

# Becoming Median

*A Booklet Exploring Changes to The  
Zyfron System after the end of the  
Gemini Webcomic*

{Cover Image: Bernie and Zee clasp hands triumphantly in front of a faded blue and orange swirl of color. Bernie is a white man in a blue shirt with black shoulder-length hair, brown eyes, and glasses. Zee is a white woman in a white tank top with black hair and hazel eyes.}

*Written by the Zyfron System, September 2018*

*Edited with feedback from Mystics and LB Lee  
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{Intro Comic:

Caption above Frame 1: “How I thought  
Integration would feel”

Frame 1: A monster-like creature composed of  
parts of Bernie and Zee, Zee’s head growing  
awkwardly out of Bernie’s, faces looking sick,  
lurching awkwardly with multiple limbs. This  
same monster was shown in Gemini #39  
“Natural” about our thoughts on integration  
from 2010

Caption above Frame 2: “How it actually felt”

Frame 2: Identical monster.

Caption 3: “Nailed it.”}

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## *Introduction*

This booklet is aimed at fans of the old Gemini comic as much as it is at anyone else. And at multiples wondering about integration and being median, at medians wanting to see themselves represented, and at the friends and families of medians and multiples. If you're none of those things, that's OK, but you might find this story a bit odd.

My good friends LB Lee urged us for years to write about the experience of being median. It took me a very long time, and multiple attempts at creating a new comic or piece of art, to figure out what it was I wanted to say. This booklet is the result of that process.

We're often fed a particular story about how multiplicity and integration are supposed to go. First, there's some horrible trauma in your childhood...

{Image: A "trauma ball" – a tangled black and red mess, vaguely shaped like a messy ball of yarn, with the word "Censored" posted in front of it}

Then, you become multiple as a way to cope...

{1-frame comic: Bernie tosses the trauma ball to Zee, Zee catches it. For the remainder of this booklet, Bernie's speech and thought bubbles have blue outlines, Zee's have orange outlines.

Bernie: "Here, take all this trauma stuff I don't want to deal with!"

Zee: "Wait, what?"}

Then you start to remember...

{1-frame comic: Bernie puzzling over the trauma ball, lying at his feet.

Bernie: "That happened to **me?!"**}

Then you go back to being *Normal.*

{1-frame comic: Bernie holding trauma ball, talking to Zee. Zee's arms are up in distress.

Bernie: "I guess I don't need you anymore, you'd best be going."

Zee: "Wait, WHAT?!"

For us, the story went a bit differently. For one thing, neither of us were content to hold the trauma, and it fell deep into the recesses of our mind.

{An image showing a progression of events.

Bernie throws the trauma ball to Zee, saying “Here, take all this trauma stuff I don’t want to deal with!”

Zee pushes the trauma ball away, casting it down in front of her, saying “Hell no! I don’t want it!”

The trauma ball falls into a dark corner, where a barely visible dark figure is hunched over, watching it quizzically.}

For many years we were both able to be present, aware of each other, and living our own lives, convinced that trauma had nothing to do with it.

{Single frame comic: Bernie and Zee standing with hands clasped triumphantly, as on cover, announcing in unison: Wonder twins forever!"}

That's the part of our lives where the Gemini webcomic took place. But unfortunately, it couldn't last forever.



## *The Swirly Girl*

For us, 2013 was the year from hell. Gemini ends with Zee and Raven breaking up; the rest of that marriage didn't last much longer. Among other issues, our partners were not comfortable with Zee beginning to express and present herself as a woman outside of our home. Deep rifts started to form, and although we struggled to hold the marriage together, divorce eventually became the only sane option.

The same year, we came out at work as both trans and multiple. Shortly thereafter, we were suddenly fired without explanation.

With no income coming in and all our saving drained by divorce, we soon lost our house as well.

{Image: Broken heart icon}

We landed on our feet in a new job and a new apartment, this time with Zee taking the lead and presenting as a singlet female at work for the first time in our lives.

But, between losing our marriage, our home, and the career we'd devoted our entire adult lives to, the pillars of our identity were feeling pretty shaky.

{Single-frame comic: Bernie and Zee back to back while classical Greco-roman pillars crumble and fall on them from either side. Zee is holding hers up with effort though it's clearly falling down on her. Bernie has fallen down after being hit on the head with the pillar and has a little cartoon "dazed" symbol above his head. The pillars are labeled "Family" (Bernie's side) and "Career" (Zee's Side) and are supporting the word "Identity", which is collapsing as the pillars fall. Zee is saying: "Hold it together, we've got this!"}

We had always had moments of being *blendy*, the experience of not being able to tell each other apart, not being able to tell who was who, not being able to tell who was out. These were rare moments of confusion and headache, but after the divorce, they got more and more common.

