

Late September

**BY
NORA VII**

9/18/2021

Sorry I lost you Journal,

I came back to my computer yesterday and you weren't there anymore. I lost several entries I started to write here since mid September. I'm not sure if it was hacking or my mistake, but all of the files in my Downloads folder were lost, yet I had folders. Earlier I told you about Taylor, Nick, Erik, Josh, and Eden. I described them pretty well and I suppose I'll do that again in the coming days. I'm feeling a lot more centered and peaceful lately even though I'm almost chronically upset about Taylor. I was able to teach myself Python programming and may make that my job soon; or, I may become an Associate Consulting Systems Engineer at World Wide Technology. I'm making new friends. I wouldn't return to the bad times when I had never-ending thoughts of suicide and a never-ending need to hear whatever Nick (Taylor) was getting at with their cryptic comments. I went on a date yesterday, and again I felt like shit for telling this stupid story about being emotionally blackmailed, not feeling safe to transition, finally transitioning and finally feeling okay, only to slowly discover your emotional blackmailer has left out clues they're abusing or abused, and having to report them to the FBI twice. Thankfully, I am now seeing a therapist every week; and thankfully, they are very receptive to everything I have to say, not only about my commentary on the transgender landscape on places like Discord (it's attractiveness to groomers and pedophiles, and it's hostility to binary trans people, deemed transmedicalists), but most importantly he shares my conviction that I am being cyberstalked at the very least, and being mocked by a pedophile gang at the very worst. He knows I'm distressed by "the enormity of it all" and seems genuinely interested in my well being. Potentially, he may want me to share my holistic conception of things; like, for instance, my fear a wave of detransitioners would emerge to complain about being groomed as children in my future. My old therapist was always on edge or suffering from ailments of some kind; we weren't able to talk fluidly, and frankly I think she was too liberal minded and out of touch with what happens on the internet to see how I see things. I've finally felt like I had the freedom to explain how heartbreaking it feels when I have a spark with some gay or queer women, only to see the lights in their eyes die when they learn I'm born male. "It happens more than you think." Is what I said. "It's bad enough I can't just have a sexually fluid experience. I had to have these people bully me, or suggest a drug to chemically castrate pedophiles is the best AA for trans women. On top of not being as sexually fluid as Shane, I'll have people compare me to this. Why?! So when I go to the doctor for hormones I look like a fucking fool?!" Instantly he understood how painful this is. I never even got to the point of expressing how uncomfortable this is with my other therapist because we couldn't create a foundation of mutual trust. She didn't even want to see a YouTube video of Nick lying on camera. The therapist after her did, and so did the one I see now. After these experiences, it's common for me to write about Taylor as Nick and Nick as Taylor, because I only see them as an antagonist now. Taylor didn't change his name to Taylor until I asked a mutual friend if they might be a bully, then later on I saw their pronouns change to she and her, only to later see those pronouns stripped off their dispersed social media accounts, like GitHub and Instagram. Right now I imagine it's possible Taylor deleted the file off my computer because it wasn't going well to him. Maybe it didn't have the excitement he was looking for anymore. I feel like Taylor is a pedophile who was cruel to me as an extension to being cruel to children, or they enjoyed hinting and larping as being one because it was an unusual and fun experience to see a person like me attempt to change or reach someone with a terrible internal problem. I would have thought they thought I was a pedophile, but in retrospect it's more clear they knew why I was repressing and targeted all my insecurities. When Nick's friend essie told me "You're a stalker and you need to stop!" I could sense she was writing that in the interest of her own self-preservation. Like to say: "If you stalk too much I know you'll find out about the code camp, and it will be a problem for me." Just like Eden when she deleted her socials to hide evidence I confronted her about the hacking.

9/19/2021

Good evening Journal,

I had an amazing day yesterday. I planned to dress up all goth-like with my friend and we did. She was a really positive influence on me and brought out my warm qualities. I challenged my avoidance; I was able to dress up, communicate with her, hug her and kiss her. I explained how cautious I am around gay women because I know I need to communicate my amab status (or else it's rape) and she understood. I shared stories about repressing my interest in girls and she did too. I'm 10 years older than her but she praises me for how beautiful I am. She's absolutely stunning and models here quite a lot, she wants to do drag performances and I know she has the creativity. I actually did ask her if I was "too old" to do drag and she laughed it off. We got close quickly. Even after communicating our struggles we ended up liking each other still. I'm very happy she's accepting herself so early. I think in a sense I'm living a bit vicariously through her, happy she's so free. We both came from super strict and controlling homes so we're both sensitive self-doubting people who've experienced some victimization after leaving the nest. I'm glad I've been challenging myself lately to get close to people I like. It turns out, she liked me right away, just by seeing my photos on facebook, and thought I was beautiful yet I was avoiding because I didn't feel worthy or didn't want anyone to be exposed to this vile drama from my past. I really enjoy getting close to people but for a while now I've felt like I can't even touch them, either because I'm the amab one or because I feel pretty sick about Taylor and others. Yesterday I learned new facts about my old friend Erik Dains. When we first started talking Erik said a lot of my ideas were really great and matched his feelings; Erik suffered from depression and chronic emptiness, and frequently complained about feeling ugly. He said his father was a chef and he lived in New York. I shared my ideas with him which he sometimes described as poison later on. I knew Erik was interested in finance, but I did not suspect Erik might be one of the people hacking me, emotionally manipulating me, and abusing my various vulnerabilities. So yesterday I found out Erik follows a group called Hacked Team on GitHub, which has many repositories for attack vectors Erik may have used to gain access to my computer. It's also clear Erik is a very talented coder, leading me to imagine he's more talented than Taylor Ermolov, who I suspect might have been groomed by Eden Cobaugh to be an instrument of abuse. Joshua Doty was another friend who, like Erik, frequently complained about feeling empty, tired, and ugly, often he would describe himself as "gross." In 2017 I would video call with Erik and Josh, not thinking either of the boys knew each other. The only thing the two had in common was something I could only see after many months of reflection, because to me it's really sick: they both ghosted me hard when I was fired by my parents for transitioning – as far as I know, Erik would never taunt me by updating his profile picture to indicate he stalks me, but Josh would do this twice. But I'll write more about "profile picture taunting" later. Accepting that I was beautiful before my transition, and arguably even more beautiful after my transition, was not easy because it required I process how Erik and Josh were slowly seeping poison into my life, completely on purpose and, I suspect, to a shared audience. While Erik would talk about his homosexual interest in large hairy men or his newly purchased fleshlight or his use of a VR headset to masturbate, Josh would talk about the vocaloid genre, which if you look it up features a lot of 3D characters who are children or transgender. I was never able to talk to nik by voice, but I would video call with Josh and Erik very frequently. While Josh would sprinkle comments about vocaloid into our conversations, Taylor, who was "meowmeow" in the beginning and later changed his name to "nik" later on, would slowly hint at suffering from a dark internal problem, indicating that he was not truly transgender but actually a pedophile. All three of these boys were complaining about how ugly they felt. Combined, the three formed a circle around me which made me feel incredibly uncomfortable transitioning because it would mean I depress my friends (Erik and Josh) or rubbing my femininity in nik's face, potentially becoming a catalyst for a successful suicide. In the beginning nik told me that I was the first person she came out to as transgender, she told me some very moving stories about being

a repressed trans teenager who wasn't able to start HRT. She said she was hurting everywhere she went because of her shoulders or her brow bone or this or that. I didn't want to become a negative influence to her or anyone so I repressed even harder for fear of inadvertently harming her or for fear of in some way encouraging her to transition when she should not. After all I did feel iffy about her. I felt what in retrospect I know is the “fight or flight” response when I would read nik's username: I often felt like it was standing out to me as if charged by a dark energy. I thought she was trans, somewhat distressed by testosterone's deleterious effects to the point of wanting to commit suicide with the train by her house; at one point she used code to mass delete all her messages, and I noticed, so I rushed to message her and stop her from hanging herself or shooting herself. To me nik had almost a family resemblance to me; my father and brother had blonde curly hair like his, and I did see a lot of warm feminine qualities in him I shared. nik even wore suits occasionally, and really even when “her” hair was short I thought it looked very queer. nik ended up being the first trans person I would connect with, which is painfully unfortunate considering they were part of an abusive group. Despite being those by these people in 2019, Josh and nik taunt me to this day. This afternoon I talked with my good friend about my new therapist and increased self-consciousness. It seems very plausible I might have shared a version of my first novel in the 2meirl4meirl Discord server, which the abusers picked up and sought to twist into an attempt to frame me as a pedophile. The novel, entitled “Spacehorse” describes a Ghost In the Shell like cyberpunk universe, and it's implied there's a character in it whose partner might be a pedophile, because this particular character chooses to inhabit a cyborg body. So I was able to use the language of transferring your brain from one body to another as a way to not only talk about a world where I might be able to be fully female, but also to create the language I might need to turn pedophiles away from harming real children. I also wrote the novel while contemplating the Borg collective; a hive mind network consisting of millions of assimilated worlds. So I was also processing a future where I'd have to contend with people interested in erasing all human consciousness in favor of ascending to a higher level of consciousness, arguably a form of suicide. There is a scene in the first novel where the “child” character is operated on; the female lead character's female body is placed inside a closet and installed in that child, who is later cannibalized partially. This was meant to communicate several things, not all of them conscious to me, like the medical abuse I suffered as a child when I had a cystoscopy, which my father used as an excuse to argue I was not transgender. My abusers had intimate knowledge of me, and I think it's likely they deleted the record of this procedure in order to corrupt the meaning of my novel as part of their overarching strategy to frame me as a pedophile. In truth, I was merely trying to understand nik, who actually scared me. Sara says this theory is believable and admits that some people will go to great lengths to tear down others who they perceive as going somewhere in life. The rebel in me doesn't like attention and doesn't like the idea of getting notoriety by relation to people like this. As I also maintain the theory they only want to attain some degree of infamy by proxy to their relationship to me as abusers. Assuming nik isn't transgender at all, which I earnestly believe since they have never used any makeup and are documented gas-lighting me about being trans, Taylor is simply masking by using she/her pronouns at all, potentially as a form of manipulation should I attempt to out them in any way publicly. Eden, on the other hand, got close to me deliberately just as my parents fired me for my transition; she said she was from St. Louis and even donated clothes to me: a trans-approving shirt, that said “two is too few” was among them, and a shirt which read “SENPAL” in the style of supreme so to refer to her own username, as a covert way to ridicule me. I don't collect people's names who I meet on the internet because it feels a little invasive, and so I didn't know her full name until later, but I would ultimately discover that Eden lied about being poor, was 26 at the time of my meeting her (much older than Taylor) and had modeled here in St. Louis back in 2017. Thus, this is yet another person who has jealousy as their motivation for targeting me. And I now suspect the disturbing possibility that her and the boys groomed Taylor (Nick) when he was 16 to lure me to my death, as I now recall one user in the server openly describe nik as “someone who looks like a nymph that would lure sailors to their doom.”

