

“Incomplete”

October 7:

Hello, Journal. It's me, Chris. Today I need you to listen to me more than ever.

Because this morning, I woke up, and for no particular reason, I didn't have a penis anymore. I can't imagine what might have made it disappear. Everything up to this point was progressing completely normally. Last night, I was laying on top of the bed, up past midnight, trying to fall asleep while watching a movie like I always do. Then finally my eyes started feeling heavy, and I eventually dozed off. Nothing out-of-the-ordinary. But then I woke up this morning and looked down. Sitting between my legs were not the soft, stretchy penis and testes—the familiar masses of dangling pink flesh that had been there my whole life. They had been replaced by a girl's vulva. The complete package: the fatty outer folds, a little pink clitoris just barely poking out from underneath them, as well as a full inner labia and vagina that one only ever saw on a girl.

The strange part is that not a single trace of my guy parts were left behind. There are no scars, none of the phantom sensations that usually come with some sort of amputation, nothing. I just woke up, and my groin contained a vagina instead of a penis. Everything else about me looked exactly the same. Same green-painted room with all of my math trophies and Odyssey of the Mind medals displayed proudly on the shelves, same posters of Middle Earth taped up on the wall, same old creaky bed, same TV, same parents, and the rest of my body is still completely normal. I still have the same messy ear-length brown hair, the same moderately hairy arms and legs, and the same flat, un-muscular chest and stomach. I'm the same 15-year old guy that I've always been, except for the one place where it counts.

At first, I insisted that I must be dreaming. After all, as far as I know, it is physically impossible for someone's genitals to spontaneously morph into the opposite sex like that. I'm not one of those African Arrow Frogs. So I tried to wake myself up, like you always see people doing in the movies, by slapping myself across the face a few times. But obviously, it didn't work, because here I am writing this journal entry tonight, and underneath my seemingly boyish cargo shorts, there are still female genitals.

I took a cold shower once I was fully awake this morning, again trying to somehow shock my brain into waking up, and pulling my consciousness out from the distant corners of my mind and suddenly snapping back into my real life, where I knew there still had to be a penis and testicles attached to my pubis, and I would wake up and find them reattached, laying down there in front of me like they had always been. But the cold shower did nothing but make me writhe in total discomfort as the icy beads rained down on me.

I don't want to touch it, I don't even want to look at it. As far as I'm concerned, those girl parts down there aren't mine. When I used the bathroom, I closed my eyes and pretended that I was still peeing from the tip of a penis. When I got dressed, I wore the exact same baggy cargo shorts and boxers that I always did.

But in school today, even though I was wearing the same outfit, and I had stared at myself in the mirror for a long time that morning and knew that there was absolutely no way to tell that I didn't have guy parts from the outside, I felt like every single eye in the school was transfixed on me, and could see straight through my shorts. I skipped out on going to Mrs. Allison's room to play Magic: the Gathering with my usual clan of math team members. I just went into the lunchroom, sat down by myself in the corner, and tried to avoid any and all human contact while the cafeteria buzzed and gossiped all around me.

I've felt constantly uncomfortable all day. Now, I'm not saying that having girl parts is physically uncomfortable, because it really isn't. Externally, it feels just fine. My new parts pretty much just sit there, not moving around, not getting in the way, and nonchalantly minding their own business. But internally, I've felt cold and jittery all day, almost like I was constantly sitting on a block of ice. And these recurring images keep flashing through my head; images of my math team friends Kyle, James, and Andy pointing at my empty crotch, holding their stomachs and collapsing with laughter. And that sound of laughter keeps growing and growing as more people appear, until everyone in the school knows about me, and passes me in the hallway just so that they can stare at the center of my shorts, then point at it and laugh at me.

I'm still hoping that somehow I've just been living in a dream all day. But I also know that my dreams don't ever light up with the same kind of realistic detail that I have experienced today. And none of them have ever lasted this long. I did dream about being a girl once before, about a year ago, but that felt like having a split consciousness. In dream world, I could see myself and feel my dream-body just fine, but somewhere in the back of my mind I also had the faint sensations of a bigger body lying down on his side, asleep.

