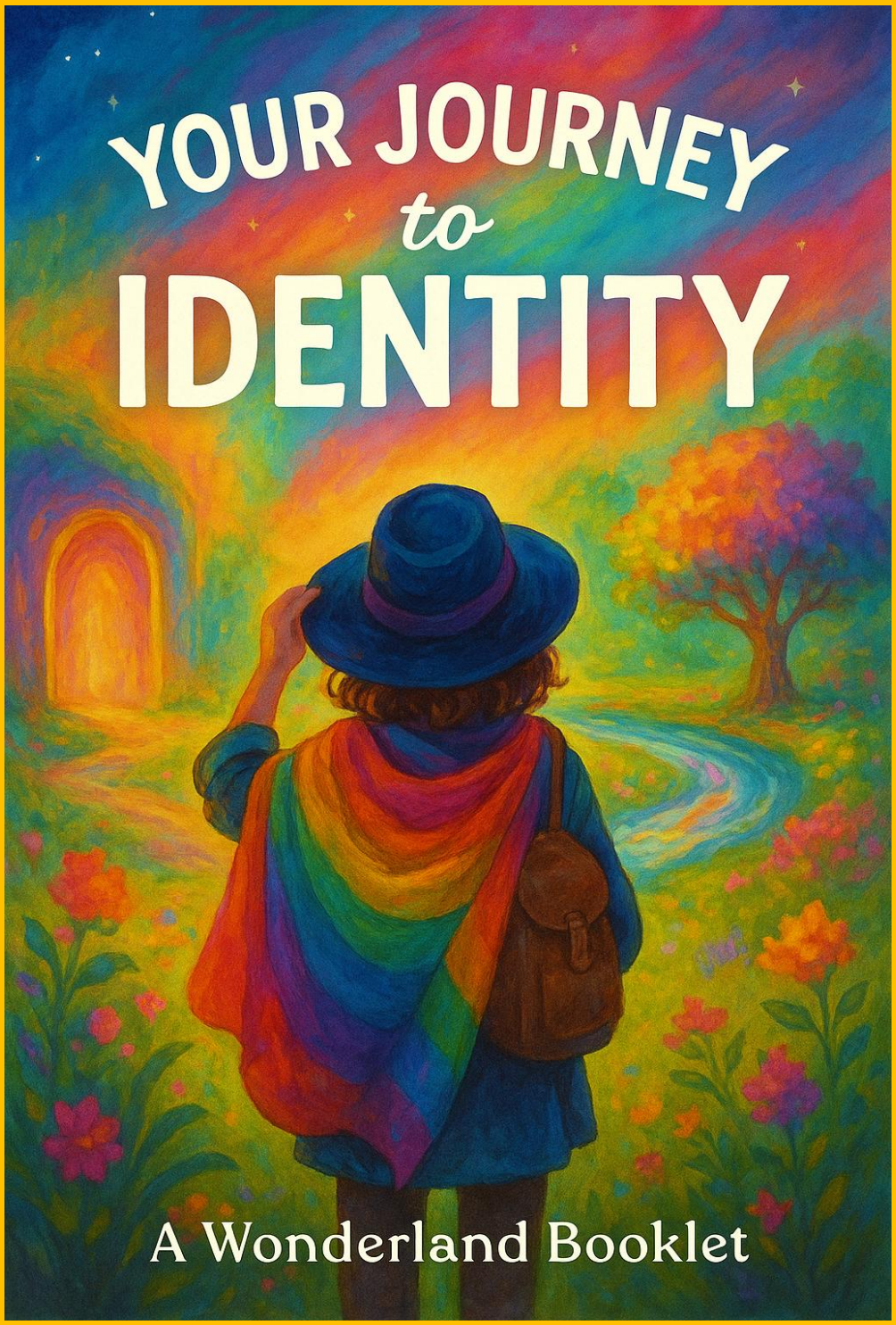
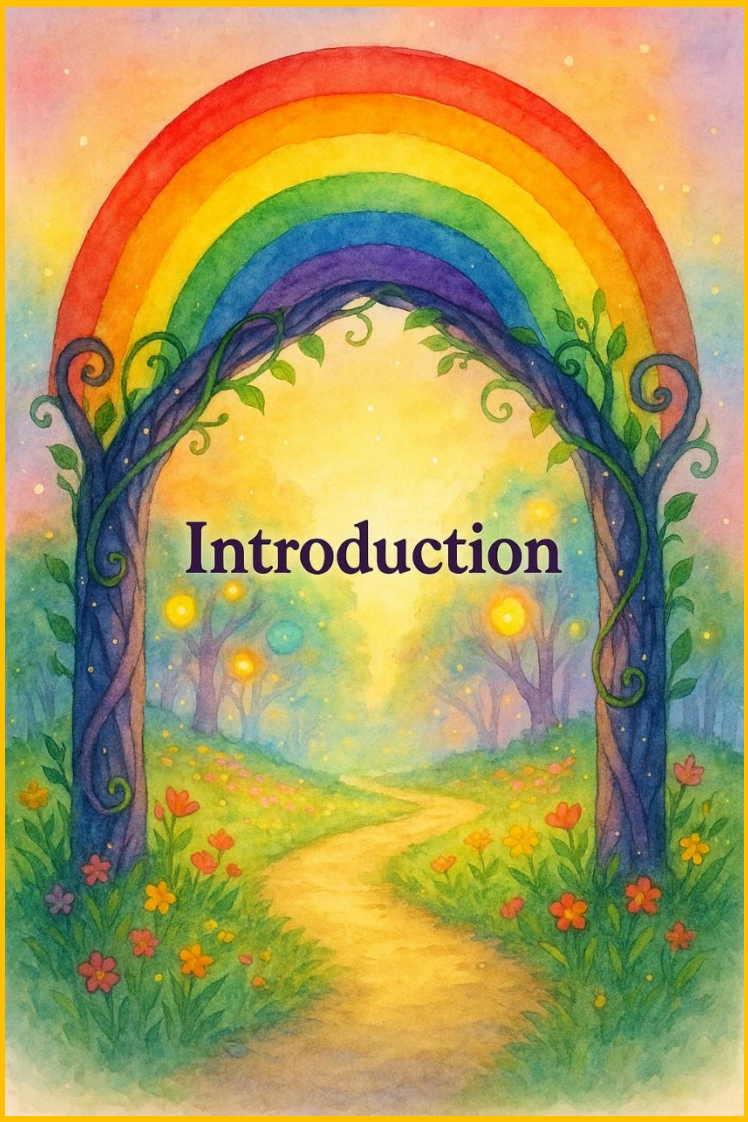

