

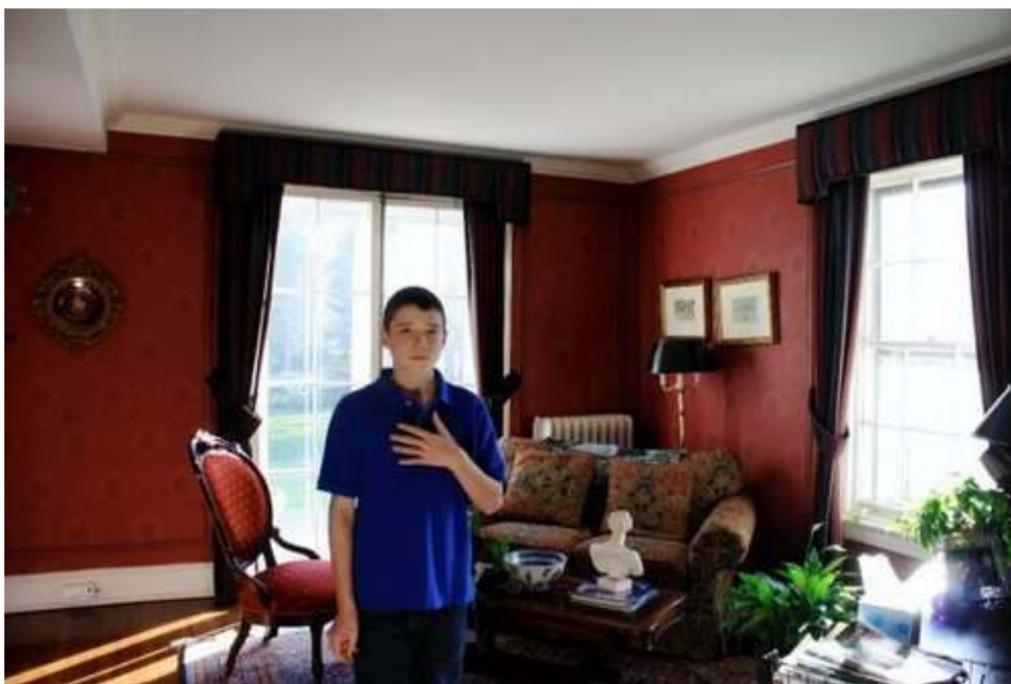


A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

[POSTS](#) [LIKES](#) [ASK ME ANYTHING](#) [SUBMIT](#) [ARCHIVE](#)

Stuprendan



I've written a lot about Blara, but very little has been said about my youngest brother. Let's call him Stewprendan.

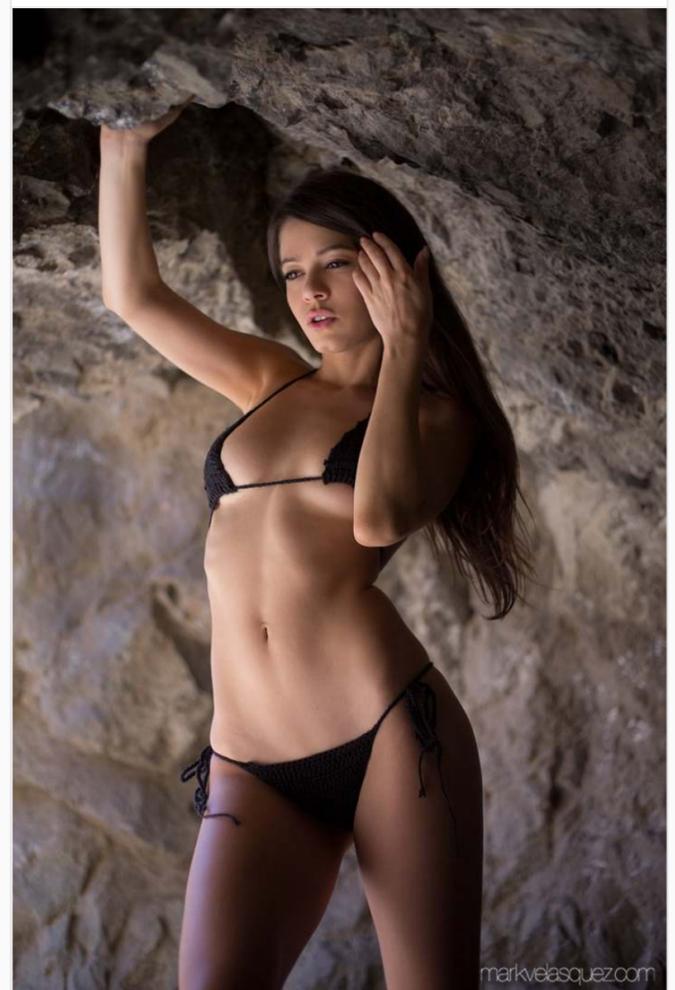
Stuprendan is what some may call a child genius. Not infrequently, people have referred to him as Stewie Griffin from Family Guy.

Recently it was unveiled that Stewprendan has been betraying me on a number of fronts. He hacked into my email account. He's been showing my mother, who doesn't know how to use the Internet, the pictures that I have been "borrowing" from the house and posting on my blog. He frequently IMs me and pretends to be my grandmother. Last week, he "forgot" to tell my parents that I was coming up from the city, and then screened my desperate phone calls from the train

RECENTLY LIKED



[markvelasquez](#) [markvelasquez](#)



[markvelasquez](#)

"Mika Lovely," 2019

Find this special series and all my uncensored photo sets only on my Patreon!

station.

Stewprendan, you are my little brother. I love you. Why must you betray me?

#my life

1 note May 6th, 2010



-
Find me on [PATREON](#) and [INSTAGRAM](#)

#patreon #model #models #modeling
#skin #bikini #caves #los angeles
#cuban models #tan #latinax

75 notes



MORE YOU MIGHT LIKE



I guess I'll start this post by saying what it's all about — Caleb and I got engaged on Saturday night. I wish I could say that it was a complete surprise, but I'm two months pregnant, so it was either get married and have health care, or give birth with the help of my sister, a pair of scissors, and a bath tub in a motel room.





I'm 100% kidding about being pregnant — wasn't that joke so not funny in retrospect? — because Caleb and I got engaged for reasons of love alone. We've been talking about it since the first month we started dating. Everyone says that when it's right, it's right, and you know, and Caleb and I knew it was right the first time we kissed at an orgy.



I'm having trouble processing my feelings about being engaged. I

always said that when something happened to me that happens to many other women, I'd be brutally honest about it. I'd say the things that no one else wanted to say. I'd talk about the horrifying things that leaked out of me after I gave birth. I'd talk about the way I dreamed about my dad in the weeks before walking down the aisle. (Does that happen? Be honest with me.) I think that everyone's read enough about marriage, and becoming a mother, and planning a wedding, to not want more of the same.



[Keep reading.](#)

#Marriage #My life #Love

34 notes



If You Wear Headphones With Your Running Leggings, You Can't Hear Men Yelling At You From Autobody Shops On Van Brunt Street

One of my big plans for changing my life (this week) is getting out of the house more. So rather than changing out of my nightgown, and into my pajamas, I'm starting my day by putting on my running clothes. Real clothes sets the bar too high.

This morning, I had a brief lull in emails, so I decided to take Frankenmonster out for a walk. We went to Red Hook, my favorite place on earth, where we saw many beautiful things.



A red bike under a tree.



A cruise ship looming over deserted warehouses, its own empty street.



A birthday present for me.

(By the way, this shop just opened, and it is SO beautiful.)





The harbor whipped like meringue by the wind.



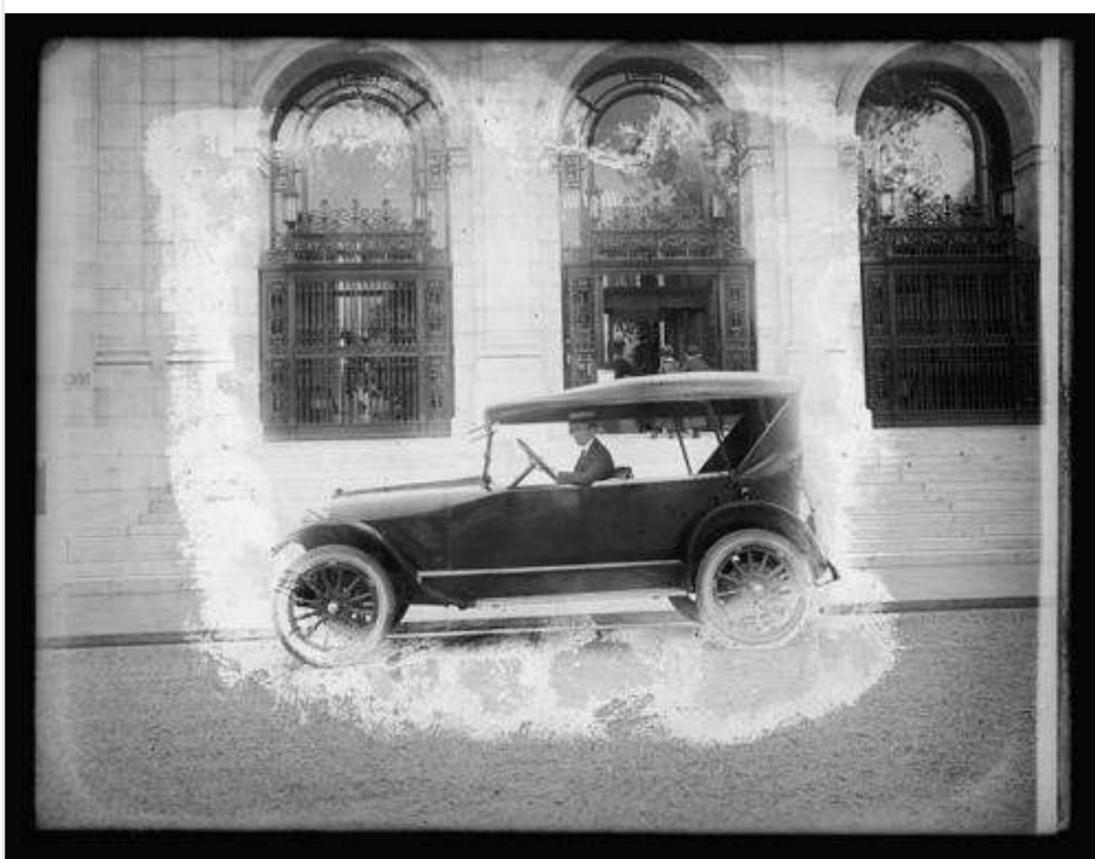
Not a shade of its cerulean manipulated by me.

#Jogging Leggings #Papillionaire #Red Hook #Van Brunt Street #my lif

5 notes



24 Hours From Tulsa (The Devil Went On)



I'm going to Tulsa tomorrow. On a private plane. I normally wouldn't brag about that, but that is pretty fucking baller. Who gets to go to Tulsa on a private plane? Basically no one. Except me. And a few other people. Tomorrow. I feel comfortable basking in the glory of this because it will no doubt be the first and only time in my life I will fly anything but coach.