{Single frame comic: new character, Blendy, is a blend of Bernie and Zee's traits, having Bernie's traits on the (viewer's) left and Zee's traits on the (viewer's) right. Her appearance is only slightly awkward and asymmetrical, not like the monster in the intro image, and she has a generally warm and friendly appearance. Blendy's speech and thought bubbles have an outline which is orange on the right and blue on the left. In this frame, Swirly has a cartoon confusion icon over her head and is holding her hands to her temples, saying: "Ugh, this again? Let's unblend so someone can take the front."}

When we were *blendy*, we didn't know who we were supposed to be, or how to feel. All our values and identity and gender got all mixed up and we would feel paralyzed.

It started as our interests and relationships bled into each other's.

{Single frame comic: Bernie and Zee both stand pensively, hands on their chins, pondering.

Bernie thinks to himself: "I like the direction Zee is taking our life now that she's in charge.

Zee thinks to herself: "Maybe Bernie's hobbies are kinda cool ... no wait what am I thinking? He's turning me into a dork!}

Soon it felt like whenever we weren't paying attention, we would start to blend together. First it only happened at work. Then it became harder and harder to un-blend at home.

One day our good friend May, who had stuck with us through the hell year, came to us on a Saturday and asked us:

{Single frame comic: new character, May, is a pale woman with back-length straight brown hair, pale blue eyes, and glasses. She wears a white shirt, black skirt, and blue overshirt. Her speech and thought bubbles are outlined in purple. In this comic, May and Blendy are standing side by side. Blendy has her eyes shut in concentration and is thinking intently “unblend, unblend, unblend” May walks up beside her, smiling, and asks “Hey, who’s out today?”}

To which we could only answer, after a long moment of trying to un-blend...

{Single frame comic: Blendy looks at May pensively and asks “could I just ... Not answer that question today?” May gasps in surprise.}

And just like that, the Swirly Girl was born.

And boy was she ever excited to be here! She was happy, she was silly, she was fun! She was a compelling vision of what we could be together.

She described herself to May as if Bernie and Zee were vials of blue and orange paint, and today they had both been swirled together in a spiral on the palette of our mind. Not blended, not faded, not mixed, but not separate – all present together and all at once!

{Image: blue and orange paint splotches spiral together and blend in the center.}

And so, May named her *Swirly*.

May and Swirly spent the day walking and talking, reflecting on life, on relationships, on multiplicity.

{Single frame comic: Blendy, from here on called Swirly, and May conversing happily.

May: “?”

Swirly: “!”}

May poked and prodded, prompted reflection, asked questions, and got us to think about not just what we *were*, but also about what we

*wanted to be.*

Swirly realized what Bernie and Zee had missed about our blendy days: When we had completely different relationships and activities in our daily lives, un-blending was easy.

{Image: Bernie and Zee standing in front of a gradient with a stark contrast between Bernie's blue side and Zee's orange side, with only a bit of blended area in the middle. On Bernie's side are the following words: Martial Arts, Career, History, Marriage, Presentation. On Zee's side are the following words: "Gender, Feminism, Trans, Dresses, Activism, Raven. In the middle are the following words: "Programming, Gemini" }

We had been stable and natural as a duo in this configuration for nearly a decade, with occasional lurkers, walk-ins, and visitors, but the system was always dominated by Bernie and Zee. For many years, nothing substantially shook our view of who we were or where we fit in the world.



However, with our life being rebuilt from the ground up there were fewer and fewer hooks to pull us apart, and more that pulled us together.

{Image: Bernie and Zee looking distressed, struggling to hold a jumble of words above their head. They stand in front of a much lighter, more smoothly blended gradient from blue on Bernie's side to orange on Zee's side. On Bernie's side are the following words: Martial Arts, Gender? On Zee's side are the following words: Gender! Activism. Jumbled in a precarious pile in the middle are the following words: Career, coworkers, May, Presentation, Home Stability, Trans.}

All the things that had made up Bernie and Zee were still present in Swirly, but the walls separating the two had been torn down. She saw that they had been artificially holding themselves apart, and she could hold it all at once.

## *Integration*

The swirly day didn't last forever – though it did turn into three swirly days and not just one.