YOUR JOURNEY
to
IDENTITY
A Wonderland Booklet


Introduction

Introduction

Hello, dear traveler.

This little Wonderland booklet is an invitation to step into a story that is also a mirror—one that helps you explore who you are, who you may become, and who you have always been deep inside.

In our world, voices are everywhere. Some speak kindly, some confuse us, some push us to be or do things before we are ready. Social media, friends, family, even the shows and songs we love—these can all echo in our minds and make us wonder: Who am I really?

Exploring our sexuality (who we love, who we are attracted to) and our gender identity (who we feel we are inside) is part of being human. For some people, the answer feels simple and steady. For others, it shifts, changes, or takes time to understand. Sometimes what feels like attraction is really admiration. Sometimes what feels like dislike for our own body comes from shame taught by others. Sometimes trauma and pain shape how we feel. All of this is part of the story—but not the whole of it.

That’s why we take time. We listen not just to the outside voices, but to the quiet voice within. We try things, imagine things, explore safely and freely. And before making big choices, we ask: Why? Is this truly me?

This booklet will not give you answers. Instead, it will open doors, tell you a story, and offer you reflections. You may meet yourself in the lanterns, rivers, and gardens of Wonderland. You may notice feelings you didn't see before. You may find a deeper understanding of who you are—or simply feel more at peace with the mystery of it all.

Remember:

✨ You do not have to rush.

✨ You do not have to prove.

✨ You do not have to label yourself for anyone.

