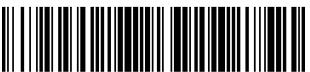


# INKED

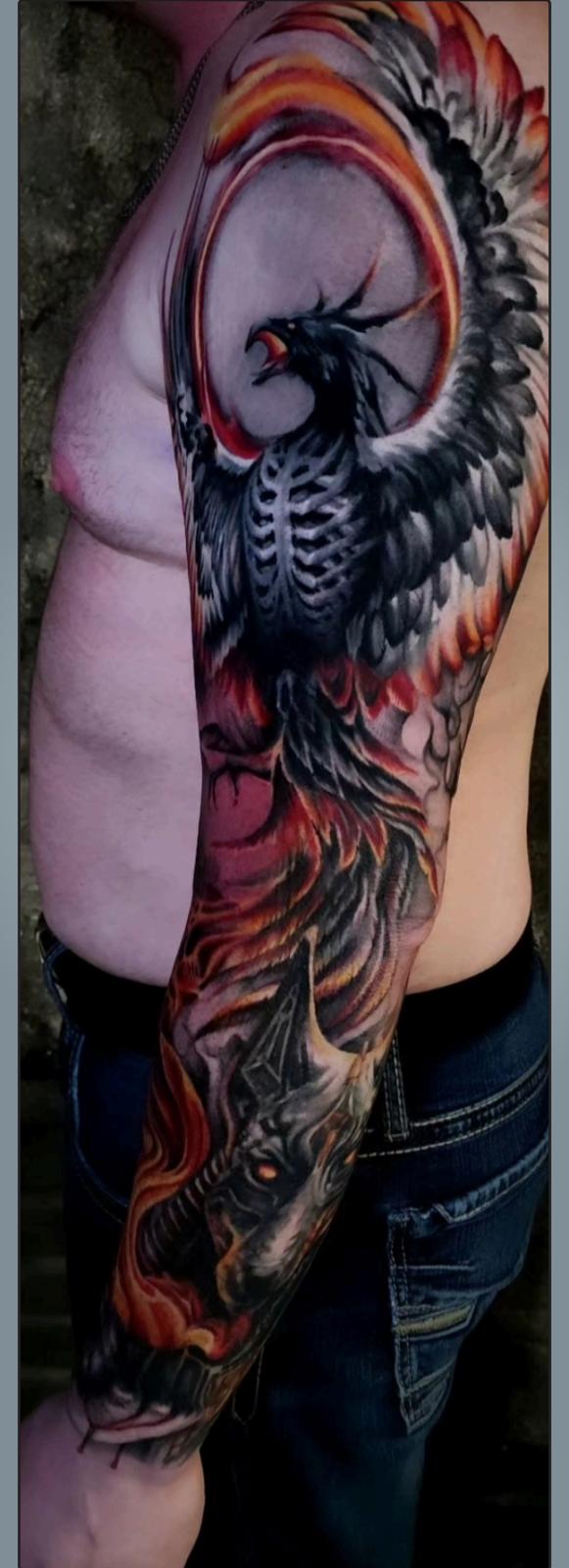
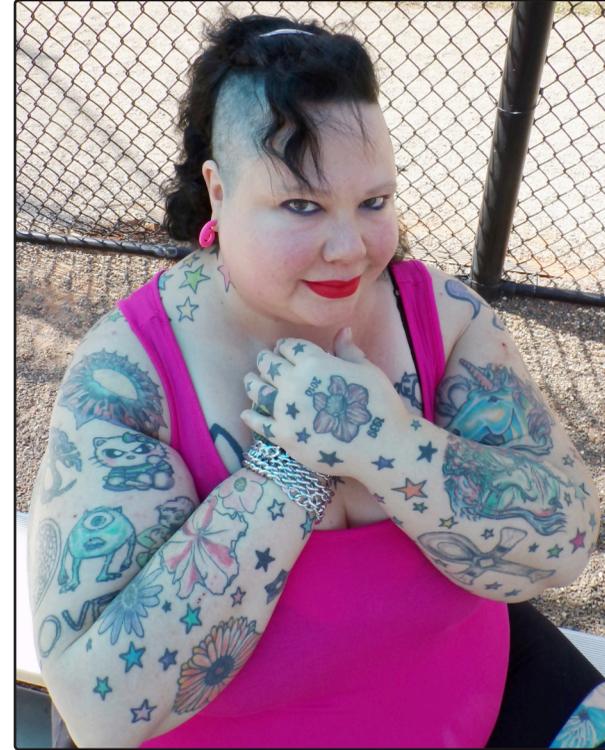
REVELATIONS

Lindsay  
Machin

Issue 07 2023 \$24.99



ISSN 2371-3011



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In October of 2018, I had the gastric sleeve procedure. At my highest weight of 368 pounds, I had exhausted every fad diet, work-out plan, and prescription weight loss program as well as any medication they could prescribe. Due to the fact I was born with a genetic misalignment in my right knee, I was told I had to lose my extra weight NOW or I would not be able to maintain my knee. The extra weight was putting too much strain on the already strained joints. Therefore, medically, I decided to go through with the surgery to take the pressure off of my knee and be a healthier person overall. Little did I know, this would lead to the biggest challenge I have ever faced in my lifetime.

I had noticed a fever, severe vomiting, and fatigue by December of 2018. At several follow-ups for my sleeve surgery, I mentioned these. These symptoms were ignored because of the weight loss that I was showing. This weight loss was NOT due to the surgery, it was due to the symptoms I was experiencing. However, the only thing that mattered to my team was the weight loss. I continued on, shrugging the symptoms off and they would fade then return. I had lost a ton of weight, and my self-esteem was improving, but I felt sick ALL the time. Nevertheless, I kept moving, kept working. At the time 2019 began, I was a full time Veterinary student working as a Veterinary Emergency Room and had just snagged a job at a clinic where I was being trained at a Veterinary Technician. In Colorado, there is no certificate required for those who train under a licensed MD. They are considered Veterinary Technicians as well. I was on the go ALL the time, balancing a full schedule. By January of 2019, I was down around twenty-five pounds from having my surgery at the END of October (October 25, 2018). I had managed to lose sixty pounds before my surgery date with the surgical prep diet (which included liquid for almost 6 weeks) so had lost a total of 75 pounds. This is important information because the pins and needles sensation began in January. It only appeared in my legs, but it was almost like they were asleep. However, I was not numb. The best way to describe it would be the fuzzy grey screen you see on your TV when it's not connected to cable. They just felt strange, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I made an appointment with my Primary Doctor at the time, who I thought I could trust.

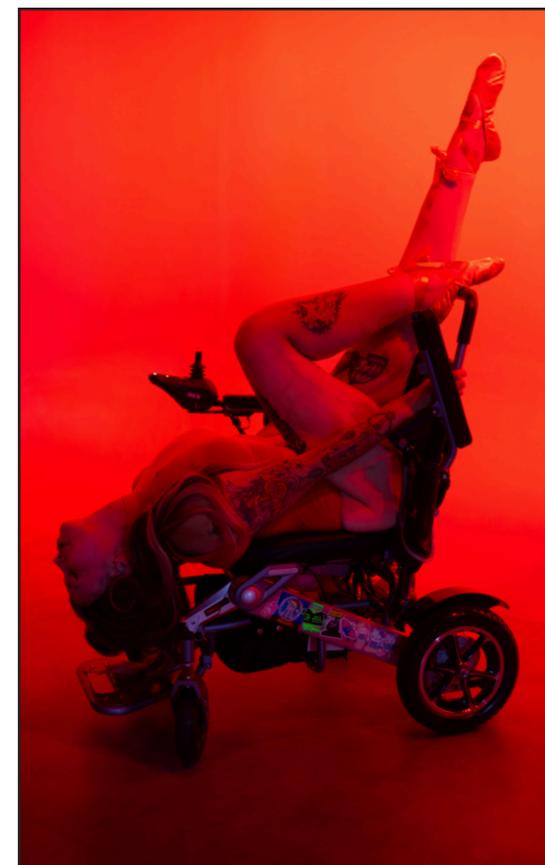
In this appointment, I explained I had been maintaining an exercise regimen 3-4 a week, but I was also doing a daily squat challenge. After listing my symptoms and what I was feeling, we theorized it may be my nerves readjusting to the smaller body and weight loss. He said he wasn't sure why I still had a fever and was vomiting;



# Caitlyn Resch

my labs were "clean." I went home, mentally telling myself to cut down my activity. I stopped my squat challenge and focused on work/school for the moment until things slowed down. Unfortunately, I started getting worse. By the end of January 2019, I was still walking but I was moving very slowly. The pace that I usually went at was not attainable. Again, I attributed it to my busy lifestyle. Around the end of January, I went outside to help a coworker bring an animal in for a triage situation. As I ran back inside to grab a slip leash, both of my legs gave out and I hit the pavement HARD. This is the point I began to realize SOMETHING was wrong. I had no idea what I was in for.

