

A DASH OF
BAD HAIRCUTS
AND YOUR
MOTHER'S
WRATH THAT
FOLLOWS.
AN EMPTY BOTTLE
AT HER BEDSIDE,
A NOSE THAT
NEVER QUITE
STRAIGHT AGAIN,
AND A NEW
SET OF SCARS
TO COVER THE
OLD ONES.

DISORDER YOU'LL
NEVER QUITE
SHAKE, BASED IN
THE PROMISES MADE BY
FITNESS INFLUENCERS
THAT BEING THINNER
= BEING MASCULINE

A THIRTEENTH
REASON,
14 BREATHS OF
SAD, STALE AIR.
A 16TH BIRTHDAY SPENT
IN THE PSYCH WARD.
IT'S THE FIRST
TIME YOU'RE
ANYWHERE EVERYONE
CALLS YOU YOUR
NAME.

THE YOUTH
PASTOR DAMNS
ME TO HELL, AND
IN DOING SO ASKS:
"WHAT IS THE
RECIPE GOD
MADE YOU
WITH?"
SO I WRITE IT
HERE.
FIRST, ADD A CUP OF THE
FIRST TIME YOU CUT YOURSELF.
YOU ARE 7.
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE
BODY YOU ARE GIVEN OR THE
CLOTHES YOU MUST WEAR, ONLY
THAT BOTH ARE WRONG.

A STAR OF TEARS
SHED FOR YOU,
NOT FOR YOUR
HAPPINESS,
BUT FOR YOUR
SALVATION

A RECIPE
FOR GROWING
UP TRANS

A RELATIONSHIP YOU STAY
IN FOR THE COMFORT, THOUGH
LATER YOU REALIZE IT
BROUGHT YOU NONE. YOU
WILL NEVER BE A MAN,
ONLY A SCARED LITTLE GIRL.
GO ON. LET HIM DO WHAT
THEY DO
TO SCARED
LITTLE
GIRLS

MIX AND
POUR OFF A
BRIDGE. FIND
16 MILES AWAY IN
AN EDDY, 7 DAYS AFTER.
BURY IN A DRESS,
THE WAY THAT
PASTOR'S SWEET GOD
WOULD WANT.