



BRILLIANT.

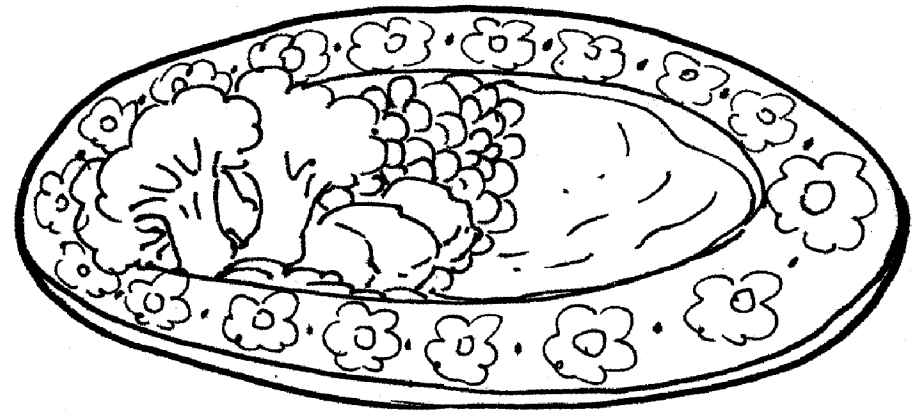
HORRID NIGHTMARE

ClaraEm

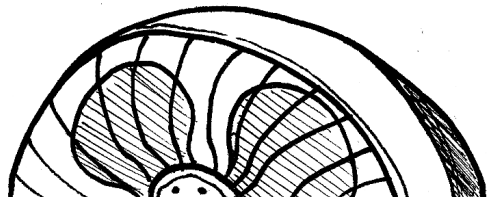
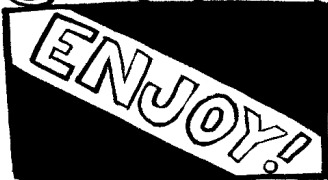
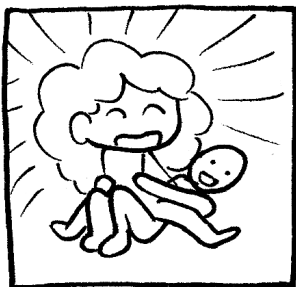
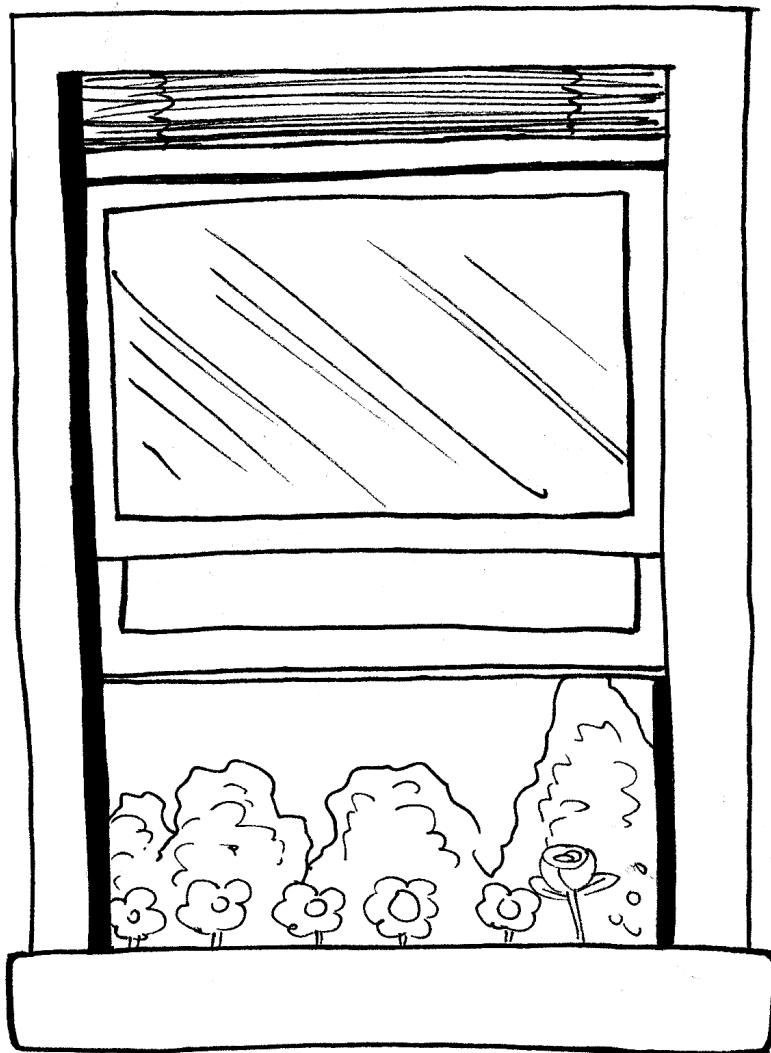
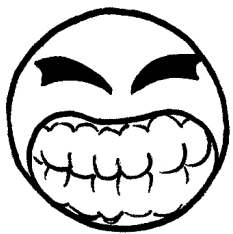
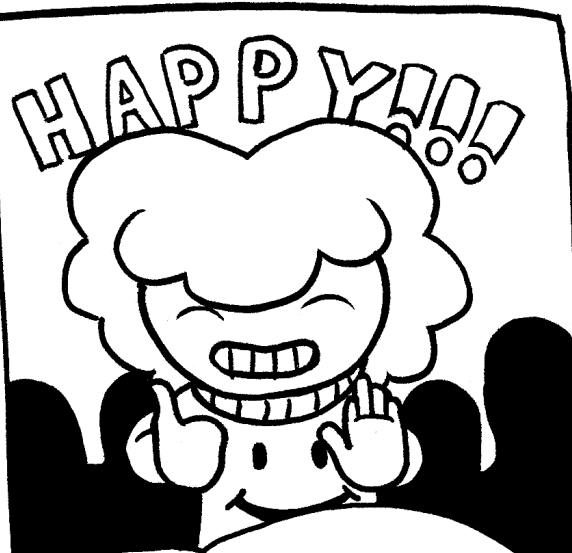
I'm jealous of people who
look like they're high on
life. I want to be just like
them.