Your identity belongs to you, quietly and proudly, whether spoken or unspoken.

Shall we step into Wonderland together?


FOLLOW THIS TREND
TAKE THIS LABEL
TAKE THIS LABEL
YOU MUST CHANGE!



The Hall of Echoes

The path bent and spiraled until the traveler and the Hatter came to a great arched doorway. Silver vines curled around its frame, and on the other side shimmered a vast hall lined with mirrors. Each mirror stretched taller than the tallest tree, their surfaces rippling like water.

As they stepped inside, the traveler noticed the mirrors did not stay still. Their reflections shifted constantly—sometimes showing them as they were now, sometimes older, sometimes dressed in clothes they'd never worn, sometimes carrying faces that were not their own.

And then came the voices.

From one mirror: "If you admire someone, it means you love them that way."

From another: “If you want to fit in, take this label—quickly, before the others leave you behind.”

From yet another: “Hide what you are, or you’ll never be accepted.”

And still more: “If you dislike your body, you must change it.”

“If you follow this trend, you’ll finally belong.”

“If you’re confused, that must mean you are something other than what you were.”

The traveler covered their ears, heart pounding. “It’s too much,” they whispered. “They all sound true… but they all sound different.”

The Hatter guided them gently toward a quieter corner of the hall, where the mirrors glowed softer. She spoke in her steady way, each word falling like a lantern light in the dark:

"These are the Echo Mirrors. They gather voices from the world outside—family, friends, songs, stories, screens, even the shadows of old pain. Some of these voices are gentle. Some are bossy. Some come from love. Others come from fear. But remember: not every echo tells the truth."

The traveler peered into one of the nearest mirrors. In it, they saw themselves standing beside a figure they admired deeply—a musician they wanted to be like. In the mirror, the image twisted into something else: the traveler holding the musician's hand, hearts floating between them.

The traveler frowned. "But… I don't love them. I just… want to be like them."

The Hatter nodded. “And yet the mirror confused the two. Admiration and attraction can feel similar, especially when we’re young or searching for belonging. One is the longing to learn from someone, to carry their fire within you. The other is the pull of love or desire. They are not the same—but in this hall, the echoes can blur them together.”

The traveler stepped to another mirror. This one showed their body—but with certain parts they had always felt embarrassed by blurred out, almost erased. A harsh voice hissed: “That part of you is wrong. Everyone thinks so. Hide it, cut it away, or you will never be free.”

Tears welled in the traveler’s eyes. “I’ve heard that before. From people who shamed me. From jokes, from family, even from strangers.”

The Hatter’s eyes softened. “Yes. Sometimes shame planted in childhood echoes so loudly, it makes us believe we must erase ourselves to heal. But shame is not truth—it is a wound. And wounds should be cared for, not carved deeper.”

They moved further down the hall. Another mirror lit up, showing the traveler surrounded by a group of laughing children, all with matching labels stitched across their chests. The voice from this mirror urged: “Choose a word! Any word! Wear it proudly or you will never belong.”

