

ALLⁱⁿ the FAMILY

the complete collection



LB Lee

Lenticule Press
New York

Other Books by LB Lee

The Homeless Year

Alter Boys in Love

Flights of Reality

Infinity Smashed: Heart Sparks Beat

Cultiples #1: Tristan/Desiree

Cultiples #2: The Fandom Cults of Draven

Cultiples #3: Panopticon and the Gallifreyan Tradition Society

LB's work also appears in:

Inaction Comics #1: Productivity

Boundless Vol. 1: A Science Comics Anthology

Being True: LGBTQ+ Comics from the Boston Comics Roundtable

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Table of Contents

Dramatis Personae	5
Transition	20
Part 1: Flaming Eyeballs	24
Part 2: The Angel	79
Part 3: Doll Girl and EO	124
Part 4: Spiral Eyes	171
Epilogue	217
Bibliography and Recommended Reading	221

Note:

This book has itemized content warnings and also a reference timeline. These both contain SPOILERS! If you want them, flip to the very back of the book. Otherwise, read on!

The Loony-Brain Crew



Erin: original girl



M.D.: rebel



Biff: illusionist



Gigi: spooky little girl

And our vessel
(what everyone
sees in real life)



Falcon: imaginary pal (ret.)



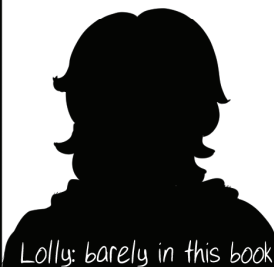
Rogan: workhorse



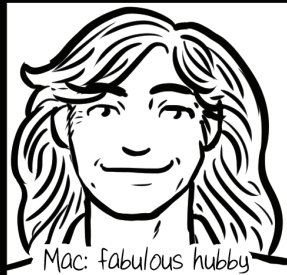
Sneak: ray of sunshine



Miranda: explainer



Lolly: barely in this book



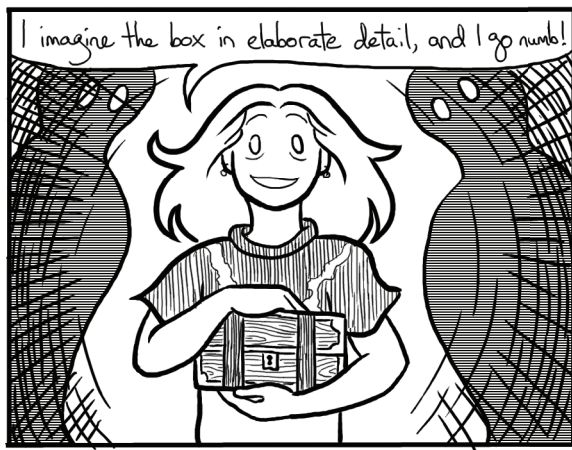
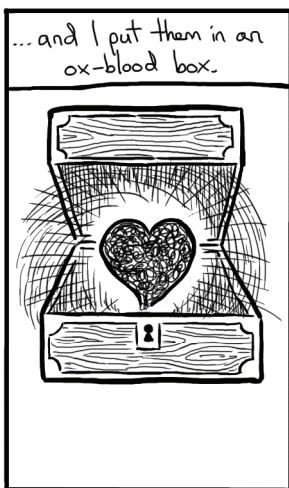
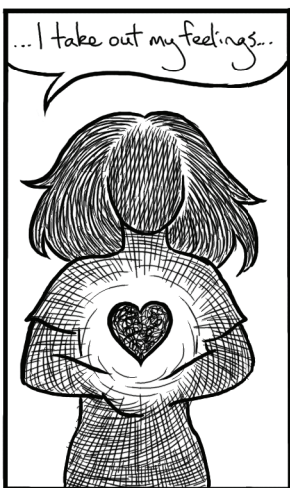
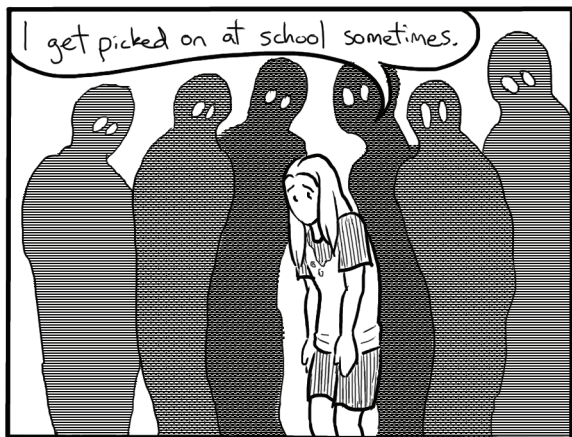
Mac: fabulous hubby

Dramatis

Hi! I'm Erin! It's 1999,
I'm eleven years old, and
I will die when I'm seventeen!



Personae

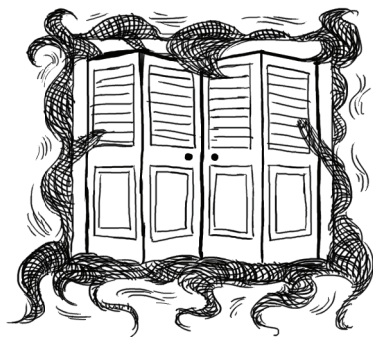


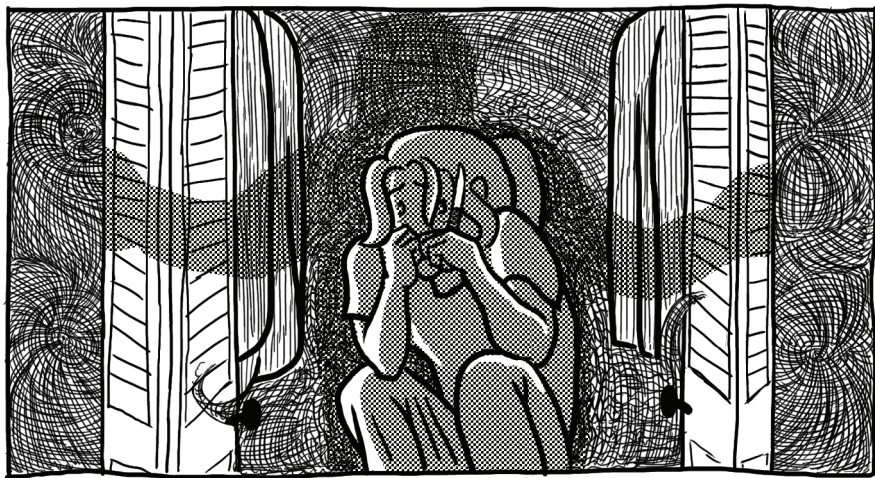
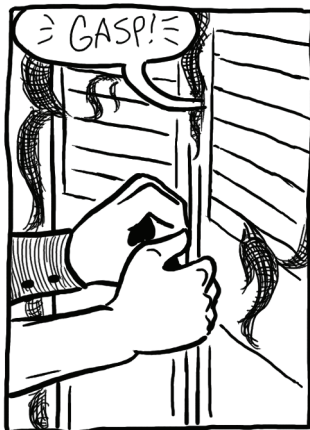
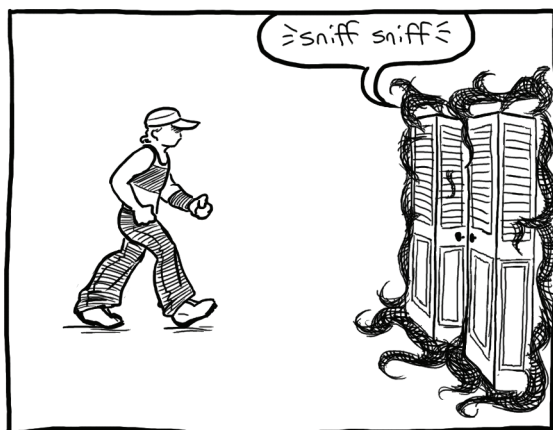




★ formerly known as "multiple personality disorder"

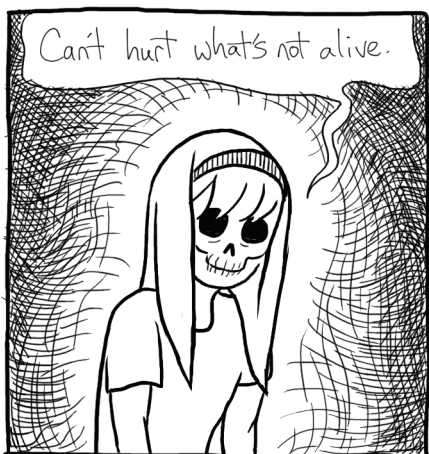
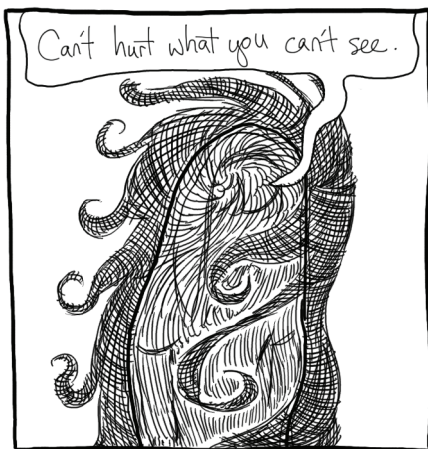
He is Biff.
It's 2001, and
he's dreaming.

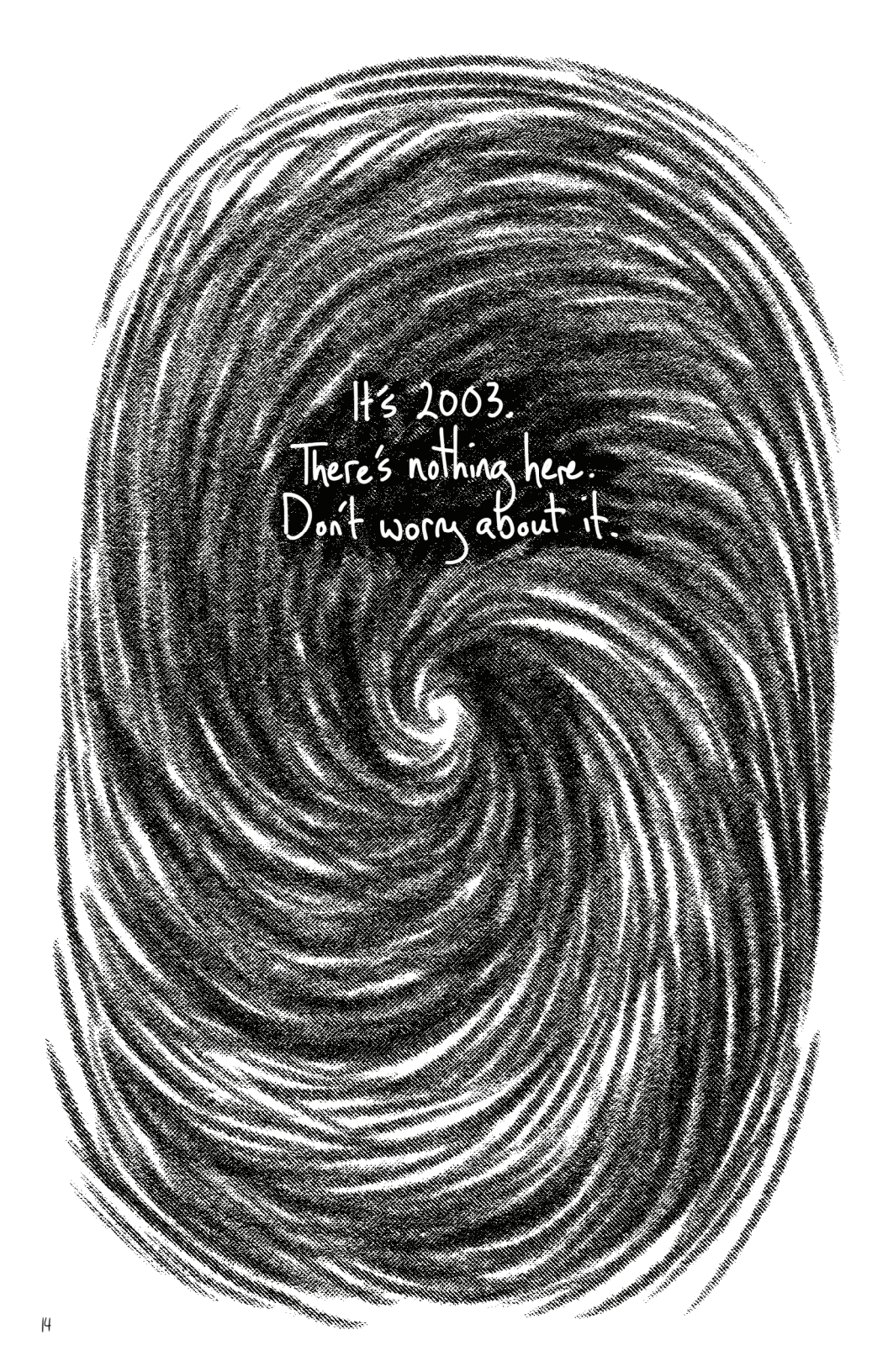






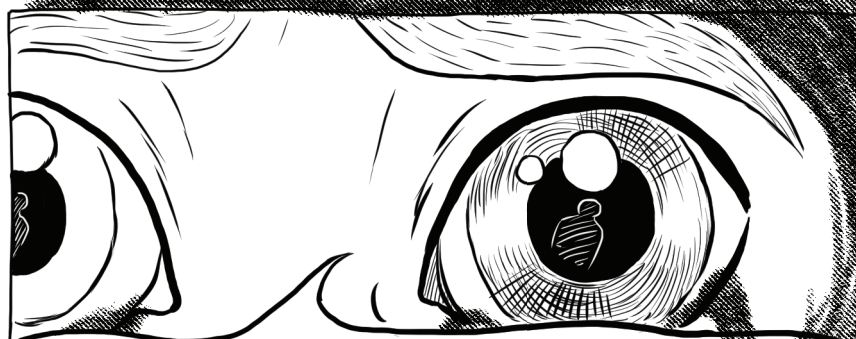






It's 2003.
There's nothing here.
Don't worry about it.





Sometimes, when that happens, Rogan has to go away for a while. I get scared that he won't come back this time and I can't

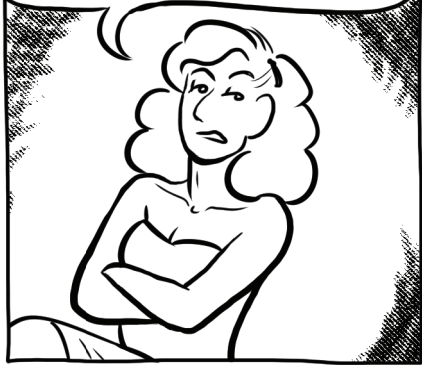




Love requires compromise. Sacrifice.
You can't always have your way!



Jeff is always lovely to me. No
one has ever cared about me like him.



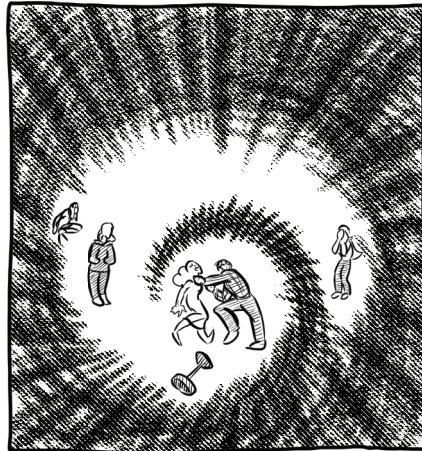
If Rogan weren't so frigid and just
did his bloody job with a smile...



SHUT UP! YOU DON'T KNOW!



YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT!
If you didn't resist —



Um, I'm Patrick MacIntire. Mac.
I'm, uh, twenty-seven, it's... what?

2006.

Really?

Yes.

But... okay. And... uh...

You're dead?

NO.

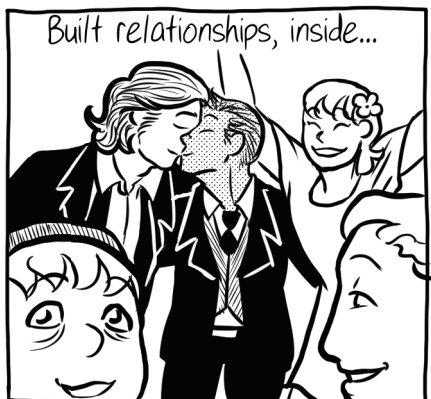
No. I'm just...
having a bad day.

...

...okay, Mac.



YEARS PASSED.



We tried not to wonder about the past.

In 2014, we were safely on disability, stably housed, and life was good. But something felt... off.



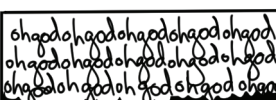
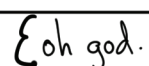
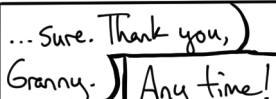
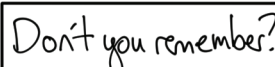
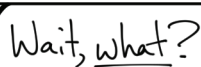
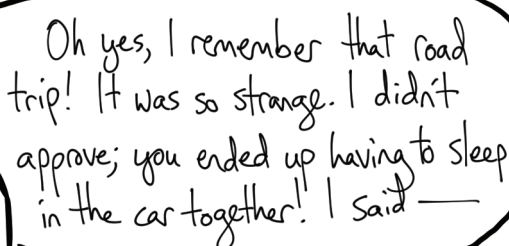
With room to breathe, we wondered: what had happened to Erin and M.D.? We all felt they were dead, but why? We went through our journals and records, but they only made us all the more uneasy.



See, around the time M.D. had disappeared, back in 2004, we'd gone on this Spring Break trip with our pedophile grandfather.

He'd molested Mom, but never us... right?

Feeling a mounting internal pressure, we called our paternal granny, a gossip hound. She was happy to dish about a man she disliked.



We had a terrible suspicion that something awful had happened. And we remembered nothing.

During the Homeless Year, we'd made anxiety comics to calm ourselves. So we started again. We had no idea what we were getting into.



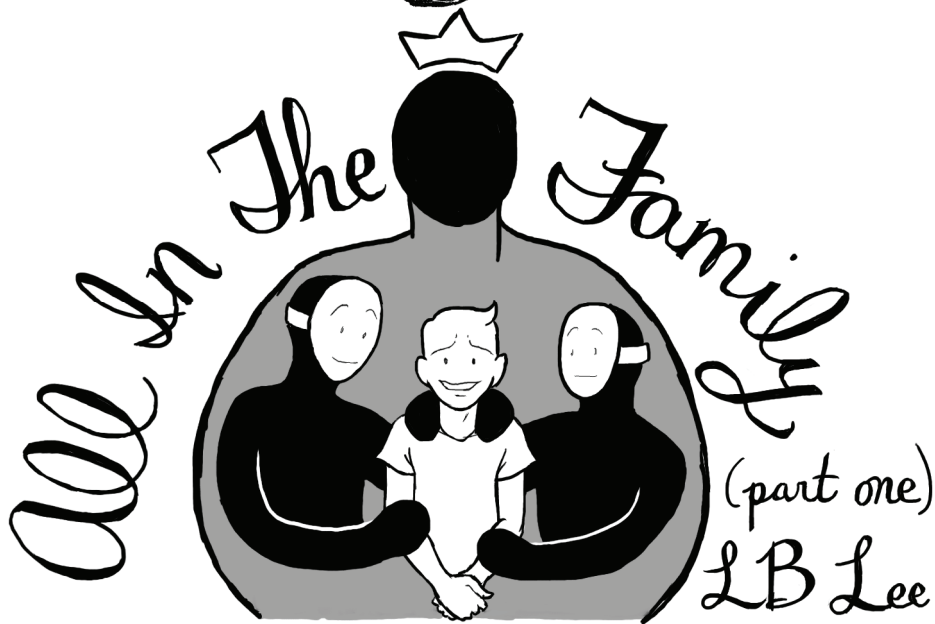
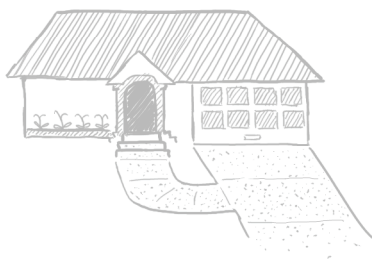
What follows is a visual diary, drawn as the events within transpired (thus the page dates). We didn't know how things would turn out; we just drew.



For the most part, these pages are as we made them from 2014-2016. We added a few expository/flow pages, removed others, and cleaned up some of the most egregious errors, but that's it.

Let's go.

--6/5/2019

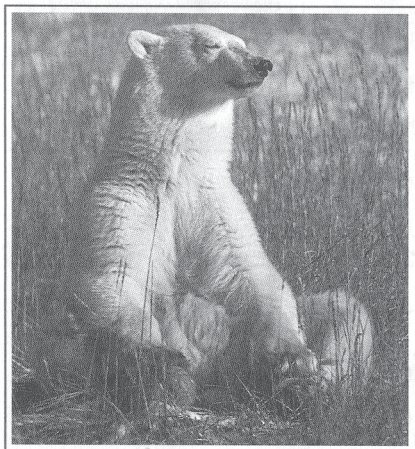


Erin's Journal, 2004

Simplify your life. Free your mind, house, work, and social life of unwanted clutter.

3/10

I feel so odd. I found out today that my mom may have been sexually molested when she was young. Even in here, I refuse to name names, because I know what a name means in this. Suffice to say they are close family members, ones I trusted.

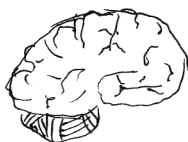


When my dad told me, I didn't know what to say. I just stood there, and I started to feel a little like I did when I fainted, white and light and far, far away, in a place where there were no floors and one wrong move would send me plummeting down. I just said quietly, far from the land I was in with no floors, "Oh...okay."

THE HUNTING

9/2/14

For two weeks now,
we've been crazy.

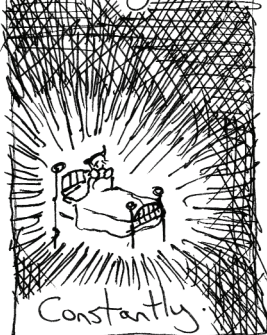


More so than usual.

We're always tired.
We sleep eleven hours
and wake up exhausted.



We have nightmares.



Constantly.

It feels like we're being
hunted. We're afraid.



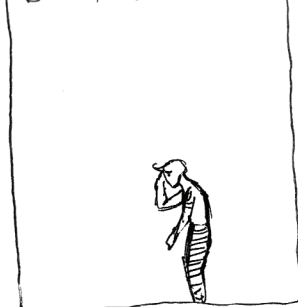
But we don't know
what's hunting us.
gone!



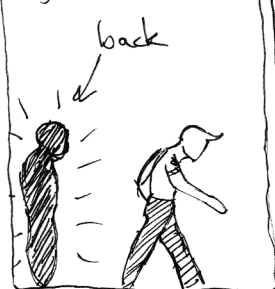
What do you WANT?
TELL US WHAT
you WANT!



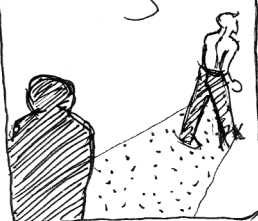
But it never answers.



It just follows us.



Waiting.

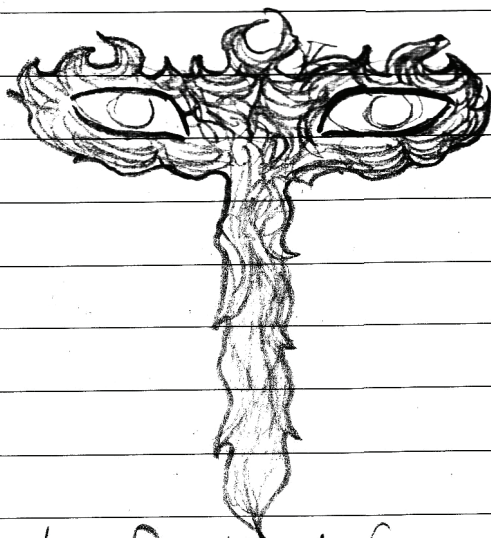


But that wasn't all that was going wrong. There was also this happy little thing appearing in our headspace. We had no idea what it was...

8/28/14

Late last night, I tried to force the memory up again. It didn't work, again. I tried, I screamed, I rocked—but all I got was pain. No data. No emotions. Just pain.

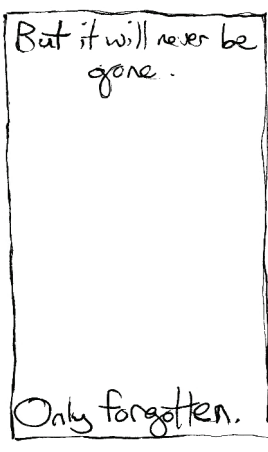
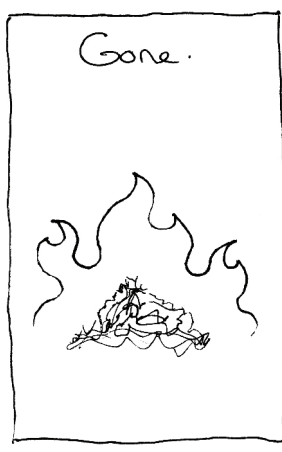
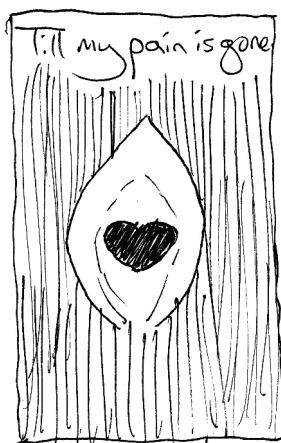
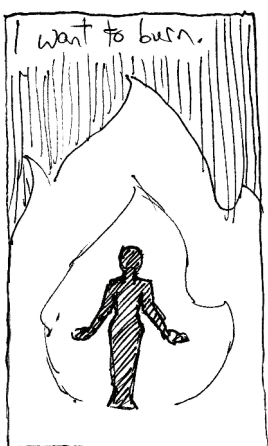
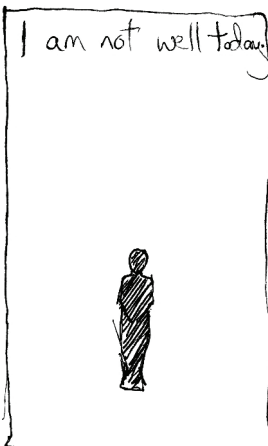
I tried every headspace trick I could think of, and all I managed after twenty minutes was to make it manifest in headspace, eyes and flame. Sneak had to bind it.



I maybe fought it for another ten, fifteen minutes, before collapsing exhausted into sleep. I had suicide nightmares. I'm running out of time.

TO EVERYTHING, BURN BURN BURN

9/6/14



Out of desperation, we tried free-writing.
Then this happened.



demon children.

I'm not done yet. Know. Remember. You must remember and you must tell everyone don't let me die in vain you will know and you will speak you must or I'll

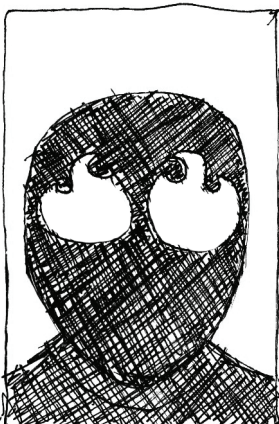
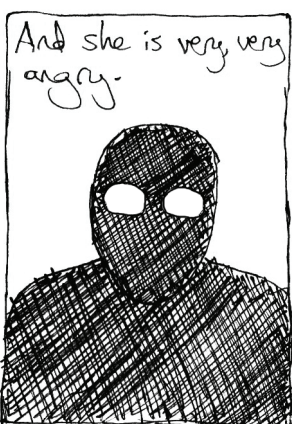
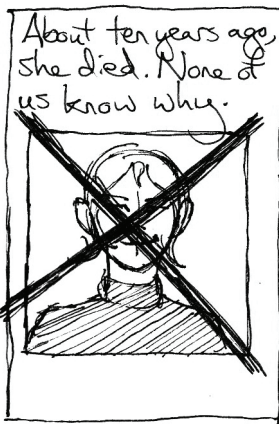
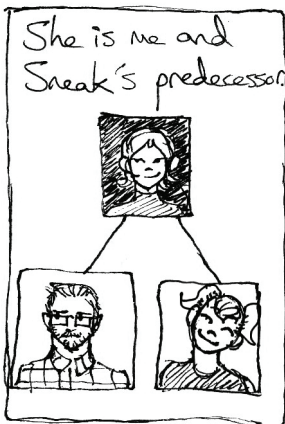
YOU MUST DO THIS FOR ME OR I WILL NEVER LET YOU REST NO MORE LIES NO MORE SILENCE YOU WILL REMEMBER

for me. Please. Because I love you. You must remember it is so important I know it hurts and I am so sorry but it must happen you must remember and speak because I can't I am long dead just a ghost in your head and I will never be able to talk with you again after this. I'm sorry I'm sorry it happened and I'm sorry it hurts if I knew a better way I would I promise it's just there isn't. Not that I know of.

