

Tab 1

TL,DR

I'm fine, I just need to sort something out and return to my routine.

I'm sorry for everyone I made worried and for anyone that may have feel ghosted, I never intended to be gone so long (never planned to be gone in the first place) neither to leave without explanation.

If you're ok with just knowing I'm ok and I'm sorry about this long absence, thank you for sticking with me and reading trough this.

For anyone who instead wishes to hear more and have a clearer explanation, this will be a bit long and probably a little here and there so add it to my list of apologies...

So... I'm back. It's been a while, I know.

Believe me, I wish that wasn't the case.

I tought about this a lot to be honest, part of me wanted to record a small video instead of a bland wall of text but I feel like the best way to go about it is to go with the flow, no edits, no cut... and I'm pretty scared of becoming emotional trough video and wanting to cut stuff out.

So, yeah. Text it is.

And a messy one probably, not that I know about that yet... but giving my rambling habit this is something I expect and, truth to be told, if you decided to read trough this all you really have my full gratitude, more than ever, this period of my life was harsh and I felt unheard and lonely... so it really means a lot for me to have someone, even just one single person, reading what I usually keep in.

Before I start with the full explanation of what happend, I want to clarify something very important: I will NOT disclose any of my diagnosis.

For how much I do intend to be clear and open I do not wish to trigger anyone by mentioning specific terms, nor I wish for pity upon any of my conditions.

On top of that, most of my problems are not so "bad", but their severity and number really has a huge impact on my life. So I guess they are bad in a sense... but hey! I'm not gonna die on you anytime soon, isn't that awesome?

Some of you may recognize some of the things I'll describe but I beg you to not speculate as I do not intend to write this out for pity nor I wish for the whole world wide web to have a say in what I feel, both physically and mentally.

That said, I guess I should start from the beginning.

Some of you may assume this may mean a year or so ago but the truth is that it all started way back... A really long time ago...

I won't really go that back to be honest, because it would only make things more convoluted. It started so long ago that my memories are faded and I don't really want to rely on second hand accounts, you'll probably get why a bit later.

I'll instead go back to when things started becoming real bad, the time where I was starting to realize that some of the things I thought were "normal" weren't as such.

Again, I won't really go in depth about those time nor the symptoms I had back then as I grew up with those so I can't really speak on their severity, just know that I never knew a day without pain... yet I thought I didn't had any at all.

To me, suffering was an empty word.

And I still find hard to believe that people do not feel like that everyday.

Maybe that may sound sad to you, but don't take it as such, really.

I learned to live through that, I had worst moments. So while I may Not really be aware of what feeling well really means it's not something that will ever be able to stop me.

But yeah, back to the Moment everything started crushing down.

I must admit ignorance but I do not really know how it works in other country or what's more common/understandable in terms of the period of my life it was, so I'll be "vague" and just describe it at "around my preteen years".

The start of those years was normal, for as normal it could've been for me.

At the tail end of them, as teenhood drew closer, so my problems started manifesting more and more.

I would throw up every single day, my lower torso would be in excruciating fits of pain and my body weight would fluctuate drastically, from extremely underweight to a bloated mess...

It was harsh, especially given it had an huge toll on my social life as well. It's quite hard to make plans with friends if you're gonna spend Hours throwing up even if you didn't eat anything.

The more time passed, the more my symptoms would grow harsher, I spent countless night crying in my bed, every inch of my body screaming in pain.

And every touch, like a comforting hug, causing every bone and muscle of my body to tense in pain.

Some days it was hard to get up from bed, some days I would manage to do it but then be too much in pain to move more than a couple meters.

As my teen years started and my comprehension about what I actually had was still extremely scarce, a new problem arose.

I didn't had a "track record".

While in my old school I had years of relative "normality" and everyone could see the change, highschool was a fresh start... and no one really took kindly to "the girl that never comes to school".

My grades didn't matter.

My doctor notes? Just a piece of paper.

My first formal hospitalization? Just a case, right?

It didn't matter how many time I'd speak with my professors, no matter how much time I spent in the principal office holding my guts in pain...

There were no clear answers, so I must be faking it... I've heard so much stuff that should not be heard by a fourteen and somethings year old.

And, in the end, all the absences I had bit me and despite my medical records I lost the year, my first highschool year, just because I was so sick that I couldn't go to school.

