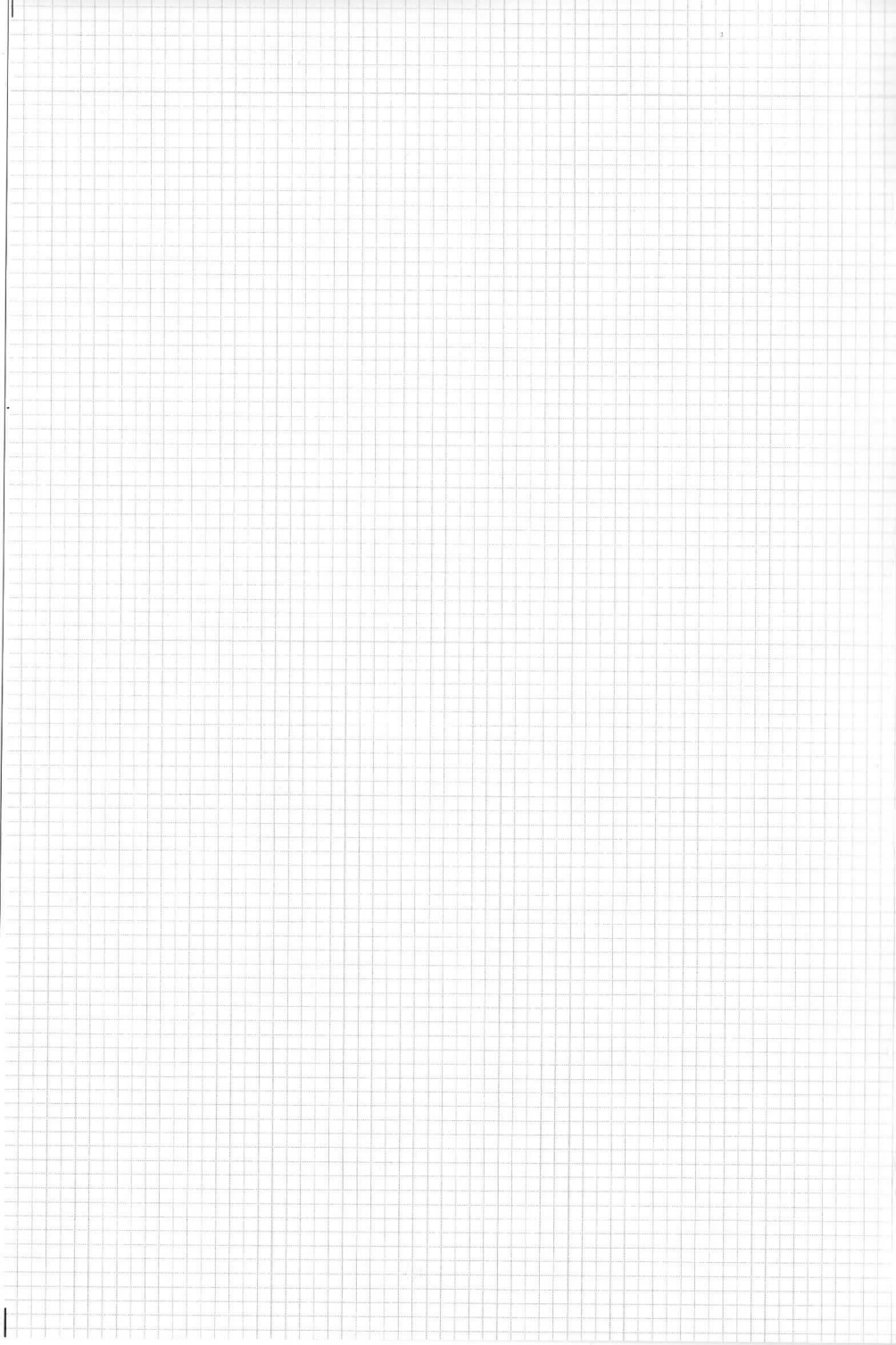
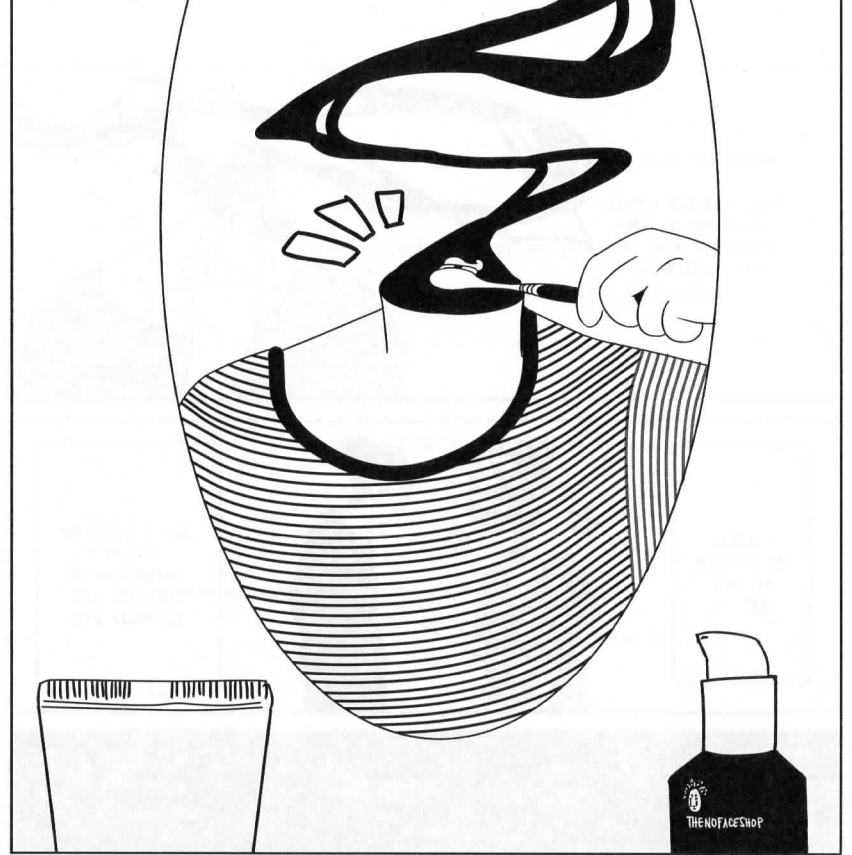
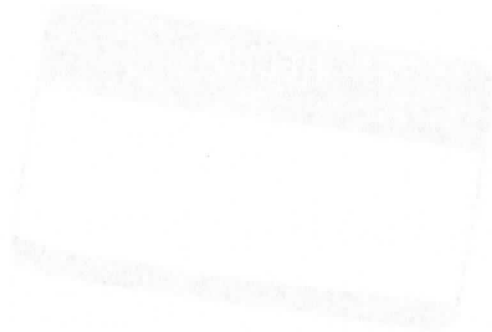
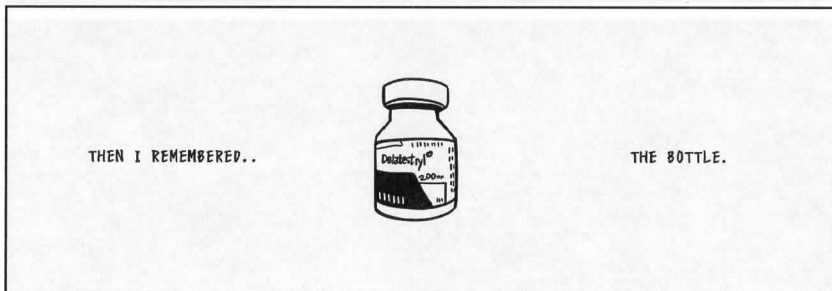


