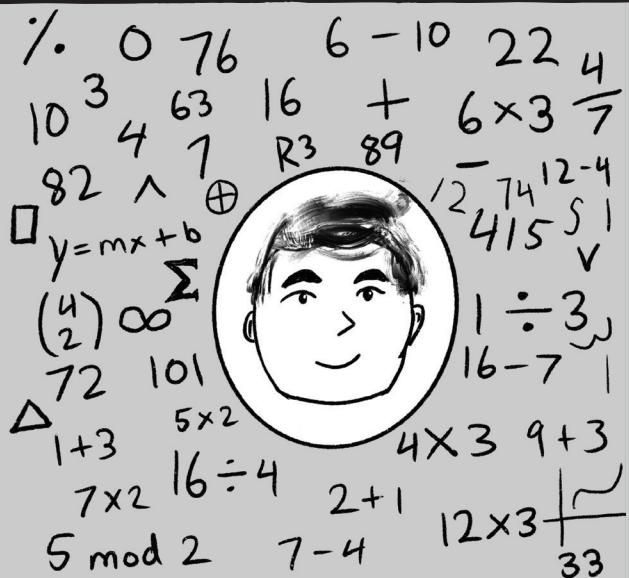


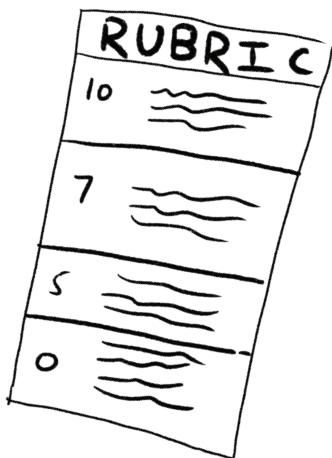
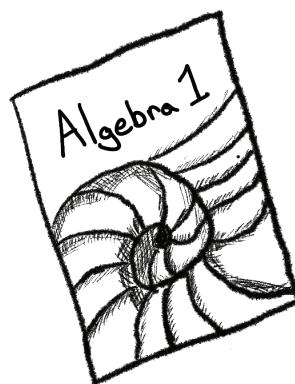


AUTOPATHING

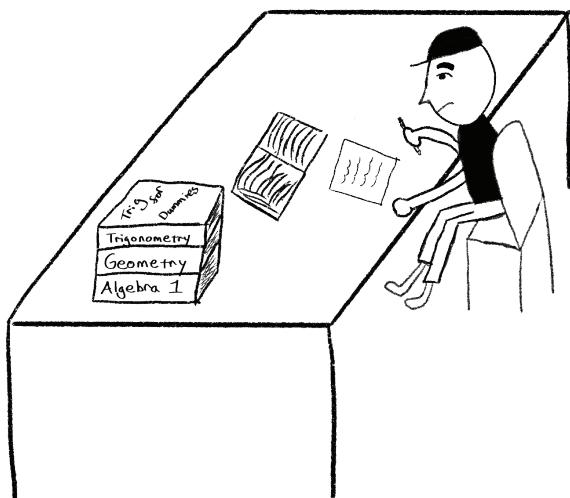
I was 8 when my obsession with math started



I liked that there were definitive answers. That there was always a "correct solution."



My parents noticed and tried to prep me the way they grew up. with lots of books.



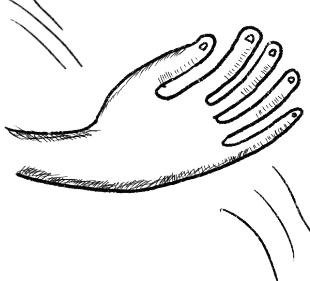
They used to quiz me randomly in the car on the times table to make sure I was prepared.

