



uwu

Honestly WAS CRYING QUIETLY IN  
MY FOREST HEAD IN THIS PICTURE



WEBSITE ♡



PHOTO CREDIT:  
My wonderful girlfriend

# CHAPTER : ONE

ART + Story By : LAVENDER Hyena



EMAIL ME

THIS ZINE IS ABOUT MY LIFE THROUGH THE LENS OF  
MY HYENA FURSONA. I KNOW I AM NOT A HERO AND  
I DON'T FEEL LIKE I AM A GOOD PERSON. I AM MAKING  
THIS ZINE AS A WAY TO COPE AND PROCESS MY LIFE.

A SERIOUS WARNING BEFORE YOU CONTINUE, SCENES  
AND DEPICTIONS OF RAPE, SEXUAL ASSAULT, BIGOTRY,  
VIOLENCE, DRUGS AND ALCOHOL, THE NAVY AND  
MUCH MORE ARE IN HERE.

#### A NOTE ABOUT HOW I MADE THIS ZINE

IT IS ALL HAND DONE WITH A LEAKY PILOT G-2 07  
AND A METAL RULER, ALL DONE IN A "ONESHOT"  
FASHION. SO THERE WILL BE MISTAKES AND  
INK MARKS AND POSSIBLY COFFEE STAINS.

DEDICATED

TO

Potato

MY LOVES

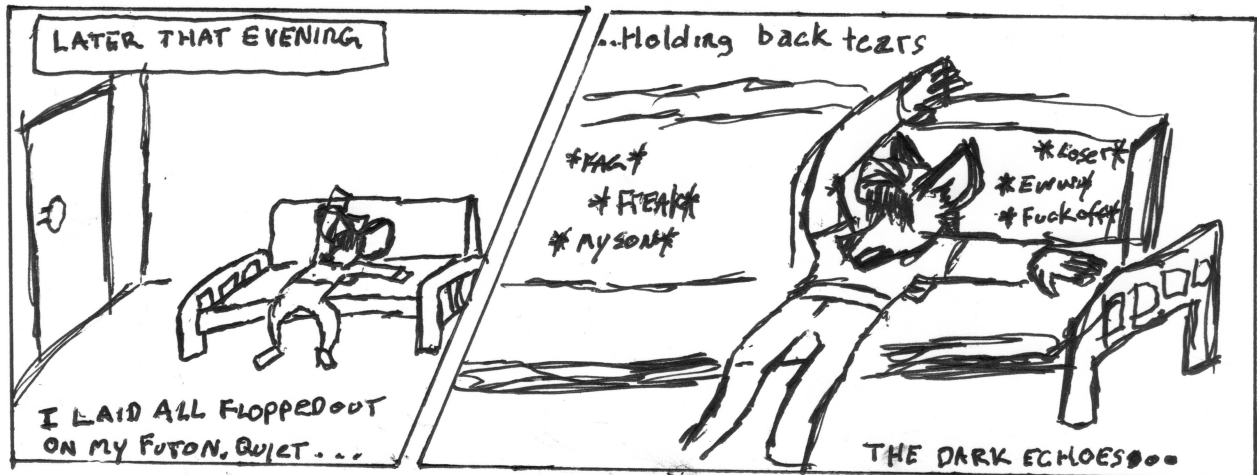
THE ONES THAT SURVIVED;  
THE ONES THAT DIDN'T

MANY YEARS AGO...

