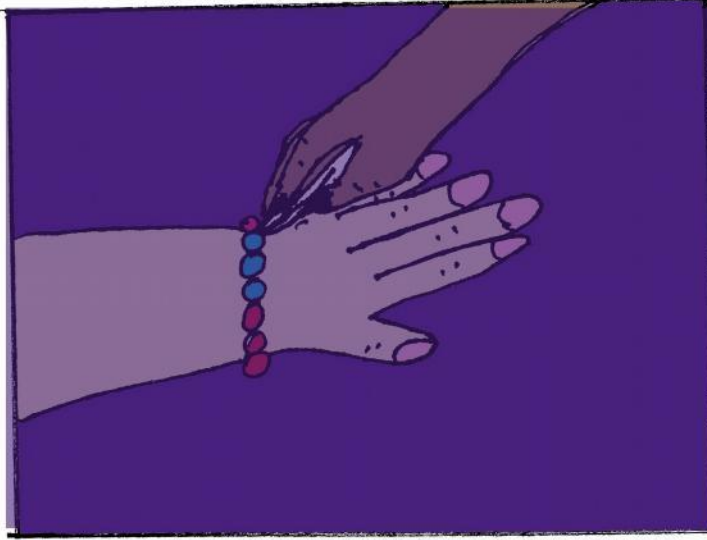


WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN???

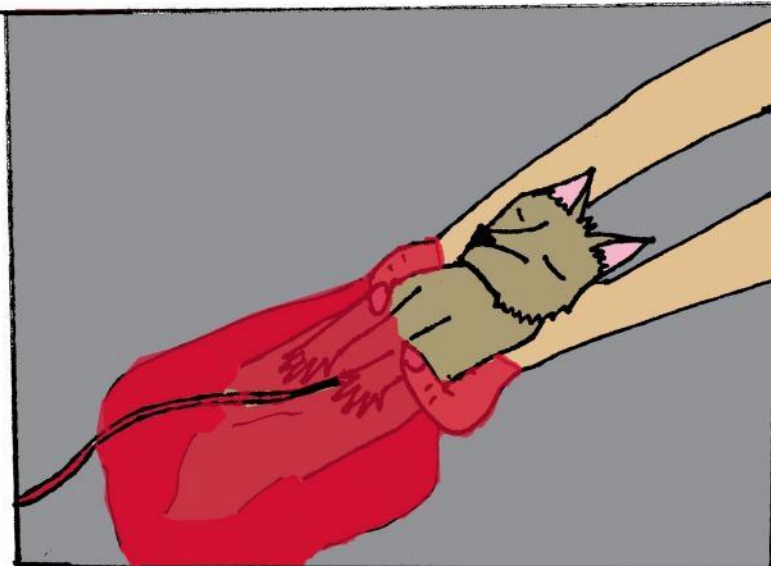


My mother used colored "cycle tracking" beads as contraception. My father thought it would be a hilarious prank to tamper with them while she slept, saying, "What's the worst that could happen???"