I want to be inspired by
the tiniest details, just like them.



look at the flower pattern on
this plate. They would say "wow!"
I couldn't give a single fuck less.

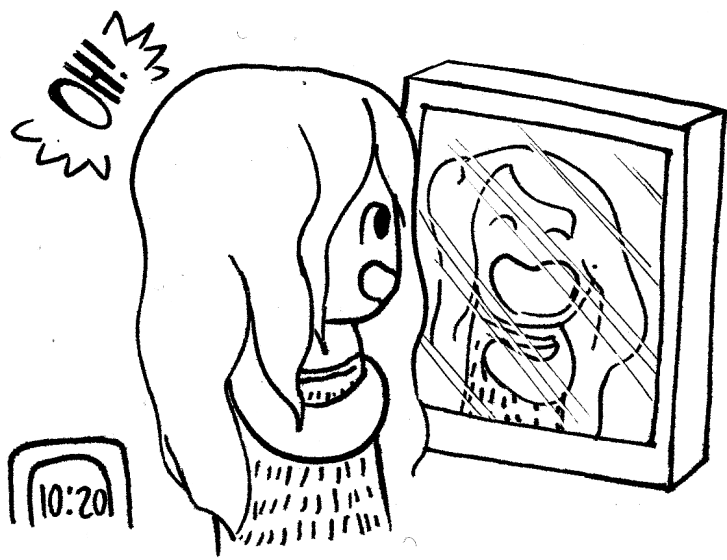


My hair looks like shit
but I feel good! YAY!!!



My room looks like shit but...
eh, who cares?! YAY!!!