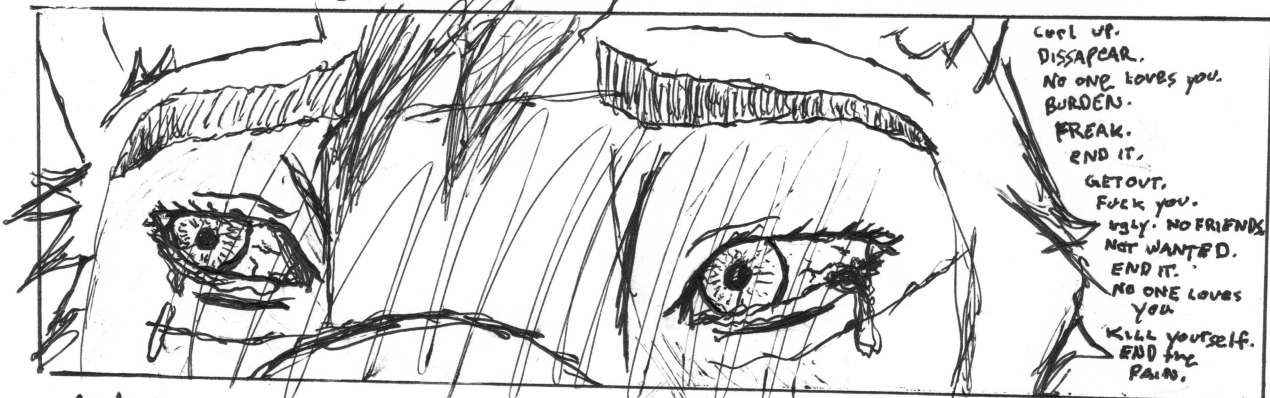


I WAS trying to come out to my mother...

It started on a car ride home and ended in the parking lot in front of the apartment. What was I supposed to do. I just dropped it... went non verbal for a long while

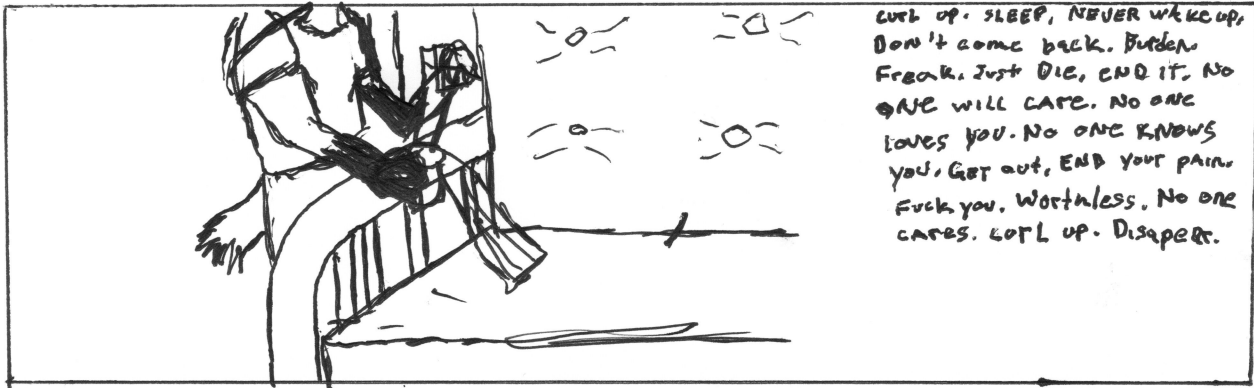


WHAT I DIDN'T TELL HER WAS ABOUT My Boyfriend At The time. Nor did I tell her ABOUT just being outcast from my friend's At school. I had come out to one friend that I thought could trust. Losing my Boyfriend AND my friends AND Now Looking for support At home that turned out not to be there...