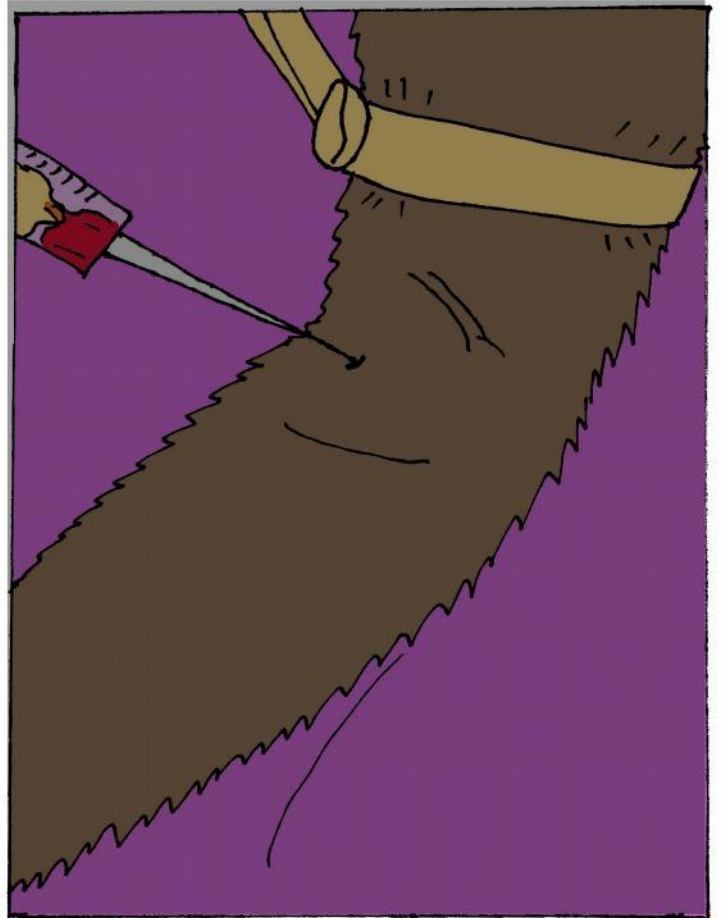
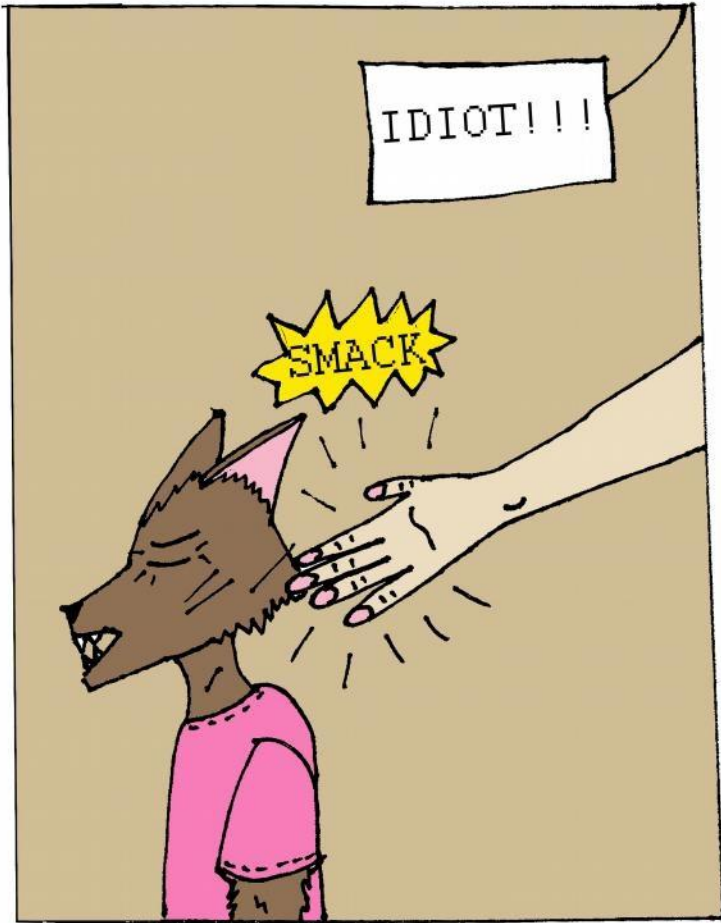
I'm pregnant



