



Back then my parents' approval meant everything to me



That was all that got me up in the mornings

I wanted them to accept me, or at least let me off the hook.



I'd never given it any thought.

As for what I actually wanted for myself... I had no idea.



I've got to get into a normal routine. *Any-way.*

I ate a little at a time, and they gradually went away.



If I could stop myself from feeling hungry all the time, the overeating episodes should stop...

It was hard for me to stay home, so I spend the days walking around.



... I did it...!



IT'S SUCH A SIMPLE THING... BUT I FEEL LIKE WE CARE SO MUCH

Before long I'd found a normal routine (waking in the mornings, sleeping at night, three meals a day).

Recalling



All right, next I need a new job!







YOU CAN PAY RENT ONCE YOU FIND YOURSELF A REAL JOB.

DEAR... I CAN'T ACCEPT THAT.



There's nothing I want. There's nowhere I want to go.

What am I even earning the money for?



It'd be too hard to stay in that house all day though, might as well go to work...



Never feeling happy or comfortable anywhere.

I was always rushing around somewhere, no matter what time it was...

And when I can't tell what it is I really want

When out of a sense of inferiority I'm trying to pretend I'm better than I am,



Recently I've realized there are two things that make me really uncomfortable,

CLEAN WHITE RESUME



I'm gonna try for a real job.

...There's nothing for it...

And so despite being a college dropout, I started going to interviews outside of the usual hiring season.



I'd worked two years at the bakery, but in the end I lost all motivation, and couldn't wake up in the mornings.

All that mattered was what my parents thought of me.

YOUR MUM'S ALL SCARED!



AM GOING TO THE INTERVIEW!

AM TIRED OF YOU, WE'VE DONE ENOUGH!



I didn't have time to listen to my own feelings, or what I really thought of myself back then.



They spent a long time smiling and talking with me here, too.

An Osteopathic clinic

THERE USED TO BE LOADS OF OSTEOPATHIC CLINICS AROUND HERE, BUT NOW WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT, Y'KNOW?

BUT YOU CAN REALLY TELL WHEN SOMEONE LIKES THE JOB THAT THEY'RE DOING.

IT'S PROBABLY THE SAME IN THE FOOD BUSINESS,

...Ehm...

SO HERE AT THE CLINIC, WHAT IS IT YOU REALLY WANT TO DO?

They'd ask what I really want to be doing...

Even here, I guess...









But then,
nobody
had really
affirmed
it either.

Nobody
had ever
rejected
the manga
I'd drawn
before...

I don't
know why
they had
connected
with me
so deeply...



His voice,
his grin,
and the
way he
clenched his
fist at me
and just
said it...

I was
a mess,
all the way
through the
station and
on the train
home.



But after
a single
"Good luck
with your
manga",

I didn't
have any
basis for
thinking this,
but I told
myself things
like these were
totally fine
for me to
believe.



"He must
have been
speaking
from his
heart...
I'm so
happy
right now..."





read 'Real Job'



Since then, all I've heard from my parents are the same lines about 'real jobs' and 'real members of society'



If I was to compare the feeling of 'trying to make myself seem better than I am',

But in terms of feeling uncomfortable,



I'd take the former, any day of the week.

and the feeling of 'accepting myself', but having the other people in my life completely reject the things that I'm doing...



I WASN'T SELECTED...

I'd spent around 3 years working part-time jobs, and sending in drafts to big magazines.



But I really wasn't suited to working in a group (even just three people) so I quit.

Welp, I'm off home.

WELCOME RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF WORK!

A friend invited me to join a circle who were making manga,



And we were all out of touch for several years.

I ONLY GET THE REALLY BASIC STUFF TO SAY.

That made it really hard to meet with them,



That the million yen I had in savings, and the occasional part-time wage I'd been earning ran out.

What do I do...?

It was around this time,

And so, I'd advanced one more level into the ranks of the 'unemployable'.



It'd been two straight years since I'd held down a part-time job.

or some, where I'd run away during the breaks, or just couldn't bring myself to walk in there in the first place.



First, aside from the twenty places I'd been rejected by, there were a few where I couldn't find the building (in which case I'd give up immediately).