Soon enough, Bernie and Zee were back, and they had some **very** strong feelings about what they had just experienced.

{Single frame comic: Bernie and Zee discussing. Bernie looks thoughtful, Zee looks annoyed.

Bernie: Being Swirly required both our participation. It's not something you did or I did, it's something we did together!

Zee: Why the hell was she so happy? Why aren't I that happy?! Something isn't right here!}

They also had very different feelings about the experience, none of which were particularly encouraging with regards to having an eventual healthy, stable, well-managed integration.

{Single frame comic: Bernie and Zee discussing. Bernie looks cheerful, yet his eyes have a distant, glazed over look. Zee looks very upset.

Bernie: I get to give up on personal responsibility for life and let some swirl lady handle it all? This is awesome!

Zee: Oh God! Am I not going to exist anymore? Why is this happening?!}

Zee tried to lay down some ground rules.

{Single frame comic: Bernie and Zee arguing.

Zee: In the event that we are integrating, and I emphasize that we most likely are NOT, the process will be MANAGED! We will both be represented!

Bernie: Nah, you should just take over, you care about it a lot more than I do.

Zee: DAMMIT BERNIE THIS IS NOT A GOOD TIME FOR POST-DIVORCE DEPRESSION!}

Days when we were swirled together started entering the rotation along with days when either Bernie or Zee were out. Swirly tried to guide the process and keep everyone represented. She encouraged Bernie and Zee to commit their feelings to writing so that those wouldn't be lost on Swirly days. She believed integration was inevitable but wanted it to be a smooth and healthy as possible.

{Single frame comic. Swirly explains to Zee: "Don't think of me like a third headmate or that's what I'll become. You need to see me as a collaborative process that includes both of you!" Zee, looking skeptical, responds: "In that case, the fact that we're having this conversation is probably not a great sign..."} }

We journaled and worked and argued and struggled for months as the swirly days became more and more common as Zee and Bernie's days became less and less common.

{Single frame comic: Zee, looking thoughtful, writes in her journal: "Reports of my integration have been greatly exaggerated."}

Eventually, we all had to face that integration was happening whether we wanted it to or not.

{Single frame comic: Bernie, looking exuberant, announces: "I don't have to exist anymore!" Zee is despondent and cries: "OH GOD I'M DISAPPEARING!" While May attempts to comfort her, looking concerned.}

Ultimately, the process was something we all rode out, not something anyone was able to exert much control over. Within about three months, Bernie and Zee stopped taking the front altogether, and Swirly tentatively declared herself integrated.

## *The Girl with the Sword*

The story doesn't end there, though. Not by a long shot. Swirly's initial joy and exuberance quickly faded as she absorbed Zee and Bernie's less cheerful traits in the process of integration, including traumas that had long been buried and forgotten, and remained that way for now, but began to drag her down the same way they had dragged at her predecessors.

{Single frame comic: Swirly looks down at a trauma ball on the ground and asks: "Hey, did one of you drop this?" Behind her a dark shadow looms with a small, upset looking dark figure barely visible in the shadow.}



She struggled to maintain the swirl in balance, not letting any part of Bernie or Zee be forgotten. She became so obsessed with it that it became a new set of artificial static restraints on identity, and these ones far less stable or healthy than the set that had sustained Bernie and Zee for a decade.

{Single frame comic: Swirly thinking “Don’t drop anything. Don’t drop anything. Don’t drop anything!” while trying to balance multiple statements precariously above her head. The statements are:

- Don’t give up any old interests.
- Gender must stay neutral
- Don’t let Zee be forgotten
- Don’t disrespect the predecessors
- Don’t pretend to be Zee

}

But inevitably, as months turned into years, we began to change as a person. Old aspects of identity began to fade and new ones got added in. We also happened to make some major life changes around the same time, plans that had been made by Bernie and Zee came to fruition just after integration.

{Single frame comic: Swirly sitting at a desk across from a character labelled "Old Boss"}

Swirly: "I'm moving to Hawai'i to study robotics in grad school."

Old Boss: "Yeah, I'm not even going to try to compete with that. God luck!"}

Our life changed in big ways, the way we were perceived by our community changed, and the way we responded to the world changed as well, sometimes in unpredictable ways!

{multi-frame comic: Swirly has a new look: tanned skin, black hair tied in a bun, brown eyes, and a red dress. This new look for Swirly will be referred to as Red from now on. An arrow points to Red labeled "new look." Red is talking to an unknown blonde woman.

