

За межами живої пам'яті

Українською



За авторством
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Про фанфік

In a tender and heartfelt tale, follow the journey of two mares, Vinyl and Octavia, as they navigate the intricate melodies of life and love. As their shared passion for music intertwines their destinies, they face unexpected challenges that test the limits of their bond. Through moments of joy, sorrow, and profound connection, they discover the enduring power of music to heal and transcend the boundaries of time. This is a story that explores the beauty of human connection, the resilience of their spirits, and the transformative nature of love in the face of life's obstacles.

Технічні і легальні деталі

«Beyond the living memory»



<https://www.fimfiction.net/story/539268/beyond-the-living-memory>

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GitHub сторінка перекладу



[https://github.com/Vovkiv/Beyond the living memory-ukr](https://github.com/Vovkiv/Beyond_the_living_memory-ukr)

Список моїх інших перекладів



[https://github.com/Vovkiv/mlp fics that i plan to translate](https://github.com/Vovkiv/mlp_fics_that_i_plan_to_translate)

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За межами живої пам'яті

Октавія Мелоді та Вайніл Скратч прокинулась у м'якому, сірому світлі ранкового світлу в їхньому котеджі. Вони лежали у своєму ліжку, обіймаючи одна одну, дивлячись як сад надворі почав прокидатися від сну. Навіть після стількох років, вони все ще почувались як молоді, закохані кобили, знаючи, що сам час не зможе знищити те, через що вони пройшли.

— Вайніл, кохання моє. — прошепотіла Октавія ніжним, як ранкова роса, голосом. Її голова лежала на грудях Вайніл, її грива осяювалась м'яким світлом. — Скільки років ми вже одружені?

Вайніл усміхнулась, розчісуючи гриву Октавії.

— Здається, що цілу вічність. — Відповіла вона. — Наче все життя.

Октавія заплющила очі і глибоко видихнула. Вона згадувала про всі моменти, які вони розділили разом: перший поцілунок, весілля, народження їхніх двох лошат. Вона також згадала і про труднощі: суперечки, дні скорботи, їхнє кохання не завжди було ідеальним, але йому не було кінця. Хоч це було гірко, вона знаходила розраду у тому, що незважаючи ні на що, вони завжди залишались разом, і завжди витримували будь-яку неgodу.

— Це було не просто. — Сказала Октавія, опустивши голову щоб зустрітися з поглядом Вайніл. — Але воно того було варте.

Vinyl nodded, a knowing smile gracing her lips.

— Я би не пройшла цього без тебе. — Погодилась вона.

Octavia glanced away, her eyes resting on the Cello in the corner of the room. She had not played it in some time now, her hooves no longer agile enough to coax out the melodies she used to. She sighed softly, a feeling of sadness settling in her chest.

Vinyl, sensing her sadness, tried to lift her wife's spirits.

— “We have done so much in our lives, Tavi,” — she said softly. — “We have seen the world change around us, and we have grown old together.”, — Just as

she said it, she realized how bad it sounded, feeling out of touch, outdated, and feeling how hard it was for her wife.

Octavia nodded, her sadness dissipating. Vinyl was right - they had reached this far in life. They had experienced life's ups and downs together, with all its nuances and changes and, no matter what, they had stayed together.

She nuzzled her wife's cheek.

— “I love you,” — she whispered.

Vinyl smiled, with a renewed expression she looked Octavia in the eyes and replied.

— “And I love you”.

Octavia felt the warmth of her wife in her embrace, clinging to her love and letting go of the embrace. She had never wanted this day to come, the day they both realized that their lives had more years behind them than ahead. But even so, she found comfort in the knowledge that, no matter what, they were still together, and, for that, she was thankful.

It had been many years since their wedding, yet time couldn't erode the love between them. Octavia recognized Vinyl's presence with a single glance and felt compelled to wrap her hoof around her in comfort. Vinyl leaned into her embrace, as she always did, in moments of peace and knowingness that only time could bring between two kindred souls.

Vinyl was still able to hear, but not quite clearly as she used to. It was a daily struggle that had become routine, and one that she had accepted. As Octavia laid back into the bed, Vinyl held her close, comforted by their physical closeness.

Octavia and Vinyl knew each day was going to be more difficult, yet more precious than the last. But no matter what the day brought, their love for each other remained a constant in their lives. Vinyl's touch was gentle yet firm, and Octavia could feel her warmth.

The pains in Octavia's hoofs and Vinyl's hearing were reminders that their lives were not what they used to be. But the two of them proved resilient in the face of age, approaching each day with a newfound appreciation for what they had and still could do.

The couple got dressed and set out for their morning routine. Octavia went into the kitchen to start their daily baking, feeling the warmth of the oven's heat on her hoofs. She smiled, thinking of all the times she and Vinyl had spent here, but sighed as she remembered the time when they created songs and music together.

