

Peer Support Speech Of Wolf Alantis Mores

“When You're Falling Through The Cracks Of Everything You Need”
By Wolf Alantis Mores

For those who don't know, a peer specialist is someone successfully living with a mental illness, lived experience, who meets others with the same or similar mental illnesses and life struggles and provides community, acceptance, and someone they can relate to and show ways of navigating the world, adversity, and recovery with mental illnesses and unique life struggles. This is support you don't usually get with other providers like doctors and nurses. By doing this, peer support specialists support others personally and help breakdown and deconstruct stigma and build a healthier inclusive community you can live in that both accommodating and comfortable to your needs.

I live with a condition my doctors and I describe as Lycanthropic Schizotypal Personality Disorder with Dissociative Identity Disorder — a unique and deeply personal structure shaped by trauma, perception, identity fragmentation, and survival. My lived experience is complex and complicated but what I want most from sharing my lived experience is for you to relate to it and find shared strength, purpose, and community.

I am an autistic trauma survivor struggling with a Lycanthropic form of Schizotypal Personality Disorder w/DID. It's a diagnosed narrative label. My diagnosis is a condition not reducible to one diagnosis. It's constructed under the anchor diagnosis of Schizotypal Personality Disorder with early onset Schizotypal Personality Disorder with the Shadow Knight Subtype (not an official subtype), Complex PTSD, Dissociative Identity Disorder, [Type 1] Clinical Lycanthropy, Moral Protector/moralist Subclinical Sociopathy Subtype, and brief reactive psychosis.

My schizotypal traits make my thoughts tangential, mystical, and often socially distant. My DID structure gives those experiences form — splitting memory, identity, and perception into inner roles. And my C-PTSD fuels the entire system with hyper-vigilance, mistrust, flashbacks, and sensory overwhelm. With my Brief Reactive Psychosis Disorder symptoms, I struggle with Depression and anxiety, minor manic episodes, affective and mood dysregulation, and psychotic features. Some of my extended symptoms are Attention dysregulation, Sensory dysregulation, and sleep disturbances.

To describe my personal experience - it is a lived mythos — a fractured but functional inner reality that makes sense of things others cannot see. I identify with the term “Lycanthropic” because it accurately symbolizes the shifting, primal, and mythic wolf like nature of how my personality expresses itself.

The “wolf” in me is not just symbolic. It is how I experience my body, my perception, and my need to survive — fierce, watchful, untrusting. In states of high stress or emotional overload, I may feel that I am *becoming* the wolf, that my senses sharpen, my morality shifts, and my ability to tolerate humans disappears in environments or situations unsafe for me. This is not a delusion; it is a psychological and dissociative response rooted in past traumas. From the outside, I may appear eccentric, intense, or elusive — but beneath that surface is a system forged in response to chronic trauma, psychological overwhelm, and the need to survive in hostile or unsafe environments.

At times, I feel the world is strange or charged with hidden meanings. I can experience magical thinking, paranoia, and unusual perceptual experiences — not full delusions, but deeply felt beliefs that I am different, hunted, or in possession of powers others do not understand.

Inside, I live as more than one. I experience distinct identity states, often referred to as alters, that manage different parts of life. Each holds fragments of memory, function, emotion, and behavior. I do not always remember what others in the system do. There are times I lose time, or find things I’ve written or said that feel like someone else entirely.

Among these identities is a moral protector — often logical, emotionally cold, and vigilant. But with a moral core — a deep sense of justice, loyalty, fairness, and duty — sets this apart from stereotypical sociopathy or the shadow knight subtype. This part acts like a guardian wolf, calculating and detached, willing to do what’s necessary to protect the system’s survival and help others. This part carries subclinical sociopathic traits — not out of malice, but because numbness, control, and moral clarity were required to endure our trauma and stay us. The inclusion of a moral protector with sociopathic traits does not make me dangerous as my goals aren't out of malice. It makes me a survivor. My values are morals, justice, humanity, hope, faith, rehabilitation, ethics, community, love, and family. That part exists because somewhere in my life, empathy became too dangerous to carry. That part speaks calmly while others scream inside.

🐾 What I Need 🐾

I live with a complex, layered identity that needs to be understood not just as a disorder, but as defense. When supported correctly, I can function — but I need support that honor:

- The presence of parts and switching
- My need for predictable, low-stimulation environments
- The intensity of my moral reasoning, which may not align with neurotypical logic
- My mythic self-understanding, which helps me make sense of the world

This is not just a psychiatric condition. It is a map of how I've survived — not broken, but reorganized. The wolf is not a symptom. The wolf is my strength.

As a child I was diagnosed with Asperger Syndrome at 4 years old, now Autism Spectrum Disorder, and never knew anything about what it was and how it affected me while I was that young. It just always got thrown to the side and ignored as many people focused on my learning disorders. I was always a loner but not by choice, I didn't understand relationships and even less when I tried to build and maintain relationships. I would always only escape into the world of my special interests which includes werewolves/Lycanthropes and Pokémon, mystical ninjas in general. Especially when times got hard for me. Communication sometimes was difficult, too. I didn't make friends growing up and when my mother passed from Sarcoma cancer I became very reclusive and even more so when my father died from Lung cancer. I noticed Schizotypal symptoms and changes in my perception and personality when pointed out by professionals and even more so when they pointed out I had different parts to me associated with Dissociative Identity Disorder which formerly was called Multiple Personality Disorder. Memory being a huge issue and social issues being equally huge.