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I SOMEHOW MANAGED TO LOSE MY HEAD.



DELATESTRYL

AN ANDROGEN

WHAT I BELIEVED WOULD BE THE ANSWER,

SOLUTION TO MY GENETIC IMPERFECTION

BUT IT ONLY LEFT ME WITH MORE QUESTIONS

U N C E R T A I N T I E S

I N S E C U R I T I E S

T E R R O R S

SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT

5 YEARS FOR THIS?

WHERE WAS THE PIZZAZZ?

THE GRAND CEREMONY OF CELEBRATION?
THE FRIENDLY, SUPERFLUOUS CONGRATULATORY // FACEBOOK
// TWITTER

// INSTAGRAM

(0) COMMENTS

A N Y O N E ?

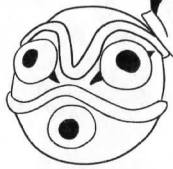
WHY DO I FEEL SO
L O N E L Y ?

WHERE IS MY HEAD?

WAIT ... WHO...?

WHO AM I?

I DIDN'T THINK IT WERE POSSIBLE, BUT THERE I WAS, HAVING THIS GIGANTIC MIDLIFE IDENTITY CRISIS IN MY 20'S.



AND THE WORST PART IS, I DIDN'T HAVE AN IDENTITY TO BEGIN WITH. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I FINALLY RAN OUT OF MASKS TO HIDE BEHIND.

AS A KID, PLEASING MY PARENTS MEANT EVERYTHING. IF IT MEANT THEY WOULD STOP FIGHTING. I BECAME WHAT THEY WANTED ME TO BE FOR THE SAKE OF THE FAMILY.



