

“Liberation” Bake Off with The Make Good Project

By Jessica Spector

My bag will always be packed with sticky post-its about who and what I am — all written by everyone but me — anonymous, all tied to the same “era.”

I try to track who wrote what. I think back to every person I caught taking a picture of me, paparazzi-style; every lingering look; every friendship with an agenda; every death stare; every pointed reference; every whispered “That’s her,” like there’s a hidden story or inside joke I wasn’t invited to hear; every side-eye. Anything that could start my investigation.

My bag is heavy, and I’m tired — but tired is not dead. I will keep carrying it, knowing there are more pounds of post-its coming — rumors, guesses, theories, and opinions I never said, all anonymously written by people who seem to know me better than I do.

I could stop people from adding weight. I could drop my bag, leave it behind, hide, and let everything go — but I won’t.

I stay accessible. I make myself accessible.

I have this sparkling, stubborn hope that someday someone — trusting and empty-handed — will lend their hand, open my bag of post-its, pull one out, and say without holding anything back: “This is the gossip. This is the rumor. This is who wrote this and who I heard it from.” And then talk to me, and read the post-it out loud to me.

And then — poof — I can burn the bag with all the post-its and leave everything behind, keeping only my narrative of who I am.

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