



Rainbow Rocks

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CHAPTER



The Ponies in the Band!



The music of springtime drifted through the open window of Twilight Sparkle's room in Equestria. She could hear the bees buzzing amid the clover, the birds chirping in their new nests, and all her favorite friends whinnying and laughing as they romped



together outside on the fresh green grass in the daffodils.

Twilight Sparkle gazed out the window. Rainbow Dash leaped into the air, showing off her newest jump in the garden. Fluttershy was quietly nibbling some daisies. Rarity was prancing so the ribbons and streamers of her newest hat wafted in the warm breeze, and Applejack was beginning to sing a happy springtime song.

“With my best friends, we can depend—they will always follow through. There’s a guarantee for fun when I spend it with you!”

Twilight Sparkle smiled. It was good to be home after all her adventures in the human world of Canterlot High. She touched the tiara on her head with its Element of Harmony. It was nice to have her magic crown



back, too. Still, she couldn't help but miss those teen girls, so similar to the ponies she knew and loved, but each special in her own human way. Twilight Sparkle wondered what those girls were doing right then. She knew that Canterlot High always held a springtime carnival. Maybe her friends were there. Maybe handsome Flash Sentry was playing his guitar on the stage. Maybe those girls there were singing too, just like her friends here.

There would be a Ferris wheel, a mini roller coaster, and a carousel with painted ponies set up on the school grounds. There would be silly photo booths, tons of games, and all kinds of delicious things to eat. Rarity would steer her cute convertible into a parking space. Fluttershy would be squealing with



delight when she saw the rides, and Twilight Sparkle would be sitting right beside her, ready to join in all the festive fun.

Twilight Sparkle could imagine it so perfectly that her daydream almost felt real. . . .



Rarity glanced in the rearview mirror and smoothed one of her lush, dark locks into place. She wanted to look fabulous for Canterlot High's Spring Carnival! She was wearing her favorite outfit—diamonds sparkled on her pretty skirt, her trendy boots, and even in her wavy hair. Out the rearview mirror, she caught a glance of more of her favorite friends arriving.

Applejack and Rainbow Dash were rac-



ing each other on their scooters along the sidewalk. When Applejack saw Rarity and Fluttershy, she took off her cowboy hat and waved it at them. “Howdy, gals!”

With a quick twist of the handlebars, Canterlot High’s all-star athlete Rainbow Dash brought her scooter to an expert stop on the grass. “Hanging with my friends!” she said. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and took a photo of all her friends in the convertible.

“*Setting all the trends!*” answered Rarity, turning it into a song.

“*Check this sweet emoticon,*” harmonized Rainbow Dash, pushing a button to send all the girls a copy of the photo.

“Hi, everyone! Aren’t the Carnival decorations the best ever? I helped make the

streamers extra sparkly!” Pinkie Pie pedaled over on her glittery bike, enthusiastically honking her horn.

All the girls hopped out of the car and Rarity continued singing, *“With my best friends, though we’re different, we feel like we still belong, and every day it makes our friendship...”*

“Strong!” they sang together.

They linked arms and continued singing together as they pranced toward the Carnival.

“Running ’round all through the day, singing music that we play. There is never time for rest, because my friends are the best!”

DJ Pon-3 was passing by on her way to spin some discs for the festivities when Rainbow Dash got a text. “‘You girls sound pretty good. Ever think of making a band?’” Rainbow read aloud. DJ Pon-3 pulled down her high-fashion shades and winked at them.



Fluttershy giggled, embarrassed. Rarity looked surprised. Pinkie Pie squealed with delight. Applejack nodded her head, seriously considering the suggestion, and Rainbow Dash beamed the happiest smile of all. “That’s a great idea!”

“A band? Did someone mention a band? I’m going to start a band and I’m going to be the star because the Great and Powerful Trixie is the most fantastic singer of all!” Trixie flounced by the other girls, her nose in the air, without even stopping to say hello.

“It takes a special kind of magic to make a band come together,” said Applejack.

