

WHEN IT ALL STARTED, I WAS SIXTEEN  
AND IN MY FINAL YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL.





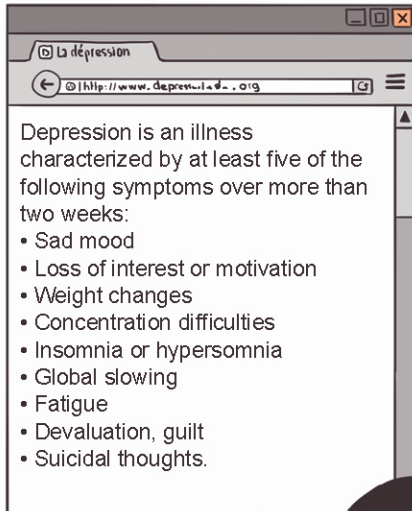
I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE A REASON TO BE SAD, SO I SAID NOTHING.

THE FOLLOWING YEAR, WHEN I STARTED ART SCHOOL, THE BLACK THING HAD DISAPPEARED. I FELT SO LIGHT AND RELIEVED...

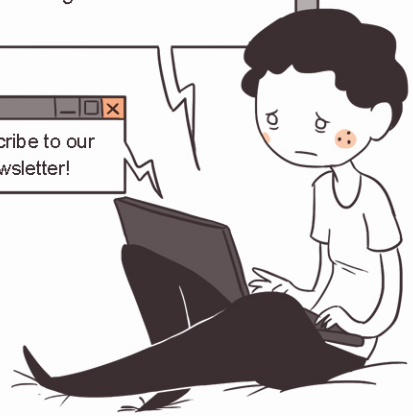




THIS TIME, I REALIZED SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING.



Subscribe to our newsletter!



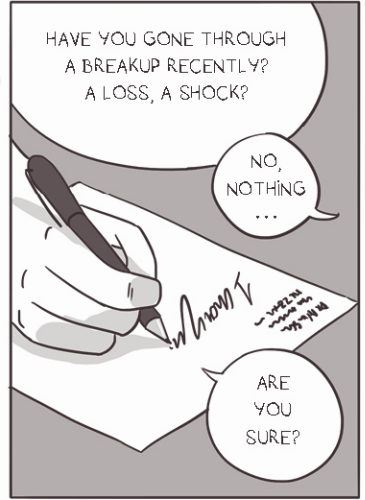
I WAS RELIEVED THAT MY PROBLEM HAD A NAME,

MY THEN-BOYFRIEND WAS WORRIED,

LUCKILY, HIS MOTHER REASSURED HIM,



I ENDED UP TELLING MY FAMILY DOCTOR EVERYTHING.



HE PRESCRIBED ME ANTIDEPRESSANTS TO DIMINISH THE BLACK THING.

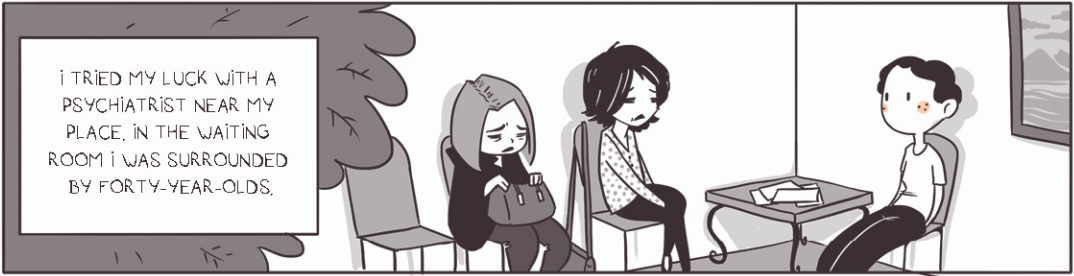


HE ALSO ADVISED FINDING A THERAPIST TO HELP CHASE IT AWAY.



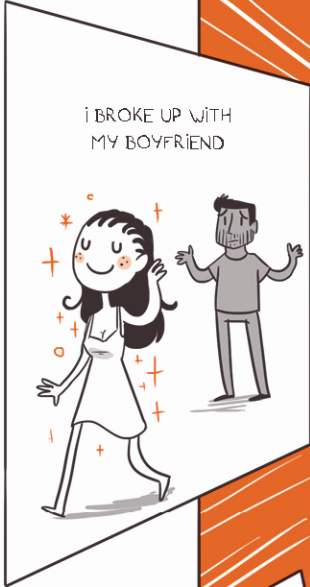
TO GET RID OF IT, YOU HAD TO CUT IT AT THE ROOT.





AND THEN ONE DAY, FOR NO REASON, WITH NO WARNING SIGN...

# I FELT GREAT!



THE YEAR I TURNED NINETEEN WAS HELL. SOME DAYS, I WAS SO BAD THAT I COULDN'T EVEN GO TO CLASS.



IT TOOK ME A LOT OF TIME AND SUPPORT, BUT I FINALLY REGAINED MY FOOTING.



TWO YEARS LATER, I GRADUATED...

...AND MOVED IN WITH MY NEW BOYFRIEND.



PROJECT #216

I HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA: I'M GOING TO CREATE A VIDEO GAME WITH LOTS OF ONLINE FOLKS WHO CAN'T CODE!

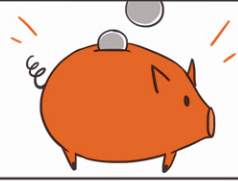


AWESOME CHALLENGE, HON!

BUT... ON YOUR OWN?



SO I CREATED A BLOG.



LED A CROWDFUNDING CAMPAIGN.



COORDINATED 100 PARTICIPANTS.



CODED A FULL VIDEO GAME.



WROTE A POST EVERY OTHER DAY.



YOU WORK TOO MUCH. WE DON'T SEE EACH OTHER.

M-HM



INVOLVED PROFESSIONALS.



ANSWERED HUNDREDS OF EMAILS.



EXCUSE ME, I... NEED SOME FRESH AIR.



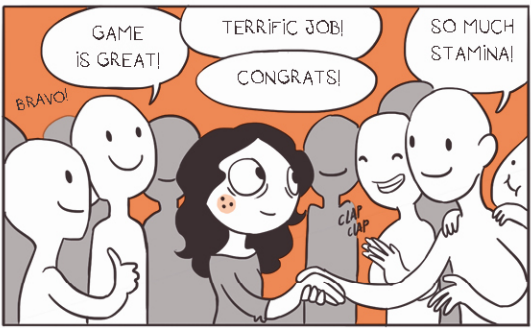
CONTACTED THE PRESS.



Z



AND FINISHED AT 4 A.M. ON D-DAY.



BRAVO!

TERRIFIC JOB! CONGRATS!

SO MUCH STAMINA!

CLAP CLAP



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

WHO SAID THAT?

BRAVO FANTASTIC PROJECT



