





The whole experience was like looking up at the giant wall separating me and other people from up close.



Ah, they left me some dinner!

I was so nervous yesterday I could hardly eat.



Thanks for the food!



!!

I'd heard that first kisses taste like lemons.



So I figured maybe it was true.

Well, not that I'd know, but...

So many people in the world have already had their first kisses, and that's what they say they tasted.

There's probably a better comparison, but of everything in my breakfast, first kisses felt most like the tomatoes.



Now I'm one of the "people who know", aren't I...





Lesbian magazine,
Carmilla
4-53
APPROXIMATELY IT'S OUT
IF THAT'S HOW



I started reaching out for things that alluded more freely to sex, things I'd never considered I had any right to be reading.

Back when I first started drawing, my intense response to sex was like a young child's.



Never mind saying the word, I had trouble even writing or typing the word "Sex".

...actually crop up all over the place.



Now that I actually stop and look around a little, things like "Sex is high-level communication", "It exposes everything there is in a person", and "It's a place where your heart is laid bare"...

SEX being published by the quotes on the right

I'm sorry...

I didn't know...

It really was an advanced kind of communication...



There's no way there's something like that down there, of course, is there...?



Then I started looking for my hymen.



There were some drawings of where period blood comes from, too.



I found diagrams of the vagina's entrance.

After some searching,

On Yahoo answers there were loads of questions asking "There's something weird in there" or "My finger doesn't fit", so maybe it's different for each individual person?



Maybe without a hymen I don't have something that everyone else has, but...

I'd much rather they taught me about this stuff in sex education.

Oh, that's where pee comes from! How'd I go 28 years without knowing that?



Anyway, there were far too many theories on hymens.

I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MY OWN BODY!!

Thinking about it rationally, I only read guy on guy stuff, so there's no point comparing them...



Incidentally, it wasn't anything like the ero-doujin at all.

Was I looking for something I couldn't find in a female body? Or rather, that didn't even exist in the first place...?

挿穴
THE YAOI HOLE

A MYSTERIOUS HOLE FREQUENTLY MENTIONED IN BL WORKS, WITH A LOCATION, SHAPE AND FUNCTION APPARENTLY ENTIRELY SEPARATE FROM THE BUTT HOLE.

NOTHING NEEDS MORE THAN ONE GETTING WET, AND ALL KINDS OF PENETRATED MEMBERS.

Maybe what I really wanted was some erotic fantasy like the 'yaoi hole'.

But why...!?



Now that I thought about it, I'd never read anything which had lesbian sex in it.

TEXT: SACRED GROUND

And for all my insistence that I shouldn't be thinking about sex, this was the one kind of Fantasy I allowed myself.



I'd completely disregarded straight or lesbian stuff, and only focused on the male on male side.

But when that's all the information I had, maybe I was bound to end up hurting someone going in with all my weird expectations.



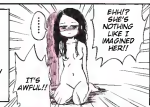
I didn't think I was being so heavily influenced by the books I read.

Having everything you know about biology and the way your body works come from Fiction is really messed up...



Problem was, that while I knew what everything looked like, I didn't have any accurate knowledge to go along with the drawings.

I sometimes think I'd be really fucking shocked if I found out what the female body is actually like.



If I were a guy who was surrounded by Fantasies like these without any real sex education,

But that I was never given any of the facts in the first place.



I'm repeating myself, but the problem here isn't the Fiction,



I don't understand other people so well... What would I want to read?



What could I draw that people would want to pay money to read?

Now that I think about it, that's almost all I read.

Books I was reading



I want to read other people's secrets. Authors who write things they could never talk about to the people around them...

は

Things that make readers hardly able to believe I can publish them.

Things about myself...!

I want to be able to draw like that too.





And at last, the place I'd been to caught on.



And instead of getting angry, they even helped share my work.

I figured I'd just delete it if they got mad at me, so I confirmed it with my account.



reading individual emails and going to meetings with publishers.

But I didn't have to think too hard about the repercussions, and I just spent the days,



Almost like the report was compensating for my lack of conversational skills, since everything was already on the table...

I actually had fun. It felt easier meeting with them knowing they'd already read through these really embarrassing things about me.



*I feel
so satisfied
and happy
right now...*

Maybe the
reason I'd been
so bad at dealing
with people in
person, had been
how hard I was
always trying
to make them
live me.



*I haven't
really been
honest with
anyone about
the real me
before, huh...*

*Yeah,
I guess
that's
right...*



That I'd
been back
to thinking
there was
nothing left
for me to do
but die.

Around then
I'd been
struggling
so hard to
write anything
interesting...

Wait, maybe I can really write about myself....!!



I think the report was helped a lot by my subject matter.

I figure in a day-tite drama, this'd be the point the protagonist's future opens wide before her, and the cheerful sound-track starts playing in the background

I might've just found a way to make this work....!



I'm so glad I wrote this! I want to do more, and more....!

▷ GET LIE DIE

▷ KEEP TRYING STOP TRYING



▷ RUN APOLOGIZE DIE

▷ DEGN ILLNESS KEEP TRYING DIE

In my tenth year after leaving high-school, finally the ever-present 'Die' option was on hold from my list of actions.



