



HEEE HAAAWWW! IT'S THE FIRST DAY OF CIDER SEASON!

C'MON, APPLES! WE'VE GOT LOADS OF WORK TO DO.

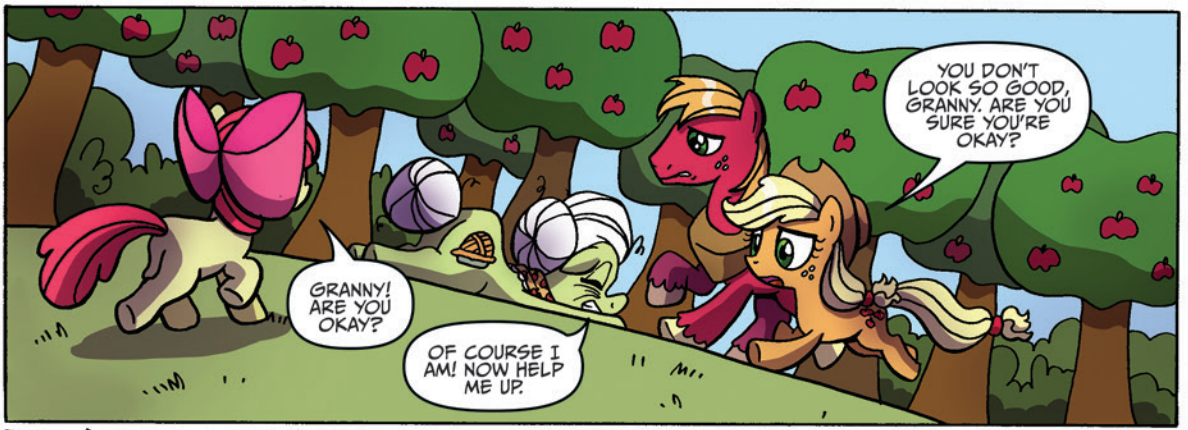


HERE WE GO. ANOTHER PERFECT APPLE CIDER SEASON!



I'M COMING, APPLEJACK!

GAH!





I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR HIP, GRANNY SMITH.

YOU'LL NEED TO STAY OFF OF IT FOR A LEAST A MONTH.

A MONTH?!



NEVER MIND THAT, GRANNY. YOU JUST WORRY ABOUT GETTING YERSELF BETTER.

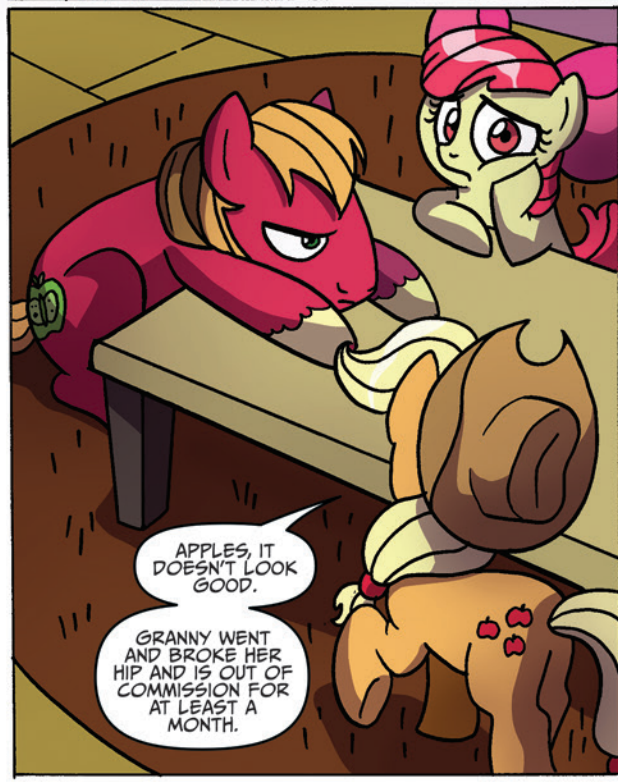
BUT IT'S CIDER SEASON!



THOUGH BETWEEN US, I'M NOT SURE HOW WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GET ALONG WITH FOUR LESS HOOVES.

SORRY I DON'T HAVE BETTER NEWS, APPLEJACK, BUT THAT WAS A NASTY FALL.

WELL, THANKS FOR YER HELP, DOC.



APPLES, IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

GRANNY WENT AND BROKE HER HIP AND IS OUT OF COMMISSION FOR AT LEAST A MONTH.



A MONTH?

PINKIE PIE? WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?



AS SOON AS I HEARD THAT GRANNY WAS HURT, I RUSHED RIGHT OVER.

I MEAN, IT'S POSSIBLE WE'RE RELATED, SO SHE'S PRACTICALLY LIKE MY OWN GRANNY, EXCEPT SHE HAS AN APPLE FOR A CUTIE MARK AND CAN'T SMASH ROCKS WITH HER TEETH—



BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

YEEEUUP!



GEE, PINKIE, IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME, BUT GRANNY'S RESTING AND WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT HOW WE'RE GONNA GET THROUGH CIDER SEASON WITHOUT HER.



I CAN HELP!

YOU CAN?



SURE THING! I'M NO STRANGER TO HARD WORK AND CIDER SEASON MUST GO ON!