9/26/2021

Hello Journal,

It's the day after Tower Grove pride. I had a great time, not like before when I felt intense everywhere I went. I felt prideful. I wore tall Vans socks, boots, a cargo skirt with a cameo sweater around my waist; I had a Calvin Klein bra and sunglasses, and a white fishnet hoodie. Pretty much female homosexuality incarnate. I enjoyed myself, didn't drink much. The weather was perfect too. Tower Grove isn't at all like downtown pride, you're totally surrounded by a forest and you know good food is close by. I made a new friend and reconnected with old ones. I liked my looks. I felt attractive. I felt comfortable. I felt peaceful. Occasionally I did pause to feel melancholy about Taylor. With a name like Taylor, possibly a reference to the Nazi icon Taylor Swift, I wondered if Taylor wasn't groomed by people on the internet to be a Nazi icon. I started to think about the possibility that Nazis might have used the ways they were manipulating me to make me seem shameful and repugnant in order to groom Taylor to dress up as a Nazi fetish. And if that were true Taylor could be just as trapped by shame as I was. Who would really want photos of themselves circulating with Nazi armbands and stuff like that, if that's how Taylor was groomed? I didn't think about this very much, mind you. For all I know Taylor was only pretending to seem like that for attention. I told Chuck I made my Instagram private after Taylor crossed a line and made it seem like she was in a potentially violent gang. I told him I felt better and more self aware of who I am. My new friend Vespertine is awakening me, fae uses fae faer pronouns, which at first I felt I wouldn't be able to stand, but really I don't mind at all. I explained to faer's partner my long road out of hell... When I was a kid I thought I was almost a girl. When I was playing boys vs girls soccer my mom and I had a suspicious talk about my endocrine system, and I wouldn't unpack it until I was 29. When I was in 4th grade or so I suddenly had kidney stones and had to have them treated in the most agonizing way. My father used the fact a tube was inserted into my penis as an argument I wasn't transgender. But the school didn't want to hear it, it wanted him to take me to see a psychologist, but he wasn't going to allow that and my grade school was changed 4 times. Then I was put in an all boys high school. Then I was bullied by my parents to take an NERI drugs, and I suffered bad sexual side effects and nightmares and suicidal and homicidal thoughts I felt guilty about. Then I ended up in a relationship as a gay male with my partner, and felt uneasy about my curiosity about his lesbian sister and her relationships. And I was triangulated and victimized online after I wrote a science fiction novel about brain-to-body transfer in the future and more. Those people were jealous of my beauty, and spent five years attempting to groom me to like child pornography. Using computer-generated anime pornography they caused me to feel uneasy and worried for the younger members in the Discord server for suicide memes I was in. I became friends with Erik and Josh and we would video call together. I had no idea they both were on the same team. While Erik would talk about Virtual Reality pornography, Josh would talk about the Vocaloid genre, which featured transgender characters and minors. In turn, nik (Nicholas or Taylor) would drop signs they were suffering from dysphoria and were mentally unstable and suicidal, and she would indicate she might be a pedophile or suffering from some kind of disorder. And that went on for years and they ghosted me in mass and continued to cyberstalk and intimidate me for many years after 2019. No one knows how I would have reacted to all that stress. I could have killed myself, or snapped and suddenly drove all the way to wherever Taylor worked, where I could have went on a killing spree or something. You really never know. People on the internet should not groom vulnerable people like this. Trying to prime someone for a crime should be a crime, because you're committing a conspiracy to commit a crime by proxy. Seeking to groom someone to be a pedophile and hacking their phone so you can see them doing something illegal may not be a crime today, but in the future it will be. I felt scared a few times Taylor might kill themselves and I might have to handle the feeling I failed to help them or see what was happening. If I refuse to even see myself, I can't see exactly what's happening to myself. I wondered how I might comfort Taylor if they were to come out to me as a victim of grooming. Would I

keep her at arms length, or would I join forces with her to innumerate the tactics of trans-victimization we experienced? I enjoyed explaining how science fiction wasn't something I loved exactly, it was just a part of my psyche: a survival crutch. I remembered thinking humans might create brain-to-machine interface technology before it would grow a cis vagina in a laboratory, so with that knowledge in mind I emulated the character Seven of Nine. "She's so arrogantly sure humans will be Borg in the future." I said. "She helps the crew, but she's not really present; she's confident the Borg will prevail, and she has no fun in her life, and she's indifferent to how beautiful she is." I told Iskander about my unconscious use of the character to survive. Unconsciously, I saw this woman, and I knew she was me, and I went on with my life, borrowing her sense of certainty. That's even why I started to speed-listen to books instead of going to college like a normal person: hearing a human professor speak was "inefficient." But I'm not a real celebrity. I'm just a person. Yet I am articulate and my story is a interesting to say the least. Abuse is abuse though. I don't forgive those people. Iskander knows the knot-tying practice called shibari and he was impressed I was glowing with interest in kink despite all the trauma I've experienced in my life. It turned out I learned a good deal of knot knowledge from my job as a server cabler. When you tie power cables together with string you need to learn how to sew the Kansas City stitch and the Chicago stitch; you learn about slack and everything, when you're tying industrial cables. For years I did this, and mostly it was a little triggering because I never bothered to learn about servers for fear of being groomed to look at unspeakable things. I assumed whatever Josh was into was just the tip of the iceberg and that was why Josh was manipulative and seemed dead behind the eyes. Sometimes, when I would talk to Josh, I would try to figure out how lesbian he is... "Hey what do you think of this video with a t-girl and this beautiful red haired girl playing video games together?" I asked him. But he'd say this intractable "uhh" signaling disapproval. It was one of his hallmark statements, along with "I'm so manipulative!" and others... Unconsciously I made a playlist entitled "uhh" on Spotify with a picture of a cat with flowers in it's hair. Doty saw that and made it his profile picture (feeling referred to): I saw it but I didn't think there was any connection since he broke with me after my family fired me. Then later on Doty would signal me months later after I mass deleted our messages to punish him. I figured in the moment that Discord Inc would keep all messages on it's server, so deleting my messages to Doty was not going to result in any information loss, only display to Doty a screen of his own manipulating: I delivered to him a broken mirror reflecting himself back at him. Later on I journaled about and talked about my kinship with the Pokemon Mew, and Josh updated his profile picture to an image with a cat inside a bubble. This time the message wasn't lost on me and it was abundantly clear that Josh was a long term abuser, asshole, and groomer. I even documented evidence of Josh attempting to hide all his likes on Tumblr around the same time Tumblr started to ban all pornography because it had an anime child pornography problem. Josh always filled me with concern since it didn't take very long for me to find child erotica (not hardcore child porn) if you inspected who Josh's followers were following and so on. Josh wasn't the only person to signal me with profile picture changes. Nick did this also, way back in 2019, when I blocked her in September. She was blonde and trans and beautiful, but she decided to update her profile picture to a portrait of a sad-looking woman with dark hair on facebook in 2019 and hasn't updated it since (it's 2021). Taylor even became the Chief Technology Officer of a company that sells dentures in a narcopathic attempt to feel better than me since I work for World Wide Technology. I had no idea that I would seem like such an appealing punching bag for group cyberabuse, stalking, and hacking and intimidation and so on. The outcome with Taylor and I was far from what I wanted. When you experience this amount of maltreatment it's easy to doubt your own reality. You think, there's just no way I am a real person, because these people have treated me so inhumanely they can't really be like this. The darkness I escaped contrasted beautifully against my day at pride. I could breathe, calmly and casually. I could sit on the grass and just feel present. I could sit near my fellow woman without feeling panic, distress, or pain. I didn't live in a crazy world. I lived in a sane world. I didn't exist in a state of constant depression. I existed in a state of peace. I wore a gay pride bracelets and a trans pride bracelet.

9/27/2021

Good morning Journal,

It's the day of my interview. I wanted to write out some thoughts about Ivan and Bi. A while ago I made the difficult decision to block the woman I was seeing across all social media. We were communicating and were intimate for some time, but things started to take a dark turn – or so I felt. One day I vented to Bi about my abuser and how emotionally confusing it was. I still loved them very much and I wanted to stop. I had a laundry list of all the ways Taylor (or the user behind the screen) was manipulating me. It's really hard to know if I was talking to the blonde haired boy or girl I thought I was, or if I was talking to a manipulator who gathered photographs of Taylor and used them to manipulate me, because I was their target all along. Bi reacted to my distress with a proposition: a game. She described a series of 8 trials I would go through, each worse than the last. “You need a trauma that's worse than the previous one for you to forget about it.” is basically what she told me. This was insane, considering how bad the past really was. In the first trial, Bi wanted me to sleep outside my apartment in the alley all night long and to periodically take video journals of myself, then send them to her. This was scary, but I wanted to challenge my paranoia anyway, so I did it. While I was there, I noticed two enormous vans positioned at both ends of the alleyway. One of them even had radio equipment at the top, and after I was there for several hours it relocated. I hoped one of the vans could be the FBI, but I wasn't sure really. The second trial involved my job. Bi wanted me to change my clothes at work in the middle of the day, taking some photos of myself before and afterwards. I refused, because I didn't want to seem like I could be stealing at work. Later on I broke down to Bi and told her I was becoming increasingly disturbed by this game and wanted to stop; it was reminding me of the abuse I experienced in the past; it was causing me to suspect Bi somehow knew my abusers. I would think about how Ivan studied network security, yet seemed suspiciously disinterested in educating me on how to improve my own network. When I first met Bi, she broke a thorn off a tree and asked me to perform a trust exercise where she poked my hand with it. She made it seem like some kind of gateway to BDSM, but since Bi wasn't communicating very effectively with me about her game, her photography, or her history as a director, or the gangs she said she used to be a member of, it started to seem likely Bi was grooming me for sadistic sex. And she was turning the grooming process into performance art too. And Ivan was her assistant director, like a fellow traveler responsible for keeping her network secure. These things struck me as possibilities; I decided to send her some links on cyber Stockholm syndrome and things I felt relevant for her to learn how to handle my PTSD effectively. But she didn't respond for a few days, then she didn't respond for a week. nik had done this sort of thing: give me the silent treatment. Instead of processing the reasonable things I said or reacting compassionately, Bi made the wrong choice to punish me with silence and wait for me to crawl back to her. So, I set a 14 day timer in my head. Once it expired, I blocked Bi across all social media websites. I also requested the data from our mutual account on Instagram, downloaded it, and requested the mutual account be deleted. It took a long while for anything to happen, but later on her partner Ivan contacted me on facebook and told me he lost his job. Ivan seemed like a very capable network engineer so I told him he would have no problem whatsoever finding new work here. He then encouraged me to reach out to Bi, but not to type a lot of words to her. I did no such thing. I unblocked Bi and allowed her to message me for 14 more days, and when she didn't do that I blocked Bi across all social media websites, and I blocked Ivan too. I have no idea really if Bi knew the abusers, and maybe it's tragic if I allowed my negative experiences to poison what might have been a nice relationship, but I can't ignore who I am; I can't ignore the fact that people see me as a sexual object and are willing to manipulate me to fulfill their ulterior motives because I'm trans and attractive. Earlier I looked at an old phone. I was mortified by how young and pretty I looked, even 2 years ago when I was 29. I looked 14. I saw screenshots of Nick, smiling and surrounded by children at the code camp. It was very triggering.

9/28/2021

Hi Journal,

I'm feeling pretty optimistic about Kat. For a while I wouldn't let myself get to know people, but putting things into a greater context with the aid of my new therapist has been very helpful. Earlier I felt fairly triggered by accessing my old phone and seeing the photographs of Nick at the code camp. It's easy for me to want to imagine the CIA or something like that was abusing me. It's very scary. I genuinely cared about Taylor. All I can think about lately is the idea that if Taylor wasn't some kind of groomer, whoever had control of Taylor was. I feel that the reason why people like Erik Dains or Joshua Doty or whoever was hacking me was entirely because they wanted to include me in something evil. Taylor didn't need to create a deception that she founded a code camp for kids, she didn't need to lie on camera about creating something new either; she did that because, previously, she told me she was raped at camp, and knew that if I found out they were working at a camp while being cryptic about some camp somewhere, I might have called the FBI or police a lot sooner. I think I know this because someone went out of their way to pixelate a part of Taylor's shirt, which I suppose was a campsite. So they had no choice but to put on some kind of ruse, and enact some kind of shaming campaign so that I feel so uncomfortable with the situation I leave. What I experienced felt more like a groomers gambit or some attempt at throwing me off some stupid trail so I wouldn't ultimately understand what I was dealing with and what these people wanted to do. This wasn't trolling at all. Chuck was just trying to create some kind of peace. These people tried and failed to seduce and recruit me because it might have been easier for them if I was on their side, or if they could control me with blackmail, or if I could help recruit young people because I look young. Everything meaningful was reported but some days I don't know what to do with the peace. I feel lost. I feel sad. I feel sad or even pathetic. I felt "love" for a groomer, or worse a subject of grooming. I'm hugging people and kissing people all over again, but this time it's without the pain. I feel natural. I feel clear. I can understand why Rose was so impressed by me, why she loved me so much, or why she says I have gravitas. I hadn't processed who I was before. She even compared me to Nelson Mandela on the basis he suffered torture and emerged as a strong character. I suspect this grooming might have been an attempt to lure me out to Charleston South Carolina, where anything might have happened, where I could have been killed or abducted and forced into some kind of sex trafficking den. For all I know, the majority of the children in the Discord server for suicide memes I was in were adults. I feel like I'm at a new normal. Kaley and Seth are gone. Some of my other friends are gone. I'm making new friends, and that's what Kat and others represent right now. I feel like I'm ready to be normal. The people I had in my past life made being trans feel like a sick desire, when it was just a desire for normalcy. I feel so sorry for anyone who thinks transitioning is anything but a way to approach normalcy. Kat is a biologist and it's comforting to imagine that she might have a good perspective on health. So this is something else I'm looking forward to. I think I need a better language to talk about Nick, Taylor, and nik. I don't know if I should or should not write about them in a way so they're separated. For example, I can write about nik as if I am leaving it up to interpretation if I nik is an Unknown user, rather than Nicholas who ultimately changed her name to Taylor. This way I can convey the challenge of interpreting the two. On the one hand, I see Taylor (the victim), who seemed totally glum in all his or her selfies except the ones where they're surrounded by children; on the other hand, I felt nik (the user) who seemed shadowy, uncreative, manipulative, dark, and secretive. Unlike Erik, who had an interest in finance, and unlike Josh, who had an interest in vocaloid, nik seemed to have no interests besides hacking and manipulating people and pretending to create a code camp for children. That could make nik a self-righteous anti-pedophile hacker, trying to catch pedophiles with their looks; yet it could also make them the manipulative child-molester, or the groomed victim, while the real account operator remains unknown. I would ponder it sometimes, if nik is the "pedophile-hunter" who won't speak to me, but in reality nik relished me not taking HRT far too