HOW DO YOU WAKE UP EVERY MORNING,
HOW CAN YOU BE SO PUNCTUAL?

HOW?

It had always been so hard for me to understand how everyone else was able to do it.



Oh
nom
nom

IT'S
SO
SWEET

I'd been sure it was because they were all drinking that "sweet nectar" that nobody had told me about.



S...
it's so sweet!
Om
nom
nmmm
nom!

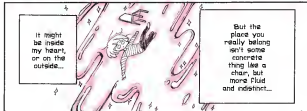
Might
it was
real
after
all!

It felt like a tap had been turned on, and it was suddenly all flooding into my mouth.



I know this sweet nectar is going to be something different for everyone.

A reason to live, something that keeps you going, a place in the world...



It might be inside my heart, or on the outside...

But the place you really belong isn't some concrete thing like a chair, but more fluid and indistinct...

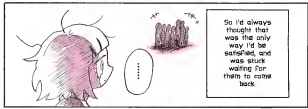


Anyway, it felt like sweet nectar, so that's what I'm calling it.



That sweet nectar was being around good friends, and having them appreciate me.

Back in my high school days, when I was still waking up in the mornings,



So I'd always thought that was the only way I'd be satisfied, and was stuck waiting for them to come back.



But now I'd found it again, somewhere new this time.

Readers who even spread my work, wanting more and more people to see it.



Getting a response from the art I was able to draw, and having people be kind enough to read it...

You're welcome - Tatsu

Putting out work that reaches people, and being accepted by them.



I felt like I'd found what it was that was really going to fulfil me.

And being treated like an adult, were a pretty damn intoxicating nectar to me.

He's actually treating me like an adult!!!

Meeting



Also, the fact that I was being asked things without always having to start all these conversations myself,

I still hardly have any friends, and haven't seen my high-school ones in years, but I'm not lonely.



I was free of the feeling I was being crammed into a tiny space, or that I'd never be able to grow up.

I would wish that I would find good work. Maybe my prayers were answered.

Just let me find a good job.

I don't need love or friendship...

Now that I think about it, every time I would go to a shrine,

FROM AN OUTSIDE PERSPECTIVE



Unable to work

Being Lazy

Incidentally, I think that being "Lazy" and being "Unable to Work" are similar but different things.

But not drinking the nectar, and being unable to work on an empty stomach is because you're not taking proper care of yourself.

I can keep going!

I haven't just been being lazy all this time!

Anyone drinking the sweet nectar who just takes their job and the people around them lightly is being lazy,

And times when I couldn't go on were just my failure to value and take care of myself.



Maybe these things I'd restricted myself from doing, were exactly what I'd needed all along.

But actually getting on with living our own lives takes something completely different, something we have to learn by ourselves.



All we get from our parents are warnings, trying to protect us from danger.

Hahah, what the hell is this supposed to be...

Is this me...?

Also while, I started to feel like I could draw low stuff, the first drawings came out kinda...

So while I'd never been able to draw anything low before, this time I managed.



I recently found out drawing things from my own imagination is way more embarrassing for me than drawing actual things that have happened to me, and the way I feel about them...

T.L. This is a really awkward and unconventional way of trying to make the term sound polite in Japanese.

Text: Last Resort

and ended up going with "O-sex".



Back when I first put the report up on Pixiv, I still couldn't muster the courage to write "Sex".

And well, seeing it quoted back at me so simply was really embarrassing.



I had quite a few responses who quoted those lines,

WHAT ARE YOUR DREAMS?

... an essay...

I need to move out...

PARENTS' HOUSE



I also thought if my parents ever read it, they'd probably die from the shock.

I decided I wouldn't worry about my parents dying of shock.

It won't turn out to be much worth reading anyway.



Well, if I'm constantly worrying about my parents' reactions...

THE KIND OF
ADULT I WANT
TO BE

DOES THE THINGS
SHE WANTS TO DO,
AND IS ACCEPTED
BY SOCIETY IN DOING
THOSE THINGS,
REGARDLESS OF
WHETHER THE
INCOME ENDS UP
BEING STRAIGHT
OR NOT

THE PROPER
ADULT MY
PARENTS WANT

CAN RUN A
HOUSEHOLD

HAS A
FULL-TIME JOB

HAS A
STABLE INCOME

In the first place,
the path to
becoming this
proper adult
that my parents
are imagining I
should be runs in
a completely
different direction
to the type of
person I want to
be someday.

I decided
there was
no point
in even
trying to
please my
parents
anymore.



So to
write the
things I
want to,
in a way
I can be
satisfied
with,



Pushed into
a corner, even
a mouse will turn
and bite you.
Push a twenty-
something into
a corner, and
they'll go to a
brothel and publish
a report about it
on the internet.

I know
once my
parents find
out about this
it's going to
be awkward.
I want to
move out on
my own.



Maybe
this'll turn
into a good
opportunity
for me...
Anh...

I'm not
gonna be
so scared of
my parents
that I never
live my own
life!



I know
things haven't
been going
great for me
for a while now,
but I feel like
they're about to
get a lot better.





The Private Report
on My Lesbian Experience
with Loneliness