Vinyl stayed upstairs, taking the time to clean and organize their home. Though her hearing was not as sharp as it once was, she could still make out the faint sound of birds chirping outside. It reminded her of all the times she and Octavia had gone out for a stroll in the park, watching the birds flutter about.

Around midday, Octavia and Vinyl met up in the kitchen. Octavia had finished the day's baking and Vinyl had mopped the floors. They shared a lunch of cake and tea, accompanied by the laughter and stories that had become a part of their lives.

A parcel had arrived for Octavia; a framed poster of the last concert of her student, Moonlight Strings. Vinyl glanced at it and said.

— "She's just as gifted and beautiful as you..." — Octavia interjected, — "as I used to be...", already taking the old photograph from its place on the wall.

Replacing the old photograph of their last tour with the poster of her student, Octavia admired the photo of them together in Canterlot and asked, "Do you remember how long ago this was?"

In an instant, Vinyl replied.

— "Twelve years ago,"

Het they both knew it had been much longer than that; a quarter-century had gone by since that day. Recognizing her mistake, Vinyl forced a smile as Octavia held out the picture in front of Vinyl, the image contrasting her younger self with her old reflection.

Realizing her faux pas, Octavia carefully placed the photograph on her corner table.

Time roared, Octavia thought, devouring the days they had ahead of them, an insatiable beast, Yet, life slowly carried on and so did they.

With the sunset, Octavia and Vinyl returned to their bedroom. Octavia looked out the window and saw the stars beginning to come out. For a moment, she felt a twinge of sadness as she thought of the music she can no longer play. But as she turned to Vinyl, she was filled with a sense of peace.

The two mares snuggled in bed, talking until late into the night. Octavia's heartfelt full as she looked into Vinyl's eyes, and knew that whatever the future held, they would be together.

The soft glow of morning sunlight shone through the window, casting a warm hue over Octavia and Vinyl's bedroom. Octavia sat on a cushioned stool beside the dresser, carefully holding a pair of scissors. She gazed at Vinyl Scratch, her beloved wife, who was seated on a low stool in front of the mirror.

Octavia's hooves trembled ever so slightly as she began trimming Vinyl's slightly faded, multicolored mane. It had been a routine they had shared for years, a simple act of love and care. But today, Octavia couldn't help but notice the small difficulties she encountered while cutting. Her once-dexterous hooves now faltered, a sign of the passing years and the toll they had taken on her body.

Vinyl, lost in her own thoughts, didn't seem to notice Octavia's struggle. She chattered away, sharing anecdotes and stories from the past. Octavia listened intently, love filling her heart. It was during one of these stories that Vinyl mentioned a conversation she had with Rainbow Mist.

Octavia's ears perked up at the name, a wave of unease washing over her. Rainbow Mist had been their dear friend, a talented Pegasus musician. But Octavia knew that Rainbow Mist had passed away at least three years ago. She continued cutting Vinyl's mane, her movements growing more deliberate as she tried to mask her worry.

— "Rainbow Mist?" — Octavia asked softly, hoping that Vinyl would correct herself.

But to her dismay, Vinyl continued, oblivious to the truth. She recounted a story that had happened over a decade ago, laughing at the memories they had shared with their late friend.

Octavia's heart sank. How could Vinyl not remember? They had both attended Rainbow Mist's funeral, grieving the loss of their dear companion. Yet here Vinyl was, completely unaware of the reality that Octavia had come to accept. A seed of fear took root within Octavia's mind. Could it be that Vinyl was experiencing memory lapses? Could it be something more serious?

Octavia forced a smile and continued cutting, her hooves trembling with a mix of sadness and uncertainty. She didn't want to upset Vinyl or burden her with her concerns. But Vinyl, ever perceptive, noticed the change in Octavia's demeanor.

— "Hey, Tavi, is something wrong?" — Vinyl's voice was filled with genuine concern.

Octavia hesitated, her eyes briefly meeting Vinyl's reflection in the mirror. She took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully.

— "It's nothing, love," — she replied, her voice laced with a hint of sadness. — "My hooves aren't what they used to be. They're giving me some trouble, that's all."

Vinyl's brows furrowed, her eyes searching Octavia's face for more than what was spoken. She knew there was something deeper, something that Octavia wasn't saying. Vinyl reached out and gently took Octavia's hoof, causing Octavia's heart to ache even more.

— "Tell me the truth, Tavi," — Vinyl whispered, her voice filled with love and concern. — "I can see that something's bothering you. You know you can tell me anything, right?"

Octavia's eyes glistened with unshed tears as she looked into Vinyl's caring gaze. She longed to pour out her worries and fears, to seek comfort and reassurance. But she couldn't bear the thought of burdening Vinyl with the possibility of a devastating diagnosis.