I took it easy over my days off, nursing my legs. I legitimately thought that I had just been overdoing it. I thought my body was exhausted and I needed to reduce my activities. I snagged the job I mentioned above at the clinic, put my two weeks in at the ER, and worked both jobs for about two weeks in the beginning of February 2019. I told myself once I got through the transition, I'd have 3 days weekends and take it easier. I was wrong. In the first week of February, my hands began to ache. I don't mean just an ache; I mean they feel like they were lit on fire, and they were burning ache. NOTHING helped. I would toss and turn at night. When I was working or focused on class, it was easy to ignore, but as soon as I sat down, it was unlike any pain I had felt before. I also noticed I was having a harder time breathing than usual. I attributed this to an asthma flare (the only health issues I had before surgery were my knee and asthma, otherwise I was perfectly healthy). I'd like to reiterate I was healthy at my highest weight because I feel it's important to understand, my weight WAS NOT the cause of my surgery. My HEALTH issues were. I was completely healthy where I was. Yes, I could lose weight if I chose, but all of my levels health wise were in normal ranges and my doctors were pleased. I just had an 85-year-old knee at 27. February 18th, a Monday, I was off of work, but my Husband was not. We were running errands before he had to go in and I just didn't feel right. I started to get very dizzy and almost lost consciousness. Compared with my other symptoms, I told my Husband to take me into the ER. What were these symptoms? Intense pain in my hands (intense pain I would ice pack my hands for on and off for hours just to numb myself), intense pain and pins/needles in my legs, collapsing on a regular basis, unable to ascend stairs without help, slow moving, fatigue, and breathing issues. The thing about the hospital where I live? It's shittier than shitty could ever hope to be. I was told they had no idea what these symptoms were, it was probably stress, given fluids and sent home with a script for Tylenol.



Thinking I had exhausted my body with the double shifts, I tried to take it easy that day and took Tuesday off so I could go back to work Wednesday fresh. Wednesday morning came, and I pulled myself out of bed. I felt weird, but I could not pin why. As I went to pull my hair into a ponytail for work, my hand wouldn't pull the band apart. I sat there and tried several times, but I did not have time to dwell, or I'd be late. I quickly did a side braid, managed to get the band around the edge of my hair and somehow drove myself to work. The second indicator there was something seriously wrong that day was when I bent down on a knee to administer medication to a patient. I was supposed to do 1 mL every minute for 10 minutes. When I was finished, I went to get off the floor and couldn't. It took me 30 minutes to get up. I figured I'd go to the bathroom after I charted for my patient, and sit for a second, splash some cold water on my face and get back to work. As I was typing, my coworker asked me if I was okay because I was swaying and had no colour in my face. This spurred my second trip to the ER from my job as I then fell backwards. They again told me it was "probably stress" and they had "no idea why my body felt like it was on fire." They sent me home with MORE fluids and no answers as I kept getting weaker.

I took two more days off work, keeping my weekend so I could get to my Primary that Monday morning. I had to be taken to the ER again the following day because I could not get up on my own. This time, we went to the other ER in town, and they suggested a neurological cause. They, however, weren't equipped further than that, told me to get my Primary to refer me and sent me home with no answers and fluids. That makes three times I asked ER doctors for help and three times I was ignored. Fast forward to Saturday February 23, 2019. I had asked my Husband for help to get me to the restroom and as I put my feet on the floor, my entire body collapsed and crumbled completely.

My legs and arms contorted and locked, making me a human pretzel. I could not move no matter how hard I tried, and the pain was so bad, I just started screaming like a banshee. My Husband immediately called 911 and I was rushed to the hospital, scared, and basically paralyzed in my limbs. There was a mention by one ER Doctor of it possibly being GBS (Guillain-Barre Syndrome), but this Doctor was quickly ushered out of the room. For the next 3 days, I was subjected to around 56k worth of testing with "no answers." I was treated like an idiot, had my medication changed without asking, and dropped on the floor by a Nurse. When I questioned why they would change my medication without informing me as it was a psychiatric medication, I'd been on for years, the Doctors' response was "I don't like Valium personally, so I won't prescribe it." That is not an acceptable answer to me. My Husband and I were also told "I would get better care if I weren't so aggressive." I wasn't aware

# Caitlyn Resch



# Caitlyn Resch



that asking about my care would be labeled aggressive, but I was literally paralyzed from the neck down. What was I going to do? Once it was realized my insurance had just lapsed, I was quite literally discharged out of the hospital without a second glance. I was still paralyzed, had no answers, and was told at my discharge "I would be okay, I was young and would get better; it was all in my head."

Reeling, not knowing what to do, my family and I purchased the medical supplies I needed out of pocket as a paralyzed individual. This included a wheelchair, portable restroom, diapers, and anything else I may need during the day. I was told to follow up with my regular Primary Doctor, who at the time was an NP. After seeing him, was referred to the other neurologist in town (we only have two.) The first I had seen in the hospital, and she told me it was "all in my head." The second? He seemed nice. However, he misdiagnosed me with AMAN (Acute Motor Axonal Neuropathy) and gave me a 6 month till death prognosis. I would continue to decline until that time. You never expect someone to tell you you're going to die in 6 months at the tender age of 27. My mind was REELING.

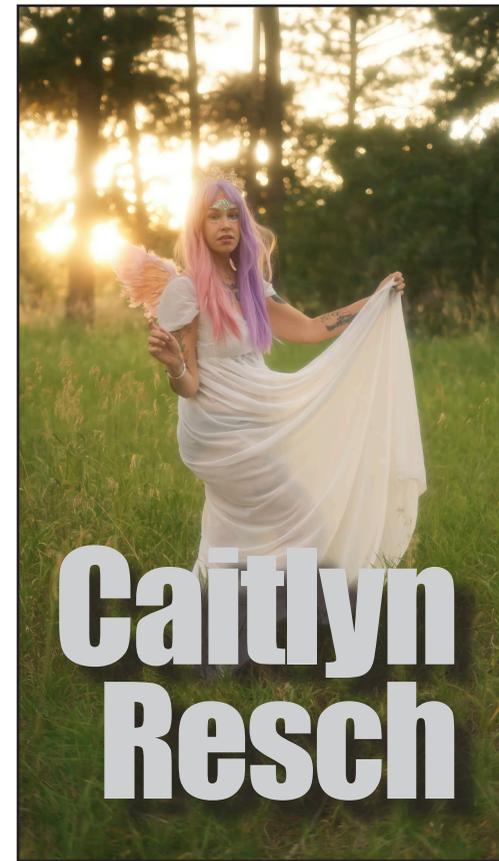
As I began to prepare for my final hours, I felt hopeless. Unfortunately, this thought process turned into an attempt on my life on July 27, 2019. I died as my Husband rushed me out to the ambulance momentarily but managed to pull through. After the attempt on my life, something clicked. I began to fight for a second opinion, because I knew I had something besides AMAN. This began the search for a new neurologist as my Primary took care of the symptoms I was having. However, my current neurologist prescribed a round of IVIG as a test to see what it would do. IVIG treatment gives you good antibodies to either fight/stop the progression of a disease. Once I received this treatment, I started to bounce back. For the remainder of 2019, despite complete amnesia from a freak accident a few days after my suicide attempt (I'll explain momentarily), I spent time in intense physical therapy and managed to stand, after almost a year of being paralyzed.

I was still mostly paralyzed from the neck down in July 2019. A few days after my attempt, I was sat out on the porch with the dogs getting fresh air. I got tangled in one of the dogs' harnesses, and she took off with me in tow after seeing someone walk by. At the time, we had HUGE rocks in a pile in our front yard. Lilo, the dog, slammed the side of my body into them, headfirst. I broke several ribs and when I woke, I had no memory. I had to relearn everything and have no memory from 2019 when the accident happened and before. Funny how life keeps throwing lemons, is it not?

Despite this, as I went into 2020, I was proud of my progress. Physical therapy had given me most of my motor skills back. I,

to this day, do not have fine motor skills and this will not change. I am able to use my hands for most activities, but I have difficulty with daily tasks as well. I cannot open a jar for example or cut a tomato. I have to be supervised when I cook. These are normal things for me that may seem extreme for you. 2020 was a successful year of physical therapy, although COVID shut everything down. I quickly fell into the routine of staying home, I usually was home anyway. It was easy for me to transition. However, I had gone through around 5 neurologists by this point in time. Five is a big number, I know. What's even crazier than that? None of them helped me. By the time we found my current team, we were discouraged and hopeless. We just wanted someone to help us. Despite coming back from paralysis, I was having muscle spasms, 35-40 fainting/seizure episodes a day, and was declining in health. My current team immediately recognized my CIDP and took necessary steps to get me to a stable point. This would take a while. However, we found them in November 2020, almost 2 years after my collapse. It blew their mind I had been ignored for so long. This is where it gets angering. If I had been taken seriously when I collapsed, I would not be bound to a wheelchair for the rest of my life. However, because I went almost 2 years without adequate treatment, I am permanently damaged. There is no reversal to nerve damage. My legs are completely destroyed. They have no nerves, motor or sensory. They have no feeling and no nerve conduction. I CAN stand and move a bit, but my legs give out within minutes. I cannot walk down the street, nor can I drive. I am wheelchair bound for life. Through research and more testing, it was determined I also have another rare strand of CIDP called CIAP. CIAP attacks the axons in the nervous system, so the inner workings of the nerve. CIAP AND CIDP together? Holy cannoli, right? CIAP was the little joy that kept giving. One of my Doctors actually calls me "bizarre, yet fascinating." He also is one of my biggest supporters. Although I am angry that I was not listened to, I am happy to have the team I have.