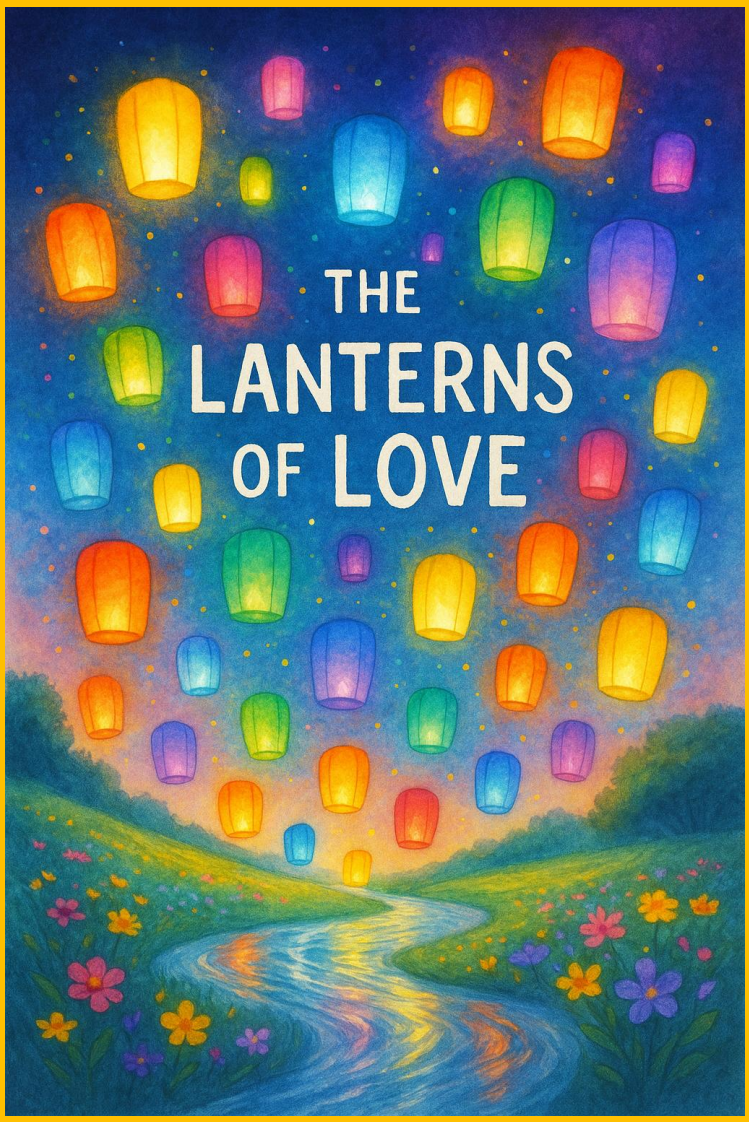
The traveler's chest tightened. "That's how it feels sometimes online," they whispered. "Like everyone already knows who they are… and I'll be left out unless I pick something fast."

The Hatter knelt so her eyes met the traveler's. "Belonging does not come from rushing into a label. Belonging comes from being seen and accepted as you are—even if you have no label at all. Some people find comfort in a word. Others need time. Some live without one forever. None of these paths are wrong."

The traveler's shoulders dropped, as if a little of the weight had lifted. They looked back at the row upon row of mirrors, all whispering, all shifting. "Then… how do I know which reflection is really me?"

The Hatter touched her own heart, then pointed to theirs. "By listening here. The truest reflection does not shout from a mirror. It whispers quietly within. It is patient. It is steady. It will not disappear if you take your time to listen. And the more you choose silence over the echoes, the clearer that inner voice becomes."

The traveler breathed deeply, letting the Hall’s noise fade a little. The mirrors still shifted, the voices still pressed, but now… they weren’t the only sound. Beneath the chaos, they could sense something else: a small, quiet rhythm, like the beating of their own heart.


THE
LANTERNS
OF LOVE

The Lanterns of Love

The meadow stretched wide, and above it floated lanterns of every size and hue. Each one carried its own flame, glowing in a way that belonged only to itself.

Some lanterns blazed bright and steady, never wavering. Others shifted color, changing with the wind and season. Some moved in pairs, their flames twining together in radiant harmony. A few drifted alone, shining quietly yet fully—needing no other to affirm their light.

The traveler’s breath caught. “So many different kinds of flames… and none the same.”

The Hatter nodded. “These lanterns are the many ways hearts are drawn. Some glow for women, some for men, some for both, and some for none. Some burn strongest with romance, some with desire, some with both together. Some change and flow, never fixed to one form. Each lantern is whole. Each flame is real.”

The traveler watched one lantern flicker from gold to violet to blue, never settling. “That one can’t decide.”

"Not all flames are fixed," the Hatter explained. "Some shift and change across a lifetime. That is not confusion—it is movement, like the tide. A lantern that changes color is no less true than one that burns steadily.”

Nearby, another lantern glowed more faintly, its light small but present. The traveler frowned. “That one looks weak.”