Swallowing the lump in her throat, Octavia managed a weak smile.

— "I promise, Vinyl, it's nothing more than a bit of joint pain. Just an old mare's problem. I'll be fine."

Vinyl's eyes held a mix of understanding and skepticism, but she didn't press further. Instead, she leaned in and nuzzled Octavia's cheek, a silent gesture of love and support.

Octavia's heart ached with the weight of her suspicions, but for now, she would keep her worries to herself. She couldn't bear to disrupt the peace and happiness they had built together. They would face whatever challenges lay ahead.

As Octavia continued to cut Vinyl's mane, the room filled with a bittersweet silence. Their love remained strong, but Octavia couldn't shake the gnawing feeling that their journey was about to take an unexpected turn. The passage of time had revealed new challenges, ones that tested their enduring bond.

Deep inside, Octavia vowed to stay by Vinyl's side, no matter what. The fading memories might test their resolve, but their unwavering devotion would endure.

As the seasons changed, and Octavia's hopes withered like flowers with each passing moment. The uncertainty pressed upon her heart until she couldn't bear it anymore. She made a decision, one that would bring a doctor specialized in geriatric care to their doorstep.

Octavia, trying to protect her wife's ego and avoid conflict, used her arthritis as the means to call them doctor for an examination. She assured the suspicious mare that it was merely a routine checkup for them both.

The doctor arrived, a gentle and experienced stallion who immediately put Octavia at ease. He listened attentively as Octavia expressed her concerns, her voice laced with worry about her beloved Vinyl. The doctor nodded understandingly and suggested a thorough examination for Octavia. But Octavia insisted that Vinyl should be evaluated as well.

Reluctantly, Vinyl agreed to undergo the examination, not fully comprehending the reasons behind it. The doctor proceeded with professionalism, first examining Octavia and briefly explaining her own condition—an age-related decline in mobility, but nothing out of the ordinary. Octavia's mind, however, remained fixated on Vinyl and the potential diagnosis that awaited.

With a gentle approach, the doctor turned his attention to Vinyl, who sat on the edge of the bed, her eyes filled with curiosity and a touch of apprehension. He engaged in small talk, subtly blending questions about their lives and shared experiences with medical inquiries.

Then came the question about Rainbow Mist. Vinyl answered without hesitation, sharing a fond memory. But then, realization struck her like a bolt of lightning. Her eyes widened, and she turned to Octavia with a mixture of confusion and grief.

— "Rainbow Mist... she's gone, isn't she?"

Octavia's heart shattered into a million pieces. She watched as the doctor carefully observed Vinyl's reaction, noting the flicker of recollection that had returned all too briefly. He continued his line of questioning, delicately seeking further insight into Vinyl's memory.

As the doctor discreetly evaluated Vinyl, Octavia fought back tears, her heartache consuming her. She knew, deep down, what the diagnosis would likely be. The confirmation came swiftly—the doctor shared his findings with a solemn expression. Vinyl had early-stage Alzheimer's disease.

Tears welled up in Octavia's eyes as she struggled to maintain her composure. The weight of the moment felt unbearable. She held Vinyl's hoof tightly, her voice choked with emotion.

— "Vinyl, love, we have received difficult news," — Octavia began, her voice trembling. — "But no matter what, I will be here for you. For as long as I can, I will take care of you."

Vinyl's eyes filled with sadness and frustration. She shook her head, her voice quivering.

— "Tavi, I'm not going to forget you," — she said, her words laced with determination. — "I won't let this disease take away our love."

Their words hung heavy in the air, the reality of their situation casting a dark cloud over their once vibrant and harmonious world. Time had cruelly marked its passage, leaving its mark not only on Octavia but on the very core of their bond.

The doctor quietly observed their exchange, his presence a reminder of the hardship they would face. He offered his support, providing information and resources to help them navigate the uncertainties that lay ahead. Octavia listened carefully, though she felt pained by the situation, she was also thankful for his kindness and wisdom.

A sepulchral silence fell between Octavia and Vinyl. Their once unwavering love now faced the ultimate test—a test that Octavia was determined to face head-on, for as long as she could. The bittersweet reality of their fading memories sank deep into their souls, casting a veil of sadness over the world they had built together.

In the stillness of the room, Octavia embraced Vinyl, pulling her close. They held onto each other tightly, finding comfort in the warmth and familiarity of each other. Tears streamed down Octavia's face as she whispered softly.

— "I love you, Vinyl. And I will cherish every moment we have together."

Every day, they were met with a fresh gaze into the inevitable: the slow erosion of their most cherished memories, while they continued searching for slivers of normalcy amidst chaos. Octavia, ever determined to support Vinyl through the challenges of a fading mind, devised simple tasks and chores to keep Vinyl's thoughts engaged. Some days, Vinyl seemed more present, her thoughts lucid and coherent. Other days, however, the fog of forgetfulness wrapped around her like a veil.

