

**I'm home for the weekend and my mom is de-childhooding my childhood bedroom. She piled everything in the living room and now we're playing throw out/keep.**



**Going through old cartoons/art has been a pleasure.**

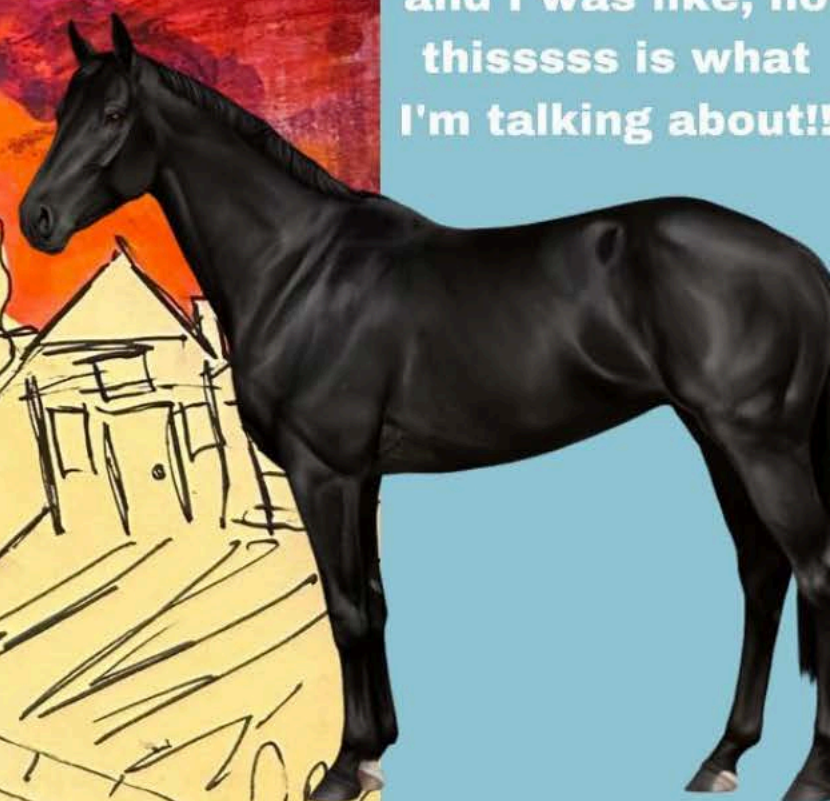
**Here is perhaps my first horse meme? Circa 2016? (keep.) I don't know who it's about because I was always an unconditional**