In 2021, I was cleared for pregnancy by two Doctors. My primary and an obgyn I'd seen for years. I was so excited that, at least, I could have a child safely still. Little did I know, I'd barely escape pregnancy with my life intact. The first trimester wasn't too bad. I already vomit my food daily (I have gastroparesis from nerve damage), so the morning sickness didn't much bother me. However, when I was 5 months, I began to notice the crummy. My new OBGYN for pregnancy, Goddess loves her, sent me to specialists when I first came to her at 5 weeks. The referral took ages but at 5 months, we got to see them. I was told I should NOT be pregnant, and they would try to get me through this alive. The Doctor was confident I'd be okay, but the threat of



death by childbirth was terrifying. Not only this, the betrayal of two Doctors I thought I could trust was also horrifying. As the pregnancy progressed, we realized I had preeclampsia. I ended up having my due date of October 28th moved first to October 21st, then to October 14th. I gave birth to my daughter on October 28th, 2021. She was discharged before I was due to health reasons. It took a full 6 weeks for me to heal from preeclampsia. I am biologically unable to carry another child.

By the end of 2021, I had another EMG to determine damage. Unfortunately, the effects of CIDP/CIAP double during pregnancy. My doctors have decided to add Rituxan, a high-level medication given for specialty cancer and disease, to stabilize me from the damage the pregnancy and lack of treatment have caused. My current treatment, IVIG, has taken my hair, I am now bald. The Rituxan will have its effects as well. Despite all of this, I am lucky and blessed to be here today. Through this journey, I have discovered a fire inside of me to change the way things are for the disabled. We are seen as useless members of society, but we have SO much to give. There is a resilience that shines out of the disabled and chronically ill. Instead of punishing that, we should open our eyes and see how much can be given from it.

My experiences have fueled my mission to change the stigmas. Disabled should be treated fairly and with respect. We are hardly thought of. The world SHOULD be accessible to us, it is not. Until it is, I will not stop my campaign. I will not stop speaking. We should be in movies, magazines, runway shows, you name it. We should see disabled musicians, and artists, and teachers. There is a community of strong, kind, compassionate folks waiting to feel like they matter. Until EVERY disabled person sees how beautiful they are inside and out, I will speak. I will never stop speaking until disabled is no longer a bad word. The world WILL know my name.

The healthcare system failed me; but so, has many other aspects of this world. The treatment I have received since becoming a member of the disabled community is appalling. Strangers asking me if my genitalia work, telling me I'm too attractive to be so sick and in a wheelchair, asking about my sex life with my partner, or just straight up moving me and my chair out of their way are all normal occurrences. The stigma surrounding us will change; that is a fact. I won't stop until it does. I deserve a quality of life TOO. Just because I have an illness doesn't mean I deserve any less than an able-bodied or healthy individual. My story fuels me to change others'. If just one person is saved, it's worth it.

Photographers Credits (If Any): Grayson Adams/Black Mass Photography Jacie Ryals/MorPhotosbyJace



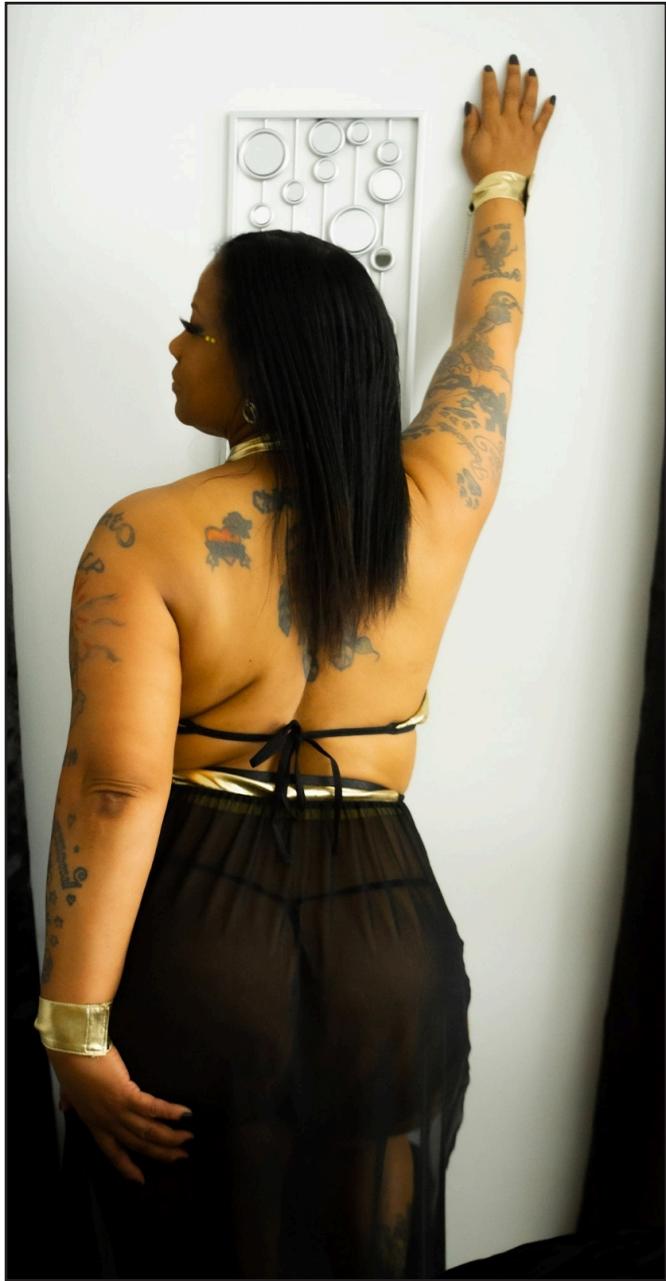
I am a seasoned model. Yes I started late. It took a friend of mine to get me to do what I was born to do. I always wanted to be a model. I am 53 years old I work full-time in a warehouse yep just like the men there. I also work a part-time job. My goal and dreams is to be a model full-time. Ladies your never too old to follow your dream the first step is to get up. My goals is to pay my house off

and live comfortable. My dream is too get my dream truck in a few years. I don't think love is in my cards. I just want to be happy with my family. YOLO so do it right. Always keep God first and do right by others. Thanx loves The Queen

Photographers Credits (If Any): BG visuals, Jessica Elliott, CJ Harris, Meechie Banks



# Da Real Pocahontas



# Da Real Pocahontas



Im a supermodel/ Actress from North Carolina by the name of Dimples Edwards. Im pushing myself hard to get further in my career and also I love dancing as a video vixen also I love to do voice overs. Im relocating to Georgia soon to persue my

