

Sorry it's taken me so long to say anything.

Basically everyone I knew was telling me completely different ways on how to respond, and it got kind of confusing. I think they were more upset than I was. So I took my time to figure things out on my own.

There were also a lot of people coming out with things and I was trying to sift through what's true or a lie, going through all my old chat logs I had on those people, some even dating back more than a decade. So I was taking more time to make sure I could properly address everything I could. And going back so far into the past, I had a few realizations that came to light, along with the help of friends and therapy, that I needed time to process.

I also have cognitive issues and can't process very quickly, so on top of all of that, I wanted to take it slow and make sure I address everything as best as I can, too.

But some of these people have been digging up basically my entire life, so I figured I'll just get it all out and over with. So I apologize for how long this is going to be. I have easily over a decade of things I've been holding in, from my own wrong doings to being abused myself.

I've been kind of done with the socializing aspects of content creation for a while anyway. I want to focus on my therapy and get away from these toxic places. And even after I'm feeling better, I think I'll be done with socializing online and just stick to my corner and focus solely on making stuff.

I've been pulling back for years, figuring out what triggers my mental instabilities, avoiding people, finding comfort zones, etc. Just overall trying to fix myself. It's a big part of why I rebranded everything. I've been working to be better for years.

I even took a multiple year hiatus from everything to figure out myself.

I wanted to restart my content to represent the new me.

I've been well aware of who I was in the past for a long time now.

If any of you ever spoke to me lately, you'd know how blunt and honest I've been about my mental health and my mistakes in the past. Especially how I handled all that "horsefame".

I never said anything publicly, but I didn't hide it if someone asked.

You'd also know I've been distancing myself from communities, seeing doctors, figuring out medications, starting therapy, and trying to take assistance from anyone in my life trying to help me get better. And you'd especially know how shattered and broken I've become trying to process my regrets. Those of you who met me at any recent conventions in the past few years should know this well enough.

I even recently started the process of seeing a neurologist for my memory problems and mental instabilities.

But I know that doesn't excuse me for my past.

I'm just trying to explain that I was never okay and it feels unfair to be judged so harshly without knowing who I am, how I got here, on top of me genuinely trying to get better. But not a soul even attempted to talk to me or anyone in my life before jumping on me for something 5 years, 10 years, or even longer, in the past, some of which don't even have proof.

I did some awful things back then, but I am far from who I used to be, whether anyone believes it or not, and I have doctors, a therapist, plenty of family, friends, and even their families, to prove I have been trying.

Which is another reason why I didn't hurry.

I know who I am today and so does everyone around me.

And that has become much more important to me than some spotlight.

I still made a lot of mistakes in my past and I accept that nothing will change it.

I am genuinely sorry. I'm also sorry it took so long to realize. It took a very long time for me to finally wake up. I never had anyone pull me aside and try to teach me. It wasn't until just a few years ago I finally found someone willing to be patient enough to help me get better and realize the things I did were wrong.

I may not remember small details here and there, whether it be my mental health or just being so many years ago, but I at least know I used to be on both sides of being an awful person and being abused by awful people.

It's about all that runs in my head these days, as I've been trying to put something of a life together after all the suffering I've done to myself and others.

The majority of my life was overwhelming amounts of anxiety, autism, and depression.

But now I'm doing better enough to be self aware of my problems.

Anxiety kept me from trying anything new or even made me fear doing things I knew well.

My mental strength crumbles whenever I go farther than my own town or around a lot of people.

I was also terrified of telling people no. Which made me far more emotional than I should have been, wanting to say no but doing it anyway just to make people happy.

Conventions being a living nightmare for me and why I kept to myself and avoided most people there, or just avoided going all together. Even when I wanted to go to a convention, this is why I still kept to myself and hid in the vendor hall, around people I knew. Or just walked around and looked at the art. It was about the only escape I had from the anxiety of all those people around me.

Autism stunted my intelligence, maturity, and made me just weird.

I've always been told I didn't mentally mature. I'm also just not all there. I drift in and out of being apathetic and upbeat. Or I mentally check out all together for minutes at a time. I have an incredibly difficult time understanding the emotions of others. And communication is still one of my biggest struggles. A lot of things people say to me don't register right away. Or sometimes I'll say things I don't fully mean or understand and won't realize until it's pointed out to me. Another reason I pulled back from big communities. I legitimately can't handle being surrounded by large groups. My emotions get overwhelming. I learned I shouldn't be a public image like I used to. Which is what I chose to stop doing years ago, outside of doing a rare convention to help my partner vend.

Depression still affects my memory and processing.

Sometimes I can barely remember what I did yesterday. There are entire years of my life missing. Specifically a lot of my bad memories. It's been difficult sifting through all my chat logs and reading who I used to be like it was the first time I saw some of it. My overall motivation is

also cripplingly minimal at times. I can rarely do much at an average person's speed. Even with just talking, a lot of the time it takes me minutes to respond to something that most people take a second for. Might also be from autism. I'm sure my stream viewers picked up on that pretty quick as I attempted to speak more. But outside of the people that know me, not many are patient with me. Even just trying to put this together and letting people know it might be a while, I still got bullied and made fun of for having a processing disability.

I also have OCD, asthma, scoliosis, insomnia, and digestion problems which often causes me to become malnourished. The anxiety makes it much worse. When I do travel, I lose about 5 pounds from how little I can get myself to eat and how little my body absorbs.

I'm miserable most days, mentally, physically, or both, to the point where I have difficulties walking or even typing some days.

That's been basically my entire life. I didn't, and still don't, know how to handle so much of my mind and body. But as crippling as it felt being thrown into that spotlight, it was still a dream compared to what I lived through beforehand.

I was always that absolute weird kid who never talked and avoided everyone. And the rare times when I did try to interact, nothing ever came out right and made everyone avoid me. Literally the prime target for bullies.

As far back as elementary school, I was always targeted.

Even more so when I had the highest grades in class.

Things just kept getting worse as I moved through middle school when I finally found people who accepted me. But I didn't know their true intentions at the time and I just wanted friends.

From bullies, to these people I called friends, it ranged from being teased, mocked, stolen from, beaten for fun, abused for laughs, pressured into smoking at 15, used as a taxi for drugs, pressured into those drugs, and even sexually assaulted.

I was just an outlet, a mule, a punching bag, and a plaything to everyone around me. This was also a time before cellphones and the internet catching on. So what I found is what I got. And I feared losing it.

I had one real friend during all of that time, who I met in elementary school. He tried to keep me safe as best he could. He even stood up for me against my first bully. I never knew at the time. I didn't even question what he was doing. I just liked him the best since things were quieter when he was around. But he had his own struggles with drug abuse the second he hit middle school and it became more and more rare to see him as time went on, leaving me more unprotected to the rest of this circle.

That was my life for practically the entire span of my teenage years.

All this abuse, mental, physical, and drug related, scarred me for so long and might even be the cause of a lot of my mental instabilities.

I never finished public high school from how much I was abused.

All my teachers always told me I was better than the things I was doing.

At the time I thought it was just generic words. But today I can see it was genuine.

Near the end of middle school, I failed a year from skipping constantly to be around that circle more.

Got taken out and homeschooled for a year.

I started public highschool, but barely lasted a week before I was put into a small alternative school for the rest.

It wasn't until the help of the alternative school's therapist, it finally got through my naive skull that my abuse wasn't normal and that was the reason I was there. To be safe from them.

I finally cut ties with every one of those abusers I called "friends" and kept to myself after I graduated.

Sometimes that one real friend would pop up, but each time I could tell he was getting worse. A few of the other people from that circle died from drug abuse or suicide by now.

Even though I hated them now, a part of me was still hurt seeing them go.

About the only thing that held me together was my dad and learning about the online life.

I met a lot of people during that time. Mostly on Xbox Live. Some I still have in my life today.

I know my mom tried too, but she was working two, sometimes three jobs, and I never really saw her.

But my dad was stuck home from back injuries from work and other disabilities from fighting in Vietnam.

Whenever I look back, I wish I was more open and maybe he could have saved me from how hard I would spiral later in life. But I was so disconnected back then, I'd say maybe a couple words at most each day and be locked in my room for the rest of the time, mindlessly scrolling through little forum sites or playing games.

I didn't have a single goal or purpose beyond talking to the people I knew online.

Sometime around 21 I think, my parents finally talked me into trying an art and animation school to push me out of that pit and give me something to work towards.

I begrudgingly accepted, but immediately loved it. I always liked art. I especially liked charcoal and paints. But seeing how it came to be done digitally really sparked something in me.

Computers were becoming my life and now I could do art on the computer. I also saw how happy my dad was and, as much as I loved it, I think I still ended up doing it for him, since he was the one who first taught me art.

I started dressing better, got onto a schedule, taking care of myself, and even quit smoking after almost 6 years. I was so motivated to be better, it took me a day. I wore a single patch for one day and I was done.

