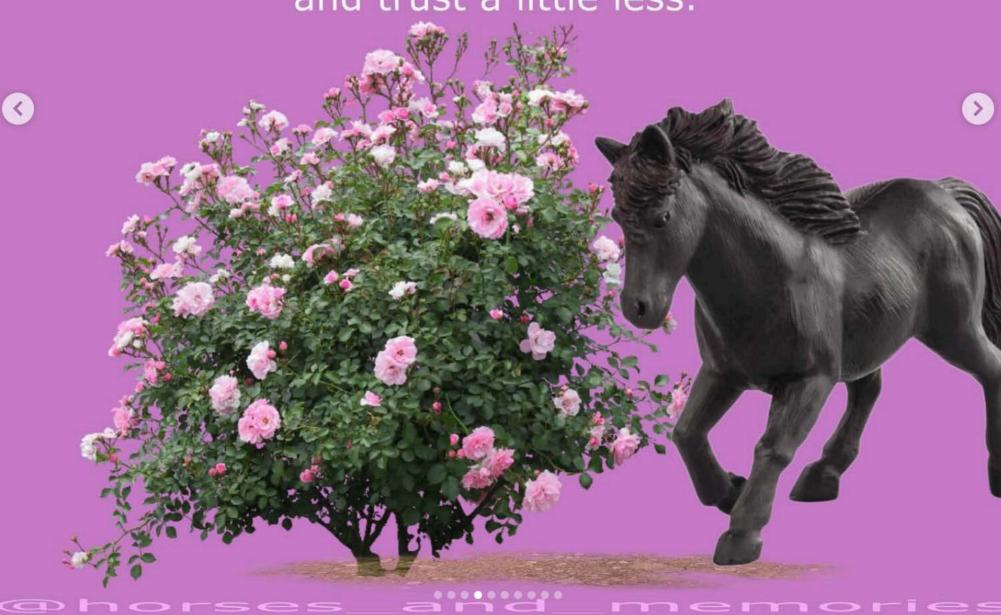


I know you know a lot, you read and you've watched movies and you've seen some things, but there's still a lot you don't know and can't imagine. It's not your fault you're this way and I'm not even saying it's a bad thing but you have to be more careful and look out for yourself and trust a little less.



If someone attacks you, go for the eyes. All 10 fingers in the eyes and gouge them out. I learned that in Girl Scouts. In 5th grade. I know someone is out to get me. So I'm like fuck you I'm not naive. I just, can't tell who. Like when do I go for the eyes. Whose eyes Imao. Why are you looking at me. I'm going to assume you're looking at me with good intentions because I'm looking at you too and I'm just admiring your eyelashes. Maybe we're both just admiring each others eyelashes. Is that naive or am I actually just the normal one?

Im gonna talk about murder for a second I'm serious look away if you don't want to read about murder. Anyways my mom used to do beauty pageants. It started as a joke and then she realized she could make money and was like oh cool. When I was little, like, yea probably like 10 she would tell us about her friend from the beauty pageant, who won the whole thing and she was truly beautiful and truly lovely and many years later when she was married and had a child they were out one night, and this guy who was in love with her and had been stalking her came out of nowhere. And stabbed her to death in front of her husband and child.

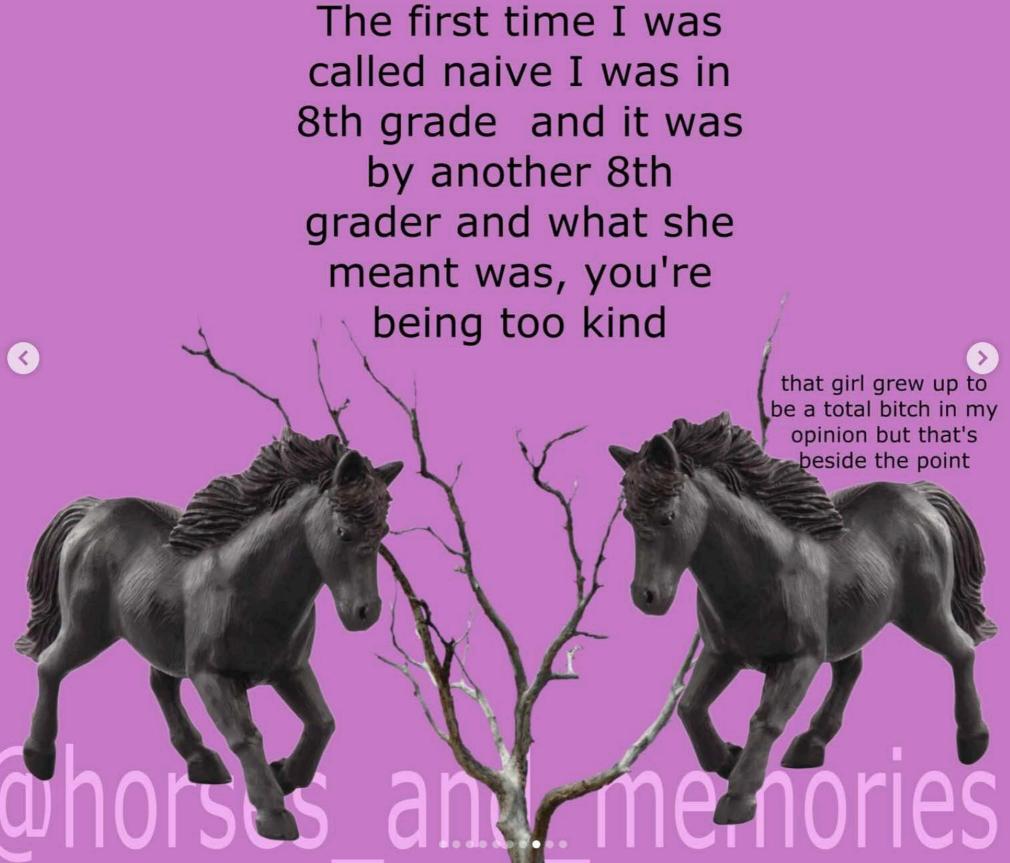
My mother would tell me this story and the moral of it was supposed to be, be careful, you have to be careful because there are crazy people out there. A lot of my mothers philosophy around keeping her daughters safe has been instilling fear. Which honestly isn't even the problem but like when she would tell us that story the only thing I could think of was what the actual fuck could she have done differently. Like how would being careful change this story, what precautions could she have taken. She was beautiful and someone went absolutely insane.

And I think that's how I feel when I get called naive. Like I'm sorry but did you actually expect me to expect that.

my friend called me naive the other day. He said, you have to expect that things like this will happen.

I guess I am not a real artist I guess I am simply not creative enough to imagine these outcomes





Being kind is not a weakness. Ok if a man asks you to get in his car to help him find his dog don't do that. Being kind and honest and believing that others are being kind is not stupid. Lmao I'm making a horse meme to affirm to myself that I'm not stupid. My roommate and I sat at the kitchen table last night looking up "abbeys near me." I think I'd make a good nun. I think I want to be around people who believe in confession lol. And all girls sounds so fun and gay this is my running away fantasy but I can't run away I have to go see a play with my mom tmrw afternoon.



