

I was not mistaken. There was no way I could have been, having seen this very town so many times. From my vantage point, I could see my road leading to a bridge over a provincial little brook. Multiple shops and storefronts, homes and monuments sprawled ahead of me in an expanse. Further out, I recognized the pink lacy roof of what must have been Rarity's boutique.

To say my mind was simply "reeling" would be an exercise in understatement. A combination of sheer disbelief and the utter absurdity of the situation rendered me far more debilitated than simply "reeling". I had previously decided I was not experiencing a dream. Confronted then with the exotic and ostentatious architecture of a children's show, I began to doubt myself again. The implications that arose were vast and frightening.

Nothing was more frightening than the moving shapes along the streets of the town. Quadrupedal. Multicolored. Ponies.

Here was the part in my recollection where I began to doubt my grasp of reality. Hallucinogens could easily account for both my physical condition, and the recent peculiarities of my environment. I had inhaled something, maybe? I am not the type that would partake in the sampling of those substances, so this is unusual. Apart from my weariness, (which was rapidly disappearing) my hunger and thirst, I felt physically fine. Some mental shock must have befallen me. Could I be comatose right now, victim of some bleed or head wound?

This conclusion was no comfort to me. Any condition where I was seeing cartoon ponies in a physical realm is not a prime condition. But yet, I would be lying if I said there wasn't a joyful part of my reaction.

When I said before that we share common knowledge regarding ponies, I was not lying. I studiously watched each new episode, participated in fervent discussions on the minutiae of the equine world. I wonder if that was the direct cause of my situation. If it were, and I knew it to be so, would I have delved so easily into the depths of bronysm?

It took me a few moments of reverent silence and incapacity before I regained the will to move. During this time, I simply observed. I actually watched what I had previously only seen in facsimile.

They truly were ponies. From my distance, I could not distinguish individual features. But I saw enough to know for sure. I saw them gather in little conversational groups, or wander around the market. I saw ponies hauling goods, and conducting what looked to be pony commerce. I was observing a very real pony open-air market.

Some part of me gave way. The worried part of my psyche took a bow, and promptly fell silent. I was overtaken by a manic excitement, filled with a desire to rush forward and embrace my new hooved friends. I nearly rushed into town, before regaining my wits and redirecting myself into some cartoon shrubbery. This was a situation that required tact, I decided.

It was then I realized that I would not enjoy a dream where I constantly doubt my perception of reality. As you have likely garnered, I can go on forever about that. I may be dead, perfectly fine, or any permutation thereof, but the fact remained that the ponies were here, and I wanted to see them.

I was not entirely sure of the accuracy of my fan-gained knowledge, or of the reactions that the Equestrians may have to me. But, I always was a fan of experiential learning.

How then, to proceed? Should I just march into town, and quickly insert myself into the solving of their personal problems? Should I just wait around until I become important in some sort of ancient and mystical plot? I considered my options. To be truthful, curiosity was among my prime motivations.

An actual world of Equestria. How does it function? Thousands of questions sprung to mind. How does the astronomy of Equestria work if the sun and moon are raised by deities? How does a town build and develop tools without opposable digits? What is their knowledge of electricity?

None of these questions were useful to me at the current moment. What I needed to know was how to go about entering the town. I look benign by human standards, but I may come across as frightful to a pony. Thankfully, the ponies haven't shown any particular propensity for violence, so I was likely safe in that regard. I supposed I should just walk into town and start talking. If I don't understand their language, then I'll cross that bridge when I come to it. That never happens, anyway.

What else was I going to do? Crouch in the bushes for the rest of this adventure? No. I stood up and proceeded slowly towards the gaily painted buildings of Ponyville. It was likely that I was shaking with nerves, and looked rather bedraggled from my journey.

This could explain why the first pony that sighted me acted how she did. She was purple and blue. As I was walking down the path, she turned her head towards me. I stopped walking. She stopped walking. At that point, she screamed, and bolted behind a building. The scream drew the attention of the entire plaza in my direction. There was a moment of indescribable silence as a hundred equine eyes gazed at something they had never seen before.

Then, in a clatter of sound I heard doors and windows slamming shut, ponies running indoors. Carts were wheeled away, and soon I was left in an empty Ponyville Plaza. An abandoned apple lay smashed on the ground.

It had gone as well as could be expected, really.

I slowly made my way in the direction where I spotted the library. Out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed the occasional glaring pony, and heard snatches of hushed conversation. I

realized that Ponyville was on the edge of a forest known for containing monsters. Maybe I am another monster to them? I hoped that I could speak with an educated pony on the matter, one that would not be so quick to panic.