I still kept to myself, even at home. But it gave me goals and a purpose. I ended up being the best in that class. I guess I was extra focused on myself rather than shutting everyone out.

Either way, I was finally starting to see some sort of light to walk towards.

But a literal week before I graduated, my dad had a heart attack.

I was even in the house when it happened, locked in my room, on the computer.

I hated myself thinking if I wasn't so closed off or focused, maybe I could have helped.

But everyone kept telling me it happened so quickly, it wouldn't have mattered.

And I was thrown into a back and forth turmoil, on top of losing one of the most important supporters in my life.

Everything fell apart again.

I skipped the last week of school.

The school still managed to talk me into going to graduation. But I just took the papers and left. Then I tossed it. All the education in 3D art and animation was never used again.

Even with all the praise, I fell into such a pit and that light disappeared.

It didn't matter when I couldn't share it with one of the most important people supporting me, on top of regretting not letting him into my life more.

I went right back to feeling like I was nothing. Like the universe didn't want me to be happy.

It was only the recent past few years I started to realize how much it broke me.

I had no in person friends. Drifted away from a lot of Xbox Live friends. Or my unstable emotions made me snap at them and they put space between us or we outright stopped talking. My mom was still working two or three jobs. I was lucky to see her at all, and even then it was just weird like we didn't connect at all at the time. I think she was too sad to try anymore. I was probably the same.

That one real friend was at the funeral, though. I think he always saw my dad like his own. He disappeared a bit afterward as usual, but eventually came back again. I'm not sure where he'd always go off to. Sometimes he'd talk about living in other states for months. It sounded like he always had an adventurous life. But after a while, it became clear it was because he was too far gone into his drug abuse, going and staying with anyone that would give him a place to live. When he came back this time, that was the last I saw him.

Not long after that, I found out he got high and passed out on the train tracks nearby.

Even though I'd rarely see him, he was still in my life to some extent. Now I had no one.

By now, at least half of that circle died from drug use or suicide and I'd been to so many funerals before I was even 25.

I had so little motivation to do anything other than stare at my computer screen.

My life basically turned into the internet raising me and I spiraled so hard into such a demented and broken human.

Easily one of the lower points of my life and probably why I don't remember many details.

I was just on autopilot, following whatever gave me some kind of dopamine response.

But looking back into it all, what I do remember would line up with some of the awful and disturbing things some people found.

I still had no passable communication or socializing skills.

My mind was so broken.

I was just sitting there, mindlessly waiting for anyone to talk to me and fill this intense void of loneliness and worthlessness.

I think it started on Gaia Online, when that husk of a person was eventually introduced to their first big interactive online community.

There were a few other sites I was a regular on, but nothing like this one.

For the most part, the community and cartoony design of the site sucked me in.

Still kept to myself mostly. Just hoarding gold and items.

Sometimes I'd pop into one of the games or roam a public town chat and watch other people have fun.

On occasion I'd meet someone patient enough to talk to me.

I met a few people here and there. Friends list grew a little, but I was also just accepting anyone, even if we never talked once. I think it made me feel more lonely, though. But I didn't know at the time. I think in my head, a bigger friends list meant more happiness. I never stopped to realize it was mostly a list of people I never spoke to.

But among the few I did talk to, eventually I met someone who introduced me to roleplaying and that was probably the start of the worst of me. I got weirdly attached to it. That personal connection with two people, escaping from reality together.

It wasn't even sexual, at first. Just that experience of having a direct, personal, connection with someone, and creating a whole story together. It made me feel like I could escape into another world, much more than any game or movie could.

I could always write much better than speak, so this was probably the first time I've ever felt a kind of strong connection to someone, on top of finally having an outlet to expressing my thoughts. Not to mention, being creative after all this time of not doing anything since I finished that school.

As time went on, I was eventually introduced to the NSFW side of roleplaying. Never talked about anything that intimate and personal before in my whole life. I never had a serious relationship either.

This is also how I learned about the details of sex.

My schools barely, if ever, touched on it. I never got that talk from my parents.

I learned these details from a stranger on Gaia online.

Which wasn't much, as I'm thinking about it.

Looking back, it feels like they knew and saw me as a blank canvas to groom into their roleplay pet, only telling me what they wanted me to learn.

But I was oblivious and it sucked me in.

I think at the time I thought this is what a real relationship was. Something I always craved growing up, always being the kid in the corner of the party. I didn't know anything about this. I can't even remember if I kissed anyone up to this point. Meanwhile watching every guy friend I knew having a new girlfriend whenever they wanted. Which probably screwed me up on an entirely different level, thinking that was a good thing at the time.

I started to latch on to really weird things. Maybe because of how inexperienced I was with everything.

Even today I don't know why I latched on to what I did. It's just where my mind went. I got attached to it. It might have even become like a drug to me. I quit all of my other addictive habits by now. There was more than enough room for a new one to sink in.

One of the more ugly things I latched onto was becoming overly flirty as my default "personality." But even then, this was the peak of my awkwardness.

I was still that mentally broken husk, but now I'm learning something entirely new.

I didn't have the competence to ask people to do any of it. At most, I'd flirt kind of hard and try to nudge people into it. But even then, I can't see a shut in that broken and inexperienced, knowing how to manipulate anyone.

But I still talked like a moron and bragged about nonsense. I'm kind of glad I don't remember much of these details, this being more than a decade ago. I'm sure I was a really uncomfortable or disturbing person. I know I was also wildly edgy and it shows in some of those screenshots.

Just really disconnected from reality and oblivious to others feelings or the consequences of what I was saying.

Obviously, in hindsight, it wasn't okay to say and do the things I did. But this was also a time where roleplaying was wildly prevalent online. Any community, from Gaia to Roblox. Age, gender, race, nothing mattered. It was a time where people were just talking, gaming, roleplaying, with anyone they met without questioning who the other person was. It's far from okay today. But my point is that not a single person back then told me what I was doing was wrong. Most of them even started it or outright asked if I wanted to. I genuinely did not know better.

Regardless, it has been sickening to be reminded of who I used to be over a decade ago with what I know now. Especially seeing the way I used to say things, like how age was just a number. I still feel like that was just me trying to say I'll talk to anyone, but it came out really gross and disturbing.

I had the mind of a corrupt teenager, at best, on top of my mental illnesses and enough trauma for a lifetime, with my only "teacher" turning me into their roleplay pet. I was very broken and lonely and just wanted a connection with everyone.

I had no one telling me what was right or wrong, or watching over me.

I was basically raising myself with my own broken mind and the influences of the people who talked to me and gave me some weird new thing that I got attached to like that's all I wanted. But it wasn't what I truly wanted.

And eventually all of this didn't give me anything.

I went from having a mostly physical outdoor life to staring at a screen.

As much as I enjoyed that text on my screen, it never replaced what I lost.

It started making me feel lonelier, like this is all I'll ever have.

I'll never see the people behind the text.

I'll never have real connections again.

Just some weird addictions I was pushed into, just like my last circle of friends did.

I don't remember anything around when I started to drift back down into that pit again.

This whole part of my life is missing from my memory.

The only thing I remember from that entire missing part is holding a pair of scissors and having a feeling of absolute emotionlessness.

That time was easily the most lonely, broken, and lost I can remember being.

The next thing I remember is I started to see pony memes getting thrown around.

At this point, not much caught my interest.

I guess with how popular these characters seemed to be, that gave me some sort of curiosity.

It was overwhelmingly talked about at the time.

And that curiosity led to a show called My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic.

I forget how it started, but I found myself in a new community for a new cartoon that's been around for about a year at the time. I think I might have started on some of the original 4chan threads.

Which, in hindsight, was probably a bad place to start for someone as impressionable and empty as me.

But it still started a lot of creativity in me.

I became immediately attached to the show and the community.

Everything just clicked perfectly. It filled that void much better than what I was doing before.

It was a community based around a show that taught friendship and acceptance.

I felt like I finally found my home on the internet.

I'm convinced that show saved my life.

Next thing I knew, I felt a spark.

I started trying art again. Mostly just doodles.

But then I eventually moved into Flash and made animation models.

Not even sure why I went straight to that. Maybe it was because I heard the show was in Flash and that was my favorite program. I gradually made my own animation models of the entire cast of MLP, including just about every background character. I think I made about 100 of them.

As time went on, the show continued, other shows on the channel started getting popular too.

Including a show called Dan Vs.

It was an entertaining show, about a disgruntled man taking his anger out on the world. He was very cruel and fueled by anger. A literal jerk. But it was someone you loved to hate. Or just enjoyed watching being a menace. There was eventually a crossover commercial between Dan and Pinkie Pie. And I think that's what spawned my first big idea.

I started a sort of Ask Blog/Comic called Dan Vs FiM.

