L'ADOLESCENTE A LA DECOUVERTE

Pour tâcher d'éloigner ma vie de ce système si gourmand je prends encore recours aux études . . . pour sauver ma vie.

Travailler un peu partout, des situations enrichissantes et les autres.

Je désespère beaucoup moins ces temps-ci peut-être que ma vie est importante?

L.J. Grandbois

Every month I think I'm wounded. I clutch myself and stagger.for wet dreams but we weren't stupid, just one more waysurround her with flowers and butterflies to talk about Feminine Protection.The first time was the worst; I thought it was fatal.of giving them an advantage. They don't have to do dishes either.Never see her struggling in public cubicles or cursing the empty machine.But she patched me up and off to play skipping.After class the giggling boys. What do you do when you get IT while driving in a car?Never see her struggling in public cubicles or cursing the empty machine.(all she wears is gold and silver, all she needs is a nice young man)Stop at a Kotexaco station. means you've got IT. In grade nine they knew because of my red chair.Costs a dime, sometimes two, and in some washrooms there's no provision but you can buy a safe in any colour you like.Now that I'm a Grown Up proudlyMow they can tell from my sigh of relief. Safe for another month. and, even then, with a whisperSometimes I worry. I could be bleeding to death and not even know it.or a mask: it's that time of the month again, you've got a visitor, got your monthly—and frowns at that sign of weakness. I feel guilty about those little spots, that lack of control over my own body.The you on the with flowers and won wended. I clutch myself and stagger.	Every month I think I'm wounded.for wet dreamsI clutch myself and stagger.but we weren't stupidI clutch myself and stagger.but we weren't stupidThe first time was the worst;of giving them an adv.I thought it was fatal.They don't have to doBut she patched me upand off to play skipping.After class the gigglingand off to play skipping.After class the giggling(all she wears is gold and silver,and control the needs is a nice young man)Now that I'm a Grown UpStop at a Kotexaco statNow that I'm a Grown Upmeans you've got IT.kisses betterIn grade nine they knedon't always workbecause of my red chaand dolls can be rippedNow they can tellout of me.Now they can tellI can proclaim my womanhoodfrom my sigh of relief.proudlySafe for another montbut only to other womenand frowns at that signor a mask: it's that timeof the month again,you've got a visitor,of weakness.got your monthly—I feel guilty aboutthose little spots,that lack of controlOur grade eight name was better:over my own body.	On T.V. they play soppy music
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