"Not weak," said the Hatter gently. “Some flames are quieter, and that is simply their nature. Others burn low because of hurt carried in the body or heart—old shame, wounds, or things seen too soon. But no matter its brightness, each flame is worthy of respect.”

The traveler thought of all the times people had been urged to shout who they were from rooftops, to prove their flame to the world. “Do all lanterns have to shine for others to see?”

The Hatter shook her head. “A lantern is not a performance. Its glow belongs first to the one who carries it. You may choose to share it, to celebrate it loudly, or to keep it close and private. Privacy is not the same as secrecy. It is the dignity of knowing your flame is yours, not the world’s.”

The traveler tilted their face upward, and there it was—their lantern, drifting softly above them. Its glow was neither the brightest nor the faintest. It pulsed in a rhythm they recognized deep in their chest. For the first time, they felt no need to name it, explain it, or prove it.

It was enough that the flame was theirs.

🌿 Reflection Prompts

Does my lantern feel steady, shifting, bright, or quiet right now?

How do I feel when I imagine that my flame does not need to be proven to anyone?

What feels like the difference between connection and desire in my own experience?

In what ways can I respect the rhythm of my lantern as it is today?



The Mirror River

The path led down into a valley where the air was cooler, touched with mist. At its heart flowed a wide river, its surface smooth as glass, shining with silver light.

The traveler stepped closer and gasped — for this was no ordinary river. Its surface reflected not just what was, but what could be, what might have been, and what was felt inside.

In the water, the traveler first saw their own familiar face. But with each ripple, the reflection shifted — older, younger, with different clothes, with different hair, with features softened, sharpened, or entirely changed. At times, the reflection carried a body they had imagined but never known.

The traveler clutched the Hatter's sleeve. "Which one is me?"

The Hatter’s eyes were kind. “This is the Mirror River. It shows more than flesh and bone. It reveals what the heart wonders about itself, what the world has whispered onto us, and what lies waiting to be known. Some reflections come from truth. Others come from pain, or from voices that told us we were wrong. That is why the river must be read with care.”

The traveler leaned closer. One reflection showed them with their body blurred and hidden, as if parts of them were too shameful to exist. A voice from the water hissed: “This piece of you is wrong. Erase it, and you will be free.”

The traveler’s eyes filled. “I’ve heard that before — from jokes, from shame, from the way people looked at me.”

The Hatter rested a hand on their shoulder. “Yes. Shame has a way of carving itself into the mirror. But shame is not truth. It is a wound left by others, and wounds must be healed, not cut deeper.”

The water rippled again, and the traveler saw themselves in another form — one they had once longed for. Not because it called from deep inside, but because they had wanted to escape the pain of being who they were.

"That was me once,” they whispered. “I thought if I could just be someone else, the hurt would stop.”

The Hatter's voice was low and steady. "And that is why the river must be walked with patience. Some feel their inner truth so clearly, it is like a steady flame that has always been there. For others, the wish to change comes not from inner knowing, but from the weight of pain, trauma, or longing for acceptance. That is why before any great change, the 'why' must be explored. A reflection that comes from hurt will not heal hurt — it will only carry it forward."

They stood together in silence as the water shifted again, this time showing the traveler laughing freely, wearing clothes they would never have dared in the waking world. Their body was the same as it had always been, yet the reflection glowed with confidence and joy.

The traveler tilted their head. “So sometimes, it isn’t the body that needs to change, but the way I see it?”

"Yes,” the Hatter said softly. “Sometimes the body is already true — it is the shame, the silence, or the echoes of others that make it feel wrong.

And sometimes, the body and the inner self do not match, and the truth is in becoming. The only way to know is to listen deeply — past the echoes, past the shame, past the rush of the crowd — into the quiet of your own being.”

The traveler sat by the water’s edge, watching the shifting forms. At first, the constant change was unsettling. But then they noticed something else: beneath every ripple, no matter the shape, there was always the same steady presence. Something in the eyes, something in the way the reflection carried itself — unmistakably them.

"So no matter what changes, there's always me beneath it," the traveler murmured.