This was a combination of My Little Pony and Dan Vs, where Dan was sucked into this ponyverse. For whatever reason, it just worked.

It became basically the first thing I'd done with my life since I finished school.

I really got into Flash now, something I only knew the basics for from school, and that was years ago.

So I basically taught myself from scratch how to do everything.

That's how motivated I was. Everything I did, I was learning as I went.

The show and being creative started to pull me out of my darkness.

And seeing how many people liked what I was doing felt like it gave me a purpose.

But it started to change me in a different way.

I never had a following like that before. I was a literal nobody up until then.

It started going to my head.

I was also attempting to emulate the Dan Vs character to keep the blog in spirit.

Doing so started bringing out something cruel in me.

It wasn't just a character anymore. I started to genuinely become bitter and rude.

Even near the end it became so obvious even I started to notice how awful I was being.

I had a lot of mixed emotions. I enjoyed it, but I still acted petty and rude.

My mind was still a mess long before this blog and community.

And all of this just scrambled my mind more.

I vaguely remember some collabs and artists around this time and how much torture I must have put them through. Not to mention the fans. I distinctly remember a few rude responses I gave to questions asked.

I'm still really sorry for that era of my life and how I started my time in the MLP fandom.

But despite all of that bad, probably the best thing in my life came from it.

Some goofy, pink, fluffy, pony.

No thought put into it. I liked pink and fluffy things and wanted an OC like everyone else.

So that's what I made. And she ended up sticking.

She originally hung around Dan. I think there were more of her "kind" for a quick one off joke.

But I ended up sticking to the one.

And the more I worked with her, the better I started to feel.

Eventually she got her own blog and her own story.

She started to pull something that felt so nice out of me and became an outlet for a feeling I never knew I had. I really liked these positive feelings and seeing how happy she made others.

I also just really liked the dynamic between her and Chrysalis.

I never planned that at all. It just clicked, so I kept going.

I moved away from the Dan Vs FiM blog and focused on this one.

Basically revolved my whole life around it.

I had so, so many ideas. Every little thing inspired me.

It felt like I found that thing that I was meant to do.

But this one caught on so much quicker and so, so much bigger.

The Dan Vs FiM blog was popular, but this was overwhelming.

I still can't even begin to describe how overwhelming it was.

Me, an absolute wreck of a person, raised by the internet, some people on Gaia online, and my own broken mind, thrown on to some unreasonably high pedestal that I was not mentally capable of handling, and became one of the biggest names in one of the biggest fandoms almost overnight.

That fame absolutely ruined what little there was left in my head.

Like, immediately.

Looking back, I had such an insane mental state and did not know how to handle that attention at all.

I went back and forth between hating it and loving it.

I loved talking to all the new fans, but it overwhelmed me being that social, but I kept pushing myself anyway because I never had this attention before.

I would drift between bloated ego, thinking I deserve everything, but then just doing it for fun and enjoying the happiness it made.

I was on a roller coaster.

And the anger from the Dan Vs FiM blog was still lingering.

I lashed out, whined, threw tantrums, basically all the time, for little to no reason.

But then the next day I'd be happy as can be, adding another new blog post and watching the numbers go.

Looking back, I was probably starting to become genuinely psychotic.

I also remember a lot of early on fandom friends I ended up hurting.

I'm pretty sure the first question I ever got on Fluffle's blog was one of those people.

I am genuinely sorry to anyone that had to meet this horrid person I was and I hope they were able to move on and leave me behind.

But I kept getting more and more popular. Which made me more and more twisted. While on the other side of that coin, I kept pushing my talents and making bigger and more ambitious things. Even going so far as to teach myself animation from scratch, which kept making me more and more popular, creating this wild spiral. I started getting invited to conventions, collabs, streams, groups, constant DMs. I started to meet tons and tons of people and was talked about like a celebrity. It was wildly overwhelming being on stage or around so many people. I had zero idea of what I was doing and had no one by my side teaching me. It almost felt like people just expected me to know, since I was popular. Like being popular meant I was smart. Obviously it doesn't mean that. It was sheer luck and I had zero idea what I was doing. But hearing fans tell me stories or give me praise made me so happy. No drugs or abuse or weird roleplaying. I found a connection to people through my own efforts. I guess I was so caught up in it, I barreled through a lot of my anxiety and depression. I was finally meeting people in real life after all these years. But, for the most part, it was pretty simple. Saying hi, thanking them for being a fan, sharing art tips, what programs I used, things like that. Very rarely anyone stuck around for long. I remember feeling conflicted because of that. Surrounded by thousands but still feeling alone, whether it was my follower count or just me being a jerk while I wasn't aware yet. Those feelings definitely sped up the spiral downward.

Through all of this, from the start of finding the fandom, I've been roaming communities, meeting other artists, content creators, plushie makers, cosplayers, etc. Some of them I surprisingly got along with and they stuck around for a long while, despite my garbage attitude in public. Or maybe they weren't aware. I seriously don't know what triggered how I'd act towards who. Some people I was so nice to. Some I was just a complete and utter selfish jerk towards. Some I was just apathetic and uncaring. I know because of that weird switching, I was just a nightmare to be around for a lot of people. I doubt I was easy to work with for any collaboration. At this point, it also didn't help that I was scammed and used countless times. I might have had a bloated ego, but I was still naive and still craving any connections. The one that has been burned into my brain was being groomed out of thousands of dollars and so much of my time to advertise their project. Yes, groomed. It's not just a sexual thing. There's not many people on this planet who have been manipulated to give someone else money or time. And that's what happened for months. He seemed like he genuinely wanted to help me make merchandise and grow. Every message was so kind and thoughtful, like he was putting me before anything else.

In the end, he blatantly used me for exposure and money to push his own project.
The second I finished doing what he asked, it was immediately clear.
He even tried to push me into selling him my character. Which I still have all the emails of.
He never wanted to help. He just wanted my numbers.
I know that one destroyed a lot of trust I had in others.
Then there's who knows how many other people pretending to like me for exposure or art.
Girls coming into my DMs, leading me on, playing with me, dragging me back into roleplaying,
only to just want free art or to post their own art on my profiles and flip out when I didn't want to.
Panelists invited me as a seat filler and not even looking at me, like I was a ghost.
Artists making me fanart and throwing a fit if I didn't see it, like they expected me to post it.
People flipping out on me because I wouldn't add their OC to something.
People flipping out on me because I didn't write their favorite character how they wanted me to.
People harassed me because they hated pink.
That whole "fluffy pony abuse" thing that spawned. I had nothing to do with that at all, yet I'd get constant harassment blaming me for it.
The list was so long, with so many obscure things.
It made me so bitter, on top of the spiraling roller coaster of my mental state I was already stuck on.
I know I hurt a lot of people who genuinely wanted to work with me.
Or I just looked like a maniac and made them run from me like a plague.
I was extremely messed up and unwell.
I am so sorry for treating so many of you in such horrid ways.
I remember a plushie maker I pushed to the point where she lost her spark for it.
I know I'll be carrying that one with me forever.
An artist for that one card game that I was just a prick towards.
Merchandise collabs I know I was a nightmare to work with and made things overly complicated.
Countless streamers I pushed around or was just a jerk towards.
Other artists I pushed around or acted like I was better than them.
Genuine fans I treated poorly.
I even commissioned an unreasonable amount of really gross porn.
There's such a long list.
It still eats at me today and I'm just so sorry for all of that.
I did not handle the popularity or my emotions well. And I take full blame for all the wrong.
But it still stings that I can't remember anyone trying to guide me.

Again, it feels like everyone thought I knew what I was doing because I had that big number.
I genuinely didn't know how awful I was at the time. Or what I was doing. I just did what people invited me to do, whether I wanted to or not. Especially with how much praise I was getting. It just felt like I was okay as is and didn't give anything a second thought.
With no guidance, I continued to spiral, with only my own mind to figure things out.
I remember a lot of the time I would blame the big numbers whenever I got upset.
Or someone thought I was pretending to be a lonely, weird, or a messed up character, and laughed it off.
But none of that was the case.

I was a genuine wreck, lost in my unstable downward spiral, and desperately needed help.

I'm not even sure how to describe my mental state at this point. Or when this is on the timeline.

I can remember the overall picture to an extent, but not the details or the order.

My memory of the fandom feels like a bunch of mostly empty rooms with a few scattered objects in them.

I still didn't know how to be genuine and talk to people. And having that clouded mind from my mental health and attention bloating my ego, walled me off from people that I probably could have connected to. And it all started bringing back a lot of that familiar loneliness.

But despite all of that, there was still a small list of people talking to me. Including a few girls who somehow got past all those walls and mistrust I had, and even despite my public attitude and image of being a jerk. I think maybe 3 or 4 of them were also roleplayers. This wasn't all at once, either. I met them over the years.

