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Welcome to **An Embarrassing Case of the Twenty Something's.**

This is the fourth installment in a series of zines I've written over the last two years of my life. This collection of writing is the most effective way for me to communicate and document growth and understand myself better. In this moment, I am grateful to have had the opportunity to have experienced what I have; be it moments of happiness or hardship. I am coming to accept it all and more so, build upon old versions of myself. From *kiss me goodbye... or whatever* to *GAP YEAR* to *A Collection of Mushy Feelings*, I've lived and I've learned. I've loved and I've lost.

An Embarrassing Case of the Twenty Something's is just a continuation of this and an extension of the self. Being twenty something is wet dreams and ear accidents and being asked to walk on the inside of the sidewalk and humiliation kinks. It is full moons and piss and hyperfixations and too many shots of whiskey. It is tongue in check and getting on your knees and seeing a shrink. It is kissing your friends and pienics and whatever.

I am finally at a point where I have built a life I don't feel the constant need to escape from. Despite never having expected to make it this far, this zine is an attempt to give myself credit where it is due.

Here is An Embarrassing Case of the Twenty Something's.

as always thank you to ariana mhm. an embarrassing case of the twenty somethings a zine deja vu cereal debate; we've all been here before there was something i wanted to tell you but it seems too little too late we are only good for each other on our kindest days i can't return there anymore

01:11am 1%

shopping cart theory. today i told you about twilight wouldn't exist if 9/11 hadn't happened. the first time i visited massachusetts my grandmother bought me a hard copy of Stephanie Meyer's Breaking Dawn in a two story bookstore downtown. i got my first nosebleed on a frozen trampoline. that was the same year Angus, Thongs, and Perfect Snogging aired.

the four months i was on birth control were some of the worst

Seeing the people around you grow is such a soft experience. It doesn't hit you till it does. Then it's all you'll ever know.

Scary movies are always "about" things.

My recurring dreams always take place in buildings with an excessive number of rooms. Malls being the most common. Today my therapist confirmed my agoraphobia. I was too embarrassed to tell her the Final Destination movie franchise is the real reason I am afraid. This time last year I re-watched them all with his brother.



GARAGE PARTY

I see you and your friends sitting outside your house all the time.

Sometimes you are inside your Garage, Grilling, Drinking, Playing Music, working on your cars.

You always seem like you are having a Great Time.



I love you, Chris.

I wish I had had the guts to say it the last time I saw on in November, but you were dating someone else and I felt it was not prudent.

I just had to take it out of my chest.



Falling Behind

It's been a lone month with another one just ahead I'm sure together we can make things better.



Miss You Watching Me

Looking for fun again.



SMOKING ON YOUR PORCH

I just finished my walk around the Neighborhood.

As I was walking by your house, you were out on your porch Smoking.

You had on Shorts and a T-Shirt.

You saw me looking back at you as I was walking by.



Take your dentures out

I need you to take your dentures out. Available any weekday



Fireworks

I'll light the fuse.....you explode.



BOTTOMS

up and i dont drink

each cluster is from a different conversation

Me @ you when you'd let me do coke in ur room 🧶 👰 😂 😂

I just cried to a hoizer song

Nigga u live like this?

i think you give off the vibe that you're sure of urself and that's intimidating to ppl who aren't sure of themself

i hope you understand i don't hate you

U really got a nigga looking forward to the moon

Do u crave love?

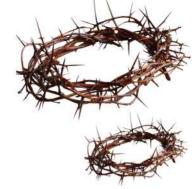
i genuinely think it's beautiful how much you cry

i wanted to see you tonight because its a scorpio moon

U look so happy I love it 🤒 been since i moved back to this really feel the happiest i've

stupid state

in february i'd really considered moving back to massachusetts and only stayed because i knew feeling alone again in the kind of mental state where i was at wouldnt do me any good and i needed to be around my friends and i am finally grateful to have stayed cause i do feel happy? like a genuine happiness not whatever i was feeling in march that i tried to play off as happiness??? i am so happy right now and finally feel like my life is moving in the right direction slowly but surely again and i'm on the right track and not discrediting myself for how hard i'm trying and i can't stop crying over this text man, being told I look happy sends me into a weird spiral like not a bad one but like shit? it shows on my face that i'm happy?????? like REAL happiness???? i remember amanda saying this to me when she visited in december and as soon as she left it was like everything came crashing down around me and i hadn't felt that low honestly since i was 13. i felt like i'd somehow done something to piss off the universe and in return was met with every possible thing that could set me back and undo all the progress and growth i'd made when i lived in mass and GOD i never want to feel that low ever again, i know it's early and i'm rambling, but the happiness i finally feel is true and i love my friends so dearly and i love ariana and amanda for sticking around for so many years making space in their lives for me and holding me accountable to be a better person every day and i love the people i live with now for providing me a space to grow and learn and love and be constantly surrounded by support, this is love, this is home for me.