much to be that or do that; it seemed more likely nik (the user) assumed a bully persona as a ploy to push me away from their place of operation at the Charleston Digital Corridor. You know what journal? I'm tired. I'm tired of explaining all this stuff to new people when I talk to them. I'm tired of going on a date and explaining this emotionally taxing stuff. I'm exhausted by how different my life is compared to everybody else. I don't want . . . Well, this was unexpected. Bi knocked on my door carrying a letter and a balloon. She's going to New York. I still have no idea how she travels so much for not having a normal job. One of the things that made me think Bi might know Taylor was I wrote a letter about the hacking and intimidating a while ago, where I threatened to deanonymize all the people who listened to my Spotify playlists by feeding Spotify's data into a super computer. Later on Bi seemed to stonewall me about her past gang activity, and the ways she makes money on the internet. She also said: "You're not a superhero." which might have been a slip of the tongue, because she was thinking about my letter about using "super computers" to fight crime. I let Bi in and we hugged. I explained I don't trust people like I did before, and said she needed to communicate more effectively. I'm pretty sad. Yesterday I got really close to my new friend and her partner. I like them a lot, they're sweet people. I think I'm simply crashing from all the stress. I want to believe Bi loves me like her letter said, but it's too difficult now. Coincidentally enough I was just writing about her yesterday. What should I do? Just throw the letter away and pop her balloon, with the thorn she snapped off the tree? I don't see why not! With my mood being what it is, I don't see why I should keep artifacts around that depress me. When you know that a person has gone through a difficult time in life and you choose to confuse them and teach them sadistic sex is medicine, then you're not really helping them – you're only hurting them so you can eventually discard them, or even worship them in your own twisted way, like a secondary Jesus (maybe more so should you cause them to commit suicide). I don't think I'm ever going to "have fun" with people the same way ever again. I feel pained by the previous encounter. I don't know what to say to Bi right now either. For all I know, Ivan hacked people at World Wide Technology, learned they're making plans to move me to New York, so Ivan and Bi are maneuvering to relocate to New York to make it easier to make me dependent on them, so eventually they'll kill me. That's how broken my trust is right now. Looking at my beautifully sad tortured-looking face in my old phone triggered me, and so did seeing the photos of Nick at the code camp. Some nefarious power was at work there and it wasn't me. What exactly was it's agenda? As I try to nap this off, I need to think about the good things which happened lately. I overcame my anxieties around meeting new people. I participated in an Innovation Rally at work and made my interest in technology clear. I found a beautiful intimate partner I can party with and kiss. I made a new friend, who's interested in reading my stories – possibly she'll encourage me to write a tell all similar to the cat person story. I put myself out there at work, where I feel primed for a career that could be my job for the next 30 years. I became less avoidant generally. I liberated myself from an incompetent therapist. I need to complete some paperwork for bottom surgery I've been putting off as I find it stressful, but that's about the only thing on my to-do list currently. I feel so lonely. I wondered if Phoenix might have been groomed too, not just cat-fished like she said. Some days, in a really distant way, I think we're attracted to each other or we inspire each other. I think she stalks me in a way that's healthy for her. Tomorrow I meet with my therapist in the morning. I suppose I'll have to strike at the major issues. Chief among them, is the pain and depression I felt after the date I was on. She was nice, but I felt like I mostly aroused pity. Entertaining writing projects about communicating trauma was the opposite of fun. There wasn't a spark with her, but there was with Vespertine, and Kat too. And now it's difficult to decide how to handle Bi. Her regret feels genuine and I think she took responsibility for her choice to ghost me. She said she had so many words for me in her imagination, but when she met me in person she was speechless. It wasn't very easy to make eye contact with her. I think it's filling me with more stress than happiness. Based on our experiences, it still seems like she might have been trying to groom me for sadistic sex without communicating properly, so it doesn't make sense to keep her in my life as a friend. Compared to Bi, I'm currently a lot more comfortable with Iskander and Vespertine.

9/29/2021

Hi Journal,

I have my phone and things back. My bottom surgery consultation was rescheduled to an earlier date, and I reported Bi to ICE. Normal activity for a super attractive tranny. I told V about my situation and her partner agreed it seemed like I was being groomed for sadistic purposes. Most people I tell give me a "holy fuck" reaction. Here's what I wrote: "I told her about my traumas, she proposed an 8 trial game "worse than before" -- the first entailed I sit outside my apartment all night, recording videos of myself. I declined the rest. Her partner Ivan Malakhau is a Cisco certified network professional, but he was not enthusiastic about hardening my network security. I said her game was stressful and triggering and she gave me the silent treatment. I blocked her. Later her partner reached out. I blocked him. She refused to clarify what her game was about when I asked recently. She has over 10 Google accounts, calls herself a director, and does not work a normal job. When we first met she asked me to perform a trust exercise where she took a thorn off a tree, I closed my eyes, and she poked my hand with it. I did the same to her. I suspect grooming for sadistic value. She says she's from Belarus and is moving to New York. She was very upset when I said I suspected she knew a past abuser Taylor Ermolov, who I reported to the FBI previously." Others supported the idea. "Dude she's obviously using you for some personal kink that she has but she doesn't care about you at all." said one online user. This was sometime after I found out one of the owners of the 2meirl4meirl Discord server had a "linked phone number" to an address that is a 5 minute drive away from Nick's high school (on 9/21/2021); he was a self-advertised "anti-natalist" and acted too nervous to talk to me. I looked this up because the day before this I found Erik's GitHub account full of attack vectors, which I told Chuck about. I shared the story of Bi's game with other people and they agreed. It didn't matter who I asked, hearing Bi propose a "worse trauma than before" immediately struck all people as disturbing. I wanted to be friends with Bi, but again all of her responses were minimal. This was contrary to my expectation because when she met me in person she said she had so many words for me. After the letter was delivered, I reached out to her on Instagram, where she said: "We cannot change the past, but let's build a new future." I said: "I was happy to see you in person Even though I let go of you, I still liked our good memories together. However, I would like some better explanation about your absence. I hope you will write me. If things don't work out. Don't worry. I will be okay." But all she wrote back to me was "Good." But I had already asked her to clarify what her game was about, but she didn't tell me. If the truth was an onion, she wasn't willing to drill down into the truth. By giving me the silent treatment, she was keeping me at the outermost layer. She's giving me the absolute minimum and that's how I know she's up to nothing good. I had watched Future Man the other day, I felt like the idiotic dork character you see in movies who doesn't know their girlfriend's plotting to murder them. Recently I watched a few videos on detecting body language; I noted that I do tend to look down in an attempt to guard myself when people say I look beautiful or pretty. I'm not a trained expert but I feel it's a way for me to avoid thinking my looks played a role in my victimization. I'm very happy I granted myself many days off this week, since a lot of it was unexpectedly stressful. Getting closure about Taylor and Bi's suspicious activity would be the ultimate gift. I have no idea if the two are linked, but I think so, which means the FBI will be there to fit the pieces together better than I can. I really really hate this and wish things were normal. This stuff made me think more about suicide, more as a way to escape experiencing physical harm since I can't tell if this is all a prelude to something worse. Tomorrow I have a meeting with an AI specialist and I'm excited for it. I feel like my life is a mix of bad and good. Everything seems wrong about Ivan and Bi. The fact that V finds me so beautiful, and Rita thinks I'm so brilliant or smart, does a lot to change my victimology. I'm a person who really wants to help people, who has always wanted to make things better, someone who wants to inspire a better world, yet I'm dealing with some strange hostile forces.

10/5/2021

Good afternoon Journal,

Feeling mixed emotions right now because my meeting with an AI specialist left me with some bad feelings. I'll have to think about why. Earlier I had some great interactions with someone at work, who was really excited by my joint proposal for the Department of Education and Department of Defense. I felt like I gained a great friend. It was a spectacular change compared to the tragedy I experienced just a few days earlier. Bi became even more aggressively cagey and manipulative after I confronted her. I didn't feel alright simply reporting her and Ivan to ICE, I decided to contact the local police too. I was too sketched out, and every friend I talked to agreed my feelings were justified. Other people had more confidence in me than I had in myself. It darkened my heart and mind to imagine not just Ivan and Bi, but Taylor and Josh and Erik and others, were all against me. V said it wasn't my fault if I developed feelings for Taylor if I was groomed to develop feelings for them. I told her this happened to me and how sad it was to me at the Renaissance fair. I didn't feel judged negatively. It was obvious to her that others were trying their hardest to test my morality to hate me. I explained my theory that whenever Taylor won the hackathon prize it might have been done on purpose to coerce me into seeing Taylor as less of a minor because a "maturity barrier" somehow negated the law. I suggested some people might go along with an idea like that, but not me. V shows me in praise and affection and tells me I'm very beautiful, extremely beautiful... Instead of feeling happy I'm beautiful, I often feel unsafe or like my past memories are hurting me. Like the past is somehow more hurtful if I accept I'm beautiful. The person I impressed at work has been into networking for 31 years and she said I was brilliant. I've become better at accepting complements at face value, but they carry with it an increased sense of dread sometimes, because I'll realize that if those complements are true it means I was being abused. Rather than feeling outstanding or great, I'll often feel somehow scared. I spoke to Safe Connections and they asked if I was a child because they agreed it seemed like I was being groomed. I wasn't, but I did think the way Bi relaxed me by shaking my legs and arms seemed like a technique you could use on a child, rather than an adult. She picked up my left leg by my ankle and shook it. Then my right leg, then my left arm by the wrist, then the other arm by the wrist. I think when you relax an adult, you give them a massage or something. But this technique in particular seemed like a way you could relax a kid without alienating them. That was also the night Bi stabbed me (playfully I thought) with the American flag and wanted me to take a picture of myself with it. For me that crossed a line; it really fueled my concern Bi might be creating some kind of entertainment about me I don't know about. I messaged her on Instagram, but she gave me the absolute minimum. She asked me "Do you want the truth?" and I said: "would you tell me the truth? Is it that you don't care about me? Is it that you're grooming me? Is it you give me the silent treatment? Is it you want to make videos about me? Is it worse?" and then she says "You think a lot." and "No one like truth, just yes or no". I know she's encouraging me not to think anymore. So I say "That's up to you." and put her on restricted. Although I'm sad about this, I think I've strengthened my relationships with my real friends. I don't regret reporting Birta Biverest and Ivan to ICE, nor do I regret reporting them to the police. Bi's reddit account sealed the deal, containing all the clues I needed to see. Various collages, most of them containing artwork which is somewhat in line with my aesthetic appreciation with collage, biology, life, and the universe, one of which includes a line of sideways text which says: "I am a hacker, enter my world..." Fucking revolting. There's another line written in Russian about second-generation gender bias. I guess Bi's description of "us" as aliens was a sign she dehumanized me from the beginning. I suppose Birta's appreciation for transgender people is false, and she was simply committed to testing me to find reasons to justify killing me. I found a giant banner "FUTURE & NOW + LGBT + BIOLOGY + GRAPHICS + COLOR + LIGHT" On the 4th of July, Bi stabbed me with the American flag. It makes sense she was priming me for worse.