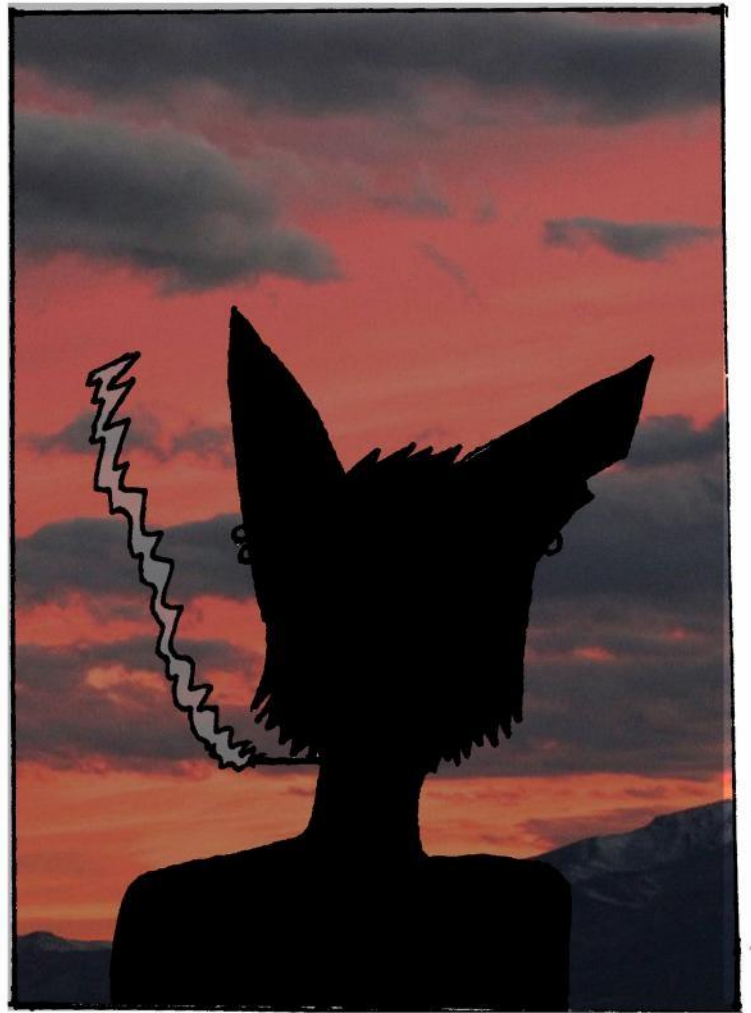
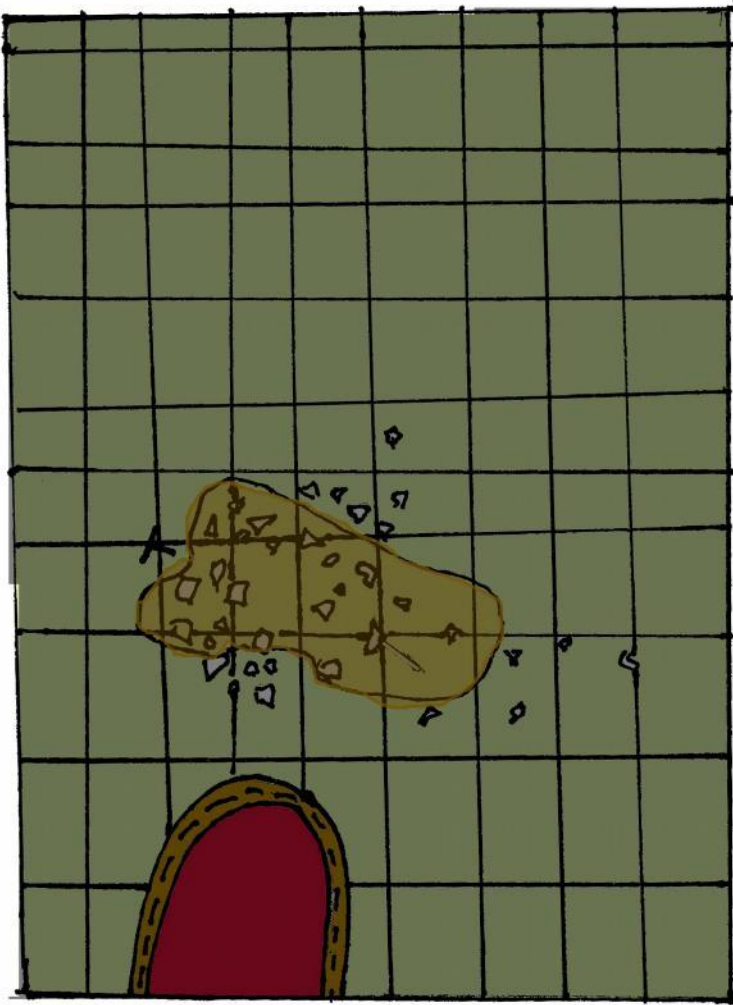
It's a coyote!!!