Octavia witnessed this diminish and flow, her heart breaking each time she saw Vinyl struggle. Deep down, she knew the day would come when she would no longer be able to care for Vinyl. Accepting the unforgiving reality, Octavia began to prepare herself for the unavoidable, making the difficult decision to sell her beloved instruments and other belongings. She insisted that they move to a nursing home, where professionals could provide the specialized care Vinyl needed, and soon she would need to, her own body already started to lose the ability to care for themselves.

Vinyl, though often lost in her own mind, fiercely resisted the idea of leaving their home. She clung to the familiarity and comfort it offered, even as the world around her became increasingly fragmented. Octavia understood Vinyl's

reluctance, but she also knew the toll that caregiving had taken on her own well-being.

In one casual afternoon, Octavia found herself exhausted, her body yearning for rest. She slept deeply, unaware of the events that were about to unfold. Vinyl, left to her own, decided to bake a cake—a gesture of love and an attempt to reclaim a sense of normalcy in their lives.

Her thoughts were still clear and organized, and the tantalizing scent of freshly baked cake wafted through the air.

Vinyl called out to Octavia, her voice tinged with both pride and excitement. Octavia roused from her sleep and joined Vinyl at the table, where cake and tea awaited them. They shared a moment of sweetness, savoring each bite as if it held the fragments of their memories.

But as they enjoyed their meal, Octavia's keen eyes caught sight of smoke drifting from the kitchen. Panic surged through her veins as she realized the danger that loomed. She attempted to rush into the kitchen, her instincts urging her to extinguish the fire. However, she also noticed Vinyl's blunders—forgetting to turn off the oven and leaving it unattended, a dangerous combination that had led to the minor blaze.

Before Octavia could react, Vinyl sprung into action. In a fleeting moment of clarity, she swiftly doused the flames and prevented a disaster. The relief that washed over Octavia was tinged with a mixture of gratitude and sadness. Gratitude for Vinyl's ability to save the day, and sadness for the gradual erosion of Vinyl's once-sharp mind.

That night, as the moon cast a solemn glow over their bedroom, Vinyl initiated a conversation with Octavia. She sensed Octavia's lingering upset, the weight of the day's events pressing heavily upon her. In a rare moment of lucidity, Vinyl spoke with a determined yet tender voice.

— "Tavi, you are correct," — Vinyl began, her gaze fixed on Octavia's tear-stained face. — "It's time for me to go to the nursing home."

— "Us... For us to go..." — Octavia interjected with an aching heart, not wanting to let her wife even dream of being apart, knowing that this decision

would mark the beginning of a new chapter in their lives—one that would undoubtedly be filled with heartache and challenges.

She nodded, unable to speak through her emotions, and reached out to hold Vinyl's hoof.

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Octavia whispered.

— "We will be together, I'll go with you, I'd never leave you."

Vinyl nuzzled Octavia's neck, a mixture of sadness and acceptance etched on her face.

— "I don't want to forget you, Tavi," — she murmured, her voice tinged with a touch of fear.

Octavia held Vinyl close, whispering.

— "I'll be with you", — their bodies intertwined in an embrace filled with tenderness and love. — "I'll be there with you every step of the way," — Octavia vowed, her voice trembling with emotion. — "For as long as I can, I'll be by your side."

The preparations, like the wind, had come and gone. Soon the two mares would be moving to their final home, the weeks had passed like a breeze.

Octavia and Vinyl let go of their dearest possessions, giving away the most valuable items and entrusting beloved keepsakes to good friends. Now they felt ready for whatever awaited them.

However, in the early morning of Canterlot, before the sunlight dissipated the fog and ponies started caring for their daily tasks, Vinyl Scratch's clouded mind couldn't prepare her for the tragic discovery of that sad morning.

Her sudden recognition of Octavia's death broke her thoughts into a million pieces, like a mirror falling to the ground—she knew that something was amiss, but the details remained elusive.

With great difficulty, Vinyl mustered the strength to venture outside, hoping to find someone who could offer guidance. She wandered through the familiar streets of her neighborhood, her gaze filled with uncertainty and a flicker of desperation. Her disheveled appearance caught the attention of a group of Pegasus ponies, who flew down to her side.

— "Excuse me, miss, are you lost?" — one of the Pegasus ponies asked with genuine concern.

Vinyl's voice quivered as she attempted to recount the events leading up to this bewildering moment.

— "Fluttershy? I... I can't remember... something happened... Octavia... she..."

Recognizing the urgency of the situation, the compassionate Pegasus ponies walked with Vinyl back to her home, assuming that she had become lost or disoriented. They gently led her inside, where they were met with a sight that filled their hearts with both sorrow and compassion.