10/6/2021

Good morning Journal,

I'm a little tired but I'm happy it's Friday. My partner dropped out of the Innovation Games project we were working on. It's too complicated for us to deliver a working prototype. Steph says for what I'm working on I need an AI ethicist, they recommended I talk to one who's trans but her name is so oddly similar to mine I'm worried if I reach out she'll think I'm a troll. I'll have to try anyway and believe the people who support me aren't lying. I'm sad about Bi and feel really bad about the artwork she made. I don't understand why she might need to derive her sense of self worth through abusing me since I did not think any negative thoughts about her. I always wondered why she wasn't gushing with creativity like her websites suggested she could. It's not exactly out of the question for Bi to be an FBI or CIA agent actually, one who deliberately jabbed me with the American flag to see if I'd feel bad about it. If that were true, I'd still feel abused though. It would just be abuse from a domestic source. So I guess I feel depressed by all these ideas and experiences. Bi described me like an alien in the beginning but I didn't understand this should have been my clue she didn't respect me. Ivan didn't help me harden my computer network from hackers but I didn't understand this should have been a clue he didn't want to protect me. I can sort of see the appeal in wanting to psychologically abuse me. Outwardly I am very attractive and from an abuser's standpoint my repression can seem sadomasochistic, so mistreating me can feel justifiable even if it's without my explicit permission. But these would be lies, and if that's how those people related to me it's abuse and it's wrong. I definitely thought it was funny yesterday when I learned Jamie Clayton was cast as Pinhead in Hellraiser. Seeing the two side-by-side evoked laughter just because she looked so much like Taylor and I looked so much like Pinhead years back, as if the universe was in on a joke and it knew people would see the sadomasochistic Pinhead next to Jamie's head shot and have a great laugh. I laughed my way through yesterday's pain. I don't think I'm really sadistic but I thought it was funny I reported Bi to ICE considering she used to say "Baby it's cold outside." I mean, these are just things I thought in retrospect. Besides this humor I'm feeling much better about being a lesbian. Just like Josh and Erik would subtly make me feel terrible about being attractive, my father would subtly make me feel terrible about being lesbian by saying terrible things about my lesbian neighbors. Most likely he went out far of his way to put weedkiller on my younger brother's sunflower in a pathetic attempt to demonize my neighbors as a kid, one of whom I recall was a police officer. In reality though there's nothing bad at all about being a gay woman. V is gay and we make a good team. Last night fae said it might've been the case that Taylor was groomed, and like a lot of stalkers they had a dependent personality or in some ways looked up to me. After all Taylor did copy me, but she might have been feeding on the groomer's messages or might be in some way trapped with them. For instance, the way Taylor changed her name soon after I confronted a person who I realized later was a bot on Discord might mean Taylor was blackmailed into becoming Taylor, because she had things to feel ashamed about. If that's true, my image of Taylor changes from a narcopathic abuser to a co-victim or co-abuser working alongside and or under the influence of scum. But even if Taylor's life situation is pitiable, Vespertine warned me I shouldn't reach out to her. Maybe I gained a truer vision of Taylor's plight. Taylor might be young guy with depression trying to feel better about himself, while his friends could be mischievous hackers, totally bemused a highly sensitive and strange and beautiful and repressed philosophical thinker gives a shit about her. Abusing me psychologically is probably just the cost of me failing to protect my privacy. And maybe the way I "hack" into books by speed-listening to them makes hackers feel like they're connected to me, because they're "hacking a hacker" or something like that. Despite the smiles I've had with V (fae cut my hair and I feel good), kisses and good times, I feel pretty gloomy today and think I need to rest outside in the sun. Some positive things are: I feel a lot more connected to good people lately and I've gained a more improved sense of my own self worth.

10/9/2021

Hi Journal,

When I first started talking to Taylor they were just a trans person suffering. I wouldn't have imagined they were a tool for other people's transphobia. I don't see how people could see me as a bad person if I was the one who was too afraid to transition for fear of depressing Taylor. I had to be careful with him or her because I didn't know what I was dealing with. It has to be exhausting being other people's tool for abuse since you were young. I highly doubt Eden was the only older person influencing Taylor. I'm unable to see Taylor's Hawaiian shirt, or Taylor's portrait on facebook referring to me, as an expression of freedom. I wanted Taylor to tell me she felt free, but the things I see tell another story. And that story is people who aren't Taylor were using a made up story about her to influence my sympathy and harm me. Just like Taylor and the people controlling her were willing to play a game that lasted for 3 years, Bi was willing to play as my friend for almost a year. Earlier Iskander suggested I wouldn't look worse if I gained a bit of fat, which in turn caused me to think nik's profile picture of their character grabbing food from the fridge was another attempt at grooming me for their own desire. Bea, another friend not to be confused with Bi, said "Know your worth." to me earlier. The only thing this constant stalking and intimidating does is tell me I was worth a lot more than I thought! Same goes for V, when fae tells me I'm "so pretty" repeatedly... like fae can't get over it. Fae said what Rose said, I'm beautiful inside and out. Or "even your voice is pretty." Again it tells me I'm worth more than I thought. When Bi wastes almost a year of her life to groom me, it tells me I'm worth more than I thought. When Josh, Erik, and Taylor waste years of their lives to manipulate me, it tells me I'm worth more than I thought. When Rita says she has 31 years of experience and I'm 31 and she thinks I'm brilliant and I act like I'm not, it tells me I'm worth more than I thought. V was surprised to learn Kristen Stewart was my age or Ruby Rose was 35; she said I looked like I could be a super model. But that never occurred to me. So I feel just plain bad like I'm being fucked with by manipulators, who see the same thing. The delivery lead, Philip, is right... My ideas really need the benefit of a higher education. V is sweet. It's interesting to see faer react positively to me, discover her gayness. I think fae's got decades to find faer way. But I should really try to network with people more, like the neuroscientists I met at Handlebar or Dr. Ming. I feel like the next step for me is to find people I can connect with more mentally. Talking with Vespertine about modeling made me realize just how boring modeling might be. Again, that makes me realize I might inspire jealousy there too, since I don't just look good, I'm also kind of interesting. Maybe like a creative director? I really don't see the value in seeing someone who's fucked up and working to pile fucked up on top of fucked up. My heart feels heavy when people say I'm beautiful too much, like it starts to feel toxic to me. Coming out is difficult. It's not a joke to me. Why come out? For others or for me? It's like, I can't really look back at my grade school crushes, my interest in other girls, or my cringy fascination with Kaley's relationships, and also my noticeable interest in nik's lesbianism, and not know I'm gay. Just like I knew cancan was trans, I'm guessing everyone knew I was trans. Coming out seems so unnecessary. Right? Hey Journal, you know what I liked last night? Dancing across the room with that lesbian group. Everyone knows I'm legit but I give myself so much shit... Anyway, It's actually Monday (10/11/2021); I just merged journal entries to satisfy my OCD need to fill up white space on the page. Cutting off Bi is still sad to me, but it was also very necessary. She was overwhelming me with negative emotion, which tells me I'm worth more than I thought. I want to go back to thinking Taylor was actually a trans person suffering. I want to go back to feeling happy for them or proud of them. Rose once said: "Have you ever met a person exactly like you before?" and I said: "No." and then she said: "Well. What if you had?" and I said: "I guess it would be really neat." That day I called Rose at work because I learned Taylor might have been human trafficked, when she invited me to think the kind of people involved in the capital riot, in an effort to calm me down.

10/16/2021

Hi Journal,

I'm feeling kinda gloomy right now. I wish I felt about as good as I looked. Yesterday I left work early and decided to cure my sadness with some comedy. I delivered a small set I made up in my head on the way over. It went pretty well? 6 minutes is not a lot of time for intellectual jokes. Some people liked my quiet voice, a few commented on a my jokes, I got a few fist bumps, and one of the comedians who I wanted to talk with about my performance talked to me first. I'd say those were all great signs I could do comedy as a career. When I think about Tig Notaro's dark life with her mother dying and I try to compare that to me and my age range, I feel a little more comfortable with the idea I could do well by the time I'm 40 or something. I realize I'm a lot more impressive than I give myself credit. I did the comedy stuff because yesterday I followed up with the police, called up the FBI, and submitted Bi's reddit taunt to the IC3. Maybe Bi's the kinda person to harm trans people and minorities. I honestly have no idea. This morning I made a solid breakfast. I was feeling bad in the kitchen earlier until I again remembered how nik would suggest the foster care system was terrible, right around when I was seriously contemplating reporting nik to the police or something. Sometimes I get so paranoid I think nik's an FBI sting gone wrong – like, they were after pedophiles but targeted me, and they took it to a higher level. But I don't think they'd go that far as to make me feel unsafe to report nik, lest I ruin her life as she's taken away by child protective services etc. nik made herself seem unhappy and depressed, but not so critically depressed I needed to intervene. So yeah, I feel bad because I know they were just manipulating me, but I guess I feel good for remaining strong and reporting them. I really have no idea why Bi entered my life, but it's obvious she's bad people. I asked my therapist how I could deal with all the stress and he responded by asking me what kinds of colors or emotions I feel when I'm sad. I said I didn't think of a color, but “this one character” who is Lain. I didn't mention Lain out loud but I thought of the image of Lain looking sad. He suggested I try to think of better characters and to allow myself to feel like them. So I thought of Norah Price, Furiosa, Clarice Starling, Ellen Ripley, Sara Connor, Tasha Yar, Seven of Nine, Negasonic Teenage Warhead, Laura Croft, Trinity. These were all women who I really resonated with on some level, and they helped me feel a lot stronger. It's a lot of women who kept trying hard in hopeless circumstances. Conversely, Lain chooses to erase herself from existence by removing memories of her from her friends and family, she removes herself and the major connections to the Wired and leaves the world we live in. Lain is a comparatively suicidal role model, while the women I evoked were fighters. That difference helped me feel better about my self image. I felt so much better about myself I took a few sexy photos of myself. I liked me. Again I felt like I was strong and beautiful. Yesterday at work I seemed to impress a few people... I knew some cool history and now I could program. This new gal compared me to Ruby Rose, so yeah I felt great about that too. And I set up some important appointments. I felt really dejected when Mira told me the surgeon I was looking to use was a monster. I wanted to think all the negative people were deep fakes. I felt unsure who I could really trust. And last night when I was out by the fire at the whiskey bar. I had some great interactions and came home literally crying for joy for all I had. I'm very comfortable with me, my decorations, my body, my decisions. I got home and I felt very comfortable and hopeful. My girlfriend thinks that I am as beautiful as all the women I listed above. Not many trans women get compared to someone as pretty as Ruby Rose at 31. I feel worthy and strong. I feel like I'm getting more confident, even if at this very second I feel like I'm on the verge of tears. I'm actually out as lesbian and I suffered literally nothing bad. I need to keep holding my head up high and see my worth more, and keep going forward. I feel great knowing I work for a place where people have reported they've worked for 20 years. That's really a long time. Compared to that, 3 years is nothing. I can stay for 17 years if I want. There's no reason for me to leave. I can keep living my life, trying to fulfill my mission to make the world a little better.

10/17/2021

Afternoon Journal,

I get it. Trans people want company. Many of them live isolated lives. Some of them will do anything for love or attention. Trans people who are repressed need reasons to move forward. Trans people who are repressed want to come out ethically and responsibly. Trans people who are repressed will slowly inch towards other trans people in need. People on Discord definitely probed me to learn I'm trans. I was asked about my feminine persona. I inched towards 61, Luna, Rare, and floop, and other trans users. To capture my attention all nik had to do was pretend to be a trans teenager in need. As much as I didn't want to begin transitioning for fear of medical consequences, I still wanted to be around to look after nik. I Googled the definition of rearing: bring up and care for (a child) until they are fully grown, especially in a particular manner or place. nik completely exploited my instinct to be what I didn't have growing up. I offered them encouragement, support, and even professional direction. I'd encourage nik not to see themselves as ugly, to think about the good things they could create, or to see the doors that I imagined would open up for them. nik basically converted me into a surrogate caretaker, but also one who was abusive. nik crossed a line though when I saw them act like a member of the Boogaloo gang setting themselves up harm minorities. People on Discord were approving of nik's abusive behavior, I imagine. I have to try to focus on the possibilities which are most likely in order to heal.