I'm going for the opening of the Philbrook Museum Downtown, a satellite of the city's main art institution. I'm writing a piece on it for a publication, so you'll have to wait to hear more on that until it comes out.



[Keep reading.](#)

#Tulsa #Oklahoma #Douglas Sirk #My life

3 notes



All My Life, I've Wanted Unconditional Love

To support myself through graduate school, I nannied for a few different families, I tutored, and I worked as a hostess at a restaurant. I worked seven days a week with no vacations. By the end of my first year, I was so exhausted from dealing with so many different personalities that I went to Buenos Aires for three months, and with the exception of sleeping with a few random guys, barely talked to anyone.

I can feel myself reaching a similar level of maxed out three years into being a parent in Carroll Gardens.





The truth is, I am a woman who has a lot of conflicts with other women. I don't know if this is normal, or if there is something wrong with me. I don't have a good barometer for what normal is because I grew up in a very fucked up family. Last week, at the rehearsal dinner for my brother's wedding, my mother wore a cableknit sweater in 85 degree heat, and sang off-tune lullabies to my niece rather than say hi to the guests who were approaching her to shake her hand. If my mother reads that last sentence, there is a good chance she will stop talking to me for many months, even though that means that she will not see her grandchildren, who love her.

I have written before about how Cleo is a difficult child. This is both fair, and unfair to Cleo. Cleo is difficult in the sense that she screams a lot. She went through a period where she pushed and hit other kids. She went through a period where, when someone approached me to talk to me, she screamed, "I don't like them!" And then pulled the sun shade on our stroller over her head, thereby creating a boundary. It's fair to say that this is difficult behavior.

It's unfair in the sense that Cleo's behavior is all within the range of normal for a toddler, and for our situation. When Cleo was just 2, I had a baby, and then was very sick for a long time while recovering from the birth. I couldn't hold her. We couldn't go outside. He screamed for hours every day, and no one came to help me, not a single person. All day long, for the first three months, we were alone, me gushing blood and pus from my abdomen, her baby brother screaming at the top of her lungs, and she, a very young child, just enmeshed in the stress of it all, unable to escape.

It's also unfair in the sense that Cleo is allowed to be a person she is. A person who needs a minute to warm up. She's allowed to feel more comfortable at home than she is outside, among strangers, or a swarm of kids who fucking want to play with her precious objects. She's allowed to create strong boundaries of what makes her comfortable, and what doesn't. There's an expectation, in this age when we only fight on the Internet, that in person, everyone is civil and nice. I often think of that *Black Mirror* episode "Nosedive," in which Bryce Dallas Howard plays a woman in the future who is

constantly rated on social media by the swarm of strangers that she encounters throughout her day—at the coffee shop, on the street. If she's perky, she gets likes, and more material possessions. If she's having a bad day, she gets demoted to worse living conditions. That's what it's sometimes like being a mother in Carroll Gardens. If my kid smiles and says hi and looks cute, everyone likes me. If my kid is screaming and won't say hi, I may be imagining this, but it feels like I'm in danger of being exiled.

In the middle of the night, I find myself waking up, worried about things I said in one of my mom group chats. When I shared that I had halted potty training because Cleo had just smeared her shit all over the bathroom, and another mom responded that potty training had gone great, without any problems, for her daughter, did my anger and hurt that she wasn't more sensitive to my struggles come through in my somewhat short response? And if I didn't somehow get myself back in her good graces, was I going to get ejected from the group chat?

When I talked shit about someone else's kids having a lot of tantrums (and how dare I, really?), did that person find out about it, and is that why they weren't texting me to hang out?

Is my awkward conflict with a mom whose daughter fights with Cleo making me look like I'm crazy, and petty, and a bad mom? And are other people noticing, and is that why we're getting invited to less birthday parties?

I recognize that my life follows a pattern. I enter a new situation with a lot of enthusiasm. For a year or two, or even three, I'm very happy. But then I begin to see rot everywhere. I start to fight with people. I get disillusioned. I get angry. I get paranoid. I begin to feel like I'm excluded even if I'm not. I assume people don't like me, and I begin to detach. I assume that if I have a conflict with someone, they will cut me out of their lives. Because, of course, that's how it worked with my parents.

Last night, when I was formulating this post, which isn't even a good post, I wrote that all of my realizations are therapy 101. I had an abusive childhood, and abusive situations are what I crave. I learned that expressing negative emotions leads to violence and hatred. When I was younger, if I told my mom that I was angry at her, she sometimes punched me, she sometimes stopped feeding me, she sometimes stopped paying for basic medical care or college.

My struggle is now that I'm a mother, I need to find a way to have healthy relationships with other people. With Caleb, with my friends, with my community, even the assholes within it. And not healthy in the sense that we're best friends with everyone, but healthy in the sense that we build and nourish the good relationships, and learn how to build strong, fierce and kind boundaries against the bad ones. But how to tell the difference when you're a fucked up person? When you're married to a person who never met his father? When you're so afraid of not being liked that someone not responding to your text right away keeps you up for an entire night,

on the verge of barfing?

I don't have the answer. But I did have a sign from God yesterday. This might seem like a stupid sign, but it meant a lot to me. Cass, lately, has been biting me a lot. He is teething, and it feels good to him. He also thinks my loud screaming is very funny. Especially when he grips my nipple between his teeth, and pulls his head away as hard as his neck will allow.

Cleo, noticing the reaction Cass is getting, tried out biting herself last night. She lay on top of me as I was reading to her before bed, and sunk her teeth into my forehead. But not hard. As soon as she made contact, she pulled away. She wiped her spit from my forehead. She grabbed the sides of my face, and kissed the spot where her teeth had been. "I'm sorry, Mommy," she said to me. "I love you."



And I realized something. That for all of the violence and protectiveness Cleo projects to the world, she never purposefully hurts me. All my life, I've wanted unconditional love.

#Motherhood #My life

3 notes



Evening Comes Over the BQE, And It Can Be Kind Of Beautiful



For a while this past Saturday, I sat and talked with my brother Stuprendan. He is 16-years-old, and probably the wisest person I've ever met in my life.



In the late afternoon sunlight of my parent's formal dining room, bathed in hues of blue and yellow, I tinkered with the Playmobile Hospital set up on the table of the center of the room, and listened while he talked about emotional intelligence. He's studying psychology in school right now, which is a topic in which he excels, likes most of the things he studies. A few years ago, he handed in a paper about the emotional trauma of visiting Normandy, and his teacher at the time told my parents it was the best work she had read in her 35 years of teaching.



[Keep reading](#)

#Bipolar II #Depression #Trauma #my life

15 notes



Happy Memories: Lavender Underpants and a Night With a Man Named Lenny



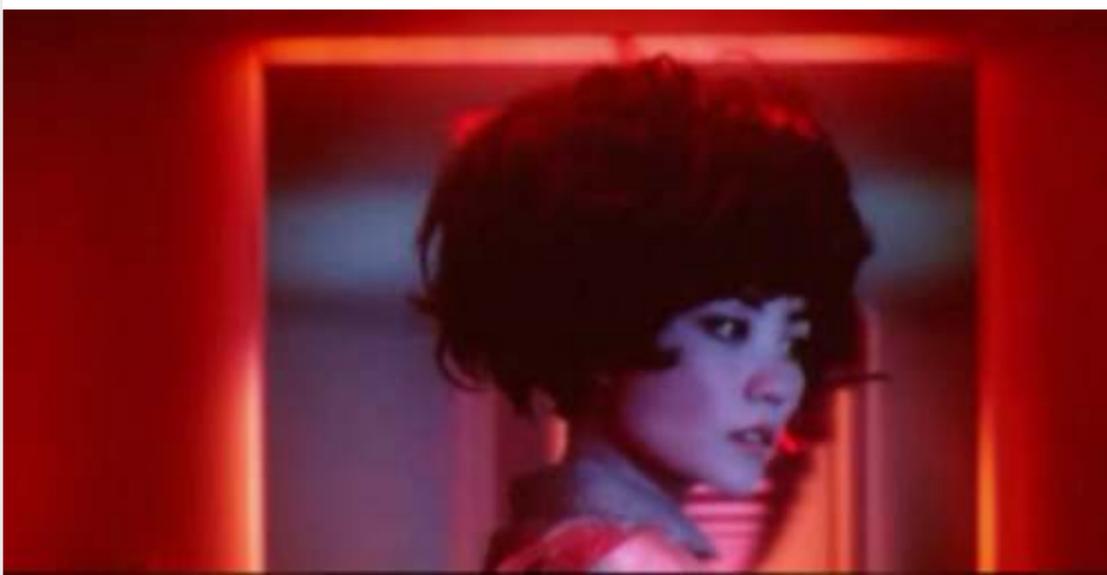
There is literally nothing interesting going on in my life right now besides one interesting thing I promised I wouldn't write about. And I've been trapped all day on the Upper East Side, paralyzed by a crippling inability to choose where to eat from the many disgusting places on 2nd avenue above 86th street. I went to the bodega, and they had a very limited soft drink selection, and it made me want to return to Brooklyn.



So instead of writing a boring post about how much I love walking my dog in my neighborhood, or the formulaic film "The Way Way Back," which I saw last week, I'm going to post part of one of the essays that I wrote a few weeks ago. No one seems to like it, which is ok with me, because I don't really like it either.



This post has sex in it, so Dad, if you're reading this in secret, please do not read further. Same goes for brothers, uncles, or male cousins. Or female cousins. Nana? Are you out there? My crazy cousin Shawn who lives with eighteen turtles in Arizona, however, is welcome to read it.



Keep reading

#Wong Kar Wai #Love #Sex #My life

4 notes



What's On My Fridge

(For your meme, [NSOMN](#))

It's mostly just a photo album writ large, inspired, in part, by a scene from Cameron Crowe's *Vanilla Sky*, the one in which Tom Cruise goes to Penelope Cruise's apartment, and spends a while looking at a montage of pictures on her wall. Afterwards, he falls madly in love with her. Since then, it's been a dream of mine to have a man fall in love with me because my life looks so great magnetized on the front of a refrigerator.



My apartment is so small that I couldn't take a picture of the whole fridge without breaking a hole into the bathroom wall, so I had to take detail shots. In this picture:

- Strips from Lakeside Lounge with Shark Mobczak, Hannah, Lance and Jamie
- Polaroids my sister took of our parent's house,
- A photo booth strip from Ryan McGinness' "Go Fishing" Party last year at his studio in Chinatown
- a test shot from a photo shoot I did for Lucky Magazine
- a set of magnets of famous Impressionist paintings my closest friend Alison gave me when she moved to Denver
- A picture of me with both my Mom and Dad in those halcyon days before Blara was born (in the picture with my Mom, she's 8 months pregnant with Blara. If you touched her stomach, the flesh would burn off your hand.)

- A piece of wax paper from the “Brie” sandwich at No. 7 sub at the Ace Hotel

Keep reading.

#what's on your fridge #my life

4 notes



If I'm Not a Scorpio Anymore, Then Who the F—K Am I?