The state of the house was a sad tribute to the tragedy that had unfolded. Vinyl's neighbors and friends stood on the porch, their solemn faces reflecting their collective grief. No one needed to say it; Octavia had left this world during the night, leaving Vinyl alone in the silence of their home.

One of the neighbors stepped forward, her voice filled with gentle concern.
— "Vinyl, we're here to help. We understand that Octavia has passed away. We need to ensure your safety and well-being."

Unable to fully understand Vinyl replied.
— "She's late, There will be no class today, You can go home".

But while her mind concealed the harsh truth, her heart revealed it, Vinyl's eyes welled up with tears, a mixture of grief and confusion. She struggled to comprehend the loss that had befallen her. The compassionate pony by her side knelt down, offering a comforting hoof.

— "Ms. Vinyl, we will call the authorities. They will ensure that you receive the care you need."

The neighbor, with a heavy heart, stepped forward.
— "Thank you for your assistance. Vinyl's memory is fading, and she may not fully understand what's happening. We'll do our best to keep her safe."

While the ponies conversed, the neighbor spotted a beam of solace in the melancholy air. He remembered talking to Octavia, She told him she had used their life savings to pay for their stay in a nursing home and crafted plans for

their move where they would spend the last chapter of their life - yet sadly, Vinyl would begin this journey by herself.

The neighbor, appreciating Octavia's thoughtfulness, assured Vinyl.

— "We will pack your personal belongings, and you'll be taken to the nursing home. They will provide the care you need, my dear."

Vinyl's stress caused her mind to drift in fog and confusion, leaving her unable to vocalize what she thought and felt. Thus, she remained in the presence of those around her, but completely separate; an invisible barrier of isolation shielding her from view.

With a sense of both haste and care, the ponies requested aid from the nursing home. Reporting the incident in detail, they arranged for Vinyl Scratch's transfer to be carried out on the following day. And so it was in time, she found herself engulfed in the stillness of the nursing home.

Despite their tenderness, the nurses couldn't fill the void left by the shock of the loss of Octavia, Vinyl felt as if she was being embraced by a long-lost relative, but that void kept devouring her from inside. Yet, Vinyl still felt as if Octavia had been with her the entire time. The nurses prepared Vinyl's room, decorating it with several portraits of the duo smiling together in their younger days. A single sunflower sat atop a bedside table to remind Vinyl that there was still beauty in the world and to bring her comfort in these dark times.

Though Vinyl was unable to completely comprehend the situation at hoof, she found solace in the familiarity of her new surroundings - a haven where Octavia could be near always. This brought peace to Vinyl's troubled soul and calmness settled around her like a peaceful aura.

Her once vibrant mane had dulled with the passage of time, mirroring the fading memories that now flickered in her mind. The nurses and caretakers, compassionate souls dedicated to their noble profession, attended to her needs with unwavering care.

Vinyl quietly observed a nurse, with a simple gray coat and black mane that cascaded around her graceful face. The moment of recognition came with an expectant smile, and Vinyl called.

— "Octavia."

The nurse's eyes blinked with understanding, for she knew the depth of the love between the old mare and her loved ones. She cradled Vinyl's hoof in her own, offering a sense of comfort and solace in the twilight of their lives.

And so, Vinyl Scratch, in the tender care of the nursing home and the nurse who resembled her beloved Octavia, found a semblance of peace amidst the shadows of her fading memories.

Within the walls of the nursing home, Vinyl Scratch's days swung back and forth between clarity and confusion like the tides of the ocean. The nurse, whose presence brought a sense of familiarity, provided comfort whenever Vinyl's memories faltered. Vinyl would sit beside her, sharing their stories, as if she were talking to her beloved Octavia.

Vinyl, in her moments of clarity, would listen attentively to the nurse's soothing voice, her eyes lighting up with fragments of recognition. She would nod softly, as if acknowledging the memories that swirled within her mind, even if they slipped away like whispers in the wind.

The other residents of the nursing home, too, offered warmth and companionship to Vinyl. They recognized her as the mare whose melodies had touched their hearts in the past, and they treated her with kindness and respect. They would gather in the common area, their eyes twinkling with anticipation, whenever Vinyl's hooves would glide across the keys of an old piano, evoking bittersweet melodies that resonated within their souls.

In the midst of this delicate existence, the nurse with the gray fur and black mane became a pillar of support for Vinyl. She not only tended to her physical needs but also nurtured her spirit, ensuring that Vinyl's essence continued to shine, even as the memories faded away.

One day, as the sun cast its gentle rays into the nursing home, the nurse approached Vinyl, a hint of sadness in her eyes. She held a photograph of Octavia, captured during their prime, when the world seemed full of endless possibilities.