Unknown Woman: "I guess you're technically white, but you're not like 'WHITE' white."

Red: "... I'm pretty sure I just have a tan?"

Unknown Woman: "So where are you from?"

Red: "Arizona."

Unknown Woman: "No like, where are you FROM?"

Red: "...seriously, I'm white!"

This was an actual conversation we had.}

Being seen as a woman by the outside world brought a whole host of new experiences that we hope to write about elsewhere, as they would overwhelm this small booklet if included here. Many of the changes were positive, but it turns out that gender wound up being tied to deep and traumatic memories we'd tried to bury for a long time. As we embraced our new identity, those memories weren't content to stay silent any longer.

{Comic Frame 1: the dark figure from previous pages appears more clearly as a small girl, carrying the trauma ball in her hands, creeping up behind Red.

Unknown Girl (hereafter referred to as Inky):  
"It's Time."

Red looks over her shoulder at Inky, looking startled.

Red: "Huh?"

Frame 2: This frame takes up a full page. Inky leaps into the air, the trauma ball grows in size,

crashing down on top of Red's head. Red is bent over by the force, face wracked with alarm and pain while Inky, looking angry, bellows "FEEL BAD!"}

I'm not going to go into too much detail about what repressed memories are like. Other people have described the experience better than I ever could, and just like talking too much about gender, it would overwhelm this booklet. For now, it's enough to say the first things that came back for us were **feelings**, feelings that we didn't understand, feelings without sights or sounds or details, just template stories vaguely related to sex, awful smells, and the knowledge that we were **wrong** and everything was **wrong** and being a girl was **wrong** and these feelings we were feeling were

**WRONG**

The person we were at that time didn't feel like Swirly, she didn't feel like she was encompassing and representing everyone enough to be the swirl, but she steadfastly refused to believe that the integration was failing. Later, we named this person *Red* because of the red dress she always wore in headspace. Red turned to meditation to escape her pervasive and disturbing thoughts and feelings, and found in Zen Buddhism the tool that she thought would save her, the *sword* that could cut thoughts.

{Single frame comic: Red holds a sword up over her head, looking up to it with a slightly bored expression. The sword is not in her hands but levitating over her head while a caption, decorated with musical notes, proclaims the sound effect "Bu-du-du-duh!" in parody of the effect upon receiving an item in older Zelda games.}

But in unskilled hands, such a weapon quickly became a tool of repression rather than a tool of growth.

{Multi-frame comic: In three successive similar frames, Inky stands facing Red, offering her the trauma ball and saying something about it, while Red aggressively slices Inky's words with her sword, causing the words to have a shattered visual effect and making them difficult, but not impossible, to read.

Frame 1: Inky, looking genuine: "You need to look at this."

Red: "Nope!"

Frame 2: Inky, looking annoyed: "Something bad happened in the past..."

Red, with a gleeful expression: "Nuh-uh!"

Frame 3: Inky, looking frustrated: "I need you to process this!"

Red, looking determined: "No thoughts for me!"}



This situation was less than ideal. While slicing away negative thoughts might keep them away from the surface for a few hours, they inevitably became buried just under the surface, often to bubble up again with renewed strength a short time later. Worse still, Red began slicing away at parts of ourselves we should have cherished, but which seemed inconvenient at the time, like gender and sexuality. After all, if we could just stop caring about sex or our past or being trans, the negative thoughts would disappear, right?

It was around this time that Bernie and Zee started coming back. They didn't take the front, but they would pop in and speak to Red during moments of contemplation, like late at night or while riding the bus, or while Red was trying to meditate.

{Single frame comic with multiple speech bubbles: Red sits in meditation, as close to a 'Lotus' position as the simplistic art style allows. Zee is behind Red, positioned as though coming out of the back of her head, with her hands on the top of Red's head supporting herself. She looks down at Red pensively.

Zee: "Hey, stop trying to avoid your gender and just accept being a girl."

Red: "You aren't really here, I'm just imagining you."

Zee: "Oh, I have played THAT game before! You really want to go through this again?"

Red: "Go away, I'm trying to meditate."}

At first, Red was in denial that the integration was unraveling, so Zee found ways to make her presence impossible to ignore.

{Single frame comic: Zee and a woman labelled “Red’s Therapist” sit opposite each other in chairs. The therapist is looking surprised while Zee has an excited, determined, slightly mischievous look.

