

the manifesto i wish i had as a teenage girl

**I WILL NOT
TONE IT
DOWN**

When you're 25 you'll finally learn how to boil an egg. You vow to do it different than your mother whose yolks always took on a greenish grey color. You try to keep the yolk runny, gooey, and bright yellow.

You learned you could "soft boil" an egg in Ecuador, the center of this great big world where your tiny world cracked open and every possibility, including soft boiled eggs, spilled out into your consciousness, your reality.

At that point and for forever more, you challenged every idea with thousands of other ideas. Conflicting worlds collided and bounced off one another, landing nearby or off in other galaxies, but existing together in time and space just the same. You tamed mutual exclusivity into a soft whisper, trained yourself to question anyone that made you choose one over another.

Every living being transformed from black and white, man and woman to swirling, hurting, hurling, cosmic liquid dust bunnies. Exploding in great moments of courageous creativity, and licking our wounds and retreating in others. You eventually made a home

for yourself in the grey area and found solace in "I don't know." Family and friends murmured under their breath: "did you hear?" ...

Radical, offensive, wild, "so unlike herself," promiscuous—

This is growing up.

When you're 25 a friend will describe you as "raw" and you pause, in the middle of the dance floor, trying to imagine a better compliment. Maybe this is what you've always wanted to be: raw, decisive, divisive, magical, courageous,

free.

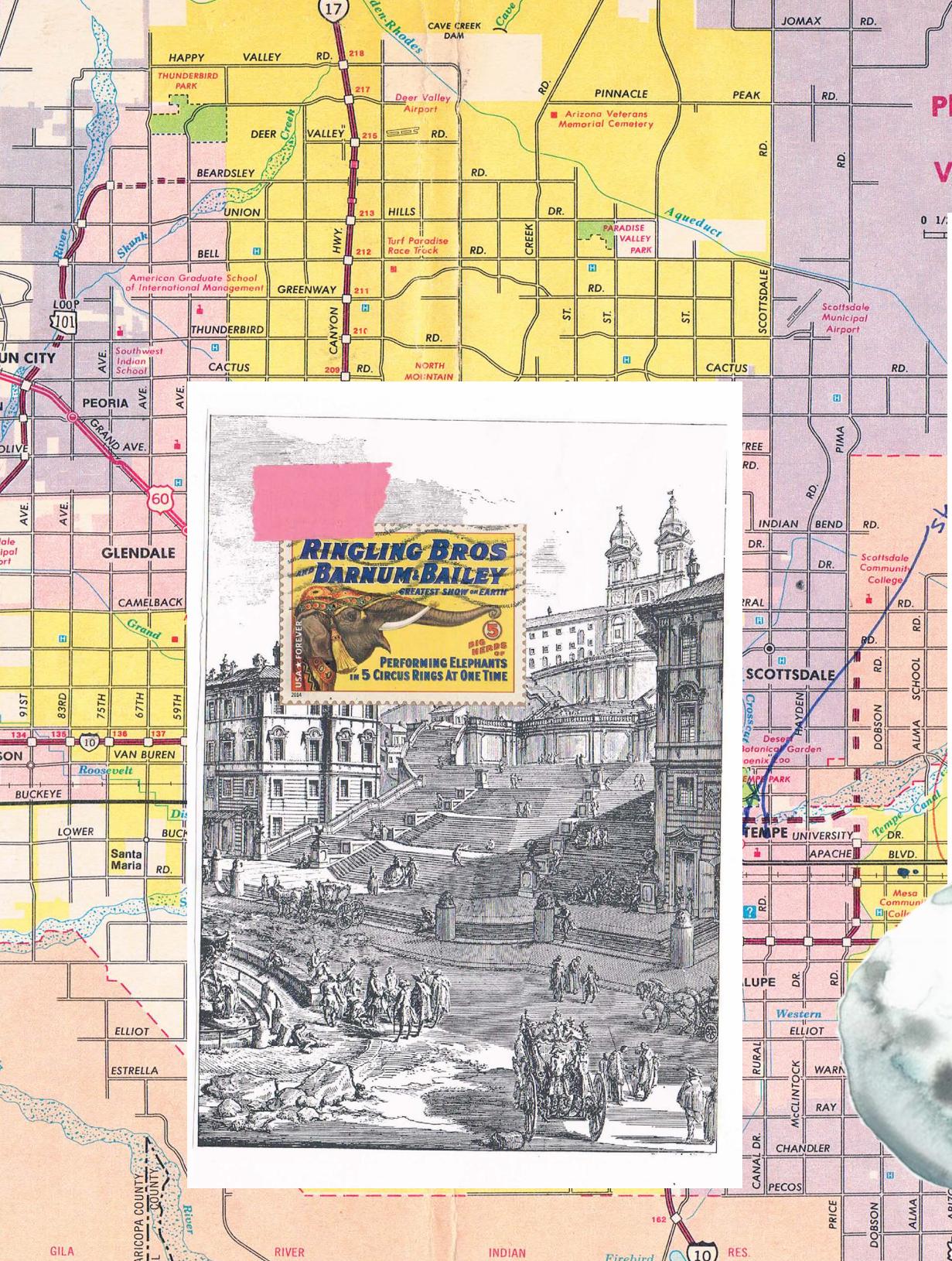
Hard on the outside and soft on the inside, like the boiled egg.