All of my life, I've been a Scorpio.

I've used my star sign to explain away all of my character flaws, and to comfort myself when men have stopped calling me.

“He's a Pisces, a Scorpio is just too much for him,” I've sobbed into the turquoise and lavender fur of the Sulley from *Monsters Inc.* stuffed animal I sleep with every night. I'm 28 years old.

I've used being a Scorpio to explain that time in college when I took 3 Tylenol PM after getting in a fight with my boyfriend, and then ran over to his house, wide-awake and wild-eyed, only to catch him playing video games with his roommates.

"I can't control my passions!" I screamed at him. "I'm running around the streets in my pajamas, hallucinating my face off, and it's all because I'm a Scorpio! My anger is a dangerous force!"



[Keep reading](#)

#New Zodiac Signs #Ophiuchus #my life

16 notes



Reviewing Some of the World's Finest Music: Part II



24 hour is a long time to spend locked in a car with someone. That is, unless you have the 2010 Grammy Nominee CD. After listening to some of the finest Argentinian compilations the discount section of the record store had to offer, this disc seemed heaven sent. Lock yourself in a room for 24 hours with one of those CDs that you can buy from a musician in a subway station, and then pop the 2010 Grammy Nominee disc into your player. I the guarantee it will make you reconsider your assessment of U2's music post-The Joshua Tree, although not enough that you'll admit to liking it.

MM: I thought that I hated every song on this CD. That is until I listened to "The Best of the 80s."

BW: Can we forget the rest of the songs, and just put Halo on repeat?



The newest Chemical Brothers CD sounds like a... Chemical Brothers CD. At least I assume, because I've never heard them before in my life. The CD is great for when you start to get sleepy, as is opening all of the windows and turning off the heat. You'll be so cold and knocked about by strong winds that your ear drums will get blown out. At which point let the Chemical Brothers CD go on repeat.

MM: The Chemical Brothers are sick

BW: As long as we don't have to listen to DJ Tiesto again, I'm happy. Also, are you sure you're not Northern European?



The new Eminem CD is very angry and intense. I highly recommend shielding your neck from your mate when Eminem starts rapping about squeezing his girlfriend like a popsicle until her head pops off. Otherwise, the CD is easy listening for the pathologically insane, and fun times for everyone else. The best tracks are those with collaborations, but most especially the songs with Lil' Wayne and Rihanna.

MM: I can't really listen to this more than once because it's too intense. But it's totally sick.

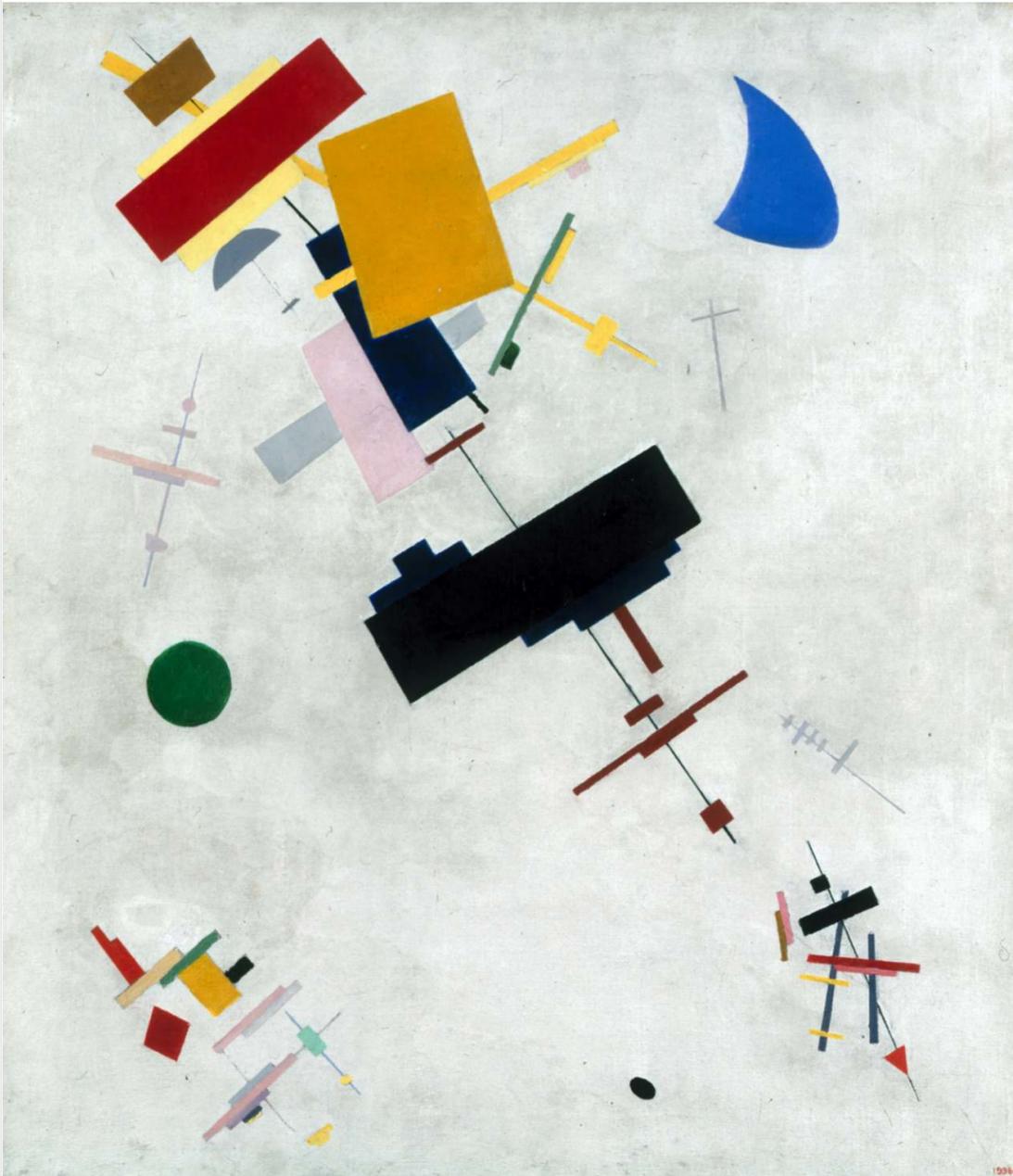
BW: Let's put "Love the Way You Lie" on repeat. I'll be Eminem, you be Rihanna.

#Chemical Brothers #Eminem #Grammys #Halo #Joshua Tree
#Rihanna #Tiesto #my life



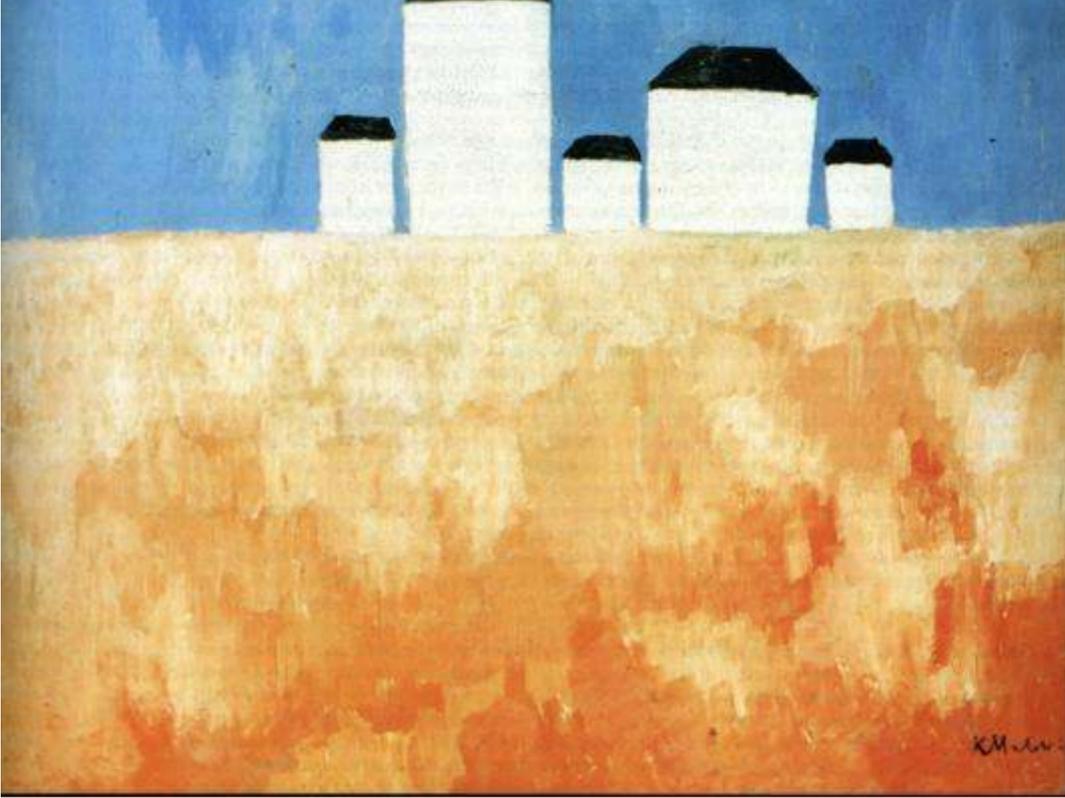
Today, I Felt My Heart Chakra

This past week seemed to pass almost in no time. Cleo has been sick, first with a high fever, then with a cough, and now with a stomach bug. We are making a major life change, but I'm waiting until it's confirmed to announce it. No, I'm not pregnant.



Lately, I've been thinking a lot about drawing boundaries. Boundaries were hard for me in my twenties. I let almost anyone into my life, no matter how crazy their behavior, and then felt guilt whenever the relationship ended. I have many personality flaws, among them stubbornness, jealousy, and competitiveness, and I saw the ending of relationships as the manifestation of my own horrible faults. For example, we had a close friend who kept on breaking up with her cheating boyfriend, and then taking him back. She sent me thousands of text messages about it. Eventually, when the weight of all of her rage and sadness literally made it difficult for me to enjoy my own life, I asked her to please stop texting me about him. She responded by going nuclear on our relationship, for which I blamed myself.





I'm older now. My sister lives next door to me. I love my sister, but our relationship needs boundaries. Instead of getting angry at her, or shutting her out, I ask her if we can take breaks from talking about certain topics. Rather than sitting in our respective houses eating candy, I ask her to meet me outside, in the daylight. In setting boundaries with my sister early on, I notice that she has not yet gone for the nuclear option in our relationship, which usually happened on a daily cycle back in our teenage years, which was the last time we lived together.

I often think of what Tony Bennett said in the Amy Winehouse documentary: "Life teaches you, really how to live it... if you could live long enough..." This strikes me as being so true. I live a better life every year that passes. Lately, the people I have chosen to get close to are healthier and kinder. They are mature. They are giving, but they also set boundaries, and take care of themselves.