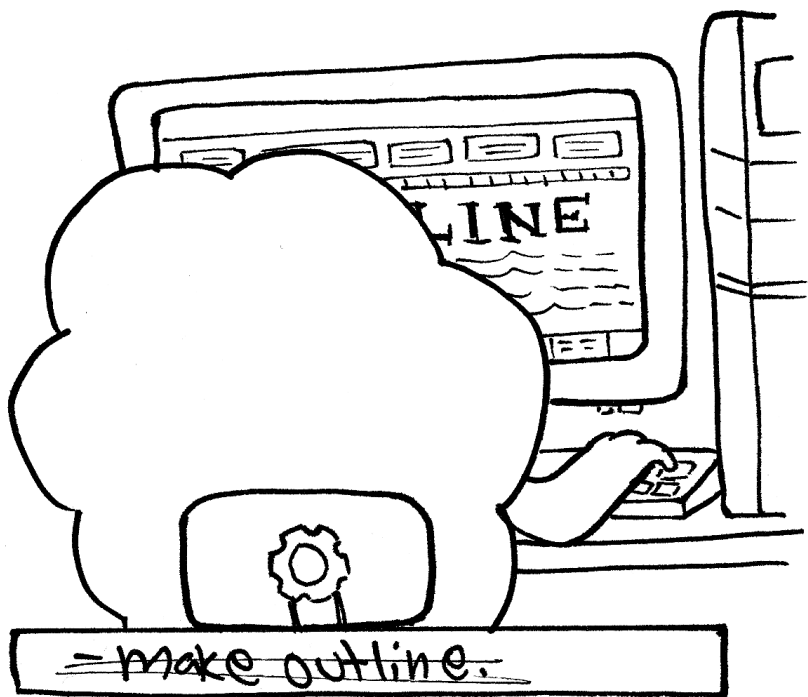


My face looks rounder,
I think the HORMONES are
working. YAY!!!



Omg! I love this Show!





When I feel accomplished
I'm able to sleep soundly and
await the next day, all the
while, dreaming of future possibly.



SAD FACE

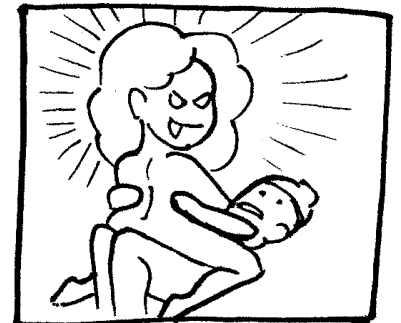
THE MUSICAL

WAH
WAH
WAH
WAH



ILL
SELF

FUCK
YOU



OBS-
ESS!



10:38



What a fucked-up
dream! UGH!!!

11:23



SNOORE

12:47

ugh...
FINE...

First thought of the day is always:

12:50



"My Past Self
is HAUNTING me."

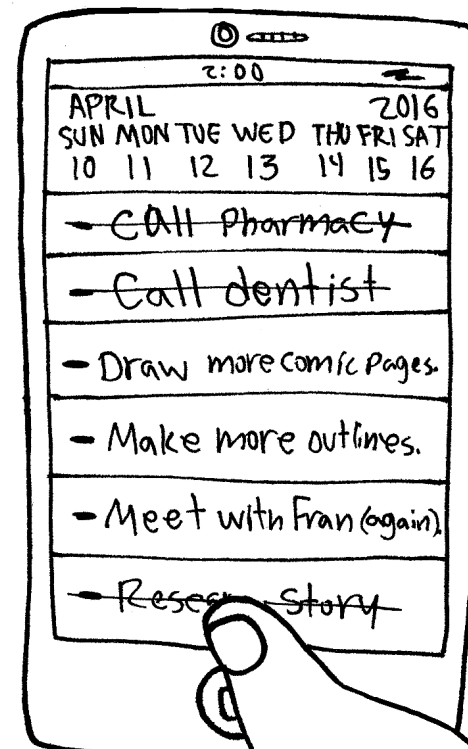
and...
By the time I hop into
the shower I... I Can't
Stop thinking about it.

