

I really shouldn't be in love with Maddy from Euphoria, but I am.

I had one parent who worked all the time and one parent who totally sucked, so I'm used to finding role models on TV. My TV dad Sandy Coen made me who I am today. You'd think one would grow out of finding role models on TV, especially on Euphoria, where basically everyone is depressed, but that's what shitty parenting will get you.

Maddy is a terrible role model. She's in love with a sociopath, she mistreats her friends, she's materialistic, and she says the r- word, which, as a special ed teacher, makes me recoil every time I hear it. But she's got some points. Not letting a 17- year- old sell their eggs is pretty bananas. Everyone in the world is fucking stupid and nothing really matters. Maddy is a 17- year- old nihilist with eyebrow rhinestones and I fucking love it. I love it so much that I went to a party dressed as Maddy when the vibe was very much Molly from Insecure. Guess who felt insecure at that party? Very much me.

Maddy's central plotline revolves around her toxic relationship with sociopath Nate Jacobs. For this, I cannot forgive her. Nate and Maddy's relationship has all the hallmarks of abuse: lying, gaslighting, name calling, secrecy, control, an "us against the world" mentality. He freaking chokes her at a carnival and almost gets arrested, for shit's sake. And Maddy STILL forgives him. She even helps that brat make other lives miserable to protect his entitled white male ass. But, I have to admire her for standing up to that same entitled white male ass. She tips over his dad's prizewinning chili. She refuses to change herself to fit into his WASPy world. She lets him know when she's not treating her right. She forces that bitch to get her a towel Not even a Tiffany necklace can buy Maddy's subservience.

Boys and girls and NBs, abuse is not OK, and if you find yourself in a relationship like Maddy's and Nate's, you need to delete that fucker from your contacts and make sure he actually does get arrested at the first opportunity.

However, the reasons to love Maddy far outweigh the reasons to not. Alexa Demie barely has an Instagram, which makes her elusively cool to me. Maybe she has a TikTok, but I'm not on TikTok, OK??? Maddy treats the mansion where she babysits as if it were her own, which is really the way to do it, people. Maddy's hair and makeup are fire and the sole reason I bought 640 adhesive gems from E.L.F. But even emulating her aesthetic gives me anxiety. I'm reusing the gems with eyelash glue, but I cannot deny that microplastics are bad for the planet. She also wears a ton of glitter, so I wear a ton of glitter, which is even MORE of a microplastic than rhinestones, but I try not to get glitter in the water supply, OK?? I just want to be sexy and sparkly and confident and seventeen again like Maddy from Euphoria.

When I actually WAS seventeen, I wouldn't recognize abuse if it hit me every day, which it DID. If my best friend started fucking my ex- boyfriend I'd probably convince myself I deserved that kind of heartbreak. If anyone criticized me ever, I'd cry about it and dissect myself until I was so far away from the original criticism that I ended up offending someone else. I had NONE of the self- esteem Maddy has at seventeen. I did have fabulous clothes, though.

So, Maddy from Euphoria, I lovest thou. I love your rhinestone eyebrows and your stripper outfits. I love how you don't take shit from anybody and you refuse to accept your station in life. I love how you think everything is stupid. Please stop saying the R word and please let Nate burn in Hell.

Nat Dee