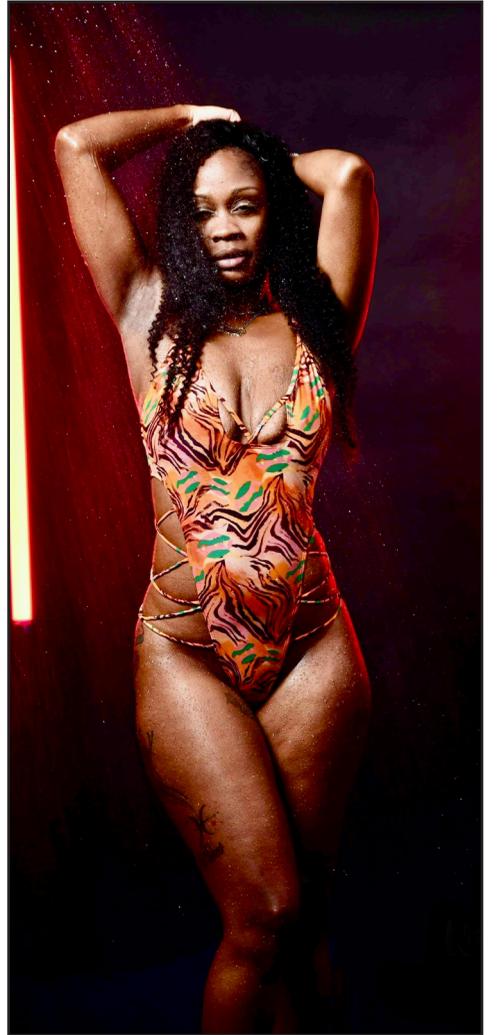
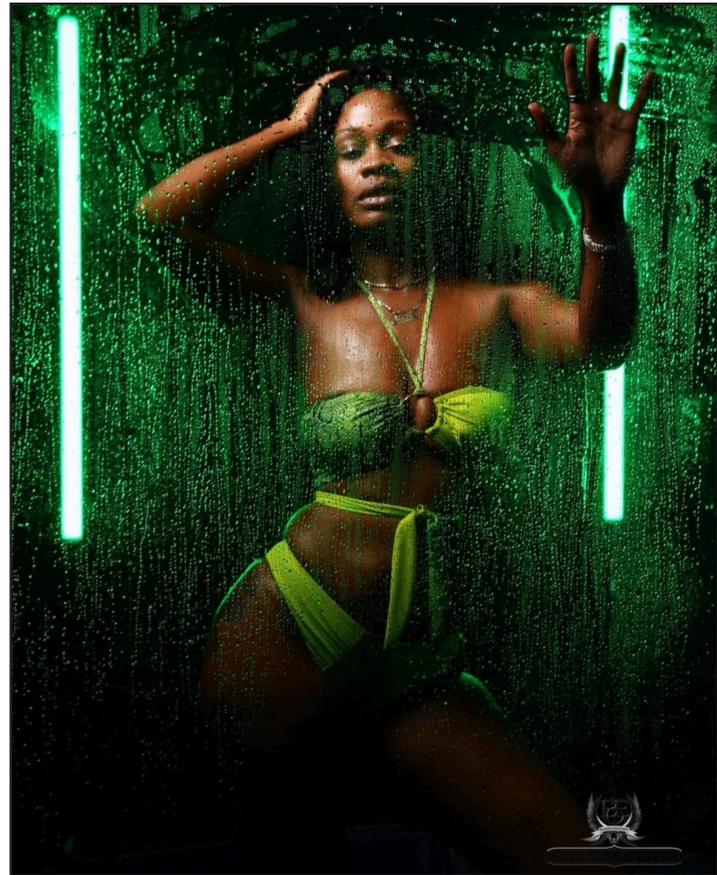
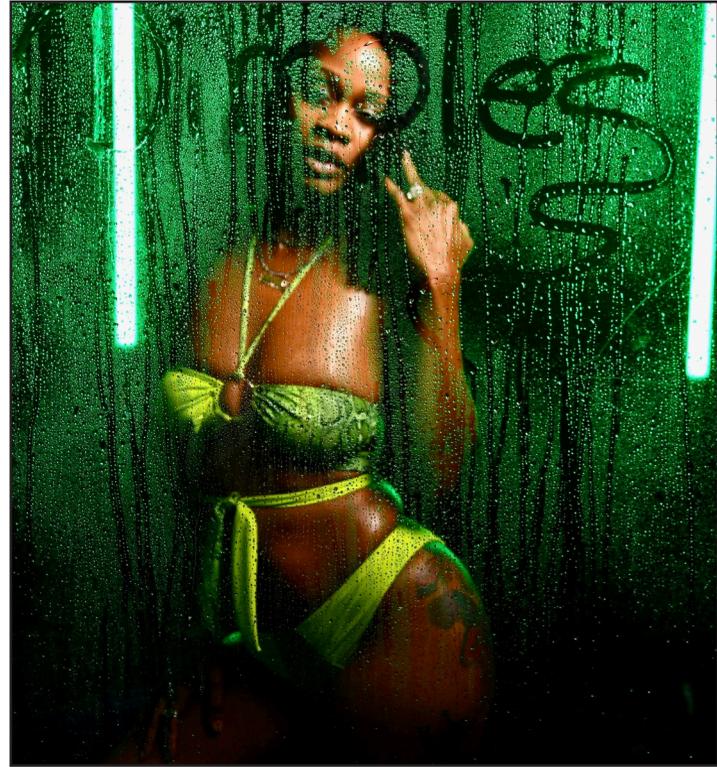
goals so be on the lookout for Nicole "Dimples" Edwards

Photographers Credits (If Any): Crush photography/ Rick Crank



**Dimples  
Edwards**

# Dimples Edwards



My names Faye Delune, and I'm A Professional Model, Musician, and Photographer, (Delune Photography) of over 10+ years, but I'm really just an all around creative person and artist. I make a lot of different forms of content and art. Online Content is my main form of art tho. Honestly my dream is to just make art, and make others happy, but really, If I can spark a reaction of any kind from my art, then I've met my goal. I just love bringing ideas, and stories to life with my art. Almost every image of either me, or my photography, I try to convey a story within it. "I'm A Blank Canvas, Give Me A Story To Tell." / "Lets Tell A Story." / "A Story Within Each Piece" Are the phrases I Use To Describe My Art. Through the years, I've been studying and learning Modeling, Music and Photography at The Professional Level and really enjoying the artistic aspect of it all. In the 10+ years, as a model, musician, and photographer, I have had the honor of being featured in/on countless of Magazines, Runways, Commercials, Editorials, Catalogs, Websites, Social Medias, and more! I have also worked with several Brands, Companies, Businesses, Artists, Designers, Bands, and more! Through the years, I've had the pleasure of meeting a lot of very cool, interesting, and kind people. I'm a social butterfly, so obviously this was heaven for me. People leave impacts on you, and this job of mine, regardless of if I'm the model, musician, or photographer, it allows me to meet lots of people, who usually leave impacts on me and vice versa.

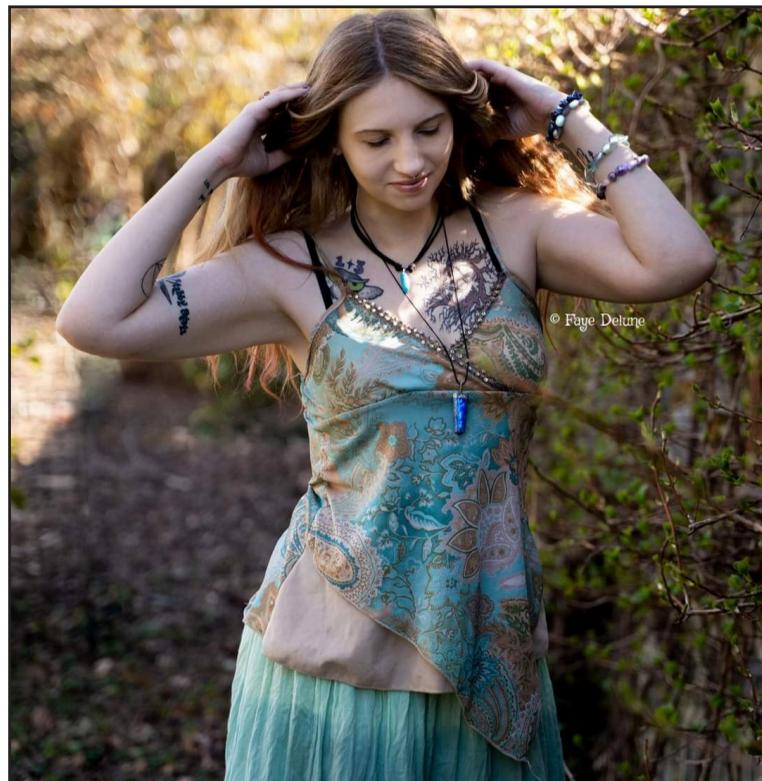
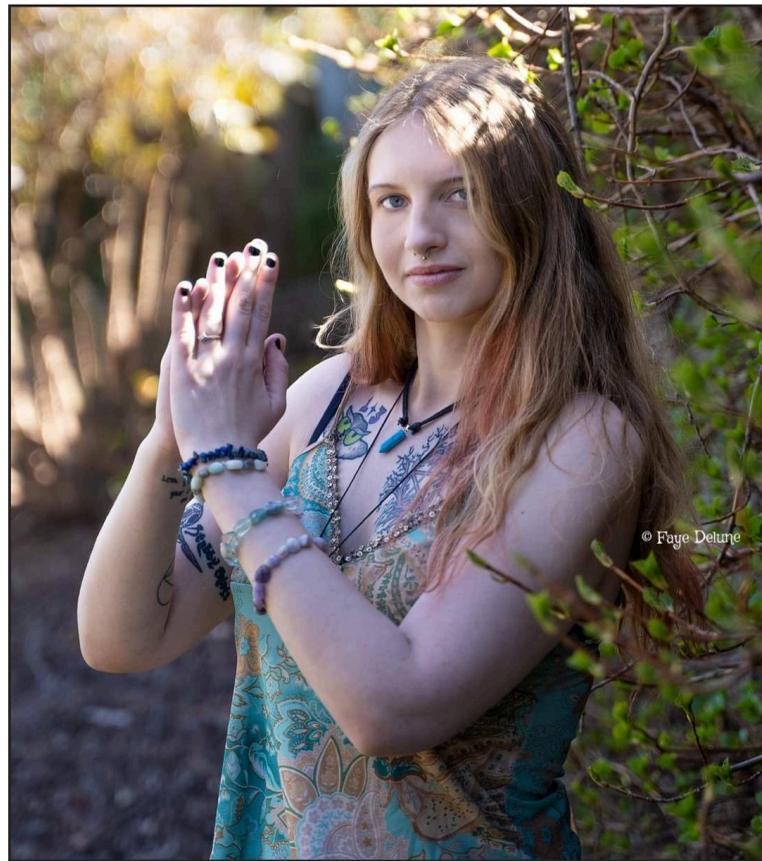
I love making art, and love showing it off.

I hope you enjoy my work, and I welcome you to my world.