It happened so often at all these places, I got scared of answering the phone thinking it'd be someone asking about me.

I really don't have any choice but to die...



I can't go on living...



Like I'd become a completely new person.



It was like after so long in that dark cave, I was finally coming out into the light.

I couldn't think. The thoughts in my head would just keep slipping away, like I'd forgotten to close a latch somewhere. I found I couldn't read anymore.



But after two years passed the magic had worn off, and life was hard again.

I thought it'd all be smooth sailing after I'd gotten published but...



I felt like was being forced into this small and suffocating space... The outlines around what I was were getting blurry and indistinct.

I couldn't think anything anymore.



My empty mind was quickly occupied with all the noise around me,



It went on for several months, so I went back to the hospital.



Was that I found I could read again.

I can read! I can read!

I can understand what's written here!!

...!!
I started taking medication, and one immediate improvement...



So I started reading through any books or articles that looked promising.

I wanted to know what had caused it, to find some hint to how I could fix my problems.



I stumbled upon this book called 'Children Undergoing Puberty, and Mental illnesses' or something like that.

I'VE NEVER BEEN SUBJECTED TO DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, BUT...

!?

The illustration next to 'Trends in behaviour amongst children who've been subjected to domestic violence' gave me a start.

"Wait, isn't this whole thing based on me?"
The thought literally passed through my mind



It was an illustration sub-titled 'Excessively cling to their mothers'.

Age 13



SITTING IN BETWEEN HER BACKS ARE THE TIGHTEST.

AT SCHOOL TO CRY AT SA-DOU MAMA I HESSED FOR.

Age 11



Even since I'd gotten bigger, I'd always cling to my mother.

I hate my mother...
Protest that I detest her and despise her and all the while I'm clinging on.



And well, here I am still clinging on at 26.

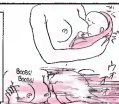


I thought it might be one of those desires we all had as babies, and I just never got over mine.



I was happy when she looked at or touched my butt.

stuff like my desire to bury myself in her breasts were essentially a form of regression, right?



Come to think of it, don't the desires of babies and sexual desire have a lot in common...? I don't really know, but...

I thought to myself:

That's exactly what I'm looking for!!

Ahh-!

I saw somewhere on Twitter, that apparently women expect most men are just looking for "a mother who'll let them have sex with her",

what I was looking for was kinda more... The generic concept of a mother that everybody longs for... This great acknowledging and accepting presence...



Let me say here, maybe to some people maybe "a mother" is just "someone who does your housework for you".



As the name would suggest, it was about wanting to embrace (or be embraced by) a voluptuous mature lady.



Around then, I remember seeing one of Tabusa Edo's articles, titled "I want to embrace a voluptuous mature lady".

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I often saw people on Twitter writing "I feel the same way!"



At the end of the article there were all these stories from people who'd had similar feelings.

I want to be held by an older woman...

I know! I feel you!



I wish my mother still hugged me.

Wahhh...





I didn't think this would be such a difficult feat to accomplish.



I don't care who it is, I just want to hold someone.

HEY, WHAT'S THAT THERE'S SOMETHING OVER HERE



NEW YOUNG MESSAGES



ME WAVING A VERY FINE JOB

Whilst my dream was still a long way away, I had all these intense expectations around the 'being hugged' part of the equation.



I thought just being hugged would fill the hole in my heart and fix everything.

Is it cause I'm wearing the suit...?

I got my wish, but it wasn't supposed to be like this...

Big Gift?



And having my back touched there made me happy and helped me relax.



Now that I think about it, back when I worked at the bakery I went to massage places all the time,

40% was me wanting to be touched and relax during the massage



I want to feel calm...

My neck hurts...

60% of the reason was pain in my neck and shoulders,

Not that my neck or shoulders hurt or anything



So I figured I'd just go to another osteopath,

I thought I could find them with Twitter, so I started searching for Free Hugs in my area every day.



Maybe there'll be someone doing "Free Hugs"!?

Ah!

And I
never
walked
past any
by chance
either.



But no
news of
"Free Hugs"
ever came.

Aaa-
hh!!