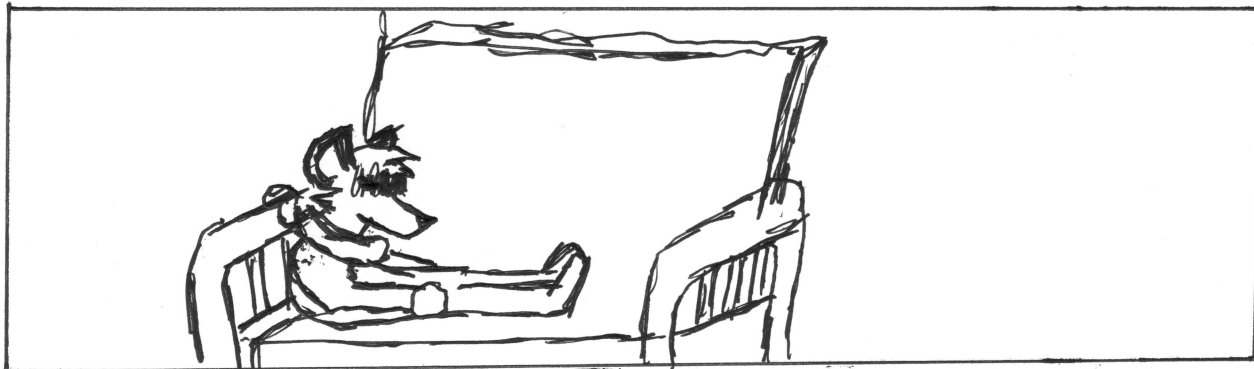


Art + story By:  
LAVENDER  
HYEARZ

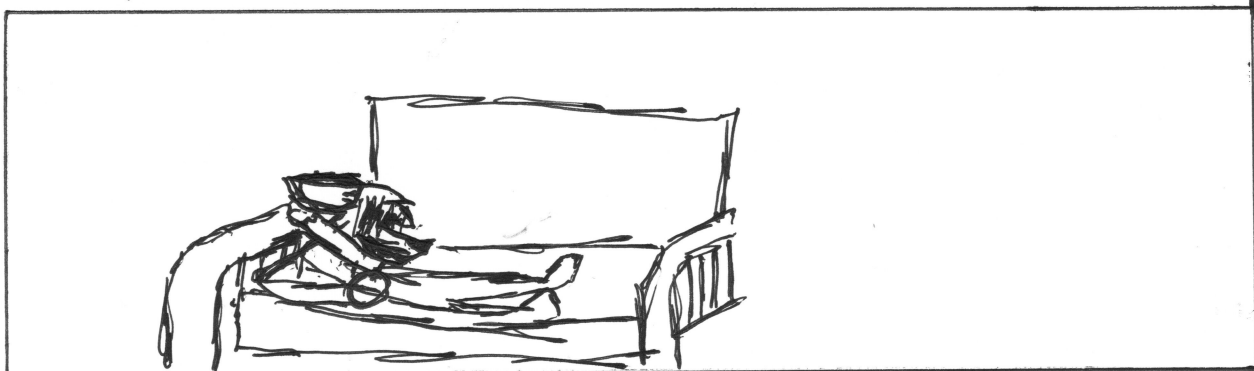
28 OCT 2023



After I heard my mother AND step father go to bed, I quietly succumbed to what my thoughts told me. With tear filled eyes I silently grabbed a white sleeveless undershirts (my gen called them wifebeaters). I tightened it to the arm of my metal futon frame.



I fashioned a shitty slipknot to form a shitty noose to end my shitty little life. I laid back on the FUTON AND SLID my head into the loop I had made. No words. Just silent tears. I didn't want to wake up anyone,



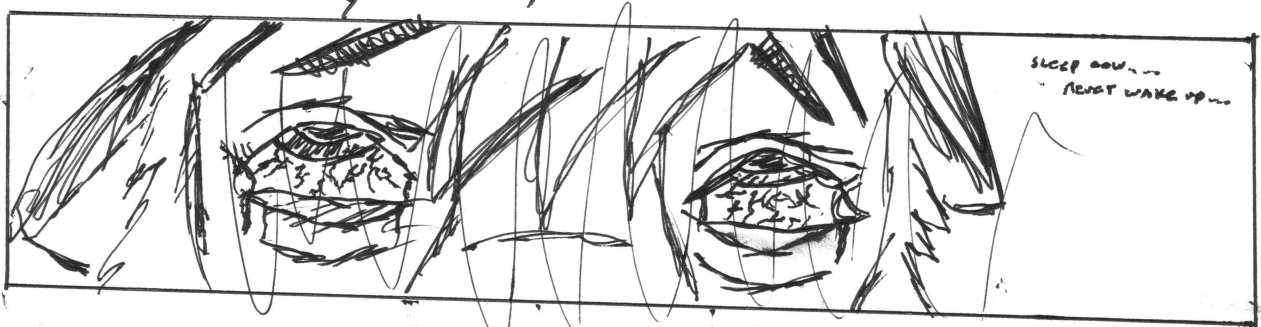
I slid down. The shirt pressed ~~and~~ against my throat. My hand came up AND pulled the shirt tight by the knot. I gurgled and coughed but only briefly. The shirt noose cut off blood flow pretty easily I guess...