Zee: “So, it’s a running joke in our system that Red thinks she’s a singlet, and the sad part is, she knows it’s a running joke, but she still thinks she’s a singlet!”}

May sat with us on several evenings and did everything she could to draw out Bernie and Zee, as well as other old headmates who had always lurked in the back but rarely or never fronted. One of them asked a fateful question as soon as he came out:

{Single frame comic: May stands next to a man labelled "Old Lurker Headmate." May looks bemused, while the man looks confused.

Old Lurker Headmate: "Who's the girl with the sword, and why doesn't she have a name?"}

On that night, Red finally had to accept that if we ever had been singlet, we weren't any more. Bernie and Zee had already been calling her *Red*, but May made it official. Red accepted her new name. And just like that, we were plural again.

## *Working Together*

Red had re-discovered her headmates after two years of integration, and the whole system was re-settling in to a new type of plurality. However, memories of trauma kept bubbling up, no clearer than before and just as intense. Forced to accept that simply avoiding or destroying these thoughts was not working, Red switched tactics, asking Bernie and Zee for advice on how to engage with the trauma that had always existed in the background of our mind. Bernie's tactics were initially uninspiring.

{Single frame comic: Zee stuck inside a trauma ball, face wracked with pain, head and hands sticking out the top of the ball while everything

beneath the neck is just the trauma ball with it's usual "censored" label. Red and Bernie look on and discuss.

Bernie: "Sometimes these pockets of traumatic partial memories come up and assault Zee!"

Red: "I noticed that. They come after me sometimes, too."

Zee: "It hurts!"

Bernie: "I'm glad I don't have to deal with that! You guys really need to hurry up and process this stuff."

Zee: "Stop talking and help me already!"

Zee had a more direct approach, which Red took to eagerly.

{Single panel comic: Zee holding a knife, looking stern, talks to Red, holding her sword, looking excited.}

Zee: "The best way to confront the darkness is to fight it head on! Let's show these trauma demons who's boss!"

Red: "Woohoo! Let's hunt some demons!"

Red mimicked Zee's approach to trauma at first, standing firm and defiant in the face of pain. However, she soon started to wonder if a different form of engagement might be more effective.

{Comic, frame 1: Red and Zee face off against Inky, standing in front of a trauma ball shouting "Bad! Wrong! Abominations!" Red stands in front of Zee, sword outstretched and pointed at Inky, her face looks concerned. Zee stands behind Red with one hand on Red's shoulder and a knife in her other hand, looking stern.

Zee: "It's haunted and tortured me for years, the only way to stay safe is to chase it away!"

Red: "She sounds like she's in pain. I'm going to give her a hug."

Zee: "DO NOT hug the trauma demon, that is a BAD IDEA!"

Comic, frame 2: Red is now on her knees, hugging Inky, her sword at her side on the ground, still looking concerned. Zee throws her hands up in the air in exasperation, still holding her knife. Inky is standing, much shorter than Red, accepting the hug and crying. The trauma ball itself is not in this panel.

Inky: "I'm sorry! I was so scared!"

Zee: "Ugh! You and your F@&%ing Buddhist bullshit! I can't believe that worked!}"



Red eventually swayed Bernie and Zee over to her way. It was often more intense, and more painful, to engage with traumatic feelings directly and let them show you what they wanted to show – but through this process we eventually started to piece together what had happened and find ways to move past it.

{Single panel comic: Zee is trapped in another trauma ball, as before, her face wracked with pain. Red stands on the outside calling to Zee, her sword resting on her shoulder with a relaxed posture.

Red: “I know it hurts, but are you getting any SPECIFIC sensations? Strong smells, sights, sounds emotions?”

Zee: “JUST CUT THE DAMN TRAUMA BALL ALREADY!”}

She even managed to discover that she, Bernie, and Zee each held unique talents that helped them access the memories in different ways.

{Single panel comic: Bernie kneels, peering at Inky. Inky stands awkwardly with her hands in front of her, looking uncomfortable. Red and Zee stand behind Bernie, looking on with looks of shock on their faces.

Zee and Red (in unison): “The trauma demon was a little girl?!”

Bernie: “You guys REALLY need to start wearing your glasses.” (Of the three, only Bernie is depicted wearing glasses either in Gemini or in this booklet, though all external representations of swirly / blendy / external body have glasses)}

I can't say we're fully healed, in fact, we're still immersed in the healing process. But I can say that unlike the story at the start of this booklet, the more we recover the more multiple we become.

