



have  
a  
good  
time



# spring 2025

Back in The Days of Old (2016 era YouTube),  
I was *really* into makeup.

As a teenage girl who felt extraordinarily unfit for girlhood,  
it was nice to have a uniform. Helped me get into character.  
Even if it was largely about fitting in, it was also one of the only means  
of artistic expression that I was consistent in practicing.

I enjoyed getting to experiment with all kinds of  
colors, styles, and inspirations.

(Plus, I just loved the feeling of painting my face.)

Coming out as trans, it felt much easier to step back from makeup  
and get comfortable with my face just being *my* face.  
Not “a girl’s” face. I know it’s silly, but that small shift in perspective was  
the difference between night and day for my confidence.

Now, I love my face as it is.

I’m ready to bring back my love for makeup, too.

These days, instead of trying to be pretty, I’m aiming to have fun.  
(considering I am already baseline devastatingly good looking.)

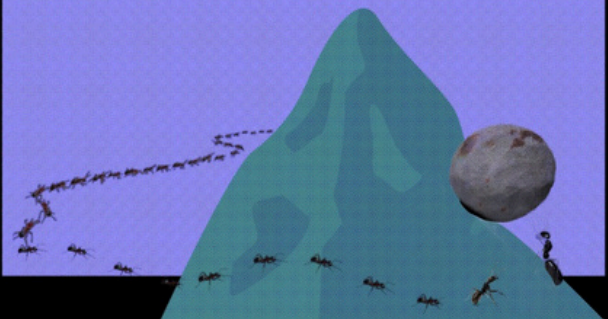


# LITTLE UPDATES







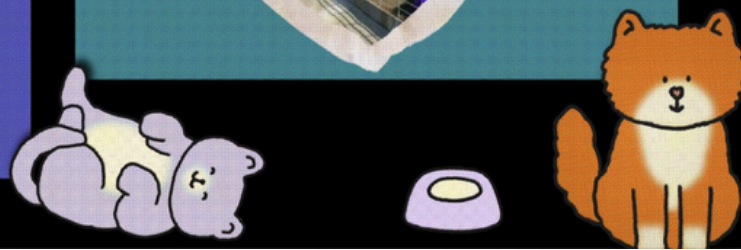
## THE ANT FARM


thousands of little black ants-  
having heard tales of my  
boundless generosity, no doubt-  
have sought refuge in  
my living quarters.  
My daughters do not seem  
interested in waging war,  
so I fear the duty to torment and  
inform the trespassers of their  
wrongdoings falls to me.



## JUST COOL ENOUGH FOR SKOOL

-  I am officially enrolled in my classes for the rest of the year!
-  Above all- I'm most excited to learn the basics of ASL from a real instructor.
-  Super geeked for my Native American Culture course! I anticipate a good reading list will come from this one.
-  Astronomy should a blast, but if they have me doing serious math, I'm liable to bury myself alive.



A person with long hair, wearing an orange jacket and dark pants, is sitting on a large log in a lush green forest. A red and white striped marker is placed vertically on the log. The background is filled with dense green foliage.

I DO ALL  
SORTS  
OF STUPID  
AND GAY  
SHIT.

BESIDES  
BEING GAY,  
I'M ALSO  
AFRAID OF  
PEOPLE.

SINCE I'M AFRAID OF PEOPLE,  
I LIKE TO HANGOUT WITH  
THOSE GAY FROGS ALEX JONES  
TOLD ME ABOUT.

I THINK I'M  
A HOMOSEXUAL.

YOU'VE  
HAD SEX?!

I'M  
BI.

WELL...SOME OF THEM ARE STILL  
WORKING OUT THE LABELS....



# THINGS GOT A LOT MORE COLORFUL

once I met my lovely girlfriend, Greta.  
 At the top of the most dreary and grey season, things were aptly freezing.  
 The basement was on it's second flood in one week,  
 so the carpets had to be ripped up entirely.  
 This made the already cold air that much colder,  
 and the already ugly floors that much uglier.  
 And as fate would have it that is when the universe sent me someone  
 I knew I couldn't risk missing out on.  
 So, there I am. My bedroom looks like a county jail cell.  
 I desperately need a haircut. My car is totally broken down.  
 And like I said before things are dreary and grey.  
 I am nervous in the kinda way that induces acid reflux and trembly hands.  
 Still, despite it all, I know I have to meet her!  
 And dude...thank god I did.

Greta's creativity is contagious. Even when she's not bedazzling blunt force  
 weapons, or drawing (and promptly maiming) portraits of her rude customers,  
 she has this electric energy that motivates me! She doodles maps in the margins  
 of the notes she writes. She inspires beauty in my home, helping me decorate the  
 places I couldn't even reach before. She retains an impressive amount of drag race  
 lore, and she's single handedly reignited my childhood appreciation and  
 excitement for The Dollar Tree. She works 2 jobs, she walks everywhere, and she  
 has every reason to be tired all the time. But (aside from some questionable  
 coworker moments) she comes back in the evening, full of energy and happy to  
 regale me with stories of her favorite regulars and positive interactions she had.  
 We can't go in public without her being recognized, even though she's a relatively  
 recent West Michigan transplant, because of how beloved she is in the community.  
 In a lot of ways, it feels like witnessing her live her life is helping me better grasp  
 the balance of both working hard with a sense of purpose and prioritizing creation in  
 the gaps of my daily routine. I just have so much fun when we're together.  
 As I take inventory of my life today, it's as though someone turned up the  
 saturation by a lot since December.  
 I can't help but blame her. ͡° ͜ʖ ͡°



# MOVIES/SHOWS

RuPaul's Drag Race    A Real Pain    Abbott Elementary  
Adventure Time    Mickey 17  
Minecraft



## BOOKS

Sunrise on the Reaping  
Yokohama Kaidashi Kikou  
(Vol. 1)

## SONGS

"Alien Luv"  
Paris Williams  
"New Worlds"  
Jack Wall  
"Halloween, 1987"  
Crywolf  
"Don't Dream It's Over"  
Crowded House  
"When I Get Low, I Get High"  
Ella Fitzgerald & Chick Webb

## GAMES

Smash Bros Ultimate  
Mass Effect Legendary Edition



# THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!



**My lifestyle**  
is so epic



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD



IM A STAR!



TO DO LIST  
1 GAY SHIT  
2 HARD DRUGS  
3 HAIL SATAN  
DO CRIMES



Are you ready?