**optimist** @horses\_and\_memories

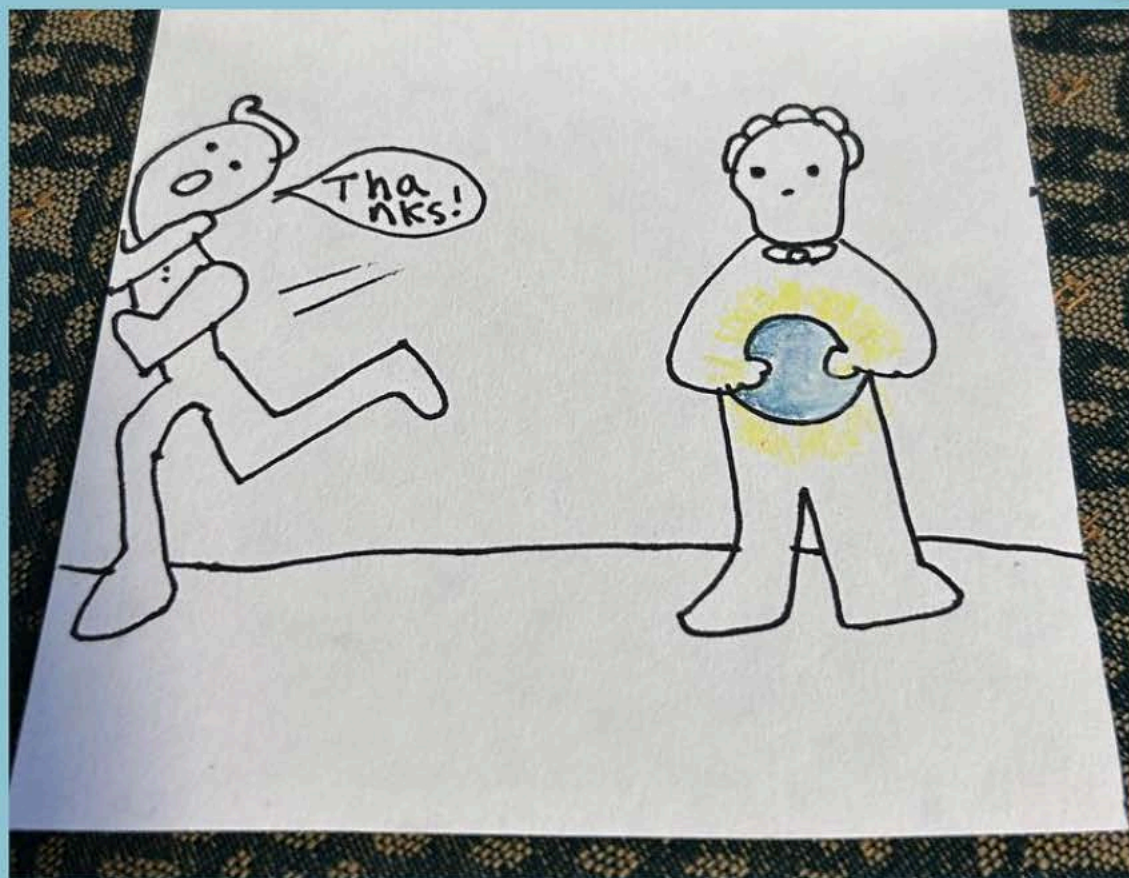




Lol surrealism always spoke to me. I remember my mom taking me to the MOMA to see Magritte when i was like 8 and I was like, no thissssss is what I'm talking about!!