But each time, it brought back, and added on to, a lot of things I thought I forgot. And being in a more conflicted mindset, I easily drifted back into that overly flirty nature. Which, again, they never opposed and even started to initiate on their own.

I may have been selfish, arrogant, ego bloated, but I still had so much trouble asking people for things or even saying no still. Even today, after all my growing. These few girls lined up with my gross habits and wants from the past and gave me a weird lifeline from my spiral back into loneliness.

I wasn't sitting here hunting for them like some predator. It still wasn't about ages or power or manipulating people. Even looking through all my chat logs, some lasting years, I can't find anyone telling me their age. Or a single time I pushed them into something. But even if they did tell me, it obviously wasn't made clear enough, especially when they always seemed happy to do what we did. At least two of them would regularly initiate these roleplays first. One specifically would encourage it and try to start one basically every time she messaged me. On top of even sending me porn unprovoked, including my character without even asking me.

I obviously shouldn't have been doing these things for a multitude of reasons. It's made me feel so utterly disgusted with myself getting reminded of these habits, all those years ago. But I still wasn't being told right and wrong. And if it was ever brought up, it flat out wasn't pushed or enforced, like it was just a passing comment, before they went right back roleplaying or spamming porn.

These girls made me feel like it was what they wanted and I followed it, which rapidly sped up my spiral into this disgusting mindset again.

Eventually, I did start nudging more.

I do remember at least one getting uncomfortable.

I think this specific one I actually started to feel closer to than the others. I can't remember, but I think she might have been one of the first people I streamed with or did a call maybe. It was something new to me. Maybe it was because she was also popular and I related to her. Like we connected under all the numbers and names. I'm still unsure what happened. She got hurt by something and I flat out can't remember. All I know is one day she disappeared and never spoke to me again. I think it's getting close to being 10 years since it happened. I still don't know why and I doubt she'd ever talk to me again. I wish I had the logs to this one, just to know what I

did. Pretty sure she didn't even like roleplaying. Maybe that's why it became so uncomfortable for her. I was stuck in that corrupt mindset with those other few girls, I probably thought since we were so close it would be natural like the others. I really don't know and these are all just guesses based on what I do know.

But even looking back, I still can't imagine myself trying to force someone to do anything. Again, even in the chat logs I have of the others, there was nothing about me being any sort of abuser. I complained and whined and had a wildly bloated ego, even made mean comments sometimes. But even the worst version of me wasn't aggressive or threatening. I obviously could still be mistaken, but I have yet to see anything in my research of my past. Which has been really confusing from the bits I've seen cross my timeline over the years. Looking back, I was clearly a different person than I am now. But what she keeps describing feels like an entirely different person from that. So I obviously did something really upsetting. And I think not knowing the details hurts more.

Whatever any of you feel about me over any of this, even knowing I was pushed by some of them, it's still unsettling to remember who I used to be and I am right there with you in that disgust.

I have been disgusted with myself for such a long time doing these things with these few girls and have been sorry for it. If any of them ever wanted to message me, I have been prepared to give them a personal and sincere apology for years.

It also sounds like there was at least one I tried to meet in person. Unless that's the same one. Again, I don't have the chat logs for a couple of these.

But I do know I tried to meet a lot of people in person.

Basically everyone I met online I wanted to meet at a convention or hang out in the city the convention was in, or even my own city to see the sights and whatnot. I guess in my head at the time, I was trying to push for a real life friendship.

But now that I know better, I'm sure that was uncomfortable for many. Even looking back to how corrupted I was, I promise all I was thinking about was just wanting to know the people behind the text were real, like everyone else I was meeting at conventions. Like fans talking to me in my group or leaving me a comment saying they wanted my autograph or just to say hi at the next convention.

Again, all my weird behavior just circles back to my young life of losing everyone I knew in person. It took until recently to realize that's what I was trying to get out of the fandom the whole time. I just didn't know how or had anyone to teach me how.

I even developed this weird disassociation thing where a lot of the time I wouldn't connect comments or messages to someone in person. It was like the text and the person were two entirely different people in my head.

Nonetheless, I'm still really sorry if I made anyone uncomfortable trying to meet you.

It feels like with how many followers I was surrounded by, I just wanted to know the people on my screen were real and not just one off comments or someone passing through my DMs. And coming from who I am today, making friends in person is what dragged me away from my internet addiction and I haven't done anything weird like this in years. I think I knew exactly what would have helped me, but I was so lost that it came out disturbing and uncomfortable.

But regretfully, this isn't even the biggest thing being said about me.

Rewinding a bit to my peak popularity, to when I was basically living on Picarto and getting into streamer culture. I would roam countless streamer chats and was invited to multi-stream with more than I can remember.

Sometime during all of this, I met a streamer named Befish, who has been my romantic partner for the past 6 years.

I'm not going to tell her story or talk for her.

She'll be doing that herself, [in her own statement](#), as it should have been to begin with.

This is just my side and what I can remember or gaps I'm missing that she helped fill in.

I do remember when I first met her, she had no idea who I was and it felt weirdly nice. Like a break from all the praise and big follower number treatment. She immediately saw me as a person instead of the name. It was so, so rare to meet someone in the fandom that didn't know me.

The controversy here is that she was 15 when we first met online, but I didn't know that at the time.

She admits to actively telling others she was 19, including the relationships she had before she met me. She says for basically her entire internet life as a teen she would give everyone fake ages. But that aside, we still don't remember me getting told an age right away.

Obviously, in hindsight, I shouldn't have been getting so close to someone that young. She says I was made aware of her age months later, but even then we still continued to talk and do art together.

I also want to point out that it was very normalized in the MLP fandom where people of all ages would socialize. So it obviously didn't click with either of us as a bad thing.

It genuinely felt like a nice thing to both of us.

All I remember is that she liked me around and it was making me feel like I was making a genuine friend, and things were starting to calm down in my head. I asked her to multi-stream, like I do to literally everyone I met on that site, she agreed, and things kind of turned into a little friendship from there.

Looking back, I think this was one of the very rare times where I felt like I was making a genuine friend among all the craziness of my following and crumbling mental health.

She was even a convention regular and had been to a handful of conventions before I even met her online. And because of that and how often I was a guest at the time, I got to meet her in person a couple times with her brother, and finally attach a person to the text and voice.

Meeting her like that gave me that feeling I kept hoping to find, knowing she was real and not just text on a screen. She started to fill that void of loneliness that was lingering in me for so long.

But as time went on, things did get kind of complicated.

I'm not even sure how to explain it other than we were on entirely different pages.

Even with the actually positive connection I was finally making, I was still in that disgusting roleplay mindset and it eventually drifted in and we started to flirt. But she also liked the idea and we started to enjoy each other's company in those ways.

And on her side, by her own words, she was a hopeless romantic who became attached to me like a relationship.

She says there was a point where we talked about making it official, but I never gave a straight answer.

I was also still broken and reserved. And she was very straightforward and open. I didn't know how to say no to someone like that. She talks about it more in her words, but she did push her romantic interests on to me. I was probably too afraid or confused to outright say no. All I knew about relationships was what people said during roleplays and what I saw in person when I was a teen. I think I just let her lead me and have her way, so I could keep my streaming and art buddy. Which made things so much more complicated. She started talking to people, even posting about us, like we were officially a couple. I wasn't aware until much later. But even with how complicated that became, we still talked things out and stayed close. Except now I was starting to drift into liking her more than I thought and we started becoming a little more serious in 2018, which was an unpleasantly busy year for us.

Not too long after we started getting serious, someone recorded her at a convention dinner talking about me and her being together and when we first met. Which later fell into the hands of one of the most toxic and disliked people in the fandom, who made an entire callout series about me "grooming" Befish. Ironically, this was the first time I'd heard of anyone speaking up about our age difference being odd. Or me talking to younger people in general. No one pulled us aside, no one spoke to us in any way, everyone around us was fine. Even the adults in her life supported us getting together. But this is how we learned. Through harassment from someone making drama videos for clout, raiding my family friendly server with their buddies who spammed slurs and disgusting images, and used Befish as a tool for revenge against his arch rival like a playground fight. I'd also like to add that this person is older than me and has had a grudge against Befish since they first met. A full grown man in his 30's, now 40's, has been bullying a girl since she was 17. The absolute irony of all of this is that these harassers agreed with her sentiment of "It was something we shouldn't have done, but we're happy where we are." And Befish covers this in wild detail [in her statement](#).

Needless to say, it messed with us at the time to be blindsided like that without a single soul talking to us about anything. It hurt Befish the hardest, though. To the point where she canceled her next convention that we were supposed to meet at.

The convention where I meet Starsy.

I'm not sure how I'm feeling at this convention. Obviously upset. Loneliness was creeping back in.

I remember trudging through this convention.

But I do remember meeting one specific fan.

I never met a fan that excited or happy before.