10/18/2021

Hi Journal,

I'm feeling really sad right now. I've been pretty much in 3 year long grief spiral since I started transitioning. Yeah I feel calm and centered about my decision to transition with hormones. I love wearing women's clothes. I love women. I love living honestly and feeling good about how I look. But I'm constantly having flashbacks to 2017 - 2019. During that time I was extremely depressed and I fell into the wrong online community for trans people. Trans people want community. They do not want to feel lonely. Wherever trans people exist, I'm sure they want to transition responsibly. So when I put myself out there as someone who cares about trans people, I effectively outed myself to observant internet users. One user would emerge as a transgender teenager who couldn't start blockers or HRT drugs. I was nervous about the drugs. She also had a turbulent mental state and threatened suicide just frequently enough for me to look after her. So it began. I wasn't close to out yet, but I rapidly became very worried about beginning to transition, lest I trigger a negative emotional reaction in the user and become a catalyst for suicide. Yeah I knew I could be a little more feminine looking or pretty-looking. But who cares? If I did that, I'd potentially induce panic in the user and they'd kill themselves with a train. I didn't want her to kill herself with the train by her house, so I decided not to mention I might be trans-interested. To me, this was the first trans person I had connected with. Becoming a little more beautiful would've put me in the painful position of feeling emotional pressure to assist a minor with getting hormones, which I was never about to do. My vulnerability was exploited. I started to feel responsible for their emotions. I didn't have the ability to read their emotions or talk to them by voice. Big mistake because this was the fucking internet after all. I was subtly being abused, starting then, and would also be abused in a similar, yet different, way, by two other users who frequently complained of feeling empty or ugly. So by doing that to me, the trap was laid, and I was moved to protest and reassure not one but three forces. This went on for literal years and I was subtly introduced to pornography very triggering for me as a trans women as, by and large, it filled me with a sense of dread the aforementioned trans teen was secretly being groomed to be trans. Frequently they would suggest they were trans, only to again strike a dissonance by seeming like something other than trans, and I

cared about her, up until the day I blocked them, past that day, and up until the day I found they had left breadcrumbs leading me to a camp where they mentored small children, which prompted me to report them to the FBI so they could make sure they weren't a human trafficking victim or abusing minors, since they had alluded to that possibility previously. Being a kind person, I was studying their potential life circumstances while preparing to guide them away from harming real children if they were a pedophile. All that time they were alluding to being into something dark, and later I learned they were mentoring kids. They and others from that community would taunt me with profile changes and cyberstalk and intimidate me. And I was still very worried about them, except more so now because my brain can't fathom the hate. Later on they would pose as a member of the Boogaloo gang in tandem with the creation of an outreach program to gather minority children; so I, concerned they were now a threat to human life, reported them to the FBI once again. I still constantly have a lot of emotional flashbacks to when I was worried and disturbed and scared of them killing themselves, or suffering a sudden change in emotional state where they would go mad or something. None of this would have been possible though without the spectators who I'm positive existed, egging on and encouraging all this, more or less grooming the primary abuser to be this way. Multiple people facilitated this and they gathered data on my likes and musical taste just to make the teenager seem that much more similar to me and that much more worthy of protecting. Even 3 years after 2019 these grief spirals run me down and cause me to cry without stopping. Imagine for years you wanted to know your loved one was safe, only to realize they were really abusing you, and you're not even sure if you're the only one being abused. I thought they were trans at a time when I didn't even know if I was trans. Knowing their intent was to make me feel like a pedophile for caring about them when I know I'm a lesbian means they were always hateful. They knew I was toning down who I was just to protect them because I was scared, but they and other people encouraged this for their own satisfaction. I get completely stuck mentally on this, frozen in dreadful recollection, attempting and failing to process this out. I can't get the memories of them out of my mind. These events had a huge impact on me. I feel overwhelmingly bad whenever I talk about this with would-be loved ones, because it's obviously on top of the already dreadful issue of me being pre-op and leery of having a potential loved-one dealing with the ups and downs of that ordeal. Despite all this pain and grief and constant crying I did manage to find a decent (but mildly triggering) job and teach myself new skills. But I'm often overwhelmed and don't feel perfectly safe. In addition to this, I recently reported yet another person to the FBI because they raised too many red flags with me. I knew her and her partner for 10 months. Yet they were capitalizing on my distress about the above trauma, promising an even worse trauma to eclipse it. This also traumatized me and led to my submitting multiple reports against them federally and locally, yet I do not have a police report number locally. I'm desperately typing nearly at my wits end wanting some kind of relief from this nightmare. She and her partner seemed very friendly at first, but I started to worry they were involved in cybersex trafficking. After I reported them to ICE, I found clues they left behind to indicate they were hacking me. Like the abuser, they spoke Russian, which doesn't matter in itself, but it became worrying on top of the other red flags. I definitely do feel great, strong, worthy, and all kinds of good things when I'm at home or with friends, but as I write this I feel terrible. Cabling servers for work often reminds me of the better internet I encouraged them to create because I knew they were a programmer. I had hope they would create tools to help people but secretly they were a tool to hurt me.

10/24/2021

Good afternoon Journal,

I'm a little alcohol-enfeebled from last night but I'm fine. V's not, but they're young and probably aren't close to fixing their personal issues. I talked with an older trans woman yesterday, the way she helped to give me some hope around sexual reassignment was helpful and even reminded me of how I'd be

with nik. Yesterday was the first time I really verbalized it. "I was a repressed transgender adult at 26, and a teenage kid was groomed by alt right people to psychologically abuse me by pretending to be a suffering transgender teenager who couldn't start HRT. I held back that I might be trans, and I toned down who I was because I did not want to depress her because she said she was losing all her female traits to testosterone and was worried she would fly off the handle or kill herself. I eventually did transition, but when I did even worse things happened and I realized she wasn't really trans but just a tool people helped to create to hurt me, and it broke my heart. So it's not like I lost a loved one, exactly. That's why I thought of the traumatic brain injury + school shooter example to try and make a comparison to how this impacts me. I went from thinking they were going to soon become a happier human being to watching them act like a potential threat to minority children, causing me to report them. My mind still has trouble processing the old them and the real them." she said: "I've never heard of alt right folks convincing someone that they are trans before, usually it's the reverse. Are you sure they're not actually trans? Could be non-binary or scared of massive changes or they need a social transition but not HRT?" and I said Without elaborating too much, they made themselves seem like the most demonic conception of what a trans person is to certain people. I didn't have the greatest perception of the true interpersonal dynamics of the situation I was in, or how horrible it was for everybody. I didn't listen to my instincts because I was repressed and was conditioned to ignore most of my feelings." Somehow seeing everything like that helped; I felt like these massive bags of sand tied to each of my arms fall away. Ritualistically I shook my arms in the integration facility, since my hands felt lighter. However I can still imagine nik as a controlling and abusive person who needed to control me because they didn't like themselves, and possibly the others joined in. It's sad for everyone really.

10/31/2021

Hi Journal,

I'm forcing myself to finish my resume so I can take a necessary step forward. Lately I've struggled to get it right. I want to talk about my interest in helping people or my resilience to trauma or my ethics, something which reflects how I lived in the last few years, but it's difficult to balance that with all the pain and heartbreak. Phoenix said I was very strong and not to blame myself. Oh my God did it feel nice to read that. My therapist said "You are a survivor. I am always impressed by that." and it felt so great to feel that too. I've started the process of changing my name to Norah Jo Vii, and I really enjoy the difference in feeling. Slowly but surely I've started to reorganize and restructure my accounts and when I'm logged into the new ones I feel better. I broke down earlier this week and texted Sara and my therapist about nik's friend Parker Thompson. The user (nik) said she was extremely dysphoric about her height, a towering 6' tall; and that same user intermittently hinted they were a pedophile and hacker into corrupt sexual materials. I shared a picture of nik at the code camp in the dead center of the photo, surrounded by kids with Parker towering behind him. Parker looked like a football player and would have to be either standing on a platform for effect or a colossal 7' tall, but the effect was the same and it was clear Parker would have no problem overpowering a child or even nik, who looked scrawny by comparison. Considering nik often seemed fidgety or hinky. For example Nick (the person) explicitly stated he was filling a void, that "nothing of the sort" existed, that he was filling a void by creating a computer science program. Also the only time Nick smiled in the interview semi-dreamily was when he recalled experimenting on "our friends younger siblings" and so on. Since Nick's program wasn't founded by him in 2018 like he said in 2018 and had factually already existed since 2015, nik (the user)'s taunt that "creativity was dead" seemed all the more disturbing. I feared I had been groomed to faun over a torture victim to make me a victim by extension, somehow creating value to the twisted world of an evil audience. For nik (the user) to be such an emotionally sadistic and psychologically sadistic person, Nick (the person) seemed timid or fearful. I postulated Nick could be dominated in all areas of life, and I had in many ways made the wrong choice to interpret the 2meirl lewd server as an environment where Nick was just a teen trying to be a teen, because Nick was really a victim. I then suggested EMDR therapy to my therapist and he agreed the emotional impact was terrible, adding that I was a survivor and he was always impressed by that. I really do cry almost every day. I knew this was a unique problem so I was moved to reconnect with Phoenix, who also tends to isolate for healing purposes. "I'm sad." is something I whisper under my breath a lot, and I caught myself hyperventilating more. I've had vivid thoughts of suicide more. I've started to process feeling more for Nick's mind and body as a victim of sexual abuse. I've experienced psychological and emotional abuse, but the sexual abuse I experienced wasn't physical, only at a distance rape via manipulation. I'm scared Nick will walk the Earth as a tortured soul and I'll feel related to them. On the other hand, I feel like it might be alright to forgive and reward myself on some level for recognizing the dissonance and subtle signs things were not right with nik (the user) because it led to helping Nick (the person). I must remind myself that I have support (Sara, Vespertine, etc.) and relatable contacts (Phoenix); I am not all alone in this world. Lately I've considered my "speed-listening" to be a form of self-defense or time-buying that I developed to endure a long-term difficult situation. I recall Josh saying "You're pretty resilient." in the past, but this might've been a complaint. I did observe Judia change his profile picture many years later on the 2meirl wiki in an attempt to distance himself from his attempt to signal me with iconography. As I deleted all my messages in the 2meirl server, it induced atmospheric change, triggering Meeseeks to surrender control of the server to Rozel. Some research shows the quiet ones are potential leaders. I later discovered Meeseeks's phone was linked to an address only 5 minutes away from Nick's high school. Meeseeks, who said he was heterosexual, never once attempted to complement me on my physical changes. One of the three decisions that a combat profiler may make are Kill, Capture, or

Contact. When I noticed Judia, an out and proud pedophile attempting to mirror me, it was unsettling as it felt like a joke. I contacted them to learn if they were doing anything with the other users, and I might have attempted to use the language of Ghost In the Shell to persuade them not to harm actual people. It wasn't possible for me to get much closer to them, and I treated them with hostility with the intention to scare them off. For whatever reason, the user still operating under that name still monitors and updates the 2meirl fandom site along with Meeseeks, not surprising given the way things have played out. I am still disturbed by how my original intuition about the situation I read was correct, and I'm slowly doing the necessary work to see myself positively. After reading the book "Left of Bang" I felt validated. This line in particular struck me: "When it comes to a person's ability to read body language, there are two types of people. The first is the person who was forced to learn the skill early in life because grew up in dangerous neighborhoods or in abusive households had to learn to identify threats, or they paid the price for missing these signals. The second group of people learned somewhere later in life and probably learned through dedicated self-study." I certainly fall into the former category. When I communicated to nik and he (the user) said their friend Parker knew the mayor, it might have been a power flex to indicate confidence in whatever they were doing. Everything played out in a suspicious manner. nik (the user) said "dick broken" in a further attempt to trigger my concern the HRT drugs I thought would make them happy were factually hurting them. Sadly it's possible Nick (the person) complained estrogen (which they took) caused their dick to feel broken, and I was the recipient of Nick's cries echoed through the abuser. I hope the grief I feel will feel less continuous, but I doubt it and fully expect to feel increasingly broken for years to come. I was also crying as I walked out to my car Friday after work. I was remembering nik (the user)'s messages, wherein he said he was raped after flying thousands of miles out to see someone her mother had never met before, someone whose voice she had never heard. I was nik's confidant, the one she felt first safe with to say she was transgender, yet nik wouldn't so much as talk to me by voice. In retrospect, another sign she was under someone's control. Yet nik didn't need to fly a thousand miles for better opportunity, nik could've had an online learning institution in the safety of her home. I still wanted to give that to the world, I just wasn't so sure if I would have to use this nik event as fuel for my motivation going forward. I felt fine about my changes on hormones (actually I cried with joy and confusion), yet nik's first reaction was to bully me further. I didn't see nik's presence change into a proud lady, I saw them broadcast her tits on Twitter like she was an insignificant hunk of meat. "Meet Nick, one of our Code Camp Kids Instructors..." it said. I just can't forget how awful it felt to feel that, worse still the sick feeling of Nick's shirt change. I have been very cautious entertaining theories. For example in a few cases mentally ill people "investigating" pedophile gangs were, potentially, led there by cyber manipulation, so that might've been what I was experiencing. Apart from this, I'm learning some basic HTML stuff. I feel cold and hollowed out so I don't know what else to add here. I have been feeling stronger but at the same time mired in tragedy. Speaking more candidly about this stuff has helped. I often wish the whole world were different, or I wish bottom surgery options were better, or I wish I never had anything to do with Discord. Another horrible theory I have is Russia is engaged in cyber war with the United States, and this is a sickening attempt by Russia to manipulate me into creating a public disturbance, potentially disrupting special American operations. I feel *too aware* of the world's problems, I feel *too much responsibility* to do something, I feel *too hurt* to actually do something that matters. When I *feel* like that, I have to tell myself: "*You need to take the good things people have said to you at their word.*" and accept that I really am "fucking strong" and "so pretty" and "brilliant." I can craft an "about me" section that isn't over the top or sappy. I can keep it informative. Ultimately, I do accomplish this, however I learn that it's too late and I missed the application window by a month. I wish I didn't freeze in the face of great opportunities, but I do. I've known now for a long time I've had self-esteem issues since my father repeatedly said I was stupid as a kid, to my unnecessary grade school changes, to my experiences as a late teenager where my parents made it impossible for me not to take ADHD drugs.