~ Faye Delune

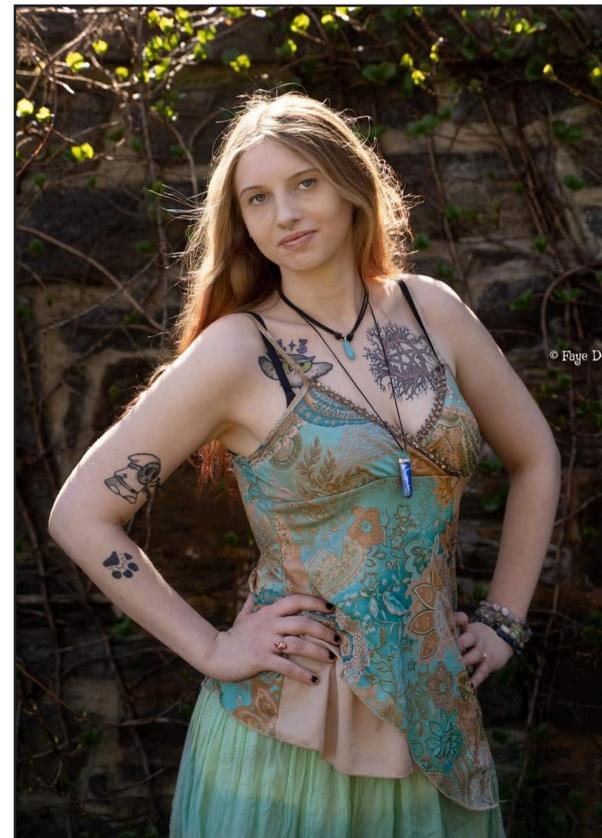
FayeDelune.Com

Photos Credits: Arthur Ball

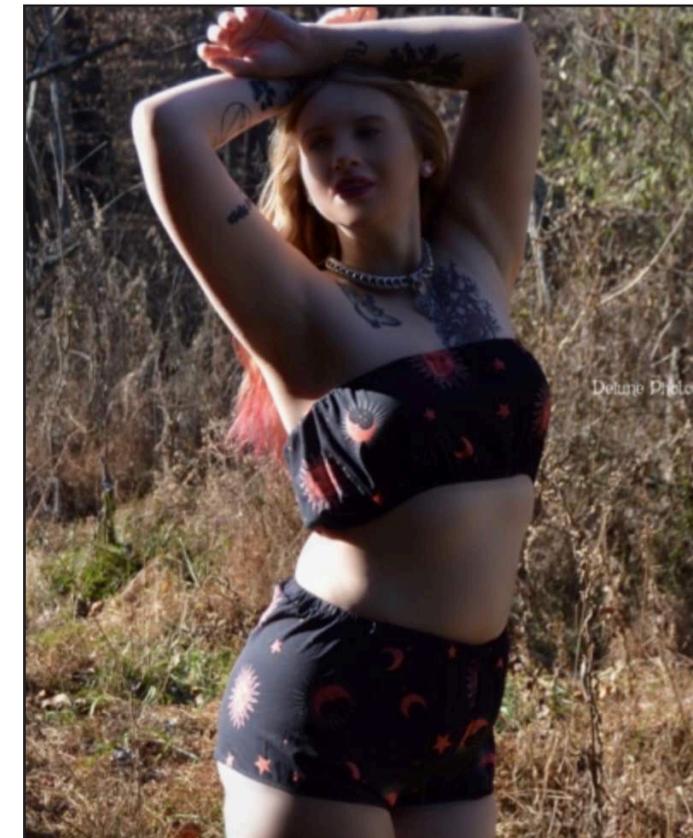




© Faye Delune



© Faye Del

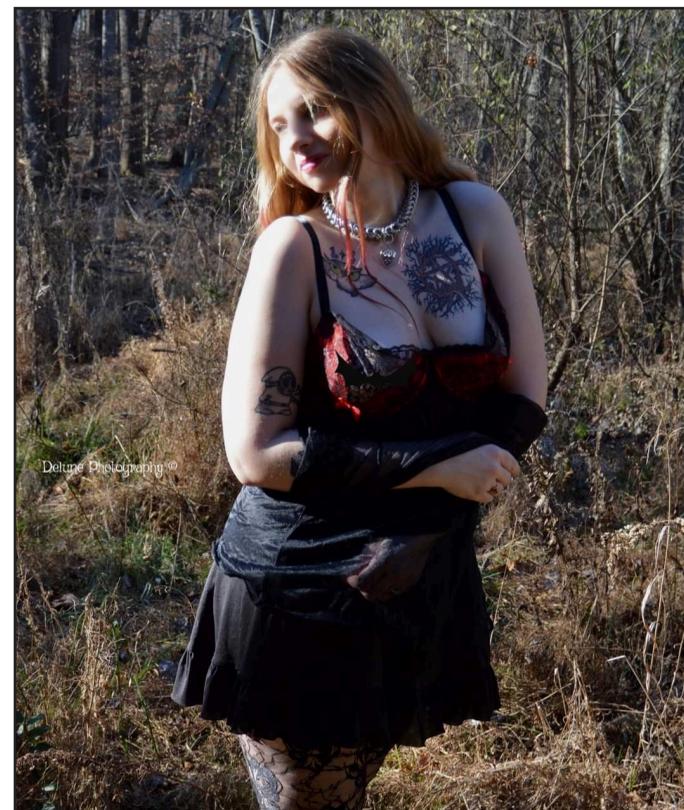


Delune Photography



# Faye Delune

© Faye Delune



Delune Photography ©





I started acting and modeling about a year ago and it has been so much fun. I would like to eventually make this one of my careers the acting and modeling. My achievements is

that I broke out of my shy shell, I mean it's still there a little bit not much. My goal is to walk in one of Cynthia Bailey shows and have a Hollywood star.

Photographers Credits (If Any): Scott Hall Fotos-with the pink sweater by brandi B Randy King the black and silver photo Carlos Verlarde with the swimwear



James Valkyrie

Photographers Credits (If Any): James Valkyrie



**Jordan  
Fugate**



**Jordan  
Fugate**





**Jordan  
Fugate**



# Julia Penza



I am an award winning tattoo artist Julia Penza from DC Society Ink, Tampa. I've been doing tattoos for 3 years. I work in any style according to client requests and my own designs. One of my favorite styles is color realism with elements of microrealism. Since my first tattoo, I have seen rapid

progress in my work and have been awarded first place twice at my first convention Ink the Bay. I'm not going to stop there, so I treat my work critically and try to improve my level with each next tattoo. While analyzing the tattooing process, I came up with the idea of creating a new needle shape for

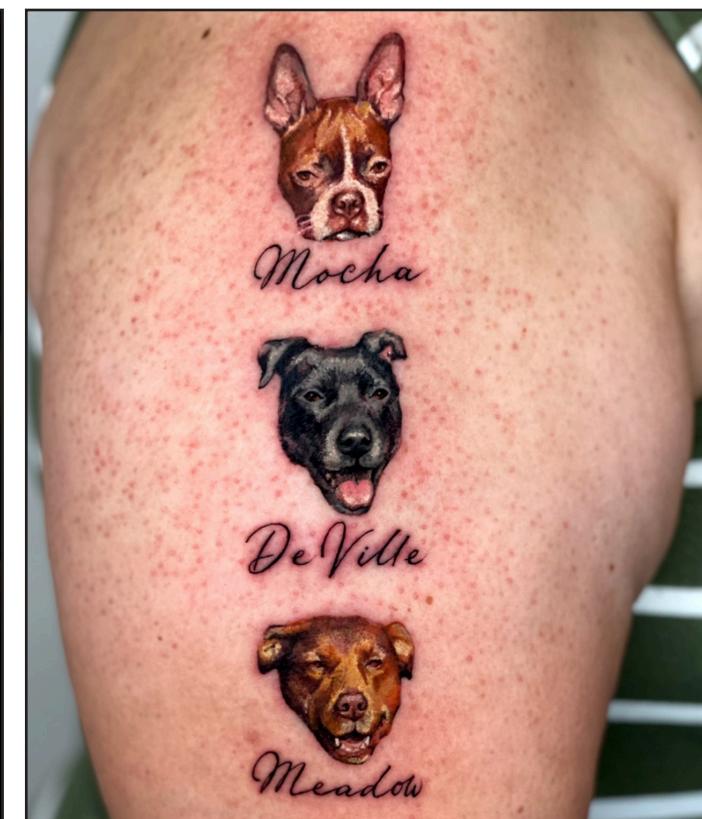
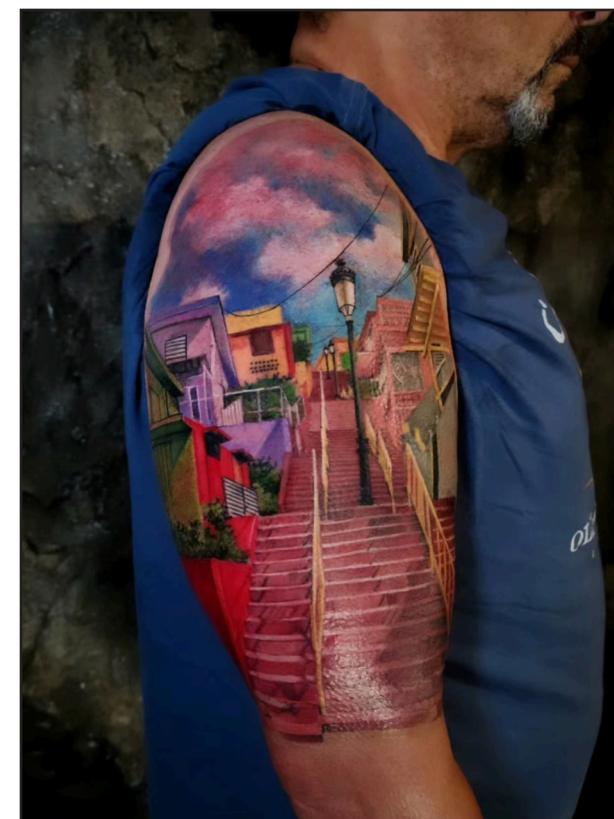
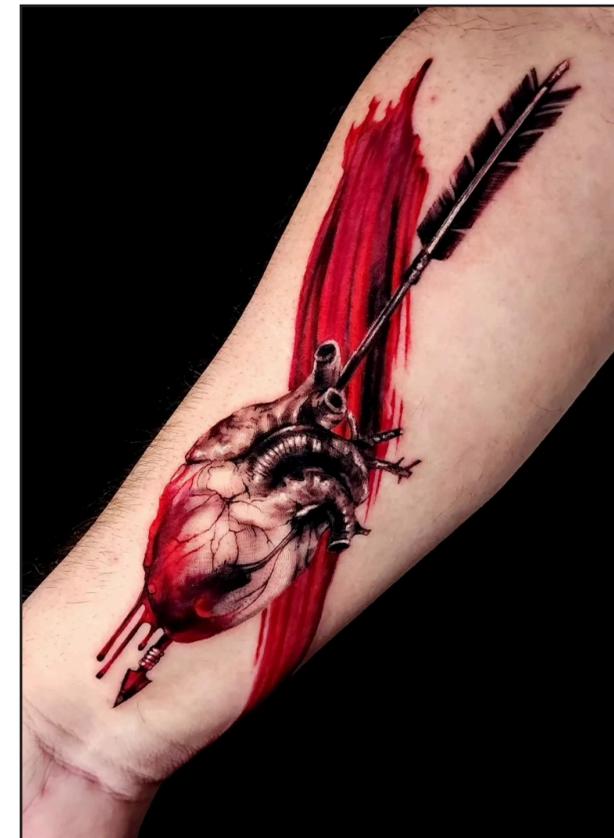
portrait work, which would make it easier for new tattoo artists to create beautiful and soft shading. I am currently in the process of obtaining a patent for my invention. I hope for approval and look forward to the production of an experimental sample.