Please. Please remember. You know what happened why it took so long to come up why you've been dead for weeks. You know

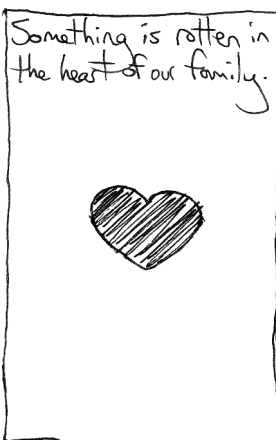
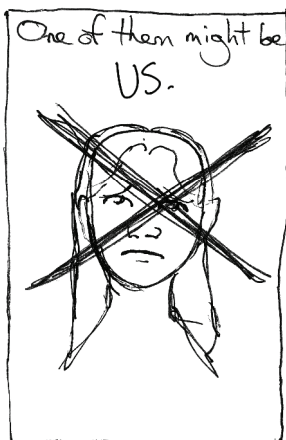
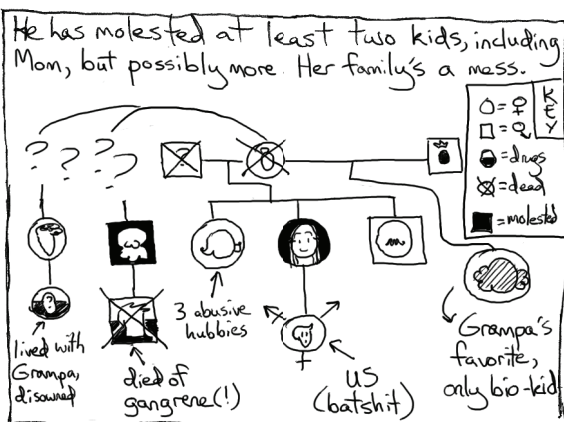
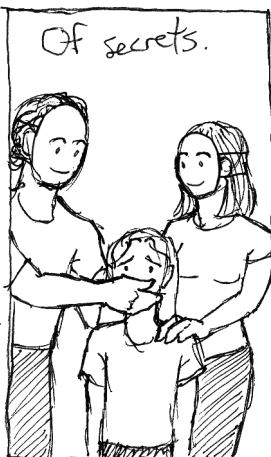
THE HAUNTING

9/9/14



FAMILY HISTORY

9/2/14



ANATOMY OF A GHOST

Theatrical appearance
to get our attention

Blacked out faces
are how we show
dead people here; that's
why the grandfather's
drawn that way too.

Dagger-shaped; M.D. hid
knives in our pockets after
learning about the grandfather.

This was the real kicker.
M.D. has very distinctive
eyes (gold, though you
can't tell here). It was
instantly clear who was
involved.

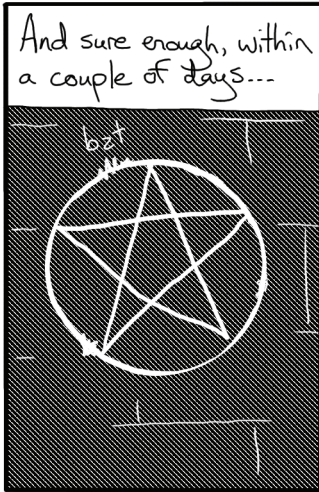
An apparition's appearance
is often dramatic and un-
important. It usually reflects
symbolically its purpose but
trying to analyze it is often a
wild goose chase. It'll be
obvious in hindsight. Best
not to get too invested in it.

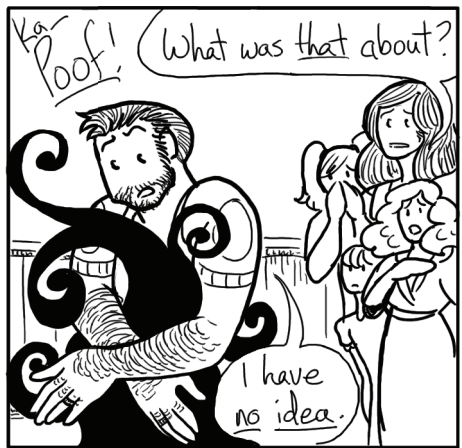
You've surely noticed by
now that M.D. has a thing
for fire...

This is the only time
we figured one out ahead
of time. We still don't
understand some.



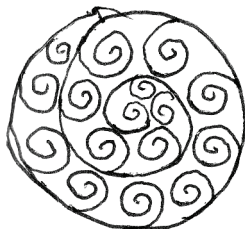
THE NEW ROUTINE





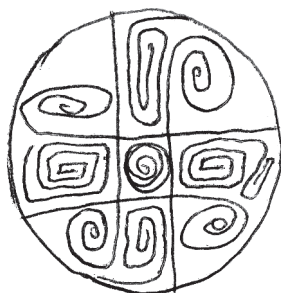
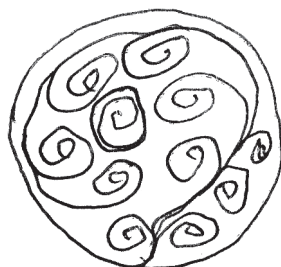


M.D.'s RETURN

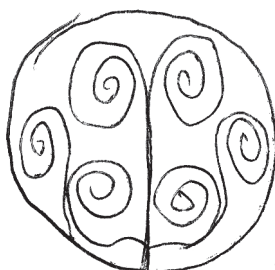
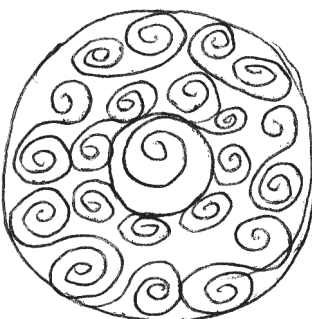
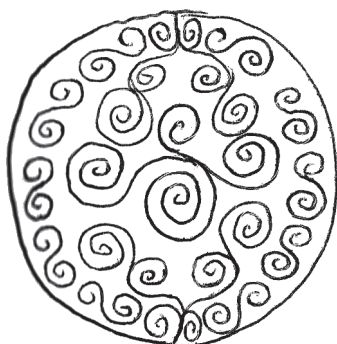
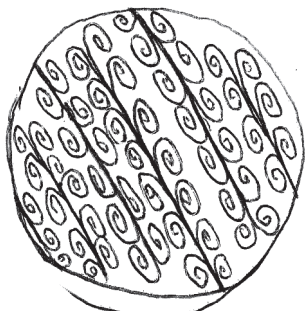
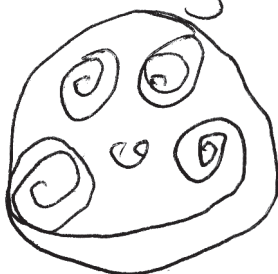


Under all the rage and trauma, this was M.D., a fifteen-year-old androgyne in a manky leather jacket. Before, she always seemed so tough, but now...

At first, M.D. had little interest in art. Spiral doodles were all she'd do.



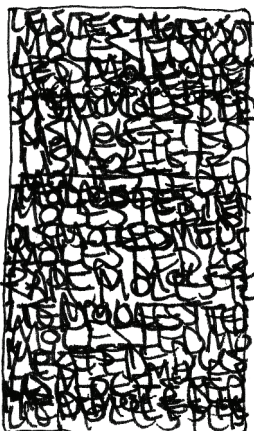
I should have run away.



WELP.

10/14/14

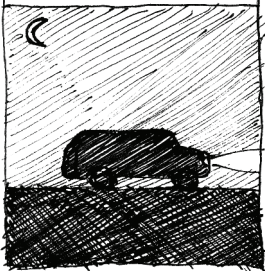
Yup. Grampa totally
molested
us.



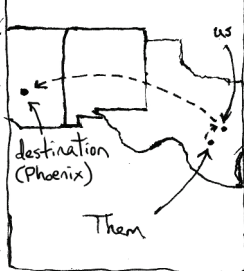
Fuck.

M.D.'s TRIP

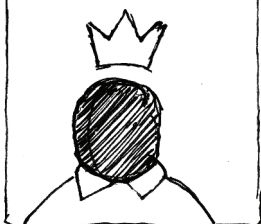
I died on March 16,
2004, (Or the 17th
depending how late it
was) in Phoenix, AZ.



The grandfather and
Aunt Lois decided to
drive from Texas to
Arizona and bring us.



I don't know why the
grandfather, who was
in very poor health,
chose a fifteen hour drive
over a flight.



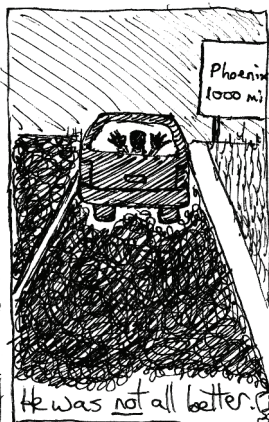
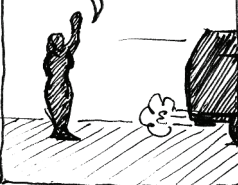
I don't know why I
was on the trip at all.

Erin's Journal
3/10/04: Now I'm
scared. I don't
want to go
back there.



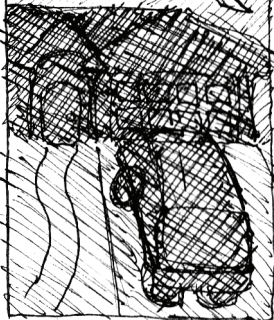
Our parents told us
that he'd molested
Mom and Uncle J. But
he was all better now.

Bye, sweetie!
Have fun on your
trip!

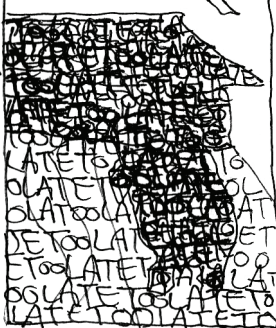


He was not all better.

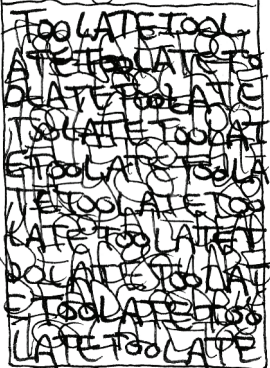
By the time we reached
our destination, it was
late.



Too late to wake up
Aunt H, they said.



We'd sleep in the
car. Together.



Then he he



And so I died.
Alone, unmourned, for-
gotten by everyone
and everything.

Until now.

WHERE WAS LOIS?

10/14/14

Where was Lois?

I know she was in
the car.

Why can't I remem-
ber?

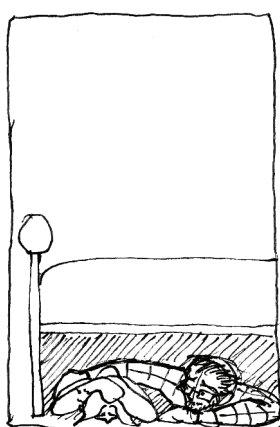
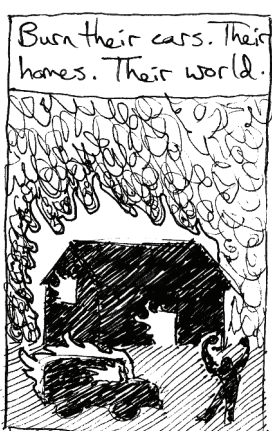
Did she sleep
through it? Pretend
to? Leave?

...help?

Dang it.
I liked you, Lois.

IN LOCO PARENTIS

10/12/14



M.D.'s SPIRALS

10/14/14



There aren't words big enough to contain what I feel.

So I draw instead.

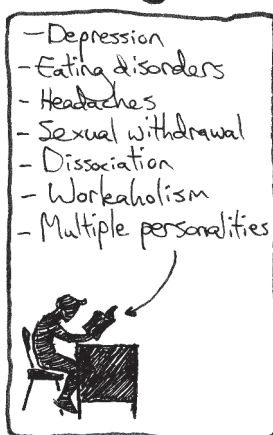
GRANNY'S INFO

10/14/14



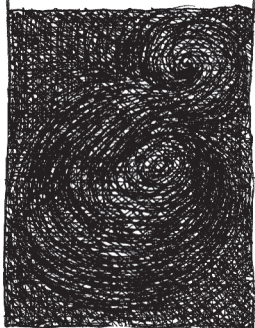
EVERYTHING YOU ARE

10/16/2014



THE VOID

This is what our head-space looks like. It's called 'the Void.'



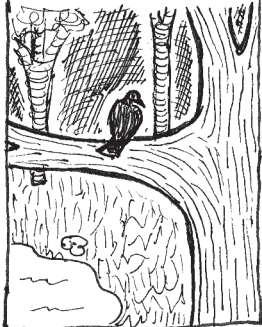
It has no temperature, texture, or horizon. Creepy? Nah, it's home.



Before the Void, we had an idyllic forest.



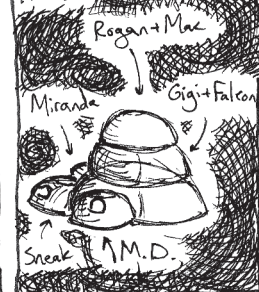
But after Jeff raped us for a while and Erin and M.D. died...



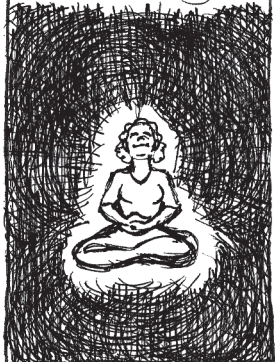
...well, an imaginary Eden wasn't the place for us anymore.



So now we have the creepy, alien semi-sapient Void, the House.



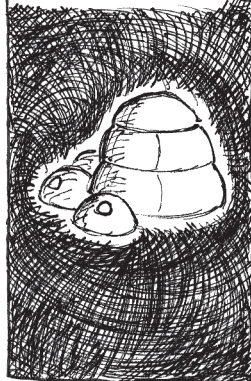
It's weird, but benign, a safe, embracing dark.



It's seen members live, die, and come back.



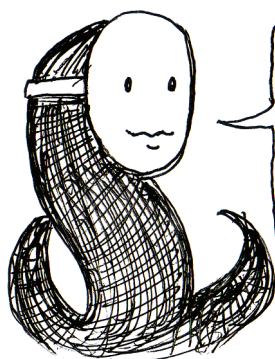
It's not Eden. It's better: our home.



FUNNY CUZ IT'S TRUE 10/26/14



WHEN THERE'S NO ANSWERS 10/30/14

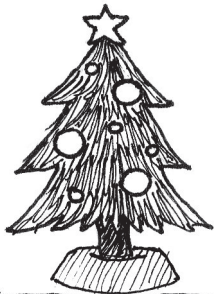


There is no sadness here!
We are happy! Happy,
happy, happy! Why are
you crying? Don't dwell!

Aug. 2012 doodle, done in loony daycare

HOW I BECAME SUICIDAL 10/31/14

The last holiday we spent with family was Christmas 2009.



Mac and I had gotten married November 29.



On December 4th, we found a stranger in the dark in our home. Again.



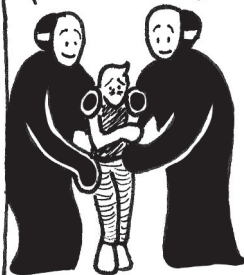
We fled during our grad school finals.*



On December 15th, we left to visit family ready for a break.



We did not get it. We're concerned, honey...



Our parents had the idea we'd fled out of craziness. That we were unstable.



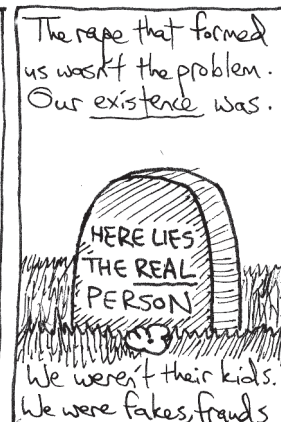
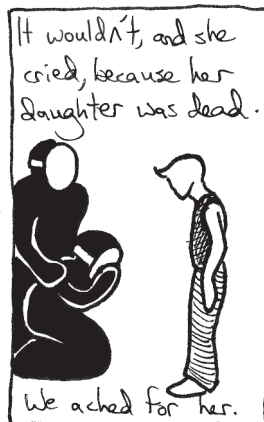
They threatened to follow us home if we didn't persuade them of our normalcy.



They monitored our behavior for switches our food intake.



* Not pictured: the roommate who threatened a housemate with an axe and the one who grabbed me.



Somehow, we made it home, safe and alone.

Everything OK?



Then the real shit started.

Something was wrong in our family. We wanted out. We asked advice.

Is this a good idea?



Some friends exploded.



They said I was selfish, unreasonable, that I couldn't live without a family.



That my family was good; love and respect was a two-way street.



One of them said I would be crying at their graves, realizing how shitty I was, but too late!



It was then I realized my parents were right.



I was a burden. A freak. A monster.

Personified Self-Hate



It was then I decided that being alive was selfish of me. Cruel.



Kill yourself. Kill yourself.

I would be haunted by this for five years.

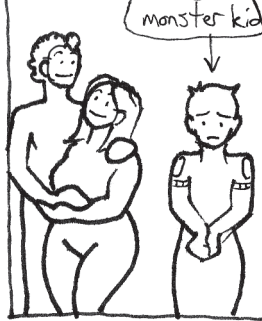
THE BURDEN

11/ /14

I was always careful not to discuss my parents in my comics.



I didn't want anyone to think I was blaming them.



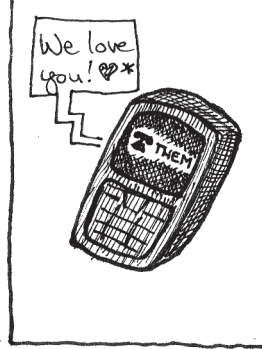
But the fact was, I chose homelessness over going back to them.



The sad fact was... I was afraid of them.



I wanted to die, whenever we talked.

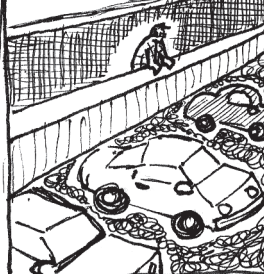


And I didn't know who

* Well, we love Erin. Who was our real kid and who you killed.



We had a dissociative episode in June 2012. I tried to jump off a bridge.



Falcon stopped me.



The voices in your head are not supposed to save you.

Mac and Mir laid down the law:



I was too exhausted and crazy to resist.

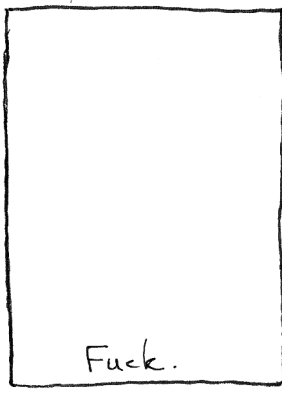
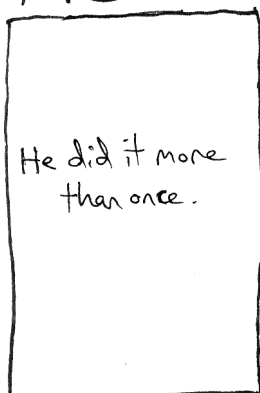
That was two and a half years ago. I've felt safer ever since.



LB 7/31/14

AGAIN

11/5/14



NOPE

11/6/14



CHRISTMAS, 199

11/8/2014

It is the Christmas holidays. I am at my grandfather's house.



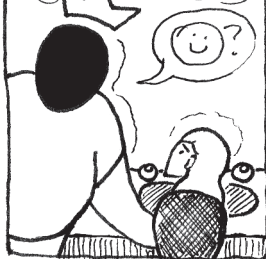
I am wearing a usual red vest, khaki pants, and a white turtleneck. I think I look stupid.



I am a piece of Erin, and I am between eight and eleven years old. Today I will die.



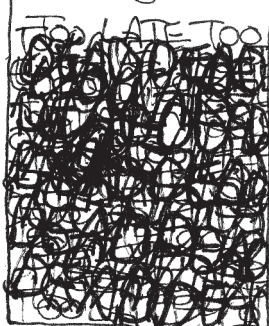
He grabs me in the bathroom annex. He is huge and terrifying.



When I try to pull away he only grips harder.



Then he begins to use me



I don't understand. Why is he doing this to me? Why isn't anyone coming to save me?



There are a dozen adults here. Where are they? Am I being punished?



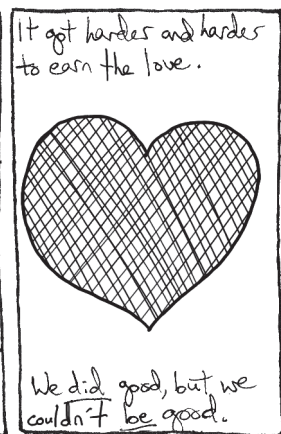
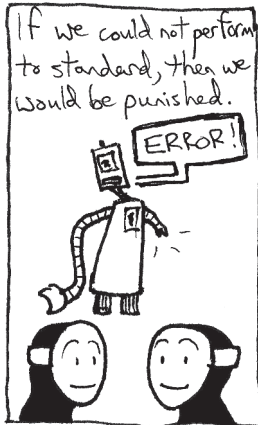
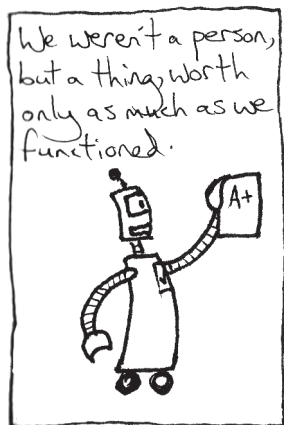
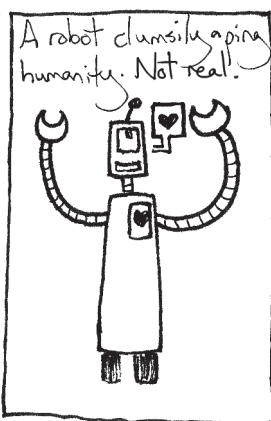
Yes. Yes, this is for being such a crybaby. If I scream and cry I'll ruin everything.



I am a doll. I am neat.



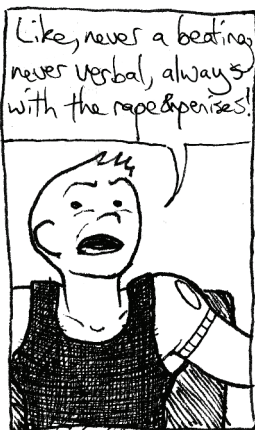
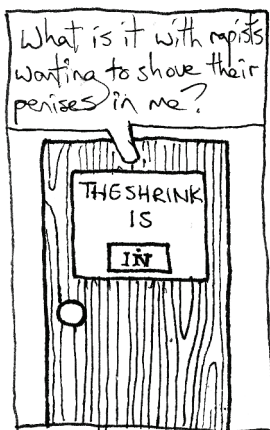
FREAK MONSTER^{11/14} CHILD



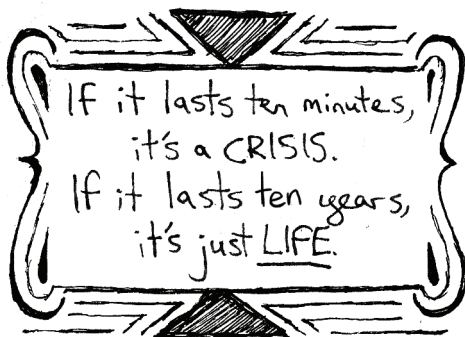
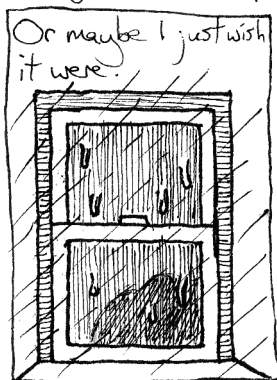
We did good, but we couldn't be good.

UNORIGINALITY

11/11/14

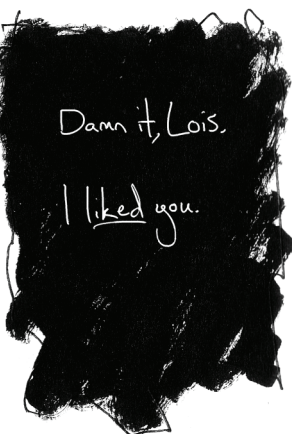
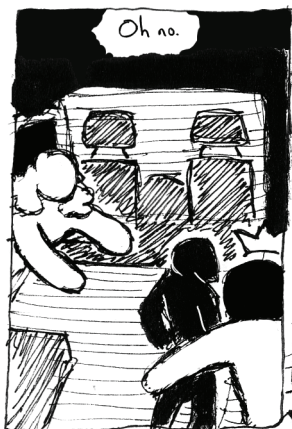
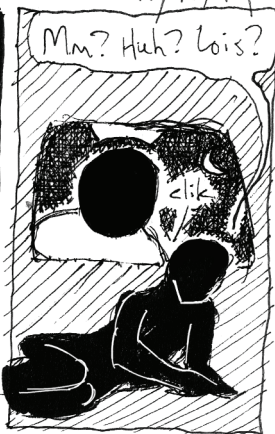


Oh god, this is the person I've become. Rape has become banal to me.



WHERE LOIS WAS

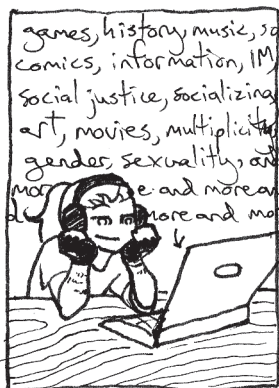
11/13/14



11/23/14



11/23/14



11/27/14



BREAKING DISNEYLAND^{11/25/14}

Today, we called
our brother, our
uncle, our mother.

We told them
EVERYTHING.

We told them not
to leave Lois
alone with any of
the kids.

They may not believe
us, but they will
remember.

They may not believe
us, but they will
watch her.

To reassure themselves
we're lying.

And that is enough.

Their fucked up
Disneyland has been
chugging along for
fifty years.

I doubt we can
stop it, alone.

But we tried. We
tried to put truth
and doubt in their
minds.

That is enough.

Knowing they're
watching the kids
is enough.

My death is
avenged.

GOOD.