Even still, I carry around a lot of sadness. I took a yoga class with my friend Aaron today. Sometimes yoga classes can cause me a lot of anxiety because I want to be chosen by the teacher to get a head massage during savasana, which for those of you who don't do yoga, is the moment where you lie still at the end. Today, I was chosen. Aaron rubbed my neck with an oil that smelled like frankincense. Then she pressed firmly on my chakras. Internally, I shivered with pleasure. When she pressed the chakra over my heart, I felt a deep ache. I don't "believe" in spirituality, but nonetheless, I desire to believe. I am willing to give my body over to signs like that. When I got home, I researched what the heart chakra represents. Emotional pain. Sadness. I thought of how my sister pinches pennies even when she doesn't have to, and all of the deep anxiety we inherited about spending money from my father. I thought of my Nana going blind. I thought of how I miss my mother, and how I'm so sad for all of the years I treated her with hatred. I thought of my teenage sisters only beginning to learn the lessons of life. I thought of my daughter going to my father, whom I know is so deserving of love. My pain is there; maybe I haven't grown, maybe I'm just getting better at hiding it from myself.

This post is so stupid and reads like a self help book, but I don't give a shit, I really felt pressure to write something today.

#My life #Chakras

6 notes



Show more



A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

[POSTS](#) [LIKES](#) [ASK ME ANYTHING](#) [SUBMIT](#) [ARCHIVE](#)

From the President of the Physically Deformed Society

From: Joe Smith <physicallydeformedociety@gmail.com>
Date: July 30, 2010 9:37:24 PM EDT
To: Maureen Maenan <gotnuam@gmail.com>
Subject: Regarding the contributions you and your family have made

Dear Maureen,

My name is Joe and I represent the physically deformed citizens in our country. In this email I wish to thank you for your past contributions you and your family members have made to our society. With the money you gave us we were able to help over 200 disabled citizens get jobs in local super markets and other schools. Despite the discrimination we all face, people like you really make it possible to move forward. Although you made you contribution over 20 years ago we hope for your continued support. This is not a spam message or a scam. We have the original contract you signed along with your personal information that can be emailed to you on your request. Please respond if you remember this society or not. If you are no longer interested, please email us back and we will stop contacting you at once. If you fail to respond we will be wasting valuable resources that are so scare in our case, attempting to provide you with information, while you may not be interested. We of course would like to focus our energy only on those who are truly committed to the cause!

Yours truly,

Joe Smith

President of Physically Deformed Society



One of Stuprendan's favorite things to do is create email addresses and use them to try to confuse my grandmother.

Recently, he's been pretending to be Joe Smith, President of the Physically Deformed Society.

He uses the email address physicallydeformedociety@gmail.com, and the picture below:

RECENTLY LIKED



markvelasquez [↻ markvelasquez](#)



markvelasquez

"Mika Lovely," 2019

Find this special series and all my



You'd have to be blind to fall for this one.

I love how the email above is a thank you note, a blackmail letter, and a cry for help all at once.

I'm not sure if my grandmother reads the emails, but if she does, she certainly does not respond. I guess it's because old people aren't as gullible as they look.

#physically deformed society #my life

Aug 30th, 2010



uncensored photo sets only on my Patreon!

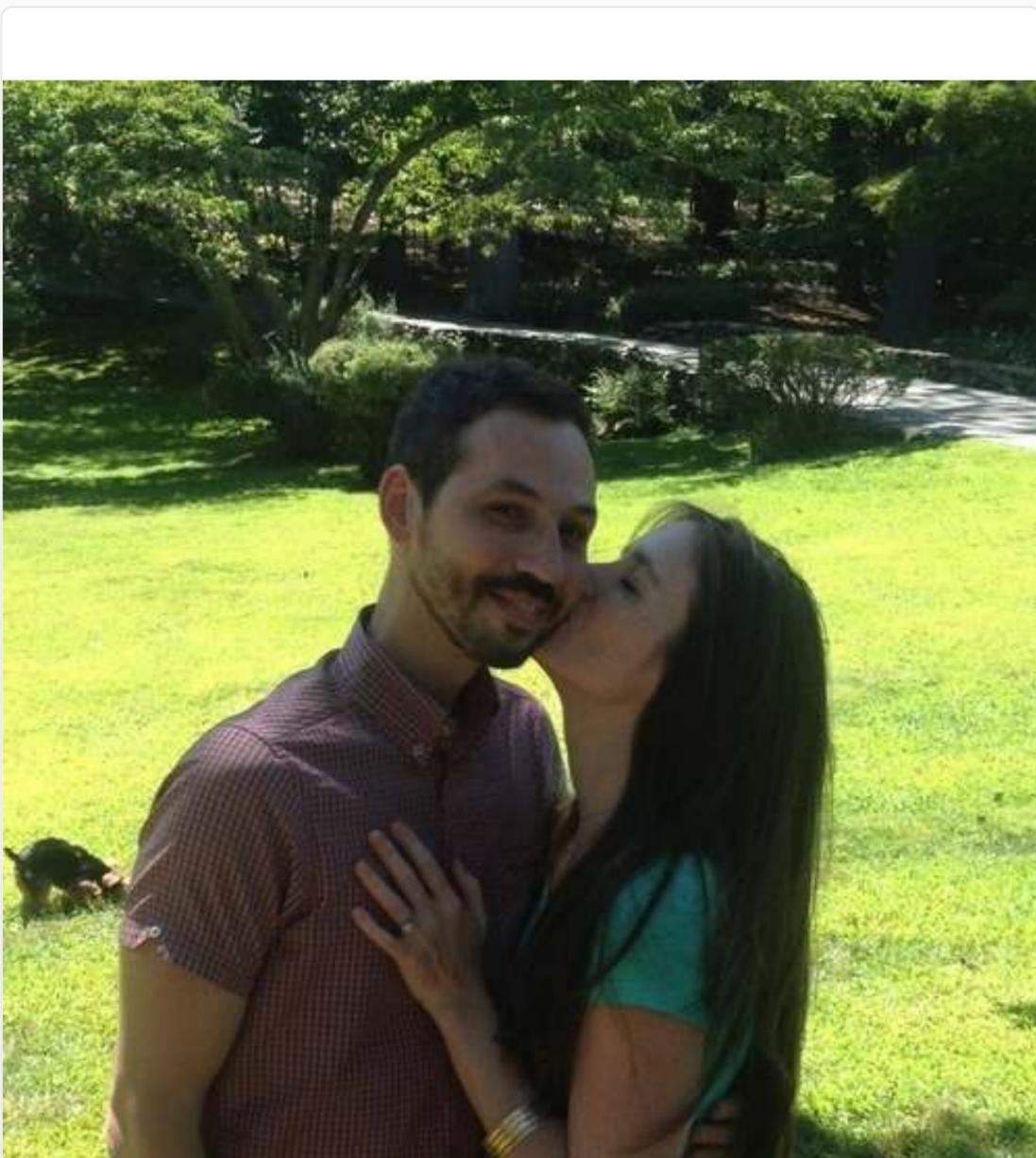
-
Find me on **PATREON** and **INSTAGRAM**

#patreon #model #models #modeling
#skin #bikini #caves #los angeles
#cuban models #tan #latinax

75 notes



MORE YOU MIGHT LIKE

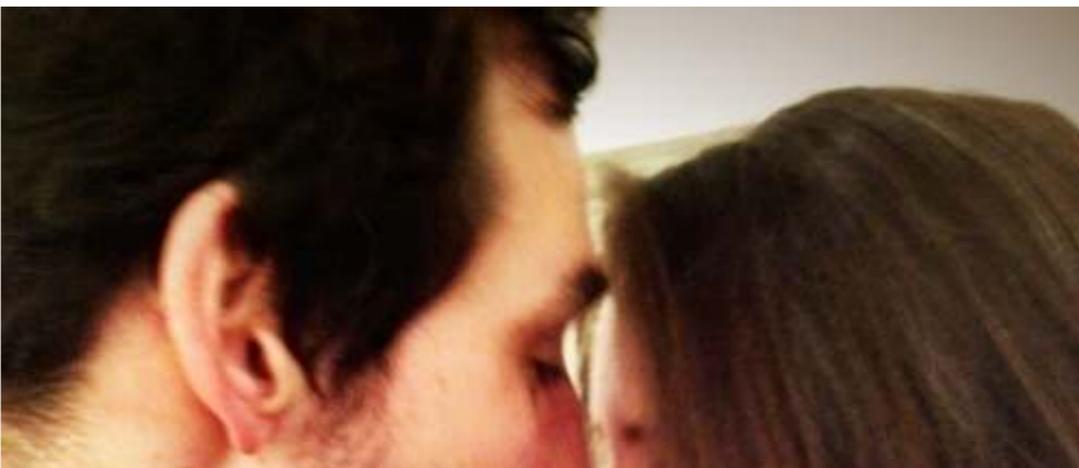




I guess I'll start this post by saying what it's all about — Caleb and I got engaged on Saturday night. I wish I could say that it was a complete surprise, but I'm two months pregnant, so it was either get married and have health care, or give birth with the help of my sister, a pair of scissors, and a bath tub in a motel room.



I'm 100% kidding about being pregnant — wasn't that joke so not funny in retrospect? — because Caleb and I got engaged for reasons of love alone. We've been talking about it since the first month we started dating. Everyone says that when it's right, it's right, and you know, and Caleb and I knew it was right the first time we kissed at an orgy.





I'm having trouble processing my feelings about being engaged. I always said that when something happened to me that happens to many other women, I'd be brutally honest about it. I'd say the things that no one else wanted to say. I'd talk about the horrifying things that leaked out of me after I gave birth. I'd talk about the way I dreamed about my dad in the weeks before walking down the aisle. (Does that happen? Be honest with me.) I think that everyone's read enough about marriage, and becoming a mother, and planning a wedding, to not want more of the same.



[Keep reading.](#)

#Marriage #My life #Love

34 notes



If You Wear Headphones With Your Running Leggings, You Can't Hear Men Yelling At You From Autobody Shops On Van Brunt Street

One of my big plans for changing my life (this week) is getting out of the house more. So rather than changing out of my nightgown, and into my pajamas, I'm starting my day by putting on my running clothes. Real clothes sets the bar too high.

This morning, I had a brief lull in emails, so I decided to take Frankenmonster out for a walk. We went to Red Hook, my favorite place on earth, where we saw many beautiful things.



A red bike under a tree.



A cruise ship looming over deserted warehouses, its own empty street.



A birthday present for me.

(By the way, this shop just opened, and it is SO beautiful.)



The harbor whipped like meringue by the wind.



Not a shade of its cerulean manipulated by me.

#Jogging Leggings #Papillionaire #Red Hook #Van Brunt Street #my lif

5 notes



All My Life, I've Wanted Unconditional Love

To support myself through graduate school, I nannied for a few different families, I tutored, and I worked as a hostess at a restaurant. I worked seven days a week with no vacations. By the end of my first year, I was so exhausted from dealing with so many different personalities that I went to Buenos Aires for three months, and with the exception of sleeping with a few random guys, barely talked to anyone.

I can feel myself reaching a similar level of maxed out three years into being a parent in Carroll Gardens.