Today, there was none of that. No split consciousness, none of the distorted sense of reality that usually accompanies dreams, and the clock was ticking at the same speed as ever. But with any luck, this really will just turn out to be a very graphic dream. I'd rather not have to go through another day of school worrying constantly about people figuring out that I am in fact not normal, but now have girl parts buried inside of me instead of boys'. Hopefully that won't need to happen. Hopefully, once I set this pen down and go to sleep, I'll open my eyes and be back in my real body. I guess only time will tell. So, with that, it's

getting late, and I'm going to go to bed. Tomorrow I'll either be writing about the weirdest dream I've ever had, or about my second day of being a boy with a vagina. Good night.

October 8:

Hello, Journal. Sad to report, I woke up this morning and I had not changed back to normal. So, this entry will not be about how I had a wild dream and how I'll never forget it. It will be about how I woke up and there was still a vagina where my guy parts used to be. Day two of my new suddenly-altered reality.

So, now I'm sure that I'm really not dreaming. My body really has morphed, and the slit between my legs is not an illusion; it really is my body. It is living, breathing, touchable flesh, and when I run my fingers slowly over the soft pink labial lips, the sensation feels every bit as real as when I used to play with my penis.

I'm left with nothing but questions now. Why did this change happen to me? Am I ever going to change back into my former self? Is there a chance that I might have these female genitals for the rest of my life? I just can't imagine that... me in the future, a grown man, with slick gelled hair trimmed to look as clean-cut as possible, polished shoes, in a pressed black business suit, leading a team of dedicated employees with confidence, but hidden behind the powerful suit and leading-man persona is a flat pubis and a vagina. That image just doesn't work with me.

But I think there is hope. After all, if my guy parts are capable of spontaneously changing into girls', they might also change back. Hopefully, if I can just tough it out for a few days, things will all change back to normal by themselves, and then I'll be able to look back and laugh about it all later.

That has been my mindset for today. I figure that this is probably temporary, and I should just keep going on with my life, and act like absolutely nothing is wrong and nothing has changed. Thankfully, that cold, vulnerable, jittery feeling that I felt constantly yesterday is over with for the most part. All day, I felt more like my normal self. The only difference was that now when I walked, my legs always stayed closer together, because with no guy parts hanging down, there was no worry about them getting caught up between the legs, so the wide-legged walk no longer felt right. That and the fact that instead of getting erections, I just felt warm and tingly down there, and I could feel my pulse getting more intense.

I went back to playing Magic with my math buddies today, and none of them noticed a thing different with me. The game was actually the most fun one I've played in months. I used my elf deck, and got an army of the little guys built up before they had played anything, and then it was a quick wipe-out death by my infinite saproling token combo. Andy sucker-punched me for that one, and we all laughed and had a good time.

It's good to know that they were unable to notice a thing different with me. As long as I keep my chin up, and keep on living my life as normal, I'm sure that I can make it through this short period with girl's genitals just fine. Then once I change back, it'll be as if this whole thing never happened. My friends will never know that I had such an extreme secret, I'll be richer for the experience, and I can look back and be amused by how needlessly uncertain I was.

With any luck, that change will come soon. I'm getting tired of the worrying; that constant fear that somebody will somehow find out that I'm not really a boy anymore, and ruin my social life forever by blabbing it to the whole school. It is an unlikely scenario, I know, but the consequences would be incredibly dire. The thoughts keep haunting me. And,

well, that's just about all I have to write today. Day two of living with a vulva actually went okay. Hopefully it won't last much longer, but I'm okay with it for now at least. I'll just keep going about my life as normal in the meantime, and hopefully tomorrow will bring new hope. Good night.

October 9:

Hello, Journal. Well, nothing changed today. The vagina, clit, and labia that took over my pubis two days ago are still 'down there.' Luckily, today was Saturday, so I didn't have to worry about going to school and getting found out. I got to sleep in until noon, relax in my room all day, play some Mario Kart, and unwind from all the worrying I've had to go through over the last two days.

But I also spent a lot of time today laying sprawled out on my bed, staring at the white ceiling, and thinking. I'm just trying to understand why. Why me? Why now? Did I bring this change upon myself? Back in fourth grade, I used to think that I had some sort of secret psychic powers. I've always assumed that all of the convenient events that had happened, like when I pointed one of my fingers toward the TV and the channel changed, or how I used to get episodes of "Hey Arnold" stuck in my head and then that same episode would come on TV later the same day, were just childish fabrications of the imagination, but maybe they weren't. Maybe I really do have powers, and they've blown a circuit somehow.

