

# AB 469: A Po(r)ny-ography in Three Parts

*Written in Response to a Remark Made by State Representative Jesse Kremer (R-59th Assembly) during the 11.19.2015 Public Hearing on Trans-Discriminatory Bathroom Legislation Proposed for Public Schools in Wisconsin.*

## I.

*Would you feel uncomfortable changing next to someone with totally different body parts?*

Trish is late for gym period. She bursts into the locker room to find it empty, or nearly so. All the other girls have changed and left.

All but Pammy Sparkle.

Pammy is sitting on the bench by Trish's locker, circled by flakes of glitter dust.

"Great," Trish mutters, avoiding eye contact. There's something funny about Pammy. She coats her skin in sparkles. She sings songs about being different.

"Throw your sticks and your stones," Pammy is singing softly while tying her lavender high-tops. "Your bombs and your bones."

Trish ignores her and enters her locker combination.

"Get a move on, girls!" yells Coach Moore from outside, clapping her hands. "Your rackets aren't swinging for you!"

Trish takes off her sweater and roots around for her gym shirt.

Next to her, Pammy glances up. "Look at you!" She's pointing at Trish's middle.

Trish frowns. "What?"

"Your belly button. It's totally different from mine," Pammy announces sweetly. She lifts her royal blue gym shirt to show her tightly composed innie.

"That's because yours is weird," Trish says, though she knows that in fact, innies are far more common. "It's like a tunnel to your guts." She turns away and pulls on her gym shirt.

"Wait," Pammy says. "Let me see yours again."

Has she never seen an outie before? Trish lifts her shirt a gap. “Okay?”  
 “It’s so cute!” Pammy brushes Trish’s outie with an exploratory finger. At the strange sensation, Trish sighs.

Whoa. She steps back.

Pammy grins. “Did that feel good?”

Trish stares at the beige floor tiles. Good? Pammy’s touch has somehow activated a core thread of Trish’s inner being, a beam of golden energy that is unlocking her deepest desires.

“Would you...” she steps forward, “...do that again?”

Pammy strokes Trish’s outie gently.

*Abbb.* “Can I,” Trish ventures, “touch yours?”

“Sure.” Pammy tucks her shirt into her bra band.

Trish rims Pammy’s innie with her finger. Pammy moans.

“I kind of want to poke it,” Trish says. “Can I?”

“Please,” says Pammy. She tosses her long princess hair to one side.

Trish pushes in softly with her index finger. Pammy sucks in her breath.

Then Pammy sits on the bench where she can comfortably lick Trish’s outie.

Lightheaded, Trish finds herself bucking into Pammy’s mouth. Hmmm, she wonders. She lifts Pammy’s head. “What if we...” She motions for Pammy to get up.

Embracing Pammy tightly, Trish pushes her outie into Pammy’s innie. But it doesn’t feel right. It’s too... Trish pauses and thinks, absently stroking her right nipple.

Of course. She puts one knee on the bench and guides her hard nipple into Pammy’s soft, damp belly button. She rubs it around and around, the sensation strange and thrilling.

Pammy has lifted her shirt and is rubbing her own nipples in response.

Trish notes and remarks upon their differences. Where Trish’s nipples are small and dark, Pammy’s are big and rosy. How informative. Everyone’s different body parts, she is learning, are totally different from everyone else’s.

Pammy smiles. Their bodies moving as one, puffs of glitter rise.

“Girls!” Coach Moore calls from the hall. “What are you doing, geometry?”

Trish freezes. What *are* they doing? She pulls away, stricken.

“We should go,” she says, refusing to look at Pammy. She adjusts her shirt, shuts her locker, and leaves.

Pammy's exposed belly grows cold in Trish's absence. Pammy drops down her shirt. Is it wrong to be curious about someone else's totally different body parts? she wonders. No. It isn't. It can't be. She just doesn't belong here, in high school. She's so *different* from the other girls. She feels always this strong yearning for something else, somewhere else.

She turns to the full-length mirror and rubs the small bump on her forehead, which awakens with a dim light. "This is the part of me," she sings softly to herself, "that you're never going to ever take away from me." She pulls her long hair back to form a ponytail. Her voice grows in volume.

"Look at me, I'm sparkling..."

And she is. The mirror is alive with sparkles.

## II.

*Would you feel uncomfortable changing next to someone with totally different body parts?*

My name is Rarity, and I am from Ponyville. I am here to speak in favor of this bill.

It all began this school year, when one of the Pegasus ponies received accommodations to use the unicorn changing room. At the time, I was as receptive to this as all the other unicorns. Why should we be threatened by anypony's different body parts? As far as we were concerned, Fluttershy was one of us. The only essential difference had nothing to do with horns or wings or magic, but that Fluttershy had no cutie mark. She had not yet found her true self.

Because I represent the element of generosity, it was I who gave Fluttershy a warm welcome and a tour of the facilities when she showed up in our changing room that first day. It was I who invited her to change next to me. She thanked me graciously. She blushed.