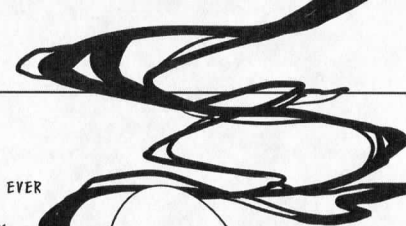
BUT THE OLDER I GREW, AND THE LESS I BECAME IN THE EYES OF MY PARENTS, I WAS BECOMING SOMETHING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND: DEPRESSED.

oogle

why am i always
why am i always
why am i always sad at night
why am i always sad for no reason

NOTHING I DID WAS EVER GOOD ENOUGH, YET I FOOLISHLY HOPED THAT, IF I FAKED IT ENOUGH, SOMEONE WOULD FINALLY NOTICE ME.
MY EFFORTS.

I WAS SO DESPERATE FOR LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE, THAT I DID EVERYTHING I COULD IN ORDER TO FEEL "NORMAL" TO FEEL LIKE I ACTUALLY BELONGED SOMEWHERE.



BUT BIT BY BIT,

I SACRIFICED EVERY BIT OF MYSELF, ALL FOR THE SAKE OF FEELING VALID.

MY LOVE

MY FREEDOM

MY HAPPINESS

MY INDIVIDUALITY

MY PRIDE

MY WILL TO LIVE

UNTIL THERE WAS NOTHING BUT A HOLLOW SPACE.

MY HEAD WAS NEVER MISSING, IT WAS STOLEN LONG AGO.





I WOKE UP ONE MORNING TO MY FAVOURITE LITTLE FATTY. HER OBNOXIOUS PURRING EARNED A LAUGH OUT OF ME.



... GOOD MORNING, NANA.

IT CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN THIS WAS. BUT I SUPPOSED THINGS WERE ABOUT THE SAME.

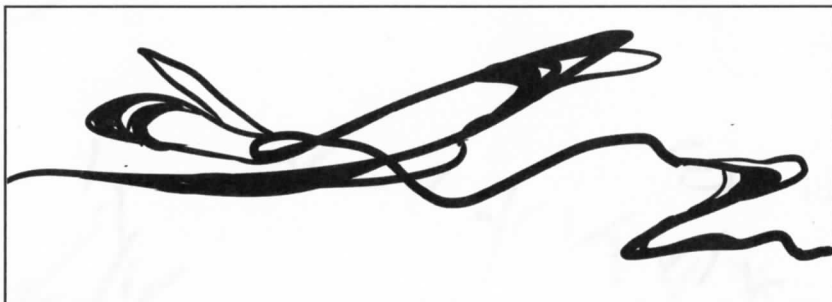


I STILL HADN'T FOUND MY HEAD, YET FOR SOME REASON, I WASN'T ALL THAT BOTHERED, BEING HEADLESS.

I WASN'T SURE WHY, OR HOW IT SUDDENLY BECAME SUCH A MINISCULE THING.



BUT THEN AGAIN, I MADE IT A POINT TO AVOID STARING INTO MIRRORS.



DESPITE BEING HEADLESS, MY LOVED ONES STILL MANAGED TO RECOGNIZE ME. WHICH I FOUND VERY STRANGE.

HOW WERE THEY ABLE TO TELL? IT WASN'T OBVIOUS AT ALL.

CURIOUS AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I DECIDED TO LOOK UP AT THE MIRROR.



AND TO MY SURPRISE I ACTUALLY SAW

SOMETHING.

"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHO ARE YOU?"

"ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? I'M YOU."

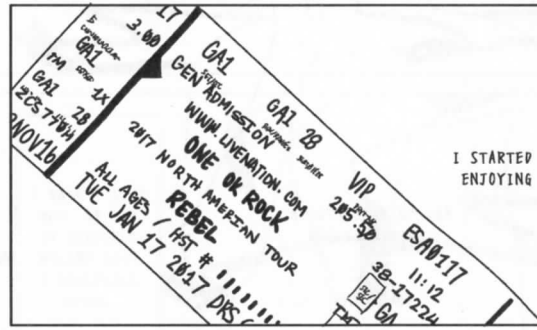
WITHOUT REALIZING, MY HEAD HAD FINALLY RETURNED TO ME. WITH GENUINE SMILE.

IN THE MONTHS LEADING TO THIS "DISCOVERY", IT'S WHEN I ACTUALLY BEGAN TO ENJOY LIVING.



I JOINED AN LGBT VOLLEYBALL LEAGUE, AND ACTUALLY ENJOYED BEING AROUND SO MANY PEOPLE. WON GOLD TWICE.

FOOD BEGAN TO TASTE LIKE SOMETHING AGAIN, AND I'VE BECOME LESS PICKY.