The truth is, I am a women who has a lot of conflicts with other women. I don't know if this is normal, or if there is something wrong

with me. I don't have a good barometer for what normal is because I grew up in a very fucked up family. Last week, at the rehearsal dinner for my brother's wedding, my mother wore a cableknit sweater in 85 degree heat, and sang off-tune lullabies to my niece rather than say hi to the guests who were approaching her to shake her hand. If my mother reads that last sentence, there is a good chance she will stop talking to me for many months, even though that means that she will not see her grandchildren, who love her.

I have written before about how Cleo is a difficult child. This is both fair, and unfair to Cleo. Cleo is difficult in the sense that she screams a lot. She went through a period where she pushed and hit other kids. She went through a period where, when someone approached me to talk to me, she screamed, "I don't like them!" And then pulled the sun shade on our stroller over her head, thereby creating a boundary. It's fair to say that this is difficult behavior.

It's unfair in the sense that Cleo's behavior is all within the range of normal for a toddler, and for our situation. When Cleo was just 2, I had a baby, and then was very sick for a long time while recovering from the birth. I couldn't hold her. We couldn't go outside. He screamed for hours every day, and no one came to help me, not a single person. All day long, for the first three months, we were alone, me gushing blood and pus from my abdomen, her baby brother screaming at the top of her lungs, and she, a very young child, just enmeshed in the stress of it all, unable to escape.

It's also unfair in the sense that Cleo is allowed to be a person she is. A person who needs a minute to warm up. She's allowed to feel more comfortable at home than she is outside, among strangers, or a swarm of kids who fucking want to play with her precious objects. She's allowed to create strong boundaries of what makes her comfortable, and what doesn't. There's an expectation, in this age when we only fight on the Internet, that in person, everyone is civil and nice. I often think of that *Black Mirror* episode "Nosedive," in which Bryce Dallas Howard plays a woman in the future who is constantly rated on social media by the swarm of strangers that she encounters throughout her day—at the coffee shop, on the street. If she's perky, she gets likes, and more material possessions. If she's having a bad day, she gets demoted to worse living conditions. That's what it's sometimes like being a mother in Carroll Gardens. If my kid smiles and says hi and looks cute, everyone likes me. If my kid is screaming and won't say hi, I may be imagining this, but it feels like I'm in danger of being exiled.

In the middle of the night, I find myself waking up, worried about things I said in one of my mom group chats. When I shared that I had halted potty training because Cleo had just smeared her shit all over the bathroom, and another mom responded that potty training had gone great, without any problems, for her daughter, did my anger and hurt that she wasn't more sensitive to my struggles come through in my somewhat short response? And if I didn't somehow get myself back in her good graces, was I going to get ejected from the group chat?

When I talked shit about someone else's kids having a lot of tantrums (and how dare I, really?), did that person find out about it, and is that why they weren't texting me to hang out?

Is my awkward conflict with a mom whose daughter fights with Cleo making me look like I'm crazy, and petty, and a bad mom? And are other people noticing, and is that why we're getting invited to less birthday parties?

I recognize that my life follows a pattern. I enter a new situation with a lot of enthusiasm. For a year or two, or even three, I'm very happy. But then I begin to see rot everywhere. I start to fight with people. I get disillusioned. I get angry. I get paranoid. I begin to feel like I'm excluded even if I'm not. I assume people don't like me, and I begin to detach. I assume that if I have a conflict with someone, they will cut me out of their lives. Because, of course, that's how it worked with my parents.

Last night, when I was formulating this post, which isn't even a good post, I wrote that all of my realizations are therapy 101. I had an abusive childhood, and abusive situations are what I crave. I learned that expressing negative emotions leads to violence and hatred. When I was younger, if I told my mom that I was angry at her, she sometimes punched me, she sometimes stopped feeding me, she sometimes stopped paying for basic medical care or college.

My struggle is now that I'm a mother, I need to find a way to have healthy relationships with other people. With Caleb, with my friends, with my community, even the assholes within it. And not healthy in the sense that we're best friends with everyone, but healthy in the sense that we build and nourish the good relationships, and learn how to build strong, fierce and kind boundaries against the bad ones. But how to tell the difference when you're a fucked up person? When you're married to a person who never met his father? When you're so afraid of not being liked that someone not responding to your text right away keeps you up for an entire night, on the verge of barfing?

I don't have the answer. But I did have a sign from God yesterday. This might seem like a stupid sign, but it meant a lot to me. Cass, lately, has been biting me a lot. He is teething, and it feels good to him. He also thinks my loud screaming is very funny. Especially when he grips my nipple between his teeth, and pulls his head away as hard as his neck will allow.

Cleo, noticing the reaction Cass is getting, tried out biting herself last night. She lay on top of me as I was reading to her before bed, and sunk her teeth into my forehead. But not hard. As soon as she made contact, she pulled away. She wiped her spit from my forehead. She grabbed the sides of my face, and kissed the spot where her teeth had been. "I'm sorry, Mommy," she said to me. "I love you."





And I realized something. That for all of the violence and protectiveness Cleo projects to the world, she never purposefully hurts me. All my life, I've wanted unconditional love.

#Motherhood #My life

3 notes



Evening Comes Over the BQE, And It Can Be Kind Of Beautiful



For a while this past Saturday, I sat and talked with my brother Stuprendan. He is 16-years-old, and probably the wisest person I've ever met in my life.



In the late afternoon sunlight of my parent's formal dining room, bathed in hues of blue and yellow, I tinkered with the Playmobile Hospital set up on the table of the center of the room, and listened while he talked about emotional intelligence. He's studying psychology in school right now, which is a topic in which he excels, likes most of the things he studies. A few years ago, he handed in a paper about the emotional trauma of visiting Normandy, and his teacher at the time told my parents it was the best work she had read in her 35 years of teaching.



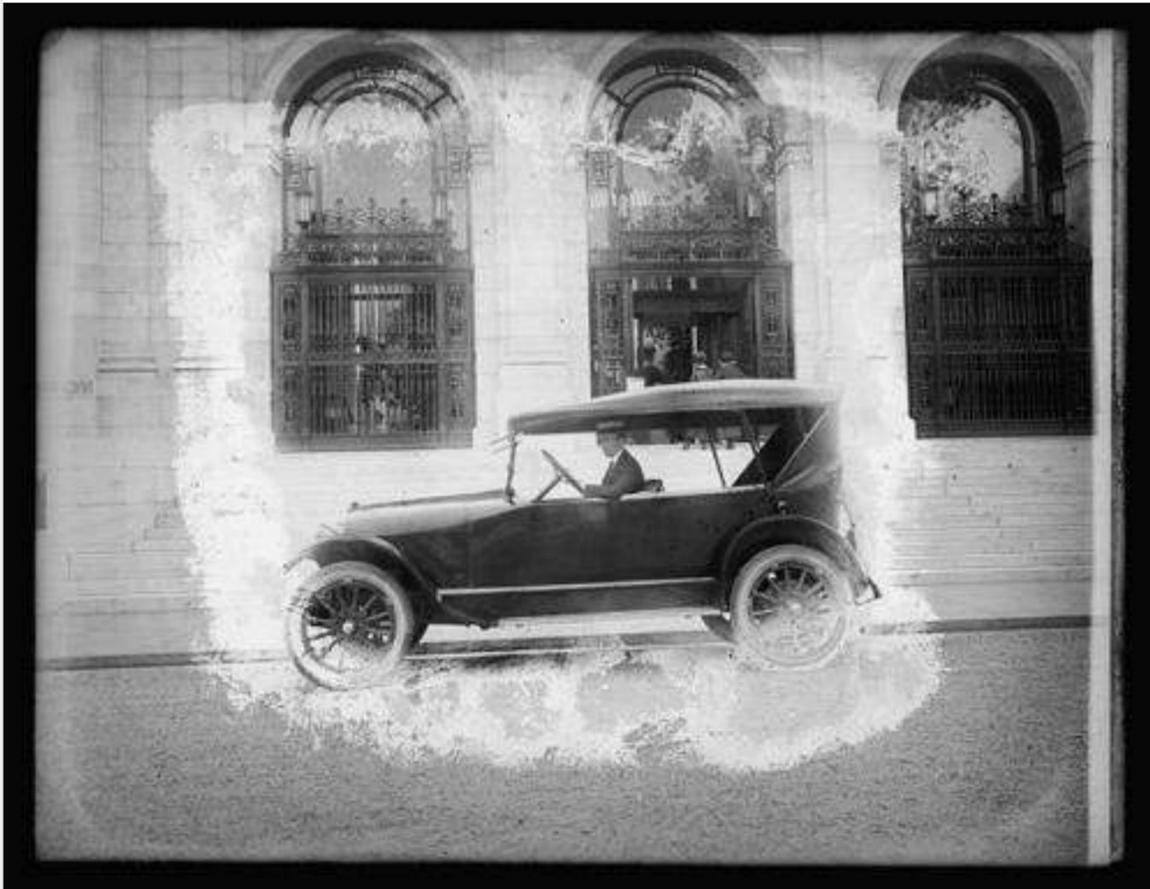
Keep reading.

#Bipolar II #Depression #Trauma #my life

15 notes



24 Hours From Tulsa (The Devil Went On)



I'm going to Tulsa tomorrow. On a private plane. I normally wouldn't brag about that, but that is pretty fucking baller. Who gets to go to Tulsa on a private plane? Basically no one. Except me. And a few other people. Tomorrow. I feel comfortable basking in the glory of this because it will no doubt be the first and only time in my life I will fly anything but coach.





I'm going for the opening of the Philbrook Museum Downtown, a satellite of the city's main art institution. I'm writing a piece on it for a publication, so you'll have to wait to hear more on that until it comes out.



[Keep reading](#)

#Tulsa #Oklahoma #Douglas Sirk #My life

3 notes



What's On My Fridge

(For your meme, [NSOMN](#))

It's mostly just a photo album writ large, inspired, in part, by a scene from Cameron Crowe's *Vanilla Sky*, the one in which Tom Cruise

goes to Penelope Cruise's apartment, and spends a while looking at a montage of pictures on her wall. Afterwards, he falls madly in love with her. Since then, it's been a dream of mine to have a man fall in love with me because my life looks so great magnetized on the front of a refrigerator.