“What kind of magic is that?” asked Fluttershy.

“The kind we have!” said Applejack. “The magic of friendship!”



“The important thing is to sing and have fun!” said Pinkie Pie. And that’s what she began to do as the other girls joined in.

“Running ’round all through the day, singing music that we play. There is never time for rest, because my friends are the best!”

Their first stop was the carousel. Each girl hopped on a horse just as the music began. Up and down, up and down, and ’round and ’round they rode!

“Giddyup!” said Rarity.

“Yeehaw!” exclaimed Applejack.

Fluttershy stroked the mane of her carousel pony. She loved every kind of animal. Pinkie Pie was surprised to find that her pink pony looked just like her! Rarity took out her phone and started making a video of her friends.



The girls were having such a good time!

“Posting videos online of us goofing all the time. Friends like these are super cool, ’cause my friends they really RULE!” they sang.

Then they took a ride on the roller coaster, and the girls screamed as it whipped around turns and plunged down hills. Still breathless after they got off, they ran over to get some cotton candy. Pinkie Pie posed for a photo with hers. It looked just like her hair! Pinkie Pie couldn’t resist a decorating moment. She grabbed a handful of candy, sticking jelly beans onto her funnel of cotton candy so they looked like eyes and using a string of licorice to look like a mouth.

Rainbow Dash took a photo of Pinkie Pie with her cotton candy creation!

From a booth decorated with streamers,



DJ Pon-3 was playing music for the Carnival. There was music everywhere, and the girls couldn't stop singing. There was just so much to do.

Applejack and Rainbow Dash couldn't resist the dunk tank, but they were both so good at pitching that every ball they threw hit the mark—and splashed a person into the water. Next they raced over to a ring toss game and won an adorable stuffed bunny. They gave it to Fluttershy as a gift, and she loved it.

Fluttershy and Pinkie Pie were having a blast at the photo center. Fluttershy stuck her head through a hole in a piece of plywood, and from the other side it looked like she was now a lovable bear. Pinkie Pie stuck her head through a different hole, and she was transformed into a clown. Pinkie Pie



instantly texted the photos to Applejack and Rainbow Dash.

Rarity was examining herself in the fun-house mirror. She looked so weird—and that’s exactly when Rainbow Dash snapped a photo of her. Rarity chased after her, screaming and laughing!

“Texting kinda gets confused,” Rarity began singing when she grabbed Rainbow Dash’s phone.

“But we always are amused,” sang Rainbow Dash.

“My friends stand out in a crowd, having fun and laughing loud,” crooned the other girls, crowding close and trying to get a peek at the funny photo of Rarity.

Trixie walked by with an ice-cream cone and glanced at the girls. “I wouldn’t let my friends take ugly pictures of me,” she said.

“Oh, Trixie,” said Pinkie Pie. “It’s all silliness. Come take photos with us in the photo booth.” But Trixie didn’t want to.

The day was a flurry of activity. Applejack and Rainbow Dash both fished for prizes and won a stuffed owl for Rarity. Then at the high striker they were both so good at hitting the bell with the hammer that they won prizes for all their friends! They took tons of funny photos of one another, and through it all, they never stopped singing.

“With my best friends, we can depend—they will always follow through. There’s a guarantee for fun when I spend it with you!”

DJ Pon-3 had been watching—and listening—to the girls all day from her booth. They really had something, something special. She texted Rainbow Dash.

“Remember what I said about a band?”



“We sure do!” said Rainbow Dash as she typed out her response. “I’ve decided we’re going to make it happen!”

“Do you think you could get one together in time for the Spring Fling?” DJ Pon-3 wrote back.

“The Spring Fling!” said Rainbow Dash. “That’s a magic night.”

“What would we have to do?” asked Fluttershy.

“Practice hard,” said Rainbow Dash, thinking about what she always did to prepare for her sporting events.

“Write some songs,” said Applejack.

“Get instruments,” said Pinkie Pie.

“And learn how to play them,” said Fluttershy, worried.