And I must have met hundreds, if not over a thousand, by now.

Was probably the highlight of that whole convention.

We eventually connected on Twitter and connected kind of quickly.

I started talking to her like any other fan. Hi's, sharing art, I think she wanted a plushie too.

We moved to Discord a few days later.

Looking back at the chat logs, we started with talking about art, games, food, all that general stuff. Things I don't often get to talk about.

She was still a fan and knew me, but it felt pretty similar to meeting Befish, like she saw the person behind the name and I could talk to her outside of all the attention and spotlights.

It was also just really neat to meet someone through a convention who happened to live close by.

Barely two weeks after we met, she started to try and invite me to meet her.

First time she invited me to the city. But I never liked going there, so I politely said I was busy.

Things went back to small talk.

Barely a couple days later, she invited me over to her house, just out of the blue.

I didn't think much of it, beyond feeling like I'm making that real life friend I've been looking for.

I had a couple friends by now, but not like this. The closest in person friend I had was a full hour away, without traffic. She was just across a bridge. I finally had a real life friend right there who I could see and go places with and I finally started to feel less alone.

I visited just a small handful of times over the time I knew her, and we'd just kind of hang out.

She'd show me her collections, art, and play with all her cats. Simple things. Though, one night we did talk about some things in our pasts and they weirdly lined up with each other. I think that night was the turning point.

Which really sucks, now that I'm looking back. I had a really good friend at that point.

But as time went on, things got weird. Even looking at the chat logs, I'm honestly not sure who started the flirting. It just started from both ends. And her going with it, even starting it a lot of the time, it started to drag out that sick side of me. But I guess I don't have to explain that much.

Some of those messages have already been posted.

There was a night at her house we ended up cuddling. I think that's when I started to finally wake up.

Nothing happened beyond just that. But I remember feeling pretty uncomfortable. Even more so when I wanted to leave but she physically wouldn't let me go.

I don't think I said anything at the time. I just thought she was happy, and as usual I kept my feelings inside and did what made people happy.

More time passes, more flirting. But now it's on and off, on my end. I'm starting to get a little more uncomfortable with the things she's saying, but I kept up the act for her. I'd fallen into a conflicted back and forth, thinking it's what I wanted but still feeling unsettled. We still continued, though.

And then the night of my biggest regret comes around and the biggest part of this whole callout.

I carried so much regret for that night. I left basically immediately.

The whole time felt like a blur. I just wanted to leave. I didn't even remember most of it until going through the chat logs, digging out memories, and talking things out. But I'll come back to this with hindsight a little later.

Things got obviously complicated between us.

An entirely different roller coaster I never knew even existed.

I remember a lot of me for a few days after that was mostly a mask, pretending to be that flirty person she knew.

But when things settled down, we both agreed to be friends and nothing more.

And I continued to try to give her that friend and make it up to her.

There was also Befish's side. We just finally started to get close. But that video sort of separated us, leaving me trying to fill that void again. Which added a whole entire different level of regret. I told her the same night it happened. It probably sounds cliché, but I think it was the thing that made me realize how much Befish actually meant to me and finally woke me up.

The three of us eventually started to talk together. Things were obviously complicated. I had regrets between both of them. I made things complicated by trying to keep them both happy. I didn't even tell Starsy I was with Befish at first. But we still somehow managed to get onto a similar page with each other, and eventually we became a little friendship circle.

As me and Befish became closer, she eventually moved here. Funny enough, she moved in with Starsy. Things were still a bit bumpy, but we still continued to work things out. I think having Befish there gave Starsy someone special that took her focus and me and Starsy kind of drifted apart. We'd still hang out and she always seemed okay with me there, but those two definitely became close. But even despite that, it felt like we got past everything. Starsy would regularly remind me it was okay and the past was the past.

At least up until this year when it all resurfaced.

During the incident, Starsy did take solace in someone she thought was a friend at the time. I wasn't even aware of it until recently, but apparently they tried to call me out on deviantArt years back as well. It also sounds like they held onto it for half a decade and only started to try again now that I was making content again. It made them mad to see my content on their timeline. That's the actual reason that sparked this callout. Starsy even showed me the conversation. But before Starsy realized how bad this person was, she got sucked back in, basically saying everything those original accusations said, condemning me and insulting Befish, despite the years of friendship the three of us had, all because she said she was terrified of what this person would do to her. Something she also admitted to us, showed us, and apologized profusely for. Nonetheless, it still blind sided us and was the catalyst for all of this, along with accusing me of so much other disgusting behavior.

But what wasn't posted was Starsy's side or her actions. And I don't mean because she was treated like a target and blacklisted, despite being a "victim" and "friend" to the accuser. I mean her actual actions leading up to the incident.

Looking back through the entire chat log, there were so many red flags I wish I noticed.

Another reason this took so long is because, while going through these logs, I discovered a lot about this girl that went over my head at the time because I was so caught up in wanting connections or trying to make up for what I did. It took me at least a week of talking to friends and family and my therapist to finally gather my thoughts and get through it. And even now, I'm still having trouble.

Rewinding back to the beginning, now with hindsight, for the most part it was the same.

But less than a week later into knowing each other, she drops a 3 page long callout about her friends and everything she disliked and hated about them.

Within 3 pages, she rants on about this friend group I've never even heard of, giving detailed events of every way they wronged her. She also condemns herself for "snapping" at them, but is much more focused on victimizing herself. Even admitting to playing both sides of a fight between these friends, but choosing to ignore her own wrongdoing in the situation. By the end, she clearly seems obsessed with these individuals that don't want her in her life anymore, even saying that these people who had left her were "haunting her". Reading it now, it's unsettling to me and Befish how many of these line up with patterns she showed during all the years we knew her. I really wish I fully took in this callout. She basically told me who she was from the start.

Barely another week later, with only basic small talk at best going on, she starts the day with "really fricking wishing" it was her 18th birthday, with the specific reason of "I'm excited to be an adult for some reasons that I dunno if I'm really comfortable saying."

I gave her a "fair enough". But she was really stuck on this topic and kept going.

"I don't think it would be legal for me to chase my reason."

I gave her an "okie dokie."

None of this is registering with me at the time. It's been two weeks since we started talking. I probably took it as she was venting again.

But then "when you were a teenager, did you ever have the problem of having a crush on someone older than you?"

I really wish that one didn't go over my head. Three flags within half an hour. But here I am, still oblivious as a rock, sharing that I once had a crush on someone older, too.

Then she goes "It frustrates me that people seem to think that there's always something creepy going on when a kid is talking with an adult that isn't related to them I end up talking to adults more than other kids my age, honestly"

Not a single thought in my thick skull. I am screaming in my head typing this at how stupid I was back then. I thought I was just talking to a fan I met a few weeks ago. But maybe that's why. She was talking to me like I was a person and a friend she trusted, which seems to be the common trigger of me connecting to someone. We basically never talked about my content. We did small talk and I listened to her rant. I thought this was one of those again.

Then literally the next day, she invited me to her house. Someone she knew for two weeks and only seen once at a convention for a few minutes. I was so caught up in finally getting to meet someone in person, I just went without a thought. But that's obviously concerning to look back on and reread, on both ends.

After a couple more visits, her intent becomes more clear. She starts pushing me to come over when her mom isn't home. Even though her mom was against it, and despite me saying I don't want to upset her mom, along with saying I didn't mind her mom being around, too.

Even before the first visit, there was a message of her talking about the idea and outright complaining that her mom wanted to be a chaperone. Something I even asked for, wanting to bring both of them to get ice cream or go to a mall or something of the sort.

Moving forward to when the disgusting flirting starts up. Reading through all of this, it was pretty clear she was obsessed with me within a couple weeks, maybe days, and kept pushing for more and more. At the time, I'm just along for the flirting ride. I really shouldn't have been entertaining these old habits again. But she's dropping things on me like the age of consent in her state to do things with "someone." Or outright saying she's old enough and "can handle lewd things." It's like she's egging me on to get worse.

It sucked me in with how blunt and inviting she was. This girl was clearly pushing for something I only thought about in text. After going through that entire chat log multiple times, it feels like she's the one that was pushing me to do what she wanted. As disgusting as I was, I only ever sought after roleplaying on screen and friendship in person. And even then, I always had a problem with physical contact. Something everyone around me knows, especially Befish. Which adds on to that cuddling night. Rereading our texts afterwards, I clearly didn't want to be there. To the point where she even picked up on it and apologized multiple times for holding me down. I really wish I could have outright told her I didn't like it. But I kept that mask on and acted like I shrugged it off, and let her have it.

But even behind that mask, I still got sucked into those flirty messages and drifted back into things I shouldn't have been saying, as she continued to get more and more detailed with her thoughts and wants.

