

CROOKED MIRROR

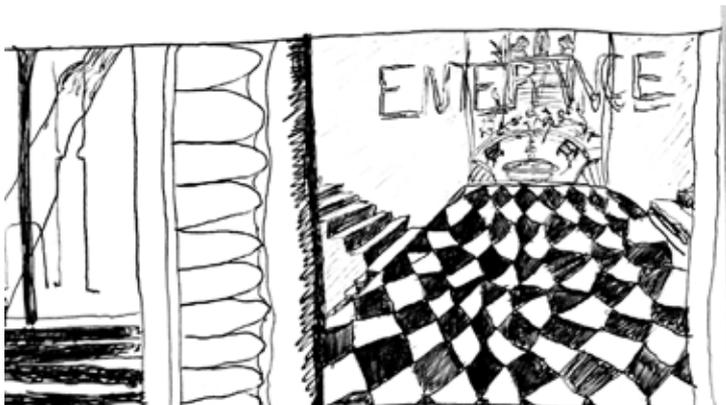


illustration: Asta Plum

Young woman. One day before new years my phone started sending me pregnancy test ads, what could this be about. Maybe it knew me better. They know a lot of shit about you, so I got furious thinking about children, I was puking on the streets while I got home in the morning. Days later I got my blood flowing, no babies yet. But I got a little scared thinking about the next 10 years, being about big data and godmothers trying to force me into reproduction, womanhood. It's the long run of the rollercoaster, and now I hit that time where I should look pretty ready for some babies popping. Lol. When we hit 2030, it'll be too late and I'll be a free woman. I'm wondering if I would be rich and successful, I would like a sportscar, make a movie and write books. I would love to teach art and philosophy in a big auditorium, learn to make myself into a cat when the lecture is over, avoiding questions. It's the same young woman, she's crying in her bed thinking about getting babies, it's not that I don't want them, I would love to look into the love tunnel. It feels like I'm gonna die if I get them. Like I should take a stance between being around living in anarchy and being a part of the institution, a little mommy worker for the nation. Let's not pretend. I would love a kid. I would love a little army of kids. But I'm scared of kindergartens and parents, and all long tongues sneaking around. It's my age. It's my phone warning, now we see you young woman, you better act like one. That's the real danger, I feel vulnerable.

Yours truly Mira

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Mr. W ShaWarma
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Orientalske Specialiteter

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