I wish I could say that from then on professors understood the situation, but the truth is that not only I lost a whole year of education for something that wasn't in my control but I also had to keep hearing the "uh? You're good, why are you still in this year?".

It was a really harsh situation for me, hearing constantly how I was the first of the class, only to get reprimanded because I did not ask for homeworks during my absence.

Because you know, when you're in an hospital bed, doing exams to understand what's going on with you, being scared that your effing life may be at risk... The first thing that comes to mind is calling your classmates to ask what page is the exercise you can solve in less than a minute, right?

Ok, maybe this last bit was a bit ranty but it's something that really pushes you...

After three years in that school my treatment became far worse, professors would not believe me, would ignore me when I raised my hands, would move my interrogation to “a later date” and refuse to let me do tests I missed because “they must give precedence to students that care enough to actually come to school”.

It became a whole mess, they ended up being called out by the actual principal... but that only made them angrier at me.

So I quit.

I left during the middle of the year and ended up changing school as soon as the new one started.

And the difference was astonishing.

The professors were made aware of the whole situation before hand and despite all my absence I remained a top student and graduated with top grades.

But what could have been a better period of my life was always shadowed by my fits of pain, I started to learn where they came from, but “fixing” a thing always brought more problems with it.

Just as a mere examples, my last highschool year was spent completely on a wheelchair.

And someone still tried to say that I didn't deserve anything, with a professor (luckily not mine) always complaining that the ground floor class was better and it wasn't fair they had to switch due to a kid that could not walk up a simple flat of stairs...

Now, going this far back may seem irrelevant. After all, those are all things that happened in the past right?

Well, there is a reason why I wanted to share that part of my life with you.

First and foremost, I wanted for you to understand that sometimes I can lose control (or have a limited control) upon some basic function like walking, writing, heck, some times even just looking at a screen hurts.

Second, I wanted for you to know that I became a distrustful person due to personal experience, I really want to believe that people are inherently good but after feeling betrayed by professors, doctors... even my parents... believing in myself became really hard, and trusting others became almost impossible.

Because yes, while I spent most of the time speaking about my school life and what I had to endure in that regard, you may have noticed that it took quite a while for me to have at least a basic understanding of my health problems.

That is due to medical staff, I really would like to trust doctors but I had the unfortunate experience of having “experts” that would flat out accuse me of lying, other doctors that would disregard colleagues and tell me to not trust them and so on.

Even now, sometimes I get asked by doctors “have you ever thought why you only get bad doctors?” , implying I am the problem, or that I may rely too much on others opinions... or that I may be too attached to past experience.

It's hard, really hard.

I've faced so much ableism, so much accusation... and then people Who can't even understand an ounce of what I'm going through come up with the amazing “you have to react”.

Sorry to burst your bubble random number 2849490393930, if I weren't “reacting” I'd be underground for a long time now.

So yeah... let's just move on from the topic as I feel I may have been rambling a bit too much.

Let's instead focus on my time online and what led to my most recent absence...

If you've been following me for a while you probably know this is not the first time I just disappear and then reappear, it's usually a small break due to a sudden hospitalization or one of my “paralysis” days.

Sometimes though, it's been longer.

At times it's simply because the hospitalizations get longer, sometimes because I get scared from such long absences and it ends up being really stressful. Sometimes it's just my dumb luck and things just go wrong.

Kinda like the degree I've found out only after obtaining I'll never be able to use due to my disability...

Well, this time was the latter.

Let me explain.

A few days before my last post, I started feeling... off.

I was way more anxious than usual, way more prone to anger and yet, I felt empty.

It was a strange combo indeed and it wasn't helping my physical health, that's for sure.

The day of that actual post was a really low one, my hands were aching, my head ringing... I remember going to sleep that night and waking up the next day at around lunchtime.

Very unusual for me and my insomnia, put a pin in this information.

I had an appointment with the doctor, a routine one.

The usual “half an hour and then back home” type of deal... it turned into an unexpected hospitalization when I fainted in front of them.

I dunno if in other parts of the world it works differently... but the hospital I usually end up in it's not really... well... up with the time.

No internet, no reception... I'm basically left with an old laptop that sometimes do not even turns up and the few application that it has on to pass the time, when I have enough energy to even use it.

Because testing is a daily task, it sucks out my energy and will... and at the same time it's slow, really slow.

After a week or so, they changed some of my meds and left me under observation.

Why do I need that? Well, you see.

