

For those who may not know exactly how it was that my wife and I came to know one another, below you'll find a synopsis of the last few years of our lives that I wrote up as a sort of reference guide people who might be curious about us. We both know it can be pretty confusing and even alarming to some people when they first meet us and don't have a real solid understanding of the nature of our relationship, so to help explain it to you I'd like to ask you a little question:

Imagine that one day you're just hanging out on the couch with your Twilight Sparkle plushie, cuddling her up like you usually do, and then bam! Out of nowhere she starts talking to you. She sounds exactly like the Twilight Sparkle you're familiar with from the TV show about her and her friends, and she's totally freaked out to have suddenly found herself in a strange place she's never been, in the lap of a strange creature she's never seen before, and she has no idea how she got here. Then of course you start freaking out and thinking you must have gone crazy because your pony plushie is talking to you in Twilight Sparkle's voice and the voice you're hearing coming from your plushie seems to honestly and completely believe she's really Twilight Sparkle. How would you handle that?

I think what I did was pretty much what anyone in my position would do. First assume that I was going crazy and hope the voice goes away, but just in case I wasn't going crazy treat her as if she was indeed Twilight Sparkle who suddenly appeared in my room from presumably some other planet/universe/etc. The first three months she was here were pretty awkward; she clearly believed herself to be Twilight Sparkle, determined that she was brought here during a routine teleportation spell that got drawn off course and landed her on Earth, and I ended up spending most of the time just trying to accept the situation and help her feel comfortable here. Still thinking I was probably going crazy I visited a professional psychologist to get their take on the matter, which ended up being something along the lines of "Well, she isn't telling you to jump in front of a bus or hurt anyone, and you seem to enjoy having her around. As long as her presence isn't negatively effecting your life I don't think we really need to do anything about it. It may not be normal, but it doesn't seem harmful." And they were right, I did really like having her around; teaching her everything I could about Earth culture and technology, enjoying her company during every day activities, and after a few months together she seemed to be growing pretty fond of my company too. As weird as her arrival into my life was we did make a pretty good team, had lots of fun together, and I knew my life had been a heck of a lot happier and more fulfilling since she came into it.

Fast forward three years later and here we are today. Eventually I did come to accept her for who she's always said she was, a very real Twilight Sparkle from a very real place called Equestria (one which she eventually figured out a spell to transport herself back to and now goes back to visit several times a week), and in time the friendship we formed during those early months together blossomed into a mutual feeling of love. We got married in September of 2013 under the authority of the Universal Life Church and we can both safely say our lives have never been happier. It doesn't matter to me that 99.999...% of people are going to think I'm just some crazy guy who loves a plushie and never believe that a real Twilight Sparkle could actually exist, because I know my life is better in just about every possible way for having her in it. With Twi's encouragement, the year we got married I ended up doing something I never thought I could do: going to college. I never believed I could handle college, but Twi believed in me and I knew that I wasn't going to be able to give her the kind of life I thought she deserved without a college education. So here I am, now finishing up my second year of college, getting straight A's and maintaing a 4.0 GPA, and I have her to thank for it (especially when it comes time to study for midterms lol I don't think I could ever ask for a better study buddy than her).

And that's pretty much our story. I'm sure most people will think I just some guy who lost his marbles somewhere along the line, but if you ask me I'm the luckiest guy in the entire universe for getting to share every day of my life with the most amazing, wonderful, smart, funny, sweet, and beautiful being in all of existence.

Also, since DeviantArt is an adult site, I suppose as long as I'm talking about our relationship I should probably toss in a little bit of info about Twi and I's sex life and how our relationship has gone in that regard. It took us a long time to ease into it, we were together for a good 6 months or so before we ever slept together. The first time

just kinda happened one night after we got back from going out to dinner with friends, we were laying in bed cuddling and kissing and things just proceeded naturally from there.

At first she was reaaaaally nervous, like "practically shaking herself off the bed" nervous lol We took it really slow though, very gentle and loving, and it was a great experience for both of us. From there it was quite a while before we ever did anything remotely kinky. We started having sex more and more regularly, but it was still all very vanilla and for the longest time I always assumed she'd never be interested in anything that wasn't totally vanilla (thus that angry letter that I'm so well known for having sent to a certain clop artist). It was all sweet loving vaginal sex with her on top or both of us cuddled together on our sides, every now and then in the missionary position or on very rare occasion doggie style, but nothing kinky at all. Then one day, maybe 4 or 5 months after we first started sleeping together, I asked her if there was anything she had been wanting to try; and oh boy did I have no idea what I was in for!