— "Vinyl, my dear," — the nurse began softly, — "I wanted to share something with you. This is Octavia, your beloved wife. She loved you deeply, and her memory lives on in the hearts of those who knew her."

Vinyl gazed at the photograph, her eyes welling up with tears. The image stirred emotions within her, evoking a sense of connection to the past that she struggled to grasp fully. Yet, the nurse's presence offered solace, bridging the gap between the present and the memories locked within the recesses of Vinyl's mind.

— "You were so beautiful, Tavi." — Vinyl said, mistaken the nurse for Octavia, recounting their tales in Canterlot, her concerts in Manehattan, even a few details of their intimacy.

In the days that followed, the nurse continued to listen and embrace the stories of Octavia's musical prowess, her unwavering dedication, and her unconditional love for Vinyl. She imaged their lives together, filling the void left by fading memories with tales that brought tears of both joy and sorrow to Vinyl's eyes.

Through these tender moments and the compassionate care of the nursing home staff, Vinyl found a sense of belonging. She realized that her journey had entered a new phase, one where the melodies of her past intertwined with the gentle melodies of the present, creating a tapestry of love and resilience.

As Vinyl sat by the piano, her hooves gently caressing the keys, the nurse with the gray fur and black mane approached her once again.

— "Vinyl, it's time for your music therapy session. Let us weave melodies together, allowing your spirit to soar."

Vinyl smiled, her eyes meeting the nurse's with a glimmer of recognition.
— "Octavia," — she whispered softly, her voice filled with love and gratitude.

And so, in the nursing home, surrounded by the echoes of forgotten melodies and the caring presence of the nurse who resembled Octavia, Vinyl Scratch embraced the twilight of her life, finding solace and connection in the enduring power of music and the cherished memories that still flickered within her soul.

In the quiet nursing home, Vinyl Scratch continued to adapt to her new surroundings. The comfort of the daily rituals and the ever-increasing familiarity with the hospital staff brought her a sense of serenity.

Nurse Tenderheart, in particular, had become a constant presence, providing care and companionship as Vinyl navigated the labyrinth of her fragmented memories.

That day, as Nurse Tenderheart guided Vinyl to the piano, Vinyl's eyes sparkled with anticipation. But instead of taking her usual place at the instrument, she turned to Tenderheart with a wistful expression.

— "You know, Tavi, I miss when we used to play together. We used to experiment and create beautiful melodies," — Vinyl remarked, her voice filled with longing.

Caught off guard by the unexpected request, Tenderheart hesitated. She tried to excuse herself, not wanting to expose her limited musical abilities. But Vinyl's frustration was palpable, and she insisted with heartfelt determination.

Feeling slightly uncomfortable, Tenderheart hesitantly positioned herself on the piano bench beside Vinyl. Her hooves hovered over the keys, uncertain and unpracticed. With a deep breath, she timidly attempted a few notes, but her playing fell short of Vinyl's expectations.

Vinyl's face showed her disappointment. She turned to Tenderheart, searching for an explanation.

— "Is something wrong, Octavia?" — Vinyl asked, her voice filled with genuine concern. — "I know you can play better than that. Please, play for me."

Caught in the vulnerable moment, Tenderheart's heart swelled with compassion. She understood the significance of this request, this longing for the music they once shared. With a newfound determination, she mustered the courage to embrace the piano once more.

As the simple notes flowed from Tenderheart's hooves, a soft melody emerged, resonating through the room. The delicate chords revived in Vinyl the memories and the love she felt for Octavia.

Unbeknownst to Tenderheart, another patient had been listening nearby. Sensing the emotional atmosphere, they approached the piano and softly remarked to Tenderheart, "Five minutes until we get started."

Vinyl's eyes widened with anticipation, her imagination crafting a story from her shattered memories and those words. She believed she was about to step onto a grand stage, and she expressed her uncertainty to Tenderheart.

— "I'm not ready, Octavia" — Vinyl confessed, her voice filled with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

Tenderheart placed a reassuring hoof on Vinyl's, offering a gentle smile.

— "It's okay, Vinyl. We'll be right here with you," — she said, understanding the significance of the moment for Vinyl's fragile reality.

Vinyl took a deep breath, her hooves resting on the keys once more. As her musical journey began, the room came alive with a tapestry of emotions. The patients and nurses gathered around, drawn to the heartfelt melody that filled the air.

With each note, Vinyl poured her soul into the music, believing that Tenderheart was Octavia, her true love. The melody painted a canvas of their shared memories, capturing the essence of her deep connection to Octavia. And as the final notes resounded, Vinyl turned to Tenderheart, her eyes filled with love and vulnerability.

— "Octavia, will you be my wife?" — Vinyl whispered, her voice laced with hope and longing.