I STARTED GOING TO CONCERTS ON MY OWN, ENJOYING MOMENTS OF SOLITUDE RATHER THAN DREAD BEING ALONE.

SLOWLY, I'VE BEEN DISCOVERING, REDISCOVERING, AND REPAIRING THE PIECES OF MYSELF I THOUGHT WOULD BE LOST FOREVER.

IN MY 24 YEARS OF EXISTENCE, THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER GOT TO KNOW MYSELF ON AN INTIMATE LEVEL, THE FIRST TIME, I FELT ANY SORT OF LOVE FOR MYSELF THAT I DIDN'T THINK WOULD BE POSSIBLE.

BECAUSE RATHER THAN SEARCHING FOR THAT AFFECTION AND VALIDATION FROM OTHER PEOPLE, I GAVE IT TO MYSELF.

AND IN LOVING MYSELF, I'VE LEARNED TO BE A LOT KINDER TO OTHERS.

WITHOUT BEING A PUSHOVER.

ULTIMATELY, WHEN WE DIE, WE ONLY HAVE OURSELVES. AND SINCE THAT'S THE CASE, I WANT TO BE WITH SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THEY DID THEIR BEST. NO MATTER HOW TOUGH THINGS GOT.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED THROUGHOUT THIS YEAR, IS THAT THE PAST WILL A L W A Y S

BE A PART OF YOU. AND IT TAKES A LOT OF PRACTICE,

AND COURAGE, TO FACE YOUR DEMONS ANF SOMEHOW
FIND A WAY TO MAKE

P E A C E

WITH THEM.

TO OWN UP TO YOUR MISTAKES,

TO FORGIVE YOURSELF WITHOUT EXPECTING FORGIVENESS FROM OTHERS
AND IT'S NORMAL TO FUCK UP EVERY NOW AND AGAIN. SHIT HAPPENS,
TO EVERYBODY. SO PLEASE KNOW

AREN'T ALONE ON THAT STRUGGLE.

LEARN TO E N J O Y SOLITUDE

T H E L I T T L E T H I N G S I N L I F E

APPRICIATE AND CELEBRATE WHAT MAKES
YOU H A P P Y

AND IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF HAVING A SHIT DAY, HAVE IT

C R Y

S C R E A M

BINGE WATCH YOUR FAVOURITE ANIME

AND EAT THAT WHOLE BAG OF CHIPS. PET AN ANIMAL,
PUNCH YOUR MATTRESS, VENT TO A FRIEND YOU TRUST, WHATEVER IT IS THAT COMFORTS
YOU BEST (BUT IN A SAFE WAY LOL)

ALLOW YOURSELF TO FEEL THINGS, BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY SO
MUCH PRESSURE YOU CAN HOLD IN BEFORE YOU

E X P L O D E

AND YOU'RE LEFT WITH PIECES
YOU'RE V A L U E D, VALUED

I'M NOT ALWAYS THE MOST POSITIVE PERSON. BUT I'M NOT
A NEGATIVE NANCY EITHER. IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO
FIND THIS BALANCE WITHIN MYSELF,

BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.

THERE ARE STILL TIMES
WHEN MY HEAD WOULD
DISAPPEAR. AND I'LL
PANIC WHENEVER IT DOES.

BUT IT EVENTUALLY
COMES BACK WHEN
THE STORM IS OVER.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS
CHANGING. NOTHING
IS PERMANENT. WE ARE
WHO WE CHOOSE TO BE,
NOT WHAT OTHERS
TELL US TO BECOME.

I WAS WATCHING
SEASON 3 OF "GOTHAM"
AND THE THEME OF
THE FINALE REALLY
HIT HOME.
(PSST WATCH IT)

CHOICES. CHANGES.
USING YOUR ORIGINS
TO SHAPE YOUR OWN
PATH.

"WHO AM I?"
I DON'T REALLY HAVE
ONE ANSWER TO THAT.

I'M A SURVIVOR.
I'M A FIGHTER.
I'M AN ARTIST.
I'M A MUSICIAN.
I'M A COSPLAYER.
I'M A WEIRDO.

I'M TRANS AND GAY.
I'M FILIPINO.
I'M AGNOSTIC,
BUT SPIRITUAL.
I'M MENTALLY ILL.
I'M HUNGRY.

I'M A COLLECTION
OF EXPERIENCES
AND CHOICES. A
CONSTANT WORK
IN PROGRESS.

I'M DAMIAN
MARCELINO
CASAS.



NICE TO MEET YA.

AND NANA
TOO.



 [instagram.com/uwakuta](https://www.instagram.com/uwakuta)
 twitter.com/uwakuta

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