You're dancing at a bar and people are looking but for once you aren't trying to find anyone. Everything you need is already there in the open sky and the moon and your fierceness.

This is growing up.

If you haven't heard it in a while, I love you. I'm rooting for you. Keep dancing. And never, ever, ever tone it down.

GUILT is ONE THING. BUT IS IT REALLY GUILT?



Phoenix and Vicinity

D 1/2

TRUST
YOUR GUT



PAY ATTENTION TO THE MOON





PUT YOUR
MONEY
WHERE YOUR
HEART^{*} IS.

Your body is not a temple.

That is a stupid metaphor.



You will never feel
as safe as you do
right now

You will never feel
as safe as you do
right now

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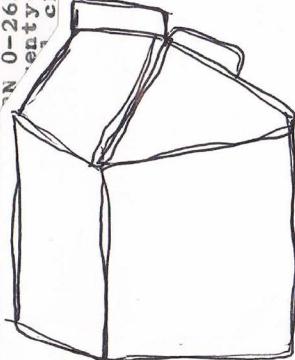
***if this is both the most exciting and
terrifying concept to you, then you're on
the right track

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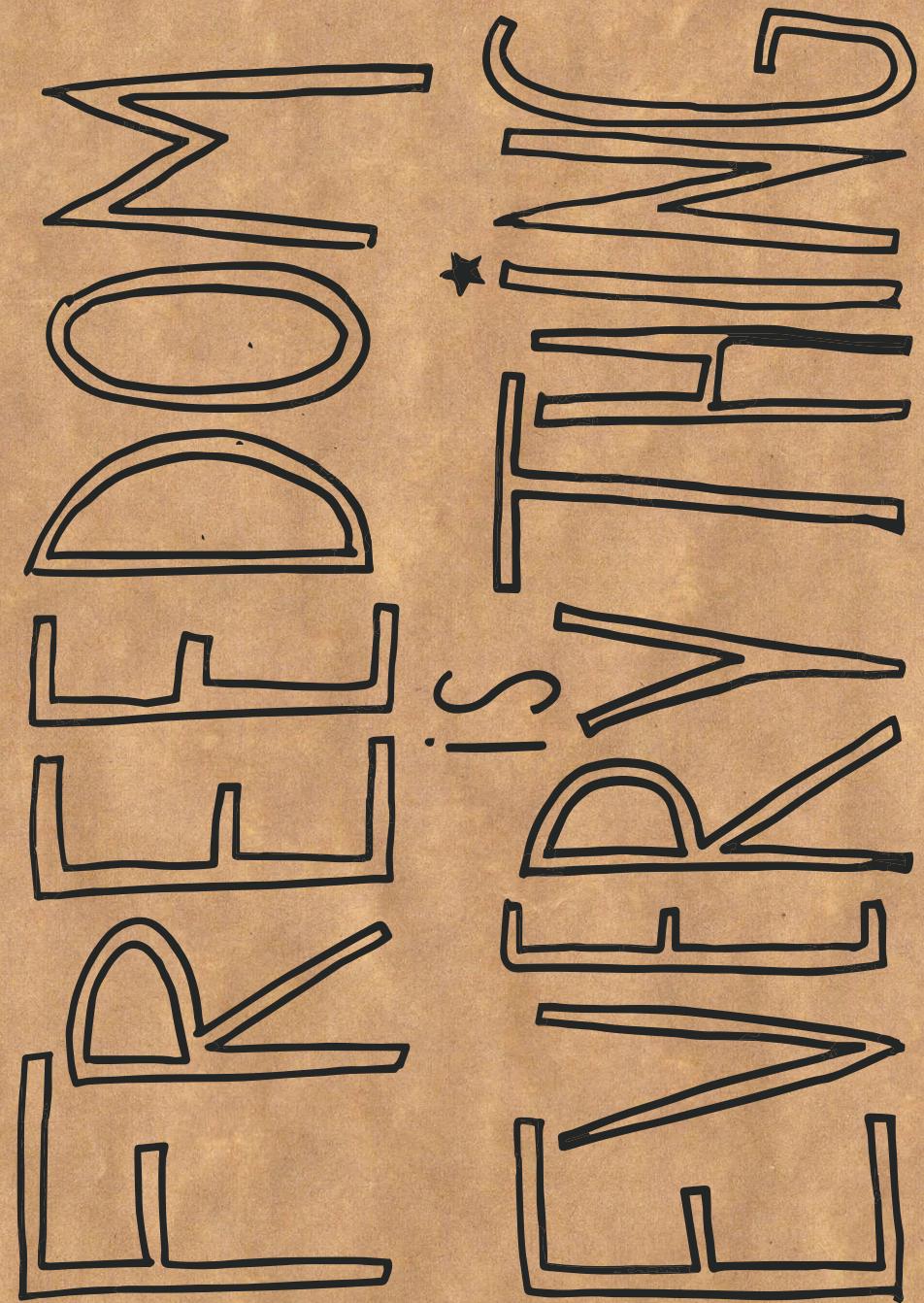
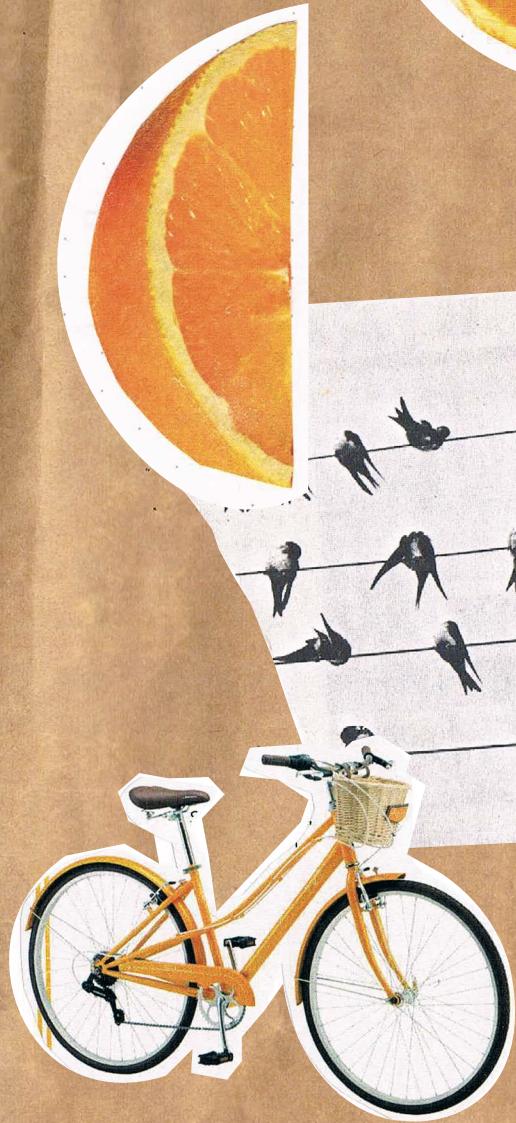
Reinventing the future : global goals
for the 21st century / [compiled by]
Rushworth M. Kidder. -- Cambridge,
Mass. : MIT Press, c1989.
v, 194 p. ; 21 cm.
Based on discussions which took place
during the conference titled 'Agenda
2000, reasonable goals', which was held
at Wingspread in Racine, Wis., Apr. 14-
16, 1987; includes three papers
submitted by conference participants.
Includes bibliographical references.

