

bunnies on strike introduces bunnies strike talking

spoken word - zine #1



<http://bunniesstriketalking.tk>
<http://bunniesonstrike.cjb.net>

* hi this is the bunn
 sure ies on strike ba
this nnies nner protesting
is bu nnes be active, fight
on str ike th go
at are catching go
your eye be alert go
there are minds at g
work here and you resist
won't always know resist
what's happening resist
don't fear us resist
 join us resist
 in our discussion and
 in our passion, we pro
test as entertainme
nt w e stand up for o
ur righ ts and reclaim
our dr eams we want
you to listen and we w
ant to listen to your r
esponse to our wor

read the online zine <http://bunniesonstrike.cjb.net>
<http://bunniesstriketalking.tk> spoken word partition

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this is issue number one of
**BUNNIES STRIKE
TALKING**
spoken word zine
by Manuela & Tanja

how to contact us Bunnies Strike Talking? email us!
mail manuela: manuela@bunniesonstrike.cjb.net
mail tanja: tanja@bunniesonstrike.cjb.net

wanna see more? go to the sites:
Bunnies Strike Talking <http://bunniesstriketalking.tk>
Bunnies On Strike <http://bunniesonstrike.cjb.net>

wanna hear us? ask for the cd!
=> email us on how to get one

using Skype for IM or talking? we're out there!
type in bunniesonstrike to see if we're online!

*answers to the
beauty quiz
are you the ultimate babe?*
written by Manuela and Tanja

Did your answers contain A's, B's, C's or D's?

Then, my girlfriend, you may be happy to hear that you are within the range of accepted behaviours of this society. By being this way your life will continue to be as worry-free as it has been so far and you will achieve the goals that are available for you. Bunnies On Strike would like to compliment you on your choice of lifestyle, as long as you're happy! We hope you are aware that you are not allowed to have your own opinion if you lead this life. Good Luck with fitting in all the time!

Didn't you find anything to answer?

Were you even enraged by the questions? Praise the Gawdness, you score unlike most people: which is nothing to be ashamed

of. You probably have your own vision, your own attitude, and have a hard time finding a place as a young girl in this stereotyping society. Continue to live this way, resist the temptation to be what they want you to be! For who else but you knows better how to live yr life. Well it surely isn't some magazine. Keep on going strong, after all you know yr worth it!!!

In the spoken word piece Manuela is the all-knowing self-indulgent show-host. Tanja plays a doubting teen who has to answer these questions. The following writings shows the kind of questions we use during the performance of our piece called 'beauty quiz' but it is not a written piece on what the performance is like... enjoy!

stupidity!

No place to call home: you can only live in temporary accommodations which are always at risk and you live "in the hands of fate" (friendly strangers, railway stations, un-occupied houses or "squats")

-you are forced to live off the streets to survive: often getting into not-so-legal activities

-you depend solely from the generosity of others (and society's generosity...which you claim to want to have nothing to do with)...

Well of course there are limitations!

Do you think I wanna work for a boss or something? I stand for Nichillism! I don't want to live for only greed and possessions, I don't wanna pay of some stupid mortgage and only have time to travel when my boss says it's ok. I wanna depend on only me.

-you can't expect or need or want anything outside of the "bare necessities" of life. (Where do you get money to dye your mohican from, by the way?)

you never make plans and are therefore never prepared for life's unpredictability

you never make plans and are therefore never prepared for life's unpredictability

-you can't get ill and can't get old

There's No Future if you live life within the dotted lines that society wants to limit you to. They don't want you to be happy they want you to be productive and trick you into heavy bank-loans so you have to work all your life paying of your debt. That is no Future. Not for me anyway.

-After the age of 27-30 you are usually alone (the best of punks by then have re-integrated in society).

Well, I'm not really sure of that...

There are some punks that are older...

[Thinks] Well anyway I don't believe in Religion. It has no scientific or realistic substance only provokes wars.

-Egocentric (not Deo-centric), selfish (as don't obey moral laws concerning our relationship with others), you don't care about anything (nothing has meaning to you anyway)

-Your life has no aim, no direction, no justification, nor continuation after death

-You create and live in dramatic situations without future or present
I demand Anarchy!!!! cos how can ANY form of government progress if the police is paid by and ordered around by that same government?

-Won't find support on this battle and can't do anything about it, realistically, so it's merely an ideal used as a justification for being as you are.

-Can't accept society for what it is: will live on the limits of society, will be repudiated, insulted, have to deal with not being accepted and with the violence of "the mass", both verbal and physical

Well, I still won't accept your authority!!! [runs off]

Go on, run away...

...The youth of today...where are their values?

bunnies on strike

BUNNIES STRIKE TALKING

spoken word zine #1

- introduction
- test-bunnies on strike
- the a-b-c of living
- bang
- making friends
- I said I'm sorry
- obstruction
- smile
- football
- goal in life
- getting my front row seat
- bigger than I am
- manners means
- ...a better goal in life than theirs
- I don't miss you
- it wasn't summer in amsterdam
- penning
- routine annoyance
- **MORE PIECES**

performed pieces gathered

this is just my side of things and I guess I shouldn't speak for bunnies strike talking but I just wanna introduce you to the beginning by Tanja

Manuela and I knew each other for years when we decided to do spoken word and even then, it just sort of happened!

I think we met at a concert or probably through the internet and then a concert, I don't really remember. It feels like I've known Manuela forever, we always have ideas and energies around us. Together we're super inspired. And it just had to happen, we had to meet minds in a project.