"Stay ye me with raisins, refresh me with apples; For I am sick with love." Song of Solomon 2:5

Nurse me back to health. Endulge me while I lay with insipid longing. There is something almost revolutionary about the way I imagine your hand placed upon my cheek. Mutilation is a form of creation. Is flesh meant to be torn? There was blood in your mouth the first time we were entangled. The love of your life was made from the same rib as you. He said, "God loves you!" He said, "I hope to see you again in heaven." Is love a sacrifice some are not willing to make? Why else would God give his only son? 130. We eat of the earth and of forbidden fruit. My friend Josh found a crown of thorns in the seventh grade. That was the holiest thing I saw that year.

"If you find my beloved, tell him I am sick with love." Song of Solomon 5:8



i am learning what it means to love when i am with you. the same love you described your grandmother felt for you; the purest form you've ever known. i could not live on my own. i could not do it. i love waking up to someone in the kitchen and dirty dishes in the sink and the smell of his coffee brewing at any time of day, i love having people worth coming home to. i have a long ways to go and much more to learn. you described love as the desire to sit by someone for no other reason than enjoying their company, you describe us as a family and this as a home, there is an overwhelming feeling of love in the air today, this morning i woke up promptly at 06:28am; the same time i was born at. the moon is in scorpio. it is monday, july 27, 2020. my roommate says kimchi smells like ego death. i wish that didn't make as much sense as it does, teeth can apparently withstand the weight of 628 lbs of pressure. the distance between our beds was approximately 1,335 miles apart. do not spit in my mouth unless you're in it for the long run. i stopped wearing a seatbelt in january. on my desk sits 2 Seagram's Strawberry Daquiris, 4 bottles of kombucha, 2 cans of Yerba Mate, a singular bottle of Capriccio Sangria, an empty pack of Marlboros, and a copy of The Kama Sutra. 5 years went by and i am grateful we made our way back to each other. 12:12. "Id be appalled if I ever saw you try to be a saint, I wouldn't fall for someone I thought couldn't misbehave". i put my mattress on the floor tonight. it's got as much to do with you leaving me as it does me going to therapy again, the pencil sharpener looks embarrassing again. if i turned around, is it you who i'd find? the story of orpheus and eurydice has a lot to do with my object permanence trouble. "and He answered."

Greated by rejectpile • 7 songs, 27 min

2013



that winter i spent on my dads couch

my father's couch.

Hum Hallelujah! He almost crashed the car. My dad lied to me about being the tooth fairy and that was just the start of it. I stopped believing in God after having met you. I may understand you don't hate me, but God, Ihope you know I hate you. This one's about the time you got your stomach pumped. And the time your mother was sick. And the time you almost got sent to military school. This one's for the winter I spent on

2013/2019

I drove back to my apartment going 90+ mph unaware that my brakes were shot. There has to be someone watching over me. I drove with my brakes shot for over a week. And lived to tell people about it. This one's about the time you ruined all those songs for me. And the time she almost drove me to the hospital during the Christmas Eve party. And the winter I spent on my mother's couch.



PLAYLIST

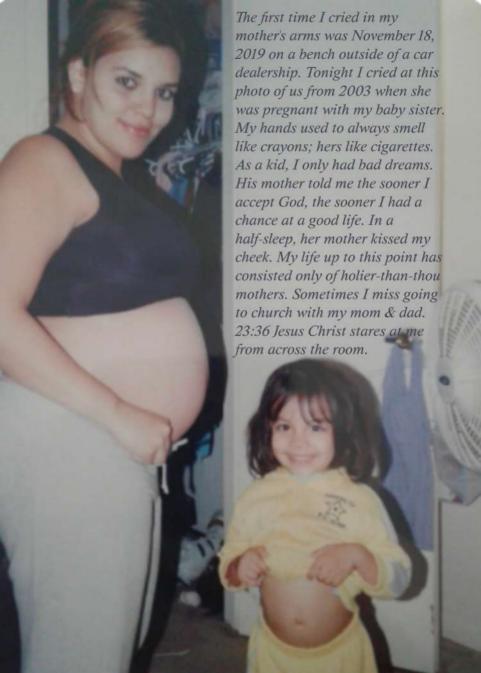
that winter i spent on my moms couch 2019