**Julia  
Penza**



**Julia  
Penza**





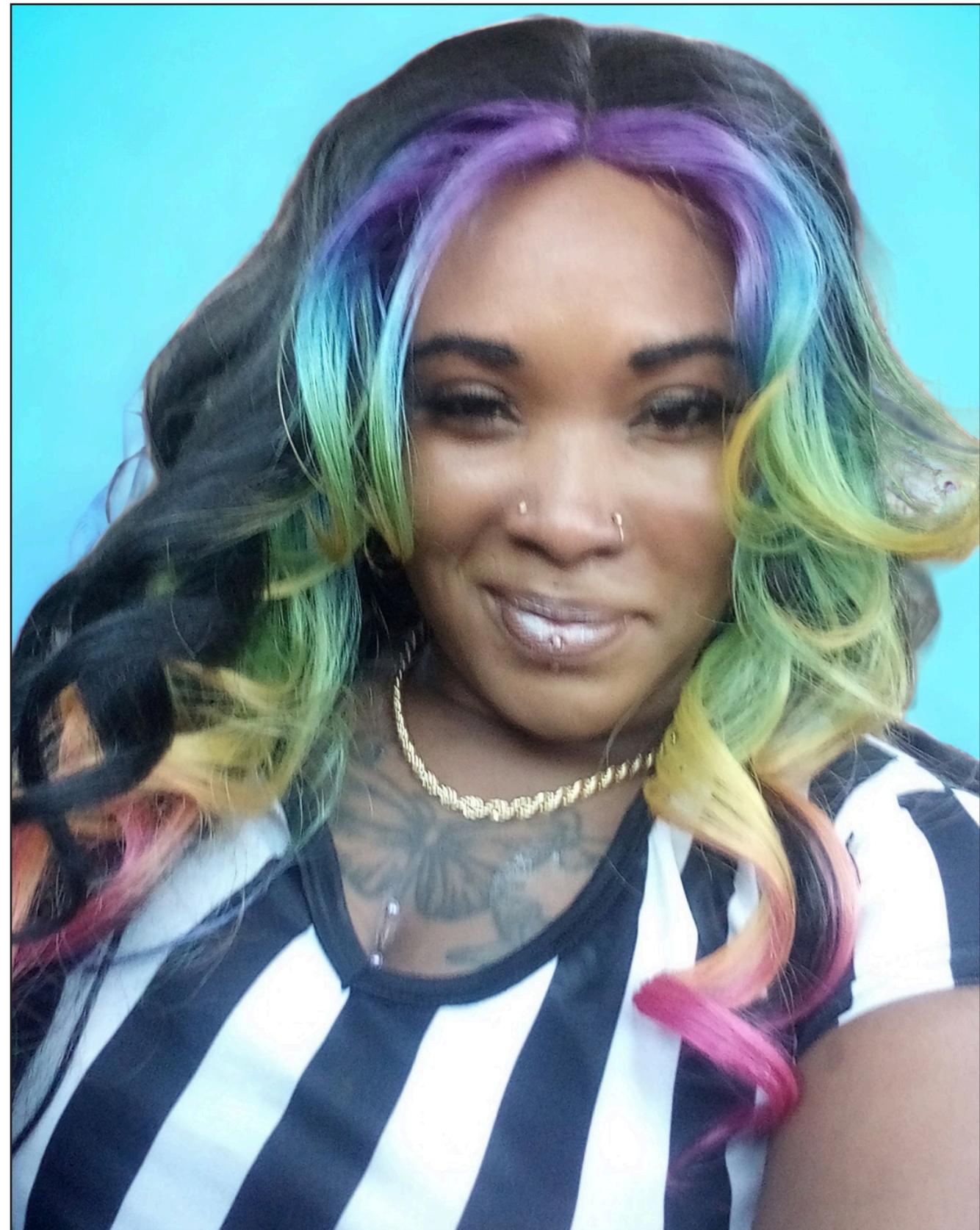
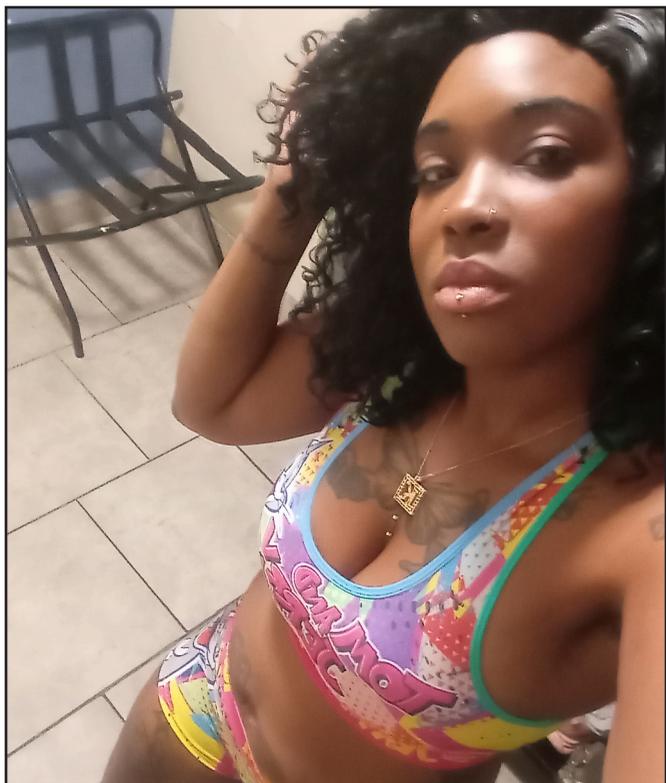
Jacqueline "Kendra" Johnson  
Anderson, SC  
Modeling Agencies  
Icon Studio- Atlanta, GA  
Bella's Modeling Agency- Irmo, SC  
John Casablanca- Charlotte, NC  
Age 34  
Weight 150  
Height 5'5.5"

**Background:**  
I'm a natural born leader and pillar of my community. I'm very outgoing, talented, determined, sedulous, resilient and a hard worker. Acting and modeling is my passion and I will work extremely hard for my goals and dreams to come true.



**KeDoll**

# KeDoll





# Lindsay Machin

My goals in my modeling life is to achieve greatly and make it into every magazine type u can think of, turning my modeling into a career one day. One of my biggest things I love doing is once I get new ink, I love to show it off and make a story out of my tattoos through my modeling. I have come across many challenges.

One thing, I tell myself about challenges "There no challenge that I can't handle". As long as u do your best and practice, the better you'll feel accomplished with the challenges that come your way each time.

