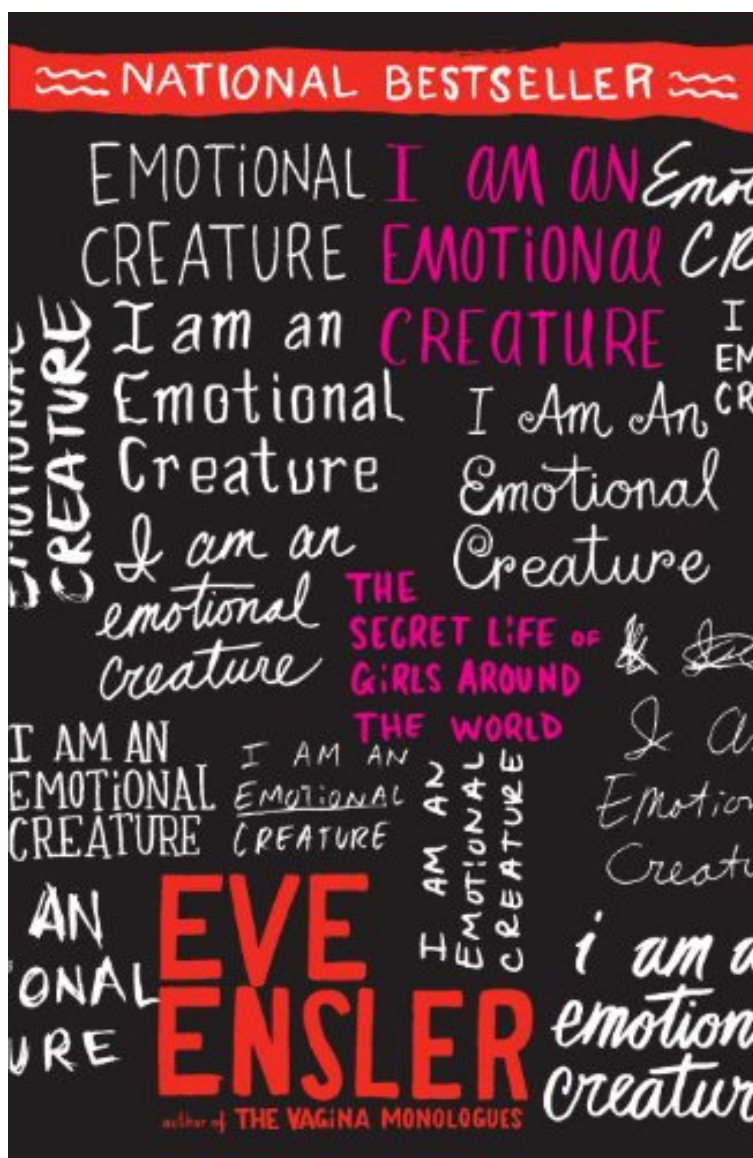


[Read free] File size: 36.Mb

I Am an Emotional Creature: The Secret Life of Girls Around the World



Par Eve Ensler

*Download PDF | ePub | DOC |
audiobook | ebooks

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les
ventes : #452379 dans eBooksPubli le:
2010-01-29Sorti le: 2010-02-09Format:
Ebook Kindle

[Read free] I Am an Emotional Creature:
The Secret Life of Girls Around the World

Par Eve Ensler : **I Am an Emotional
Creature: The Secret Life of Girls Around
the World** before purchasing it in order to
gage whether or not it would be worth my
time, and all praised I Am an Emotional
Creature: The Secret Life of Girls Around the
World:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurIn this daring book, internationally acclaimed author and playwright Eve Ensler offers fictional monologues and stories inspired by girls around the globe. Fierce, tender, and smart,I Am an Emotional Creatureis a celebration of the authentic voice inside every girl and an inspiring call to action for girls everywhere to speak up, follow their dreams, and become the women they were always meant to be.This edition features new material about starting a discussion group based on the book.ExtraitChapter OneSection IYOU TELL ME HOW TO BE A GIRL IN 2010Questions, doubt, ambiguity, and dissenthave