The Hatter smiled. "Yes. And it is that thread of you that you must follow — whether it calls you to remain, to grow, to shift, or simply to accept yourself as you are. The body may change, or it may not. But the truest journey is to find where your spirit feels at home."

The traveler dipped their hand into the water, watching the ripples spread. The reflections shifted again, but now they no longer felt lost in them. For the first time, they trusted that their truth was not hiding in the rush of change, but waiting in the quiet center of themselves.

🌿 Reflection Prompts

What reflections of myself have come from outside shame or expectation?

Have I ever wished to change myself not from inner truth, but from wanting escape or acceptance?

When I imagine myself free of shame, how do I see my body, my spirit, my identity?

What does the steady thread of “me” feel like beneath all shifting reflections?



✿ The Garden of Belonging

When the mist of the Mirror River lifted, the Hatter led the traveler through a willow archway woven with silver threads. On the other side stretched a great garden, glowing softly in the twilight. The air was warm, carrying the scent of jasmine and rain-kissed earth.

Everywhere the traveler looked, there were flowers blooming in wild harmony. Roses with scarlet petals stood beside sun-bright marigolds. Daisies clustered with tulips, while tall lilies leaned gracefully among fields of lavender. None competed. None tried to be the same. Each bloomed in its own way, and together, they filled the garden with living color.

The traveler's eyes widened. "It's beautiful… but it's so different from the Hall of Echoes. There, everything pushed and shouted. Here, everything just… is."

"That is the way of true belonging," the Hatter said, her voice low and musical. "In this garden, no flower needs to change to be accepted. The rose does not shrink because the daisy shines. The violet does not burn itself bright just to be noticed. Each is celebrated for what it is, no more, no less."

They wandered down a winding path. Along the way, the traveler noticed small gatherings:

A cluster of wildflowers leaning close, exchanging gentle laughter.

Two vines, different in kind, growing together and supporting one another as they reached upward.

A lone orchid blooming quietly in the shade — rare, private, but radiant in its own presence.

The traveler felt a lump rise in their throat. “So all of these belong, even the ones that don’t stand out?”

"Yes," said the Hatter. "Belonging is not about being the loudest or the most noticed. It is about being safe to exist as you are. Some choose to share their colors loudly. Others keep their bloom private. Both are worthy. Both belong."

They came to the heart of the garden, where a great oak tree spread its branches. Beneath it sat a circle of travelers, each unique. Some wore robes of many colors, others plain. Some spoke, sharing stories, while others listened in silence. The circle was open — there was always room for one more.

The traveler’s steps slowed. “I don’t know if I’m ready to sit with them.”

"That’s all right," the Hatter smiled. "Belonging does not demand you rush. You may sit when you are ready, speak if you wish, or remain silent if that is what feels true. This garden does not measure your worth by how you join, but by the fact that you are here."

The traveler let out a long breath. For the first time, they felt no push to prove, no fear of being left behind. The garden did not need them to decide today who they were, or how they fit. It simply welcomed them as they were in this moment.

They lowered themselves onto the mossy grass and watched the flowers sway gently in the twilight breeze. Something loosened inside their chest, something that had been knotted tight since the Hall of Echoes.

"So this is what it feels like to belong," the traveler whispered.

"Yes," the Hatter replied, eyes soft. "Belonging does not come from matching others or carrying a perfect label. It comes from being seen, respected, and celebrated for the truth of your being. That truth may be steady or shifting, loud or quiet, shared or private — and still, it is enough."

The traveler closed their eyes and felt it — the garden's quiet welcome, the unspoken promise that here, in this place, they did not have to change to be worthy.

🌿 Reflection Prompts

Where in my life have I felt pressured to belong by being the same as others?

Where have I felt free to exist just as I am, without proving or performing?

What would it feel like to build or find a “garden of belonging” in my own world?

Who or what gives me that sense of quiet acceptance?



🌙 Final Integration: The Cloak of Courage

As the traveler rises from the River's edge, droplets of silver light still shimmering on their skin, the Garden gently quiets. The flowers bow their heads as if in blessing, and the Hall of Whispers seems to echo softly one last time with remembered truths.