12:53

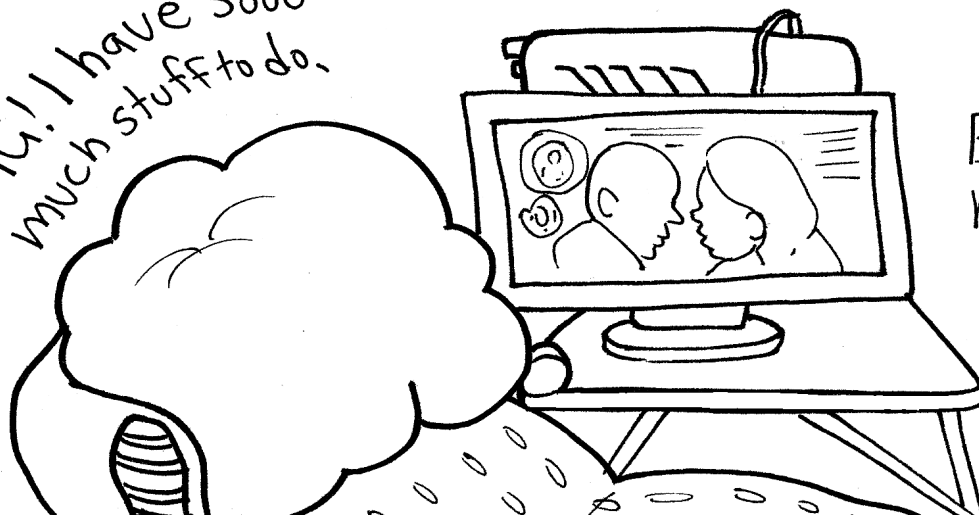


Right after Showering,
I already need a distraction.

I have Shit to do.
Most of it isn't difficult...



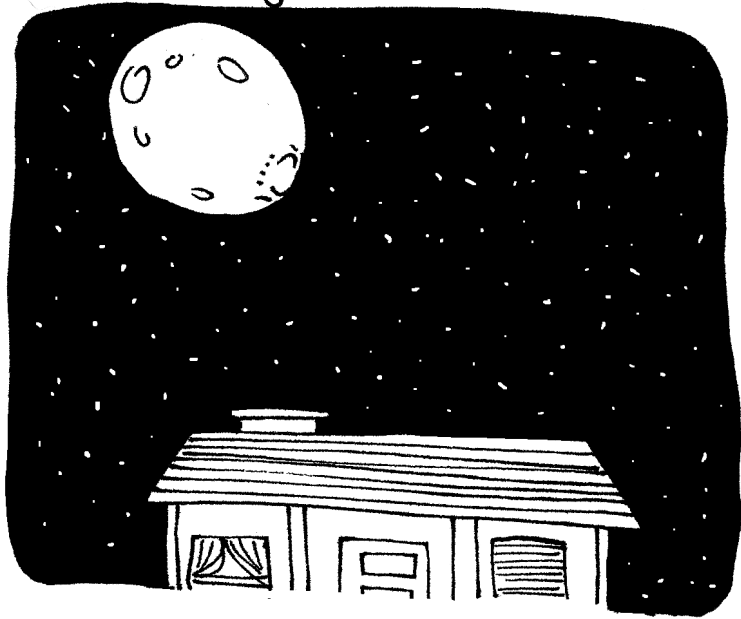
OMG! I have sooo
much stuff to do.



But I end up just
not doing most of it.
I hear that's super
common though.

well,
I don't know...

At night...



I'll just be sitting there,
not knowing what to do
with myself.



lately it's scaring me more
and more...



Is this stand-still
going to be my life
from now on?



why do I even exist anyway?

where am I?



where am
I going?

by bedtime
I realize:

"My world is small."

"Really. really.
small."

"tiny, even =

I realize that over
time, this has
contributed towards
making me a fearful
person overall. Mostly,
I fear losing my
comforts.

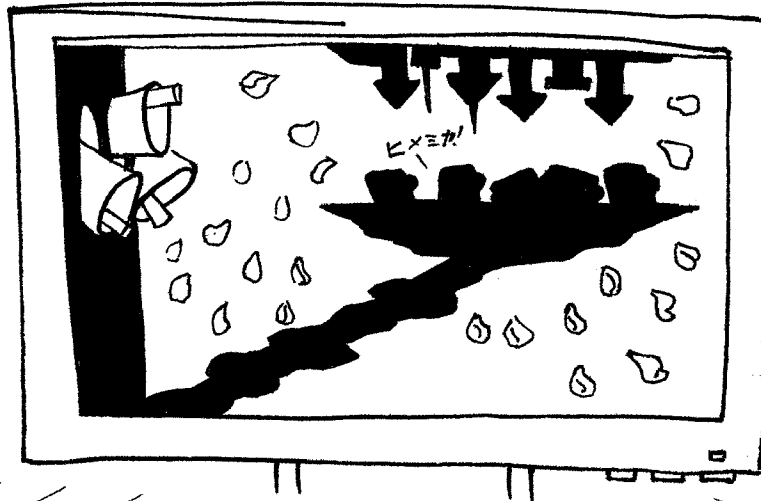
lately I...
I feel scared by
anything and
everything.