“And create fantabulous outfits for us to wear!” exclaimed Rarity. “Let’s do it, girls!”

“Spring Fling, here we come!” said Rainbow Dash.

“Is it going to be a Battle of the Bands?” said Trixie, suddenly appearing beside them. “Because if it is, I’m going to win.”

“You can be in our band, if you want,” said Rarity.

“Your band? Your band doesn’t have room for me. The Great and Powerful Trixie is going to be her own one-gal band, and she’s going to be the star! Just you wait and see.”

“Do we have to be stars?” said Fluttershy nervously.

“Not at all,” said Applejack. “We just have to have fun.”

“And practice,” reminded Rainbow Dash.

“And practice,” agreed all the girls.



“Let’s do one more photo, girls. For the band!” gushed Pinkie Pie.

All the girls crammed into the photo booth. What a picture! Shining eyes, smiling mouths, and so many colors of hair!



Twilight Sparkle wondered if she’d ever get a chance to return to Canterlot High. Now that the magic mirror was gone, she probably wouldn’t. But she hoped that her human friends were happy and that they’d always remember her, just like she remembered them.

She sang a special Carnival Day song for them, wherever they were, and whatever they were doing.

*“With my best friends
Though we’re different
We feel like we still belong
And every day it makes our friendship
STRONG!”*

*With my best friends
We can depend
They will always follow through
There’s a guarantee for fun
When I spend it with YOU!”*

There was a knock on the door, and Flash Sentry poked his head into the room.

“Excuse me, princess,” he said. “I couldn’t help but notice your singing. You’re good enough to have your own band!”

Twilight Sparkle blushed right down to her unicorn horn. “Maybe someday...”



What Twilight Sparkle didn't know was just how real her daydream was. Back at Canterlot High, her friends really were starting a band—and one day she might even be in it!



CHAPTER



Guitar Centered



Rainbow Dash woke up on a beautiful spring morning. She'd had a dream of all the girls singing together at a carnival. Rainbow Dash knew that they were supposed to start making music together. But first she needed to get herself a new guitar!

That's why she was dragging everyone to the Music Center after school.

"I simply don't understand why you can't just play the guitar you have," sighed Rarity, looking at the guitar case Rainbow Dash was carrying.

Rainbow Dash shook her head, put the guitar case on the floor, and opened it. Inside was an old, beat-up guitar. It wasn't just dusty and well worn, it was broken. One of the tuners was missing, and a mess of snapped strings curled around the guitar's neck like cobwebs.

"Ew!" exclaimed Rarity. "Now I understand."

"I guess it's been a while since you took that gittar out for a ride," said Applejack.

"I used to practice a lot," said Rainbow

Dash. “But then I got so busy with soccer and basketball and swimming and . . .”

DJ Pon-3 looked up from the cashier’s desk. “You girls are starting a band, I see.”

“We are,” said Rarity. “We really want to perform at the Spring Fling. But now we’ve got to figure out what everyone’s going to play.”

Pinkie Pie was bouncing about the store checking out all the different kinds of instruments. There were mandolins and violins, giant cellos and upright basses, banjos and ukuleles. But most of all there were guitars, acoustic guitars made of soft, polished wood and dazzling electric guitars in every shape and color. There were square guitars, triangular guitars, and even guitars shaped like stars.

“How ’bout this one? How ’bout this one?”

said Pinkie Pie enthusiastically, plinking the string of a black electric guitar decorated with orange and red flames. “Or this?” She picked up a sparkling blue guitar and began dancing around with it like she was a rock-and-roll star. Almost immediately, though, she dropped it when she caught sight of a tiny little guitar for a child. “Ooooh! Lookie here! Lookie here!”

“No, Pinkie!” Rainbow Dash laughed as her friend zoomed around the store.

Now Pinkie had found an Indian sitar, which had a round head and a long, long neck. “Check this out!” she called to Rainbow. “You like?”

“No, Pinkie.”

“How about this? This is super groovy!” She picked up a blue-and-purple electric guitar shaped like a butterfly.