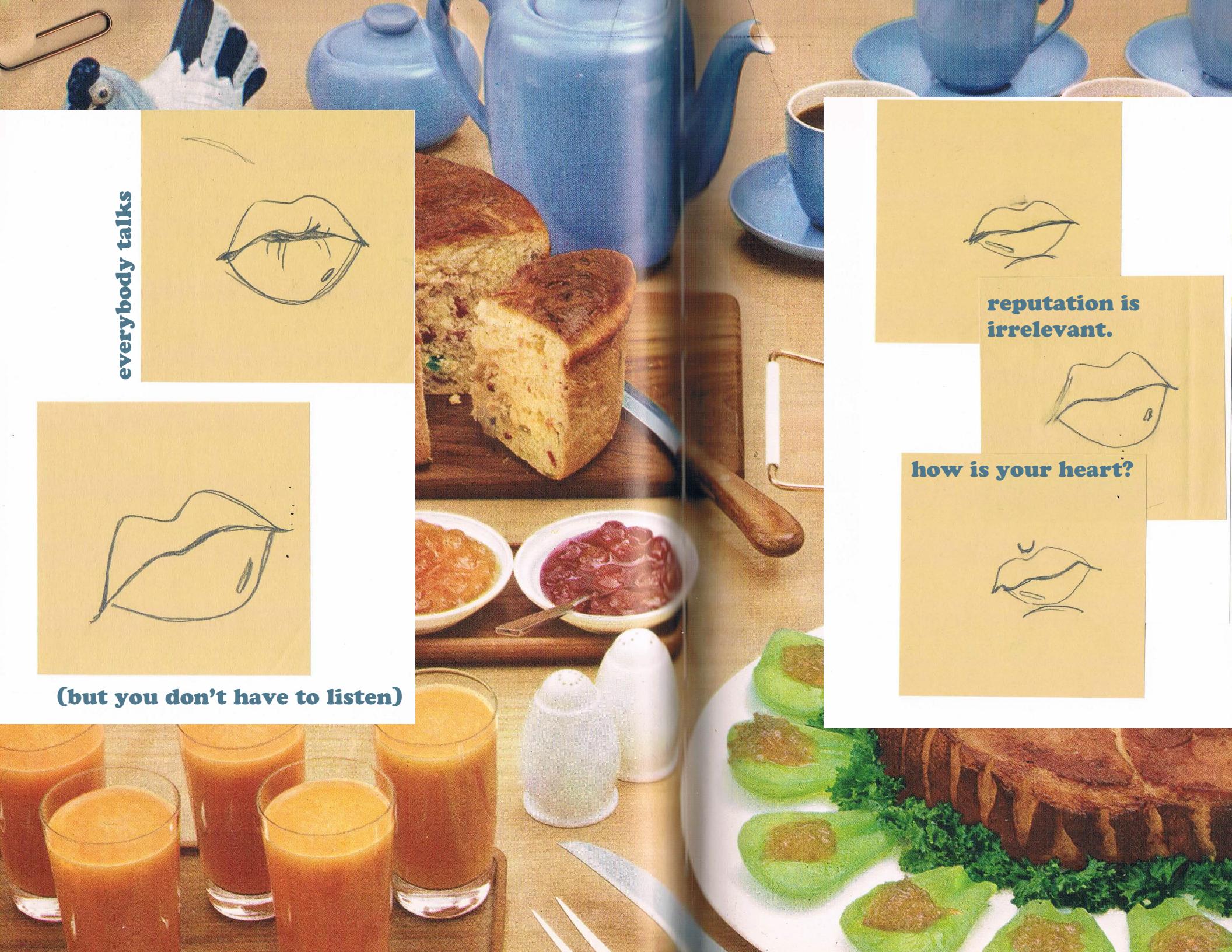
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Twenty-first century--Forecasts.
change. 3. Environmental
Kidder, Rushworth M.

