

Ever since puberty, if I see a person I find attractive, I feel instant pain and begin sweating profusely, get nauseated and lose my appetite, get multiple headaches, and want to get away from the person immediately so that I stop feeling bad. So I get "punished" whenever I try to feel good towards humans in the only way that I can. Feminine-looking males and scantily clad women (like those sunbathing girls) cause me the most pain, and this caused me to start hating the sight of women, hating being a woman and wishing women would stop existing when I was 10/11. I think "incel" males like Eliot Rodger have a sexual problem very similar to this, which is why they are unable to interact with girls yet want them so intensely that it makes them extremely angry.

In general, I am one of the most mentally male-like females I've ever heard of, but my feelings about this have been exaggerated to an insane degree by my disease. Until I got Babesiosis at age 10 and hit puberty I was OK with being a girl and thought girls were cool and boys were dumb and gross and annoying (lol) but by age 11 I started to resent being female so much that it became one of the primary motives for my homicidal urges. But in retrospect, I realized that I was blaming my Babesiosis-induced fatigue and feeling of incompetence on being female.

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The homicidal, suicidal urges are one side of a two-sided coin. The other side is an intense, desperate need and/or love for certain very specific things (I will explain), because given my brain disease, they're the only things that rub my brain in exactly the right way to make me feel something good. Therefore I need these very specific, extreme things to feel like life is even remotely bearable, especially because the brain disease produces a constant feeling of being tortured ("mental pain"), as if somebody is beating and screaming at me all day every day.

When I feel like I can never have the things I need to live, that's the main thing that triggers the homicidal/suicidal urges. I have suicidal urges when I think that my life will be nothing but intolerable pain forever because I can never get what I need. The homicidal urges are more complicated and are related to a deep need to feel attached to other humans, but being unable to do so in any normal way.

The purpose of my art and fantasies is to create specific things that produce good feelings in my brain which I can't get from normal experiences in real life, OR to relieve my pain.

"Triggered" is mostly an example of the latter. I look at it every day because it makes me feel very relieved when I do so.

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As a child I also remember disliking humans for no reason. I had no emotional attachment, nor the normal positive emotional reaction, to members of my own species. I wanted to be an animal instead because I thought animals were more interesting and cool than humans and I related to them more. All of my drawings were of animals and I only wanted to play video games where I played an animal or a dragon, not a human.

But this became a big problem for me when I hit puberty. Puberty greatly increased my need to feel emotional attachment to other humans, but my brain disease made this impossible, and simultaneously the emotional problems (which I assume are caused by Bartonella-from-Birth) all got worse because I contracted Babesiosis from tick bites at age 10 and it was starting to worsen my Bartonella-related brain inflammation.

So I have to tell you more about my life first to explain the homicidal urges. When I was a child (especially 0-7 years old), my parents noticed that I did not interact with them like kids normally do. I often didn't make eye contact, and when they hugged me, I cried. I only wanted one thing, which was "input", and whenever I was awake and not receiving input, I cried inconsolably. (Input means seeing interesting things, doing interesting things, playing video games, drawings, etc.)

So, at puberty I started to have sexual feelings, but I experienced them in a different way than girls usually do, firstly because I always had high androgen levels but also because of the brain disease and lack of attachment to humans. So I had a lot more sexual feelings than most girls, and they were mostly directed towards females, which was very frustrating because for some reason I don't want to be a lesbian. But the main problem was how my brain disease distorted these feelings and turned them into pain instead of pleasure. (I think the Dreaming Panda hinted at having issues like this.)

For me, the emotions that should be the most pleasurable cause intense pain. The more pleasurable the emotion, the worse the pain. If I saw a person I was attracted to, I felt intense mental pain and anger and hatred, but I also felt intense attraction. At the same time, I had very little of the normal good feelings humans should have towards each other. I can tell that they're there, but I can barely feel them. So this sexual love-hate-pain feeling became almost my only means of feeling connected to other humans and it still is. It's also the only thing that can produce a feeling of pleasure, beauty, and happiness that is strong enough to overcome/overpower my anhedonia and mental pain.

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So, unlike Heidi, I have never been physically strong and energetic even when I was a little girl and my coordination was never good either. My only explanation for this is my Bart-from-Birth. I wanted to do things like climb trees and fight and do things outside like you used to do, but I never could. Then I became much more weak and tired at puberty (which turned out to be Babesiosis) so, not knowing any better, I blamed my fatigue and weakness and mental impairment on being female and came to resent being female severely. I never got to do sports or hardly anything physical, so I've been much more frustrated than other tomboys in this regard.

But the main thing that makes me feel alone and unable to relate to females is certain mental and intellectual qualities I have which are extremely male and which I haven't been able to find even in tomboys. This is why I was the top student in my physics, math, and astronomy courses despite being the only girl most of the time (your experiences in Sunday School reminded me of this a lot).

I went to college hoping to find female friends I could relate to in my Women-in-Science dorm and classes, and instead they rejected me for not being girly, and I was forced to witness behavior of the sort Heidi describes. This made me feel even more different.