somehow become very unmasculine. Authoritarian maniacs are premiers, czars, and presidents. Each one is more righteous than the next. Each town they bomb each human they kill is done for humanitarian purposes. People don't own the water in their own village and they certainly don't own the diamonds and gold. Millions are forced to make dinner out of garbage and dust while Russian businessmen and movie stars are buying 500-million-euro villas on Cte Sud. Bees have stopped making honey. People are drilling in all the wrong places. The U.S., Russia, Canada, Denmark, and Norway all claim the Arctic but none of them seem to care that the polar bears are drowning. They are fingerprinting, photographing our licenses and teeth. Big Brother is now in our phones, our pods, our PCs. Not one of us feels even a little safer. New Age mental health providers turn out to be former war torturers with beards. And the pope in a dress showing off his mine trim and cuffs is telling everyone that people kissing people they love is the greatest evil. A woman running for U.S. vice president believes in creationism but not global warming. Why is everyone so much more afraid of sex than SCUD missiles? And who decided God wasn't into pleasure? And if the hetero nuclear family is so great how come everyone is fleeing it or paying their life savings just to sit in a room with a stranger and cry about it? The Iraq war cost nearly \$3 trillion. I can't even count that high but I know that money could have ended poverty in general which would have canceled terrorism. How come we have money to kill but no money to feed or heal? How come we have money to destroy but no money for art and schools? The fundamentalists now have billion-dollar private armies. The Taliban is back but never went away. Women are burned, raped, bludgeoned, sold, starved, and buried alive and still don't know they are the majority. Water is clearly nearly running out but even in the desert where there's serious drought the golf courses are green and lush and the swimming pools are full of water for the twelve rich people who might decide to come. Special people adopt hand-picked babies in faraway lands. Their flights there cost more than the babies' parents made this year. Why don't they just give it to them? Slavery is back but never went away. Just ask anyone who's been whipped how deep the legacy. Six million dead in the Congo and they never made the news, and don't tell me it doesn't have to do with color and minerals. Poor folks are dying first. From hurricanes. Shame. Tsunamis. Radiation. Pollution. Floods. And neglect. Rich folks just put up fancier super-electrified gates on their private perfect cities. Everyone's having benefits and throwing fancy parties with lots of swag so the rich people feel good about giving away the tiny little bit of the whole lot they have. But no one really wants to change anything. If you really want it you have to give something up like everything and then those that have, wouldn't, and then who would they be? And that's too complicated so they write checks and keep doing the same old things. Selling change. Making revolution profitable. Corporations own everything anyway even our hippie jeans, memory cells, and rain. Why do so many women leaders look like Margaret Thatcher and act even meaner? Why doesn't anyone remember anything? And how come rich bad people get paid lots of money to give speeches and poor bad people are tortured and in prisons? Is there anyone in charge? Or is this whole thing spinning out until it explodes or dissolves? And if there is something we can do why aren't we doing it? What happened to fury? What happened to accuracy or accountability? What happened to not showing off your wealth? What happened to kindness? What happened to teenagers rebelling instead of buying and selling? What happened to teenagers kissing instead of blogging and dissing? What happened to teenagers marching and refusing instead of exploiting and using? I want to touch you in real time not find you on YouTube, I want to walk next to you in the mountains not friend you on Facebook. Give me one thing I can believe in that isn't a brand name. I'm lonely. I'm scared. Girls younger than me are giving blowjobs in their rooms and they don't even know it's sex. They just want to be popular and get some respect. Most girls my age are taking pills or not getting out of bed or eating or starving or getting nose jobs or implants or getting cut or twittering away or covering themselves or desperate for a way to be awake without faking to be alive without freaking to be serious to be true to even think of loving someone when we're already doomed. You tell me how to be a girl in 2010 I say let's go for it if it's all coming down. I say let's speak it let's fight it let's right it there's nothing to hold on to if it's already gone. They left it to us. It sucks but it's true. It's you and me baby. LET ME IN Suburbs, USA Oh God. I hate it when they act like that. Sit down. Shut up. Stop embarrassing me. Please! Don't worry! I don't say this out loud. God no. Only in my head. These are my friends . . . supposedly. Oh God. Please stop. You are so utterly immature. I hate it when all those people look at me. Not like them. They're always showing off. They're not so sure of themselves when they're alone. But in the posse giddy up. It's hopeless. I can't keep up. I'm always one Marc Jacobs, one Juicy Couture behind. There's Julie. Hi hi. Kiss kiss. She hates my guts. Look at her cruising my once-something-now-so-over boot. I wish my feet were leaves. Blow away. I bought the brown leather riding boots like you said. Even though I'm allergic to horses and I didn't have the money. Or I should say my mother didn't. She's a temp secretary and