Or maybe this is God's doing. Maybe God is real, and He has decided to turn me into a girl as some sort of sick joke. Or maybe He has randomly answered that stupid prayer that I made back in eighth grade, when my voice abruptly shifted from the childhood soprano range down to tenor, and on a whim I prayed that I was a girl so that I could keep singing

treble.

I prayed to God today, for the first time since that ridiculous eighth grade prayer. I said “God, if you're really there, I need your help. I'm a boy, but two days ago I woke up and I had girl parts instead of guy parts. Please, God, if you're there, change me back. I've learned my lesson, and I really just want to go back to being like everyone else. I don't like the new me. I promise, I'll never make another selfish prayer again. Change me back, and I'll believe in you. I'll go to church every week, and I'll never say anything bad about you again. I was wrong about you, and I'm sorry. Please, just let me have my old body back. Please help me. I'm begging you. Just do it, and I'll never doubt you again. I promise. Amen.”

But ever since the words of that prayer left my lips a few hours ago, I haven't been able to get this thought out of my head. What if I really can't ever change back into my old self? What if, no matter how much I pray and try to bargain with God, he really won't change my vagina back into a penis? Those images of a grown man version of me being all business-y but with this same body with female genitals keep going through my head. But now it doesn't really seem so bad. I mean, what would be so wrong about continuing to pursue what I love? If I really do end up being stuck this way forever, why should I let this one difference control my life? I'm still the same guy as ever, regardless of genitals.

I'm actually lying naked in my bed as I'm writing this entry right now, because I want to get to understand my new body better. And you know what? Over the last hour, I've realized that it's really not that bad after all. In fact, I'll even go as far to say that if it weren't for the fact that a single person finding out that I had a vulva would instantly turn my social life into a living hell, I might even learn to like this. I don't have to adjust my shorts all the time anymore, because I no longer have any floppy external organs to get bunched up inside

my shorts. And no more worries about mid-day erections. I can look at the cute girls in their tight tops and short skirts all I want, and the only person who gets to know that I find them attractive is myself. And, well, I hate to admit it, but I just love the way that everything feels down there. Those lips are just so tender, and soft, and inviting to the touch.

I know, I know, this all sounds like it's just completely wrong, and maybe I'm just kidding myself and trying to make the best of a bad situation. But I'm starting to think that I might be able to cope if I really do have to stay this way for the rest of my life. Well, as long as nobody EVER finds out, that is. And that fact still makes me desperate to change back into a normal guy like the rest of my peers. I don't want to be forced to hide in a shell like a hermit crab forever, in constant shame just because I'm different from everyone else.

Well, I feel like I've said enough for today. I can only hope that if I really am forced to live with female genitals for my whole life, I can find some way to freely express myself without facing battalions of crooked stares and jeers. Thankfully, tomorrow is only Sunday, so I won't have to worry about such things yet. I get to have another full day of relaxing and just being myself. See you tomorrow!

October 10:

Dear Journal,

I'm so confused. Ever since I wrote that entry last night, I've thought about it, and I've realized that I'm starting to like my new genitals more and more. But I know I'm really not supposed to like them. There's this deep voice in the back of my head that keeps prodding me, insisting that it's not right, it's not natural, and that I'm not supposed to be enjoying having girl parts instead of boys'. So right now, I'm going to settle this predicament

once and for all. I'm going to write out all of the positives of having either female or male genitals. That way, I'll know for sure what I want to be. But I don't even know why I'm doing this. No matter which body wins, it won't make any difference. If I decide that I liked having my old male genitals more, I can't just change back. But if I like my new female genitals more, I can't make anybody I know accept it either. But even if it doesn't really matter, I have to know. I have to know that I'm wanting what's best for me. So here goes.

Male Genitals:

-Can still have sex with women, and have children of my own some day. I'm still only attracted to women, and having girl parts would make me physically incompatible with them. Eggs can't mix with other eggs, and I don't even know whether I have working ovaries or not anyway.

-Can pee standing up. I'm getting tired of having no other option but to sit. It was nice to have the quick and easy “unzip, pull out, flush, done” option.

-No worries about acceptance. I'd be a normal guy again, and no longer have a secret.

Female Genitals:

-They're all internal. That means no constantly adjusting pants and no getting bunched up.