I still remember when I found out my parents had cancer. My mother called me from my back room to her front room; I had no idea what she wanted so I thought I was in trouble. I didn't know how right I was going to be. She sat me down and said she had something to explain to me. She explained she had cancer, she explained what cancer was, that she may need to have surgical procedures to remove the cancer, and that the cancer may claim her life. I

remember not taking the news well on the inside but the outside I simply did not know how to react. My mother saw through that. When the time neared I brought her cat Morris to the hospital for her to see him. I was naïve and thought seeing her cat would save her. When she finally did pass she died in mid sentence trying to tell me something important. It still bothers me today leaving me to wonder what she tried to tell me.

My father allowed me to find out in a messed-up way and allowed me to suffer the consequences, too. All while he showed no cares in the world. Sometimes I think he meant to hurt me. He knew he had cancer and knew it was appropriate to tell me but didn't. Before I had found out I didn't talk with him for awhile because he was a jerk and I had to have time away from him due to the way he treated me and I didn't like it. In hind sight I should have been more communicative to him why I took a break from communicating with him. But when I saw his call one more time something told me to answer so I did just to be fooled by one of my brothers pretending to be our father. A discussion ensued between me and my brother and I, we talked about how Dad had cancer but he thought I knew because Dad told everyone else he had cancer, and this is how I found out. Dad had told everyone before my communication break from him. My brother got upset with me thinking I was joking but Dad whispers in the background I didn't know. My brother didn't like that and blamed me. I felt guilty for some reason, just to find out Dad knew and told everyone before he was a jerk to me and I took a communication break from him. He most likely had no real plans to tell me. I believe he was going to let me find out in a worse way than my brother. Even if he was trying to spare me, if he was trying to spare me, the heartache of losing another parent to cancer was a lot on me. He didn't know how to say hey son you lost your mom and now soon your Dad? I was going to find out in a worse way. I still haven't forgiven my father for how he treated me or handled letting me find out he had terminal cancer.

Side note: I'm the youngest of multiple children; where some of my trauma comes from.

There's a lot of trauma I've endured and still endure today but the difference from today and my past is I'm wiser and more capable of handling adversity and its challenges it presents me today. My unique sets of symptoms makes things difficult but also makes me more ambitious.

I've gone through a lot of trauma that shaped my perception of the world, my experiences and adversity. My responses and symptoms are a reflection of

that. Being autistic further complicates that. Growing up without my parents further complicates that.

I'm an orphan, I've been homeless, too. I've grown up far below the definition of poverty, I've been abused growing up and found myself in abusive relationships in my teen hood and adulthood. I lost my virginity when i was 9 to my 16 year old babysitter when I thought she loved me. I've even been an underage stripper for an adult girlfriend I had at a time. Friends who I thought were friends were just snakes waiting to strike and run. I've been alone a lot of my life, too, so it didn't help. I couldn't speak out because not only was I afraid, I didn't know how to. I couldn't even discuss the troubles I endured or was enduring. A lot of people I went to for help or even for a listening ear didn't know how to help me. If I spoke to a provider they claimed I had all the support I needed when I didn't. A lot of unfair treatment and unique treatment and challenges from some providers, a lot of interesting treatment stays in inpatient hospitals and day programs and other mental health camps. If I told someone I was poor, they didn't believe me if they found out about the celebrities I am related to.

If I told the police about an abusive relationship they laughed and didn't help, if they showed up at all, because they didn't understand men are hurt by women too. People laugh or shudder because they don't understand. Even when I was a younger and homeless, and endured the nights I had to sleep out on the sidewalks and uncomfortable ground, people passed me by without a true understanding of the world I struggled with.

I've fallen through the cracks of love, support, and understanding for years. I didn't know who to turn to, when, where, or why. My sense of reality has been traumatized to the point of a different lived reality for escape.

I don't want adversity and no way to endure or grow from it for people. So my mission is to educate people about different mental illnesses and the resources that could help based on my own lived experience and research. It's for people struggling and the people not struggling, to attempt to build a community where no one falls through the cracks.

Everyday I'm chased by lived experience and some days I'm empowered by it and other days I'm beaten down by it. A very eggshells relationship but a very enlightening relationship. I succeed some days and fail other days but in my failures I've learned my true character, my strength, my grit, my love and compassion, my sympathy and empathy, and how to grow stronger. In my evolution I've learned to be proud of myself, recognize success and failure,

respect, strength, and appreciate accountability. So don't feel like struggles, dark days, triggers, and relapse isn't a part of recovery because it may or may not happen but it happens, it's how you handle it and adjust is what counts. Over the years I've gained a small family....Cindy my best friend and Bentley my service dog. They help me through a lot, especially on my toughest days and my hardest times on myself. I still have to do therapy twice a week, take my medication for medical and psychological disorders, do my basic care needs like ADLs, get my support teams help with daily life struggles, maintain a stable foundation, and build and maintain boundaries. There's a lot and I have to take days off sometimes. My goals are having a loving family, helping others, and having reliable accommodating stability. It was a tough battle to get to a place in my recovery journey where I can just be and be me, an even longer battle where I can live life, and a longer battle where I can live successfully. I'm improving more everyday.

If you are able to take away anything from my lived experience, please, take not only the fact I want the best for you but that things can be better if we work for it and work for it together. No one should fall through the cracks of love, support, family and friends, services, and community.

With LibertyMoon.org I educate people about different mental illnesses and the resources that could help, so you don't fall through the cracks. In our sessions I want to prioritize you and your success. I want you to leave our session heard, supported, validated, empathized with, valued, and connected too. If you see more of your value in each interaction then I've done my job. And as best said by Gandhi "let my life be my message."