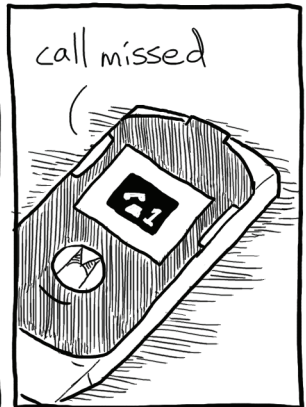
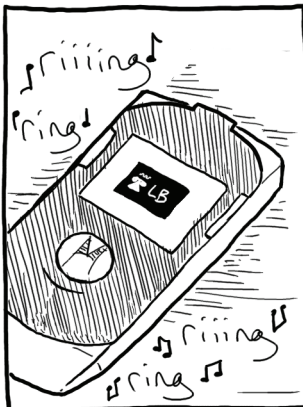
FAMILY CALLS: BRO



UNCLE J (another victim of Grampa—his grandkids visited a lot, as did he)



AUNT H (the aunt we visited in Phoenix)



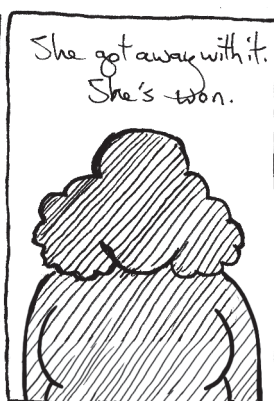
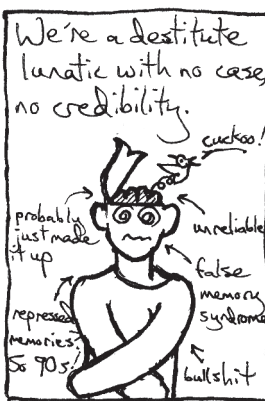
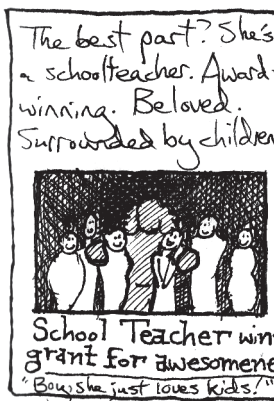
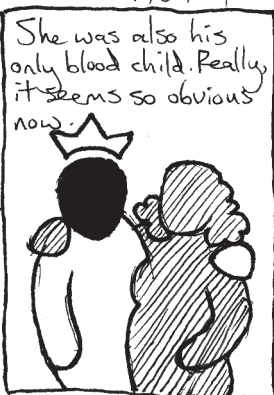
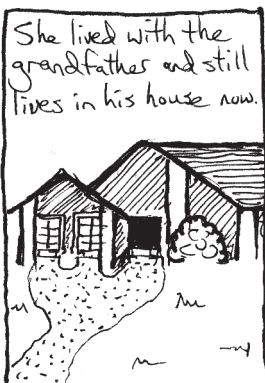
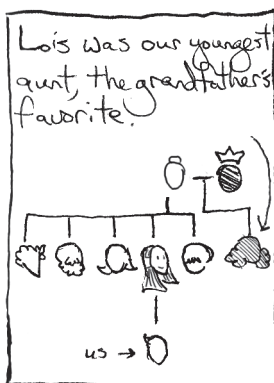
MOM'S EXPLANATION



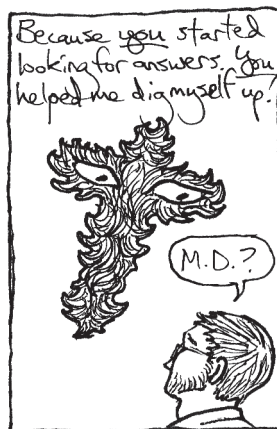
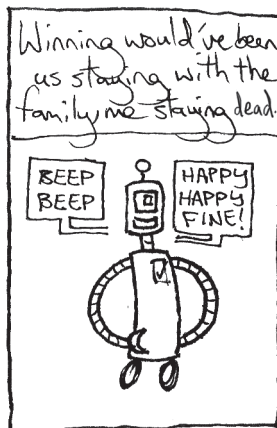
she also said she'd call Aunt B, the oldest, for advice on what to do.

WHO IS LOIS?

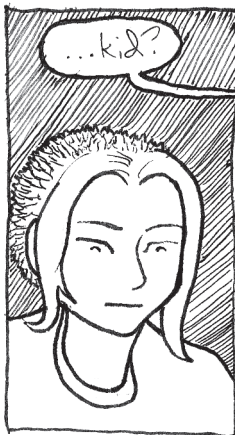
11/30/14



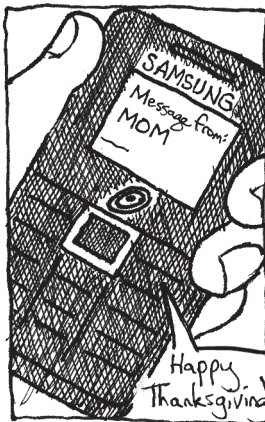
ROGAN IS STUPID! 11/30/14



HELL

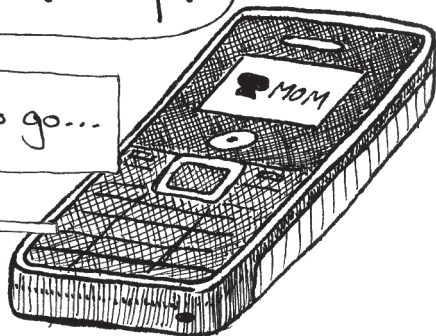


BACK TO NORMAL 11/29/14

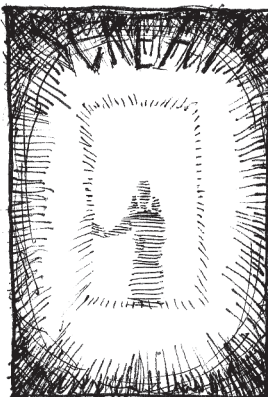
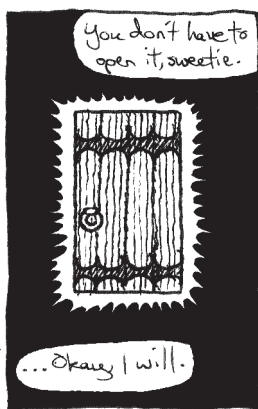
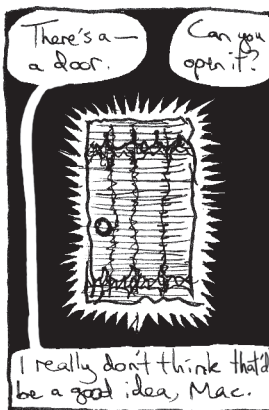


Mom, why was I on that trip?

I thought you wanted to go...

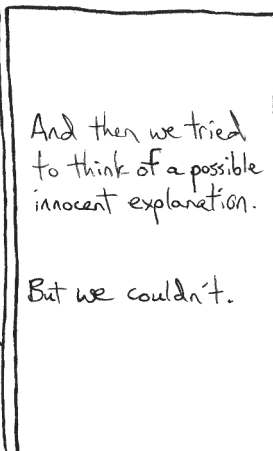


THE GIRL IN THE DOOR 12/15/14



THE MYSTERY SHORTS

12/30/14



IT NEVER ENDS (by Miranda)

1/10/2015

It turns out, alas, that Lois did more than assist the grandfather.



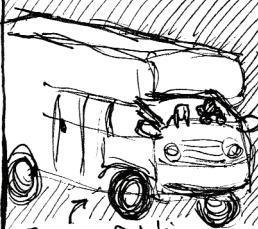
She also molested us directly. They shared us like food.



Which means other children may still be in danger, even now.



Unfortunately Lois had far more access to us than he did.

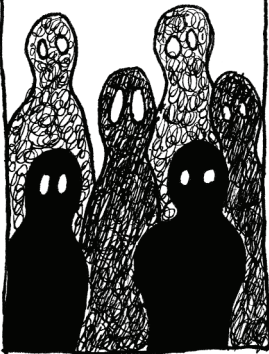


Summer RV trip we can't recall clearly

So now our memory may have even more horrors to show us.



It feels as though it will never end.



We have had to sedate Roger, just to give him a break from the pain.



He sleeps, and Mac watches over him.



We hope he revives soon. We hope this ends soon. Please.



Please, let it end soon...

*Gigi can, in times of duress, put down any system member except herself, Mac, and (presumably) Fatcat. —Mir

THE WOMAN IN THE DOOR 1/12/2015

It is after the Christmas assault, after the creepy shorts. It must be at least 1999.



Today he has caught me again. He pulls me into the spare room for... stuff.



Endure this. Go dead. It'll be over soon.



Then the door opens.



It's Lois! She's caught him!



Everything will be okay now! She's going to save me.



But then he says,



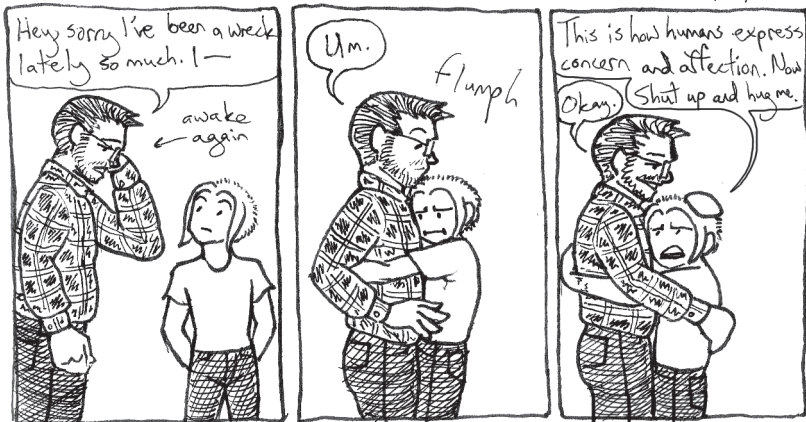
She closes the door and I realize...



She is not here to save me.



CONCERN & AFFECTION 1/18/15

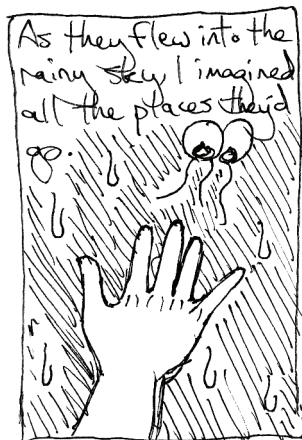
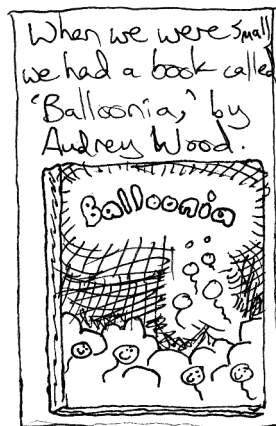


SO SORRY



But what do I know. For all I know, she was just as bad...

BIRTHDAY BALLOONS! (by Snek) 1/15



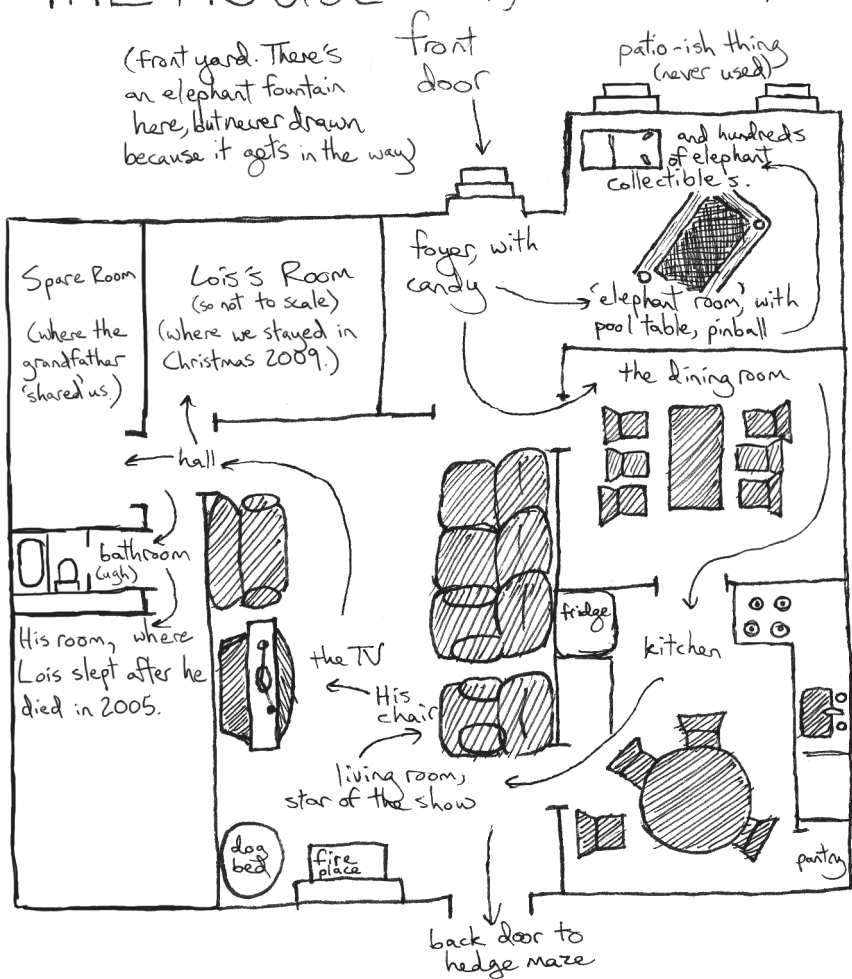
NOPE, REDUX

1/28/2015



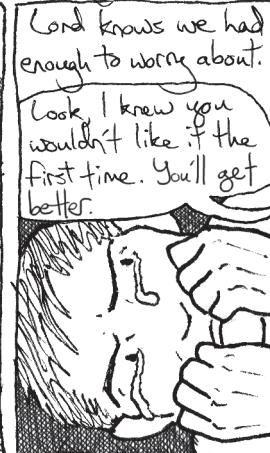
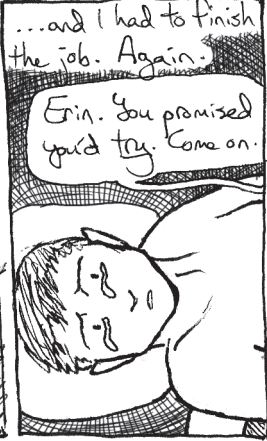
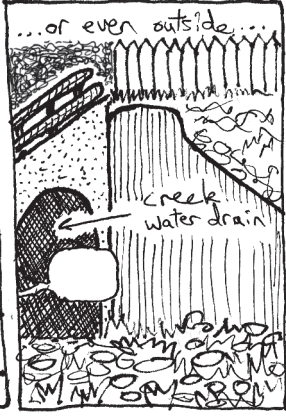
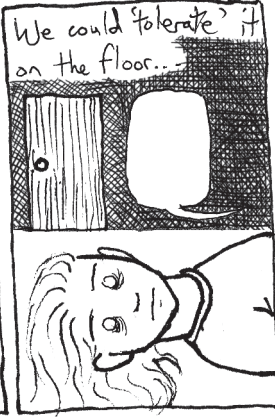
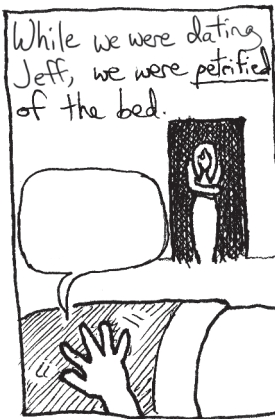
THE HOUSE (as best we can recall)

2/2/15



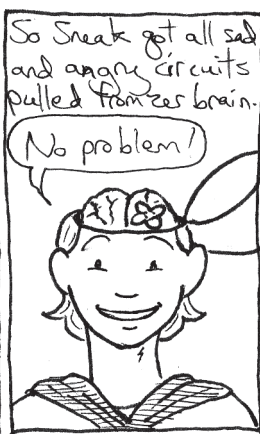
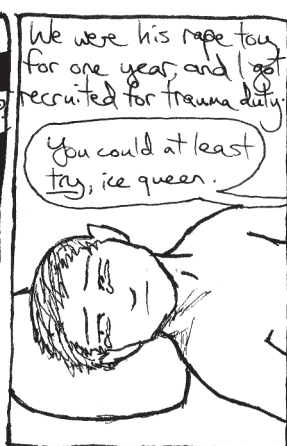
THE BED

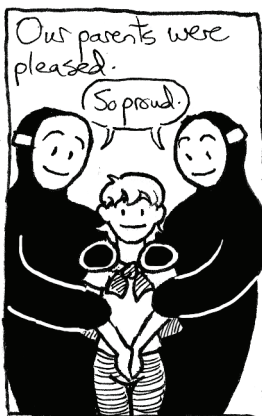
2/2/2015



I can only be glad that with Erin's death, I took power and got us away. Otherwise, we might've married Jeff...

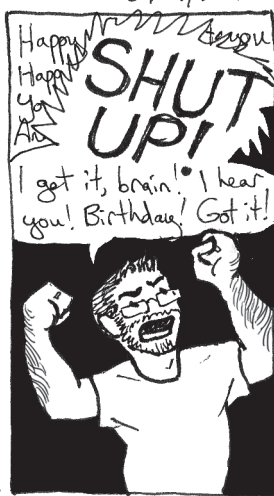
THE DEAL WITH SNEAK 2/4/15





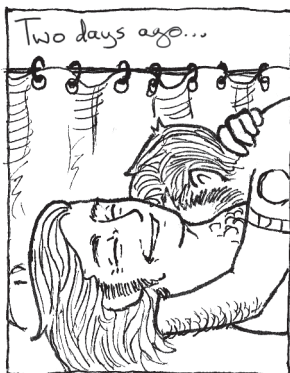
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

2/9/2016



GHOST GIRL

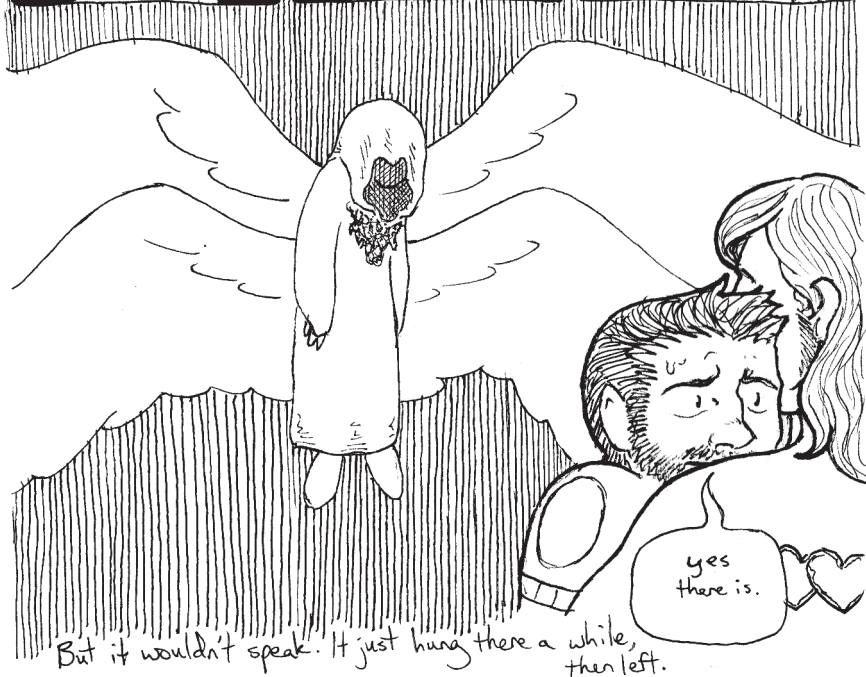
2/17/2015



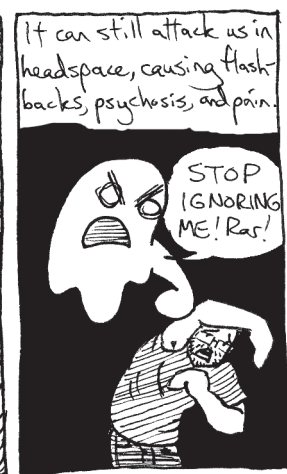


BEHIND YOU

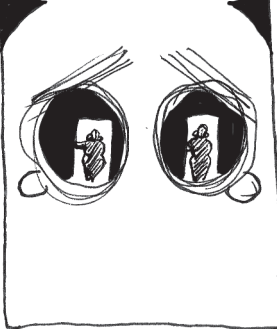
3/10/2015



APPARITION 101 (with Miranda!) 3/10/2015



This means taking its burden of pain back, and the memories...



...so we know exactly what happened, and how much it hurt.



This often comes in multiple doses, to be bearable:



• physical: rocking, shaking, pacing.



• emotional: tears, panic, rage.



• info: the actual memory of what happened (usually comes last)

Quieting one 'ghost' can take anywhere from weeks to months. It's exhausting.



Not to mention depressing.

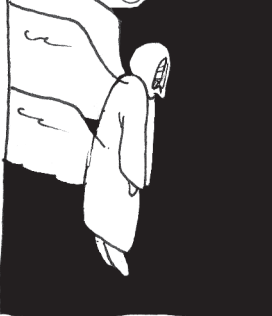


Often, the worst part isn't even the rape itself, but the subtext surrounding it.

oh god they knew he was a child-molester. And they...



Even though they are frightening, it's best to view the 'ghosts' as kids.



Wounded, brutalized messengers of an unspeakably awful past..



...who have spent years waiting to tell their stories so they can sleep.



They are small, and they are sad, and they are brave. The least we can do is care for them, and give them the peace they long for.

Gigi's Turn

3/22/15

At first, we were three:

Erin

M.D.

me (Gigi)



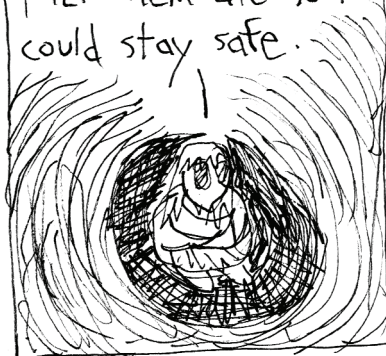
They died, but not me.
Only I survived.



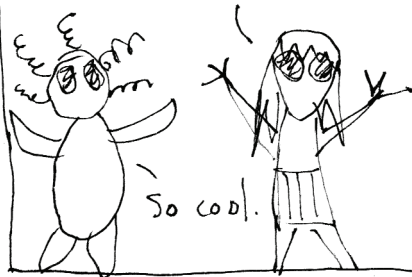
Because I hid.



I let them die so I
could stay safe.



People say, oh Gigi you
are so cool. So brave.



But they are wrong. I
am the biggest co-
ward who never lived.



I am a coward and now the angel is coming for me.



It's my turn to hurt now. I'm afraid.





3/24/15





LB 3/26/2015

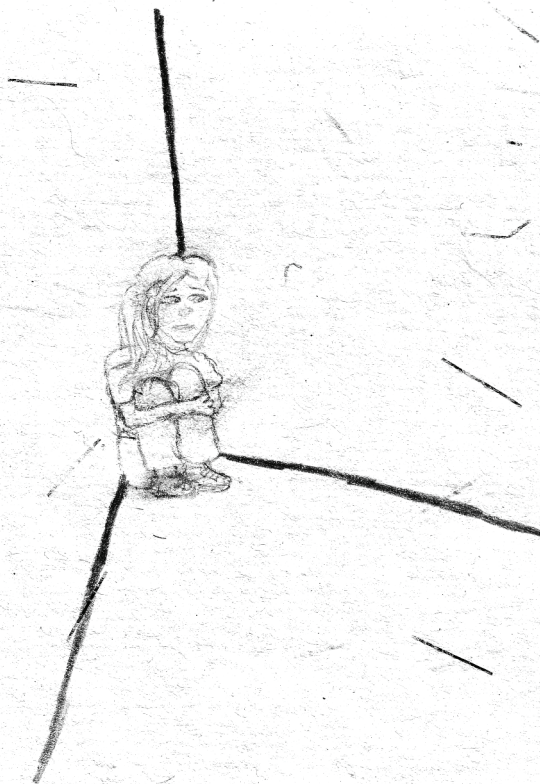
All in the Family

part two: the Angel



LB Lee

First drawing of Gigi, 6/17/2002

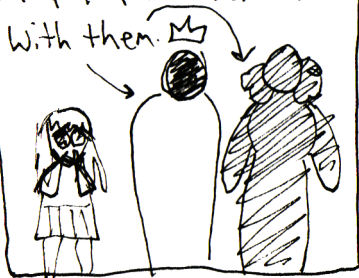


Gigi — "Blending In"

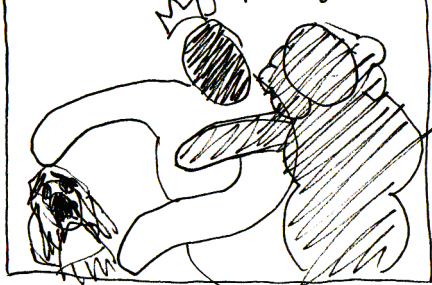
6/17/02

3/31/2015

It is spring break 2004
and I am in Phoenix.
With them.



M.D. is dead. Falcon is gone.
I am our only defense.



I can't fight. All I know
is how to run and hide.



Fighting didn't work. I
must strategize or die.



There is only the small house in suburbia. No
bus. Nowhere to go, nowhere to hide.



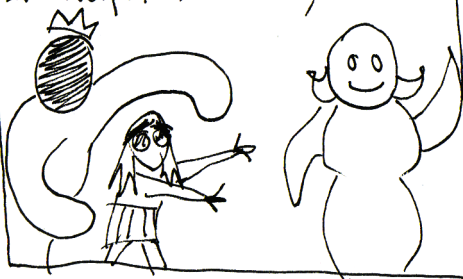
○ — It is very hot but I take long walks. They can
1 — not get me outside. But I can't walk
forever.



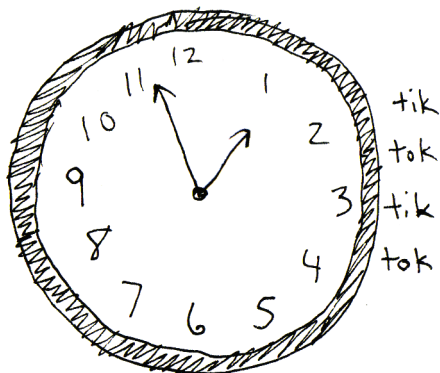
At five, Aunt H comes home, and I am safe.



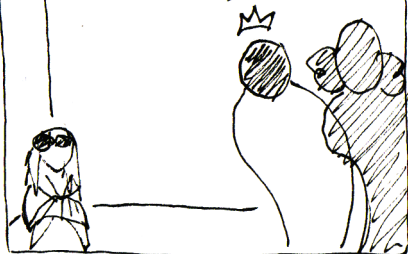
I don't dare tell her. What if she helps? Too risky.



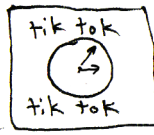
I must survive till five.



It is a battle of tactics. I must not lose.



I become invisible. I hide in plain sight, or take walks. I am silent wallpaper.



I learn the rules. If my door is shut, I'm safe.



But I have to come out sometimes.



To eat or walk.

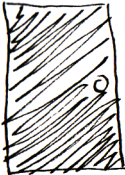


tik tok
tik tok



tik tok
tik tok
tik tok
tik tok

Oh no. I need the bathroom. That's the worst.



He likes it in there.



Silence.
Safe?

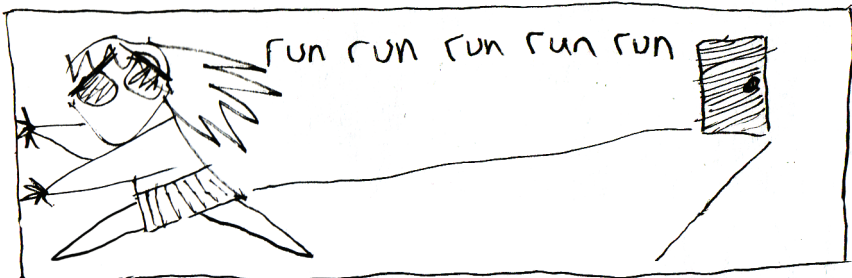


ccccreeeeeaaak

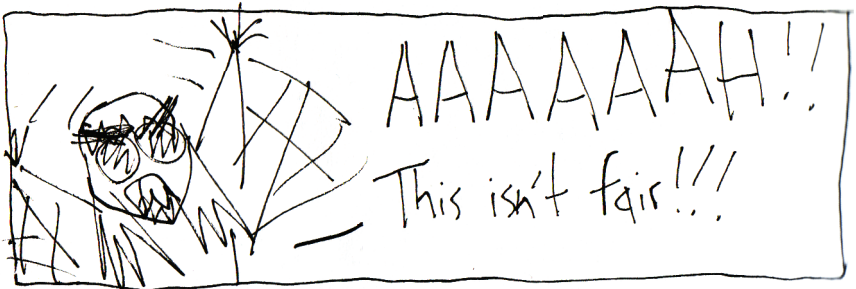
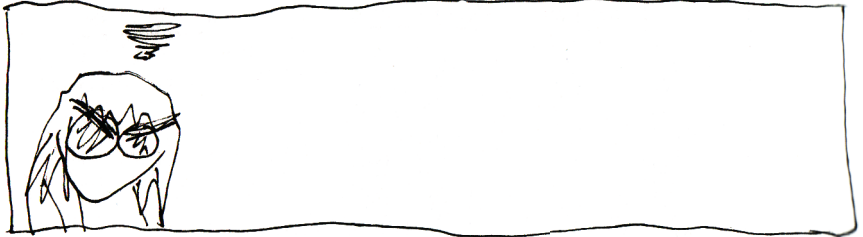
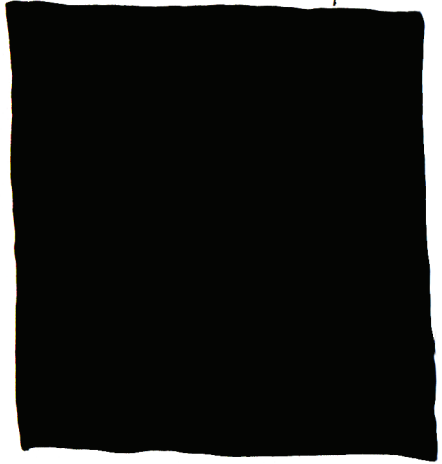


Stupid. STUPID! No!