02 NOV 2023

ART + story by:  
LAVENDER HYENA



... because ALL I remember after that is A sound like tinnitus (humming/singing) in my ears, AND DARKNESS. "Fortunately" After I passed out, I guess that ~~is~~ my snitty slipknot loosened, atleast. thats what the doctor SAID in the ER When I woke up... I don't remember if it was my mother or stepfather who found me... AND to this day I have been to afraid to ask. I think my father was there... I don't know if he drove or flew from florida to the hospital in VIRGINIA. My memory is a blur from waking up in the hospital till about A few days into my "stay" in the psych ward. I do remember bits of A conversation with the nurse in the ER, I think ~~is~~ I was not coherent enough but I remember trying to explain about my boyfriend and me being trans... But I think my explanation wasn't clear enough and he told my parent's that I was gay... A misunderstanding or A lie... one I lived with way too many years...



02 NOV 2023

ART + story by:  
LAVENDER  
HYENA

# BEHIND the Spots

Living with constant suicidal ideations is shitty. Especially shitty because I don't WANT these thoughts. I don't WANT TO hurt myself. But my BRAIN is like fuck you... go kill yourself. Enjoying breakfast, NAH LAY, hang yourself. Fursuiting with FRIENDS, BRAIN SAYS RANDOMLY, Jump in front of that bus. Combine this part of my brain with the part that loves giving me flashbacks and I can see how I struggle. It's ALSO HARD to even talk ABOUT because people freak the fuck out, especially therapist. It's gotten to the point I either have to SAY; "hey I'm having these Thoughts AND NO I DON'T WANNA HURT MYSELF, NO I don't have a PLAN NO I DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO FIREARMS AND NO I DON'T feel as though I need to be HOSPITALIZED". YES, YES I HAVE, SAID this to enough therapist enough times that I should just get it PRINTED on A shirt. I fear being hospitalized AGAIN, LAST time WAS MORE TRAUMATIC THAN Helpful but THATS A STORY FOR ANOTHER CHAPTER.

ON A HAPPIER NOTE, MY MOTHER CHANGED, THE FINAL TIME I CAME OUT, (weird to phrase it that way But I have been beaten back into the metaphorical closet/egg By life multiple times)