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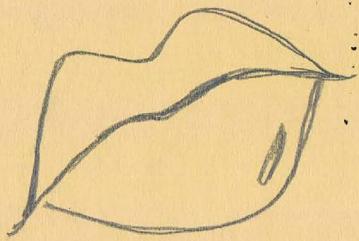


ACNE
BLOWS





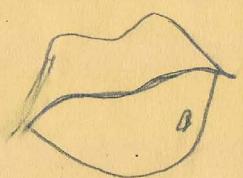
everybody talks



(but you don't have to listen)



reputation is
irrelevant.



how is your heart?

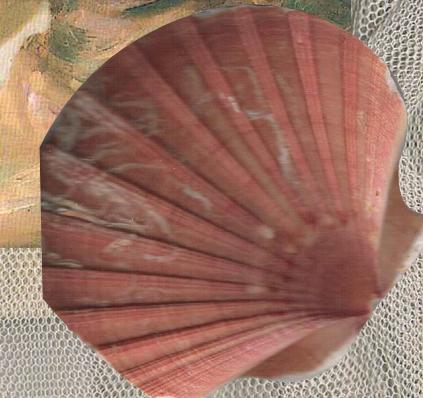


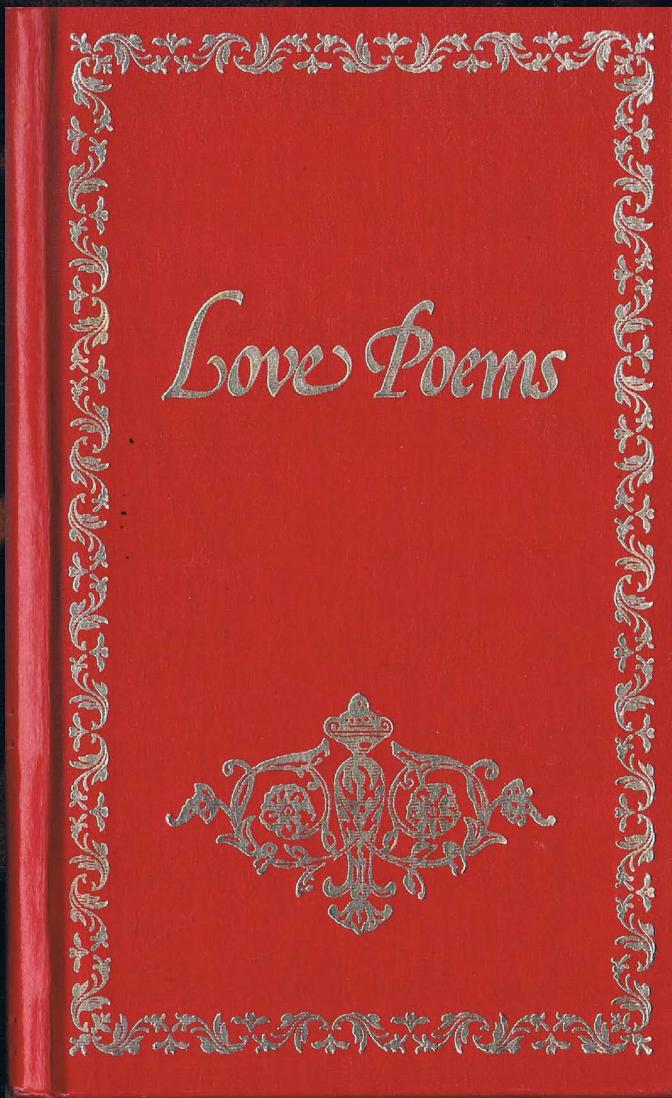


FASHION
DOESN'T
MEAN ANYTHING
UNLESS
IT MAKES
YOU FEEL MORE
LIKE YOURSELF. *



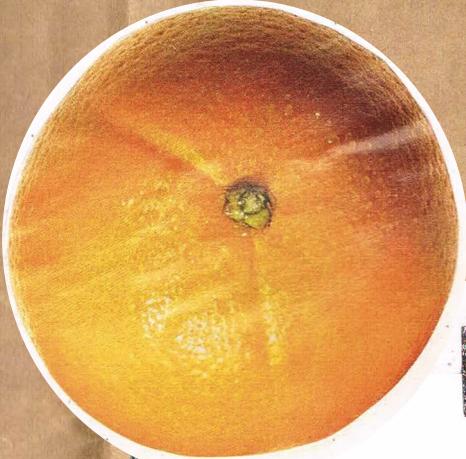
THE MORE
TIME YOU
SPEND IN
WATER,
THE BETTER
YOU WILL FEEL





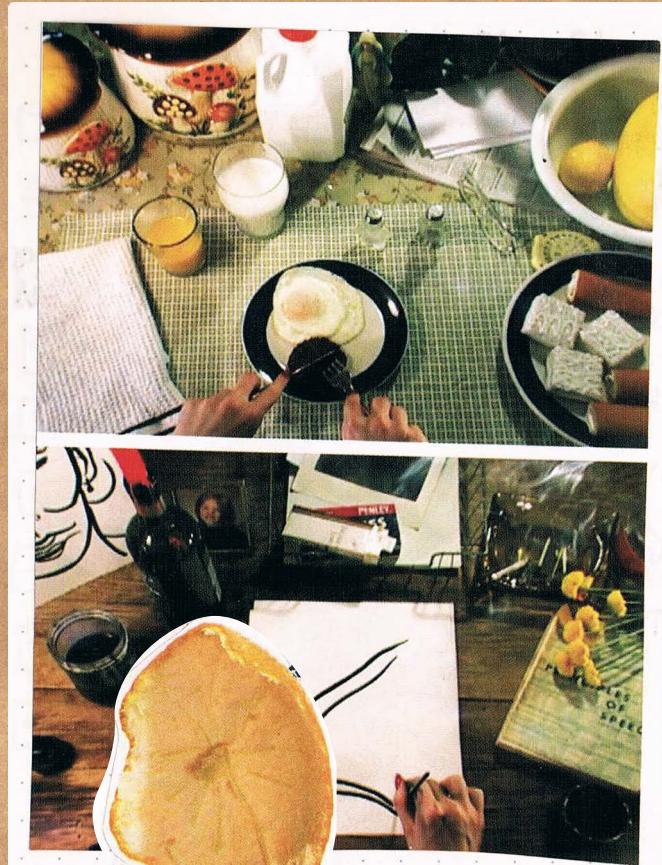
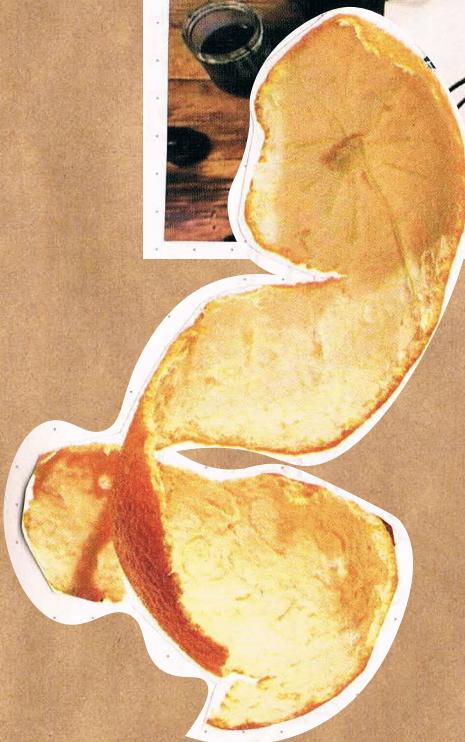
THE
BOYS
ARE
ALL
LIARS