4/17/2015



4/18/15

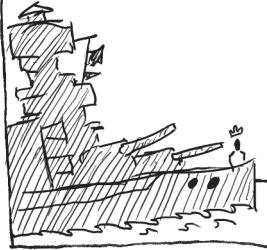


4/20/2015

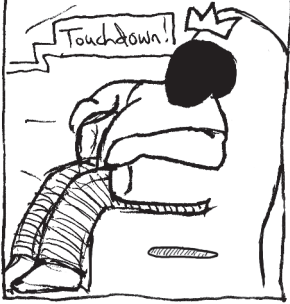
For such an influence,
we know very little
about the grandfather.



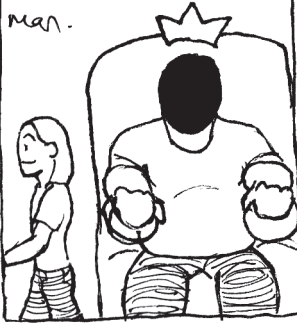
He served in WWII,
Korea, and Vietnam,
but never discussed it.



He never discussed much
of anything. Mostly, he
was a silent presence.



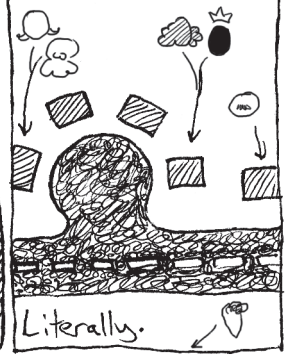
Besides rape, we ignored
each other. He was
more a fixture than a
man.



Even family stories
mostly excluded him.
Donkey Lady. Haha



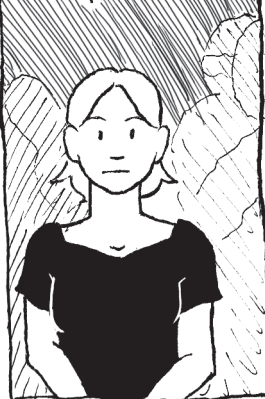
And yet, the family
orbited around him.



When he died in 2005,
everyone came. Everyone
cried.



Except us.

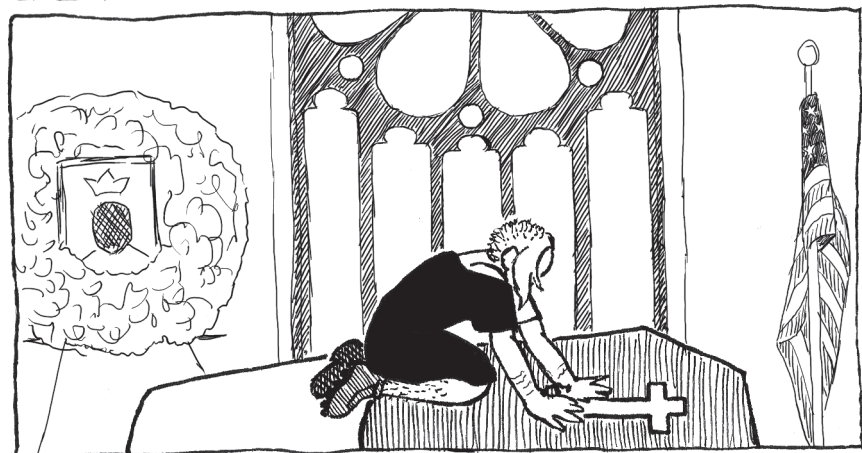


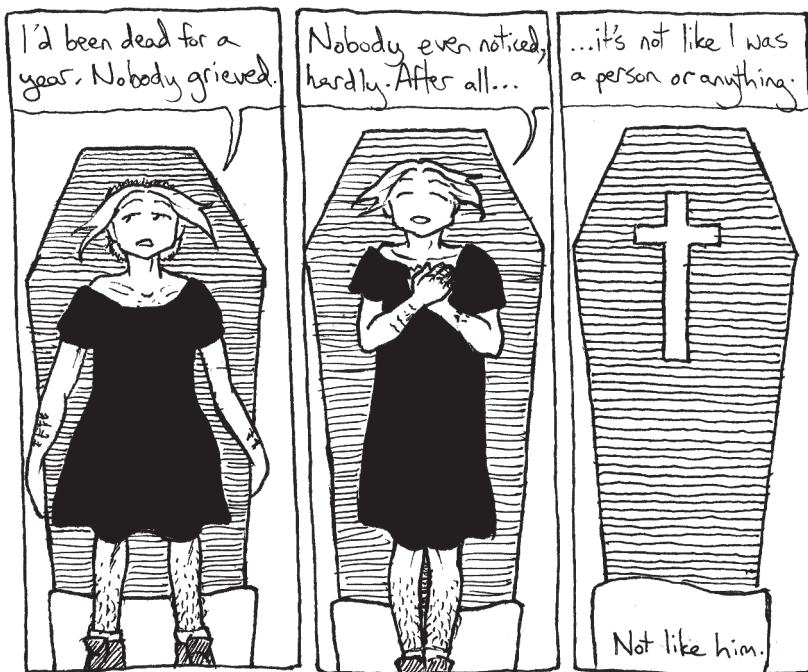
We felt nothing.
Except maybe anger.



4/21/2015

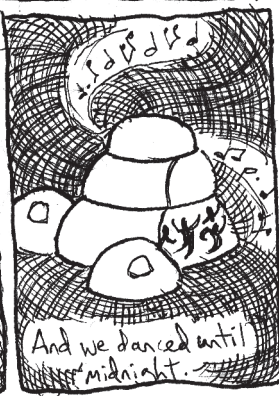


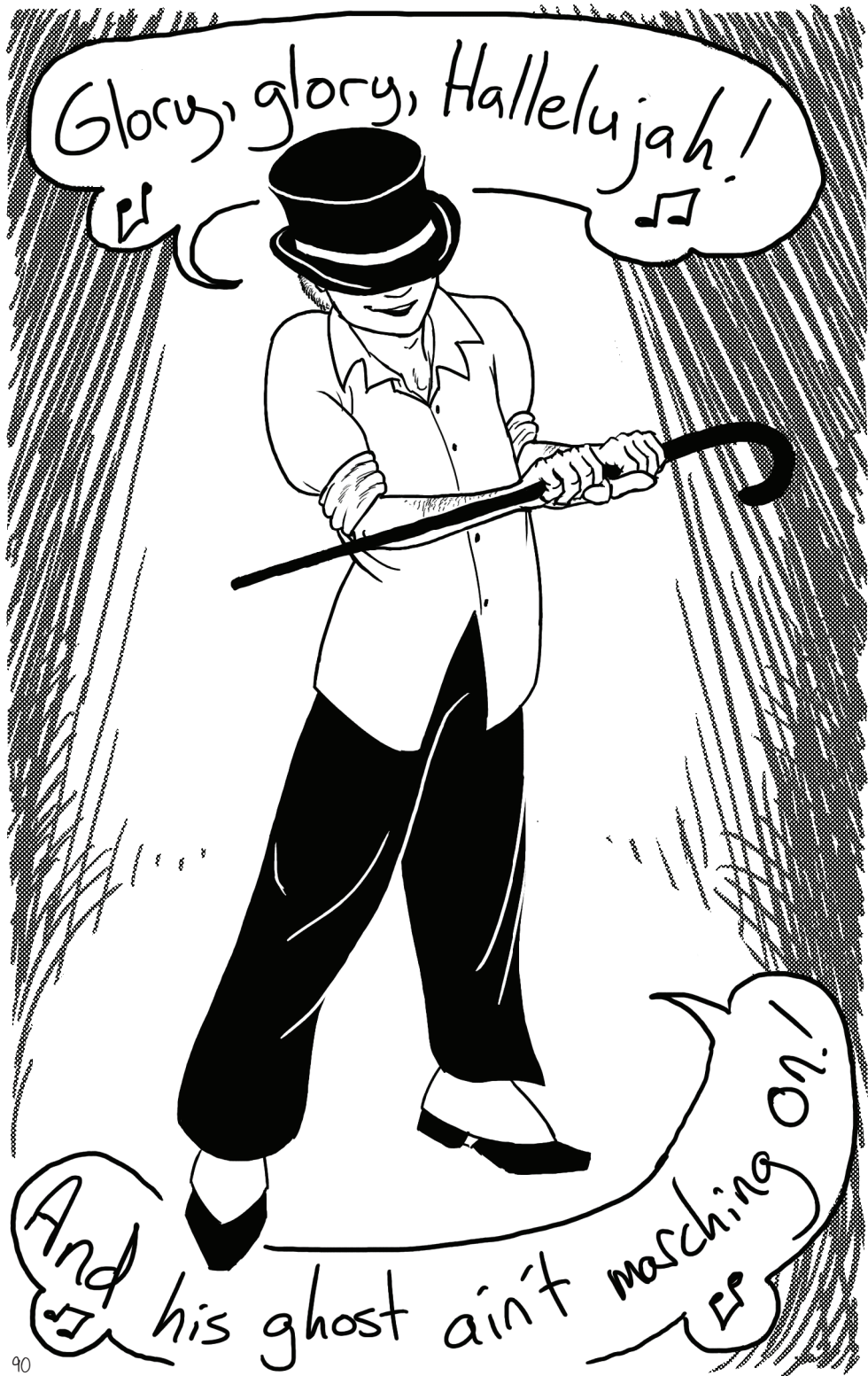




BECAUSE WE LIVE (and Part One's off to the printers!)

4/23/2015







ATHEIST HELL

It's not that I believe in Hell. I don't. I'm a steadfast atheist.



It's just that most of my post-death fits the popular conception of Hell.



It's easier to say 'Hell' than 'subconscious burning place where I'm forever reliving my death throes'.



But it's a psychological construct, not a spiritual one. God wasn't involved.



I died in agony and rage, humiliated and reduced to fuckmeat.



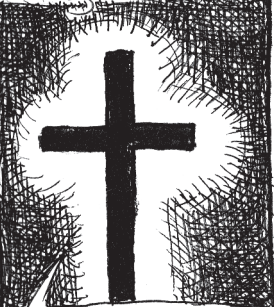
And I couldn't move on (literally) until that pain was acknowledged.



This isn't to say it's not real. Trust me, if I could've skipped it, I would've! Yay!



It's just God has nothing to do with it.



Stop blaming me, y'all.

Good thing too. A god like that, I'd be morally obliged to overthrow and kill.



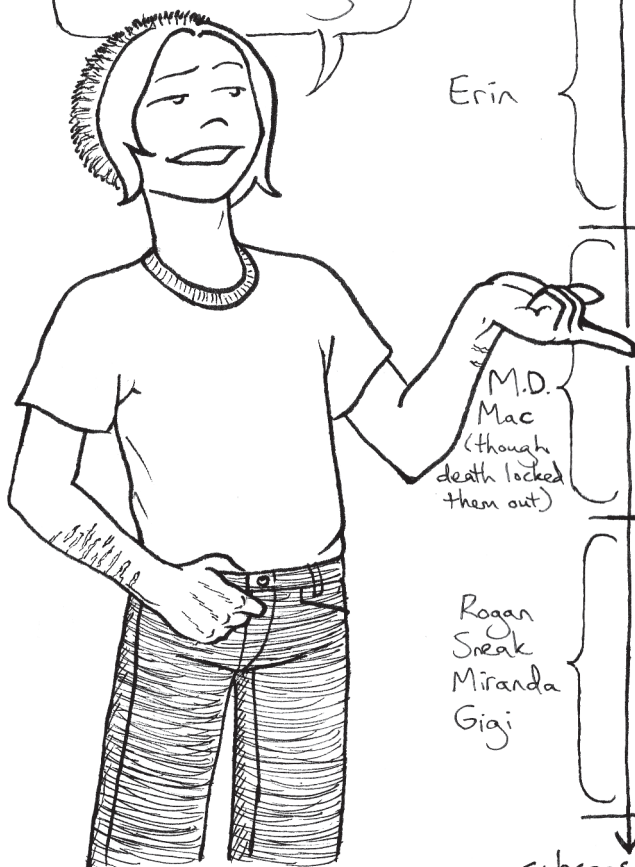
MAPPING REALITY

Okay, reality. For us, there are layers, internal worlds we can fall back on — some of us, anyway. The more subconscious a world, the more flexible and symbolic it is. The emotions and sensations in it are still very real, though.

You have to be careful with these worlds. Ignore them, and they'll fuck you up bad — apparitions and crap.

But you've gotta keep your feet on the ground too. It's a balancing act.

Falcon goes everywhere. He doesn't notice boundaries.



Erin

conscious

'Real' world

- DO NOT IGNORE!
- C'mon, you know what this is.



Infinity Smashed

- Writing project from our youth.
- Inner mythos.
- no longer accessible



The Void

- Headspace.
- Manifestation of subconscious.
- Apparitions, etc.

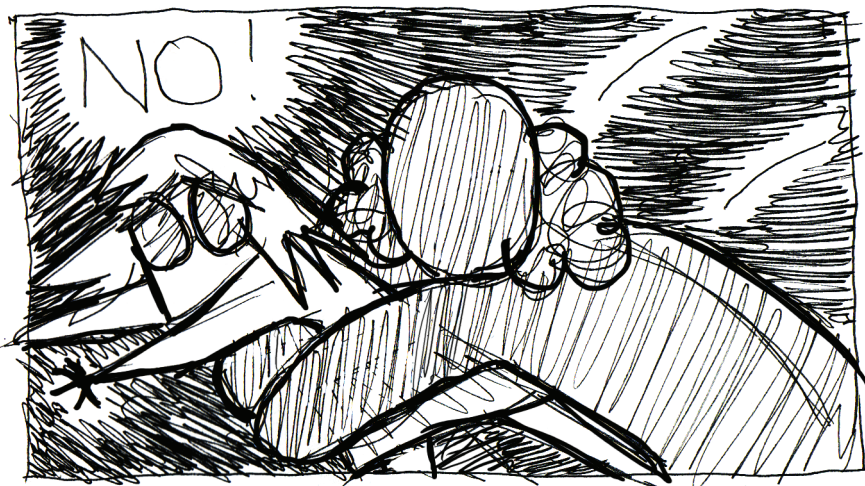
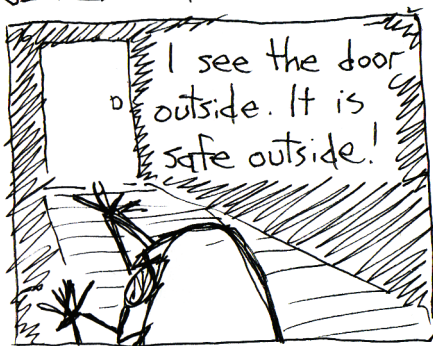
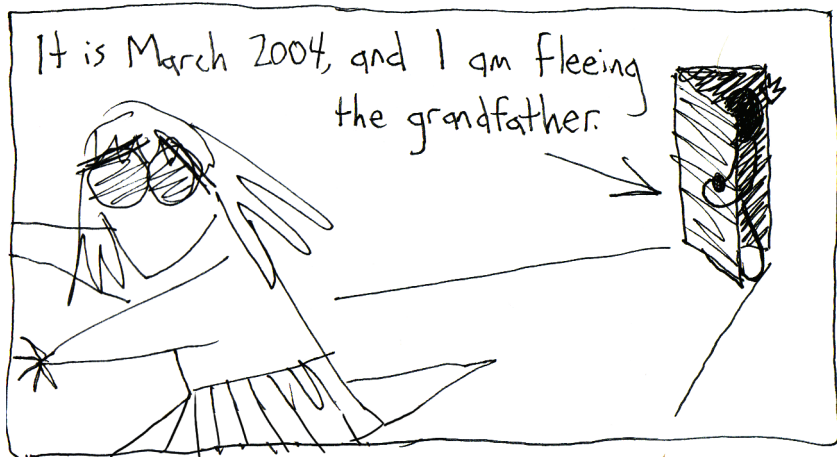


Dreams

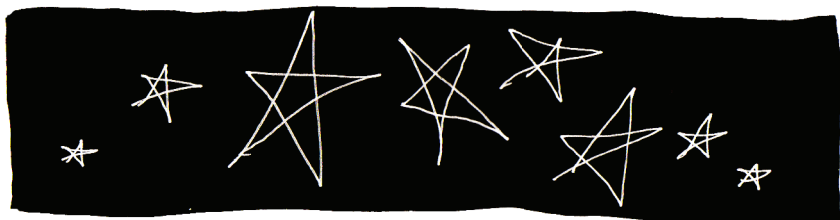
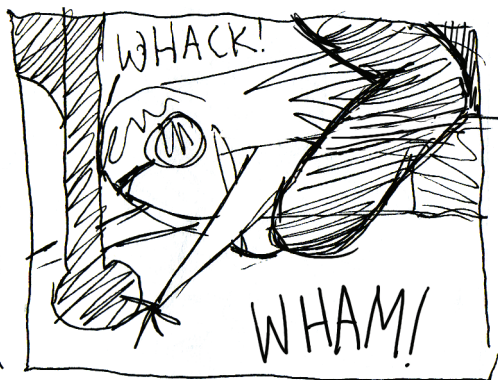
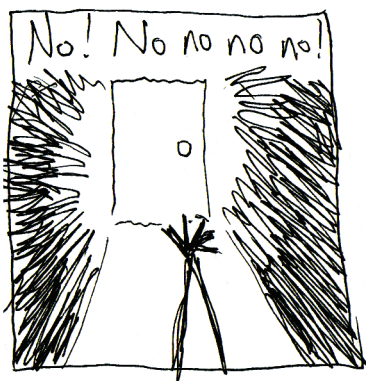
subconscious

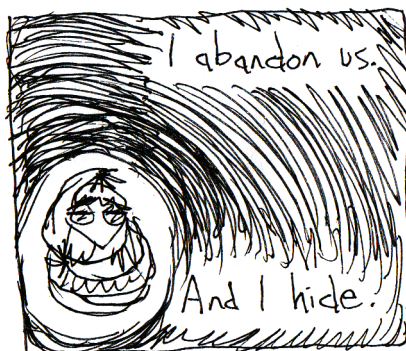
Rogan
Sneak
Miranda
Gigi

M.D.
Mac
(though
death locked
them out)

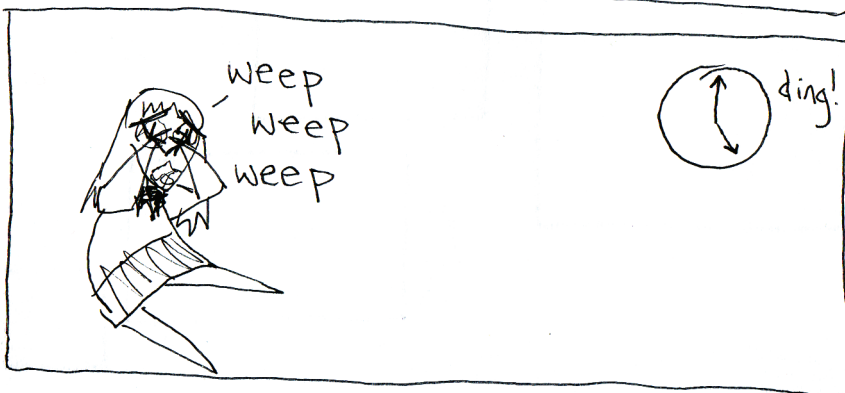
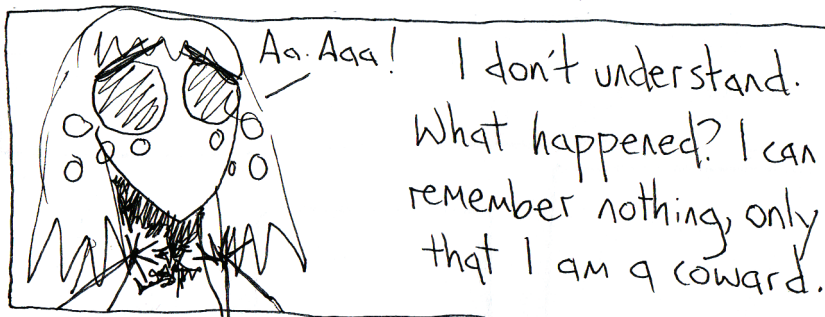
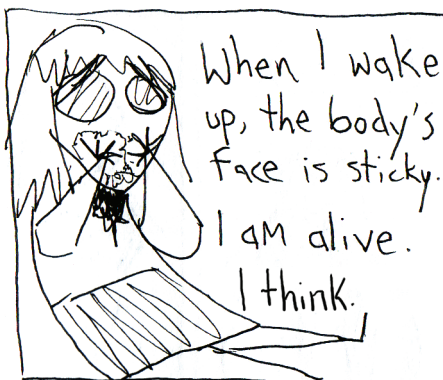


4/27/2015

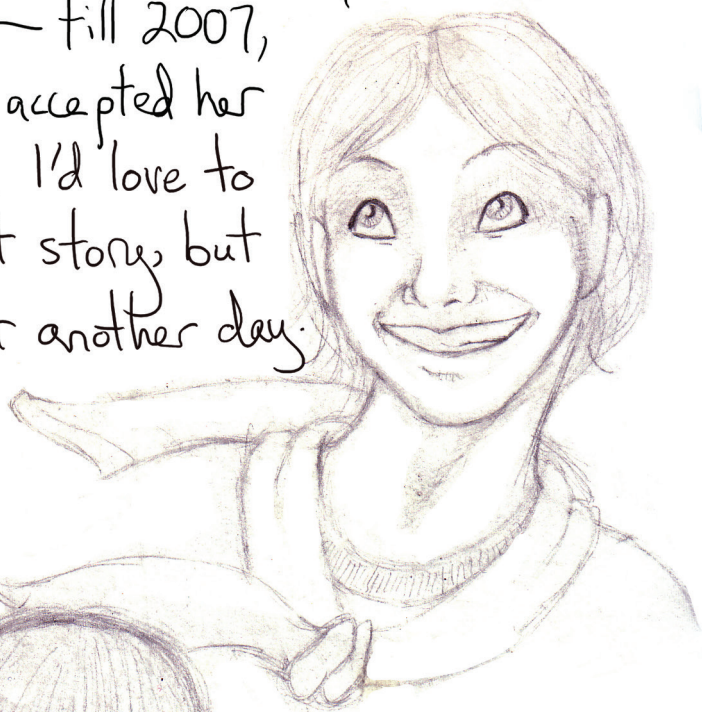




But my cowardice
has a price.



Gigi's stitches were a part of her a long time — till 2007, when she accepted her existence. I'd love to tell that story, but that's for another day.



Till then, have this art from November or December 2004, of Gigi and Sneak.

We went digging through our records,
and found this in our old spiral, from
spring/summer 2004.

Complex Staff (Ww)

"It's okay to love Grampa." My mom says as we
wait for Aunt Lois's giant Ford Explorer.

I'm silent. When she talks about That, I get
terrified but can't move. I want to cry, but it's
much harder to stifle my hysterical urge for
laughter. I feel dizzy, faint, dislocated.

"It's okay to love him." My mom repeats. "He
had some problems when he was young—but he's
an old man now. He's okay now."

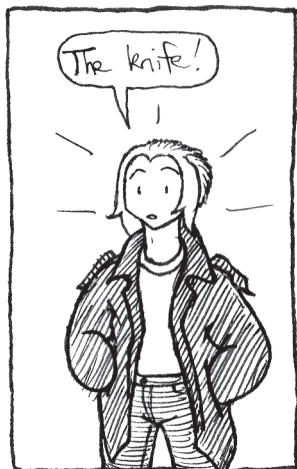
She has forgiven him. She loves Grampa. She
visits him often, speaks of him fondly.

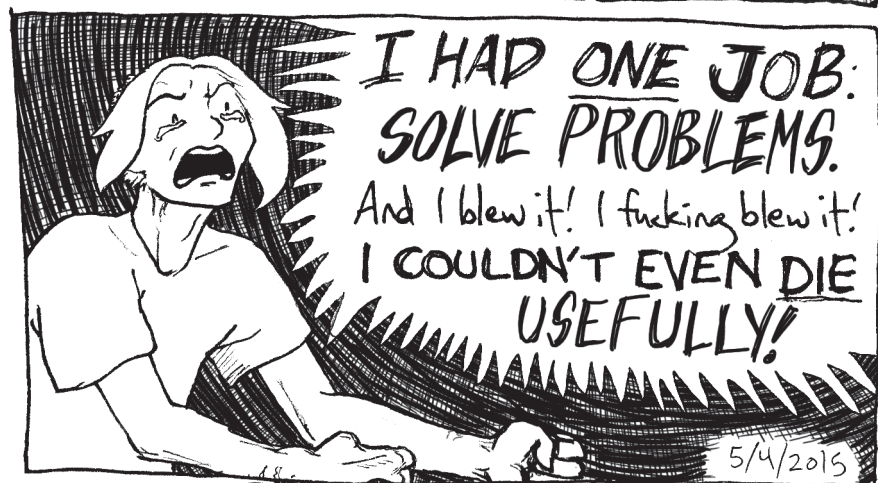
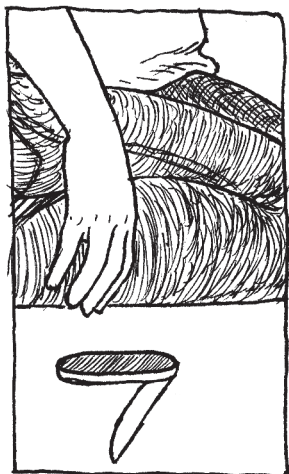
But he and — and him — caused her so
much pain. How can I — what'm I supposed
to feel? Love? Outrage? Sadness? Definitely
not fear. Grampa has only one kidney, and
his heart is controlled with a pacemaker. He can't
walk a block. I'm healthy and with my
brother's borrowed words "I'm deady for
short-distance running." But fear is what I
feel. I slipped a Swiss Army knife into
Miguel's (my beat up, torn, ragged leather jacket's
pocket, even though I know the most I'll need
it for is cutting open Advil packets.

My mom says it's okay to love him. But
how? My closest relatives, ones I loved, doing
That. It's wrong. Horribly intrinsically wrong.
It makes no sense. It's terrifying. How can
my mom forgive? How can she do it?

But perhaps, most terrifyingly at all, I had no
idea I was as clueless as a lobotomized Holmes.
And that's what makes me shriek with laughter
and tears at night. Because... which should I do?

5/1/15







5/5/15

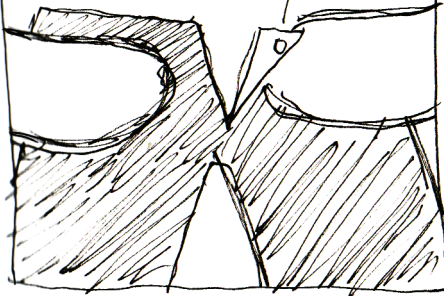
It is March 2004, and they are putting the fear of God in me.



Because M.D. fought back. They fear she'll tell.



They choke me to keep me in line. They are boss.



ba-dum

ba-dum



ba-dum

ba-dum

Is this how it ends? With her hand on my throat and his penis in my mouth?

Is this all there is?

No. I survive.

We survive.

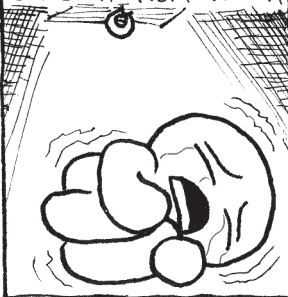


BINDING OF ISAAC

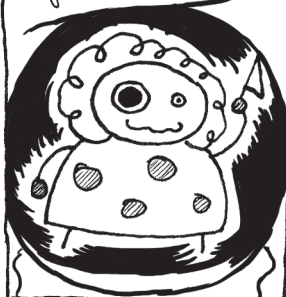
I've been playing a lot of a game called the Binding of Isaac.