After 36 hours of back labor, I had to be pulled out by the doctor, since I'd gotten stuck by the shoulders. My spine was deformed.



* Kanji read "grocery store" in Japanese.



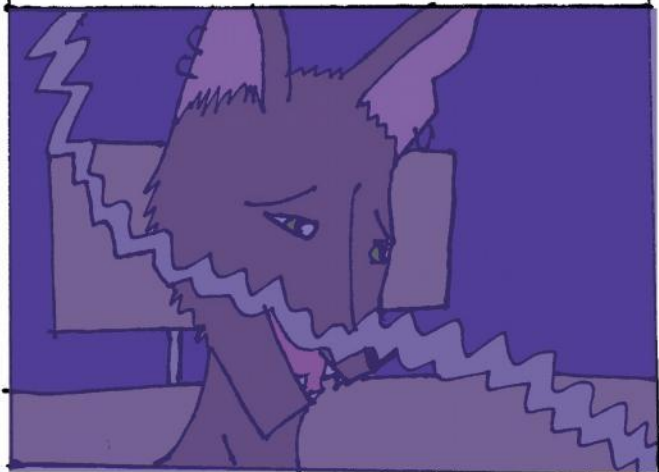
I often wished I was never born and felt like I'd been unwanted from the moment of my conception. It seemed like I didn't belong anywhere on this planet and that there was no one who truly loved me or enjoyed my company. It seemed like every attempt I made to improve things went wrong and often only made things worse. So, I stopped trying. For years, my life was a haze of depression, going through the motions. Surviving not thriving.

I was waiting. For things to get better or to stop.

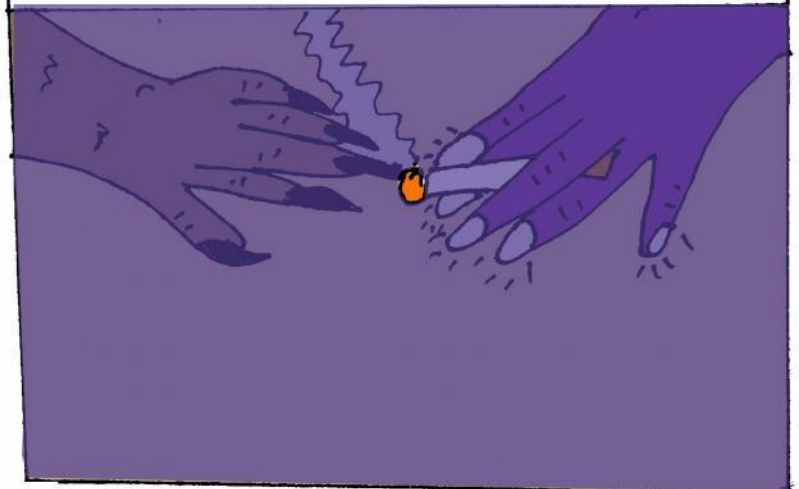
I didn't particularly care which.



You saved my life.



You made me feel safe and loved.



You gave me a family.



You gave me a home.



You brought me back to the world.



And I hope you'll be by my side 'til the very end, making memories and mayhem along the way.

January 2020



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Studios Publication