11/9/2021

Good morning Journal,

A long time past since I last felt like writing here. I've felt a lot more grounded these last few days. I've accepted myself more, including the past. It doesn't hurt me as much. The last few things that triggered me badly was remembering nik imitating my father's syntax and my life patterns, all the hinky changes in behavior seemed something only a psychopath would do. "A rickety start-up," which had existed for years. "Away from my mother," nik wrote. But was that really true, or just another lie? I watched a true crime video and I related to the daughter's emotional confusion; she was framed for murder by her own mother, who went the extra mile to make the daughter seem stupid. The mother made it seem as if her own daughter was capable of murder at 12 years old. And the daughter expressed feeling so confused because she loved her mom but at the same time hated her. So anyway, that moved me. I still loved nik after many years of communicating but I hated learning about whatever they were doing. I told a friend about nik's new job working for a 3D printed denture care store, particularly how it was a strange thing to take interest in after pretending to found a code camp for children. It's still a store under the umbrella of the Charleston Digital Corridor. My friend joked: "What is this, an episode of Ozark?" We agreed it seemed hinky. So I guess what really normalizes my feelings is recognizing how I was for sure moved to care about nik because I was transgender and repressed. I had a stupid fear of inadvertently hurting people. I was emotionally blackmailed for sure. I was groomed for sure. There's adult involvement for sure. There's cruelty for sure. There's cooperative maltreatment of me, for sure. There's taunting for sure. There seems to be hacking, but I'm not sure. Eden's messages were deleted for sure. I received facebook phishing attacks for sure. Chuck advised me to keep my Instagram account private for sure. There's extra grooming by Bi for sure. Nick was encouraged to pose sexually by a photographer for sure. Nick lied about the need to experiment on their friends younger siblings for sure. And nik spoke about being involved in a weird marriage with Parker for sure. And nik taunted me with cryptic comments for sure. And nik said he corrupted someone for sure. When I told nik speed listening to books was technically illegal, nik said "that's the boring kind of illegal" implying there's an exciting variety for sure. Parker used black and white photography to capture a picture of Nick in bandages, to possibly reference their earlier photographs of Nick, so I guess that could be a form of confession or biography. Cuppy made artwork about destroying something beautiful for sure. I was afraid of HRT due to PTSD and anxiety for sure. If it's just boys and girls orbiting around a trans woman who's had a lot of trouble with mental illness, who's quirky and weird and writes like a maniac . . . I suppose that is better than Nick and Parker being psychopaths. Sometimes I have hope that these people will see me as a human when a soul, but actually no even people I didn't expect signaled they taunted me. After I watched the Innovation Games I realized I could have participated had I not been dissuaded. In some ways watching the games induced horrible terrible pain because my attempts to diagram writing itself in an effort to explain it's relationship to consciousness and social equality and inequality was really an honest attempt to be a good guide for my friends. I certainly did put a lot of effort into the things I was working on, however unorthodox it might seem. I'm sure over time I'll figure out a way to design new systems going forward. Chris said I was really inspiring and having causes for my motivation helps. I think we've agreed I should proceed under the assumption they're really harming kids, but I write the words "I think" because I still wish it was just trolling and Nick or Parker would admit this stuff was wrong. I confronted my fears head on and it looked like nik either mass deleted their messages for a purpose or actually hadn't been active in the 2meirl server since their departure. Likewise, Doty is now a she/her identified cat boy, which was honestly fear-inducing considering how he treated me and had sociopathic traits (he identified with Punpun: a psychopathic abuser and murderer). Doty also strongly enjoys "femboys" and has an interest in cyber security, for sure. So does Eden (it was her major).

11/13/2021

Hi Journal,

Got my hair cut. It looks good short. I'm feeling more down to Earth lately and mentally agile. I added code to one of my repositories and I found more incriminating information about the Charleston Digital Corridor. After sleuthing I confirmed Bi has been coding since 2014 despite giving no indication of any IT experience. Also I learned the boys Nick and Parker interacted with and "liked" an app, but very little else. The app enables users to buy and sell products through live video. The app's Twitter account has been totally inactive as of May, 2017. It was founded by a former political consultant. Worse, the apps office resided at the same umbrella company that hosts the code camps, the Charleston Digital Corridor, around December 2016. This is the same code camp Nick (the person) lied about founding. Early on nik (the user), or whomever was operating an account pretending to be them, said: "and we figured out it started sometime around January to March of 2016... and I have no idea what happened then... and I'm also scared of knowing". I doubt it's inappropriate to suspect the app was the means for some human traffickers to make money off the sale or exploitation of human beings, due to the way it allows for live action showcasing. The spokesperson for the app said it was designed to allow people "to showcase things like makeup etc" live. The timeline I built makes chronological sense. I now have screenshots of: (0) nik gives me a time frame for crime, a "scary" period of memory loss from January to March 2016. (1) Nick creating the account used to "like" the app as of October 2016. (2) Nick's high school sharing a selfie of Nick, looking rather scared, on January 2016. (3) The CDC Tweeting about the application on December 2016. (4) nik made their cryptic comment about memory loss on March 2017. (5) Parker commenting on the app as of April 2017. (6) The app's Twitter account being inactive as of May, 2017. (7) This is on top of Nick lying about founding a code camp for children, right around May 2018. (8) And taunting me with a cryptic comment saying "creativity is dead" by August 2018. It's not perfect closure, but it's something. It's confirmation I did the right thing by reporting this to the FBI. I'm not happy but I feel increased certainty. I will admit I do feel moved for the victims in the situation but I don't know what else I can do. Someone I spoke with from New York said the more gay you are, trans you are, pretty and so on, the more likely it is you'll be cyber harassed or trolled. He said it goes with the territory and gay people have been targeted like this since before the information age. He also said that if or when I present this, to say for example law enforcement, I should do it in 'bullet form' and keep the human trafficking side of things separate from the cyber harassment (but they are both valid). He said: especially because I write, these signs indicate that I'm doing something right. He said, the better you are at something like writing or philosophy or investigative journalism, the greater the chances are these cyber predictors will emerge, and that chance is greater if you're gay or trans. It took a lot of mental energy away from me thinking about it cause on top of not being biologically complete I've been denied normality by undeserved aggression. I feel really doubtful my experiences are all the result of me being a philosopher genius or something like that. I recently learned Nick's high school is unique because it has a preschool program where the kids play with high school teens. Connecting the dots here is as close to closure as I'm going to get. If it's this bad at this level I can only imagine what real investigators are doing with their time. Therefore I at least feel some of the weight coming off me, I at least feel less doubtful and confused on why this is happening. I am sad the androgynous blonde girl I knew and loved was a manufactured illusion. I'm sad they're in the situation they're in. While I was unforgiving towards myself in the past, I'm comparatively empty today. I suppose I'm finished sleuthing and ready to let go and move on. I'm considering writing a letter in bullet form to the FBI director for good measure, since my reports thus far might've been unsuccessful, but that's about all I think I can manage. Today I napped heavily. I'll keep going to therapy, continue learning a little bit of everything, continue vetting people to figure out who has what it takes to be a close friend.

11/20/2021 Hey Journal,

I got dangerously close to killing myself last night. I was overwhelmed by grief and not understanding why nik treated me like that over the years. I was going to Uber out to The Crack Fox with another bottle of wine and what's left of my hydrocodone and other pills... I took at least 10 Aspen and ibuprofen combined between big gulps of wine and I couldn't stop holding my head from all the stress and crying. I wanted to understand nik and I was browsing their repositories and I was wishing they'd appreciate that the first things I created were because I didn't see normally, but Taylor fucking used a lot of stuff for Mastodon and something for federated picture sharing. And it led me to their fediverse where by all accounts they seemed normal enough, not to mention very smart, and I just felt like an idiot and didn't understand anything or why nik would bully me. nik's the same as ever, blogging about emotional dependency in relationships, codependent relationships, emotionally intertwined people, and merging into one person. When what they should say is "I'm an emotional manipulator and abuser!" or say "I thrive in emotionally intense circumstances and dramas I fabricate to compensate for my boring inside! I want to bully people to death or seem like a pedophile or perhaps be a pedophile just for the attention! I have emotional and mental problems!" And indeed I found a picture of Taylor and they did seem alive, although they're apparently drinking. And it's hard, because I'm starting to piece it together nik abused me. I'm not special, only a situational target for an emotionally abusive opportunist. So in my head I was thinking that I could travel Downtown to the Fox and start walking East until I find the right bridge, jump off and in something of a dreamy state, and die. And then there'd be no more me, no more projects to bring higher education to all, no more disturbing relationships that make me cry. And I was so sad I called Bi. And I sad about Taylor so I called her too, which was the hardest thing ever, and I heard them say "hello" and they still sounded a lot like me! I didn't say anything but in my head I was wanting to say: "I'm human! I'm a real person, with thoughts and dreams and hopes and feelings! Why are you doing these things?!" I can't believe I called, but it was too confusing emotionally to think of Taylor as some kind of victim, and these latest photos seemed to make me think twice, although they were Polaroids which was strange. I hyperventilated a lot to try to calm down and not kill myself. I'm most likely still going to kill myself though? I'm extremely lonely, misunderstood, and have multiple experiences with abusive people. Taylor gave me ample reason to think she's a pedophile, because she claimed to corrupt a guy, or said my way of speed-listening to books was "the boring kind" of illegal, or taunted me by saying "creativity is dead" while most likely referencing the code camp. These are all the traits of someone who implies sexual corruption, illegality, and hinky emotional bonds with people are normal. It's an abusive person! Taunting me with profile pictures. I'm so sad and confused. I thought I was happier Thursday when I met Elliot. I felt clever and happy and gay... Five months ago her and I was making out, but she learned I was trans and said they had penis trauma. It was hard for me to deal with; I went to the bathroom and started crying almost instantly, and I went home and cried there too and harmed myself with a taser for some reason... So Thursday they were introducing me by saying "I made out with her!" and I told her after a few times I didn't like it. I confronted her about the whole penis trauma thing and they said they were embarrassed and wanted to talk to me but had some bad social anxiety. They still liked me though, I could tell, and I ended up saying: "Aren't there... No touch lesbians?" and they seemed pleasantly surprised I might be trying to sleep with them. Anyway, we got even closer and I kissed them. And they said they'll take me out to a sushi restaurant in January, but I guess we'll see. I was definitely happy about that though, because I could've been an asshole and said: "Fuck you you're a giant TERF!" or something aggressive, but I didn't and we were able to get closer after all. The way I see it now, is Taylor was dropping hints of being a pedophile for years and was only abusive as a way to push me away. After nik said "That's the boring kinda illegal." they wrote a short description of their phases of self identity where they said they had a period of "childish confusion and excitement" destroyed by some very unpleasant reality. I need to accept nik's abuse to move forward.

Hello Journal,

11/24/2021

I almost don't want to write here anymore, but I guess I'm accepting that what I experienced was and is pedophile gang activity. Taylor abused me from the start. They wanted to include me secretly, or come out to me, but they never did. Josh did too, they both were. And even Erik most likely. In November 2018, Tumblr banned all adult content because it was concerned about child pornography. Many users migrated to Mastodon, and Taylor was one of them. In December 2018, Doty made two comments on a GitHub repository, which was a program to download all your Tumblr likes before they're deleted. He said he was rate limited after downloading the first couple hundred likes. "I got like 40 gig down so far. Cries." he said. I really doubt Doty wrote that for trolling purposes. I believe Doty turned against me as I started accepting myself as lesbian and became more stable mentally. I believe Taylor tried to turn me towards pedophilia by suggesting a drug that's used to chemically castrate pedophiles is the best anti-androgen for trans women, by subtly suggesting my transition was to suppress pedophilia. "It won't help your hair. All it does is lower your libido." as though Taylor were implying I had a pedophile's libido. I believe the mass ghosting period, and subtle forms of cyber abuse from all these people, was an attempt to shame me to death by destroying me emotionally. I kind of am destroyed emotionally. I didn't think that when I wrote Spacehorse pedophiles would read it and think about coercing me to like children, but in retrospect it seems like that was their motive. I used to think that I was compassionate and smart enough to help anyone if I put my mind to it. Like, I figured that if I did meet a pedophile I might be able to talk them away from it or get them to think about Ghost In the Shell instead, but also think of the unacceptable mental scars they inflict if they did whatever they want. Obviously I was just wrong. All the mental aggression I experienced from Taylor might've been coming from their refusal to listen to the things I might say. It breaks my heart to "accept" Taylor is responsible for themselves, and they did go down the wrong path. One time I told Taylor's friend Kiwi that a member of the server I was in was introducing another to some inappropriate pornography. His reply? "It wasn't that bad: a full 10 would be live action underage guro." I felt needles in my heart then just like I do now. When I was writing "The State of the Future" it's clear I was expressing my overwhelming fear of Taylor. I didn't deserve to be treated the way I was by these people, and I suppose the only reason why I was treated that way is because they're a pedophile gang using a depression server to prey on vulnerable children. My therapist agrees with me I need to accept Taylor as an abuser, not split them into the possibility it's two people: a helpless victim and a controlling mastermind. I called Taylor, and they're alive. A human said "Hello" to me. I didn't say anything back, but I know Taylor's alive and human, abusive and very manipulative. I remember when I showed Taylor my artwork about Mewtwo trying desperately to get them to relate to me, and my heart was falling into an industrial shredder in my chest because Taylor wasn't talking to me or relating to me. Something was horribly wrong and I couldn't stop crying when Brie was driving me home from Chicago. Taylor wasn't like Lo or Phoenix or any of the gay women I met. Just like narcissistic profiles, Taylor expresses an interest in merging emotionally with people he doesn't view as separate. "It's all internal." might've been Taylor's way of saying they have no regard for the external world. I suspect Taylor does abuse people in something I'd call immersive processing, or self-involved processing. Some articles I've read suggest pedophilic sex involves the unconscious fantasy of merging with an ideal object or restructuring a young, idealized self. Whenever Taylor said they want to rewind their life, they were saying they didn't want to grow up or wanted to process their self, much like my own father when he'd say "I never grew up." sporadically. Taylor is actually blonde and has curly hair much like my father did. Taylor really does have all the signs of being a very broken narcissist and pedophile. I simply don't want to see it. I thought Taylor was strong, brilliant, and so on. But really Taylor is desperate, cruel, uncreative, manipulative, and weak.

