

I'M
SO
FUCKING
TIRED

A hand-drawn illustration on a white piece of paper. The text "I'M SO FUCKING TIRED" is written in large, green, bubble-style capital letters with black outlines. The letters are arranged in four lines. The illustration is decorated with several stylized flowers in shades of blue, pink, and purple, some with black outlines. There are also clusters of small, colorful dots in yellow, orange, and red scattered around the text and flowers. The overall style is whimsical and expressive.

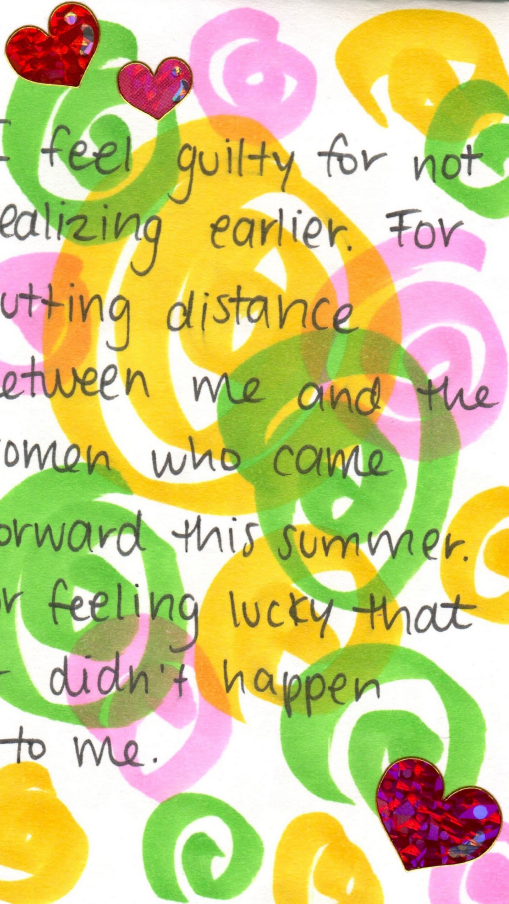
It's really fucking confusing
to realise that I still
carry trauma from events
I can barely acknowledge.

I NEVER WANT TO
DRINK A VODKA ORANGE
EVER AGAIN



DO
THEY
EVEN
REMEMBER





I feel guilty for not realizing earlier. For putting distance between me and the women who came forward this summer. For feeling lucky that it didn't happen to me.

DO THEY
FEEL
GUILTY



Why do I have to
be the one to choose
if they get some of
the weight of what
happened?

Or if I keep it all
to myself?

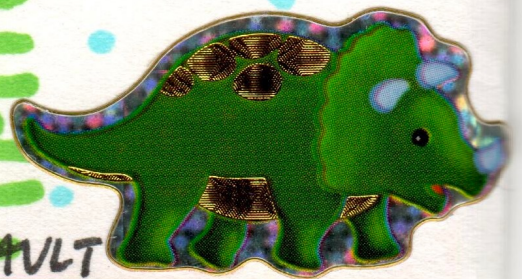
Why am I protecting
them from getting
hurt?

it all
feels so
insignificant.

I feel
so small.

me →

WHY CAN'T
I SAY THEIR
NAMES?



BY CLÉMENCE ARCHAMBAULT