Oatmeal](#).
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