## *Being Median*

Our plurality now isn't the same as it used to be. In high school and college, being multiple was the most natural thing in the world. Bernie and Zee were completely separate, there was no question of artificially holding each other apart. Now, we all blend together. We're a little bit blendy and a little bit swirly every day. Sometimes we even recapture the freedom we felt on that first swirly day.

{Single panel comic: May waves to a new depiction of Swirly, this one looks very similar to previous depictions of Swirly, but has Red's skirt and slightly darker skin in a few places, thus being a conglomerate of Bernie, Zee, and Red instead of just Bernie and Zee.

May: "Hey, who's out today?"

Swirly: "Everyone!"}

We mostly interact with each other in headspace. When interacting with the external world, we inevitably swirl or blend. Even writing this booklet left us wondering whether any given page should be in first-person or third-person pronouns.

{Single panel comic: Swirly stands, writing in a red notebook, thinking: "Then Red did this, then Red did that ... wait, am I Red?"}

But the biggest lesson Swirly taught us, that took us years to finally absorb, was that it's OK to just not worry about it too much.

There are still significant differences between us, and *headmates* is still the best word we can use to describe each other. We have different personalities, different perspectives, different values. For one thing, we've each had a unique journey with regards to gender.

{Single panel comic: Red stands with her sword relaxed on her shoulder, talking to Bernie. Bernie looks uncomfortable with his shoulders}

hunched and hands clasped in front of him, with a thin, awkward smile and nervous eyes.

Red: “Are you happy being a guy, or now that everyone’s changed so much, would you rather be a girl like the rest of us?”

Bernie: “Oh Red, don’t be silly, you know I’m not allowed to be a girl!”

Red: “Yeah, we’re going to have to work on that one ...”}

We each have different views on religion and spirituality.

{Single panel comic” Bernie, Red, and Zee stand in a row. Bernie is wearing a yamaka, Red is holding a small statue of Manjushri, and Zee is throwing her hands up in frustration.

Bernie: “We are all definitely Jewish!”

Red: “That’s cool, but I’m still going to bow to this graven image twice a day.”

Zee: "Augh! I can't believe you got all mystical, my atheist cred is ruined!"}

Bernie and Zee still give Red a hard time for being a Buddhist, but it's playful.

{Single panel comic: Zee riding a lion which trots along looking relaxed, while Red looks on in shock.}

Red: "HOW ARE YOU RIDING THE LION?!"

Zee: "You said it won't bite me unless I'm worried about it biting me, so there's nothing to worry about. How is this hard for you?"}

While there's more overlap in our interests, skills, and hobbies now, we each still have our own perspectives, strengths, and weaknesses.

{Single panel comic: Bernie stands holding a fencing foil in a fencing stance, Red looks on critically, pointing at his feet.}

Red: "Augh! Who taught you to fight? Your footwork is terrible!"

An arrow to Bernie says "Missed out on last few years of training"

An arrow to Red says "Now teaches at her own school of swordsmanship" }

In healing, life decisions, relationships, career, and hobbies, we often find it helpful to get each other's perspectives and opinions. We all try to help each other be the best we can be, just like we did when we were fully multiple.

May likes to describe us as "no longer in separate eggs," a reference to one of the earliest Gemini comics.

{Single panel comic: Bernie and Zee in oval, egg-like outlines, an allusion to an early Gemini comic. This time, the outline is broken, leaving big gaps. Particularly on the side of Bernie's oval facing Zee, the outline is almost completely shattered.}

Zee, looking concerned: "Shit! The eggs broke! Now all your stuff is going to get on my half of the brain!"

Bernie, shrugging nonchalantly: "Eh."}



For us, becoming Median was a long journey through trauma recovery, integration, and spirituality. I don't think this is the one "right" way to be, or a way that any multiple system going through trauma recovery will necessarily pass through. But it is where we wound up. Everyone's experience is different, and a big part of our recovery has been coming to terms with the fact that that's OK, and we don't need to push ourselves towards a right way to be multiple or a right way to be a singlet. We are who and what we are, and that's OK!

{Single Panel comic: Zee, Red, and Bernie in a row, all smiling. Zee is dancing happily, Bernie looks calm. Red and Zee clasp hands in the air. Bernie and Red have hands on each other's shoulders.}

Caption beneath scene: "Thanks for reading!"}

{Back Cover: Swirly looks up from writing in her red notebook to smile at May, who has a hand on her back and smiles encouragingly.}