What do I even
do about that?

I'm afraid of the dark.



My blanket makes me feel better.
It shields me from the darkness.
So does the glow from my computer
screen.



I don't go to sleep
anymore. I just pass out.



is this even living?

I can't keep living this way.
It's not sustainable.

What the fuck is wrong with me?



HELL

HAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHA



Die-Die

HAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA

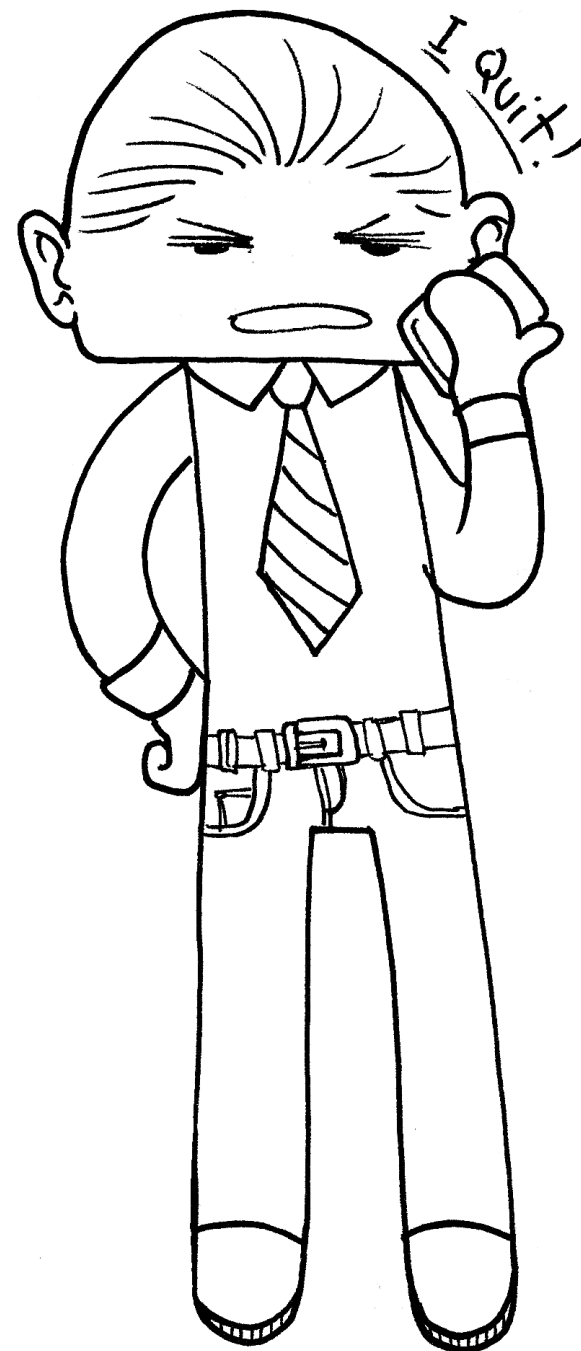
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA



I Can't stand this anymore! This is the last time I wear this. I... -





I... things will be tough
for a while...
It'll be difficult and
so very frustrating.

but it'll be worth it.
(I hope).