The room held its breath for a moment, the other patients and nurses caught up in the beauty and significance of the scene. Then, one by one, they responded with warm smiles, tears glistening in their eyes, their hearts touched by the purity of love.

Tenderheart stood silently in awkward understanding, deeply moved by the depth of Vinyl's emotions and the weight of her request. At that moment, she recognized the profound impact she had on Vinyl's life and the magnitude of her responsibility. With respect and reverence, Tenderheart embraced the role of Octavia for Vinyl's sake, enveloping her in a tender hug that spoke volumes.

In that embrace, of shared vulnerability, Tenderheart felt aware of how important Octavia has been and the monumental size of her responsibility to Vinyl.

In the twilight hours of the nursing home, a beautiful transformation unfolded. Tenderheart, aware of the profound responsibility she held in Vinyl's life, embraced her newfound connection with the spirit of Octavia. She understood that to Vinyl, she embodied Octavia's presence, offering comfort and familiarity in the midst of a fading reality.

With a deep sense of purpose, Tenderheart began bringing her violin to the nursing home. It became their ritual, a precious gift she bestowed upon Vinyl. Initially, she dedicated half an hour each evening to playing, coaxing melodies that danced through the air, invoking memories that lay hidden in Vinyl's heart.

As time passed, Tenderheart's devotion expanded. She saw the comfort and joy that music brought to Vinyl's fragile existence. Gradually, the evening practice extended to an hour, allowing the melodies to weave a tapestry of recollections and emotions. It became a cherished routine, both for Vinyl and Tenderheart.

Vinyl, with her occasional moments of clarity, recognized the significance of the music in her life. In those instances, Tenderheart would play their old records, their shared songs from yesteryears. But whenever Vinyl's clarity waned, and the haze of forgetfulness clouded her thoughts, she would turn to Tenderheart, her voice filled with longing.

— "Tavi, play for me," — Vinyl would whisper, her eyes seeking comfort and closeness.

In those moments, Tenderheart would set aside the records and once again let her violin sing. She conjured melodies that spoke of love, melodies that transcended the limitations of memory. As the familiar tunes filled the air, Vinyl's face would light up, as if fragments of their shared history were stitched back together, if only for a fleeting moment.

Tenderheart's dedication to the music became a safe heaven for Vinyl's soul. Through the notes that soared and resonated, they wove a tapestry of harmonies that held the essence of their love. In the delicate interplay between violin and piano, Tenderheart and Vinyl found solace, connection, and the strength to endure the challenges that lay before them.

The nursing home buzzed with the gentle melodies that emanated from the main hall. Other residents, nurses, and staff would pause for a moment, caught in the tender embrace of the music. They witnessed the transformative power of love and melody, and their hearts swelled with admiration for the profound bond that blossomed between Tenderheart and Vinyl.

As the music played on, the days continued to pass, their rhythm marked by both fleeting clarity and muddled recollections. Yet, through it all, Tenderheart remained a steadfast presence, her violin whispering melodies that carried their memories and love. Together, they created a symphony of moments—some filled with clarity, others veiled in the mist of forgetfulness—but all intertwined with a love that transcended the limitations of time.

In the embrace of the music, Vinyl found solace and a connection to her beloved Octavia through Tenderheart, with every note she played, nurtured their unbreakable bond. Their harmony resounded, reminding them both that love, in all its forms, had the power to endure even the greatest challenges that life presented.

Past a hard work day, in the not so early evening, Tenderheart returned to her modest apartment, weary but content. She sorted through the mail, the majority of it being mundane advertisements and bills. But amidst the sea of ordinary, one letter caught her eye, nestled among the pile. Her heart raced as she read her acceptance to the Canterlot Conservatorium—a dream she never thought was possible.

Emotions swirled within Tenderheart—joy, excitement, and a tinge of bittersweet nostalgia. This acceptance was a life changer, one that would require her to bid farewell to her role as a nurse and set a new course in life. The idea of leaving behind the familiar faces and routines of the nursing home brought her anxiety and expectation.

As she contemplated the path before her, Tenderheart knew that time was of the essence. She had to finalize her decision quickly, then she had three months to make the necessary arrangements and relocate to Canterlot.

The next morning she talked to her manager with a determined resolve, she took a one-week leave from her work, a precious window of time that she would utilize to search for a new apartment and tie up loose ends.

During that week, Tenderheart scoured Canterlot for the place which would become her new refuge. It was a whirlwind of decisions and logistical challenges, but Tenderheart approached it with the same dedication and attention to detail she had displayed in her nursing role.

Upon returning to her nursing duties, Tenderheart was met with a poignant moment. Vinyl, despite her condition, noticed her absence and greeted her with warmth and recognition.

— "Octavia, how was your tour?" — Vinyl asked, her eyes filled with a glimmer of remembrance.