Rainbow shook her head. She was carefully studying a whole wall of guitars.

“Well, whatcha lookin’ for, Rainbow?” asked Applejack.

“That’s the problem. I need something that looks as awesome as I’m gonna make it sound.”

Rarity had wandered over to the keyboard section of the store and was trying out one of the pianos.

“You play beautifully,” said Fluttershy softly. “I wish I knew how to play an instrument.”

“You don’t have to play an instrument,” said Rarity reassuringly. “You can sing. I’ve heard you. We’re going to need lots of singing in our band!”

“Okay,” said Fluttershy. But still she looked worried. It was fun to think about

being in a band, but it was scary, too. Every time she thought about performing onstage, she felt really nervous.

“What about this one?!” shouted Pinkie Pie.

“That’s a bass guitar,” said Applejack, taking a look at it. “A nice one, too. But I already got one at home for me to play.”

Rainbow Dash sighed. She liked to have good equipment when she played—whether it was the right pair of cleats, a brand-new ball, or a guitar that would let her fingers create just the right music for their band.

She studied every guitar on the wall one more time. She looked at the guitars hanging from the ceiling. She looked at pink guitars, blue guitars, old guitars, and new guitars. And then she saw it. On a stand. In the corner. It was the most perfect guitar

she had ever seen. It had flair, it had style, but best of all, it was decorated in tiny, shiny rainbows.

Rainbow Dash's jaw dropped; her eyes lit up. Of course! This was what she had been looking for. She ran over to it. She couldn't wait to play it! It was calling to her! Already, she could feel music pouring through her. She reached out to take it in her hands, and just as she did, at the exact same moment, another hand grabbed hold of it.

It was Trixie!

"Hands off my guitar, Trixie!" shouted Rainbow Dash. She pulled the guitar toward her.

"I touched it first, Rainbow Dash!" screamed Trixie, yanking the guitar back in her direction.

The girls were just about to begin a

full-out tug-of-war when Applejack ran over. “Simmer down there, ladies,” she ordered.

But neither girl took her hand off the rainbow guitar.

“There’s no need to become ruffians,” said Rarity, “when a simple inquiry could solve the problem.”

She trotted over to the cashier’s desk to talk to DJ Pon-3. “Excuse me, but do you happen to have this same exact guitar in the back, and if so, could I trouble you to get it for me please?”

DJ Pon-3’s eyes narrowed as she looked over at the guitar the two girls were fighting over. The girls looked back at her, hopeful. All the friends crowded around. Other customers in the store stopped what they were doing to listen to the answer.

DJ Pon-3 shook her head. No.



“Oh,” said Rarity, disappointed.

Rainbow’s hand reached up higher on the neck of the guitar to grab hold of it tighter. Trixie’s hands tightened their grasp.

“Now what?” said Rainbow Dash. There was no way she was letting go. This was her guitar. Couldn’t Trixie see that?

Applejack took off her cowboy hat and scratched her head, thinking. “Well, there’s one guitar and two gals that want it.”

Everyone was looking at her expectantly.

“Sounds to me,” said Applejack, rubbing her hands together in anticipation, “like this has the makin’s for a nice, friendly competition.”

Rainbow’s eyes lit up! She loved a tournament. “Yeah!” she shouted. “Whatcha wanna play, Trixie? Baseball, basketball, soccer?”

Rainbow winked at Fluttershy. “I’ll totally crush her, and this guitar will be mine!”

“That doesn’t sound nice or friendly,” said Fluttershy.

Trixie looked irritated. “Seriously, Rainbow? You are the best athlete at Canterlot High. We can compete, but it has to be something that the Great and Powerful Trixie is good at, too.”

All the girls rolled their eyes. Trixie was so full of herself sometimes!

But Rainbow Dash was smiling. “Well, Great and Powerful Trixie, seein’ as we both want this guitar...Let’s see who plays the best!”

“A shred-off?” said Trixie, looking concerned for the first time.

Rainbow smiled confidently. “Shred ON!”