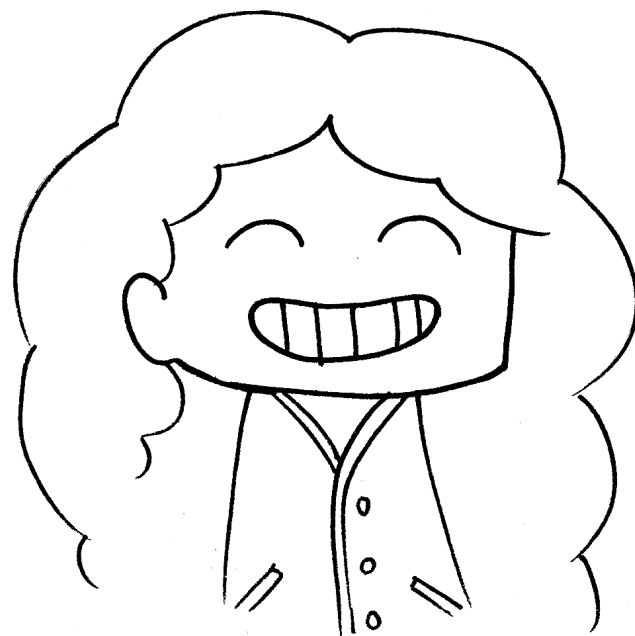
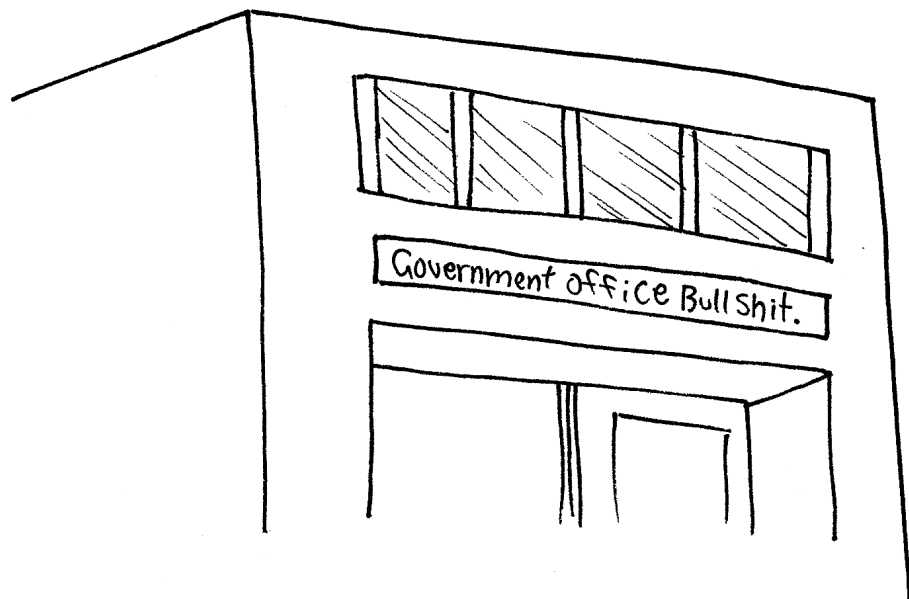
So I can be myself.



Instead of who "they"
need me to be.

Money isn't everything...

Right?!



Name Change...?
Are you even a
Citizen of the
United States?
yep!

So about my name
and Gender marker
change...

You're Court order
only mentions a name
change not Gender marker
change...

We can only change
The name...

FINE!

ugh...
racist...transphobic...

ugh!

I'LL SEE
WHAT I
CAN DO!!!

Oh yeah? Well, let's see here...

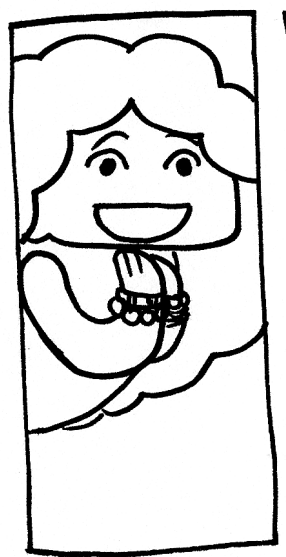
The court hereby orders that
the AMERICAN CITIZEN, CLARA
EMILIANA, be allowed to change
their name and gender marker-



Hi, um, I have an appointment with the surgeon...

AH! I see, his office is right this way.

So now I have to stop at
UGH This Fucking Place---



Hey I'm here for the Post-Surgery Check-in...

OH! Hello!! I'm sure you're just fine!

You don't wanna at least check? Only if you really want...

Please...

OK!

uh... mm... sure, ok. y-you're the doctor!...

Well the incision has already healed so the stitch is not doing much. You can pull it out if you'd like.

WTF!!!

T- that...

