

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

A Modern Act of Rebellion

by Paige Modestou

Rebellion meant a look in the eyes, an inflection of the voice at most, an occasional whisper... I've sat and stared at these words, the opening sentence for days. No humans? Animal perspective? Thanks Roddy. Maybe I could ramble on about being vegetarian for two years, or how I try to be more vegan. Surely that's relative to the Animal Farm book, animals! Or maybe I could write about how I walked along and protested with my Catalan friends and family, the author also wrote about Catalunya and that would relate, surely?

I could write about those things but that's not coming from my heart, what's in my heart is my own rebellion.

My rebellion of not conforming to the standards that have been set for me since the day I was born. I have to look pretty for them, dress nicely, be kind, be thoughtful, tidy, have manners, don't burp and don't fart, especially don't you dare talk about those periods that you get, no way don't you dare piss off the big man with your disgusting words. Don't tell him about how your boobs ache, your stomach cramps and bloats, your skin breaks out into a million volcano spots. Don't tell him about how one minute you're so turned on just by looking at a buff guy at the gym and the next you want to exterminate every male that looks in your direction, or even breaths near you. Oh no.

Guess what big man, I'm a rebel now. If my boobs are achey, fuck you, I'm not wearing a bra. If my skin needs to breath also fuck you, I'm not smothering my face with paint to meet your standards. You know what else, a big fat fuck you to those romantic movies you made me watch since day one.

I always thought that my life would be like theirs, that Mr Prince Charming would come riding on his stallion and sweep me right off of my two little size 5 feet and carry me into the sunset. No. I'm a rebel remember, I don't need that man or woman or whoever to save me, I'm not a damsel in distress, I'm a young go getter that carries her own self.

I'm not here to wait around for your imaginary Mr Right, I'm Miss Right, Miss Happy, Miss Fuck You and Your Standards.