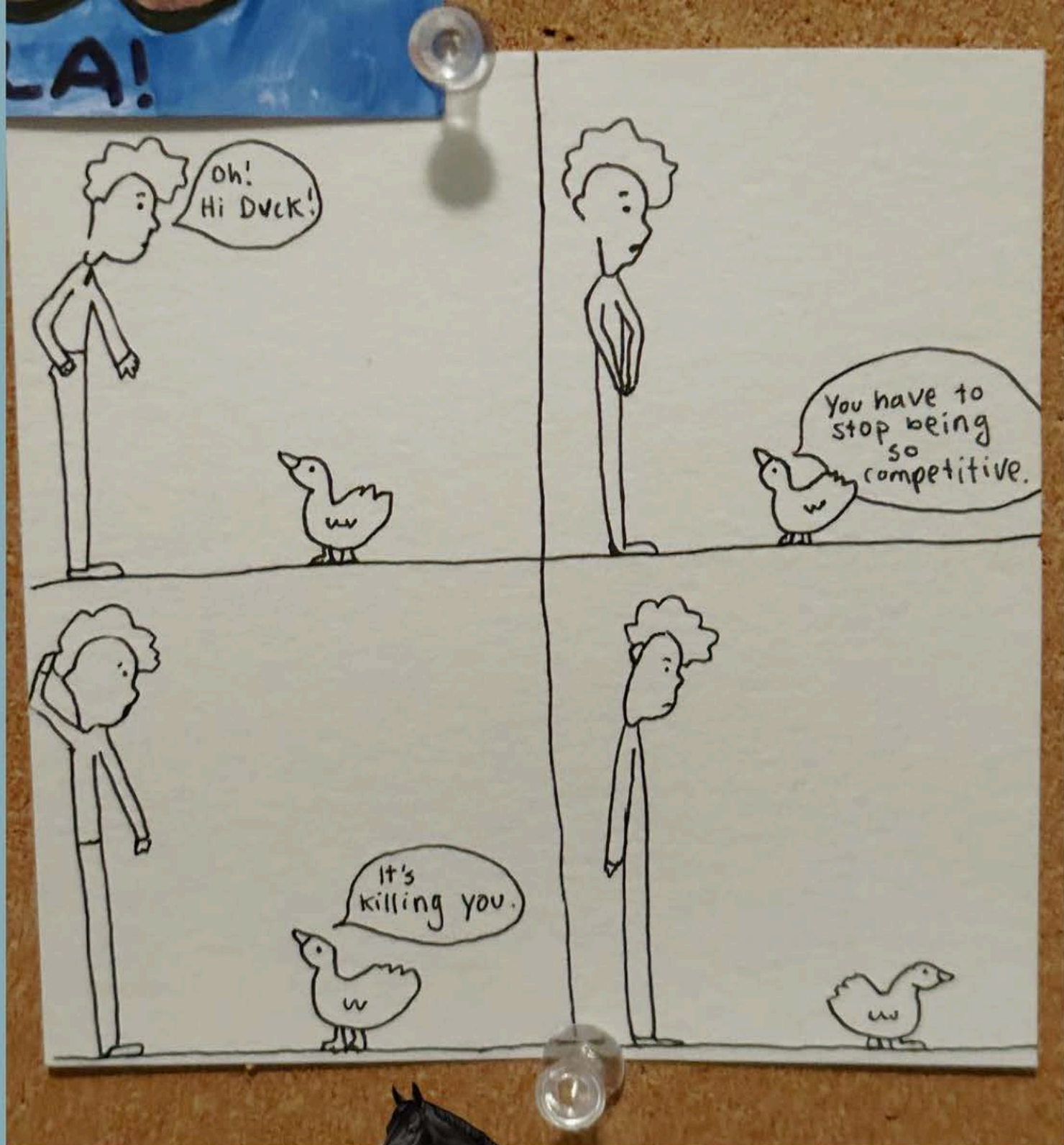






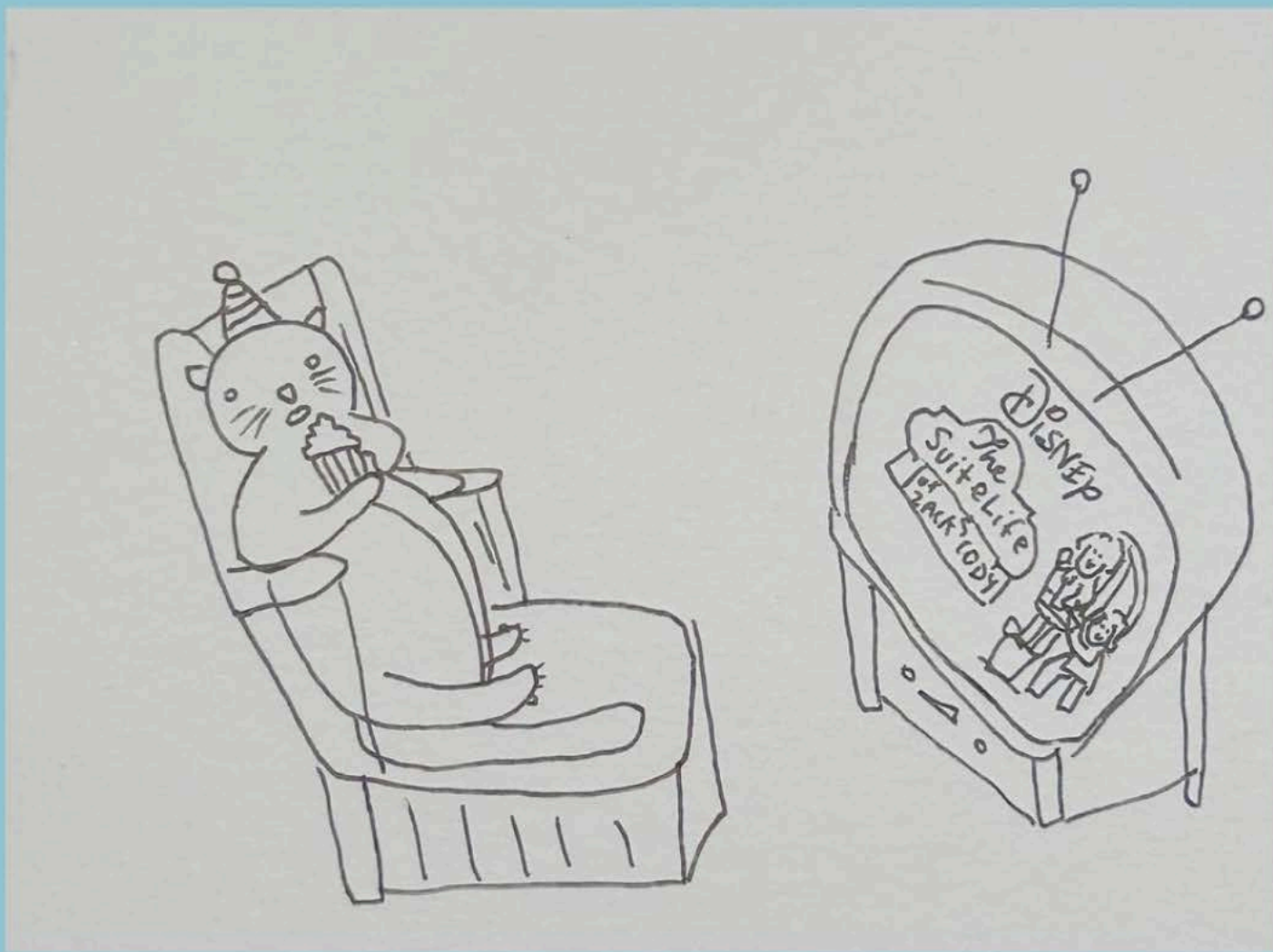
Lol these are the people I liked to draw...





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**My dad was  
convinced that my  
cat drawings could  
make us all rich  
but I'm going  
through my horse  
phase now.....**

my parents want me to scheme more to  
make money off all my silly hobbies.  
Dads like: go to the New Yorker! This is  
the way to do it! Love his vision, tho I  
have none for monetization lol I love my  
9-5



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omg





Are there people you trust so much you wouldn't be afraid to have them know your every thought?

There is deffinetly nobody in the world that I would trust so much because I think that a person knowing all my bad thoughts and good thoughts would tell somebody my secrets. I wouldn't mind if someone knew all my good thoughts but still, my thoughts are one of the things I would like to keep private

(my class journal,  
9 yrs old)



I've changed my mind. Not telling people about what's going through my head makes me feel like a liar, and it makes me feel physically unsafe. Ive spent some good time depriving myself of the care and intimacy that comes of being known and I've down a violent 180. I will tell you everything and then we can love each other better.



**I used to make little cartoons on scraps of paper for my friend during chemistry. We were both so sad and sleepy and 15 lol. They kept them all in a little box and showed me once. My god I love a little drawing saying something. Lmao I love it so much. I'm almost done with being 22 now. I dyed my hair kind of red. I go on dates with men who say sentences like, I haven't taken a nap in three years. I go on walks with my father and hold his hand. I pronounce my name correctly now and don't offer an American version to make it easier. I forgot to vote in the last local election but I promise I will in the next one. I feel very embarrassed and then I tell all my friends that I feel embarrassed so that it doesn't turn into shame. I tell everyone everything so that it doesn't turn into shame. I think it's very, very funny that you're reading this.**

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I could go on forever writing about what  
I would want people to know about me but  
I don't have the time so by!



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