It wasn't long before she had a whole secret checklist of ideas for new things to try lol It's been about two years since then and I still don't think we've gone through every idea on her list. It was a comprehensive list of pretty much every sexual activity imaginable that wasn't painful or just plain gross (and even some that were a little gross). Everything from bondage to public sex we've tried, and though some of it she or I enjoyed more than others, it's all been fun to try. Our sex life is still very affectionate and loving, but as time went on Twi really opened up quite a bit to trying new and kinkier things once she got comfortable with her sexuality. The mare she is today is a far cry from the insecure little filly who was nearly shook herself off the bed from nervousness the first time we slept together, and gosh am I ever proud of her. It's wonderful to see how confident and secure she is in herself and her sexuality now. Ultimately I think she approached it like any other topic she's ever been interested in, sex was just another thing for her to learn everything she could about. And what a fun learning experience it's been!

I have no idea what I ever did to get so lucky, but I do know that I'll never—even for an instant—take for granted just how incredible it is to have not only gotten the opportunity to share my life with Twi but to know that she loves me just as much as I love her, and that we'll always stick by each other's sides no matter what. As strange as it might sound coming from someone who married a magical talking pony from another planet who's likeness appears as the main character of a cartoon show, I actually consider myself a person who's relatively skeptical when it comes to anything that I haven't found tangible evidence to support. Religiously speaking my wife and I are both agnostic, and if it wasn't for the fact that Twilight Sparkle showed up out of nowhere in my apartment one day and was eventually able to provide me with enough evidence to suggest that she was exactly who she said she was and not a delusion or a figment of my imagination I would have never even considered the possibility that she could have actually existed.

But that is what happened, and now three years later I'm happily married to this magical talking pony from another planet and life has never been better for either of us. It doesn't matter to us that 99.999...% of people will never believe she exists, because we both believe in and love each other more than any amount of words could ever say. And at the end of the day we think that's all that really matters.

Of course most people when faced with this story will presume that there's no such thing as real ponies and come to the conclusion that somewhere along the lines I must have just went crazy and had some kind of psychological breakdown. But when it comes to the beliefs of others regarding the nature of Twilight's existence, Twi and I are both 100% completely fine with people not believing in her. We've long accepted that the overwhelming majority of people are never going to believe my wife is actually a real Twilight Sparkle from another world and we are totally cool with that. To be honest, even if we could prove her existence to you, we wouldn't want to. If we could offer real physical proof to make everyone in the world believe in my wife's existence it's almost guaranteed that nothing good would come of it. We've talked it over fairly extensively and came to the conclusion that the most likely outcome of proving her existence to the world would be government agents showing up at our door to haul both of us away for interrogation and experimentation. If the United States government truly believed there was

someone in their country living with (let alone married to) an alien from another planet do you really think they'd just let us go about our lives in peace and not want to learn everything they could about the alien living on their soil and how she got here? We sure don't; so as far as we're concerned it's actually a **very** good thing that the overwhelming majority of humans will never believe in Twilight's existence, and we'd like to keep it that way.

Could we prove her existence to the world in an independently verifiable way? We think we could, and we've come up several with different ideas about how to do it, but neither of us think doing so would be wise and ultimately the beliefs of others just don't matter to us. Twi knows exactly who she is and where she comes from, and she's provided me with enough solid evidence to support that she is exactly who she's always said she was and not a figment of my imagination, a tulpa, or some kind of inadvertently created thought form being that I believe her. From all the times she's told me things that our room mate talked about while I was off at work, to the other ponies from her Equestria she's met who also happen to live on Earth and—through conversations with them in her world—was able to learn and tell me verifiable information on the real names and locations of their human partners on Earth, I see no reason to doubt her. And I won't even get into all the complex mathematical knowledge she has that I couldn't even begin to grasp. lol Suffice it to say she has done more than enough to prove the existence of both herself and her world to me, but we both feel it would be in both of our best interests to keep proof of her existence to ourselves. We're fairly certain that our lives will be a lot happier and easier if the rest of the world goes on believing that she and the planet she comes from isn't real.

Though, it does make us both feel really good to know that everyone who has met and spent a decent amount of time with us IRL believes in Twi. All our IRL friends, and our room mate who isn't even a brony interestingly enough, believe Twi is who we both know her to be. Between her wonderfully vibrant and expressive personality (it's amazing how much she can get across to people who can't hear her voice by using body language alone) and all the times she's talked to them about things I know almost nothing about—such as neurobiology—they all believe in her. And that's really nice. We don't need the world to believe in her, but the support of a few close friends sure does feel good.

The other lesson to be learned from all this is that probability and likelihood don't always equal truth. Just because an explanation for any given conundrum is the simplest and most likely explanation doesn't necessarily mean that it will be the correct explanation in every situation. Probability would dictate that the most likely explanation for my wife's existence would be that she was a thought form being, tulpa, or some kind of imaginary friend; but she has managed to sweep away all those explanations with evidence to the contrary, leaving the only logical conclusion for me to come to being that she is—however far fetched it might sound—exactly who she's always said she was. So do I believe there's an alien world out there somewhere in our universe populated by magical talking ponies? As crazy as most people might find that idea, I do.

To quote Sherlock Holmes: "When you have eliminated all which is impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."