-Sexual excitement is almost completely invisible. No mid-day erections.

-Comfort. That nice cozy body feeling, no worries about being kicked in the balls, and I've started feeling this strange amount of familiarity with my girl bits, because unlike the dynamic male ones that are constantly shifting, growing, stretching, then contracting, now everything always stays neatly in place, reliably exactly the same as it's always been.

-No desperate longing to change back. I have female genitals right now, so I could just accept them like they are and stop waiting for a divine intervention that may never come.

So I guess that's it. I really am more comfortable in my new body than my old. Man... I never would have guessed. But what now? Now I have an even worse secret than before. Not only am I a guy who has a vulva instead of guy parts, but I actually like it that way. How the hell is anyone going to be able to understand *that*? I've been called gay before just because I didn't have a girlfriend, and played card games with a bunch of other guys. If any "normal" guy found out about the real me... ugh. I don't even want to think about it.

This whole thing is such a mess. God, I need help. It's like nothing makes sense anymore. I finally see the path that I want to take in my life, but there are so many brambles and flesh-eating wolves lurking in the shadows next to it, I don't know if I'll ever have the courage to take a single step. I'm going to go and pray for help, and sleep on it. Thanks, journal, for helping me decide what to do, and I'll keep you up to date as this all unfolds. Good night.

October 11:

Dear Journal,

Well, this was the first day that I went to school actually feeling content to be concealing a vagina under my shorts. And I'm quite happy with my decided preference. That feeling of having all of my genital skin resting close-at-hand, secured neatly inside of my labial lips rather than hanging out and pressing against the insides of my shorts, was just as familiar and comfortable today as I realized it was yesterday.

The real gravity of my decision kind of hit me hard today, though. While I was playing Magic today in a circle on the floor with the math crew, something clicked. I

realized that I would never really be one of them again. I sat there with my Magic cards sprawled out in front of me, and the reality of it all just suddenly came crashing down onto me all at once. I wasn't the same gender as my friends anymore. I guess I could say that I finally realized that I was not in fact just a guy who had to hide himself in shame until his penis grew back. That was a thing of the past. I had a vagina now. And though I looked like a boy on the outside, that vagina would always be my version of sexual organs. But I was surrounded by penises. All three of them were boys, and had penises down there in their pants, rubbing up against the insides of their boxers. I didn't. And I never would. From now until the day I died, I would never have external genitals like those boys did. I would never feel that tube of erectile flesh sticking from me again. Every day I would wake up and see nothing down between my legs but that fatty skin fold with a slit in the middle. I would always have to pee sitting down, and from now on sex would mean sticking things into myself. We were completely different people now.

The three of them had probably never stopped in their life paths to think about who they were for even a second. They were born as guys, knew nothing else but that sensation, and didn't dare consider anything else because it wasn't 'right' for guys to think like that. Guys like them always had to have personalities forged of wrought-iron, and if they so much as took a single step off the narrow, straight concrete path of masculinity, they were automatically called gay. But I was off the path now, standing in the piles of fallen leaves at the side of the road. And as I stood next to it, with a girl's genitals between my legs, I watched as all of those pasture animals were tugged along the path in a single-file line by ropes that were tied around their penises. But although I recalled what it felt like to be one of them, I no longer had such a thing to be pulled forward by anymore, and I never would

again. I no longer cared about protecting my masculinity. I just wanted the freedom to tell someone how I really felt. But there went my friends, off down the path where they dared not take a single stray step for fear of not being manly enough anymore. Not even if it meant helping a friend who had stepped off.

That image stuck there in my head, like a poster glued to the wall that I couldn't pull off no matter what I tried. And I had to realize that they were my best friends in the world, but I couldn't tell them. They wouldn't understand how I could possibly be living my life without a dick but actually be happy about it.

I couldn't bring myself to tell my parents either. I'm an only child. What will my dad think of me once he finds out that I'm not really his son anymore? He has always told me that one day I am going to grow up and be just like him, have a family and be able to wrestle and play ball with a son of my own. That wouldn't be happening now, no matter what. If I really was able to find a woman who loved me for what I was, and we got married, we wouldn't be able to have our own children. We would either have to adopt or do in vitro with some random guy.