Created by rejectpile • 4 songs, 13 min





	•	20 Something		SZA
lacksquare	\Diamond	House In Virginia		PWR BTTM
	٠	Sleeping Sickness		City and Colour
	\Diamond	Father		The Front Bottoms
	•	Christmas Lights		Paul Baribeau
	•	August		Flipturn
	٠	The Waterboy Returns		Modern Baseball
	٠	Carry Me		The Original Crook
	٠	The Last Time I Did Acid I Went Ins	ane	Jeffrey Lewis
	٠	Little Blue Pills, Pt. 2		Days N Daze
	٠	Versace Summer		Jank
	٠	Ten Things		Paul Baribeau
	٠	Si Veo a Tu Mamá		Bad Bunny
	•	Wallflower		Moses Campbell
	٠	Tire Swing		Kimya Dawson
	٠	bus beat		The Front Bottoms
\odot	•	Would That I		Hozier
	٠	Sea of Love		Cat Power
	•	And To Those I Love, Thanks		\$uicideBov\$



if you want a nice cup of catholic guilt and pining

i'm sitting inthis office thinking about al things i want toi say to you, but won't. "you" being whoever you want to be. i'm sitting here debatns on whether or not i should put on my sweater, that's what being around you was like, take that however von wish. whether it be a lack of warmth felt or the lingeringuncertainty or the constant search for comfort, maybe it was a combination of things, i'm sitting here hoping time would go by just bit faster, that is something i never felt around you, it was always like there was never enbugh time. there was only so much, i could put every moment we were together on a timeline and talk approxiamtely 17 minutes (sometimes 23) before making it to the end. "the end." i'm sitting here writing to you, of all people, again, whoever "you" are, to me or yourself, i hadn't intended for this to be one of those "if the shoe fits" type of things. I hadn't really intended for this to be a thing at all there are things we oughtto nip in the bud. "i talked to mytherapist about you" is something that frequents my mouth more than i'd care to admit. there are moments in your life when you realize some people cannot provide you with the senseof comfort you want from them. I was 18 when my mother told me she didn't know how to love me the way i needed her to. i think this was an admission of giving up; a declaration of not knowing where to go from there. i am writing this to say i no longer seek comfort in the arms of those who keep their fingers crossed during "i love you's".

Si busca de Dios dios existe el es bueno

Acuerdate lo que que te dije habla con el el nos escucha

FINSTAGRAM JOURNAL ENTRIES

nihilism is fucking stupid and i wish my brain stopped going that route anytime i am slightly inconvenienced by life

6d

i KNOW life has meaning i KNOOOW i have to give my life purpose i KNOW i am doing better than i was a couple months ago so WHY can't my brain get with the program and stop thinking "what's the point when i'm just gonna d*e anyway" whenever i feel just a little bit sad

6d Reply

this is annoying and i really need to bring it up to my therapist but it's like? i'm not even s'ficidal anymore it's just? i would like to not feel like i am trying so hard for nothing

the serotonin i'd been missing for years really came back after watching a barbie movie...... if only i'd known sooner that the cure to my depression would be barbie movies or anything that slightly resembles the happy times from when i was a kid!

3w

i'm acting like i didn't already know this and like it's not regression because i feel actually good right now and do not want to ruin it for myself!

3w Reply

the days after a new moon always make me feel whole and venus is finally direct again and that feels extremely important right now even though it's cheesy astrology is really cool and it makes me feel like i don't have to take things so serious because the planets and universe know what they're doing and idk! idk! brain is in hyperdrive right now!

recovery and growing is fucking hard man. i wish my brain wasn't always in survival mode cause theres some pretty beautiful moments that i don't want to miss out on cause i can't get my head on right. i really think the second half of this year is going to be a complete 180 and things will be okay

1w Reply

ANYWAY! being sad is really dumb i just want to be happy and surrounded by my friends and making art and doing headstands and taking care of everything and everyone around me and i need to stop being so afraid of leaving my fucking bed man

2w 1 like Reply

happy full moon in scorpio tonight was the first night i've evergotten dr*nk ever (mins chsitmas eve idk if thay counted as drunk but i was sad) adn my brain is thinking a lot and boys suck and i'm okay and i love the people i live with and cried a lot and i still havent see the moon but i know shes beautiful and if i don't go to sleep soon i'll probably just keep crying skgoodnight everyone i love you

10w

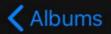
i'm kind of sad i started smoking cigarettes again but i know that won't last long so it's okay it has just been a very long week and a very long year but some part of me feels like things are going to get better from here on out i've been thinking a lot about life and everything that's ever happened and idk i'm not gonna lie i'm very scared and very sad a lot of the time but i'm trying and that's gotta count for something cause FUCK everything since december has felt so heavy and i've felt myself regressing but idk IDK IDK i just wish i could've been diagnosed and gone on mood stabilizers before i stopped seeing my therapist because maybe that might've helped with balancing the weird mania and really bad depression and maybe i wouldn't have spent the last three weeks listening to nothing but hozier. that is all for now. i apologize sincerely to anyone who actually read all of this giant run on sentence, happy full moon

June 5

The loneliness became more and more unbearable. I ached to be touched. I feared I was disappearing and I'd cease to exist if someone didn't touch me.