12/1/2021

Hello Journal,

I've accepted that Taylor is a pedophile. I've accepted they're involved in pedophile gang activity. The blog Taylor wrote isn't even original CSS, it's a Hugo theme. It contained a script at the bottom which was written to track me. The blog was created around February 27th 2019, sometime after Taylor's very strange "I think creativity is dead" message sent August 5th 2018. Possibly Taylor didn't actually code the project that won them the 2nd place hackathon prize. The social media websites going down must imply adult involvement. I am a victim, a hero, a survivor, a warrior, and a friend. On June 7th 2020, Taylor wrote a blog post: "star" which only said "you're creepy fuck off" and later on, around August 20 2020, Judia deleted my profile on the 2meirl4meirl wiki, then Doty and Freon 19 hours later. These attempts were all made to hide evidence of my relationship with these people. Meditation is helpful. If I get trapped in recollection, I can walk into the cold to wake myself up. I've attained more mental peace by accepting the cyber abuse, whereas before I was attempting to come up with theories to validate the wrong people. I'm experimenting with computer code more and it's oddly helpful; it's really improving my self-esteem to see myself making things work. November was a great month for me; I coded a few things, like a Python script which creates audio books mostly automatically, and a personal website that caused me to realize just how easy it was to code, not to mention how strange it was for Taylor to be so skillful and at the same time devoid of creativity. I've accepted that all those people were moving along a child abuse pipeline. My new friend said I'm super aware: that's like half the battle. She's great and so is another new friend I picked up from the bar. We slept together, all night. It was my first time sleeping with someone in a very long time. She's a bit older than me and lost her partner recently. I lost someone too. What's nice is she gives me hope for my future; with no degree she's pulling 6 figures, simply with a cyber security certification. Hell, she doesn't even know coding that well – my website already feels a lot nicer than Taylor's shitty blog. I'm stronger than I think. The meditation game is helping too, and I'm feeling more and more like I have less to say here. I'm starting to feel like I just want to begin creating things that are nice, things I can code, things I can give to King's College, Cambridge. It used to feel like I wasn't able to or wasn't allowed to learn how to code, or that it wasn't safe to because of Taylor's influence. What else is going on? Well. I spoiled myself with a lot of nice things, like a new chair and an instant pot duo that's a pressure cooker and air fryer. I'm literally never going to use the stove again. Instead of crying constantly I feel comfortably empty. I feel like I'm connecting with people better and I'm grateful my therapist is a good guide. I spent way too much money, but I won't buy anything for anyone this Christmas so it's okay. I'm still happy to see my face in the mirror each morning. And I'm loving who I see, she's very beautiful. If Taylor's a pedophile, maybe one day they'll become an asset I can use to get humans struggling with pedophilic feelings the help they need. From what I've read, it's not entirely genetic – it's somehow related to depression. These experiences have taught me that trauma holds people back in life more than ADHD or something like that. Interpersonal trauma can hold back your ability to function, and sexual trauma makes it even worse. My parents were mentally abusive and manipulative and violent; their desire to push me to take drugs when I was on the verge of college was sabotage and attempted murder. My name will be Norah Vii, because Seven of Nine helped me live as a young girl, and because Norah was a character who put others ahead of herself. The more experienced at computer science I get, the more I realize that Taylor had no passion for it. I had passion to help them because I wanted to help my younger self. Perhaps unconsciously, Taylor hated me for the same reason they hated their own family... The Ermolov family is full of engineers, hackers, and so on. Taylor might have been aggressive to me as a way to relieve the pressure to be a successful IT professional, but I am starting to give up on analysis. If I'm lucky, Cambridge might be happy with my efforts to convert the Turing Archive to machine encoded text, so who really knows what the next decade will bring.

12/4/2021

Good evening Journal,

I wrote this while playing Playne. I'll paste it here. I'm happy that I am me. I'm sad for Taylor. It wasn't easy but I accepted that they are a pedophile, and their hatred of me inspired their viciousness, taunting, and other odd behaviors. I know who I am, and that I cared for and loved him not because I was in love with him, but because I felt somehow if I loved them enough they could change. But just like I couldn't change how much I felt like Kaley or Phoenix or any other gay woman I met, Taylor couldn't be fixed. I grieved because I felt like I failed. I grieved because I wanted to hear Taylor tell me they were alright now and they loved themselves fully. But Taylor can never fully love themselves, because Taylor is a pedophile who will break any child they touch. Taylor hurt me because they wanted me to hurt as much as they do... every day. Taylor came to me when he was only 16 and very distressed. He knew he was developing feelings that were horrible, and he made me feel the pain he kept internal. "No one can help me... Only I can... It's all internal..." Taylor wrote that to me, right at the moment I thought Taylor would be most free. But Taylor never will be. Perhaps there's hope for people like him; in the future, a doctor might be able to prescribe AI generated child pornography for a person like Taylor, who with the help of a doctor and therapist might be able to manage their feelings. In my opinion, Taylor's face only became more tormented-looking after hormones. I know some part of my mind is preventing me from advancing in life, even though my ability to code has improved dramatically. I feel the mental scars and wounds in my head and heart and soul healing... I'm accepting Taylor and I'm accepting my feelings about Taylor: that Taylor is what my darkest fears tell me, and I cannot help him. Yet I did help him. I helped him by being a voice he could turn to. I helped him by being an emotional punching bag. I helped him by being someone he could bully. I helped him, perhaps on a few occasions, avoid harming children, because I was there to frustrate him. I helped Taylor by reporting him to the authorities. I'm going to have less space in my head for Taylor from here on out, because I will not be analyzing Taylor anymore. Taylor is a pedophile, an emotionally manipulative and emotionally sadistic one, and he has narcopathic traits. Taylor is a monster who mirrored me at a time in my life when I believed I was a monster. I have to let Taylor go. End quote. Last night was a night of community. I got to know my lesbian friends other lesbian friends. One of them told me she knew she was gay when she was a kid. And I said "I think I did too!" and explained how I had lesbian neighbors, and my father would try to demonize them. "Sometimes he'd insert a hateful comment into our conversation at random, but it was just to read my emotional reaction – a way of checking if the lesbian in me was there." It was the first time I told this to another person. "That's vicious," she said. It was validating... after all she could have said nothing. She was lucky and she told me. I danced with her and many others – I even met a friend I thought had moved away, kissed her. I love who I am. I love being allowed to be who I am. It was not always like this. I feel as though this toxic sludge slowing down the machinery in my mind has been blasted away, and now my thoughts are clean. I am able to code, learn HTML and Python. I have hope. Beforehand, I would whisper under my breath: "I'm sad. I'm so sad." and now, instead, I still do that yet a motherly voice in me says: "Of course you're sad, it's okay." I'll always feel bad for and pity Taylor as an entity, but I don't have control over them or what they are. I'm inspiring. I'm lucky. I'm beautiful. I'm intelligent. I'm creative. I'm interesting. I'm interested in the universe at large. I have values, aspects of my character that make me tick. I'm careful. I'm kind. I'm compassionate. I'm melancholic and wistful. I'm vast and sometimes terrible. I'm funny. I'm surprisingly playful. I'm able to smile despite very hard life events. When it is dark enough, you can see the stars. I'm picking myself up and continuing on my path. I can do this, live with this, and overcome this. I can deal with this. I can accept this. I don't just love seeing my face in the mirror in the morning and think "I love that lady." I also see what's around my apartment and think "I love this place."

12/11/2021

I've been saying "I'm sad." a lot. It makes the most sense to imagine Taylor is a pedophile but I still just want something different. There were times when I'd question if I could be a pedophile too, but I don't feel excitement when I think about kids. It makes my blood boil when people do. Taylor was definitely the right age for feeling suicidal about pedophilic feelings, so maybe that's how he found community. I glimpsed a screenshot of the Twitter account that was hastily deleted yesterday. "Kids age 8 to 14" was the age range they were looking for. I can't imagine feeling excitement over coaxing parents with ideas of career success for their kids, only to use them to create child porn. So anyway, I feel so very very sad about it. Taylor probably did manipulate, seduce, and rape kids. I talked to an older woman at the bar who lost her son to drugs and I told a part-truth that I had lost someone too. Taylor didn't die. He just changed into a monster. Phoenix says I'm absolutely amazing and so fucking strong. Belinda says not to be too hard on myself. Lo says to keep doing the right thing. Lady at the bar says I'm beautiful and emit beautiful energy, and everything's going to be okay. It's okay to be sad. My therapist agrees that it's very likely Taylor is a pedophile, with a personality disorder. It's like I knew all along and I was in denial all along too, but terrible feelings aren't evidence. They never were, that's the problem. I'm so sad. I'm so sad. I'm so sad. Lately I've been contemplating how this could impact my philosophical ideas. For example, Jeff Benzons deliberately used the phrase "artificial artificial intelligence" in order to describe his intention to create an "AI pipeline" that gives off the appearance of being intelligent to high paying customers, but factually isn't. Doesn't trauma stratify society? What's to stop a person like him (without scruples or empathy) from setting up such a scheme? Conversely, a person with a history of trauma (like child sexual abuse) might become a wheel in the machine, simply because the idea of inflicting painful schemes on others is, to them, perverse. Am I not living in a time when Bill Gates and Donald Trump both met Jeffery Epstein? Perhaps those people fetishize raping kids because, factually, it is impossible to actually save people, so they observe actual child abuse because they feel it's their right, as if they were completing an ongoing process (to deny child abuse isn't an ongoing process is absurd). In other writings, I made it pretty clear there's nothing hard about learning how to read and write, but as an activity it's socially stratifying because people can't be included in the operation. Yet because that's true, and because children are more plastic, they can easily become the targets of would be predators, again and again. School excludes the old by design, absorbs and preys upon the young. A person like Norbert Wiener might suggest to us though that innovations aren't delivered in an assembly line style, so probably what's really needed are shorter working hours for everyone, like say a 4 hour a day work week. At any rate, I'm sadder and more disillusioned with mankind since child sexual abuse is a mainstay of the human condition, almost like it's the creepy side-character who's actually the main character. There's definitely lost history. I still don't know how much of Germany's implosion had to do with sexological research. Taylor's case has shown me that abusing children can easily be a pro-social activity among the well to do. You're on the giving end of abuse, grooming, manipulation, and money making. Why wouldn't it be? Conversely, poor people are on the receiving end of abuse, so on and so forth. When Nietzsche writes about the will to power, he's basically distressed because he knows that people just do things because they can. There's not a higher morality, just this tendency "will to power" he writes about, which would mean people abuse kids because they can, or manipulate people because they can. There has to be a reason why Otto Gross isn't talked about among feminist scholars or why his relationship with Kafka is obscure. I'm sad for so many reasons. I wallow in it for sure. I broke down and told a manager about my endless crying and my inability to sit down at work. I might've developed an opioid side-habit. I'm able to see my own light, creativity, talent, and brilliance, but in multiple ways it hurts me all the more because I can't make sense of this experience. It's still possible I'm the target of a hate group, but I can't really know for sure. I'm just going to keep feeling sad and keep putting one foot in front of the other, writing philosophy and about my fucked up life.

12/12/2021

Hey Journal, I'm going to try doing something a little different. I'm going to write this to my younger self. My therapist's suggestion was pretty clever actually... So I'll try saying whatever is at the surface of my mind.