My apartment is so small that I couldn't take a picture of the whole fridge without breaking a hole into the bathroom wall, so I had to take detail shots. In this picture:

- Strips from Lakeside Lounge with Shark Mobiczak, Hannah, Lance and Jamie
- Polaroids my sister took of our parent's house,
- A photo booth strip from Ryan McGinness' "Go Fishing" Party last year at his studio in Chinatown
- a test shot from a photo shoot I did for Lucky Magazine
- a set of magnets of famous Impressionist paintings my closest friend Alison gave me when she moved to Denver
- A picture of me with both my Mom and Dad in those halcyon days before Blara was born (in the picture with my Mom, she's 8 months pregnant with Blara. If you touched her stomach, the flesh would burn off your hand.)
- A piece of wax paper from the "Brie" sandwich at No. 7 sub at the Ace Hotel

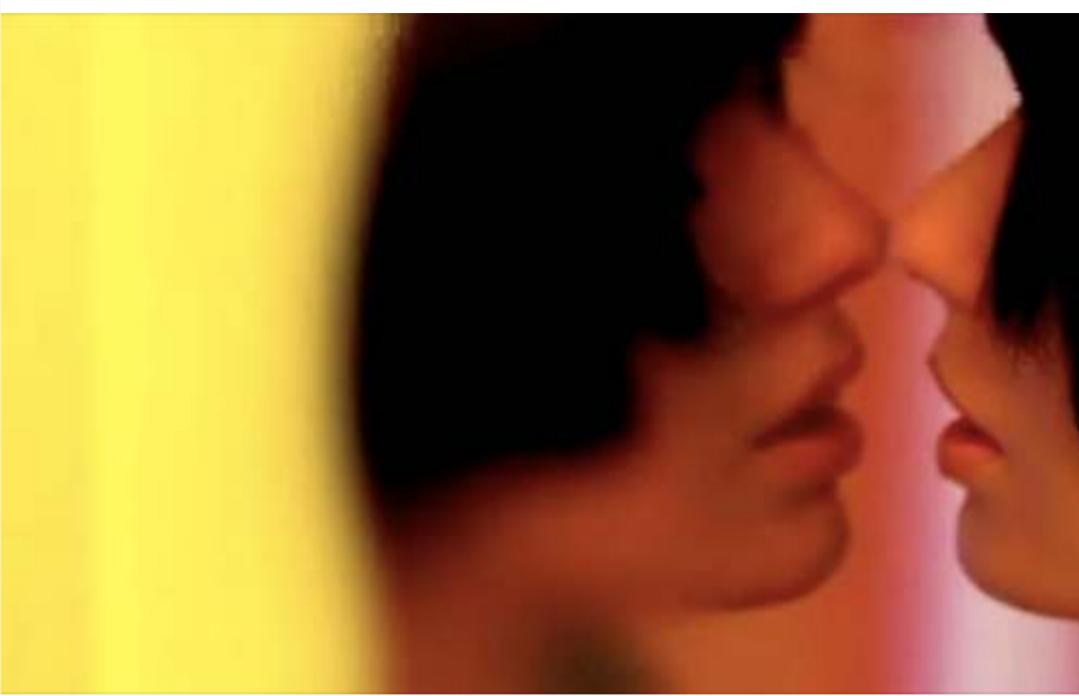
[Keep reading](#)

#what's on your fridge #my life

4 notes



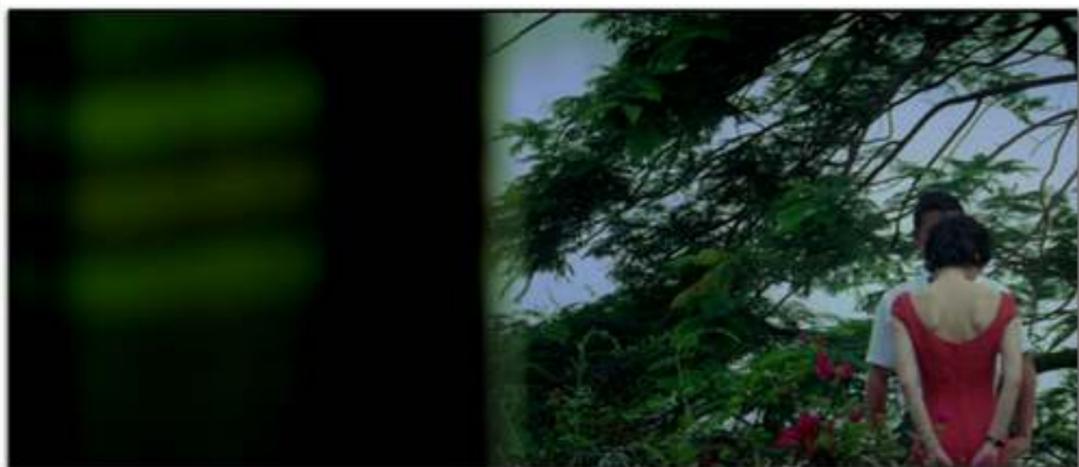
Happy Memories: Lavender Underpants and a Night With a Man Named Lenny



There is literally nothing interesting going on in my life right now besides one interesting thing I promised I wouldn't write about. And I've been trapped all day on the Upper East Side, paralyzed by a crippling inability to choose where to eat from the many disgusting places on 2nd avenue above 86th street. I went to the bodega, and they had a very limited soft drink selection, and it made me want to return to Brooklyn.



So instead of writing a boring post about how much I love walking my dog in my neighborhood, or the formulaic film "The Way Way Back," which I saw last week, I'm going to post part of one of the essays that I wrote a few weeks ago. No one seems to like it, which is ok with me, because I don't really like it either.



This post has sex in it, so Dad, if you're reading this in secret, please do not read further. Same goes for brothers, uncles, or male cousins. Or female cousins. Nana? Are you out there? My crazy cousin Shawn who lives with eighteen turtles in Arizona, however, is welcome to read it.



[Keep reading](#)

#Wong Kar Wai #Love #Sex #My life

4 notes



Reviewing Some of the World's Finest Music: Part II



24 hour is a long time to spend locked in a car with someone. That is, unless you have the 2010 Grammy Nominee CD. After listening to some of the finest Argentinian compilations the discount section of the record store had to offer, this disc seemed heaven sent. Lock yourself in a room for 24 hours with one of those CDs that you can buy from a musician in a subway station, and then pop the 2010 Grammy Nominee disc into your player. I the guarantee it will make you reconsider your assessment of U2's music post-The Joshua Tree, although not enough that you'll admit to liking it.

MM: I thought that I hated every song on this CD. That is until I listened to "The Best of the 80s."

BW: Can we forget the rest of the songs, and just put Halo on repeat?



The newest Chemical Brothers CD sounds like a... Chemical Brothers CD. At least I assume, because I've never heard them before in my life. The CD is great for when you start to get sleepy, as is opening all of the windows and turning off the heat. You'll be so cold and knocked about by strong winds that your ear drums will get blown out. At which point let the Chemical Brothers CD go on repeat.

MM: The Chemical Brothers are sick

BW: As long as we don't have to listen to DJ Tiesto again, I'm happy. Also, are you sure you're not Northern European?



The new Eminem CD is very angry and intense. I highly recommend shielding your neck from your mate when Eminem starts rapping about squeezing his girlfriend like a popsicle until her head pops off.

Otherwise, the CD is easy listening for the pathologically insane, and fun times for everyone else. The best tracks are those with collaborations, but most especially the songs with Lil' Wayne and Rihanna.

MM: I can't really listen to this more than once because it's too intense. But it's totally sick.

BW: Let's put "Love the Way You Lie" on repeat. I'll be Eminem, you be Rihanna.

#Chemical Brothers #Eminem #Grammys #Halo #Joshua Tree
#Rihanna #Tiesto #my life



Crub Your Dog: On the Double-Edged Sword of Beauty



In the coffee shop where my friend Sadie works, there are always three or four men who are there to see Sadie. They come in and out in a steady stream all day.



The men are not the average types you would see in a Blue Bottle coffee bar that is also a surfer apparel shop. There's a man who wears an Andy Warhol banana shirt. There is a man who wears a fireman's jacket, even though he is clearly beyond the fireman age. There is an old Italian man who wears cardigans. For a while, there was even a 6-year-old Chinese boy named Lu Ming, who lived with his family in the Buddhist temple around the corner.



Lu Ming would stop by the coffee shop every day looking for Sadie, even though she only works there, on average, once or twice a week. He brought her presents. He brought her food. He did her chores. He cleaned the bathroom. He harassed customers. It sounds like Lu Ming is a demon slave, but in actuality, he is just like most people— completely enamored with Sadie's beauty. He ended up getting banned by the owner for being so annoyingly devoted.



Whenever I go into the coffee shop, I like to point out to Sadie that 80% of the customers are there to see her. The rest are just lost tourists. "They would never fire you," I told her. "Or else this joint would go out of business."

[Keep reading](#)

#Mechanics #My life #Sadie #Beauty

4 notes



I haven't been able to write this week because I spent every moment of my time in a bidding war for a house in Chappaqua. Last night, I found out we lost.

I want to write about it, but Cass is literally wrapped around my knees, screaming his head off, so maybe this weekend. I feel like a failure.

#My life

2 notes



[Show more](#)



A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

[POSTS](#)

[LIKES](#)

[ASK ME ANYTHING](#)

[SUBMIT](#)

[ARCHIVE](#)

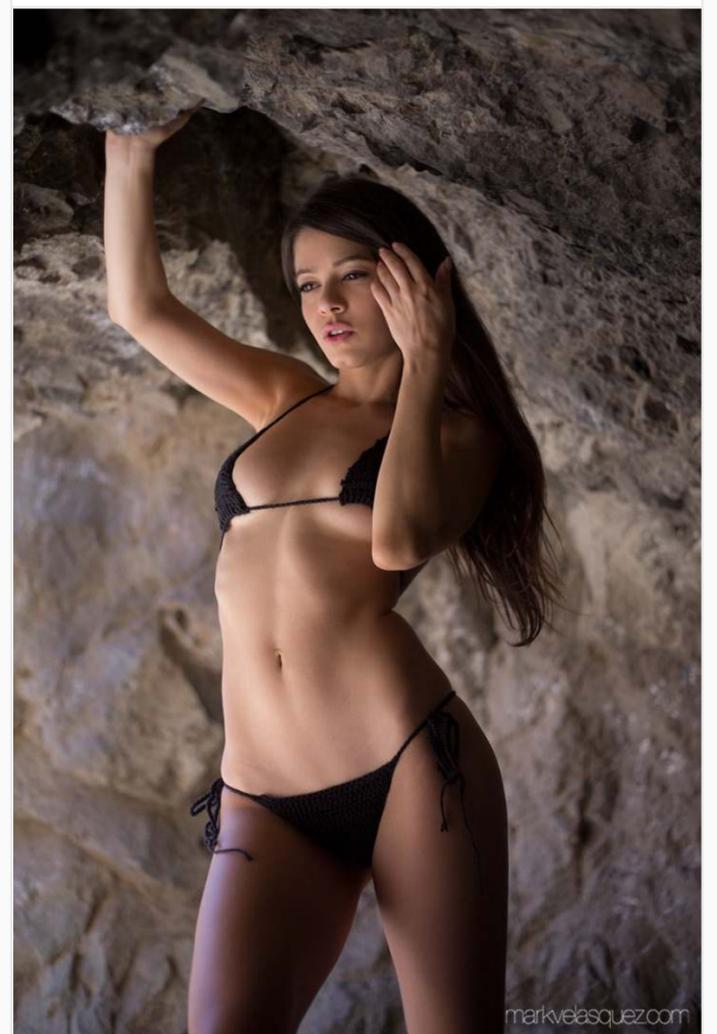
On Afternoons in Chinatown with Stuprendan and Blara



RECENTLY LIKED



[markvelasquez](#) ↻ [markvelasquez](#)



[markvelasquez](#)



I've been writing so much about I bet you think we have a *Flowers in the Attic* thing going on or something. I'm even beginning to think that. But honestly, I'm just writing about him because he's a pretty great evil sidekick.