Photographers Credits (If Any): Moephoto



**Lindsay  
Machin**





My name is Megan Odle I am a talented individual who is a psychic, medium. I am also a model. My goals are to be famous for both of them and I have

my own laundries line my achievements are that I have been a successful artist in multiple cities

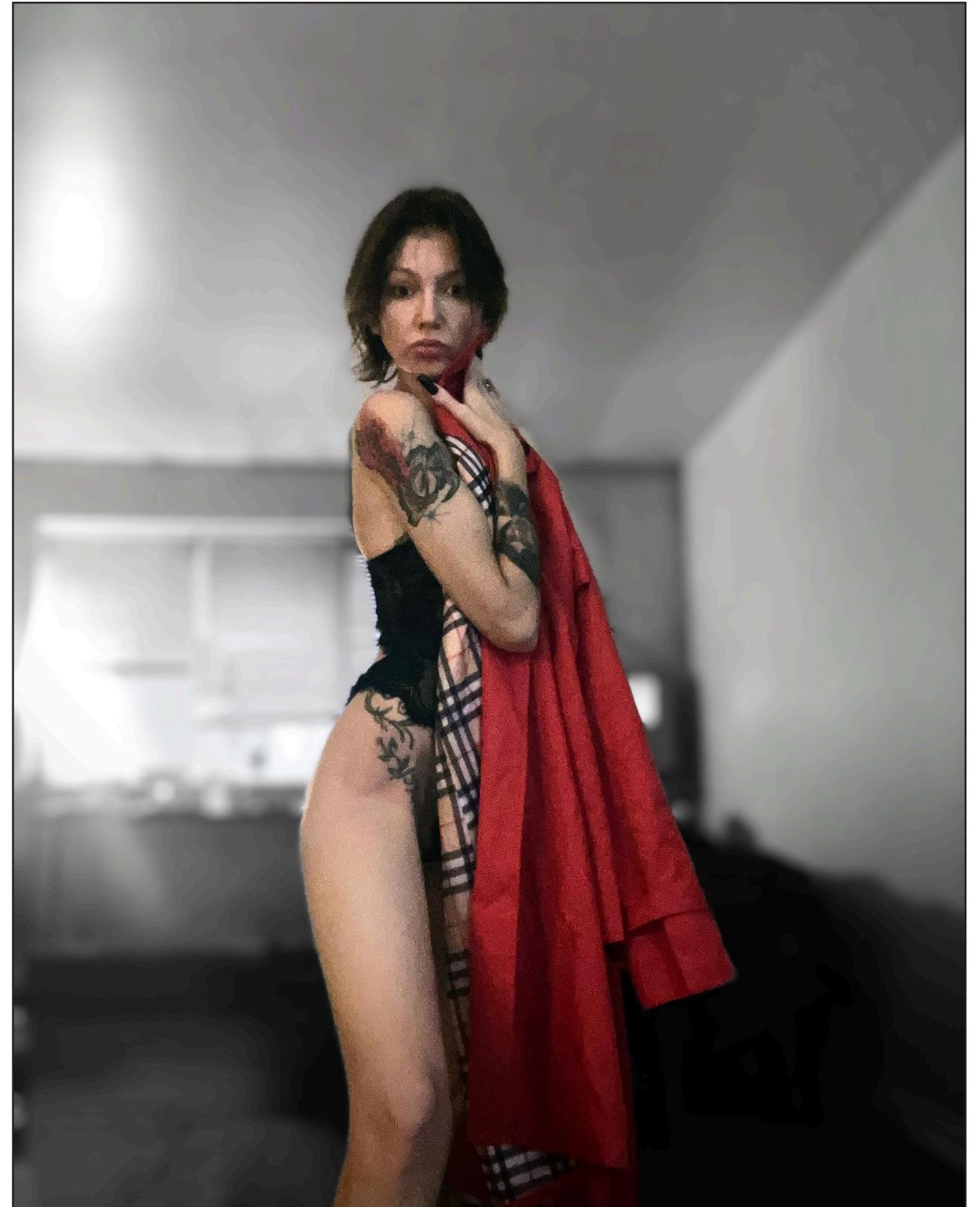


**Megan  
Odle**

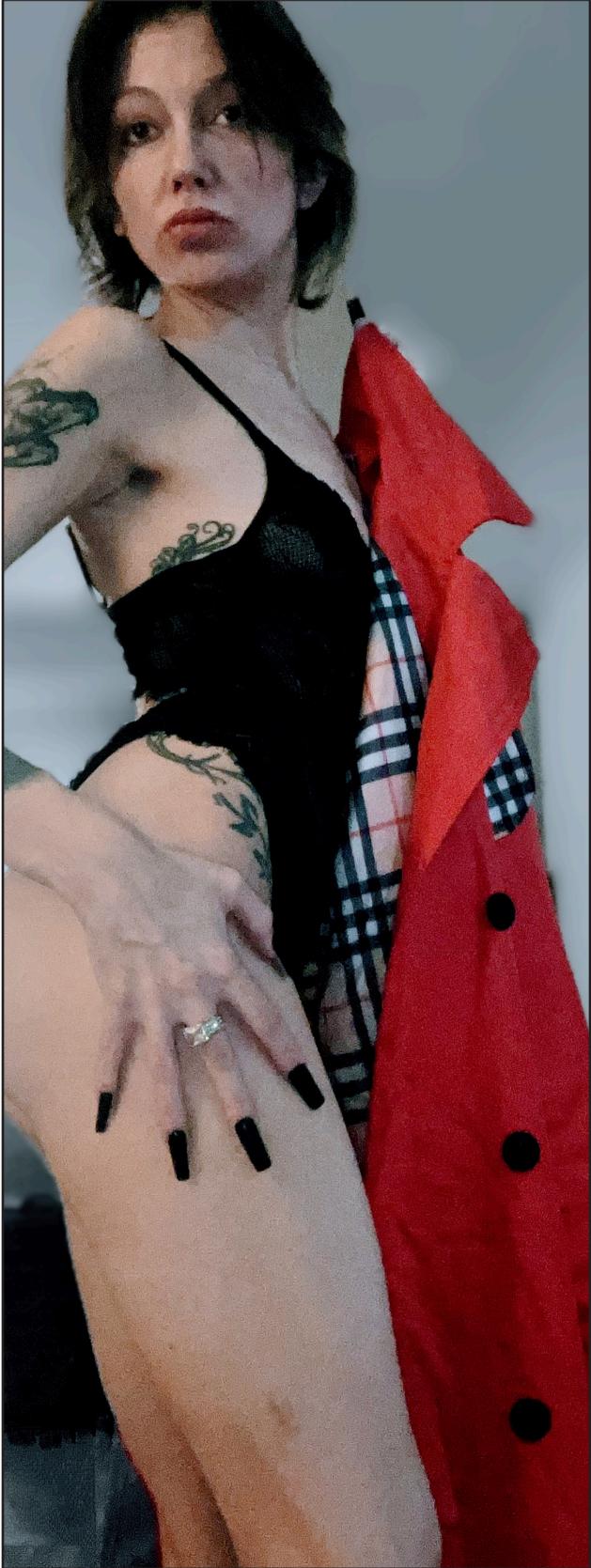
# Megan Odle



My dreams are to become a famous psychic medium. My achievements are that I am a high priestess. Also, a cat mom of Ada and Miss Cleo. My goals are to get more tattoos. I'm hoping to really soon in my challenges are to overcome personal obstacles.



# Megan Odle

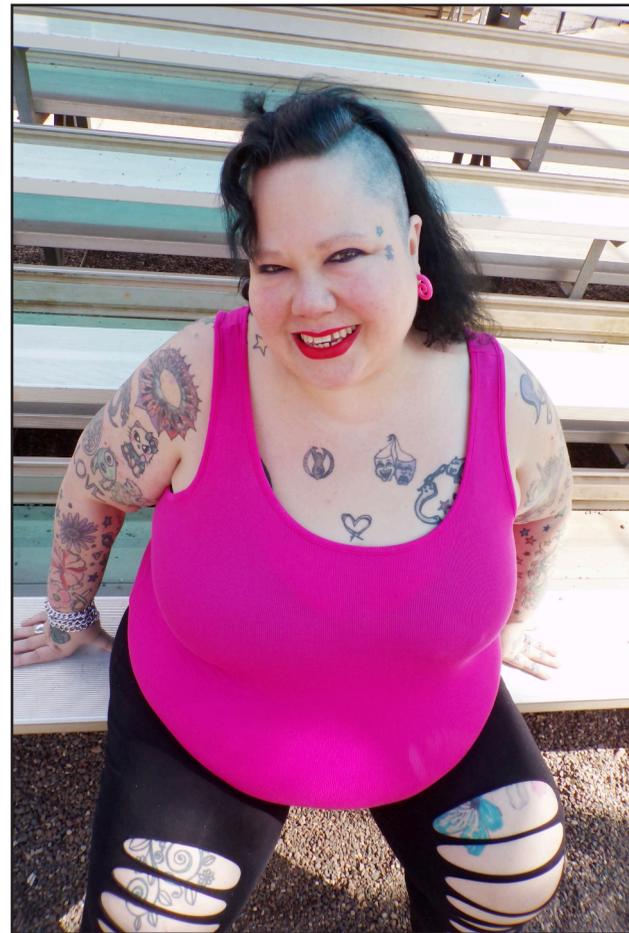


I have been in the plus size modeling world since 2005. In front of the camera and behind it. I am the creative director of my own media company where I publish several magazines and websites. I am also a published author with several books of poetry and 3 novels under my belt.

Born in NJ and now living in FL, I work from home in the field of publishing while taking care of my elderly father and 2 cats.