Hi Norah, it's me. I'm you in the future. Would you believe it? "You're me in the future?" That's right. "You seem about like what I hoped for, it's strange." Is it now? How am I what you hoped for? "Well you're kind of pretty, a bit like Alice or maybe my first grade teacher. I don't know, but you have some strength. What are you working on?" Aw, thank you darling... I'm working on a website trying to teach myself computer code. "Cool! I've tried entering things into the command prompt but it always seemed so mysterious. I really wanted grandpa to show me but he never invited me over, so..." Don't be sad, it's like I said I'm your future you. You'll learn stuff like this in time, it's not hard.

12/19/2021

I trailed off there. But what I wrote there was true. When I think about me, with my pretty face and nice clothes and compassion and creativity and skill, I think that's a great person. I like that person. And as I was trying to encourage my younger self to interact with that woman, I really wanted to make her feel a sense of brightness. Yes I'm sad. Yes I'm thoughtful. Contemplative. Melancholic. But I think I have a fair amount of strength. I rather liked comparing myself to Andromache of Scythia. So much better and more accurate than Lain. Everyone's betrayal has made me very sad inside. I don't think anyone saw me as being avoidant of code because of how nervous I was around modern pornography. I am frequently saying "I'm sad." out loud still. I was keeping track of my triggers before but I think I've degenerated somewhat. Learning visual language is difficult, but I'm honestly more convinced than ever through doing it that visual language causes social inequality. For example, by stacking 4 for loops, I was able to generate 1.39 gigs worth of unique combinations; and, therefore, weeks worth of busy work. It's the kind of thing that makes you wonder if the written word wasn't specifically created in order to create busy work, meaning there's no chance it can ever really benefit all people. Earlier I tried to talk about some of my ideas concerning privacy's impact on cybersex trafficking. People say that privacy is good, however if privacy only allows people to rape and torture people for transnational audiences I don't see the value. If anything privacy creates people who are information compromised, meaning they are not able to access information that would otherwise empower themselves (to influence others for their own advantage). Like Turing himself suggested, mathematics is actually very boring.

12/23/2021

Trailed off again. For what it's worth, my self image is improving. I'm working on a photolab project to make OCR easier. I'm a lot more forgiving towards myself given everything I've been through. I'm still sad. Trying to be realistic about who I am as a person. I would be transgender. I would be lesbian. I would be a rebel who speed-listens to books instead of going to college. I would be a workaholic. I would have my first love be a crazy Russian hacker and pedophile. I would learn how to code after I was cyber abused. I would listen to sad music. I would wear mostly black. I would be beautiful. I would be smart. I would have novels that are crazy, traumatic, dense, esoteric, and fun to read. I would have pathetic people signaling me with profile pictures looking up at me from my block list grave. I would carry on without them. I would march to the beat of my own drum. I would work for a massive tech company as a server cabler just to get my foot in the door. I would cry about not being able to sit down. I would find my way back to appreciating Zen Buddhism. I would change my last name to 7.

12/24/2021

Hi Journal,

I want my next relationship to not be toxic. I want them to treat me like a human being. To respond to my messages. Without an ulterior motive. I want them to be interested in my interests. I want them to not turn me into theater. I want them to say they're into me sexually. I want them to want to hold me. I want them to treat me like a human being and not a super model or an alien. I want them to have the courage to be themselves. I don't want to hear a dumb story about how they're attached to some past abuser or person. I don't want to see any trace of something like that. I want them to be self-motivated. I don't want them to be jealous. I want them to have their gender figured out. I want them to be totally in control of themselves. I want them to want to meet me for breakfast twice a week or more. I want to not alienate them. I don't want to have to ask them repeatedly if they read what I wrote.

12/28/2021

Hey Journal,

So that's pretty nice, isn't it? I actually described what I'm looking for in a partner for a change. That's a good sign. Recently I met my aunt Kim for the first time. I'm eager to hear her perspective. If my own father could be vicious or abusive to me, I'm sure he was to Kim also. I could tell by her demeanor she had more to say, but it was the holiday so we agreed to talk another time. She did suggest my father is and was delusional at times, and it runs in the family. That's something my parents always told me; or rather, my father would tell me mental illness ran on my mother's side. Oddly enough, however, I was not able to find much proof of this. Before that I was talking to Delmar, and upon hearing about his experience with micro-controllers I asked him to investigate nik's repository for the cosmic ray muon detector to determine if he was actually a genius. He supposed it was possible for a 16 year old, but I decided to Google the name of the Quarknet Scintillator FPGA and learned the manual for it had been written by none other than nik's own high school teacher. Previously I figured nik was self taught, and I imagined her father taught her programming and he had that stuff just lying around the house. But now it doesn't seem like this was an original creation at all. This triggered me to take a second look at the PowerPoint presentation nik had prepared on Machine Learning. Nicholas Ermolov and Anne Folley were the presenters, on the last page of the presentation was a hyperlink to Anne's code repository on GitHub. She seemed to be the sole organizer for all the Python code, which struck me as strange since Nicholas had stated in a YouTube video her father had gifted her a book on Python as a child. I wanted to learn more about Anne Folley so I looked her up on LinkedIn. This revealed she interned at Fermilab at the same time as nik, and I revealed she went on after high school to assist as a software engineer at HCS Tech for Social Good, and Industrial Management Systems. Currently she seems to be enrolled at Harvard, if that's to genuinely be believed. All this was a far cry from where nik ended up, which was a camp for teaching kids code age 8-14 in South Carolina, which nik lied about founding, and taunted me by saying "creativity is dead" in an earlier comment sent to me over an encrypted SMS app. "Why did my abuser end up working with kids while their lab partner went to Harvard?" Did Anne Folley try to turn nik into a pawn in some kind of anti-trans conspiracy? Or, could she have used him somehow? It was puzzling to me and, at the very least, suggested Taylor was nowhere near as skilled as I previously thought. This knowledge has left me feeling a little more clear headed about the mystery. Anne Folley apparently has black hair, like me, so perhaps she was jealous of me and sought to use and abuse nik opportunistically. That is, a hate crime conspiracy to frame me and harm me. If all nik's projects were not original creations, I can see Anne using blackmail threats to take nik's achievements away.

12/30/2021

Hi Journal,

I should be working out but I wanted to write some words here while I'm feeling ill. It's Thursday and I don't feel very good, probably going to stay home today. I am still feeling a mix of constant sadness yet clear-mindedness. Discovering that Taylor didn't create the cosmic ray Muon detector was unsettling. It was also unsettling to learn Taylor's presentation partner went to Harvard while Taylor went off to work with little kids. Given all the cryptic comments Taylor made, I still suspect along with my therapist that Taylor is a child abuser, possibly with a personality disorder too. My therapist affirms that after all I've been through, it makes sense that I'm sad. I stayed awake and talked to people on chatroulette, and also people there have been friendly or assured me I'm a good person. My decision to tone myself down to protect Taylor's feelings was wrong. Given Eden's active status as a model here in Saint Louis, it seems likely to me grooming transpired within some kind of enabling community. Oftentimes when I look at the situation, I see it from the perspective that I came into the 2meirl4meirl Discord server as a suicidal person with a vision problem, who is obviously beautiful because of trauma and gender dysphoria. It makes sense I would become a weirdness magnet given how I acted what I wrote. In the best possible world, Taylor's a depressed person with mediocre talents and a need to control others. Eden could also be of mediocre talent, for some reason jealous of me. "If I were trans, I could use that to become even more famous." or whatever. I have a hard time understanding Ernest's involvement, or what Bi's intent was with her game, or why she would rename herself upon moving to New York. What I have realized though is none of these people are outstandingly good. None of these people inspire envy. If I knew the kind of activities they were up to, I would discourage it in favor of better, or more helpful, alternatives. Like my father, I get the feeling that Taylor is a person who is afraid to love what they love. My father always acted viciously towards other people, or had a tendency to pontificate about their achievements. Potentially, there's a person inside that wants to express itself, but there's some guard or prisoner who won't let him. It might be the same thing for Taylor and there's something going on there that makes him stuck. These are the thoughts at the surface of my mind currently. I should shift towards writing a new resume soon. I am a little amazed how long and challenging it has been to overcome grief.

1/1/2022

Happy New Year Journal,

I've tested positive for the Corona virus, but I'm feeling fine. I'd like to talk about what sorts of things I've overcome this year. I think with any breakup, if that partner represents an important first, it's harder to let go. In my situation nik represented the first other trans person I ever met, so I was eager to know more about them. It's a tragedy things went as poorly as they did. I don't really believe that nik is trans however despite them changing their name to Taylor. It's a much too masculine name, and anyway for some reason I was the one who triggered the name change. It seems more likely to me Taylor is either a pedophile like my therapist believes or an abuse instrument groomed by other depressed people in the 2meirl community. I don't think they're trans though because the empathy wasn't there. I would not be able to get together with them anyway because they're overly secretive, emotionally manipulative, and positively abusive. And, at any rate, I don't see them as a happy person. Besides this, I'm happy I gradually taught myself how to program this year. I'm not fully where I want to be, but thankfully I do have philosophical goals guiding my interest in learning how to pass the various programmers tests like Conway's Game. I intend to make my own version of the game anyway where the operators are limited in what they can control and where the operators must construct houses etc. I haven't worked out all the parameters but I think something like this should be able to generate language. Overcoming the stress

of losing my eyesight was difficult. Developing visual snow syndrome really was life-changing and it makes perfect sense to me now it would be such a trigger for me. I am still very worried that much of the current trans population is swept into a fad. Maybe they're an amab excluding lesbian and they are so afraid of being attacked as a TERF they feel the need to microdose T or pronounce themselves trans masc. Maybe they're an effeminate guy with a submissive side who likes BDSM or something else. It doesn't matter, really. I'm still very concerned that many people feel compelled to irreversible surgeries they don't really need. It wouldn't be the first time my generation was told drugs might be the answer to our problems (thinking of ADHD drugs specifically). This year I don't merely intend to advance in my career as a graphic designer or programmer or developer, I also intend to write more and make sure not to lose my identity as a writer anymore either. Starting now, I will make it one of my goals to write. I'm less trusting of the leadership of various big name websites now anyway and it makes sense to make a platform entirely on my own. Already I'm feeling more connected with others in my life. It's hard to explain it. After I'm all healed up I want to start working out at the gym with Michelle. Not so hard I break but enough to get toned up. I need to start finding different stress free avenues to making money, like for example I know a guy who taught himself the Swift programming language who's currently making 6 figures. That's so encouraging. Michelle is also making 6 figures and she doesn't know how to code. Lately I'm of the opinion my resistance to learning code in the first place was partly due to my vision problems and partially a pathological opposition due to complex trauma. I definitely, positively, am transsexual and do want to be changed surgically. To that end I brought up the zero depth approach or shallow depth, since I want to reduce potential complications and eliminate the need to dilate. I've been intimate enough to trust a potential intimate partner would be able to handle it. And besides, I'm thinking about my long term future and I seriously doubt I'd regret the procedure in old age considering most older people get that version of the surgery anyway. It's a practical solution. I still have the words of that surgeon I rejected years earlier when he told me the vagina was "functional" – which given the current state of medical science means "functional for a penis" and nothing else. I saw Kaley on my Instagram feed and she looked very sweet. She grew her hair out more. It's always going to make me somewhat sad I wasn't able to be honest with her or Seth. I suppose I am getting better at leaving the past in the past more now. At least now I'm able to articulate why nik was important. First trans person I ever met. Simple. Dropped red flags they were a pedophile and raised alarm bells. Simple. I wanted to be there for someone when I didn't have someone there for me at that point in my life. Also simple. You include the knowledge there were co-abusers, and it does seem more like targeted harassment or a hate group than it does child predation. Some things you can't know. The profile picture changes still signify they haven't let go, and their comments about codependency and merging with another seem to suggest an underlying personality disorder. I don't know what to make of Ivan and Bi, but I had the feeling my refusal to "stop thinking about" Taylor caused Bi to "move in for the kill" by means of her proposed 8 trial game. I protect and care about myself more. I've softened up my view of myself and started to see myself more compassionately. I've been able to include a lot of my old aspects, such as my love of tech, into my daily life. I think it's inside the realm of possibility that nik was a jr hacker who took a deal to get me into trouble by some jealous or hateful women. Oftentimes I downplay how much pain it causes me when people complement my beauty, but if I stop doing that for a minute and think about how some dark web services specifically aim to get people into trouble by putting child porn on people's machines the type of crime I experienced makes more sense. But I'm still just speculating on what could be going on in this situation. I'm trying to do that less though. I still wake up and have a very challenging time as I process the betrayal and how it worked. I desperately wanted to communicate with nik to determine if she was safe. I ignored red flags, like the "crushv" username, and profile pictures, because at the time it didn't seem like the first trans person I ever connected with would make fun of me. This year I'm likely going to make a move towards a new job, possibly get multiple certifications: CCNA and PMP, and so on. Why not. People have said I have a great vision, I just need to find the right tools.