I reached the door of the library. It was adorned inexplicably with a painting of a candle, which I hadn't noticed until I was standing in front of it, preparing to knock. I heard hoofed footfalls on the other side of the door, so I knew someone (Somepony? Should I adopt the vernacular so quickly?) was on the other side. I rapped my knuckles against the wood.

After a few seconds, the door opened. Standing at knee height inside of the library was a scaly purple-and-green lizardlike creature. His eyes traveled up and met mine, and his tiny draconic brow furrowed in a visage of annoyance. I opened my mouth to speak, but was interrupted.

"Twilight!," Spike yelled. "It's for you!"

"Who is- Oh!" Inside of the library, a purple pony stepped into view. I spotted upon her head a single horn, and saw a sparkly symbol on her side. "Um. Hello!" Twilight spoke, a nervous smile dawning on her face. Pony expressions are a curious thing, which I hope you may someday witness. The eyes are larger than usual in proportion with the rest of the features, but the face manages to still be quite expressive and vivacious. Ponies would be terrible liars. She continued: "Do-... Do you speak Equestrian?" I looked at her in what must have been confusion.

I replied: "No, but I speak English, which apparently sounds like the same thing." Twilight's expression turned into surprise. Spike, apparently less interested, walked away from the door.

A moment of silence passed. "Uh, come in!" Twilight said, gesturing inside with a tilt of her head. I entered the library. It must have been in between cleanings, because books adorned nearly every surface. The library was split into multiple rooms across three floors. The one I sheepishly shuffled into looked to be an entry way of sorts, although still filled with shelves.

"Sooo..." Twilight said, visibly shaken by my appearance. "I'm Twilight Sparkle. Who... um, and what are you?"

This moment in time is important to mark because it is where I made a decision. Nobody likes to be told they are fictional; I'm sure I would react very adversely to it. I decided then, not to betray any of my previous knowledge of the ponies or Equestria. I would act a little lie, just for the purposes of simplicity.

I mumbled out an answer. Something along the lines that I was "Edward Hubert", (which was true,) some people call me Ed, (true) and I am human. (True.)

“...How can I help you, Ed?” She said cautiously.

Thus proceeded a long back-and-forth interview. Twilight was nervous at first, but I could perceive obvious signs of curiosity and excitement. I was not wrong in my guess that such a scholarly pony would quickly pick up on an opportunity to learn. Also, she was quite able to answer many of my questions about Equestria.

I told her that I was from a different planet which I could not easily return to. This only seemed to satisfy her slightly, and I later filled her in on details concerning earth. She seemed unusually intrigued when I mentioned the concept of democracy and leadership after speaking about countries. This unsettled me. I attempted to avoid many questions of technology or turmoil. I did not want to frighten her with wars or atrocities, and did not want to chaotically affect Equestria's scientific development.

I had learned from her the answers to some of my earlier questions. The sun and moon are massive artifacts of magical power, each orbiting Equestria. The sister princesses were tasked each 12 hours with propelling their respective celestial object through the sky, through a complicated ritual involving heavy math and powerful magic.

Yes, I told her, we really don't control the weather. We deal with hurricanes mainly by running.

Apparently, Magic is an extension of a pony's will to affect changes on their environment. The actual forces exerted seem to be from some cosmic vibration of sorts, but the physics are out of reach of any pony's understanding. This magic seems to be easier to channel through keratin and bone. The horn allows unicorns to project, and affect changes at a range, or create complicated effects. The most earth ponies and pegasi can do is use their magic as a grip, allowing them somewhat fine manipulation with their hooves. This manipulation could even be fine enough to pluck the strings of an instrument, or tighten the springs of a watch.

No, our planet moves around the sun. Well, yes, I'm sure it will eventually stop, but that will take quite a while.

Throughout the conversation, I glimpsed occasional spots of movement. I would look out a window only to see a head of a pony dart away. Twilight would usually then distract me with another question.

This proceeded for quite some time, until a loud series of events happened all at once. I was seated upon the floor, as chairs are not as common among ponies. Twilight lay next to a desk, which I first assumed to be a coffee table. The door burst open, and in bounced a shock of pink hair and energy.

“Twilight, did you hear! A scary, skinny monster thing just walked right into town and Lyra said she saw it and I was wonder-” Eventually, she noticed. Pinkie glared at me with her giant pony eyes, and gasped dramatically.

“WOW! What is it!?”