# Behind the SPOTS (CONTINUED)

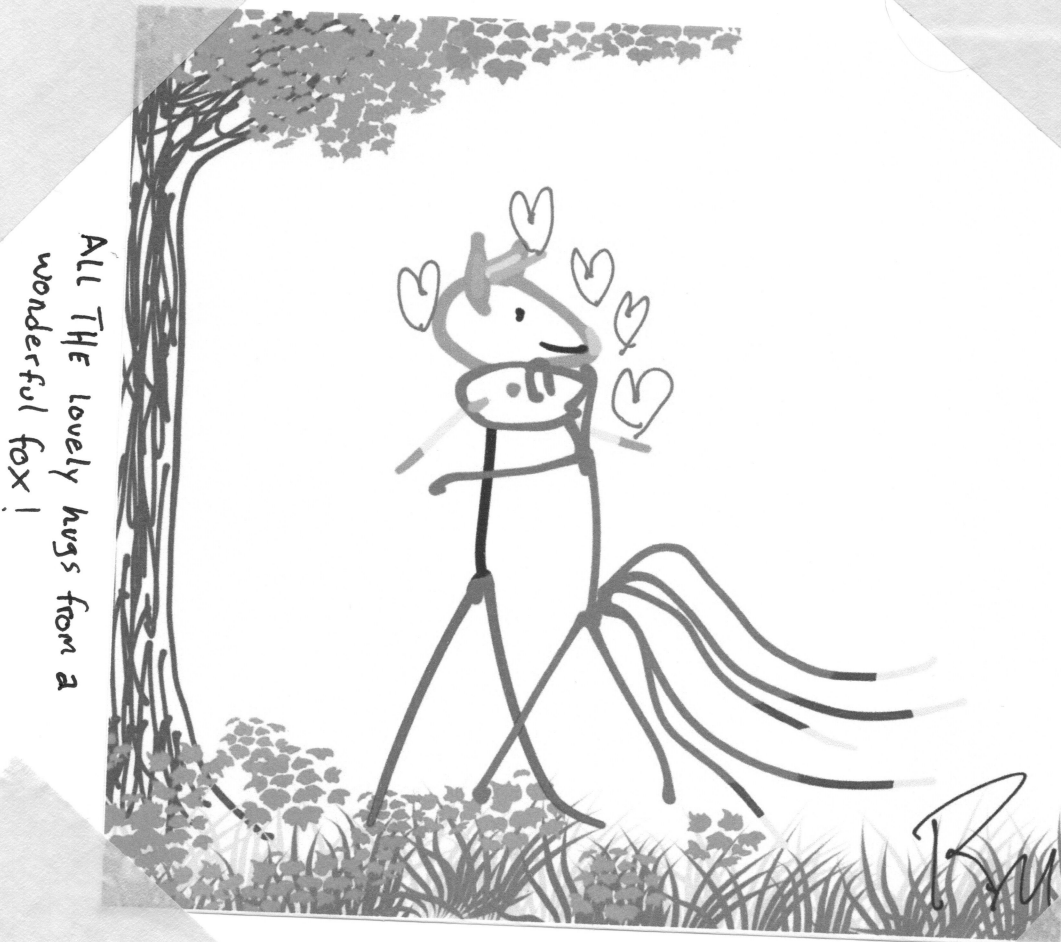
SHE WAS AND STILL IS super supportive. She has grown A lot AS A person, that I can see. I have forgave her for what happened in the PAST, BUT UNFORTUNATELY MY BRAIN WON'T forget. I have joked with her about me putting her through 'hell' AND NIGHTMARES when I was younger. MADE her a great therapist NOW. Nothing "BETTER" THAN real world experience. I love her and we are still working ON OUR relationship.

ON PAGE 01 MIDDLE PANEL, Do you sit/lay weird too? Like Right now AS I write this, I'm sitting cross legged in A gaming computer chair with one foot ON the desk by my elbow. AS A YOUNG with ADHD (AND RECENTLY DIAGNOSED AUTISM) it's the most COMFORTABLE way to sit: "ABNORMALLY", I JUST really want to know if YA'LL sit "ABNORMALLY" TOO.

suffocation isn't pretty, strangulation is worse. EYES Bulge, Pupils Dilate, Blood vessels pop.

The 'Lie' I would live for a long time, WAS that I WAS A GAY MAN. People Accepted me like that. No one wanted to accept A TRANSWOMAN.

This Issue's  
FAN ART :



All THE lovely hugs from a wonderful fox!

Love THE happy tree with leaves. very much "fall" vibes.

"HUGS"

By  
RESHU

100%  
YEEN APPROVED

ALSO  
LOVE  
THAT  
THE  
STICK  
ART IS  
COLORED!



OF THE POTENTIAL VIOLENCE. I'VE BEEN CHASED THROUGH PARKING LOTS, OUT OF STORES AND RESTAURANTS. I'VE BEEN THREATEN'D WITH BEING SHOT OR STABBED. JUST FOR BEING ME.

SOCIETY'S PUNCHING BAG. OFTEN I WANT TO GO SOMEWHERE BUT I AM AFRAID



"FUN FACT" WHILE WALKING THIS TRAIL A CAR HONKED AT US THEN SLOWED DOWN JUST TO YELL FAGGOT! AT ME. I GET A LOT OF VERBAL ABUSE LIKE THIS WHEN I AM OUT ALONE NOT IN SUITSUIT. BEING TRANS FEELS LIKE BEING

Photo credit:  
My strong girlfriend