Not too long after all of that, during an inappropriate back and forth, she outright admits to having a sex toy and having "experience." With how much it's been a point against me, I shouldn't need to remind anyone she's 16 and that she shouldn't even have something like that. But I can probably guess how, considering not a week before that she talked about trying to trick her mom into buying her a hentai game.

She clearly was much more sexually active than I ever felt, even despite how sick I was. Most of our back and forths weren't even registering in my mind and went right over my head. Roleplaying and flirting was more like a story to me. I didn't think about it being more.

Then comes that night.

I'm not sure what started it.

I can't even find the invite to her home.

I guess I was there and it just happened.

Or I guess, less of just happened and more of coerced into it.

I'm still not mentally okay.

I don't understand half of what's happening.

I still can't tell someone no, especially when I see them as a friend that I don't want to lose.

I can't stand up for myself or push back.

I've never been very strong physically.

I understand what I was doing was wrong.

I should have never entertained those thoughts.

This should not have gotten this far.

And I am well aware of how wrong everything leading up to this was now.

But I did not want to be there once I realized what was happening.
I pulled back and tried not to show interest as best I could, but she started begging and pleading for it.
And when I still didn't give in, I was pinned down by her while she continued to beg, even while I was trying to leave.
This went on for at least an hour.
I was trapped like that for an hour before I finally broke and gave in, giving her what she wanted so I could finally leave.
It's even right there in the leaked chat, that all of you saw.
I have months of countless apologies from her.
Her admitting that she pushed me into it.
That she held me down.
That she used me.
That she admitted she "coerced" me into it.
All of this was even admitted to my accuser.
Yet it was ignored, even going so far as to say I deserved it, or it was still my fault due to the ages. As if teenagers are incapable of these thoughts or physically holding someone down.
Which makes that rant of her's I referenced to earlier all the more important.
It included her getting chewed out for making art that depicted, in her words, "rape by coercion."
She knew about these things at 14, years before I met her.

We've learned so much about who Starsy really is, from reflecting back.
The person we considered a close friend, after everything we've been through.
After all of this, she went on to lie to Befish and tell her the complete opposite of what happened.
Saying I was the one who held her down.
Befish lived with that for years until she just recently found out it was a lie this whole time.
But I guess that shouldn't be new.
She'd constantly go back and forth, telling me one thing and telling Befish something else.
Complaining about her other friends, only to find out she was the problem all along.
Finding out she abuses her mother whenever she doesn't get what she wants, which Befish witnessed with her own eyes while living with her.
Tantrums were always common whenever she didn't get her way, whether it be family or friends.
Some of those friends she suicide baited.
Or a tantrum in a sex shop because her mother didn't want to give her money for another sex toy.
She tried to have sex with one of my local friends.
She told Befish she'd have sex with her if she wasn't taken.
As well as a few of her online friends she became obsessed with.
All things that were also witnessed by Befish. All of which you can find [in Befish's statement](#).
And after months of this, Befish couldn't take it anymore, being stuck in that house to watch and listen to all of this dreadful behavior and attempted to stand up and tell her she needs to calm down and stop, only to be threatened to be stabbed. Starsy literally admitted to wanting to stab Befish.

It terrifies me what she might have done if I didn't give in that night.

She lied to everyone and became aggressive or manipulative whenever she didn't get her way. I question how truthful she was with either of us. Or even my accuser.

For years she told us how much she hated this person or was terrified of them.

But in those leaked chats, she acted like close friends and fed this person exactly what they wanted to hear. Only to come back to me and Befish and profusely apologize for weeks about how regretful she was, while also continuing on about how much she hated this person from all the abuse they did to her.

It was like she lied to everyone, in unique ways, to always make herself the victim.

And in the end, she betrayed and manipulated all of us, on both sides, and just walked away.

After years of me taking the blame so she'd feel better despite her admitting countless times to assaulting me, sincerely trying to make things better between us, and me and Befish trying to be the friends we thought she needed, she was just using us.

I'm sure my accuser tried to help her for just as long, too, only for her to out them to us.

She used all of us for what she could get, outed us to each other, and left.

I know how sick I was.

I should not have entertained this flirting mindset.

And I take absolute responsibility for who I used to be.

But I'm not going to take the blame for being physically assaulted and used by someone who is a clear danger and desperately needs help.

I regret so much and I can't apologize enough for my behavior.

Something I've been working on for years, and I'm going to keep saying it.

Because obviously no one actually talks to anyone, otherwise all of you would know this.

But even with all the weird, uncomfortable, or outright disgusting, I don't think I would have ever gotten better if I never met Befish.

Typing it all out like this, Befish is what started me on the path to get better.

She was always so patient and straightforward with me, trying to help me communicate better or spelling out things I did wrong.

It was so rare anyone did that in such a patient way.

So many years being surrounded by countless amounts of people, and she was the first person I can remember to make me feel like someone was genuinely trying to help me be better.

Even today, she still helps push me.

Even after all the people who harassed and tormented us.

She stayed.

She's the reason I'm trying so hard.

She's the reason I started therapy and talking to my doctors more.

She's the reason I haven't done anything even close to who I used to.

I get that being a decade apart can be uncomfortable to hear, but she's become such a special light in my life that I couldn't live without anymore.

And I feel like if I never met her, I would have easily continued to get worse, and hurt so many more people.

She's 24 at the time of writing this and has been living with me for two years. I even met most of her family already, and they've all accepted me and even been supporting me through all of this. We've become integrated with each other's lives, from personal to business.

If you don't like it, that's all on you. This is our lives. Not yours. And you desperately need to learn that you're not in charge of other people, no matter how much you scream about it. She is not a child that needs saving. She's even older than some of you. She chose to be with me, which she proves in her own statement.

That night all those years ago was my rock bottom.

I have not done anything or relapsed in years and I have plenty of witnesses, chat logs, and even medical records to prove how much and how long I've been trying.

Everything I wrote, I spent weeks working through, going back to my past, and even researching the things I've forgotten, to make sure I could cover everything.

You called me out and I answered.

This is my life, my regrets, my feelings, my thoughts, whether you want to believe it or not.

I really can't express how sorry I am, knowing how terrible I was, while everyone gave me so much praise. I've had families tell me how much their children love this character. I've even had people tell me to my face that my character saved them from depression.

It has been so crushing to see how much people have been hurt by my past.

But I have been trying to be better, to learn to communicate my feelings, admit to being wrong, accept people's advice, and I have been trying for years.

I'm so tired of being that disgusting person I was and knowing how many people I hurt.

And looking back, it was just exhausting being that bitter and cruel for so long.

But I'm not going to apologize for the blatant misinformation, and I know for a fact a few of these callouts are twisted, or even lying. And I also have chat logs and witnesses to prove it.

So let's start with the girl I referenced earlier. It started out with small talk like most people I met. But after a while, she started to actively send me porn unprovoked, including of my own character, and would consistently try to pull me into roleplaying. Later on in those logs, I gradually stopped responding to it. One word responses, if that. It was too much, even for me at the time, if you can somehow believe that. She also hasn't removed me from anything and has been using that to stalk me. Weird thing to do with someone who apparently hurt you. But at least now she gave me a chance to save the logs to prove all of this. Oh, and the wildest part is that she draws porn of minors now and publicly defends it.

Did I actually hurt you or are you playing a game? Because that was wild to type out. I'm genuinely sorry if I hurt you. Our entire chat logs have been friendly between us, outside the unwarranted porn and roleplaying. You even did some nice, not inappropriate, fanart a few times that I liked and still have saved. But it's really obvious in the unedited logs you're cherry picking from, that once I stopped replying to the roleplays and porn, you completely stopped talking to me like that's all you ever wanted me for. And everyone I've shown those logs to agrees.

I know I shouldn't have entertained those ideas. And, again, I'm sorry if I did hurt you. But I've been learning to be better and haven't done anything like that in years. You may want to take a step back and figure things out before these people notice the things you post.

There's another girl who joins these callouts, who used to aggressively force me to talk or berate me for not talking well enough during live streams, in front of my viewers. So I obviously have witnesses. And there was one specific stream where I got so done with her, I just removed her. Befish was even there that day and I removed her too, for a short time. That girl pushed me so hard, I didn't want anyone around me after that.

I also noticed another one keeps changing small details every time they join one of these callouts. Slightly different dates, ages, what I specifically did, something changes but I can still tell it's the same overall story each time. All of which there is still no record of in any of my chat logs.

There's also people just posting blatant lies without a shred of context, let alone evidence.

I saw comments of people saying I got a 15 year old pregnant?

That literally never happened... How would I even hide that for all these years?

Also one saying I married Befish?

Befish would post that immediately if it was true. She'd be so excited.

There would be literally no way or reason for me to hide that.

It's wild how so many people care so little and just want to feed the flames to watch a stranger burn.

There's one in particular who has been really going at it to get me banned from conventions.

You mean the one I do a year? Maybe two, if it's close enough to drive?