That's the sad part about all this. You'd think that with waking up in a new body that I never asked for, I'd be the victim in all of this. But in reality, I'm not. I'm okay with it now. Physically, I feel great. I'm ready to live as a guy with a vulva for the rest of my life. But there are a lot of other people I know that count on my being a male; dear friends and family who will no doubt be left with a gaping hole going straight through their hearts once I reveal myself to them. But I know that despite the inevitable, I can't keep hiding who I really am on both the inside and the outside just to keep them happy. After all, what good is life if I have to spend it locked in a cage?

I know what I have to do, but I'm still so scared to do it. It's really not fair that people have to have such rigid definitions of family ties and gender normality locked in their heads. It's not like I chose to have this change happen to me. Even though now that I'm sure that this is permanent, I'm completely okay with it, and I'm even kind of looking forward to it because it's opened my eyes so much, the fact that I was the victim in some freak change of genitals, really shouldn't be making such a huge difference in people's lives. If only they could know what I do: penis, vagina, whatever, it really doesn't make a difference. What really should matter is what each person wants for him or herself, not what everyone else wants for them. If everyone wasn't so idealistic, I wouldn't be having this problem. I could just march straight up to them, tell them what happened, tell them I'm okay with it and not to worry, and then we could all go on living our lives like nothing at all was different.

But sadly, it is not to be. I know I have to tell them eventually, and I know they won't like it. I'm going to have a hard time falling asleep tonight. There are just so many thoughts buzzing around in my head; like a whole hive of bees, they are. Hopefully I won't be up too late, but it's not looking promising. Well, journal, this has been one hell of a day to say the least. At least I know that the fact that I'm technically a girl now doesn't matter to you one bit, and whatever happens, I'll always be the same old Chris to you. You'll always be right here in my room, just waiting for me to write. Well, then, old friend, till tomorrow...

October 12:

Dear Journal,

Right now, I need you to listen to me more than ever. Because I've never felt more

worried and detached about my life than I am at this very moment. I've decided to tell my parents. In fact, once I set down this pen, I'm going to march straight downstairs, stand in front of my parents, and reveal myself. I know I sound confident while I'm writing this, but I'm not. This whole thing scares the shit out of me.

My mom will probably be just fine with it. She's exactly what you'd expect from the mom of a teenage guy. Still trying to organize family activities, do all of my clothes shopping for me, guide me step by step through my homework. I know that no matter what body I have, I'll always be her baby and she'll love me no matter what.

But Dad; what do I say to him? This is the same guy who punched a hole in our drywall during an argument with Mom about how I should be punished for inviting my old best friend over without asking. The one who always insisted that I take business courses in school so that I could grow up to be just like him, and just about went aywall when I got a D in biology last year. And now he is about to find out that I'm not really his son anymore. So here's a written prayer. God, give me strength. Let me find the strength to stand up to him, and help him understand that there's nothing to be worried about, and that I'll be just fine the way I am. And *please* help him accept me. That's all that I could ever hope for. Amen.

Well, it's time. I'll be back to tell you how it went very shortly. Wish me luck.

October 12: (part 2)

Whew. It's finally over with. My parents know now. And since I don't keep you in suspense, Journal, here's the blow-by-blow.

They were both sitting down on our sofa, and watching Wheel of Fortune. (That's like 'their show.' So Mom's told me, they've watched it every night together since they were

married.) I stood next to the couch until there was a commercial so that I wouldn't bother them, and then once it came I stood in front of them and said “Mom? Dad? There's something I need to show you.”

Mom hit the mute button, and asked “What is it, budsey?”

My hands were shaking the whole time. I didn't know if I was really ready to do this. But I knew that I had to eventually, and delaying would just make it worse, so I took a deep breath and said “Don't be shocked.” I reached down until my hands were resting on the edges of the elastic strap holding my shorts closely to my waist, and in one swift motion I pulled down hard, until they had dropped down into a bunched up pile around my ankles. And there it was, staring them right in the face. I stood leg-locked, and My flat, triangle-haired female pubis was right there in the open for them to see.

Mom gasped, clutching her hand to her heart, and then looked over at Dad. He said “What the? How? Where did your penis go?”

I gulped. As my father stared intently at my pubis, I suddenly started feeling that same uncomfortable, cold, jittery feeling that I had the first day I changed. I said “I don't know. When I woke up last Thursday, it was just gone. I went to bed a boy, and woke up with a vagina.”