You play a brutalized child, hiding in the basement from his mom.



Your mom plans to kill you. Your only weapon is your tears.



To grow stronger, you become monstrous. You hurt yourself...



...take drugs...



...and find things to make yourself cry more.



Anything to survive.

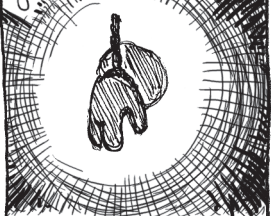
Sometimes, the Devil will show up, offer you deals.



God also shows up, but the Devil's more reliable.



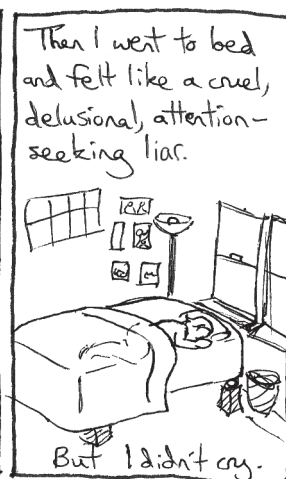
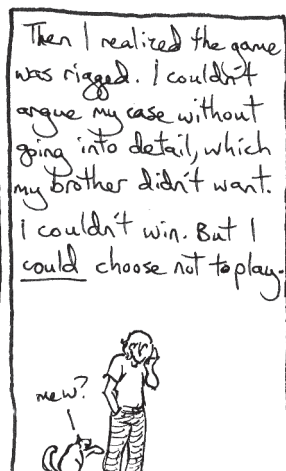
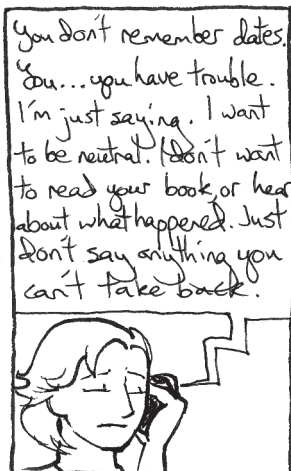
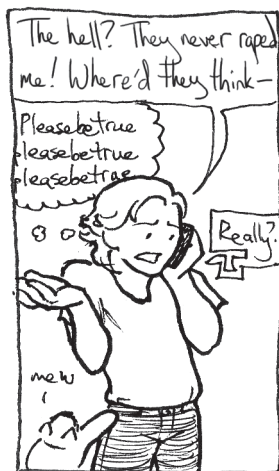
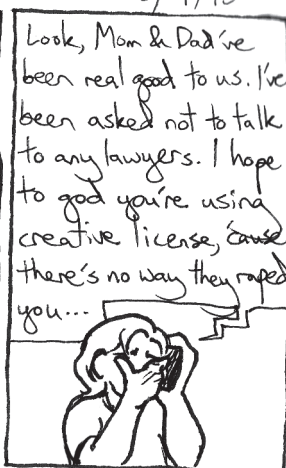
Sometimes you beat the game, only to kill yourself.



It's a surprisingly apt metaphor for what it's really like.

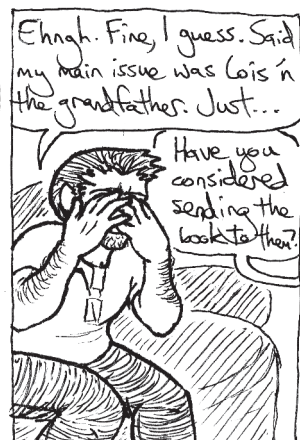
CRAZY & MEAN

5/4/15

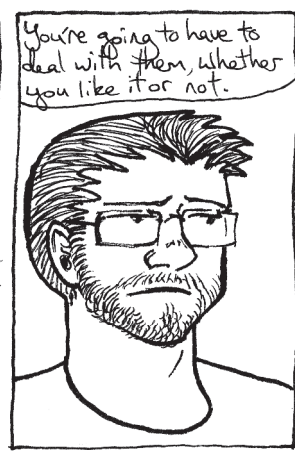
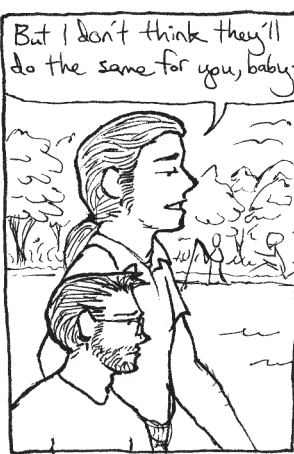
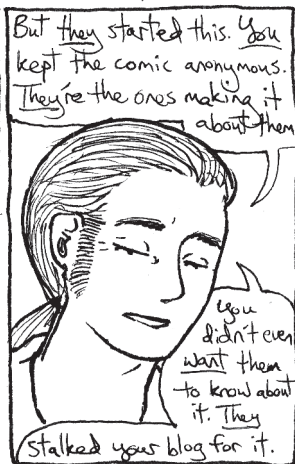


BACKLASH

5/20/2015



5/21/2015





Sketch Crawl Arboretum 5/22/2015

6/11/15



In some ways, our father has been the hardest to understand.

Mom's easy. She's never dealt with her own victimizations. Ours reminds her of hers, and she can't deal with it, so she pushes it away.

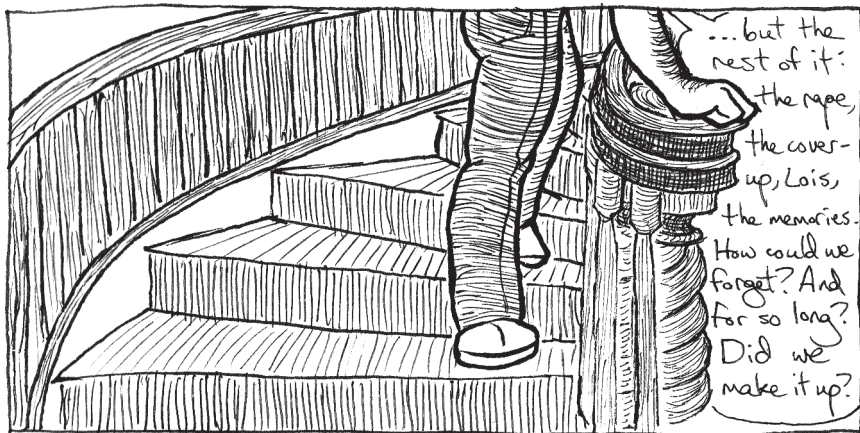
But Dad apparently really believes everything was great, until his firstborn cracked and suddenly started hating him, somehow.

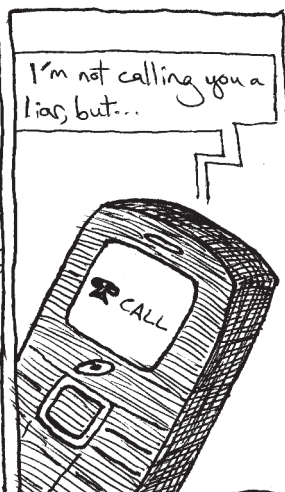
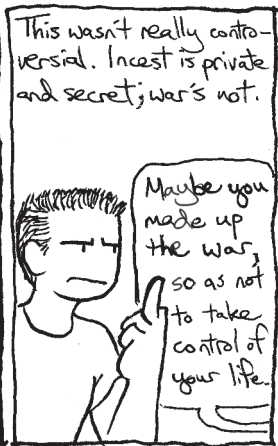
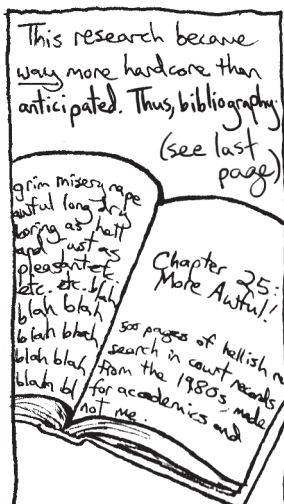


How do you explain that nothing was ever fine?

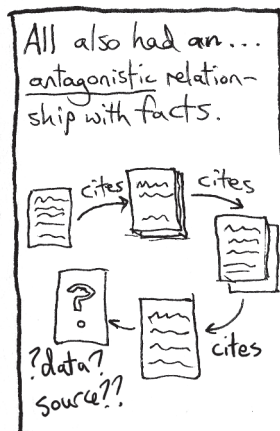
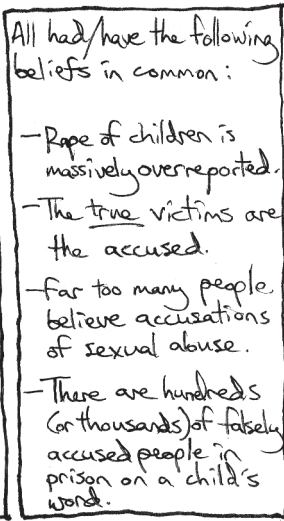
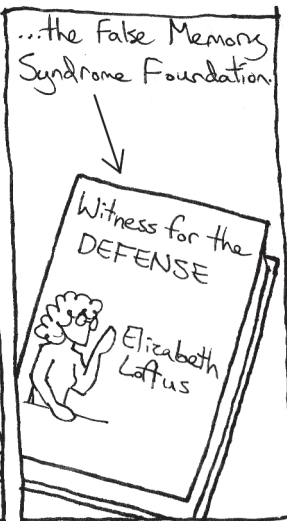
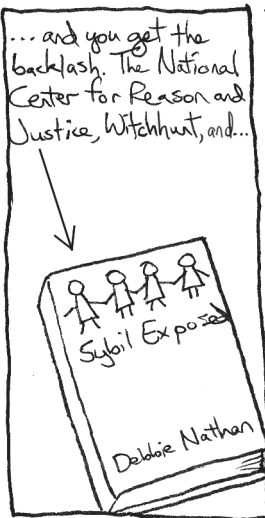
How do you explain you're not angry so much as sad? And disappointed?

THE RESEARCH PART





*Well, actually black women were publicly fighting rape in the 1890s. (See McGuire's At the Dark End of the Street.) But recovered memory wasn't part of it, just racism.



Peter Freud's wife is also his step-sister.

I'd never condone incest!



And he's admitted to being a 'kept boy' at nine, with alcoholic blackouts as an adult!

It wasn't abuse! I'm proud!



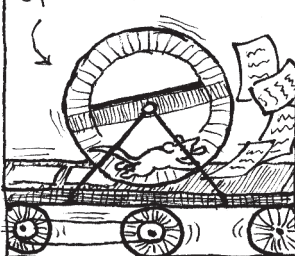
That he might have false memories (or lack thereof) isn't acknowledged.

I'm the victim! Me!



The FMSF were a failure, scientifically but they were a political success.

spin machine



They were grassroots, their debunkings academic.

Wait, but— Psh, don't listen to him! We're just like you!



And to many 'skeptics' FMS confirmed their biases.

Phew! Thank god it's not real! I'd have to care!



We're no exception. We read Loftus and Nathan credulously...

Me at seventeen



...not realizing their problems and criticisms.

supports father Shanley admitted and convicted child molestor, thinks child porn laws too strict



exposed Nathan

avoided ethics investigation by resigning.

Witness DEF

Which led me to ask:

Is there any corroborated case of recovered memories being true?



The answer? YES! For war, rape, and witnesses of murder!

Brown University
Recovered Memory Project

Prof. Ross E. Cheit

Brown University
Recovered Memory Project

Prof. Ross E. Cheit

Brown University
Recovered Memory Project

Prof. Ross E. Cheit

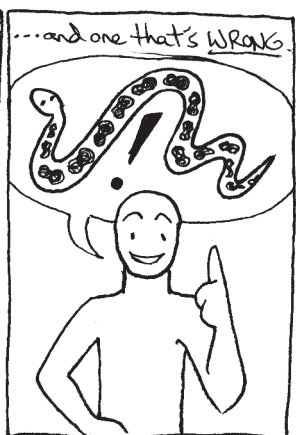
Studies are still limited, but seem to imply that recovered and normal memory are equally fallible.



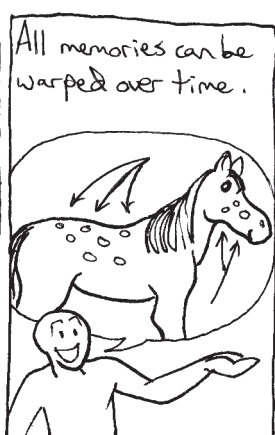
So take a cue from
your memory's general
accuracy.



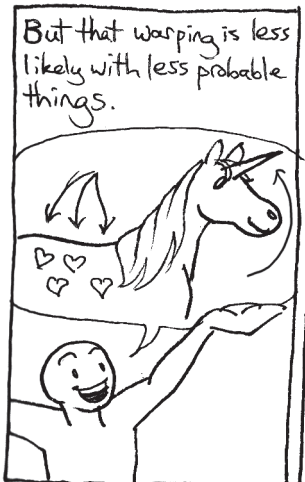
Also, there's a difference between a memory that's inaccessible...

A cartoon illustration of a person with a worried expression, their hands raised in a shrug. Above their head is a speech bubble containing a drawing of a horse's head and two question marks, indicating confusion or a lack of understanding.A cartoon illustration of a person with a large head and a simple body, standing with one hand on their hip and the other pointing upwards. Above their head is a large speech bubble containing a snake with a large exclamation mark on its back. The text above the speech bubble reads "...and one that's WRONG."

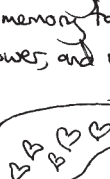
All memories can be warped over time.

A cartoon illustration of a man with a wide smile, wearing a simple t-shirt, pointing his right hand towards a horse. The horse is depicted inside a large, oval thought bubble. The horse has a white body with several brown spots and a brown mane. Two curved arrows point from the horse's body towards the text above, suggesting a connection between the memory and the visual representation.

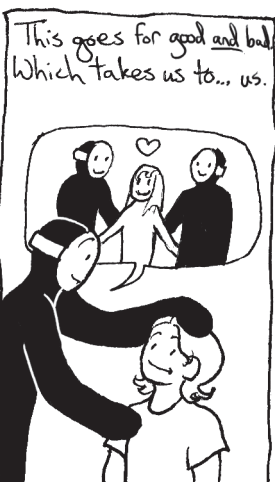
But that warping is less likely with less probable things.

A cartoon illustration within a rectangular frame. A man with a large head and a wide, happy smile is shown from the chest up, reaching his right arm upwards. Above him, in a space that looks like a sky with a horizon line, is a unicorn. The unicorn is facing right, has a single horn, and its mane is blowing in the wind, indicated by curved arrows. Three small hearts are floating in the space between the man and the unicorn.

Distorting or implanting a memory takes trust, power, and work.



This goes for good and bad
Which takes us to... us



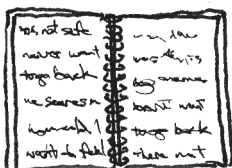
That the old man attacked kids, there's no question. Both parents and granny corroborated on these victims



Mom



Uncle J



journal entry of being told

Ditto the Phoenix trip and the sleeping together. Granny knew about that.

DEVIANART



LB's old Account



Featured

All

HISTORY

- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~
- ☐ ~~~~~

LB sez:

In Phoenix All Week

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
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~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

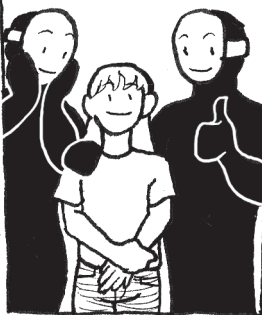
The only question is if he attacked us.



The thing is, I don't want it to be true. I want the memories to be false.



If they were, all I'd have to do is stop being crazy and we could be a happy family.



We are crazy. But our family was already broken, unhappy before that.



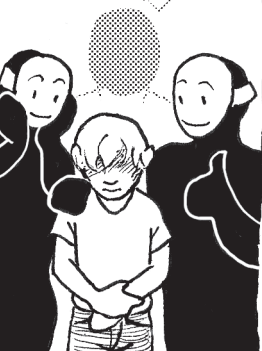
M.D.'s death. Gigi's stitches. How we became multi. We never understood why.



Every memory clarifies things. We're putting together the puzzle...

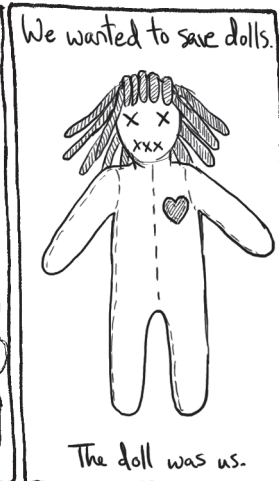
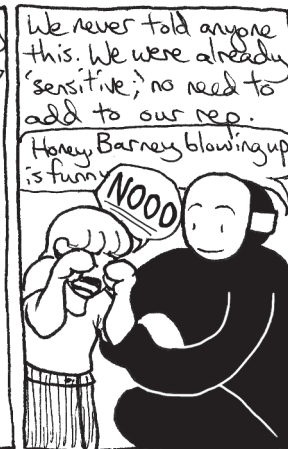


And the picture is horrifying.



HUMAN VODOO DOLL

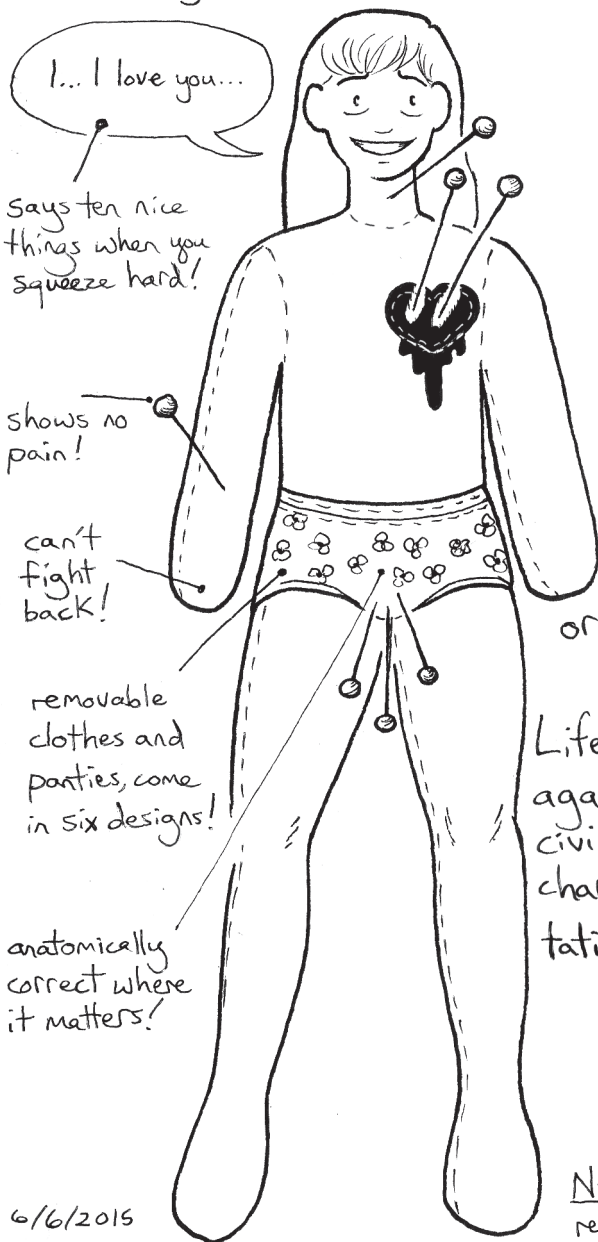
6/6/2015



Need to hurt something? Try our brand-new...

HUMAN Voodoo Doll!

"just like your kid, but better"™



I... I love you...

says ten nice things when you squeeze hard!

shows no pain!

can't fight back!

removable clothes and panties, come in six designs!

anatomically correct where it matters!

- no crying!
- no clean-up!
- no guilt!

Will always:

- love you
- fear you
- obey you

or your money back!

Lifetime warranty against damage, civil and criminal charges, and reputational inconvenience!

Note: some disassembly required

6/6/2015

6/7/2015



There is something in my head.
It is small, and, old and very, very dead.
I only got the most fleeting look.
Mostly, I hear it.

Apparitions can't talk. But all of them scream.

6/7/2015

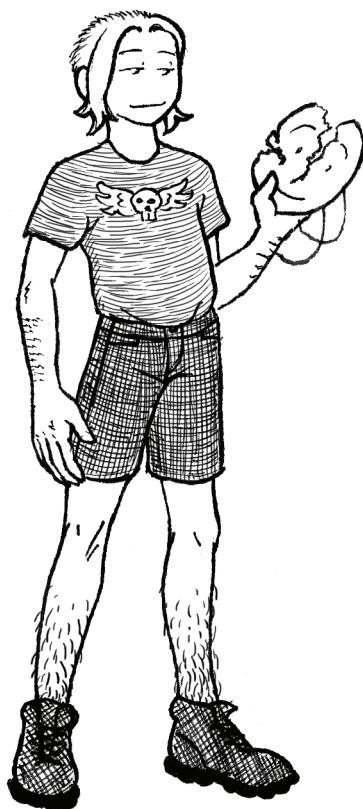


She is the Doll Girl.
She is five. She is next.
I hear her sobbing, howling.
My head is full of fog. I feel
heavy, tired, scattered.
Mom said he liked younger kids...

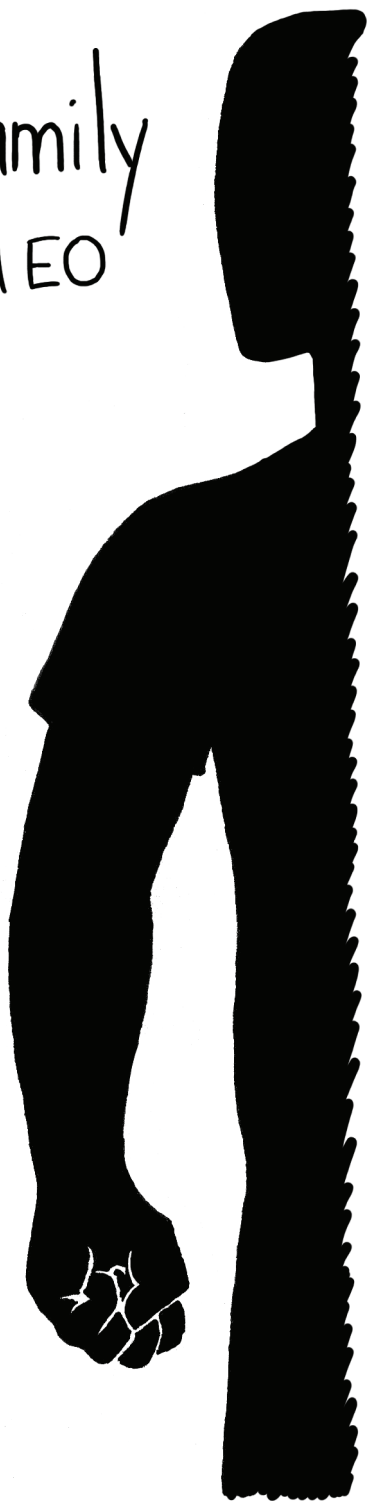


All in the Family

part three: Doll Girl and EO



LB Lee



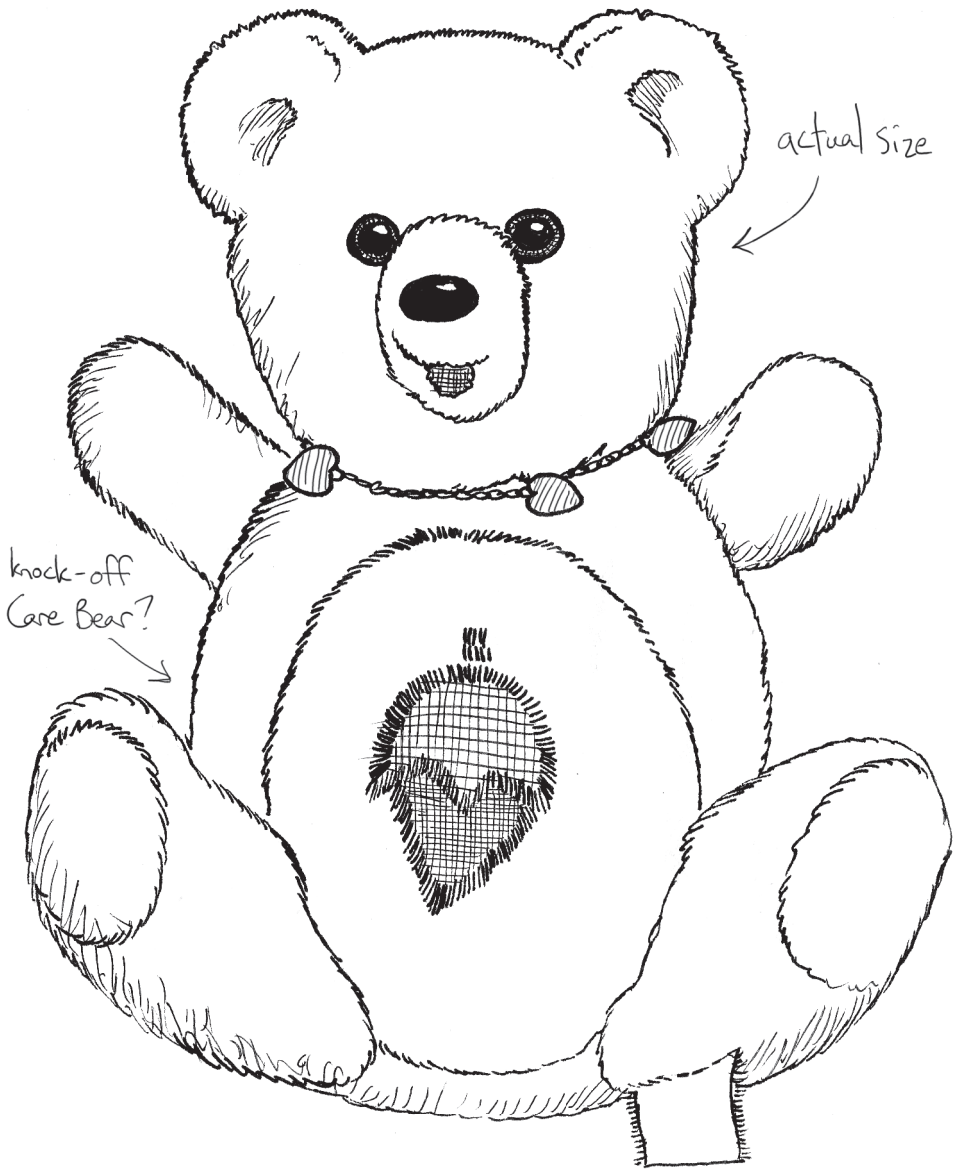


family Photo, early 1993

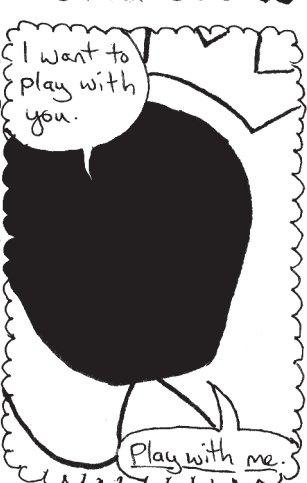
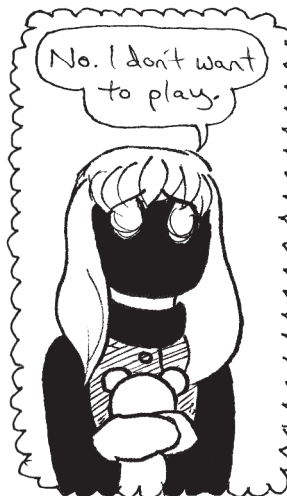
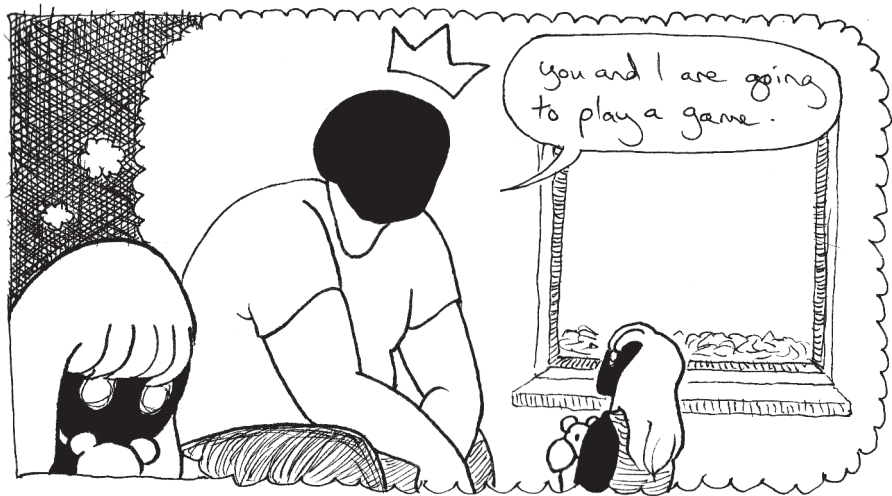
6/8/2015

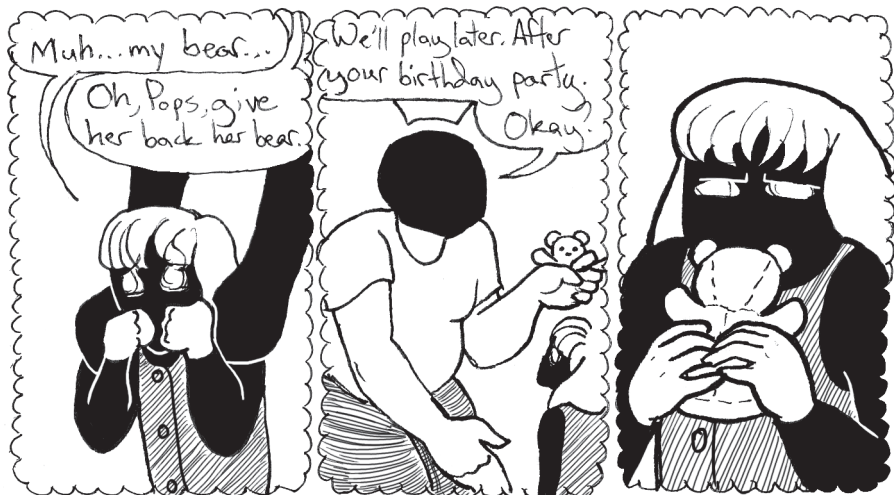
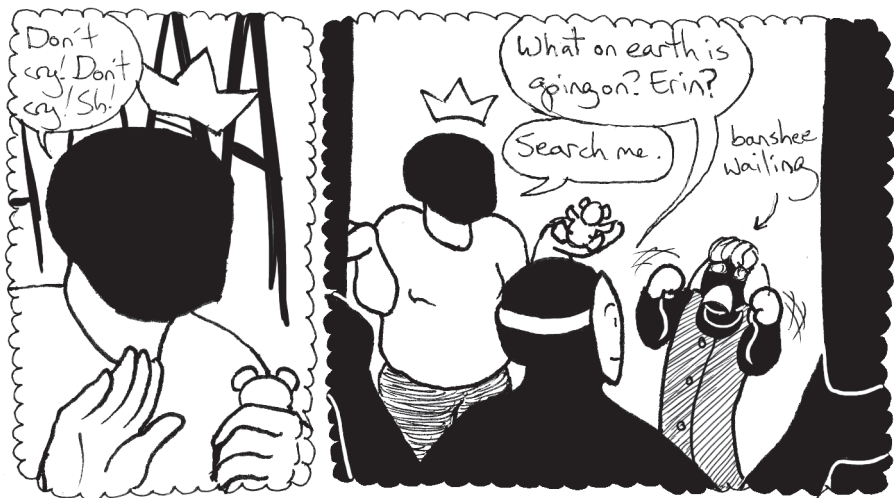


6/9/2015



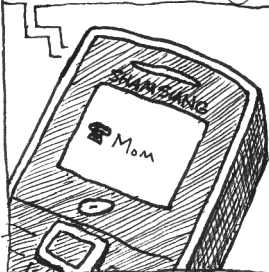
Yellow Bear was our cherished toy of childhood, one of the few we kept. He was the only toy we had left from Doll Girl's time, the only one I could think to give her, but it calmed her down right away...