11 times 12 is 132

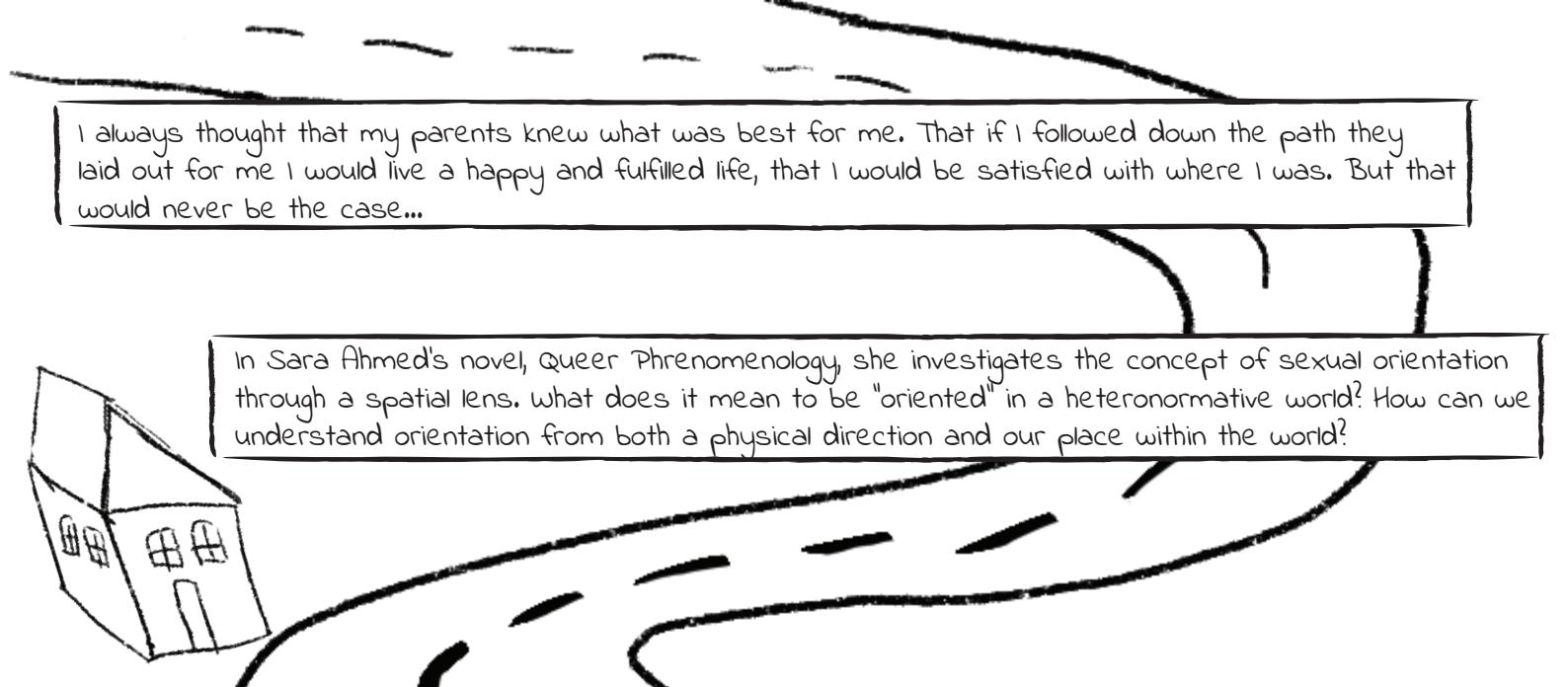


For what? To this day I still wonder.

Unfortunately, I remember being hit every time I got it wrong  
the pain emanating through my cheek

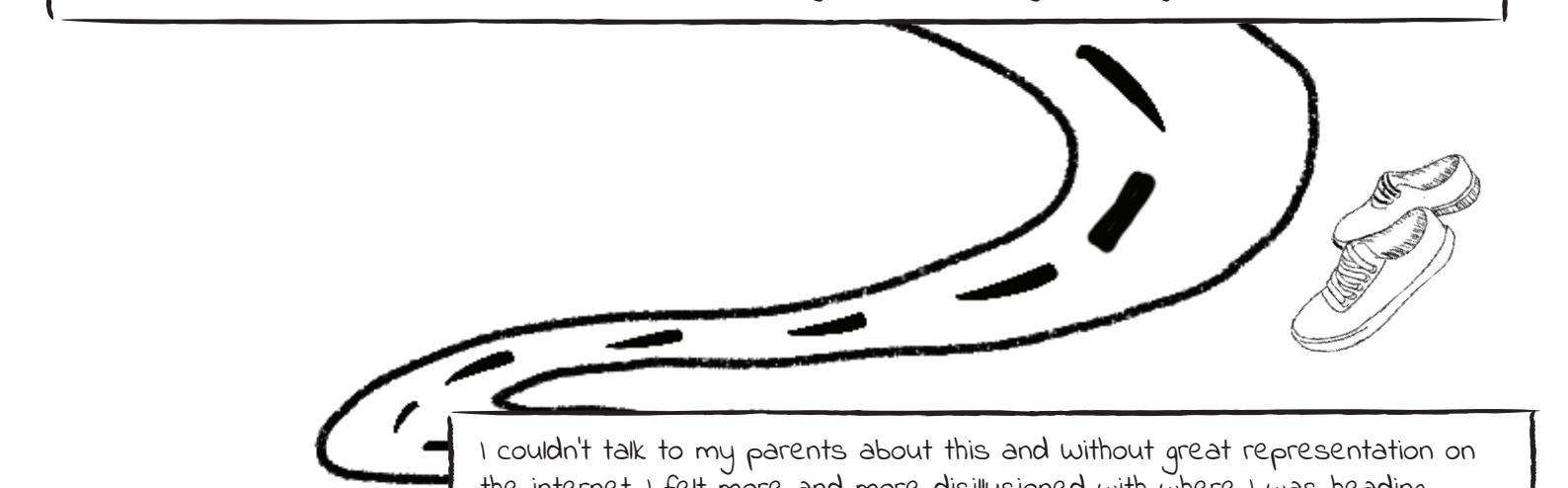


I'll never be like that, I told myself as I cried silently



I always thought that my parents knew what was best for me. That if I followed down the path they laid out for me I would live a happy and fulfilled life, that I would be satisfied with where I was. But that would never be the case...

In Sara Ahmed's novel, Queer Phenomenology, she investigates the concept of sexual orientation through a spatial lens. What does it mean to be "oriented" in a heteronormative world? How can we understand orientation from both a physical direction and our place within the world?



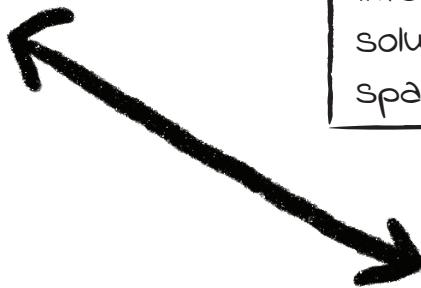
I struggled with this idea of home for so long... the cultural differences, the leering eyes from everyone else, the panic I experienced when someone asked me which girl I was crushing on that year

I couldn't talk to my parents about this and without great representation on the internet, I felt more and more disillusioned with where I was heading



Some people view life as rays, starting at a location in space where you're born and shooting off in a direction predestined by your family, your environment, your surroundings

Interestingly, in a linear system of two lines, there's a possible solution where two lines map to the same dimension in space end up touching at infinitely many points.



My parents started that line, and I stayed on it

But growing old is more than just aging, it's about seizing your own narrative.

Drawing your own narrative.

the path

meant  
for you