I don't really mesh well with medications in general. Constantly catching collateral effects, contrasts between them etcetera.

So they kept me there while they “experiment” on the right dose.

One week, two weeks, three weeks.

Then they decide that maybe, just maybe... they should switch again.

And so the cycle repeats, pain and boredom mixing together.

After various tries, months are now gone by and they finally decide that the last med they switched to it's the right one and I can finally go home.

That, was more than a month ago.

I got home exhausted, dropping in my bed to rest a bit.

I woke up in the hospital yet again... I fell asleep for a day and an half, no way to actually wake me up.

They keep me in observation, nothing.

I get back home, that night I pass out in front of my parents.

The cycle repeats, a doctor blatantly accusing me of “making it up for attention”... like, have you ever seen a person that does not wake up for days... no food, no water, no bathroom, just eyes closed in a bed for a whole effin day... all for attention?

It really hurts when people you should trust with your health and wellbeing doubt you despite knowing your conditions, you're left with a pain that goes beyond physical and ends up in the realm of emotional distress as well. And it's not pretty.

Well, do you wanna actually know what it was?

It was a friggin collateral effect! Like always.

Why did it only happen when I was home?

The... morthereffin heatwave, that's why.

The hospital may be trash but they at least have ac... something I do not have back home, the two factors mixed in really poorly...

I bought a new fan, a more powerful one and they halved my dosage to mitigate its effect.

Am I alright? Well, my body is in pain, I'm hurt mentally and my social life is at a really low point due to being isolated in a hospital with no way to talk to my actual friends... but yes.

I'm fine now.

It's been a few days now.

The only reason I waited before turning up was that... I was scared, scared that I may get into a whole "I'm back!" and then disappear for another month...

Well, now you know what actually happened, before I move to my apologies, a couple of clarifications.

First, regarding my general health.

If what I wrote up was a bit messy or didn't really explain that well, I am fine. As fine as a chronically ill person can be at least. I can't confirm this will be the last time I disappear due to health related issues but as it stands now I can confirm I have nothing life-threatening.

Second, regarding my apologies.

I'm far too aware that at the bulk of it it's not my fault, I can't control my health nor I could've predicted this long absence... yet nothing will change the fact that I feel inherently sorry, I wish things could have gone differently, that I put others at the front in those few moments I had the opportunity to...

So yeah, I don't want for you to take any of what I wrote before this as an "excuse" or a "why", I just want for clarity to be one of the key things you can expect from me.

Now, onto the real apologies.

First and foremost I'm sorry to everyone that worried about me or my conditions, from the close friends who asked where I was to the occasional person Who stumbled upon my profile and asked themselves why I stopped posting...

I'm sorry for the people who found me "active" on Genshin and felt betrayed, I know that some of you sent messages in-game, my cousin has my access info to help me out at least in something, I know for a fact that she (not on purpose, please forgive her!) misgendered at least two people, for that I am extra sorry.

(Thinking about it maybe I should give her the login info of my socials as well... it's just a bit scary tough... I'll think about it)

I'm sorry for the people who felt ghosted, to everyone who sent a message or an inquiry and never received a reply or had me disappear mid-convo.

I'm extremely sorry to people I owe work to, I'm aware of two (that I won't name 'cause I don't know if they prefer to remain anonymous) but if there are other people that I missed please reach out, I beg you.

Regarding the two I'm aware of, for one of them I kept working at the best of my abilities during the hospitalization, I'm sorry you had to wait so long, forgive me.

For the other, I only became aware of you while writing this, I'm so sorry for never replying to you and will contact you straight away, I'm so, so sorry.

I'm sorry for not having met expectations, for being so vague.

I hope you'll understand where I'm coming from and forgive me for being so unreliable.

I'm sorry for everyone who took precious time out of their life to read this uncurated mess of a wall of text, I thank you for giving me your time and sorry I dumped this all on you.

I wish I could say that this will never happen again, than I'll be more responsible and that I'll be more forthcoming about similar situation but the hard truth it's that I can't predict the future and know if something similar will eventually happen, all I can say is that I'm sorry.

And I am, from the deepest part of my heart, I'm so, so sorry.

I'll do my best to keep a positive approach, to support others.

I'll do my best to not dump my feeling or health issues on you.

I'll do my best to keep drawing, rigging, creating assets, hosting raffle and overall give my contribution to the community.

Thank you for reading and for supporting me despite all.

Hoshi