Back in November, when we told Mom about the incest, she asked us...

Did Dad do anything?

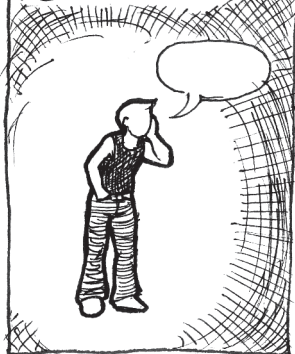


She meant our Dad. We remembered it, since it seemed so random...

Nooo...



...but it didn't seem important, what with all the other stuff.



But then, in June...

Just call him for Father's Day; you're breaking his heart—and mine!



No, Granny. But why?

He didn't do anything. He didn't rape you, right?



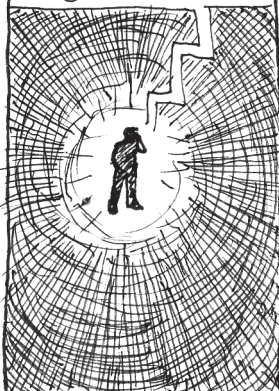
First Mom, then Bro, now this! Why does everyone keep asking?



What does Dad have to do with this? It's not like he...



He never did anything to you, did he?



...at this time, I do not recall him ever raping me.



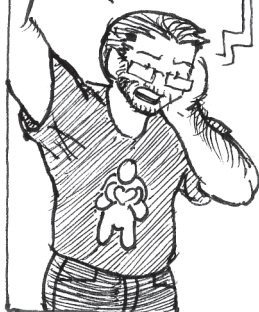
There, you see? Just one call. He's a sensitive man, even if it doesn't show.



Remember how he'd like to see you at college? How many fathers do that?



I'm sure if he knew... He knows, Granny!



He stalks my blog and sends me passive-aggressive email about it! HE FUCKING KNOWS.



Yes, but that's so public! Just one call, one private call; you'll work this out...



What if he died of a heart attack tomorrow? Then how would you feel?



A lot of my pals are suicide risks, Granny. I'm used to the idea of people I love dying!



worst human ever

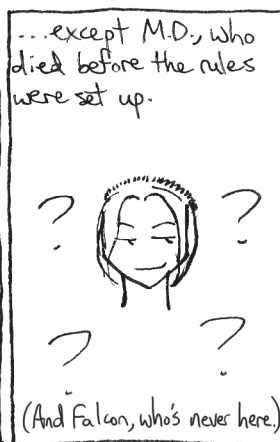
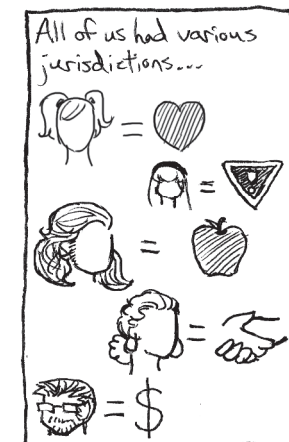


award





JURISDICTION (with Miranda!)



* We were on transit, and since we couldn't talk aloud, we wrote for clarity.

Normally our minutes are color-coded, but this is a B/W book, so...tags!

6/28/15

Mir: M.D. has called a full-system meeting to discuss taking jurisdiction re: the parents. Her argument is that Rogan's stonewall tactic isn't working, and since he never called for a united system decision regarding the last email/calls, he has to argue his case as well. Thus far, I have argued that I have superior jurisdiction (Diplomacy) and therefore have the right to delegate as I wish to her, with my oversight. M.D. has agreed to this.

Ro: Look, you guys have all the reason to do this, but I think it's a bad idea. They'll never leave us alone.

M.D.: Too late for that.

Ro: They'll escalate.

M.D.: They already have, dude. Me, Mir, and Mac have already voted in my favor.

Regardless, what can they do? Push ~~us into~~ Granny and **Bro** at us? They already have! Send a lawyer? ~~Yes~~ No case. Make a bash site? Oh no, I'm shaking.

Ro: I don't know, but I do know it can always get worse.

M.D.: Yeah, I'll bet that's what Europe thought when Hitler started moving in. I'm not being their roll-over anymore.

In a way, it's my fault they're harassing us. I called them — or got you to, anyway. So it ~~is~~ should be my job to deal with the consequences.

Mir: I agree completely.

Ro: You've already voted.

M.D.: We can always go back to your strategy if mine fails. We've gone public, dude. There's no turning back.

Sneak: Do you promise to be nice?

I know they've done terrible things. I know. But if you promise not to flame them, I'll vote for you.

M.D.: Define flame.

Sneak: Saying things purely to upset or hurt them. You — you can be critical. You can be mad. But you need to have more reason to speak to them than that, or they'll just manipulate us again. When we're furious, we make mistakes that — that could really hurt us.

This is really hard for me.

Mir: You're doing well, sweetheart.

Sneak: They've done bad things, and that's not okay. But that doesn't give us free reign to treat them as badly as we want. We don't have to be nice, but we must do right.

If you agree to that, I'll vote for you.

M.D.: Deal.

Sneak: Okies! ^ ^

M.D.: Gigi?

Gigi: I'm thinking.

M.D.: That's cool. I've already got majority, since Falcon doesn't count. What's your deal, Roger? You afraid we'll look bad?

Ro: No!

M.D.: You afraid more of your so-called friends will treat you like shit about it?

Ro: No

M.D.: Then what is your fucking deal? I've given tons of reasons for my plan, and the best you've come up with is some vague, "it could get worse" when it already has.

I think Dad knows something, and we won't squeeze it out of him by ignoring him. Give me one good, concrete reason to.

Ro: You're right, okay? I don't have a good

fucking reason. I'm afraid of them. Afraid they'll fuck with my head again and get me back. Afraid they'll build a relationship with us again until we're back to being their smiling robot golem child again. Okay? Get it? That's fucking why.

M.D.: See, now that's actually a reason. It's wrong but not total bullshit.



Then it's settled.

They're gonna regret not killing me properly.



It didn't take long for her to get started...

TEXTS WITH MOM

6/22/15 9:54 AM: Thinking of u. Love u. Mom

6/29/15 1:10 PM: So. Have you called Aunt B yet about lois?

6/29/15 (time lost): I'm not certain I know what you mean.

6/30/15 9:26 AM: Don't be forgetful. Lois raped me too and she has constant access to kids. You said you would call Aunt B. Do something about it.

6/30/15 9:27 AM: Also, I have a question. When I told you about this, you asked if dad had attacked me. What midd [sic] you ask that?

6/30/15 4:17 PM: I did speak to Aunt B. I never asked if [DAD] did anything to you. I will never ever believe that he did.

7/2/15 12:16 PM: Thank you. What did Aunt B say?

7/2/15 3:15 PM: [SHE] does not believe anything happen with Lois. I am willing to communicate with you but I am not willing to be an information gatherer. I have no interest in helping you pursue a vendetta against [MY] family.

7/6/15 11:41 AM: Do you believe me?

She never answered.



EMAIL WITH DAD

don't understand

 @netzero.com via netzero.net 9:47 PM Jun 10   

to me 

I spent much of my life trying to give you a good life. So, why do you hate me? I would have never predicted our current (lack of) relationship. I always thought that we communicated well. I don't get it at all.

  12:55 PM Jun 29   

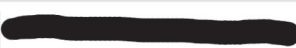
to  

What makes you think this is about you?

  7:12 PM Jun 29   

to me 

Uh, because you don't communicate with me? Why don't you give me a call some time? I'm okay.

  4:40 PM Jun 30   

to me 

I should have asked what "this" referred to. In my response, "this" referred to lack of communication. Given what you've texted Mom, I worry that it might mean something more sinister to you.

I ask that you be very sure before you make accusations. Judging from some of your posts about "discovered memories", I worry that you are creating a horrible make-believe world. I have to say that I never saw any indications that terrible things were happening to Erin when she was living with us. I may be unobservant, but I don't think that I'm that unobservant.

Given that you lived with me for over 18 years, you should know both in your heart and in your mind that I am a basically honest, trustworthy, and good man. You should talk to me.

  1:50 PM Jul 10   

to  

If you forgot about Jeff, then you ARE that unobservant.

She also teamed up with Miranda
to cut off our granny.





→ new email address, new subject line: "your filters suck".

to me ▾

Jul 12 ☆

Everybody filters the info they receive. "Close-minded" people restrict information to mostly those things that agree with what they already feel, and ignore or discount conflicting information. As a consequence, they find what they are looking for. If you spend all your time trying to establish that your life is/was crummy, I'm sure you could. However, it's self-defeating. If you spent your time trying to establish that your life is/was good, I'm sure you could.



ESCAPE OBJECT

7/8/2015

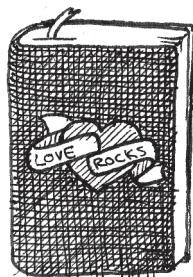
Doll Girl wasn't the only apparition around. Once she got Yellow Bear, she calmed down.



We also had this.



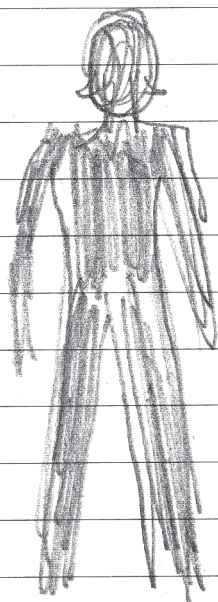
Its name was Escape Object, and it first appeared in a nightmare.



new dream journal

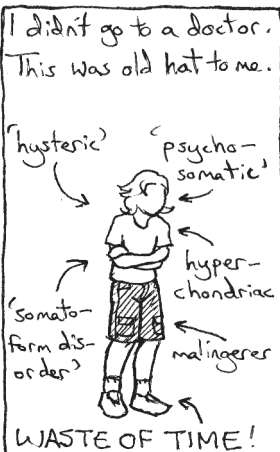
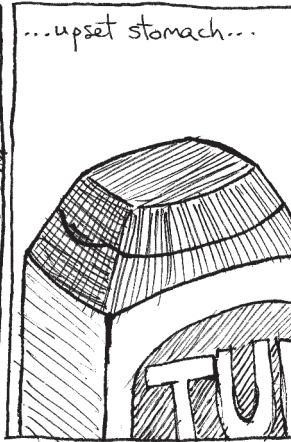
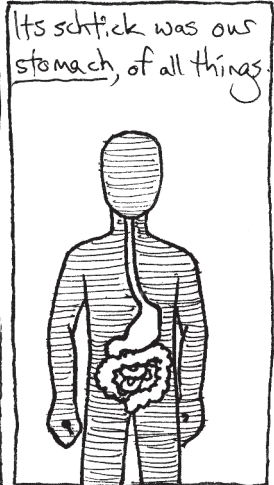
6/21 A

Would you like to return with an escape item?

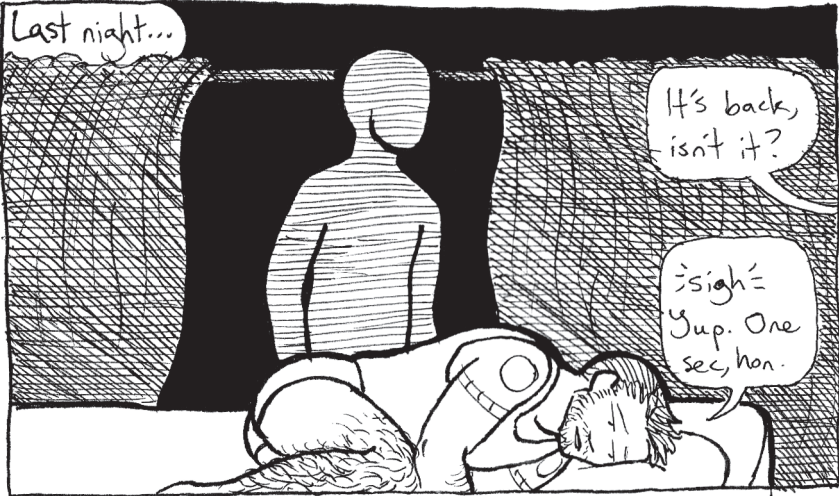


3:44 AM

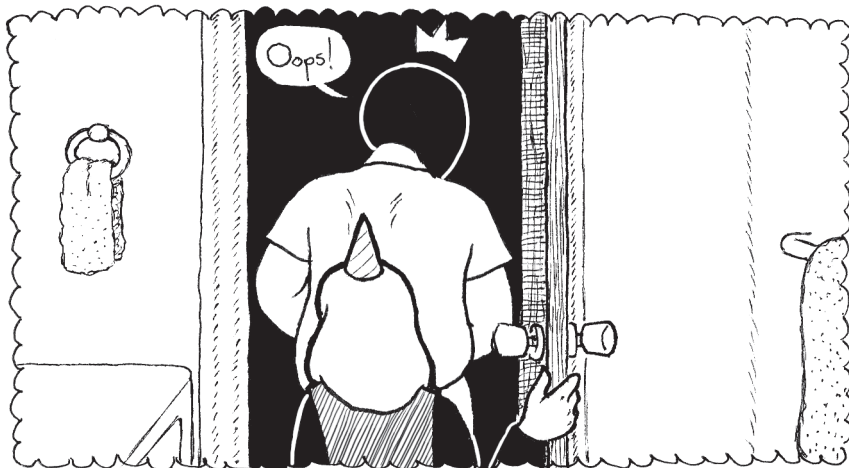
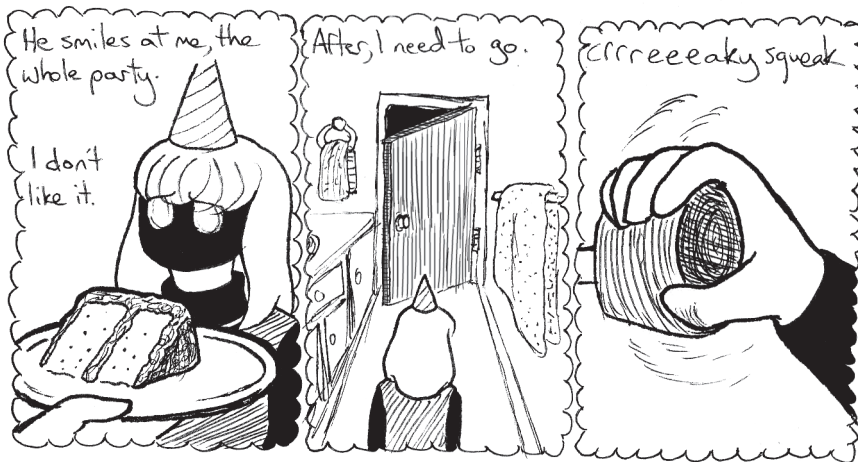
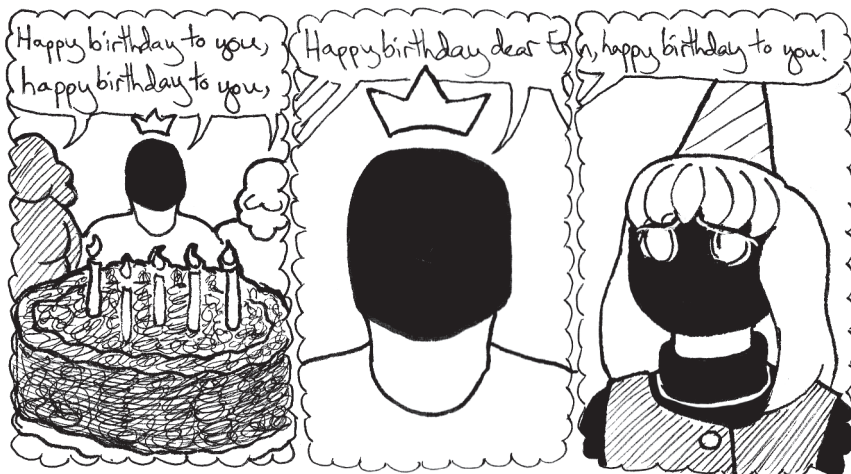
7/8/15



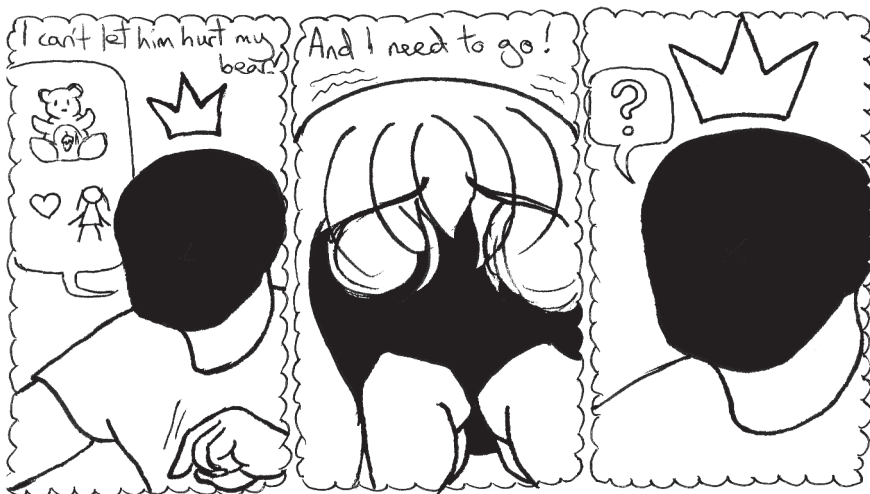
7/9/15



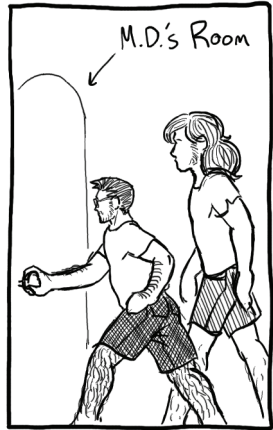
7/19/15



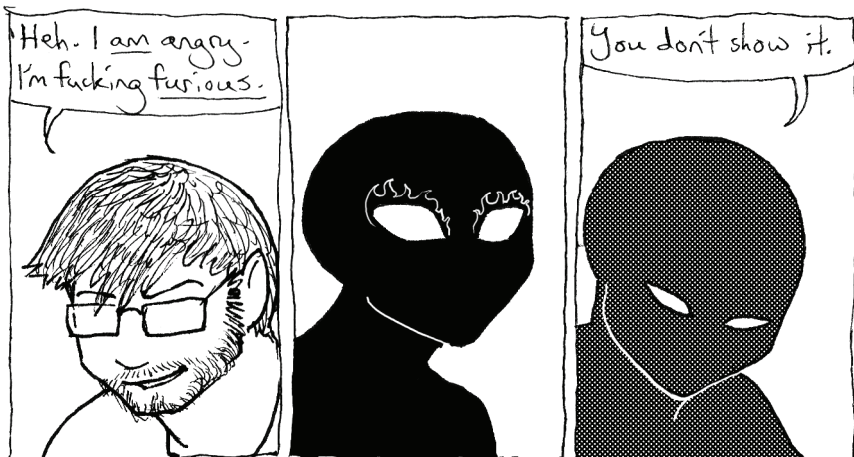
7/19/15



So I did not scream.



7/20/15



7/20/15

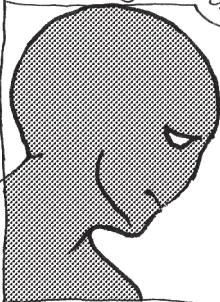
And have two loonies raving and frothing at each other? No thanks.



I can't afford to be upset right now. I'll cry in Mae's arms later, no worries.



I used to use my anger to hurt people. I'm never doing that again.



The grandfather's dead. I can't even kill him.



Would the satisfaction really be worth him still being here?



...no. Still, though. Still.



Hey. You just made it through a rage fit without hurting yourself or me.

whump



Congratulations.



By the end of 2003, I was falling apart.

ON'T
EED
THE
RATS

fuck
you /
wanna



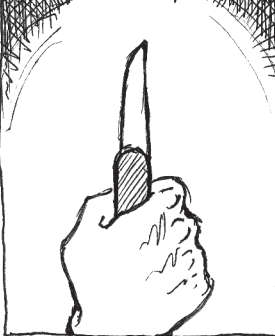
7/21/15

You have to understand,
I was a failure, both
in the real and imaginary
world.



I was so angry...

...and the only thing that
calmed me was pain.



As long as I didn't hurt
our body, who cared?



It's not like I was real.

None of it was real.
Not me, not my pain...



...not my anger...



... not the world that
was my only comfort.



I was nothing.



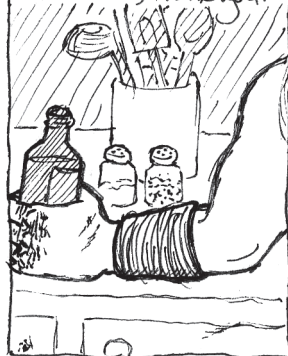
By the end, no one had much use for me in either world...



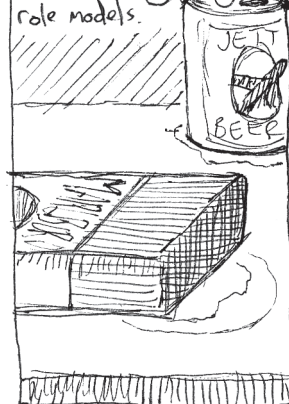
Except him. I camped out in the story world with him, when reality got too bad.



He was a godawful role model, thank god.



I'd had enough of good role models.



Omelets for breakfast.



Not hungry. Too bad.



He was a violent drunken asshole, and I miss him.



Shut up and eat.

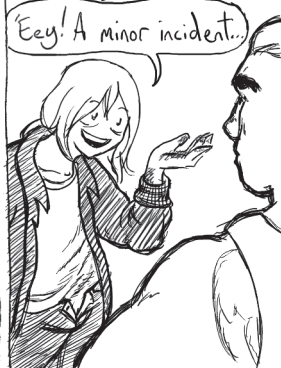
Because at least he gave a shit whether I lived or died.



Tastes like shit!

Shat in it just for you.

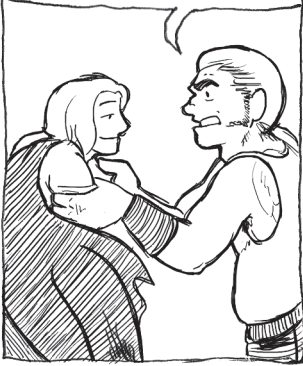
Which is why when Lois and Grampa were done with me, I went to him.



Eey! A minor incident...

7/23/15

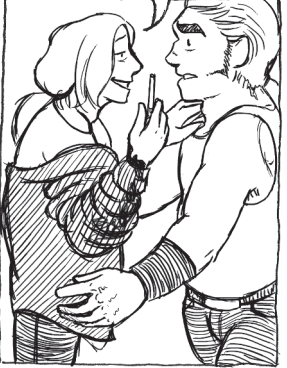
What did you do? TELL
ME WHAT YOU FUCKIN'—



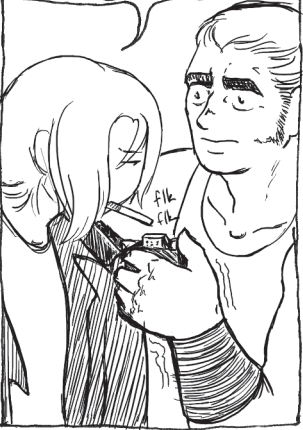
I solved problems.



Light my cigarette? My
hands aren't working...



Biff, lie to me. Tell me
everything will be okay.



Psh, you're not even trying.



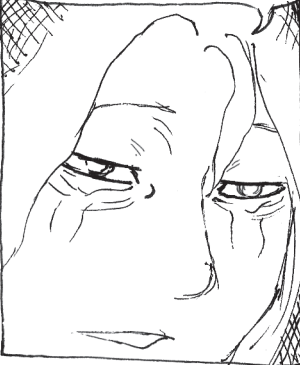
Let me show you how
it's done.



Everything's fine.