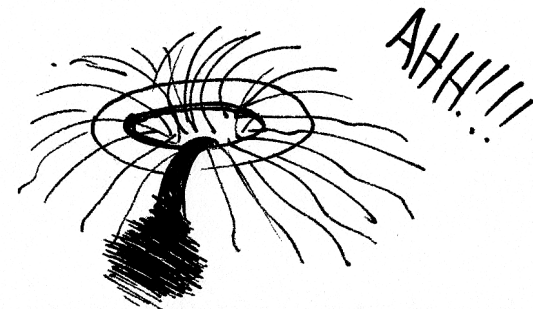
...sort of freaked me out.

Ugh fuck it.
I'm just going to go to bed.





I guess today wasn't sooo bad. Not like I thought anyway.



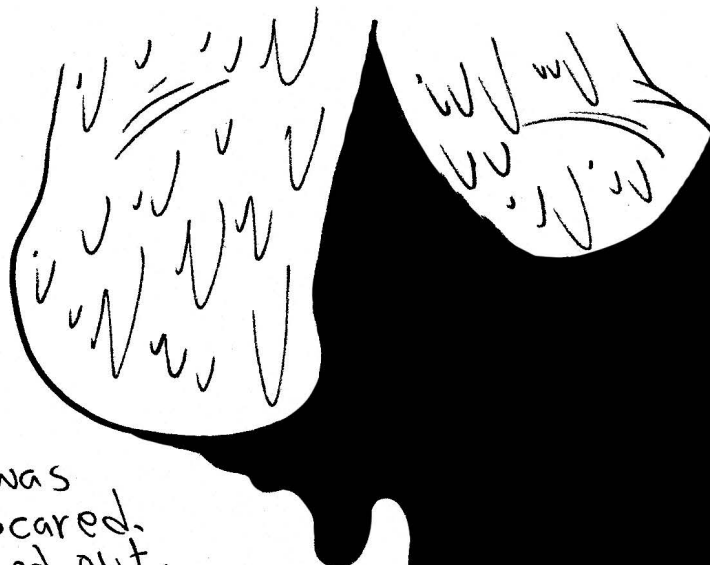


WHAT THE
FUCK OMG
WHAT SHOULD
I EVEN DO?!

The truth is I
wasnt in pain.



But I was
still scared.
I freaked out.



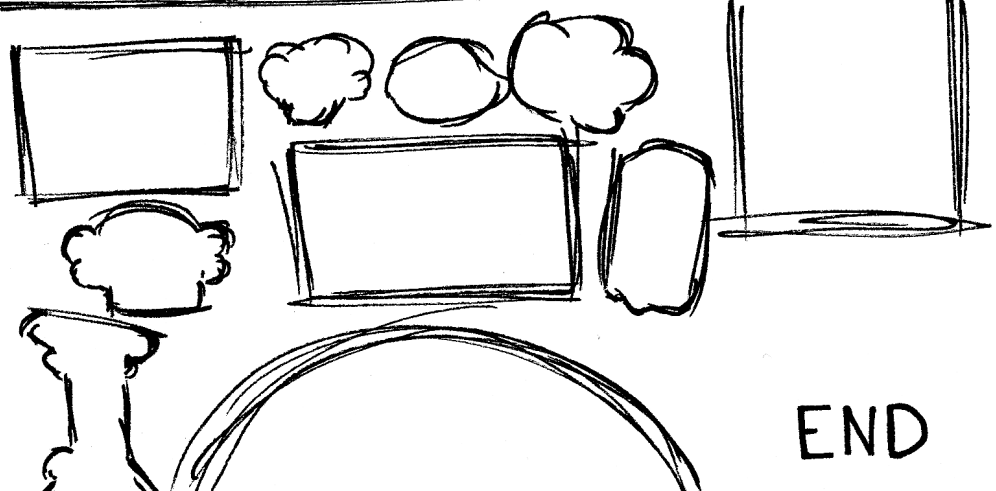
I felt like I
could see
infinitely inside
myself.

But then, I suppose I always could.
Sometimes it feels like it's all I do.
Am I projecting my own thoughts
and emotions? Do I even know what
reality looks like anymore...?

Ultimately I ended
up just sitting there,
terrified and unsure
of what to do. I just
couldn't focus on anything
else.



flowers
When shit gets this
scary and confusing,
should I even be
focusing on little flowers
on plates....?



END