Photographers Credits (If Any): RTP Photography





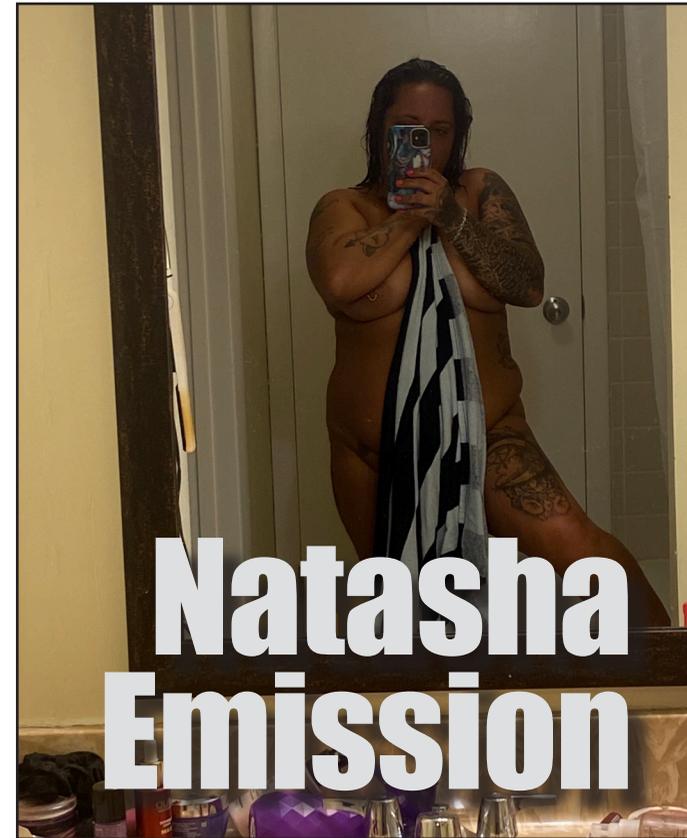
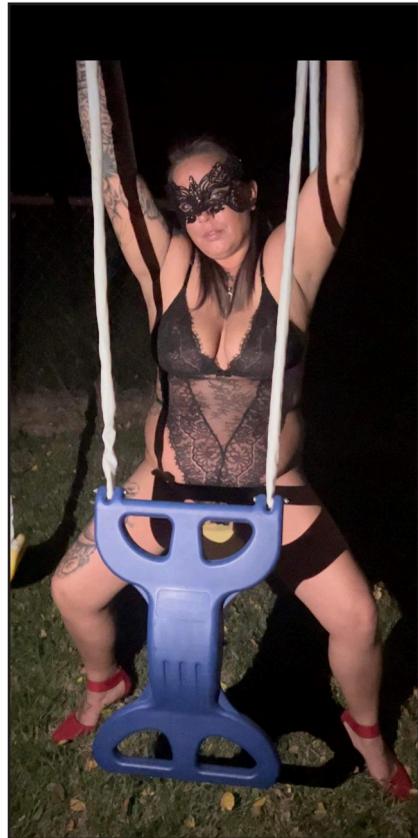


# Natasha Emission

My name is Natasha half of my dreams have come true raising my children seeing them all from high school walking across the stage sending them off to college onto their new homes. Now I go on life is to get out of the state of Indiana go somewhere

peaceful! My goals is to own my own restaurant and my achievements in life are my kids and sobriety

Photos Credits: My momma

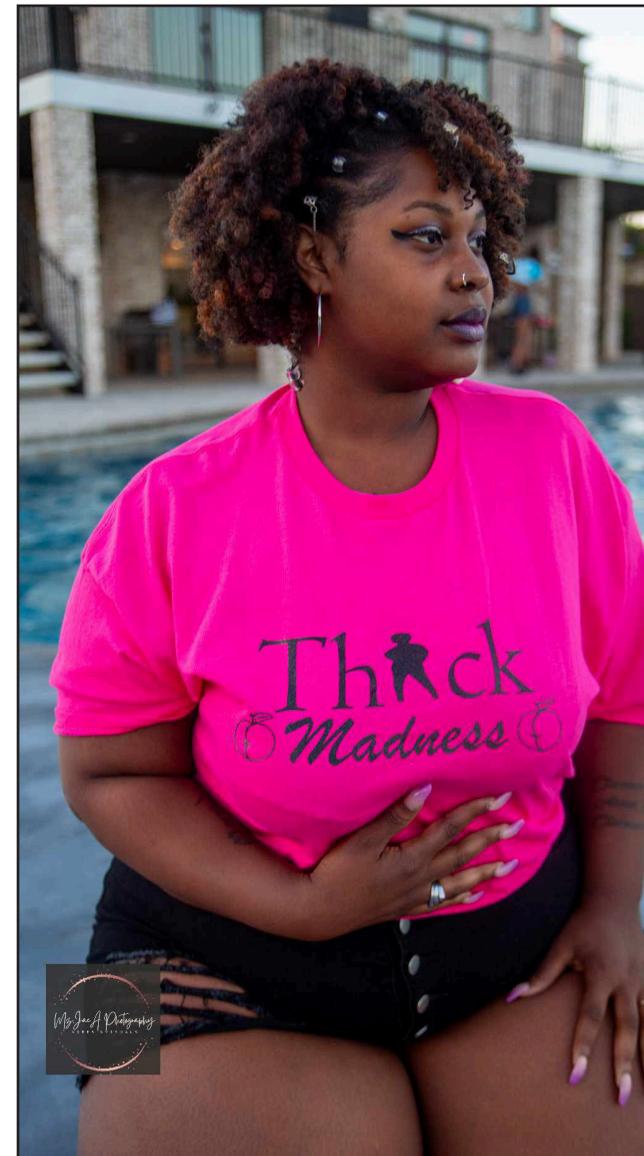


# Natasha Emission

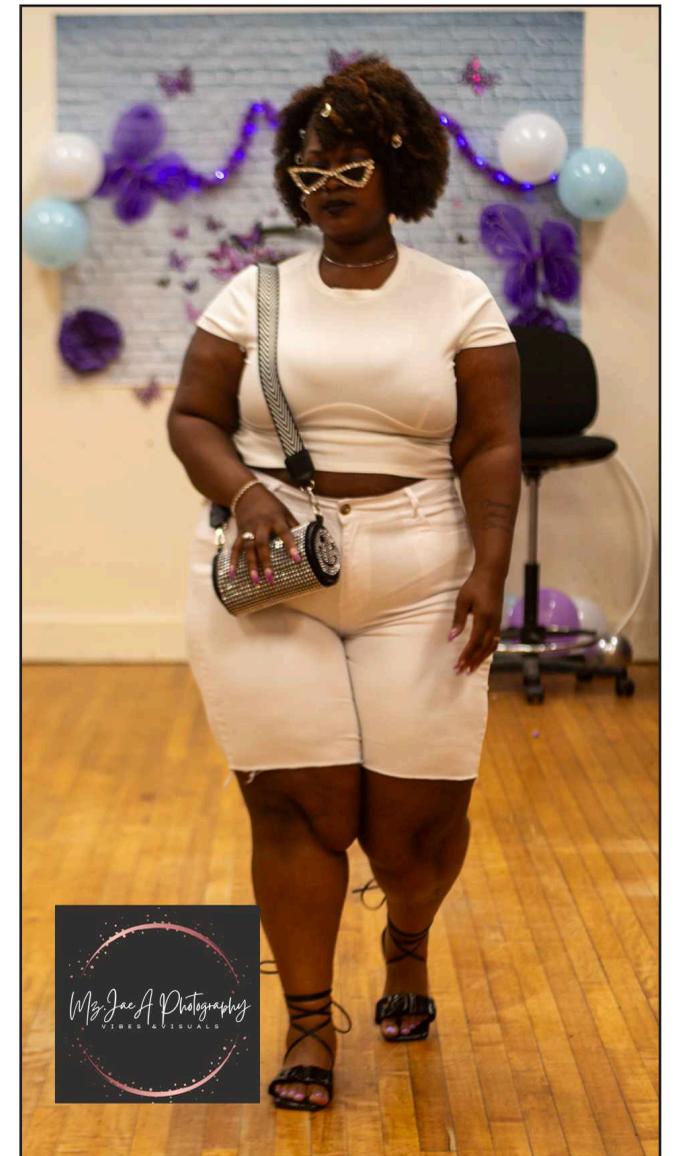




# Vinzella Wilson Freshman



My goals in modeling are to show the world that no matter what color or size you are, you are beautiful. Most of my childhood I was called fat, or big. People tried to tease me because of my weight. I used to be ashamed to wear certain things or show certain parts of my body. But the older I got, the more I grew up, the more I realized I not once got called ugly or unattractive. My weight wasn't a factor, and isn't a factor in the end. I realized I was beautiful. I became more confident. And I want to show other women they can do it too! In this world we live in today you need confidence, something to keep your head held high, especially bigger sized women. One of the biggest challenges stepping into my first



fashion show was definitely facing the public. But I quickly learned that the crowds love confidence, so with a bit of faith and God by my side, I brought it on. After that, I realized that the runway is where I needed to be. I love the lights, I love the cameras, I love the people I model with, and also the people who come out to see us do our thing. It has been a great opportunity to meet new people that are genuinely supportive. It's nice to give people a sense of both, entertainment and also great fashion from talented designers. Who doesn't love a pretty face and stylish outfit?

Photographers Credits (If Any): Jae A Photography, Willie Miller Photography



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REVELATIONS



# Jordan Fugate



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