Also after I took a multiple year hiatus from traveling to figure my life out and get better?

It really does show how little these people put into learning about the person they're throwing a tantrum over.

But I guess this is also coming from an ableist using my physical and mental disabilities, and needing to walk carefully, to say I'm creeping around the vendor hall with "predator vibes".

Or saying they were afraid of me because of my appearance.

Reminder I wear a white sweater with a fluffy pink heart on it.

Where'd all that advocating for acceptance and disabilities go?

But those petty complaints and bullying aren't anything new, considering they post 40+ times a day, usually vague posting about the grudges they have. Some about things from years ago. Or how often they complain about their lack of money and beg their fans for it, either for frivolous junk or to travel on their fan's expense. You'd think getting so many donations would push them to stop being terminally online, actually be the artist they claim to be, and give back to their generous fans. Or let's not forget how they claim they had to leave conventions, when they were actually fired from them. They never left on their own, as they claim. They were fired and have been lying to your face. But don't take my word for it. Even just a quick scroll of their profile shows how disgusting, manipulative, and childish they are.

It's really not surprising I have yet to meet a single vendor, online or in person, who had anything nice to say about this person. I have never heard someone be so hated by a community they actively sit with. They would be shunned out of existence if everyone wasn't so terrified to speak up, from how aggressive and manipulative they are. I can't imagine how many people wear a fake smile around this person just to keep them happy. Literally the only person I've seen attempt to try and get through to them was Befish. She took an entire day to talk this person through everything going on, giving them an actual sincere attempt as the friend she thought she was, only to become their next target of harassment. Even trying to get her banned from conventions alongside me, and painting her as one of their abusers.

I've done my share of disgraceful things in my past.

But I'm at least trying and I haven't repeated my past in years.

You all want to improve the community from a real problem happening today?


This person is sitting right there, voluntarily choosing to be one of the most manipulative and black hearted vendors in any hall. If you know them, you need to get them off of social media and into some legitimate help before they ruin what little reputation they have left.

And let's not forget the accuser to all of this.

Hasn't spoken to me once, ever. Never talked to Befish. Took the words of Starsy, at face value, on top of her hating and lying to this person for who knows how many years. Tried to push that I was the abuser when I was the one who was sexually assaulted. Advocating people to actively harass me. Which that alone proves they're just doing this for malicious intent. Is the whole purpose of a callout not to push a person to get help? Congrats, I've been doing that for years. Imagine being so ignorant, you weren't even aware of my pronouns, let alone my growth and changes over years. And let's not forget how they did an interview for canceling someone. If that doesn't scream it was for clout, I don't know what will. But I'd like to point out that during said interview, they said they were going to back off after the video. Which was obviously a lie. It was also stated they'd be more inclined to think I changed if I spoke up. Well, I'm speaking up. I would have spoken up if they actually talked to me. But let's see if they at least hold up to that or it's another lie like so many other statements they've made.

Here's the interview, by the way.

It's a bit long, but it might be worth taking a break from reading to relax and listen instead.

 [Confronting The Fluffle Puff Allegations Person](#)

I'd also like to point out how they made a thread just barely before I posted this, about how completely different they were in the past and shouldn't be judged on that past.

So they shouldn't be judged for their actions, despite still being problematic today by ruining people's lives for attention, but I should be actively harassed for things I did over half a decade ago and have been actively trying to be better, on top of me being the one that was physically assaulted?

The sheer amount of ignorance, pettiness, irony, and hypocrisy of this one person is so wildly palpable.

It's pretty much guaranteed they'll never attempt to make up for the damage they caused, considering they've been through more than 10 accounts in the past few years to avoid being canceled themselves along with ban evasions. But me actively trying to be better is the problem.

But that's just the tip of the iceberg, believe it or not. Befish covers it all, along with so much more. So if you all wanna know just how deep the rabbit hole goes with this unbelievable person, [give her statement a read](#).

I'd also like to quickly point out the sheer abundance of people trying to push and control what I do with my life, talking like they have complete authority over a stranger on the internet and I have to do what they say. Ironic, considering I'm getting accused of the same.

There's even two "relatives" running wild, who gave my accuser literal lies, with their proof being they're a part of Befish's family. These people have been exiled from her family for a long time. I won't say much since it's more a private problem on the side of Befish's family, but Befish explains in her statement how legitimately dangerous these people are.

But are you seeing the pattern yet?

These are the people who perpetuate cancel culture.

Which I shouldn't need to remind you of.

You've seen plenty of cancel culture by now and the people behind it.

They don't care about the truth or the victims or anyone involved.

They actively do the very things they accuse others of, if not far worse.

Any story you send to these people, they're just using you as a tool.

And if you make one wrong move, you'll be next.

They just go after anyone they can use to shift the spotlight away from their own demented behavior.

And I welcome any of them to prove me wrong, apologize, and delete everything about this.

But we all know they won't. They'll double down, make up something new, maybe even make some fake screenshots, and keep pushing until they have to restart their identity yet again.

And the cycle repeats.

So they want to keep pointing out my age?

Let's be fair and talk about how these people are also full grown adults, treating something this serious like children on a playground.

I can't speak for Starsy anymore because I have no idea who she was honest with and she clearly manipulated everyone she spoke to.

But I can speak for Befish, witnessing the torment she went through with my own eyes.

How she was constantly forced by countless people to be a victim, got blocked, silenced, ignored, and even getting told her words don't matter, because she didn't want to agree with these accusations.

Some of these people even said I raped Befish.

You do not EVER put those words in someone's mouth.

Especially when the people involved may have actually experienced it before.

She legitimately got physically ill reading that disgusting accusation.

That is such a vile thing to put on someone based on a handful of posts from a complete stranger who was never there, on top of actively blocking and telling the person you're "defending" to shut up.

These people aren't here to help anyone but themselves and their savior complex. They're bluntly treating Befish like she's a child and a tool to make their narrative a reality. Because silencing her is caring, right? Because putting words in her mouth is helping, when all she wants is to be left alone, right? Because telling a full grown adult to live how you want them to, makes you a good person, right? It's unbelievable how absolutely delusional these people are to prove themselves right.

The world is not black and white and your word is not law or fact. There can easily be actual consequences that come from this nonsense. Some of these people are convinced I abused Befish, but I have never once done anything to hurt her and there isn't a shred of evidence to prove that because I am not and never have been an aggressive person. And even if an actual abuser gets outed, they take it out on the victim. On top of dragging the victim back into memories they want to get away and move on from, and ruin any healing they've done. This nonsense can, and does, cause real damage. But not a single one of these people took the time to talk to any of us. Not me, Befish, Starsy, even people that know us. It's so baffling how quickly so many people are ready to believe what they're told by social media, without a single conscious thought to look into it. All this callout has proven is that a large majority of these people never cared about the "victims" involved. I know Befish has suffered more this past month than she has her entire life.

And these are the people that are trying so hard to push all of this. They don't care about anything except watching me burn for their own deranged satisfaction.

I have been ripped off, abused, groomed and scammed to give people exposure and money, physically, mentally, and sexually assaulted for two decades of my life, and I'm still moving on. As much as I might hate someone, I would never go out of my way to forcibly ruin their life. People can, and do, grow up and change into an entirely different person in even just a couple years.

It's why I don't directly name anyone. Because I know so many people will attack them, even if they're genuinely a victim. The only reason I call out Starsy is because she is such a big part of this, and to show she is not okay, is a danger to others, and desperately needs help and support from anyone who personally knows her and can talk to her directly.

Cancel culture is never about victims or justice. It's just about self gratification or petty revenge. Befish was forced to be a victim for years, when it never came from her own mouth and now she has to rebuild her entire life from these people forcing this narrative on her. "I hope she gets help" Her life is in pieces because of you. Not from me.

You shattered her life as an artist.

Even several of her own friends, who claimed to have cared for her, have thrown her under the bus over this.

The only thing Befish is a victim of is this blatant harassment.

I'm the one trying to help her through this torture. Not you.

I have never, ever seen her more heartbroken and shattered in our entire lives together.

Most of these people didn't even know who she was before this. Or me, for that matter.

These people don't care about her at all beyond seeing her as a means to make their narrative true.

This callout has done more damage to her than I ever could.

And that is an absolute fact, no matter how much it's denied.

The way all of this was handled says so much about the state of social media and how little so many people care about actual victims. If anyone really did care, even the slightest about any victim, they'd delete everything about them and let them move on with their lives. But we all know that will never happen. The people of cancel culture do not care about anyone but themselves.

But I'm still here, trying to care for her, as I've always done.

Me and Befish will continue our lives together, regardless of what happens.

She is a full grown adult. She is the only one who controls her life. No one else.

Not even me, as much as these accusers keep trying to push.

Which is ironic, considering if anything came from this, it only strengthened our bond.

