

Experiences With Being Out as a System

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Content Warnings:

- Mentions of ableist concepts/sentiments.
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So, our parents know we're a system. It's all good, they understand that when we suddenly speak like someone from London that it's just another guy taking the body for a spin real quick and that they don't need to question it too much.

The thing is... They don't know our names, or anything about us as individuals. We don't have enough open communication with them to actually discuss the inner-workings of the hundreds of little guys in our brain and who they are or what they like, but even if we did, it's not actually important to them. It almost seems like it's swept under the rug.

Our mother said that she doesn't get why she should have to know anyone else when we're all "us". We're all just a collective to her still, a bunch of bits that make up her child, even though she knows we're separate. Her child, the original, isn't here anymore. But the thing is.. some of us want to get to know her and the family individually. Even beyond just being seen as who we actually are, we want to be a part of it aside from being treated as someone who is gone. But it's not a thing they understand despite our explanations of what it means to us, even despite the fact they know the original is dormant and has been for years.

The most anyone in our family knows about us is our mother, and she only knows anyone with a voice similar to Sark as "the american one". She doesn't know that there's even multiple who sound similar to him.

Technically, we're out as a system. Effectively, though... We're still closeted. Though not really because we're staying in it, moreso that we left but it follows us around like a shield within our own household, but it's not shielding us. It's shielding them from us.

Our experience with talking to medical professionals has been hard because of this--sharing bits about ourselves has been scary. It's scarier to show them pictures of our nonhuman headmates and say "that one is me", but it's never actually been bad when we've mustered up the strength to do it. One of them looked at Mal and saw his horns and said he looks like a faun from Greek mythology. Even though he's not, a positive response like that was empowering. That same one said Filigree's hair was cool. Little acknowledgements about who you are when you've tried to be seen before is great.

With our IRL friends, we expected the situation to be similar to our parents. Swept under the rug like a taboo and given weird, uncomfortable looks when spoken about. But it's been completely different.

We get asked who is fronting, we get acknowledged as separate people, hell, we even felt comfortable telling them about our actual fictive identities and letting the ones who wanted to follow this blog (hey guys if you're reading this <3) get access to it. They acknowledge our nonhumanity and nonhuman parts, share things about our sources with us because it reminded them of us, etc. Sometimes, now, because we've been open about it, we get people actually ask "is x fronting" and we say yes and they say "I knew it".

That specific feeling of being *recognised* even when your outward appearance doesn't change is absolutely amazing. Little mannerisms, little ways our voice sounds even when masking accents out in public, even the words we choose to use are tells toward who is actually controlling the body and they pick up on it--even things we might not recognise we even do. Sure, there's hundreds of people in here and people won't know every single one off by heart, but the ones who are out here often are being recognised and that, to me, is amazing and validating to all of us.

I guess the point here is me sharing our experiences, but also.... You will be able to find people who see you for you. You as a system, you as a nonhuman, you as a disabled person, you as a queer person--you'll be able to find your people. And you know, I hope you do soon--because the feeling of being known is great.