The longing to touch / be touched. I feel gratitude when I touch someone—as well as affection, etc. The person has allowed me proof that I have a body—and that there are bodies in the world.

Leslie Feinberg, Stone Butch Blues / Susan Sontag, As Consciousness Is Harnessed to Flesh: Journals and Notebooks, 1964-1980



Favorites

Select













Where are my reparations for fooling myself into love? When will I find the muse within myself?

* has a piss kink.

Sylvia Plath was born October 27.

I was born October 28.

My high school librarian told me he hopes I "don't share her fate" when I checked out *The Bell Jar.*

Lately I've missed being 15. Finding myself or whatever. I never gave that version of myself enough credit. Every day I am building upon my old self.

That's not my body. That's not my body. That's not my body. That's not my body. That's not my body.

cishets do not grasp tenderness. they simply lack the capacity.

i found my god this year through every day acts of love.

we sat beside each other flipping through screens of 8tracks, bedroom pop streaming from ear to ear, and whatever graphic design assignment we were supposed to be focused on. 6 years later, i am sat in front of you spiking my hair up with some cheap hair gel i'd bought for the occasion. my heart still beats off the richter scale for you.

You let me wish upon dandelions and stopped for every frog I pointed out.

I dyed my hair 14 times in 2019.

it is 06:01am

if you had long hair, i would've held it back for you while you threw up $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left$

- i hope you don't wake up with a hangover
- i now know where we stand

i want to buy you daffodils. stone butch blues type beat.

my only real desire in life is to nap and make soup melt into my bed and the earth

bella and edward for too h*rny i feel second hand embarrassment

it's a twin size mattress kind of night.....

my biggest character flaw is always committing to things for the bit!

i'm gonna come right out and say it - i've got a handle bar mustache k*nk

living with boys is getting home from work and having them laugh after saying "beatbox on that p*ssy"

"lil nas x is the only horse girl i approve of"

if we are friends and i don't own at least one article of your clothing.... are we really friends

oral fixation is back and better than ever, baby

WHY IS MY VIBRATOR SO FUCKING LOUD

nihilism is rotting my stupid fuckig brain

my toxic trait is taking the same number of shots as my male roomies like they don't have much higher tolerances

not my mom calling me while i'm about take another shot to tell me to "comportarme"

tl sleep? i am tr*ns

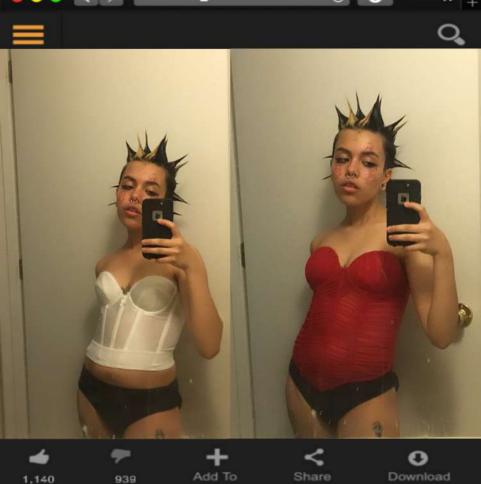
why do straight couples always complain about their partners i would just simply not date someone i do not like