I HAVE THE RIGHT TO:

- To ask for what I want.
- To refuse requests or demands I can't meet.
- To express all of my feelings, positive or negative.
- To change my mind.
- To make mistakes and not have to be perfect.
- To follow my own values and standards.
- To say no to anything when I feel I am not ready, it is unsafe, or it violates my values.
- To determine my own priorities.
- To *not* be responsible for others' behavior, actions, feelings, or problems.
- To expect honesty from others.
- To be angry at someone I love.
- To be uniquely myself.
- To feel scared and say "I'm afraid."
- To say "I don't know."
- To *not* give excuses or reasons for my behavior.
- To make decisions based on my feelings.
- To my own needs for personal space and time.
- To be playful and frivolous.
- To be healthier than those around me.
- To be in a nonabusive environment.
- To make friends and be comfortable around people.
- To change and grow.
- To have my needs and wants respected by others.
- To be treated with dignity and respect.
- To be happy.



LOSE TO THE
C

train. And then twenty minutes by taxi from the station to the school. He would have time to call the lawyer, who was elsewhere. Moreover, he had to contact Richard, but Richard wouldn't come to what the options.

There was bad service underground, no reassuring stair-step bars on his screen, but once the train started moving he could

lessly, the waiter grinning in practiced collusion. Richard couldn't bear to enact

the case Rowan had the number where else. Moreover, he had to contact Richard, but Richard

wouldn't want to make anything public. The thought calmed him.

The train ground, in con-

dition. The thought good. They were they had not they weren't

they were

HAVE AN OPINION

CARE ABOUT SOMETHING OTHER THAN YOURSELF

MAKE WORK THAT MATTERS

JAMES VICTORE,
DESIGNER

wanted dessert.

"Should we?" Ana asked, breath-

lessly, the waiter grinning in practiced collusion. Richard couldn't bear to enact

any impatience Ana picked up on

she said, handing

waiter, making a

he wanted to say.

sn't care. Then he

nkind. Ana was

Rowan's age than

er hand across the

she had down-
tipped back her head and

she tried hard to downplay. Every four hours, she tipped back her head and

squeezed a dropper of antibiotic into each eye.

Richard didn't need to do it, but he did—sought out these married women, the ones who looked across a table of catered tour food and cut price onies while their husbands talked to the people on their right. Women whose lingerie was assaulted by the plastic tray he'd tried to

remove, that he wouldn't realize it moved them immeasurably. He recollect the details of tragedies in the lull after sex. seemed like that kind of tended to all her own weak-

removing her own un-

removing her own un-

her married women, she al-

ways, what time it was.

"How's Rowan?" she asked. "I had not got the no anxiety at the moment—Rowan was doing fine, he said, his grades were fine. Though he saw Rowan's grades only if his ex-wife sent them to him, never mind that he paid the tuition.

A sullen girl, her eyes half-closed, stopped in the doorway, waiting for a man to engage. The girl stared at Richard, a fresh zit between her brows like a third eye. She was maybe fourteen, a few years younger than Rowan, but how much more childish she seemed than his son. Her gaze was unsettling, too specific—

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www.etsy.com/shop/samsoda