

Species Dysphoria Drabble re: our collective Gardevoir kintype

Written by various of the Distortion Carnival - 22nd June 2025

Length: ~700 words

CW: Descriptions of dysphoria, self-depreciation, mild metaphorical body horror, very minor mentions of sexualisation, transphobia, and alterhumisia

It's hard to explain our experiences with species dysphoria as a Gardevoir.

The alterhuman community...has some way to go with humanoid nonhumans. We see so much support, and affirmation, and discussion, and help with gear and self-expression, for a whole range of animals and creatures so far removed from human. Some nonhuman humanoids are seriously lucky, however - we've seen glimpses of the Vampire community and a lot out there for zombies, ghosts and dolls. But outside of that? You're pretty much out of luck. We couldn't be closer to it ourselves - we're pretty much three degrees separated at most from human. Having a massive, sharp crystal grow off your sternum isn't human, nor is walking in an eternal en-pointe stance, but our general bodily structure is. Which, ironically, is a lot of the intrigue of this - the uncanny valley is a very major part of our alterhuman experience, even if in this case just narrowly avoided by unrealistic artstyles and logic.

Find gear to help alleviate dysphoria, even if only physical - customise the vessel you inhabit - is the standard advice we're following and exploring, to make up for the drought in knowledge and resources. We've bought a full-length white dress that fills the absence of a gown. It can't be worn all the time, which is where loose clothing does the trick. Our hair's a bright green, which brings so much joy to see hanging in front of our face, and we're looking for hair accessories to emulate the spokes of our ears. Small adjustments (keeping our arms and objects away from our chest, avoiding lying on our front, sitting back gently and slowly, etc.) to accommodate a chest thorn, though it isn't physically there, go a long, long way.

It's not a feeling that can be vanquished with accessories alone, though. We don't want such an integral experience to our current collective identity (that being...very fragile. This kintype is in fact one of the few stable points.) to be reduced to aesthetics, to be made 'palatable' to outsiders.

No amount of moodboards and GIFs, as much as they can be needed, can resolve the ache to feel something more, feel the world and its emotions so deeply as a truly integral part of us. No shallow, generic affirmation post helps our longing to perform some sort of psychic action - anything. Even the simplest minor divination or telekinetic interaction would be enough. We're struggling with a lack of outlets for our protective instincts, and can't find anything out there to help with it - it's so specific, and nonhuman, but we don't know where or whom to go to. How do we find a snowy environment to feel at home in during midsummer?

Sure, it helps to be seen in a small way through Pokéfolk-centred kinhelp blogs, but...we feel too 'boring' to be talked about, to DESERVE the space to talk, and be truly KNOWN. It feels like we're taking up space for species that 'need it more' - even though the literal potential to distort spacetime is by zero means boring. It feels wrong to ask for help, even though we need it. What if we get made fun of? Will we be assumed to be KFF? Are we 'too close' to human? Are we 'too popular' of an evolution line to genuinely be from it? Are we going to be reduced to a punchline about fandom sexualisation as a species, yet again?

It's...*hard* to concisely word a want to *peel your face off, peel your skin off, like some corrupted moulting, reveal your real self painted in green and white, see the truth underneath all too disguised*. We're not 'actually human', nor will we ever be 'in reality' a false 'truth' of us to appease those who want us dead - not only in gender, but species too. We're trapped in a world that doesn't see us as who we are, as people, in multiple ways! Letting us ditch one more layer of this facade forced on us would be enough for a long time.

That's certainly not going to fit into any cutesy 'tips' post, and we never want it to.

It's hard to explain our experiences with species dysphoria as a Gardevoir, but this drabble should be enough.