The Hatter appears at the threshold, her eyes kind and knowing. She holds something folded across her arms — a cloak, woven not of fabric, but of threads gathered from every step the traveler has taken.

From the Hall, threads of truth and memory glimmer like starlight, carrying the courage to listen within and honor what is found there.

From the River, threads of fluid silver shimmer, reminding the traveler that identity flows and shifts like water — and that change is not loss, but movement.

From the Garden, threads of living green wind gently through, fragrant with blossoms that speak of self-acceptance, growth, and the quiet beauty of simply being.

The Hatter drapes the cloak around the traveler's shoulders. It is weightless yet grounding, soft yet strong, and when it settles, it feels as though it has always belonged there.

"This is yours now," she whispers. "The Cloak of Courage. It does not tell the world who you are. It does not shout, nor does it hide. It simply holds you in your own becoming. When the voices of doubt rise, when the outside world feels loud, or when you feel alone — wrap yourself in it. It will remind you that your truth belongs first to you, and that you are safe to grow at your own pace."

The traveler feels the warmth of the cloak spread through their chest, steadying their heartbeat. In that moment, they know: they are enough. They are allowed to explore, to question, to shift, to rest — to be exactly where they are on their journey.

With a final glance toward the Hall, the River, and the Garden, the traveler steps forward into the soft glow of waking life, carrying their cloak with them. Not as armor, not as disguise — but as a reminder of courage, authenticity, and the quiet power of simply being.



Closing Reflections – Walking Forward in the Real World

As you leave the Hall of Mirrors, the River of Reflection, and the Garden of Whispers, the story world begins to fade. But the lessons carried within them are meant to stay with you here—in your waking life.

The truth is, discovering who we are—our identity, our attractions, our way of being in the world—is not always clear.

Especially when we are young, admiration can sometimes feel like attraction.

Looking up to someone, wanting to be like them, or even wishing to look like them can be misinterpreted as "liking" them in a romantic sense.

This can be confusing, and it is important to remember: exploration takes time, and misunderstanding is part of learning.

We are also shaped by what surrounds us—our families, society, media, friends, stereotypes, and trends.

When we are seeking belonging, even a small similarity to a group can make us want to fit there.

That does not mean our whole identity is defined by that one

similarity, but it does mean that environment has a strong influence.

Asexuality, too, is a valid identity for some people, and it can also sometimes develop out of trauma—whether from personal experience, early exposure to sexual content, or even trauma carried from before birth.

This is why education, safety, and supported exploration are so important.

Whatever gender or sexuality you hold, remember: it belongs to you. It is private, personal, and sacred.

You do not owe anyone your identity. You do not have to prove it, perform it, or shout it loudly in order for it to be real. If you choose to share it, that is your choice—but you are not less valid if you keep it private. Being yourself is what matters most.

Sometimes people who shout the loudest are not necessarily more confident—they may be asking for validation, or expressing an unmet emotional need. That is why it's important to ask yourself: Is this really me? Is this truly what I feel? Or is this a way to fit in, or to have my needs for belonging and being seen met?

Pride celebrations exist because society has not always been kind or safe for people who are different, and they can be a source of joy and visibility. But the deeper hope is that all humans—no matter their sexuality, gender, or way of being—should be allowed to exist freely without drama, without needing a label as proof, and without fear.

We must also acknowledge that influences like social media, trends, and peer pressure can be powerful. They can make us believe we must be something other than what we are. For those who feel deeply that their gender does not align with the one they were born with, it is so important that this exploration is safe, supported, and deeply understood before taking permanent steps. Some people later regret rushing into physical changes before understanding the “why” behind their feelings.

Personal stories show how complex this can be. I once wanted to be a boy—not because that was my truest self, but because of my trauma and my wish to be close to my dad. My son also thought he might need to be a girl, not because it was his true identity, but because he felt ashamed of being a boy—he lacked positive male role models, and had only sisters and a mum around him. With time, conversations, freedom to explore, and reassurance that he had a choice, he found comfort in himself. He now celebrates being a boy—but that came from being given space, love, and respect for his journey.