Out on the track field, Fluttershy and I hoofed around nervously, I dare say aware of the heat rising between us. When Pinkie Pie bounced up to say hello, she stopped short with a bubble of surprise. Her tail had begun twitching, an indication that bad weather was on its way.

To be sure, a terrible storm was coming.

In the following weeks what transpired was a predatory seduction, the likes of which this bill is designed to prevent. Fluttershy invaded my bodily privacy and pressured me into committing shameful and indecent acts.

All of this transpired in the space of the changing room. It was there that I became attracted to Fluttershy's bashful sweetness and addicted to seeing her smile. It was there that I nuzzled her neck and she turned to look deep in my eyes. It was there that we rubbed our muzzles together and licked one another's totally different body parts, then mounted one another with abandon. It was there that the force of our passion grew so powerfully magical that Fluttershy's magnificent shuddering incited a kaleidoscope of colorful butterflies to descend upon Ponyville, prompting everypony to erupt into song and Fluttershy's cutie mark at last to materialize. Yes, darlings, it was I who helped Fluttershy find her essential self.

No, tissues, thank you. I can proceed.

Soon after that momentous occasion, something shifted in our relationship. Fluttershy stopped answering my texts promptly, then stopped answering them at all. She seemed to be avoiding me. I thought she may have been questioning having taken things too far, too soon; so I confronted her directly. Of course she said it was nothing, nothing had changed, she loved me as ever. But I knew from her fearful eyes: she lied.

The very next day, I arrived in the changing room early and discovered Fluttershy nuzzling with Twilight Sparkle.

Darlings, you must know that Twilight Sparkle is my very best friend.

Well, I was furious. I gnashed at Fluttershy's delicate wings with my teeth, bruising them terribly. Then I shoved Twilight Sparkle into the mirror portal. She's gone.

My heart hurts. I can't stop crying. I don't know how to be generous. I never want to set hoof in the changing room again.

In conclusion, this bill will prevent other unicorns from being harmed like I have been harmed. Had I not been exposed to Fluttershy's totally different body parts, I would not have been seduced, manipulated, and so callously tossed aside. I would not have been made uncomfortable. Moreover, I would not have acted rashly to eject Twilight Sparkle from Equestria, leaving all of Ponyville without harmony.

Deranged, delusional Pegasi such as Fluttershy are a menace to all unicorns, and must not be allowed in our changing rooms. Thank you for your time.

### III.

*Would you feel uncomfortable changing next to someone with totally different body parts?*

Dear Princess Celestia,

I'm happy to report that you have a new subject.

When Rarity lost her generosity and shoved me into the mirror, I entered a whole other world, a different dimension. Not the world of Canterlot High that is magically linked to Equestria, but a strange, in-between world featuring hard metal lockers and drab tile.

The portal had spat me out into a kind of changing room, where I landed on top of a girl, who, after I collected myself and scrambled away, told me I shouldn't be in the girls' locker room. I wasn't a girl.

When I explained that I was in fact a girl, and a unicorn—a girl unicorn—her eyes grew big and violet as they roved over me. She rubbed the bulb on her forehead. I watched it glow dimly, briefly, then dull out. She smiled.

She seemed strangely familiar.

Suddenly I was having all these ... feelings.

The next thing I knew I was slamming her against the lockers and licking her tender parts and she was slamming me back and using her fingers down there and oh. Spike, please delete that last sentence.

We've grown close in the time I've spent in her world, and I've taken the liberty of bringing her back with me to Ponyville. Her new name is Songpony Sparkle and she looks—just like me. Yet while we share remarkably similar body parts, the differences between us are startling. Songpony likes to have music on at all times. I prefer quiet. Songpony enjoys public intimacy. I prefer private. Songpony likes to entertain large groups of ponies. I prefer one-on-one time with my closest friends. We are discovering new differences every day.

Dear Princess, perhaps I should have consulted you before inviting Songpony to Ponyville—but I couldn't reach you from the other dimension, and Songpony was horribly depressed in her world. You have always taught me that friendship is a wondrous and powerful thing; a beautiful, magical thing. Here in Equestria, she has found friendship; and with it, her true pony self.

Songpony Sparkle has learned a valuable lesson about difference. Sometimes the thing that makes you feel left out and misrecognized can actually be the thing that helps you find your closest intimates.

Meanwhile, Rarity has learned not to jump to conclusions: I have since reassured her that, when she discovered me with Fluttershy in the changing room, I was only comforting her. Poor, anxious Fluttershy had just shared with me her groundless fear that her powerful climax had perverted Ponyville's harmony.

As for me, dear Princess—I am learning about a new kind of friendship that is very different from the other friendships I've known. Songpony can never replace Rainbow Dash or Fluttershy, Pinkie Pie or Applejack. Even Rarity—overdramatic but forgivable Rarity—means the world to me. But what I have found with Songpony is new and exciting. I'm learning so much.

Always,  
your faithful student,

Twilight Sparkle