I was home this past weekend, which was fun times for everyone but my other brother Pickle, whom Blara and I terrorized so much that he'll only interact with us if we are silent and watching a movie. He's the only normal person in my family.

and Blara talk on the phone for an average of 1 hour a day. They are best friends, and it's honestly very sweet. In fact, I get a little jealous. I think that likes me too, even though he frequently tells me that I'm an idiot.



"Mika Lovely," 2019

Find this special series and all my uncensored photo sets only on my Patreon!

-

Find me on **PATREON** and **INSTAGRAM**

#patreon #model #models #modeling
#skin #bikini #caves #los angeles
#cuban models #tan #latinax

75 notes



Some say is a bona fide genius, and he certainly won't dispute it. We had a conversation this weekend where he told me that he's already better than me at everything I've ever tried. Then I locked him in the dog's cage and left the house (I'm kidding Mom...we only did that kind of stuff when he was younger).

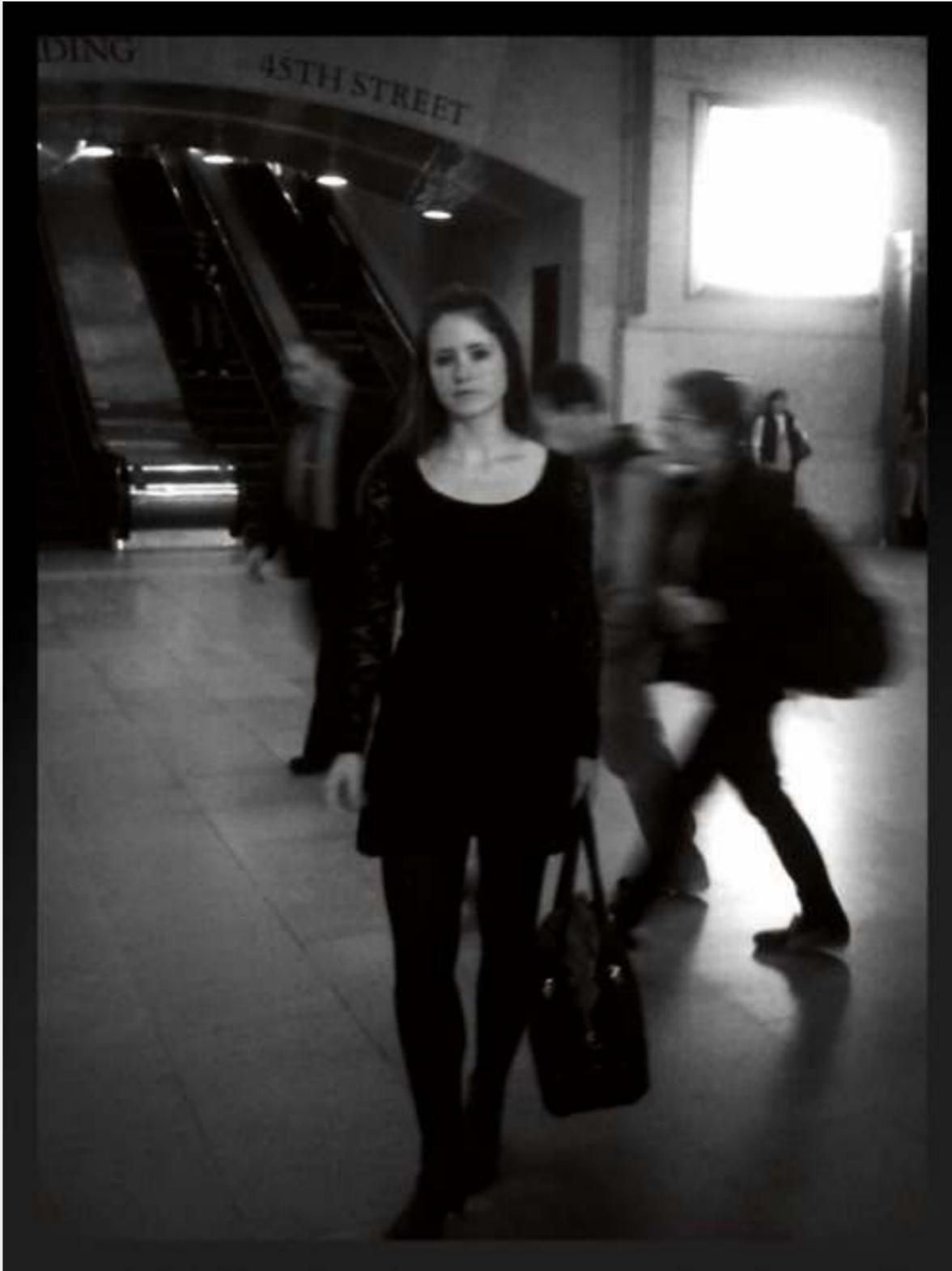
He took the train back with me to Manhattan on Saturday, so that he could have lunch with Blara. They had plans to go see the FBI building in lower Manhattan, and then to return home to Chappaqua. I wasn't invited, because I'm apparently too annoying, but I enjoyed my 45 minutes alone with anyway.



Speaking to is like talking to someone who's a little bit older than you, very wise, and extremely condescending. We launched into an interesting conversation about high school popularity in the United States vs. the rest of the world. Then we talked about the relative merits and de-merits of Piper Perabo, who he recently got over (teen dream crush). Then we talked about an ex-boyfriend who wouldn't talk to me (fortunately for me, I have so many of these that no one has any idea who I'm referring to). considered the ways in which we

could re-establish contact, and then made this fair point: “I guess it’s too late to pretend like you’re pregnant.”

We arrived to find Blara missing from the rendezvous point, so we went to the food court in Grand Central to grab lunch while we waited for her to arrive. I don’t know where he got it from, but he’s the absolute perfect gentleman. I attempted to pay for lunch, which was two slices of pizza at Two Boots, and he held up his hand. “I got it,” he told me, offering the \$20 bill my father had given him to the cash register.



Blara finally showed up, almost 45 minutes late. We met her in front of the Magnolia booth. “I want a cupcake before we leave,” I said to , who had already proven himself to be more generous than 80% of the boyfriends I’ve ever had. He reached for his wallet. “You’re too fat for cupcakes!” Blara yelled at me. And then she kicked me in the shins.

We got on the train downtown, which was filled with a Saturday afternoon mish mash of wackadoos. In the corner, a gigantically

obese man wearing a doorag was working his way through a bag of pork rinds. We gawked for a while, all three of us, and then launched into a conversation about how Blara could frighten her co-worker, who lives in Staten Island and sincerely believes in vampires.

“Chain her to her desk with handcuffs, and then leave her there for an hour,” offered. “No one will know.”



We got off the train, only to be confronted by a man who looked like a Puerto Rican dressed up like a Native American for a costume party. He held a mirror notebook in front of his face, which he shifted whenever someone tried to look in his eyes, like it was a fan and he was a geisha at a mating ceremony. He shifted nervously up and down the platform, muttering to himself. If I darted back and forth quickly enough, I could catch glimpses of his face, which looked like it had been the victim of a chemical peel gone awry.

“Let’s follow that guy and make him paranoid,” Blara said, and we did, all three of us, laughing our heads off. We darted out behind him onto Canal Street, where we lost him in the crowd.



We continued on our way to the correctional facility in the heart of Chinatown, where I promised we would find the best bubble tea in Manhattan, along with the site where Blara had once stolen two mini turtles out of a fishtank on the street, without breaking a stride, which had resulted in us being chased down the street by a Chinese storeowner.



Along the way, we found a rack of rings for \$1, which Blara and I both admired. “I’ll get you each one,” Stuprendan said, pulling out his wallet. “Early birthday present.”

(Note: Stuprendan is flush with cash from his summer job, which was running a soccer camp for my baby sisters and my younger cousin Brian. He line item invoiced my mother every week, and insisted on being paid in cash).

By the time we finally found the Bubble Tea place, on Mott Street, relations between Blara and I had started to disintegrate. “This is why I hate you,” she told me matter of factly as we wove up and down the streets of Chinatown, looking for the storefront, which initially escaped my notice. “You’re a f—ing bitch.”

didn’t say anything. He’s smart, so he knows how to steer clear when Blara and I start fighting. “Your hair looks completely bleached,” I said.

“When I make clothing for you, I have to make it plus-sized because your ass is so big,” she responded.

I have to say, the nice thing about Blara and I is that we can say whatever we want to each other, completely freak other people out, and then be totally normal like 3 minutes later. That’s what sisters are for! Um...



We went inside to pick out our Bubble Tea flavors. At the cash register, again reached for his wallet.

“,” I said, patting his head, finally assuming my role of big sister. “You don’t have to pay for everything.”

“Don’t worry,” he responded. “I’ll invoice Dad for the extra expenses when I get home.”

#Blara #Stuprendan #my life

2 notes Nov 16th, 2010



MORE YOU MIGHT LIKE

Three Jewels of Cultural Advice from Blara



Whenever Blara and I speak on the phone (which is less and less now that Stuprendan and her have formed a closed secret society more formidably psychotic than anything a member of the Bush family could dream up), I put her on speaker phone, and then let her run her thoughts aloud while I do chores around the house.

(Sidenote: Blara and Stuprendan are code names for my younger sister and brother.)

Usually, by the end of the conversation, I’ve finished cleaning a week’s worth of dishes, all 12 square feet of wooden floors in my living room, and my teeth without having uttered a single word.



159_CSC-071111.jpg: "CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC" Via Fisher. PH: Robert Zuckerman © Touchstone Pictures and Jerry Bruckheimer, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Every few minutes, she punctuates her stream of consciousness with: "Don't put that on your blog!" or "Do you think I'm skinny?"

[Keep reading.](#)

#Blara #my life

5 notes



A Call to Arms



I haven't spoken to my fifteen-year-old brother Stuprendan in a few weeks, which usually means that he and my twenty-six-year-old sister Blara are getting along swimmingly.

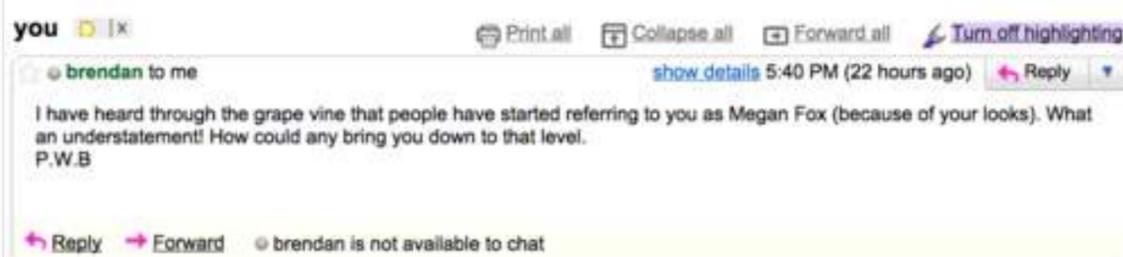
A few months ago, they were speaking at such lengths that my parents made a rule that he couldn't use his cell phone after 10pm, so that he wouldn't talk to her all night. It was like Blara was his girlfriend, only she was actually his sister.



