
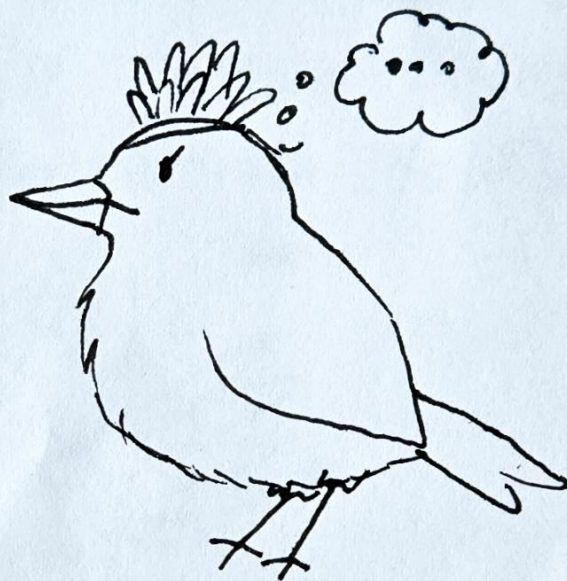


You Can't make
this
S H  T UP!



another Zine on grief, and
Surviving Life's Shitstorms.

SOMETIMES, SHIT HAPPENS. AND A LOT
OF IT. TOO MUCH OF IT.



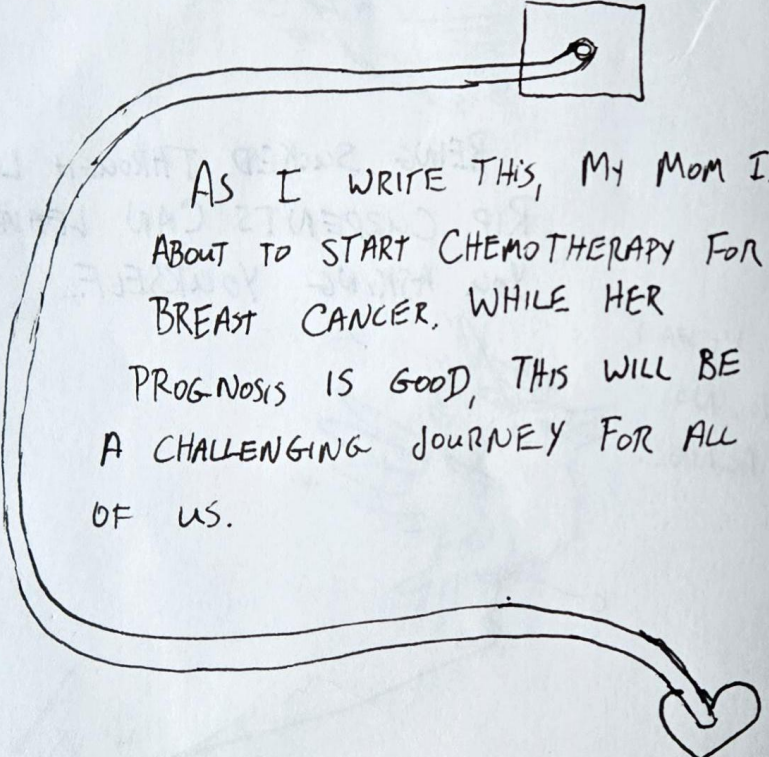
BEING SUCKED THROUGH LIFE'S
RIP CURRENTS CAN LEAVE
YOU ASKING YOURSELF..

W-WAIT,
NO, NOT
AGAIN!!



IS SURVIVAL A PRIVILEGE?
THESE ARE MORE THOUGHTS ON THAT.

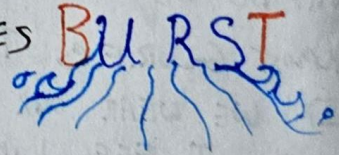
I RECENTLY WROTE ABOUT GRIEVING THE
LOSS OF A GRANDPARENT AND MY DOG, BOTH WHO
PASSED WITHIN A MONTH OF EACH OTHER.



AS I WRITE THIS, MY MOM IS
ABOUT TO START CHEMOTHERAPY FOR
BREAST CANCER. WHILE HER
PROGNOSIS IS GOOD, THIS WILL BE
A CHALLENGING JOURNEY FOR ALL
OF US.

AND WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED
RECENTLY, THIS IS THE MOST AFRAID
I'VE BEEN IN MY LIFE.

THE FEAR CREEPS UP & WAITS TIL YOU'RE
ALONE. AND THE FLOODGATES **BURST**
OPEN.



How MUCH
PRESSURE CAN
THE BODY
TAKE?



YOU CLENCH YOUR
CHEST LIKE ARMOR, HOLDING
ON TO YOUR BREATH
BEFORE IT'S RIPPED FROM
YOUR LUNGS AGAIN.

AND WHEN THE WATER DRIES UP, YOU'RE
LEFT ODDLY MORE BREATHLESS THAN BEFORE.
THE TEARS HAVE DRIED BUT YOUR BODY
KEEPS TRYING TO FOLD INTO ITSELF.

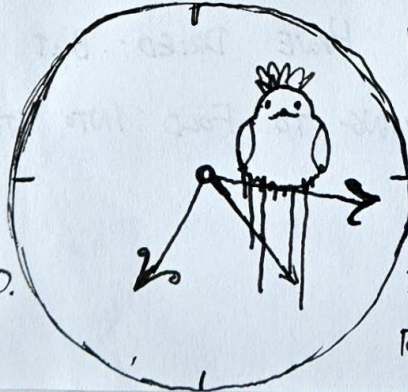
WHY DO WE LIVE IN A CULTURE THAT
ALMOST GLORIFIES THRIVING IN STRESS?

IF WE WEAR OUR STRESS AS MEDALS OF
HONOR, I FEEL LIKE ARTICULATING FEAR
DESERVES A MEMORIAL FOR THOSE WHO CAN
DO IT. ? NOT HIT IGNORE.

IT'S NOT QUITE THIS...



IT'S A LOT MORE
LIKE THIS....



YOU JUST SIT
AS STILL AS
DEATH. GLUED
TO THE GROUND
BUT NOT GROUNDED.

WATCHING
YOUR OWN
LIFE TICK
AWAY. I
BELIEVE THIS
IS A "FREEZE"
RESPONSE.

I DON'T KNOW WHEN THIS STATE
OF PARALYSIS WILL END.

OR IF IT EVER
WILL...

BUT I DO KNOW FIGHTING
IT MAKES IT SO MUCH WORSE.

SO MAYBE I'LL REST
HERE FOR NOW. MAYBE
GIVING IN & HUNKERING DOWN
IS WHAT I NEED FOR THIS STORM.

UNTIL THE TIDES CHANGE AGAIN...