sometimes for weeks doesn't even get called. I got hysterical in the shoe store. Started hyperventilating on the floor. My mother was so embarrassed that she paid. But then they changed right after that. Julie says riding boots are so pre-Britney. It's all about purple UGGs. My mother will not even consider it. She doesn't get it. She constantly jeopardizes my position. I mean she's the reason I can't keep up. I hate my mother and I hate these painful riding boots even more. To be honest I didn't like them in the first place. Now I just look like a stupid girl without a pony. Oh God, Julie just can't stop. Cut it out, okay? I got the drop circle earrings like you said and the . . . Just stop checking me out. Don't worry. I don't say this out loud. Only in my head. They are my friends . . . supposedly. Julie now hates every bit of me. It happened yesterday. I completely blew it. I was accidentally nice to Wendy Apple in front of them. I forgot and hugged her right there. I lost myself. Wendy is so out. She's got wild hair and her family lives in this ugly house and she has the dumbest laugh. She can't help herself and she really doesn't care. To be honest, I sort of like Wendy. Well, I admire her. She's pretty sarcastic and draws these amazing pictures of slutty angels who are always falling from somewhere like outer space. But it's familiar. Julie says she's not like us. Well, then. Julie saw me hug Wendy and did the big eyeball roll in front of all of the posse like I was demented or pathetic and then she turned her back on me. So did they. Like her backup dancers. So I got mad at Wendy. I shoved her a little and turned my head and told Wendy to stay away from me. She just looked at me, stared in shock like I was an alien. Then she started crying. That made me feel pretty shitty because I kind of like her a lot. But it made Julie like me again. Later Julie gave me the same kind of glitter lipstick that Beyoncé wore at the MTV music awards. Julie only used it for two weeks. But she is suspicious. So are the others. The word is out. It's because of my clunky boots and my tits. Well, my lack of them. Julie is stacked and that's why all the greatest guys are after her. She and Bree rule the posse. They don't go anywhere apart. Even to pee. I saw them go into the toilet together. They were laughing real loud and we were all wondering if it was us they were laughing at. Wendy told me they had padded bras and went all the way. That's why the guys like them so much. But Julie is genuinely pretentious. . . .

Revue de presse "When I encounter 'teenage girl' stories, whether in novel, play, or film form, I tend to change the channel. Participating in pop culture's clichéd teen experience is like recalling simpler times. It is remembering a past we can never get back, because it never existed. I can't think of a time when my life was less defined. Popularity was a murky concept, rules were rubber, and perfection was always just out of reach. Leave it to Eve Ensler to get it right. Her new book, *I Am an Emotional Creature*, made me want to vomit from its emotional power. Ensler does not coddle the reader; instead she forces us to realize that teenage girls possess the largest untapped energy source in the world. Written in a similar format as her groundbreaking 1996 feminist theatrical work, *The Vagina Monologues*, *I Am an Emotional Creature* is a disjointed roller coaster of poems, fictional monologues, and scenes inspired by real girls around the world. Much like a quilt, the seams—the disparity between each piece—draw them closer together, even when the girls the stories describe live on opposite sides of the globe. Ensler's world is a place where one high-school girl is tortured for her Ugg boots and another is mutilated for having a vagina, and she manages to tell both sides with equal degrees of honesty, courage, and heartache. Ultimately about all girls, this is a tale about dreams, nightmares, realities, boyfriends, fathers, body image, sports, friendship, popularity, mothers, piercings, and poetry. It's the God's honest truth, as my mother would say". *Bust Magazine* A searing look at the inner lives of young females today in entries that explore sex, violence, love, body image, materialism, identity, family, friends, and the future. A potent call to girls to honor their emotions and to readers of all ages to uphold human rights at every level, from the boardroom to the bedroom. *Booklist* "These are sorrowful voices, and the waste is everywhere: waste of beauty, talent, grace. Sometimes their powerful exuberance rises up and you believe they have a shot at happiness." *Los Angeles Times* "I Am an Emotional Creature" is thoughtful and provocative. Its unbiased acceptance of girls of all types is comforting and inspiring. . . . Parents often lament about the drama and stress of raising a daughter. If they read Ensler's book, it might open up a discussion of the realities of generation Y." *The Associated Press*