Mom asked “You have a vagina down there?”

“Oh. Sorry. Yeah, I do.” I widened my stance, and leaned back a bit, until my labia was clearly visible under the mat of pubic hair.

Mom came forward, and said “let me see, honey. Are you really a girl down there?”

“Yeah, as far as I know.” I said, sticking two fingers between the folds and spreading my labia wide so that Mom could see.

Dad looked at me, and said “Why? Why would something like that happen?”

“I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. I just woke up that morning, and I had female genitals. I have no idea why.”

Mom inspected me for a few seconds, and then said. “Well, Chris, you really are a girl. There's no doubting that. Do you have a uterus and ovaries too?”

“I don't know. It's not like I can look up in there.”

“Well, we'll take you to the doctor tomorrow, and get you checked. Maybe the doctor will know what's going on. Are you sure you're okay?”

“Yeah, Mom, I'm fine. Actually, I'm kind of used to it by now.”

Dad had stopped talking. He just sat there, hand clasped over his forehead, as if he was lost in thought. I knew he was disheartened. I just knew that I had to say something, anything, that could make him feel better.

“Dad?”

“Hmm?”

“I just wanted to tell you... well, don't worry about me. I'm still your son.”

“Right.” he replied, and gave me a subtle nod of his head.

That was all I heard from him.

So, now my parents know about me. Mom was really supportive, constantly asking me if I felt all right, offering me some ice cream, inundating me with questions about whether I was going to start dressing like a girl, or change my name, to all of which I replied no, I was just going to keep living my life as a guy despite my female genitals.

Being a girl was never my plan when I told myself that I was okay with having a vulva for the rest of my life. That's not who I am. I'm just a changed man. I still want to

wear my same baggy clothes, be treated the same way as I always have been, be named Chris, keep my same short sloppy haircut, and lounge around and play video games like a normal guy. I'll just do it all without having those loose bits of flesh hanging down between my legs, and make sure that everyone knows that that's how I want it to be. That's who I am. Chris, the vagina-boy.

Even though I feel like my emotional growth into my new life has finally ended, I'm still left with a lot of lingering questions tonight. All of which will certainly be answered tomorrow. First, do I really have ovaries buried inside of me? And if so, do they work? Quite honestly, I'm hoping not. If they are working, that means that my days looking like a guy are numbered. If there's estrogen pouring into my bloodstream, that means that it's only a matter of time before I start growing breasts, hips, and my skin loses its definition and stores the extra fat that girls have which makes it softer. If that happens, I'll be unable to fight it any longer. I'm a short guy, and never had any sort of muscle definition, so I guess I'll suck it up and start acting like a girl.

Then there is the question of my father. Is he really okay with this? Can he really accept the fact that I have female genitals now, and still love me just the same as always? Again, I don't know. I can only hope.

Looking further ahead, there's the question of dating. I still like girls, even though my genitals are now incompatible with the female sex. It's bad enough that I'm a math geek who spends lunch sitting in his algebra teacher's room playing card games. But now I'll also have to contend with the fact that I don't have a penis anymore. That already narrows the field down by at least 90 percent since I'm willing to bet that most of the girls at our high school only want sex. That's one of the sad parts of my new life. I know that I'm going to die

a virgin. Since I still want to date women, but I have a vagina, I'll never have "real" sex.

But those are all both minor inconveniences compared to what I'm going to have to go through tomorrow. I'm going to have to show my friends the new me. They're going to have to see that I've changed completely, and I'm not one of them anymore. There is a very real chance that after tomorrow, I won't have a single friend left in the entire school. But even though it may end that way, I have to tell them. That's me. Chris, the boy who has girl parts but isn't the least bit ashamed of them. Chris, who was brave enough to stand up to society's notions of normality and appropriateness, and turn them on their head by being a boy who wasn't afraid of being called gay, and is completely okay with the fact that he doesn't have a penis or testicles. And I feel great about it. No more shamelessly following the crowd, no more being dragged along a concrete road by my dick like the other guys, and no more hiding myself.

Sure, I may lose all my friends, sure I may have to start from scratch, but you know what? I don't care. Maybe after tomorrow, I'll find a new group of friends who don't care what I look like. No matter what, I'll know that I was myself, and I lived without shame. So, journal, I'll write again soon. Tomorrow, my new life begins, and I finally live free.