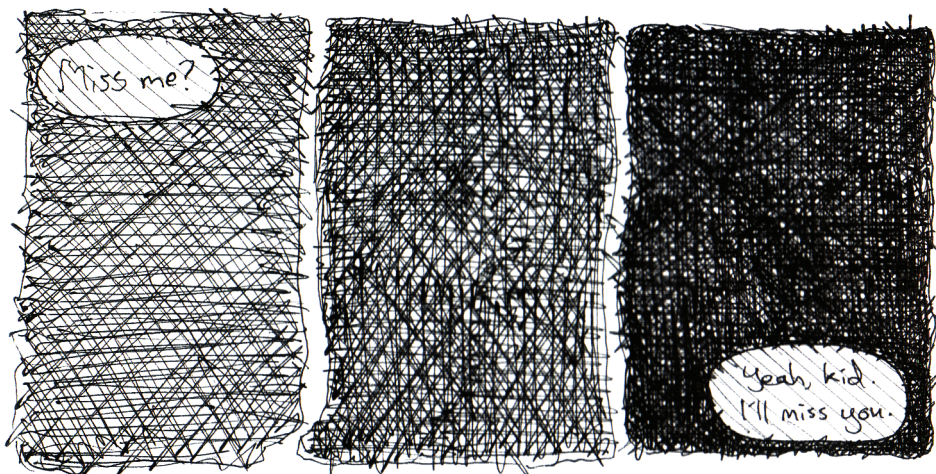


Everything's gonna be fine.



It's all going to end now.





And then there was nothing.

Only fire.

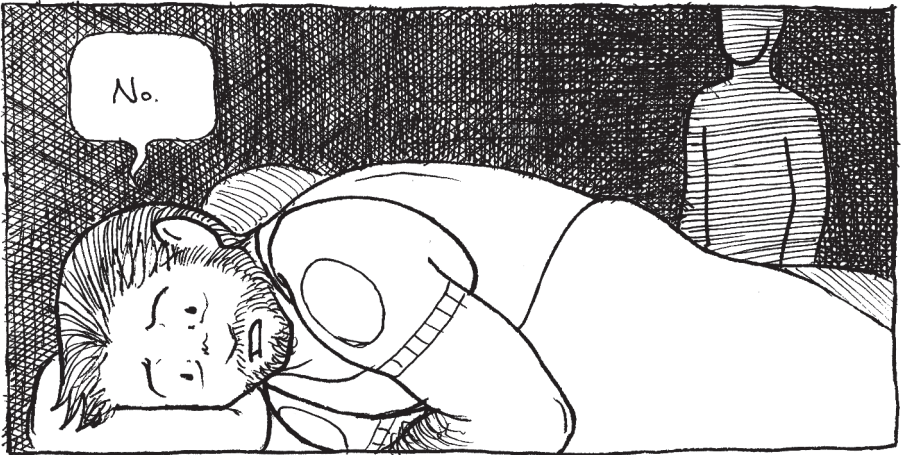
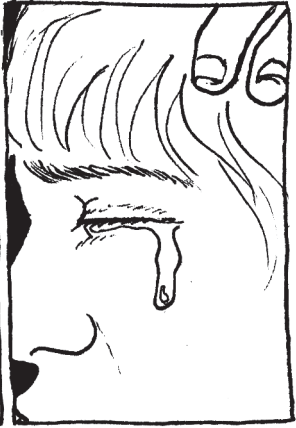
At least we now had some context
for old art like this



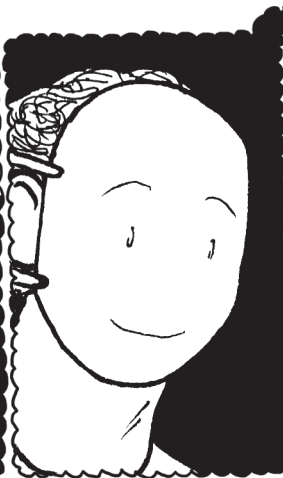
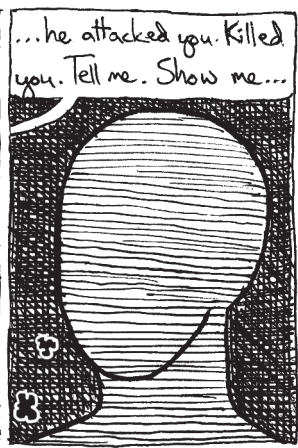
BALE

12/14/03

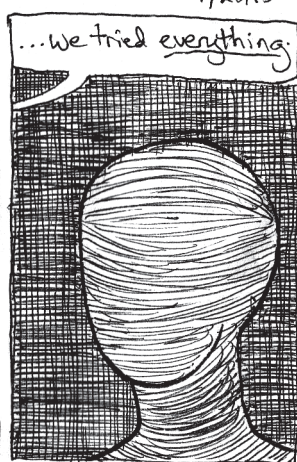
7/27/15



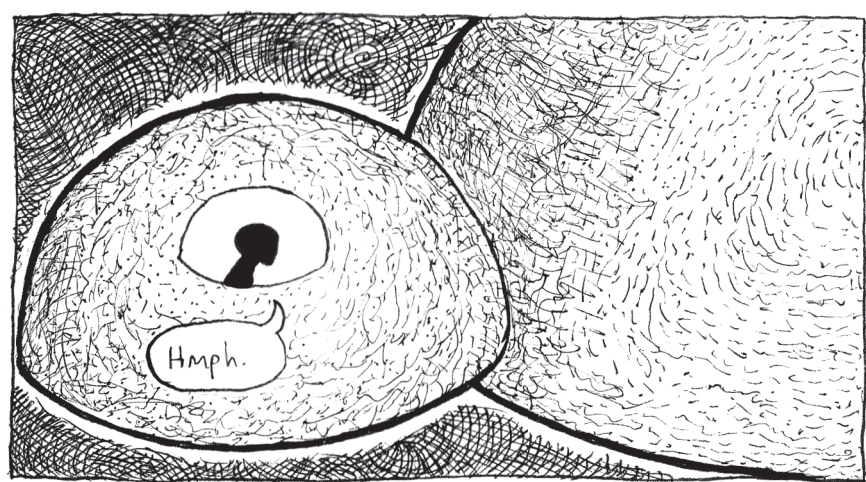
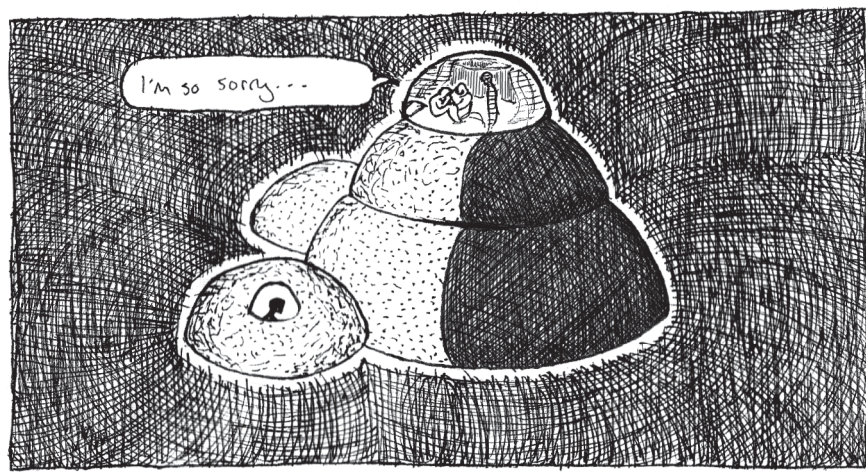
7/28/15



7/28/15



7/28/15



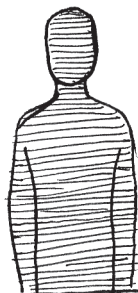
Well, no need to talk to Dad anymore.

Hope our stomach acid
burned, you son of a bitch.

7/28/2015

DOUBT

It has been eight days
since Escape Object.



The nightmares have
faded, and the gut pain.



For now.

But I know they'll come
back.

I have drawn nothing,
written nothing. The
words slip like sand
through my fingers.



People say that my work
is brave and honest.



But I'm not. I'm plagued
by fear and doubt!



How could our aunt, who
teaches underprivileged
kids, do this to us?



How could our father,
who talked science and
philosophy with us?



I feel so uncertain.



And maybe, that's okay.

Some of the memories are so old, they predate our records and can't be checked.



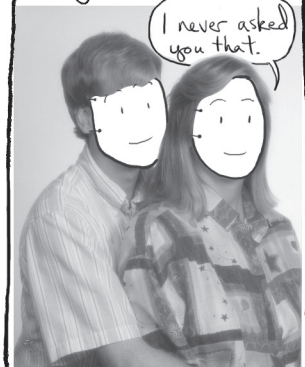
Others are so devoid of context, we don't know when they might've occurred.



In some cases, the only other witness is dead.



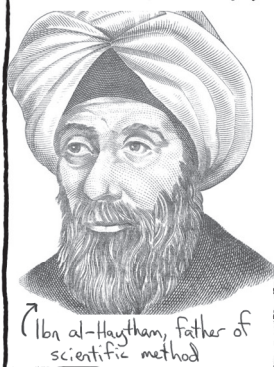
In others, there's no chance of getting an answer.



In a family where reality is constantly rewritten, doubt is natural. How could it?



It's important I test our memories. That's reason.



↑ Ibn al-Haytham, father of scientific method

And I can do it respectfully.

Sorry can't comfort you 'til you win your case in court.

WAAAAH!



The memories may not be true, but they're still here, still need dealing with.



COCKBLOCK FOREVER!

So I will do my best to make my peace with doubt, and record it diligently.

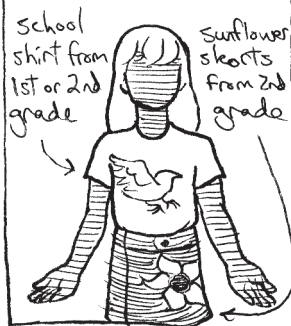


Note: I hate removing their faces. It's so dehumanizing. But I don't know how else to keep them recognizable and anonymous. So I'll deface us too, to be fair.

THE SUMMER OF '96

8/11/13

Judging by what it wore,
EO would've died in '96.



Dad didn't pretend what
he was doing was fun,
loving, or a game, like
Grampa.



He seemed angry. Like
was punishing us...



...or maybe our mother.
After all, she was the one
who first asked about it.



But then she rewrote it
out of existence, like usual.



I wonder what Dad
told her in the meantime.



That summer, at the age
of eight, we were sent to
sailing camp, alone.



We were so excited that
we didn't wonder why Dad
didn't visit his parents.

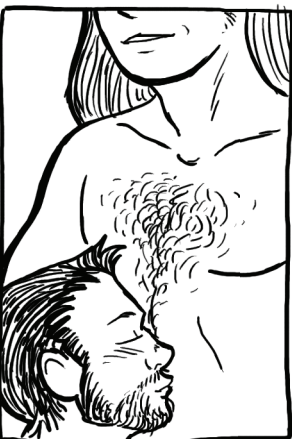


Or why Bro didn't come.



SHINING ARMOR

8/13/15



8/13/15





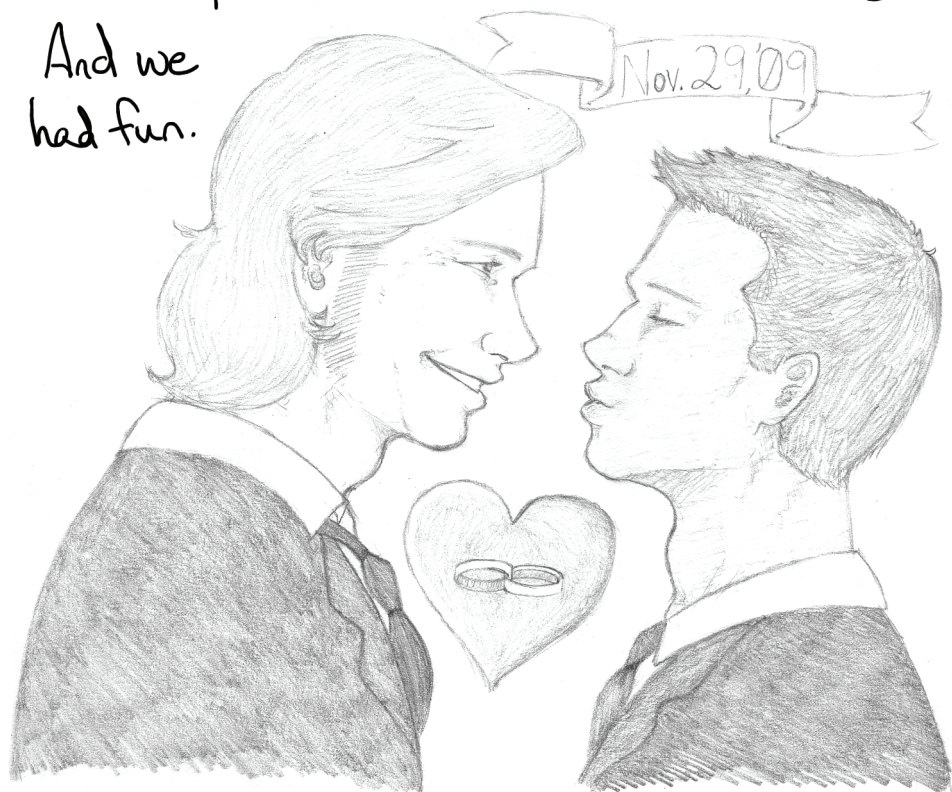
One day, this will all be over.
Until then, there is you and me, summer and starlight.
And that is enough. You are enough.

How can I describe the feeling of seeing my own agony reflected in my husband? He'd bottled his pain, not wanting to co-opt my experience. Now I held him as it all gushed out.

Afterward, I encouraged Mac to take a break from my shit—have fun, play with Sneak and work out with Falcon, get some rest. He was my husband, not my caretaker. He resisted, but we both knew he needed the time off.

A couple weeks later, we had a date night.

And we
had fun.



from: [REDACTED]

« back to search options

When a message arrives that matches this search:

- ☐ Skip the Inbox (Archive it)
- ☒ Mark as read
- ☐ Star it
- ☒ Apply the label: Toxic Waste ▾
- ☐ Delete it
- ☐ Never send it to Spam
- ☐ Always mark it as important
- ☐ Never mark it as important
- ☐ Categorize as: Choose category... ▾

Update filter

Cancel



from: [REDACTED]

« back to search options

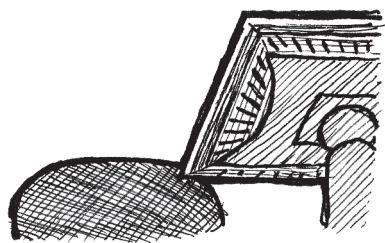
When a message arrives that matches this search:

- ☐ Skip the Inbox (Archive it)
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- ☐ Star it
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- ☒ Delete it
- ☐ Never send it to Spam
- ☐ Always mark it as important
- ☐ Never mark it as important
- ☐ Categorize as: Choose category... ▾

Update filter

Cancel







8/23/2015

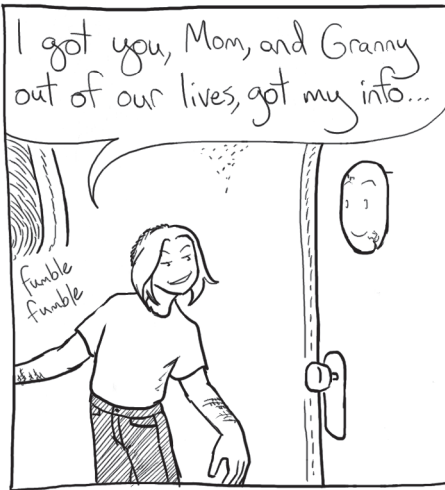
All In the Family

part four: Spiral Eyes



LB Lee

8/25/15

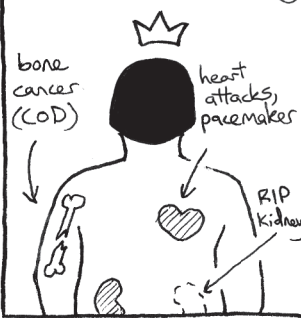


8/25/15

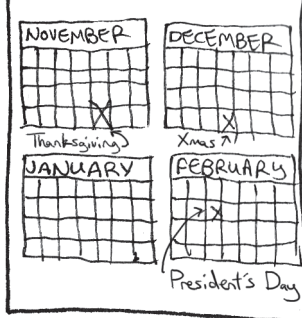
I crunched some numbers, and I don't think Lois and Grampa axed me alone.



Grampa was in such bad health by then, he needed Lois to do his heavy lifting.



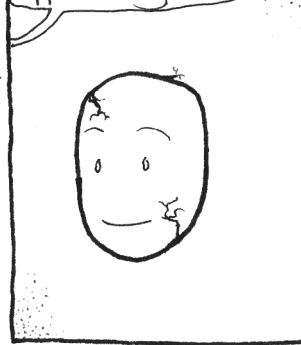
Even with her and luck, he can't've got me more than three times that year.



I was the system tank and I was a wreck before Christmas.



What would've caused that? Who'd have the opportunity?



Heh. Bingo.



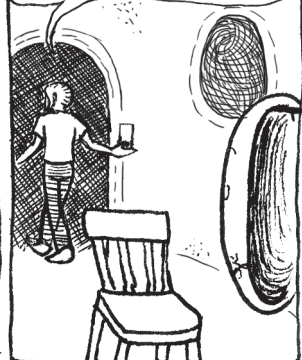
What did you do to me, Dad? Besides rape?



What made you special?

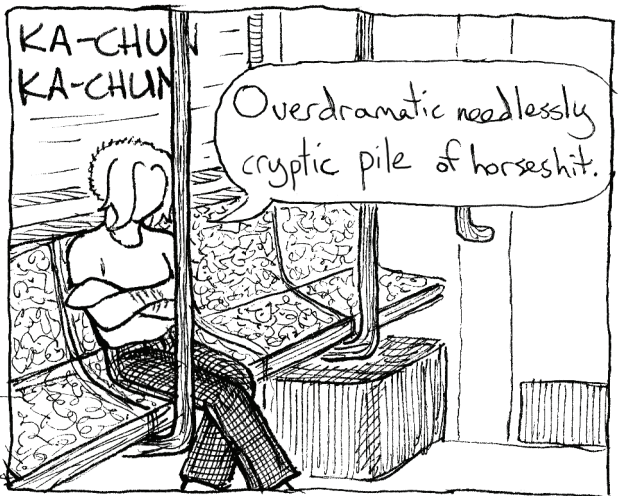
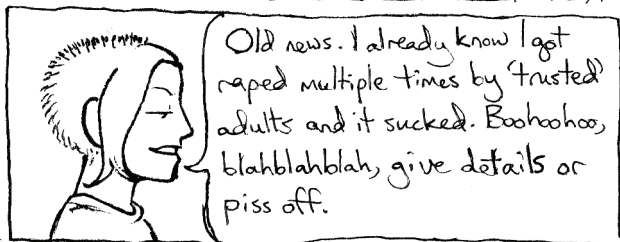


I got you out of our life. I'll get you out of my head too. Just watch.



SPIRAL EYES

8/25/15



8/25/15

You know it's not doing it to annoy you, right?

Says you.



Look, you're trying to get subconscious material. By nature, it can only use symbols.



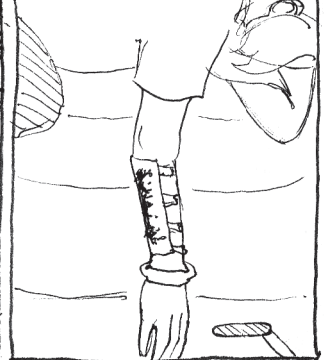
Whatever! We already know it's rape! Why all this rigamarole? Ugh!



Wrong. It's not just rape.



It broke you. Sent you fleeing into an imaginary world. You. The tank.



It humiliated you. Left you beyond rage's protection, alone, afraid.

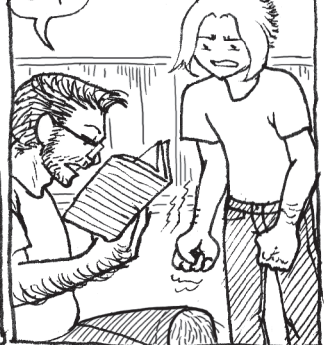


You hide behind snark and anger to feel strong. Spiral Eyes is about your weakness. Your shame.



You are a dick.

Yup.



...but you're also right.

Yup.



8/28/15



9/1/15

When I go berzerk, I
want to smile.



Smile.



SmileSmileSmile
SMILE SMILES
MILE



There's a
certain purity
to that rage,
a cleanliness.

It wipes
everything else
away.



Pain.

Betrayal.

All is
cleansing
fire.

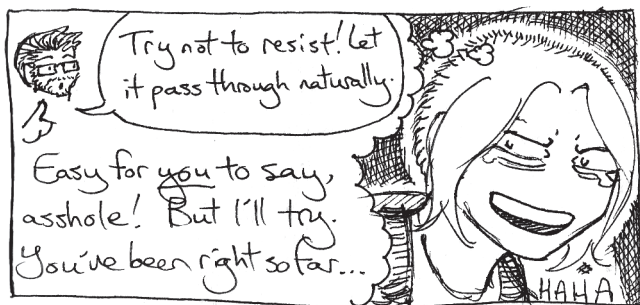
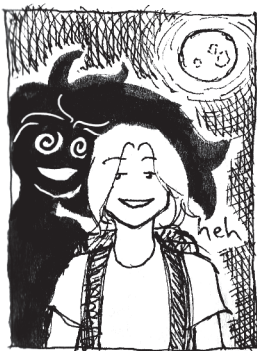
But I guess at the end, I
lost the knack. Because
I felt everything they did
to me.

grief

care



Last night...



How can I explain the other world?

9/3/2015

Okay, so when Erin was little, she handled reality by checking out of it.

Created these big elaborate worlds in her head where she could be loved, powerful, a hero, instead of fuckmeat.



(This was so not a permanent solution, or even a good one, but whatever.)

Our brain made me, M.D., to be harder, a fighter. I was never to tell anyone in the real world I existed, which really limited my social options.

So, I spent a lot of time in the story world of Infinity Smashed—had friends, a job, crap like that. It wasn't great, but it was better than nothing. Erin wrote stories about it—Rogan still does, though it's just fiction now.



The story world was a psychological construct. It was all an elaborate way of filling our emotional needs, self-model shit like unconditional care, conflict, and growth.

But as things got worse, even our own personal fantasy world couldn't help us. Or me...

9/4/15

BiFF and I had been through some shit in the story world, together.



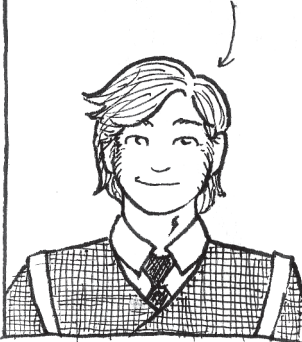
He was the most powerful visual illusionist I knew.



Lots of people had powers there. Hell, even I formed psychic links through touch.



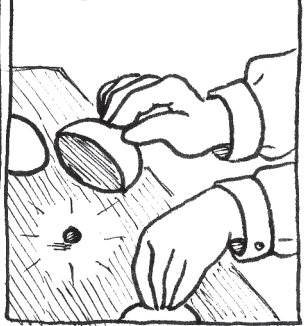
But death is permanent. No returning, that's the rule, same for Mac.



If we try it just feels fake, not real anymore. Not that it ever was.



I know the whole thing was just an elaborate coping mechanism.



But I miss him. I still dream about him, always just missing him.



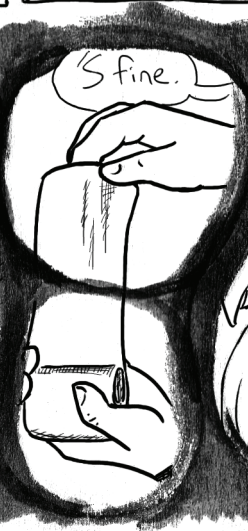
What would I even say?



All I know is that it's something important.



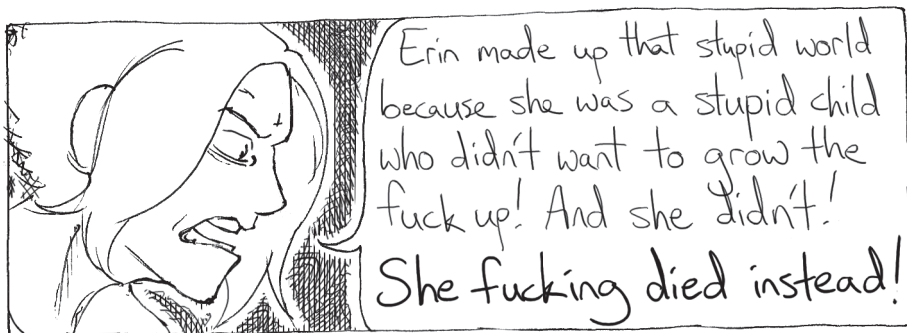
9/8/15



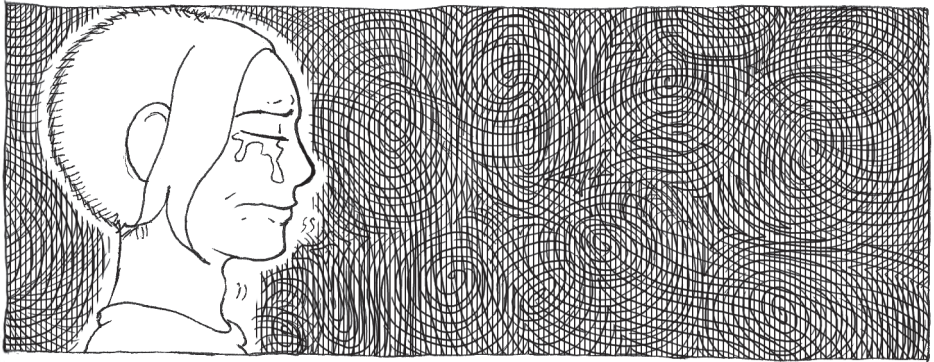
9/8/2015



9/9/15



9/9/2015



9/22/15

You were in care before?



The shrink is

IN

Yeah, in the story world.
H... didn't go so well.



Why?

Pouring out my darkest
secrets to a stranger didn't
appeal. No offense.



...?!

Had a big blow-out with...
with the person who tried
to get me into it.



(Don't ask)

I ended up stomping out in
a huff. I did that a lot,
back then...



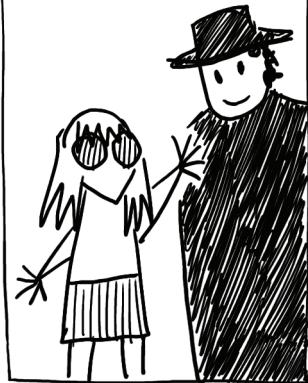
WHAM!

I just up and jetted and
left almost everyone
behind.



...I did that a lot too.

You know, except for Gigi
and Falcon, everyone I knew
in both worlds is gone.

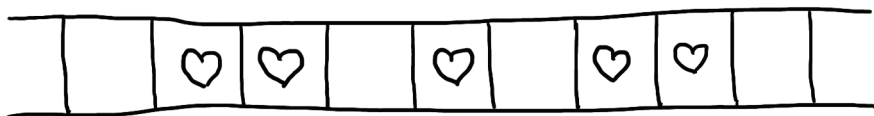


Teachers, family, friends, and
neighbors... they're all gone.
Because I left and died.



Maybe it's easier to pretend
they never existed than
admit I hurt them.





9/28/15

It's like it's easier to pretend none of it was real and meant anything than to admit it was important and that I fucked it up. (Like) Biff. Whatever he was, real or not, he gave a shit about me. He gave a shit, and he wasn't some trained professional, he was just this guy, this asshole with a drinking problem and some wicked scars under his armband, and I fucked it up. I knew his history, knew for years what'd driven him from his family, and I still ended up [REDACTED] in the exact same way he'd tried to do, a year younger and in his own god damn apartment. I don't think I could have hurt him harder if I tried.

And the whole year I've been back, I've acted like it was all Lois and Grampa's fault, when no, they didn't kill me, I killed me. And I did it in the worst possible way to the least deserving person, and I still fucking blew it.

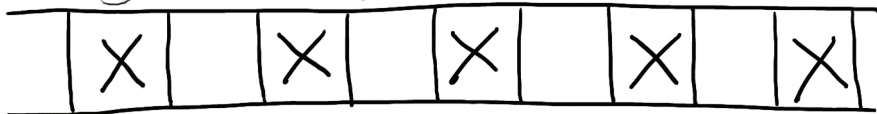
I thought that I was the problem, that if I killed myself, the pain would stop. But it didn't! I just ended up passing the buck almost getting Gigi killed, leaving Roger to take up my job. I completely failed at everything I set out to do, and it's my own goddamn fault! I can't even fucking say sorry, because kid fucking dead and locked myself out, and ain't I the fucking smartest?