There is absolutely no Freudian shit at all going on in my family.

Then they got in a fight, and suddenly, every three or four minutes, my phone was ringing. "I've gotta go," Blara would say whenever I picked up the phone. And then she'd hang up. Like I was the one who was bothering her.

Stuprendan generally abhors me, but occasionally he checks in to see if I'm still alive, or even worse, writing about him on my blog. Yesterday, I got the following email from him:



Keep reading

#Freud #Stuprendan #my life

4 notes



The process of finishing the book has been very intense, and I find that I can only work for a concentrated amount of time, starting early in the morning. After, I've been reading a lot or spending time with people from where my writing voice originates.

Those people are obviously my family members.

"I need a new pet, my fish just isn't cutting it for me," my sister Blara said when she got in our car on Sunday. We had gone to pick her up from her apartment on the Upper East Side. "Caleb, I made you a bloody mary!!" she proclaimed, handing him a gigantic water bottle full of red liquid. It was 2:30pm, and he was driving a car.

"Are you gay or straight, what's the deal?" she asked my brother Stuprendan over speakerphone.

"I'll be gay or straight, whatever gets me the most hits," Stuprendan said. His video diaries get modest views, but hundreds of users leave comments on them. People around the country have been sending him video responses. "If you don't think Brendan Walsh is hot," said one kid. "Then you are a retarded lesbian."

"We need our own television show," my sister said as she chain smoked American Spirits.

"They're good for you, they're made by Native Americans!" she protested when I noted that she was smoking too much cigarettes.

“Is there anything else you can use to charge your phone?” Caleb asked her when her phone ran out of batteries, and we didn’t have the appropriate charger.

“MY VAGINA!!!” my sister screamed.

“You sound just like your sister,” Caleb told her.

“This guy just said that I was only a 7.3!!” she complained. “That’s so mean!!”

“You’re at least a 9.8,” I told her.

“Oh, he was just kidding,” she said a few minutes later.

We walked around Red Hook. We walked around Carroll Gardens. My sister wanted to keep on moving. “This place is boring,” she said whenever we’d stop somewhere for a drink. “AGREED,” I told her.

“All of the people here are ugly.”

At the end of the day, she came back to our apartment to watch television.

“Do you think mom and dad are just like, relatives, and that’s why we’re so fucked up?” she asked me.

“Maybe,” I laughed.

“This conversation is making me uncomfortable,” Caleb said from his computer.

A few minutes later, she called an Uber cab. “Sorry, you bitches are boring,” she said. “I can’t be here unless I can look at my phone messages.”

She gave me lots of material. Now, back to final editing. xo

#Blara #Stuprendan #My life #Carroll Gardens #Red Hook #Brooklyn

14 notes





A postcard from Blara to Stuprendan, written in the summer of 2006, when Blara was studying abroad in Bangkok, and Stuprendan was entering the third grade.

Dearest [Stuprendito],

I miss you so much! I know you are starting school soon and hopefully you have a nice teacher. How are the ladies? Please don't blow up anyone before I get home.

Love,

[Blara]

(P.S. How cute was Stuprendan?)

#my life



This morning, I received a dispatch from my brother Stuprendan. He is with my family in Chappaqua, New York—my five siblings, my parents, my aunt, and my grandmother—which was just hit by an early season Nor'easter. Below is his report.

We are all at Nana's house:

Peggy

Blara

Kiara, Mom, Mariah (in the bathtub)

Me

No power at the house, and Dad will not be going to work for the next few days.

Hope you are warm in Asia.

B.P.W

This is the view from my room at the Park Hyatt Saigon. Good morning Vietnam!

#Stuprendan #Vietnam #Saigon #Ho Chi Minh City #Travel

12 notes



Having a Sister Makes You Happier



There was an [article earlier this week in the *New York Times*](#) about how having a sister makes you happier.

I know that having Blara as my sister makes me happier, and I'm not even making a funny joke when I say that.

I also have two little sisters, those who must not be named because my mother banned me from doing so on my blog.



They make me happy as well.



Blara and I are mostly like Waldorf and Statler, the two theater critics in the Muppets. When we're not fighting, we're making fun of other people, most especially Superbad.



When we're not like Waldorf and Statler, Blara is like Animal:



And I'm like a victim.

[Keep reading](#)

#Blara #my life

1 note



Watch me giggle my way through the Oscar fashion segment this morning on Fox & Friends.

My Nana: “You have such a nice derriere! I’m happy they showed it a lot.”

Blara: “Were the other girls professionals? Because you were the only one who looked like a complete idiot.”

Stuprendan: You looked weird— Me: Nana said I looked nice—
Stuprendan: She’s half blind

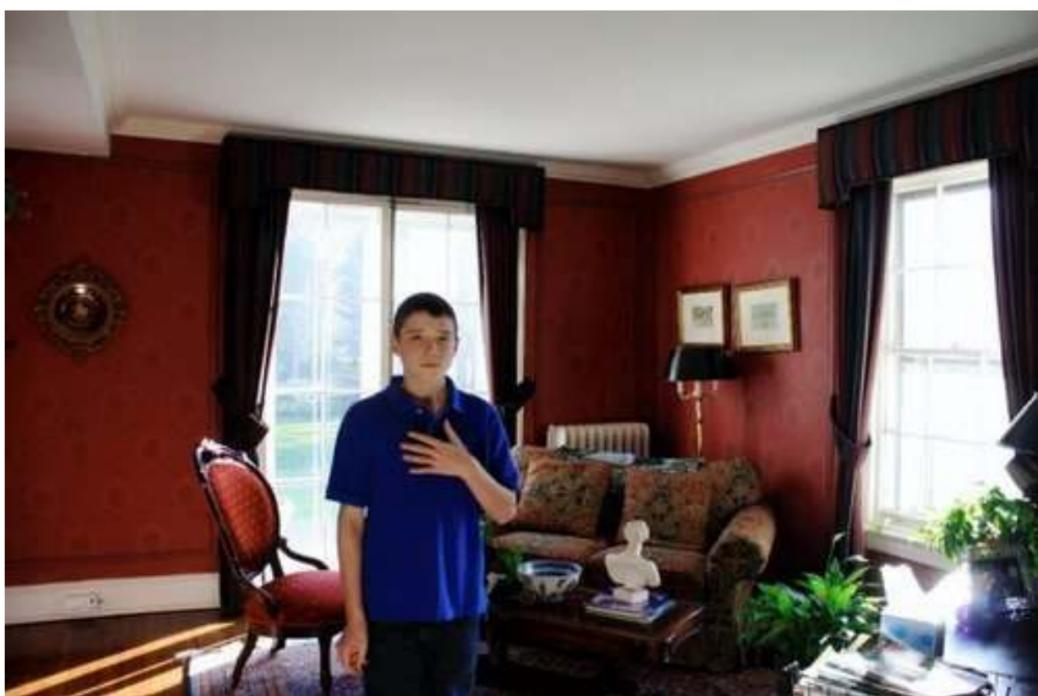
Unidentified source: “Did you just get sexually harassed on Fox News?”

#Fox and Friends #Oscars #my life

3 notes



Stuprendan



I’ve written a lot about Blara, but very little has been said about my youngest brother. Let’s call him Stewprendan.

Stuprendan is what some may call a child genius. Not infrequently, people have referred to him as Stewie Griffin from Family Guy.

Recently it was unveiled that Stewprendan has been betraying me on a number of fronts. He hacked into my email account. He’s been showing my mother, who doesn’t know how to use the Internet, the pictures that I have been “borrowing” from the house and posting on my blog. He frequently IMs me and pretends to be my grandmother. Last week, he “forgot” to tell my parents that I was coming up from the city, and then screened my desperate phone calls from the train station.

Stewprendan, you are my little brother. I love you. Why must you betray me?

#my life

1 note



Devil Woman



Blara is mad at me again because she thinks that the song “Devil Woman” I recorded with Lance is about her. Literally.

Anyway, apparently she’s been talking some game about sending me an email that says “you’re a bitch.” I heard about it through the grapevine. And by grapevine, I mean Stuprendan.

★ ● **Brendan Walsh** to me [show details](#) 10:38 AM (22 hours ago) [Reply](#) ▼

Are you talking to tara??
It was a great post!!
Love,
your brother,
brendan
- Show quoted text -
Brendan Walsh

[Reply](#) [Forward](#) ● Brendan is not available to chat

★ ● **Brienne Walsh** to Brendan [show details](#) 10:41 AM (22 hours ago) [Reply](#) ▼

No- is she mad at me?
Love you too!!
- Show quoted text -

[Reply](#) [Forward](#) ● Brendan is not available to chat

★ ● **Brendan Walsh** to me [show details](#) 10:51 AM (22 hours ago) [Reply](#) ▼

Did she not send you an email
"your a bitch"??

Bring it on, Blara. Bring it on.

#Devil Woman #my life





I haven't been able to write this week because I spent every moment of my time in a bidding war for a house in Chappaqua. Last night, I found out we lost.

I want to write about it, but Cass is literally wrapped around my knees, screaming his head off, so maybe this weekend. I feel like a failure.

#My life

2 notes



Show more



A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

[POSTS](#) [LIKES](#) [ASK ME ANYTHING](#) [SUBMIT](#) [ARCHIVE](#)

Icon of the Week: Goldie Hawn



RECENTLY LIKED



markvelasquez ↻ markvelasquez



markvelasquez

"Mika Lovely," 2019

Find this special series and all my uncensored photo sets only on my Patreon!

-

Find me on **PATREON** and

Looking through all of these pictures of Goldie Hawn reminds me of my mother, who was quite the beauty in her day. But I'm not allowed to write about her on my blog, because, as Stuprendan put it so gently:

She absolutely hates you and your website, I am not even supposed to talk to you.

Well there's some justification for foregoing eating in favor of therapy!



So I'm not going to launch into some comparison between my blonde, doe-eyed, 1970s glam mother and my Icon. Instead, I'm going to talk about how Goldie slid so gracefully into her old age.



INSTAGRAM

#patreon #model #models #modeling
#skin #bikini #caves #los angeles
#cuban models #tan #latinax

75 notes





Because she truly did. She was 41 when she made *Overboard* (I can't seem to give up *Overboard*, can I?), and in it, she doesn't look a day over 28.

I mean, the woman was born in 1945. She probably could have f-d JFK if she had wanted to.



Today, she's 65, and she's still a beauty. Dare I call her the American Sophia Loren... probably not.

For you, Goldie. For being prettier than your daughter. For only posing for pictures if you're wearing a ball gown and you've had your make-up professionally done. For living your 40s like they were your 20s, and looking better than I do at any age. I'm not passionately in love with you, and probably never will be, but my subconscious picked you for me this week, and I can't say I regret it. For you, Goldie Hawn, you're my Icon of the week.

#Goldie Hawn #Overboard #icon

Jul 16th, 2010