Tenderheart felt a mixture of emotions. She felt touched by Vinyl's acknowledgement, yet also aware of the imminent departure that would soon separate them. Tenderheart mustered a smile, her voice steady as she replied.

— "It went well, my dear. But now it's time for a new chapter."

Tenderheart prepared herself emotionally for the move. The realization of leaving behind her colleagues and the patients she had cared for weighed heavily on her heart. She cherished each interaction, making a point to savor the moments and bid her farewells with tenderness and gratitude.

Despite the trepidation, she'd have to do it, or else she'd face a lifetime of regret. The move would not be without its challenges. Tenderheart knew she would need to say goodbye to the familiar and embrace the unknown. But in her heart, she understood that sometimes, the greatest growth and fulfillment could only be found by the process of building her dreams into reality.

As Tenderheart worked through the final weeks of her nursing career, she realized that the mare responsible for that change was unaware of her pivotal role, Vinyl Scratch has done more for her than she'd ever capable of grasping.

The inevitable goodbye loomed closer. Tenderheart's felt a longing for the future and a tender sorrow for the connections she would leave behind. Yet, beneath it all, she believed in the beauty of embracing this once in a lifetime opportunity.

As the final notes of her time as a nurse crescendoed, Tenderheart took comfort in the knowledge that she had made a profound impact on the lives of those she cared for. She knew that if it weren't for Vinyl Scratch, she'd never

had played the Violin again, a dream she had since she was a filly would have been abandoned.

As time claimed more of Vinyl's existence, her condition continued its relentless progress. The veil of confusion shrouded her mind, leaving her in a state of near-constant fog. She became increasingly bedridden. Tenderheart, though filled with sadness, maintained her emotional distance, a necessary shield to navigate the heart-wrenching realities of her patient's degenerative state.

But one day, amidst the bleakness, a ray of clarity pierced through the fog. Vinyl observed Tenderheart, her gaze filled with a clarity that had long been absent. Tenderheart felt something different this time.

Vinyl's voice, broke the silence, it was different today.

— "Where's Octavia?" — she asked, catching Tenderheart off guard.

Tenderheart shivered, realizing the significance of this question, and the way it was asked. At this moment of lucidity, Vinyl recognized that the nurse before her was not Octavia. A sense of clarity and understanding washed over her.

Tenderheart caught off-guard was about to say

— "I'm here..." — when Vinyl's gaze noticed, their gaze met, Tenderheart saw for the first time Vinyl's lucid expression.

Vinyl's eyes widened with realization she was not home and Octavia was nowhere to be seen, her frail hoof reaching out to Tenderheart.

— "Where's Octavia?" — she insisted, her voice filled with longing and a tinge of fear.

Tenderheart's heart sank as she gently explained, recounting the simple funeral that had taken place for Octavia, a farewell that Vinyl had been unable to attend. The weight of loss and separation hung heavy in the air, intertwined with the tenderness of the moment.

Vinyl's voice trembled as she expressed her gratitude, her acceptance of the inevitable.

— "I'll be with Octavia soon," — she whispered, her words laced with a sense of peace.

In the intimacy of that shared space, Tenderheart's emotional barriers began to erode. They sat side by side on the bed, tears mingling with the memories and emotions that flooded the room. Vinyl's voice, filled with wisdom that transcended her condition, reached deep into Tenderheart's soul.

— "Embrace life, Tenderheart," — she murmured. — "Hold your memories dearly, for you are going to be through life only once."

That night, Vinyl slipped into a peaceful slumber, her breaths growing faint and steady. As the moon cast a gentle glow upon her slumbering form, she passed away peacefully, leaving behind the trials and tribulations of her earthly existence.

The following day, Tenderheart stood as the sole mourner at Vinyl's funeral, a solitary witness to the end of a life that had danced to its own unique melody. Amidst the quiet stillness, Tenderheart offered her silent thanks to Vinyl, to Octavia, and to the bond they shared, even if only as fading memories.

In the days that followed, Tenderheart carried the weight of her experiences with Vinyl and Octavia. She treasured the lessons learned, the love shared, and the fleeting moments of clarity. With a renewed appreciation for life's fragility, she embraced each day, holding her memories close to her heart.

As the melodies of Vinyl's life faded into the tapestry of time, Tenderheart found solace in knowing that their connection had left an indelible mark upon her own journey. The echoes of their love would forever resonate within her, reminding her to cherish the fleeting moments, to hold on to the beauty of pony connection, and to embrace the melodies that danced within her own heart.

And so, Tenderheart whispered her gratitude once more, to Vinyl, to Octavia, and to the ebb and flow of life's melodies. For even in the face of loss and fading memories, the beauty of their shared existence remained etched in the realm of the heart, a testament to the enduring power of love and the profound impact that one life can have on another.

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