And this is the most important truth: everyone deserves the space, patience, and support to discover who they really are—without pressure, without shame, without rushing, and without fear.

Take your time. Keep your courage. Let your identity unfold like a cloak you wear with quiet strength. It is yours to hold, and yours to reveal when and how you choose.

🌈 Facilitator Guide & Flexible Lesson Plan

for A Workbook on Sexuality & Gender Identity

✸ Purpose of the Workshop

This workshop provides a safe, supportive, and imaginative space for young people (or adults) to explore sexuality and gender identity through story, metaphor, reflection, and discussion. The goal is not to give fixed answers, but to open doors for **curiosity, self-awareness, and belonging**.

🕰️ Workshop Timing Options

Full Workshop (2–2.5 hours)
Ideal for in-depth group sessions, retreats, or therapy programs.

Half Workshop (60–90 minutes)
Perfect for schools, community groups, or shorter workshops.

Mini-Session (30–45 minutes)
Focused on one story section + reflection prompts. Great for ongoing weekly groups.

📖 Workshop Flow

1. Welcome & Grounding (10–15 mins)

- Introduce the purpose: a safe, non-judgmental exploration of identity.
- Set group agreements: respect, listening, no pressure to share.
- Short grounding activity (e.g., deep breaths, guided visualization of "stepping into Wonderland").

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2. Story Journey (4 x 10–15 mins each)

Read aloud or listen to each story section together, pausing for reflection.

1. **The Hall of Echoes** — exploring outside voices,

confusion, admiration vs. attraction.

- *Discussion:* What "echoes" have I heard from media, family, or friends? Which feel supportive, and which feel heavy?

2. **The Lanterns of Love** — exploring sexuality, different flames, privacy vs. performance.
    - *Discussion:* What does it feel like to imagine your flame doesn't need proving?
3. **The Mirror River** — exploring gender identity, body image, shame, and the importance of asking "why."

- *Discussion:* How do outside expectations shape how we see ourselves?

4. **The Garden of Belonging** — exploring acceptance, community, and belonging without pressure.
   - *Discussion:* Where have I felt safe to be myself? What makes me feel like I belong?

(Flexible: Facilitators may choose 1–2 sections for shorter sessions, or explore all four in depth for longer workshops.)

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3. Integration Activity (20–30 mins)

- **The Cloak of Courage**: Invite participants to draw, write, or design their own symbolic "cloak" that carries the lessons they want to remember.
    - Prompts: *What threads would you weave into your cloak? What strengths or truths do you want to carry into your life?*

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4. Closing Reflections (15–20 mins)

- Share the **real-world talk closing piece** (adapted for age group).
- Emphasize:

- Identity is personal and private.
- There is no rush, no need to prove, no single right path.
- Safe, supported exploration is key before making big decisions.

- Closing circle: invite each participant to share one word or feeling they are taking with them.

🎨 Materials Needed

- Printed or digital copies of the workbook
- Paper & pens/pencils for journaling

- Optional: art supplies (markers, colored pencils, collage materials) for creative reflection
- Comfortable, safe space for group discussion

👥 Facilitator Notes

- **Hold space, don't push:** Participants may choose not to share, and silence is as valid as words.
- **Normalize confusion:** Remind participants that admiration, shifting feelings, or questioning are natural.
- **Balance story & real-world:** Keep both the Wonderland

metaphor and the grounding real-world reflections so participants connect imagination with life.

- **Stay trauma-aware:** If difficult feelings arise, encourage grounding, breaks, or private reflection.

🌈 Workshop Outcomes

By the end, participants will:

- Better recognize the difference between admiration, attraction, and identity.
- Understand how outside voices and influences shape self-perception.

- Explore sexuality and gender identity in a safe, creative space.
- Carry a personal reminder (their "Cloak of Courage") into their real life.
- Leave with reassurance: *their identity belongs to them, and they are enough.*

✨ This guide can be adapted for:

- **Youth workshops** (ages 12–18)
- **Therapy groups** (teens/adults)
- **Parent & teen sessions**
- **Community events / Pride activities**