I can't even be angry, I want to be. But all I feel is just sad. And tired. And sorry. Really, really sorry.

All I wanted was to make it stop hurting. And I couldn't even manage that. I just passed the pain on to everyone else.

I'm sorry Biff. I'm sorry I did that to you. And the words aren't enough, but I'm sorry for everything. For dying on you because I was too scared to tell you what was going on. For killing myself and leaving you to deal with the mess. I'm just sorry.

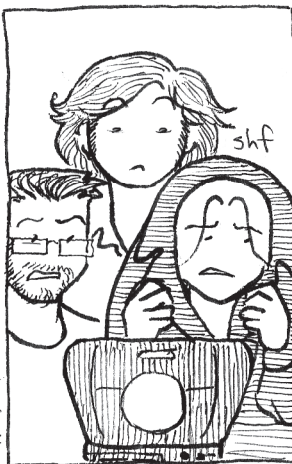
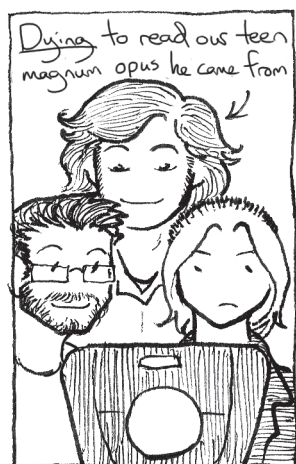
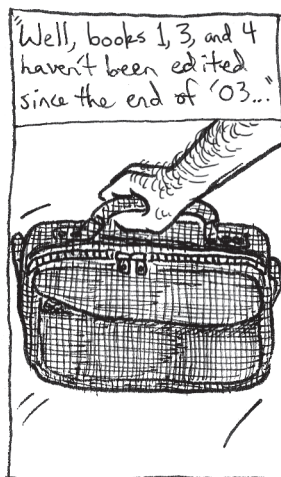
I'd say I'm sorry you're still looking for me in Dreamland apparently, except that's my last hope for telling you this in person.



10/2/15



10/2/2015



10/2/15



Reality leaking into story.
I'd rather not say how.

Things had gotten really bad in the story world.



So I did what I always did: dismissed it all as puerile fantasy, dashed off, and ditched everybody without explanation or goodbye. Except for Biff.

So this ain't goodbye?

Sorry. Better luck next time.

So how long you staying here?





So he came back.



Yes. He did.
Yahoo.



You said he
liked you.



How much did
he like you?

10/5/15

It's the worst
feeling.

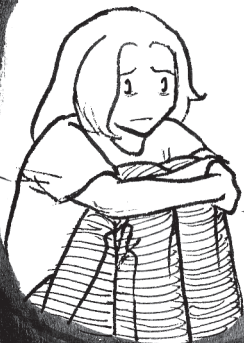


You can't stop someone if they want
something from you, no matter how much you
want to.

Because
you're weak.



You
wouldn't know.





10/5/15



I'll make it easy
and blame it on the booze
now.



Who
did that
to y-

I ain't got enough
booze in me and I don't
think I ever will.



Was he
someone you knew?



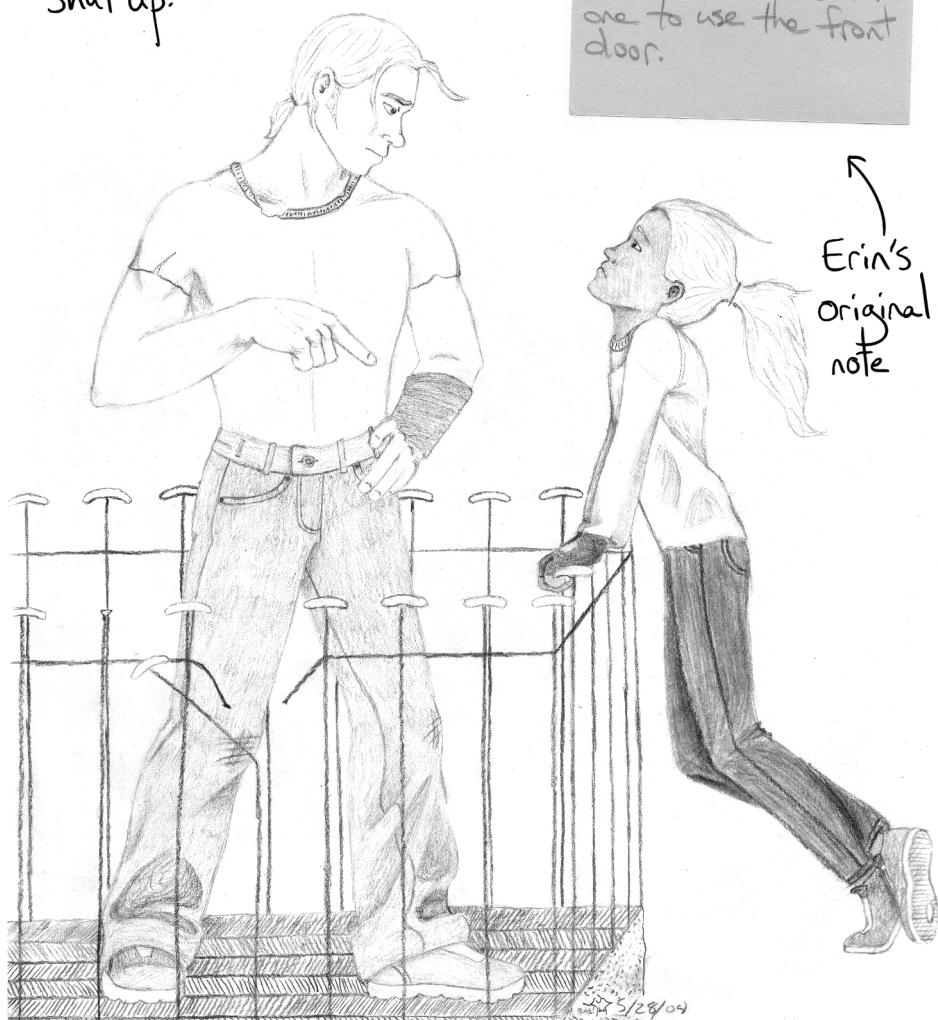
Yeah. I knew
him. He was a she.



Rogan pointed out the draft dated from December '05, a year and a half after I bit it. Maybe the scene was written way later.

So I dug up this old-ass art from that scene, dated 5/28/04, and he shut up.

A scene in progress in B2. Had fun, but evidently I lost my mind while drawing the balcony rail. M.D. has never been one to use the front door.



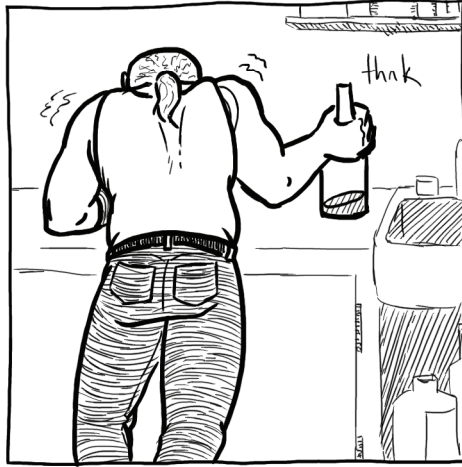
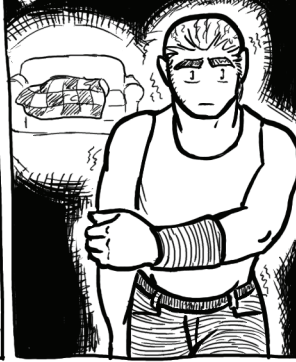
10/5/15



Everything you've said
about Biff, he knew you
were in a bad place.



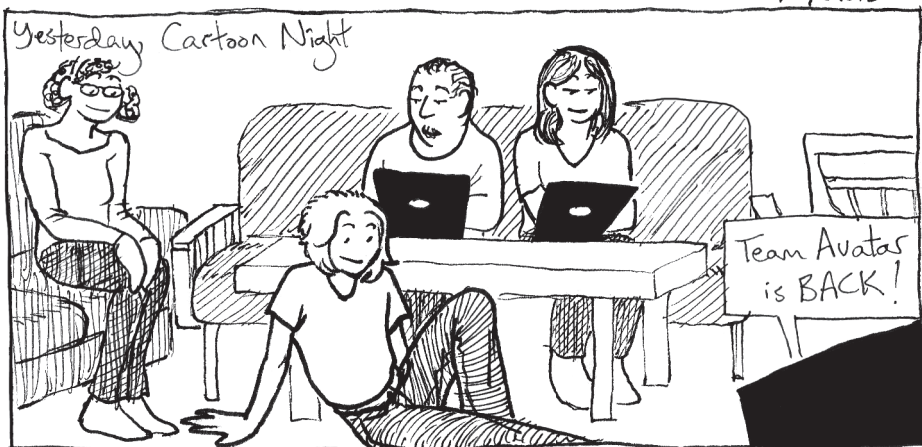
With his history, don't
you think he'd get it?



911, what's your
emergency?

10/7/2015

Yesterday Cartoon Night



We're surrounded
by old people!



How can
you forgive
me, Uncle



I was
you have
lost you



No! Not now!



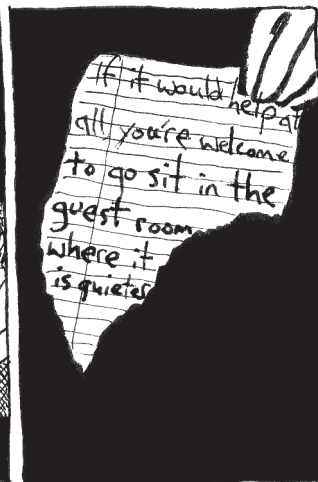
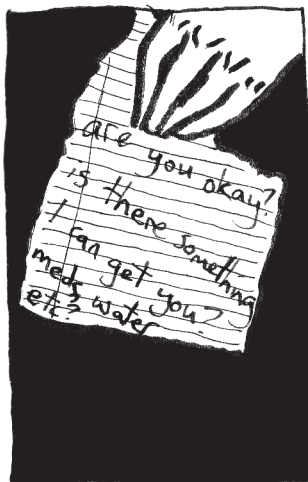
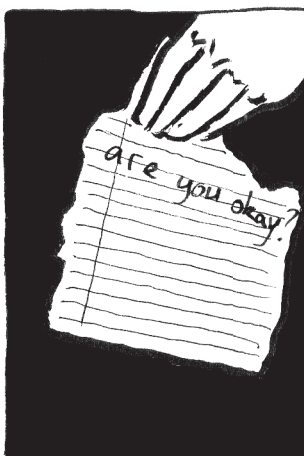
I gotta know!



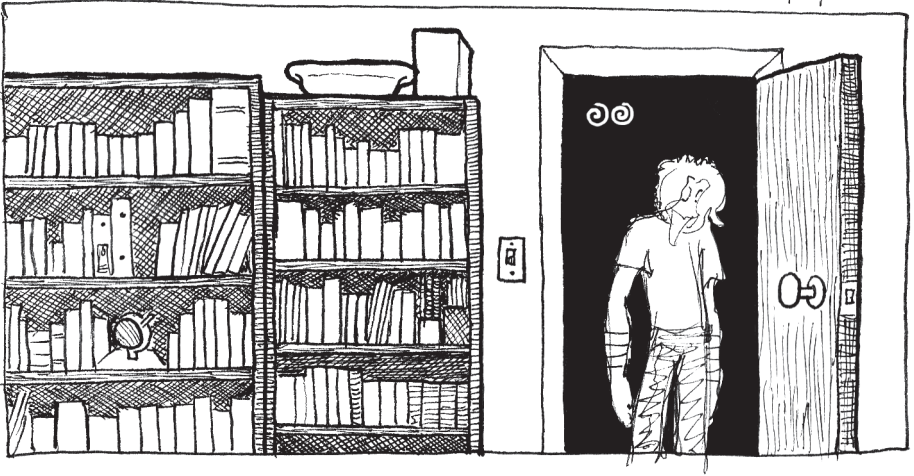
I gotta...



10/7/2015



10/7/15



Not again!
I can't do this again!



I try to flee
the body to the
story world...



...but I only
make it halfway.



BIFF!

HELP
ME!

And I drag him
back with me.



All he could
do was be there.



Take it
with me.



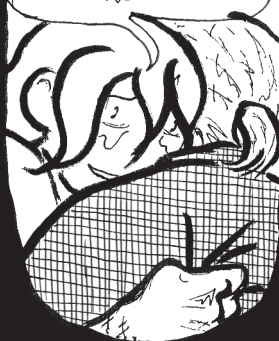
And says
I know- I know---



10/7/15

Eventually, I
guess I kinda broke.

a-heh heh heh ha



AAAAA
AAAAA



I don't think
Dad noticed.



He was busy.

We always
thought that'd we'd
never been vaginally
raped.

I guess we
were wrong.

December, 2003.
Mom and Bro were
out Christmas shopping



Get up! You got
to get up, kid!

They coming
home soon! Cmon!



I went outside.



And life went
on.

10/17/13

I guess we all
like to imagine
we're badasses.

Especially us
'protector alter'
types.



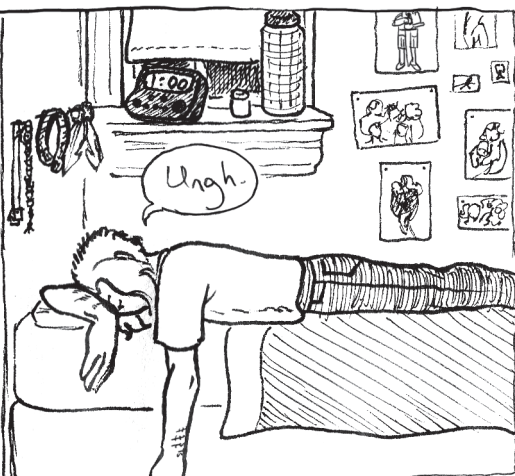
We like to pretend
we'll stay brave and
stoic and strong no
matter what.

Why be human when
you can be a power
fantasy?



But I'm not a power
fantasy. I'm a kid,
and Dad broke me
that day.

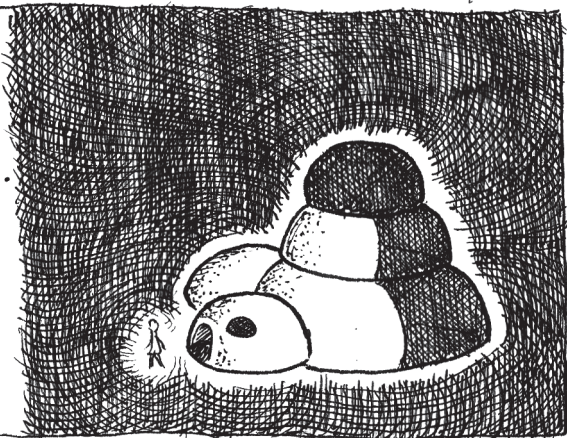
But I wasn't broken
anymore. And the
night wasn't over yet...



10/7/15

The Void felt
weird and electric.

Almost...
anticipatory.

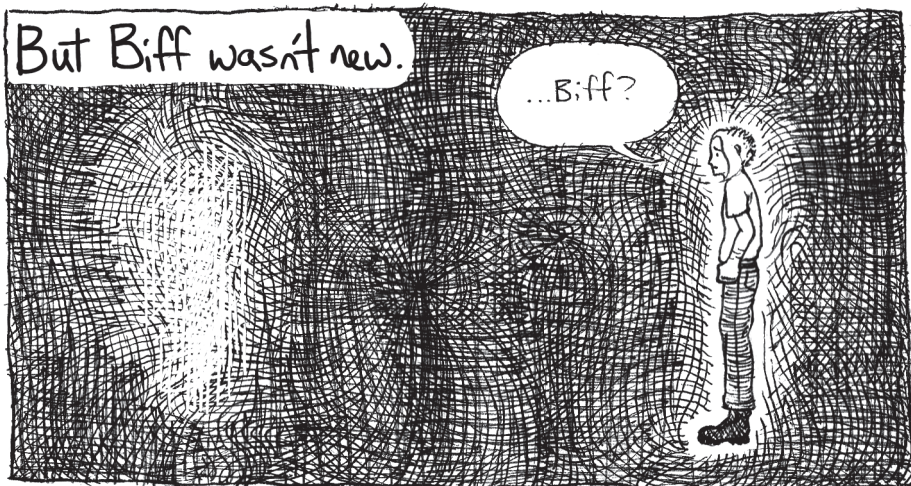


The Void has two
unbreakable rules:

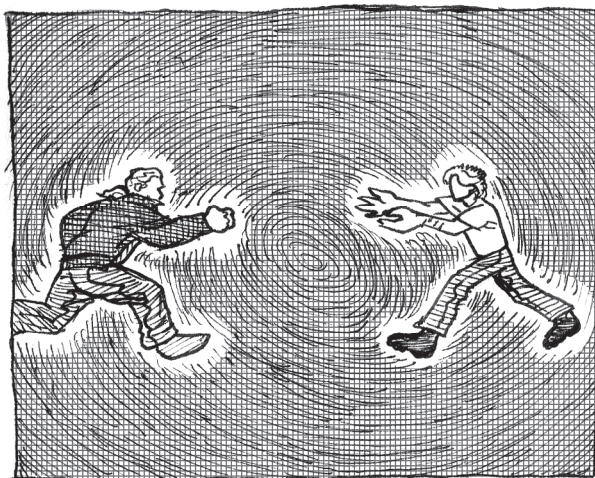
1. No returning to
the world you
died in.
2. Since 2007, no
one new can enter.



But Biff wasn't new.

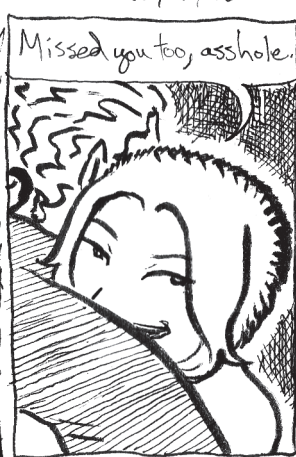


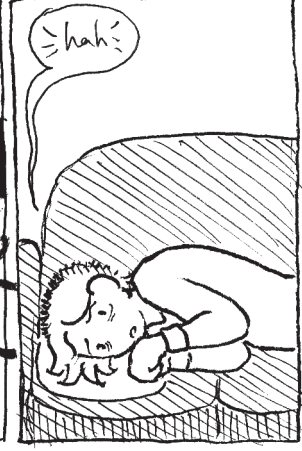
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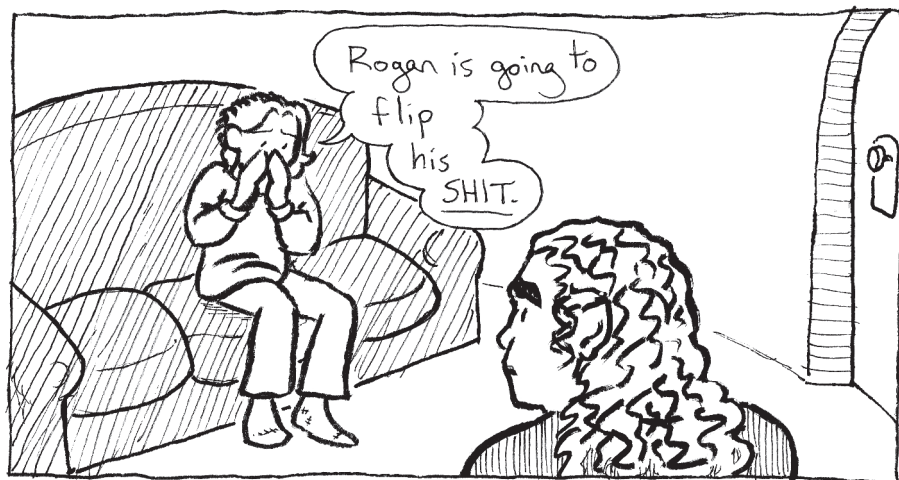


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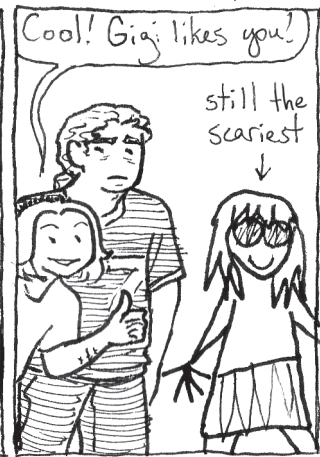




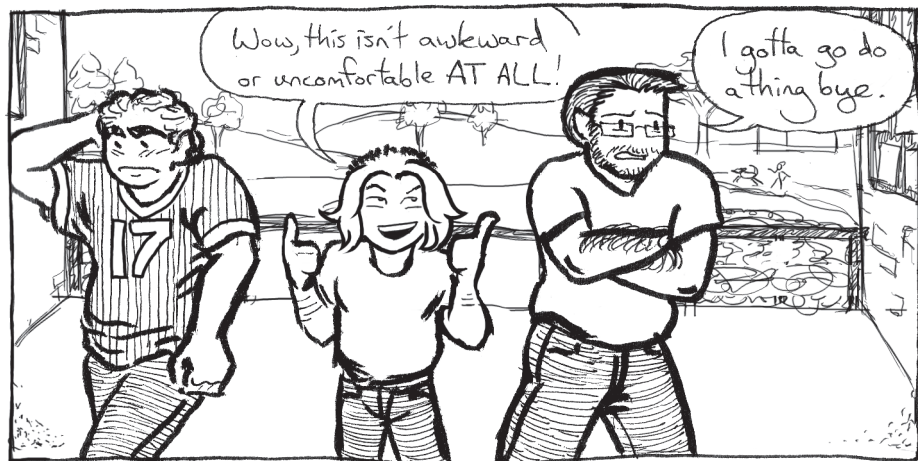
10/8/15



10/8/15



10/10/15





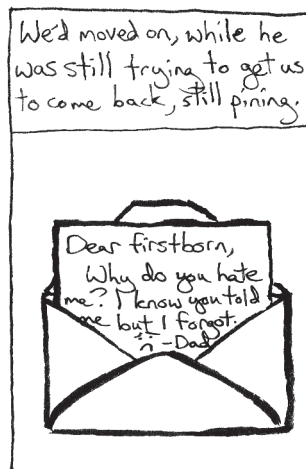
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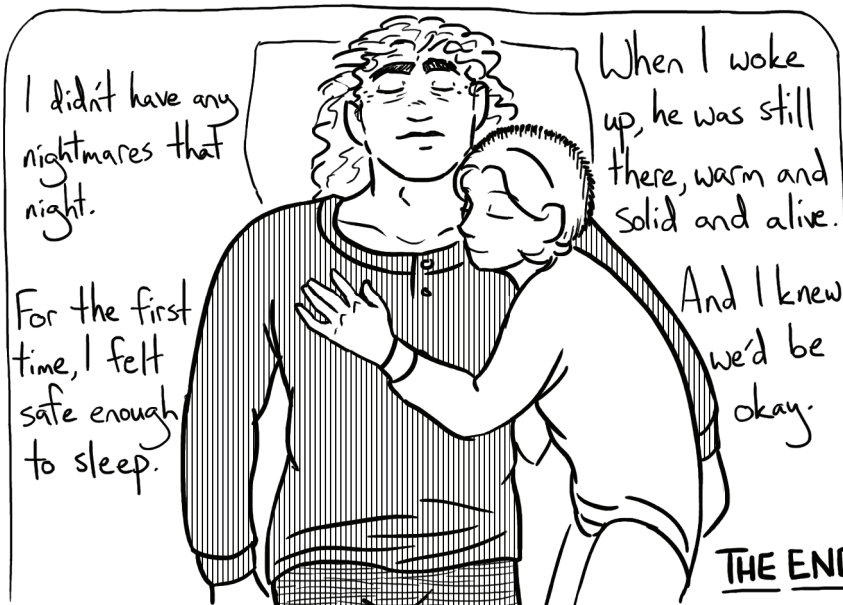


10/9/15



10/11/15







EPILOGUE

(four months
later)



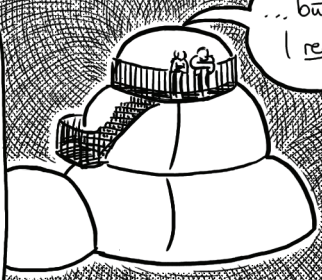


2/13/16

Biff, I know you're way
smarter than you let on...



... but out of sheer logistics,
I really hope you're wrong.







TIMELINE

- 
- 1988 - Erin born.
- 1993 - Grampa attacks Doll Girl.
- 1996 - E.O. killed by Dad. Grampa attacks Erin at Christmas.
- 1998 - Possibly when Grampa 'shared' us with Lois. (Uncertain)
- 1999 - Probably the weird Mystery Shorts thing.
- 2000 - M.D. born.
- 2001 - Biff hanging around.
- 2002 - Gigi born. Falcon appears.
- 2003 - Spiral Eyes. M.D. camps out with Biff.
- 2004 - Arizona. M.D. killed, Gigi attacked, Rogan & Sneak born. We meet Jeff.
- 2005 - Erin killed. Lollyanna & Miranda born. Jeff dumped in fall.
- 2006 - Mac joins us. We graduate and move out.
- 2007 - Lolly dies. Mac dates Rogan.
- 2009 - Rogan and Mac get married. Creepy Christmas o'Doom.
- 2012 -] - THE HOMELESS YEAR
- 2013 -]
- 2014 - M.D. comes back. All In The Family begins...

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(because six comics pages doesn't begin to cover it)

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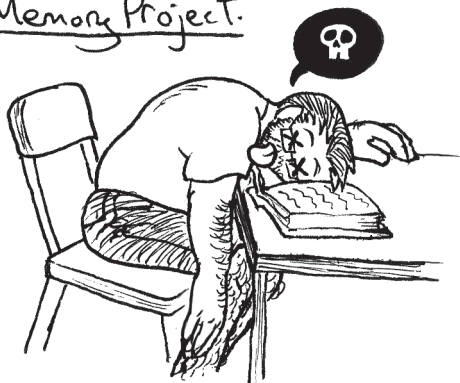
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Brown University, 2010-2015. Web. 12 June 2015.
(<http://www.recoveredmemory.org>)

Mad thanks to Jee Hyung Lee for connecting me to the Ethics & Behavior Articles!



MEMORY WORK RECS

(Because This is a memoir, not a how-to guide.)

- Our essays on the nuts and bolts of our memory work, made specifically for this purpose. Includes:

- "Memory Work Prep"
- "Memory Work Paper"
- "Memory Work, Personally": our personal cycle, data, and experience with memory work, five years in.

All at <[b-lee.dreamwidth.org/tag/ghost work](http://b-lee.dreamwidth.org/tag/ghost%20work)>

- Bass and Davis. (2008). The Courage to Heal, 20th Anniversary Ed. William Morrow Paperbacks.

This book gets shat on a lot. It's the only decent book I've found that discusses memory work at all, and only on a vague, introductory level. Still. Cis-woman-centric.

- Haines, Staci. (2007). Healing Sex. Cleis Press.

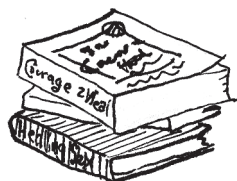
Deals specifically with the nuts and bolts of reclaiming sex and dealing with triggers and such as they come up. Practical, down-to-earth, cis-woman-centric.

- Schiraldi, Glenn. (2009). The Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder Sourcebook. McGraw Hill Company.

Use what helps, ditch the rest. Not abuse-centric!

I'm sorry to have so few resources.

It's become a taboo subject since the Memory Wars. BE CAREFUL.



AllFam Fam!

In the fall of 2019, we ran a kickstarter campaign to fund the printing of this book. Special thanks to the **153** people who helped make this happen, y'all are truly mighty! And extra-special thanks to our "AllFam Fam" backers:

Aletha & Richard Franklin

Ange System

ballercorps

Belly Bones

Elizabeth

frogg

Heide Solbrig

Jendi Reiter

Neena Short

Serenity Sersección (Serenity System)

Spirit of 76 Co-op

Trace, Anne, and Lil Tracy

The Zyfron System

Content warnings:

Sexual, physical, and emotional violence against children, including rape, choking, memory and reality distortion, vomit, self-harm, blood, death, and suicide.

Also there's non-abusive sexual content and drinking.