kinda fucked.... that i was like...... not born a boy...... hm

radicalizing my roommates

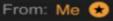


i skinned my knees falling off a bike when i was 6. the scar remains to this day, they all do, i hid a diary between my mattress and a bible between yours. "can you tell the difference between your real feelings and those that are just symptoms?" chain smoking became a nasty habit i thankfully dropped as quick as i picked it up. the salad days are over, whatever that means. i wish i'd gone to prom with her. we talked about it sophomore year, but he ruined that, he always does, you made me feel like a stranger in my own skin and for that, you will never be forgiven. "currency is theft." sex lost its appeal when i started crying the last time we almost f^* cked. i think about your mom more than i think about you or mine. i'm a fool for begging. please be kind. please please please. open your heart and let something sweeter than blood pour out. there is nothing more punk than loving, she says, i have avoidance issues, specifcally pain avoidance. i tell her, no one likes feeling bad all the time. she says, i'm on my way to being a hedonist. "you almost peed yourself in his car and he still hung out with you?" here's to the kid who talked too much of Columbine. my sister threw up that time we'd gone bowling. sweetheart, i gave you much more credit than you deserved. it's all mine now. this time last year i (convinced myself to have) believed if i swallowed enough of what was spewed out, i'd spit something back out that resembled love. today i got out of bed as soon as i woke up and brewed a pot of coffee. i am a body assembled entirely of spare parts. places i've cried and/or ***** ****: the last row of auditorium 11 in the north shore theater, the second living room's couch, the floor of my bedroom in massachusetts, the shower of my old apartment. last summer i had a UTI that felt like it would never fucking go away. your dry fingers went in and blood came out. not enough to worry about, but certainly enough to have stained the bed. some of the best stories are told in garages. every day i thank god i am not a sad drunk.



punk slut reclaims autonomy of their body after being fucked over by men who lack basic comprehension of what consensual sex is (NOT CLICKBAIT!)

201 VIEWS 4 87%







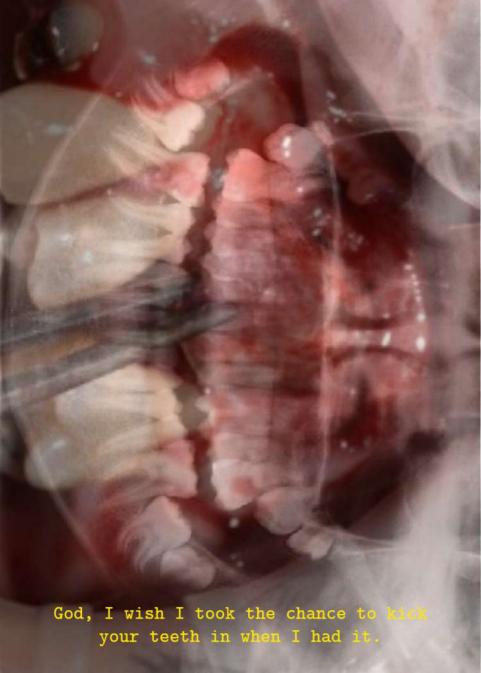
SEE YOU SPACE COWBOY...



it feels futile writing this, you had nearly a decade's worth of chances to redeem yourself, yet made no attempts to do so. we met february of 2013. i should've known by the way you begged me to forgive my father. it's been over two years since it happened. it's been over a year since you denied any memory of what happened. i hate myself for having been more upset that you didn't kiss me than at what you'd actually done. this past june i learned you've done more than you cared to admit. more than you let on. stockholm syndrome doesn't even begin to cover the half of what it was like with you. when does leaving room to grow mean leaving room for abuse to continue? my body no longer a temple once undressed. it was an act as intimate as getting punched in the face. you tried so hard to convince me that vou didn't hate me, but failed to consider that i am the one deserving of holding resentment towards you. since day one, you've been collateral damage, in all the time you knew me, you needed me in parts and i still blame myself for handing you the scissors time and time again, despite him being the only person fully aware of what you'd done, the blame somehow always made its way back to me. "why didn't you stop him?" without her, i don't think i would've found the closure i needed.

i hope you live with what you've done till your last dying breath. lest god beg for my forgiveness otherwise.















★ Nana Grizol - Photos From When We Were Young





girls kissing (

there is something so tender about coming to terms with an identity you've spent your entire life rejecting. i am the patron saint of sacrilege. i hold hands with judas and let wine flow from the wounds we pour salt in. a bible makes itself at home on my nightstand. i will air out my dirty laundry in these words and break bread with those who hold a place in my heart. my venus is in virgo; i desire routine and domesticity in my relationships, there are things you pick up from your could-have-been mother in laws and my thing just so happened to be more catholic guilt than i thought possible. i no longer feel ashamed to express my desire for queer intimacy, my love is not reserved for romance, i wish more people understood that, if you knew me when i was 17, you know a thing or two about christmas lights. it has been 9 months and 22 days since my 20th birthday, my 21st birthday is in exactly 2 months and 5 days. for the first time in my life, i am not afraid. i can picture myself growing old! for the FIRST TIME! my existence gives me second hand embarrassment and probably always will, i feel grateful to have friends in their 20's. do they know how loved they are? do they KNOW? my existence is an act of rebellion. my love is an act of rebellion. coming out is something i have been perfecting my whole life. I'm coming out of my cage i can see future versions of myself and i am proud to have survived this long despite all odds. unfortunately, we have reached the end, not the real end, but the end of our time together. thank you for taking a moment

out of your day to flip through these pages. i wish you

well.

