

When life's a Screwball...

(a My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic fanfiction)

Life around me isn't normal. And the fact that this nickname stuck with me throughout my growing years, didn't exactly help. Screwball... Argh, it's such a bad name! Out of all the many names that are out there like, Cherry Jolie or Mint Romeo, I had to get stuck with Screwball? *sigh* Guess I'm just too focused on the details. Sometimes I wished the ponyfolk stopped thinking I'm so airheaded just because my cutie mark is a screw and a ball, not to mention my eyes. Hence the name. I don't like it, it makes me think I'm not like everypony else. An outcast, a reject, a...

"Umm... miss? How much is this?"

I suddenly wake up from another one of my daydreaming moments, oh Celestia, I hardly even noticed there was a costumer right in front of me! The embarrassment... Not to mention that my airhead attitude was enough to annoy her.

"Oh sorry, that'll be 20 bits." I replied, trying to avoid any evidence that I wasn't listening to the costumer. The grey-colored mare with the white mane got the money out of her saddlebag, getting ready to pay, and I noticed that she had a small scooter next to her. I remember that she mentioned that the scooter was a gift for her filly's upcoming birthday. Trying to stay focused, she gave the money, I put it in the cash register and she walked away.

I sighed, seeing that was over with. Guess I didn't tell you the kind of shop I work in. Well, generally, it's a sports shop, and we sell mostly any kind of sports equipment the ponyfolk play. But most of the costumers are from the big cities and stuff. Not many ponyfolk play sports in Ponyville, heh, doesn't bother me at all, but they should pay more attention to sports. It's quite a good activity. In my spare time I actually play tennis, and I found it helps me with the coordination and stuff.

Not only it works up quite a sweat, the color of the tennis ball amuses me so. I really like the color green, but I mean really REALLY like it! To be honest, whenever there are days with less ponies in the shop to buy stuff, I just sit in the counter looking at all things green, even the helmets. Heck, I even take the time to look at my own hat and just look at it. But right now, there wasn't much green to look at right now (minus the hat or anything else) because the night had risen and it was time to close the shop.

Everyone else had left the shop and I had to lock it up and close it for the night. So, I grab the keys with my mouth, close the lights, shut the door and lock it with my mouth. I had a hard time doing that, I don't even know who in Equestria came up with this silly thing of locks for doors. It's not like anypony's gonna steal anything from this shop. Oh well, that's one of the things I don't have to bother knowing.

As I walk back to my own home, I start once again my daydreaming habit. It's nothing new by now since I have an awful habit of daydreaming a lot, being in my own little world, just imagining things and remembering others. Maybe that's the reason ponyfolk think I'm ditz? Meh, can't bother to think about it. I start remembering about my days as a filly. I had lots of ambitions for the future, I was hoping of becoming somepony great in sports. I used to be a sports fanatic back in my days, still am, as crazy as it sounds.

I was hoping of entering at least one of the smaller baseball leagues in one of the many cities in Equestria, I didn't care if I had to move, I was ready for it. But there was one problem. I was as clumsy as heck. In all the baseball schools I've been to, I was often expelled from them not because fillies like myself weren't allowed to play baseball in some schools, but because I was just clumsy. I tried to pitch, I kept missing the ball. Whenever I tried to run to the first to second bases, I often tripped and the opposing team got the ball, and I accidentally injured one of my team-mates because the bat flew away from my mouth and hit somepony...

Guess that explains how I got my cutie mark. A baseball and a screw, guess that's what I missed back then. The screw, that is. The wrong moment for a cutie mark to show up.

And that's where the name 'Screwball' came from. And from therein, I was addressed as such, never treated by my real name, Topsy Turvy.

I had a happy ending though, I kept practicing and practicing to be the best baseball player in all of Equestria and after lots of convincing from one of the coaches in my first baseball school, I entered the team. The Ponyville Champs were having a match against the Canterlotters the following week, and I was ready to help my team get to victory. When the day came, I was as happy as I could!

When we entered the stadium, I saw the crowd, and boy was it huge! I was immediately thrilled, but when I saw the adversaries... all colts and with those 'ready to bust some flanks' faces, fear and clumsiness jumped to me. The first inns of the game went so-so, we had the advantage, but the opposing team took it away from us and scored more than us.

We had to get back on track and score the rest of the inns otherwise we would be off the league. The next couple of pitches went great, we were finally scoring as much as the adversaries. Then, it was the last run. Both teams were tied and it was all down to one pitch, if one got it right, said team wins. And it was my turn to pitch. Now that's where the nerves came up, I was the last one to pitch, and I had to lead the team to victory, it was all up to me.

The adversary unicorn threw the ball at me, my clumsiness started acting up and didn't strike at that moment.

Strike one.

I was very nervous, the unicorn gave another try, I missed again.

Strike two.

One last pitch... I had to score this one, I just had to. I mentally begged myself to score this last one, and not let the team down. And finally...

A throw.

A swing.

A hit.

And the ball flies through the sky.

I can't believe it...

It's still flying.

And nopony was able to catch it.

I ran as fast as my legs could.

First base, cleared it.

Nopony caught it.

Second base, cleared it.

Nopony was able to run fast enough to get a catch of it.

Third base, cleared it.

The ball almost hit the lights.

Last base, home run, and to top it up, an explosion of lights, electricity and cheers.

We won the game!

Oh Celestia, how the team was happy for me! I was so happy that I managed to win the game, even though most ponies say I'd let them down. But I did it. I got so lost between the many 'hip, hip, hurrah!'s cheered that I could barely hear the crowd. How victory tastes so sweet.

But the one thing I'll never forget was one of the friends I made in the baseball team. Her name was Jolly, she was brown-colored and had a light-brown mane. I remember how we talked endlessly on our way home after the game was over about countless topics. I might have not won a trophy then, but at least I gained a friend. And that's what matters. The silly hat I wear today, she gave it to me, and as of today is a reminder of our friendship, even though we're both in our own ways.

But, that's where the problem lies, I tried to hit in the professional leagues a few months after the game, after I knew what I wanted to do in my life, but just wasn't able to. And instead, I got caught up selling sporting items. Guess this sad feeling is a huge miss of those golden ages. And people still address me as Screwball, looking rather oddly about my curved eyeballs. Guess people forget. I've been told to look like a pegasus who has similar curved eyes like me named Ditzzy Doo, never met her before.

Time passed and I didn't even realize I was already home. Guess daydreaming helps pass the time. With nothing else to do, I prepare dinner for myself, and then finish the day with taking a bath before going to bed.

Maybe people forgot, but I haven't, I may be ditzy, but I'm proud of doing what I did. Because in the end, only I know me.

The End