She knows how hard I've been trying these past few years to get better.

This just helped prove that, showing how far I changed.

And to add on to the irony? If someone actually took the time, sat us down, and explained what was wrong, we would have most likely separated. I wouldn't have talked to Starsy. I might have not even talked to those few girls. And I can't describe how much I wish I had someone tutor me through handling internet fame. So much, if not all, of this wouldn't have happened, because you would have taught me something I genuinely didn't know at the time.

Harassing and canceling does not teach anything.

You want the world to be better? Sit someone down and try to educate them.

As for all these accusers and harassers, I'm sure nothing I say will get through to you since your opinions are usually set in stone the second you have the thought. Which is rather sad knowing you'll never see any shades of color outside of black and white. But I still sincerely hope one day you realize how wrong this all is and how much it can hurt someone. And that includes you. Some of you are artists, have jobs, go to college, trying to become content creators or streamers.

You all have dreams and aspirations.

But so much of your lives are consumed with social media and trying to cancel everyone who upsets you. All these callouts, black lists, fighting and arguing, towards anything that jabs at you. Countless, countless hours you could have invested into your talents or dreams that you will never get back.

And all of the eyes on me, are also on you. But these eyes don't care about your talents or goals. All these eyes care about is consuming drama. Finding the next target to attack or point a finger at. This is why so many of you have such small followings or your art gets minimal attention. You really think your viral callout posts are going to translate to your art? Drama consumers only care about drama. You're staining yourself as the drama poster and that's all you are to all these people. Your art, talents, goals, your life, it's nothing to them. You are nothing to these people. I probably appreciate your talents more than these people do. Not to mention, callouts are legitimate harassment. No job is going to tolerate someone regularly involved in aggressive or controversial activity. And let's not forget all of the alternative accounts a lot of you have, ranging from pretending to be different people, ban and cancel evasion, to posting just disgusting things far worse than what you're accusing me of. So a reminder that your "likes" are public.

It's not hard to find all of this. You can easily ruin your life as much as you try to ruin others, along with anyone even remotely related whether they're involved or just innocent people liking pictures.

Even if you cared, you wouldn't be able to count all the broken hearts that came from this just so you can feel good about pointing your fingers at me.

All that harassment towards so many innocent people, even children, just enjoying the things they like, posting fanart or screenshots of my character, or using my character's name. None of them deserved any of that and you should know damn well how wrong that is. All this talk about "protecting children" and here you are being the cause of their broken hearts as you specifically try to ruin the thing they like because you have something against the creator. A creator most of these fans don't even know exists.

Everything about this screams it was done out of hate and malice and it was never about me.

Be better.

Eat some vegetables and go for a walk.

Work towards a career or find a hobby.

Go hang out at a club or arcade.

Learn to do a craft.

Find someone to hold your hand.

Find someone who will love you for who you are.

Show people who you really are, outside of all the drama.

Literally anything but stare at this screen and be a bitter, hate fueled, monster to so many innocent people just trying to enjoy what little light there is on the internet.

You got a problem with someone?

Learn to talk to them.

My DMs have always been open and ready to give anyone a sincere apology for years if they just messaged me and had the maturity to talk it out.

I'm not the only adult here. Practically all of you are, too. Some of you are even older than me.

Learn to communicate your feelings and talk things out.

It's what I've been learning to do.

And if someone as awful, disgusting, and corrupted as me can learn, you have absolutely no excuse.

I carry my regrets and mistakes as a reminder now.

And I'm honestly kind of thankful this happened.

Because now there's nothing left on my chest.

It did sting to lose all the new friends and fans I was making lately in the streaming scene. But it was a bit easy to get through seeing how fast they were to judge a stranger's thread at face value instead of asking anyone actually involved.

This whole event made it very clear who my true friends, fans, and mutuals are.

I know who I am and who I want to be.

My friends know who I am.

My family knows who I am.

My loved ones know who I am.

My close fans even know who I am.

I even have the support of Befish's family.

And I mean her real family, not the two pretending to be.

I'm going to therapy once a week with Befish.

I talk to my doctors whenever they're free through emails.

I even made a neurologist appointment while typing this.

I backed away from big communities.

I rarely reply to comments. (I still read them all, though.)

I'm not active in large groups.

I rarely respond to DMs unless it's business, art tips, or sounds important.

When I stream, everything stays on stream and I don't talk to anyone outside of it unless they also talk in my public group.

I rarely do conventions. I think I've done maybe 4 or 5 over the last half a decade.

The only reason I even go to any is to help Befish vend, which she pushed me to guest at so they can help me afford to go. I still don't like being a guest, but I try to do it for her so she's not alone at every convention.

And even then, I do what I have to as a guest and immediately go back to my corner or stick around people I know well.

I still hate the spotlight.

I'm still wildly uncomfortable on panels and stages.

I still don't know how to talk to strangers, fans, even friends, very well.

I was never okay but my mind shattered when I was thrown into that spotlight.

And now I finally have people in my life who are actually trying to help me put myself back together and I don't want to disappoint them again.

All of which you would have known if you actually spoke to me or anyone around me.

That's what I've been doing for years since I rebooted my identity and will continue to do so.

Which is kind of strange watching these people try for a straight month to take away things I voluntarily gave up years ago. They could have saved weeks of their time if they just talked to me.

But I'll even double down on what I've been doing, just to prove how much I'm trying.

I will continue to rarely respond to DMs unless it's business, art tips, or sounds important.

I'm leaving every group that isn't my own or very, very close friend's.

I'm done with being a guest or doing panels anywhere.

I won't stream, make videos, do commissions, or even post a doodle, until my therapist tells me that I am mentally healthy enough to handle all of this work.

And even then, I'm done with the socializing side of content creation.

I'm just going to stay in my corner and make things.

I know there's fans that will still support me despite all of this, and as long as what I make gives someone a smile, I will continue to make content.

And if that's still not enough for you, I think that says a lot more about you than it does me.

I stopped caring about the spotlight.

I don't do it for attention.

I don't do it for money.

I don't do it for likes or views.

It's become a part of my life that I just do, whenever I have the free time, solely because I simply love doing it and it makes people happy.

That should be obvious with how I stopped something much more popular to focus on doing things I personally like, even despite how little views it gets.

I even started to use that 3D animation education within the past year to create a streaming identity and join the Vtuber scene.

All I care about now is just making content, telling stories, and having fun.

I have and will continue to get better because I want to and need to.

If you don't like my content or me, please block me and try to find something you enjoy instead. Don't sit there and waste your energy on something you don't like. Find something that makes you happy.

If you're uncomfortable with my past or my relationship, please block me and do your best to move on.

Me and Befish are more happy together than so many of you will ever know.

How we started wasn't a good thing and I do not support that in any way, but for whatever crazy luck we had it turned into something we cherish and never want to end.

I am not talking about any of this again.

I'm not doing those back and forth games.

I don't care about "debunking" threads.

I don't care how much drama comes from this.

I don't care how many people unfollow me.

I'm not talking about this anymore and blocking anyone who tries to drag me back.

If any of you want to keep harassing me, or try to take away things that I don't even do or care about anymore, when I'm actively getting help and trying to make up for my past and move on from my trauma, I think that says so much more about who you are as a person than what you're saying about me.

I'm moving on, growing up, and being the adult everyone insists on reminding me I am.

If you want to join me and bury any hatchets, feel free to contact me.

My character didn't come from nowhere.

Maybe the original design came from some random thought.

But eventually she evolved into such a special and meaningful outlet for my feelings.

Who she is now comes from a deep part inside of me that just wants to make everyone feel loved.

Even despite how absolutely corrupted and disgusting I became, I still somehow managed to keep her like that through all of these years.

I guess I always knew how important she was, to both me and her fans.

I want to be better so I can truly connect to these characters and continue working with them.

This character used to be what I felt deep down, but now she has become who I strive to be as a whole.

And when I'm better, I will continue her story until there's nothing left in me.

I know what I did in the past was wrong and I accept that.

I accept the permanent stain on my name and how many people will unfollow me because of everything. I'm not going to change my name or delete everything and keep restarting my identity every time I get called out.

This name is who I am. The good and the bad.

Our past is a part of us, whether you like it or not, and I've accepted mine years ago.

I'm sorry for all the pain I've caused in my past.

I'm sorry to the people I hurt and betrayed.

I'm sorry to all the creators, conventions, artists, creators, and fandom overall, for my awful behavior.

I'm sorry to the friends and mutuals I've disappointed.

I'm sorry to all of my heart broken fans.

I'm just sorry, and I have been for years.

Not a single one of you has to forgive me or give me another chance.

This is just my story and this callout gave me a reason to finally get it out.

Whether you stay or go, I've already accepted this permanent stain on my life and I will continue to carry it as a reminder to be better than I was.

Whatever happens, I'm still going to continue doing my best to be better. ♥