

Waking Up In The Wrong Brain

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Content Warnings:

- Species dysphoria.
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You're telling me that I blinked, just for a moment, and had it all taken away? I'm stuck in this form never meant to contain me at my fullest? Just like that? Cramped in this tiny cage made of thin skin and brittle bones?

And I get nothing more? No claws, no fangs, no sharp edges? No perfect hearing, no heightened sense of smell? Nothing to hunt, nothing to chase, for fear of being chased and locked away myself?

You say that I am considered horror, here? A deformation of the human form? A twisted mirror with too many parts that are all too threatening, too primed for the kill? A body that should not be? Fearing me was natural before, but it is based in human perspective here. The picture is bigger than that.

I am not the horror, my form was never truly human, it was mine. It was natural, it was how I became. Do you call the tiger horror, for its instinct and its sharpened maw? Do you call the fish horror, for its gills used to breathe or its lack of legs? Do you call the insect horror, for it has an exoskeleton? They are not horror--they are born as they are, beasts with life and desire. Fear may come naturally of them, but it is not because they are so different from humans--it is their danger. I was not horror, for I am born as me, born to hunt, born to be. My reflection resembling humankind is only in the way that a shark resembles a whale--they are not the same.

The body I reside in is horror, it is the wrong species, a domestic version of what I recall. I was not born into this, I woke up in the wrong space and time. I woke up in a reality like mine, but my body remained behind. With limbs all too short, that bend at joints in the wrong places, topped with stumps where talons once were--declawed. With skin almost like mine, but missing its strength and texture--softened. With teeth that have been all but chiseled down, flattened pieces of what they should have been--blunted. With senses that are all too easily offended, yet still can't seem to work as they used to--dulled. My body has been stripped of its defenses. My body is not mine. My body is horror, for it has never belonged to me.