※messy [機能しない原因
少女少女たちの異国と性の
健康に「ライフスタイル」を]

I read an article recently,
(admittedly about teenagers)
saying that girls who try
sex for the first time can
be confused by the whole experience.
What they were really looking for
was someone who'd hold them,
a safe and peaceful bed to
sleep in, or food*.

Just wanting to
be held can make
people hurt each other,
and lead them into
sexual relationships
which they then come
to depend on.



"I bet
everyone
wants to
be held"
I thought.

How hard
could that
be...

I just
want to
be held by
someone
and feel
safe in
their arms...

But anything above that, and I'd want to be with a woman.



Incidentally, I wouldn't be concerned about the gender of my free hugs,

It wasn't that I wanted to be a boy, more like I hated the whole idea of belonging to a gender...



As for why... I didn't want to admit that I was female.

Like I was scared of being overly defined by those expectations, I guess...



That somehow before I was "me" I was a "woman",

Fucking saved.



And well, in any case there was also the fact I had more sexual interest in the female body.



Writing about it now, that's all I understand about how I feel.

But I didn't have some deep-seated lust for any specific woman or anything...



At the time I was clueless.

As you can probably guess by 'writing about it now',



At the time I'd fully expected I would live my entire life having absolutely nothing to do with sex.

Or rather I'd decided I shouldn't think about things like that.

STZ: Quotes from the passage



I... I'd never thought of it like that...!!

...this really gave me a shock.

'I still remember deep down, the feelings I had back when I still treasured my life... (omitted) And so for my own sake, I don't want to become worthless.'

Around then I remember reading in one of Taniguchi Natsuko's serializations,

© [人] 生 山 あり 山口 (V) (F) 1338



Haven't been looking after myself at all...!!

...



I would scold myself like this.

You can't afford to sit around and do nothing.

I want to spend time!

I don't want to be married!

Or,

Don't eat anything!

You don't have the right to eat food.

Now that I think about it, I'd always told myself...



That's why I had no idea what I wanted to do, and finally I just couldn't think anything anymore.

That's not just special!

Because I didn't think anything of myself, the things I did manage to do were always nothing special.



I'd wanted friends, or to be with people who were fun to be around. But I'd let it all slip away from me.

I'd wanted to connect with people through work,

But maybe
I was just
trying to
satisfy
"The me
trying to
please my
parents".



I'd assumed
I was trying
to respond to
my parents
expectations,

Wait,
maybe...

I'd never
been working
hard to please
them, I'd been
working for
"The me trying
to please my
parents"...



I'd always
tried to be
thinking of
my parents,
but they were
never satisfied.
After all...

Is that
why I've
had such
a hard time
figuring
everything
out...?



I hadn't
thought
about what
I wanted,
I'd only
prioritized
"The me
trying to
please my
parents"

I want to
know what
I want...!!



I want
to look
after myself
on my own.



They should be in there somewhere.

I want to know my true feelings

I DON'T THINK I WAS LIKE THIS

I'M THE REAL YOU!

NO HERE!!

I don't care if it's something shocking or embarrassing or whatever,



Something shameful, embarrassing, and...

It was surely something I'd need to hide away, and never show to anybody.

At this point I didn't want any tiny details, I wanted to know what the huge shadow looming behind me was.



It's sex.

Ah,

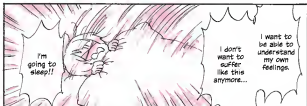


"I can't ever turn into an grown-up", I thought.

I can't ever turn into an grown-up.

I'll just be a kid

I thought my parents would love me more if I was a child,







forget
about my
damn
parents!

I thought
I was
going to, ...Ah!!



...with light
self-inflicted
injuries, a
bald spot
(Trichotillomania),
were to just
walk up to
them.

But I figured
they'd probably
hate if someone
prone to depression,
suffering with an
eating disorder,
bulimia and an
inability to eat
properly stretching
back nine years...



It might
expand my
horizons and
give me
something to
write about
(the magic
excuse)...?

...But,



You're
dead right,
'past me'.

Mmm
hmm

Mmm
hmm
hmm

By the way,
my diary at
the time read,
"Perhaps
experiencing
this might let
me find out a
little more about
my past".



The Private Report
on My Lesbian Experience
with Loneliness