Manuela had been to Ladyfest Scotland and was totally inspired to get into writing spoken word pieces. This inspiration came from experiencing Jeanne Spicuza spoken word performance. She's such an amazing performer, and does such powerful spoken word pieces that you can only hang onto her every word when you see her perform. Manuela started to get her hands on written material of more spoken word artists and started writing. I was totally excited when I heard she was going to perform some of her work at Ladyfest Belgium and asked her if we could do some stuff together in name of BUNNIES ON STRIKE. She was enthusiastic and we started to write some stuff together and practised on the way to Belgium. At that point I had never seen Jeanne Spicuza aka

"Seasons and a muse" perform. So I wasn't nervous. Just excited. When I met her, she was a bit worried about the audience ability to understand English. And I convinced her they would and that in any case Bunnies on Strike (band + spoken word) were there and so was Nina, and we all could understand it well! When Jeanne actually performed I was so inspired! I loved her show so much. I was totally motivated to write. And so, I did write. And Manuela did too. And now we have all these pieces and too little time. We have performed (often abroad) and added some really theatrical pieces. We have moved from reading our work to performing the essence of our words. And whether people grasped the meaning of the words or not, we found that the emotion was universal. Some pieces we do solo, and some pieces we do together. Having performed in all kind of ways we figured it was time to get our Bunnies Strike Talking pieces online, so we uploaded them at <http://bunniesstriketalking.tk> And now the year is almost 2005 and time has come to materialise our work into a zine. I hope you enjoy reading the pieces as well as the other stuff we wrote for this zine.
cheers Tanja .

so you want to be a punk?

written by Manuela

What you can read below was adapted from another table created by my father after a great fight we had when I was about 15. I was not respecting his curfew hours, and in general not giving a fuck about my parents' orders and suggestions: I was rebellious, angry, and could not wait until I was 18 to leave home, get a band, take drugs, and be a perfect punk with my fantastic friends at the squat I hanged out at.

I tried to justify my actions by telling my father about my ideals: how I lived them passionately, how I was going to be that way for all my life. He merely smiled, whipped off to his PC, and came back with an A4 sheet where one by one, my ideals were brought down (Nowadays my father and I still have our best conversations by email). After he gave me time to calm down (pointless to say I was a moody cow at that age) he came into my room and we discussed the consequences together.

Contrary to what he thought, this discussion with him reinforced my principles once more, because I really used the chance to question them, and come up with valid reasonings: in the end we concluded, as Socrates did, that there's no pre-set conclusion to ANYTHING, just what applies to each individual: we are not a mass, we are a population of individuals.

I'm sure many of you have been disappointed by the punk scene: very few are those that are truly active in the scene, and not merely "tourists", the rest, a bunch of hypocrites. What exactly is failing? I would like to invite each of you to go through the same experience, as it really helps to put your ideas in focus....remember, to debate, you need to have an opponent side! And for once, take a minute to really THINK about it.

THE PRINCIPLE vs THE CONSEQUENCE

I don't believe in the authority for it forgets that I might have something valuable to s...

[interrupts the teen] You don't believe in authority? That means:

-no family (no respect to your parents and relatives, no respect gained back...you are cut out)

but, but...

-can only have jobs where you are autonomous or independent (where there's no boss)

-if truly convinced, can/will have trouble with Justice/Law, because there are limitations to what one can do in society
that's not true...

And now I wanna have my say! Listen to me!!! I DON'T BELIEVE in authority, you always tell me what to do and you always think you're right. Well I think you should at least let me talk back and then decide with me, if you want me to even listen to you. If you don't even give me a chance to talk back you send out the message that I'm incapable of thinking let alone ever decide on anything.

You think you have the right to control me as if I wasn't your daughter but some kind of computer in need of programming. Well guess what? I have a mind and I'm just as capable of deciding what to do, I just have a little less life-experience - that doesn't make inferior or something. Authority is



3a

Why does BUNNIES ON STRIKE exist?

In this male-centered world feminism seems to be something that needs to be excused and explained too much. I live in a world in which girls are in an unfair position. That*s something that needs to change and is worth fighting against. Like racism, homophobia and animal-torture, sexism is not tolerable. Unlike racism, homophobia and animal-torture, sexism is something I have to deal with everyday.

Bunnies on Strike is multi-faceted: it's a zine, a webzine, a band, a collective, a radical cheerleading group and...

Bunnies on Strike + spoken word = Manuela and Tanja



even people dressed up as fake BUNNIES deserve a rest from work -
how come test-animals never get a break?

BUNNIES ON STRIKE is against animal abuse
we fight for animal rights and believe that all animals should
have the right to strike. Even test-animals, like test-rabbits
and test bunnies.

We call ourselves Bunnies On Strike.



test-bunnies on strike

by tanja

Imagine: Doing a demanding job for the great good which is humanity. Everyday. For 24 hours. No holidays. No coffee breaks. No workspace to move around in. No cao*s. No union to rely on. No rights. Sounds like another time, doesn*t it? Another place where slavery was common. It*s NOT! It*s happening here.

It*s happening now. Day after day. Minute after minute. Nanosecond after nanosecond. They say that when you*re being tortured, you*re body gets numb from it. It might be that your body excludes the pain, or that your nerves get less sensitive, I don*t know. I just hope it works that way.

- b) You can hypnotize guys and make them fall at your feet, madly in love.
- c) Your super power would enable you to always have money or a credit card at hand.
- d) Become invisible so you can look into model's houses and learn their secrets.

5) You've been out with a man for the first time. How would you judge if he was into you?

- a) He couldn't keep his eyes off your body.
- b) He didn't check out other women.
- c) If he boasts about you to his friends.
- d) When he talked about his family. You couldn't wait to meet them!

6) When you're running late, which step of your morning routine are you most likely to skip?

- a) Shower.
- b) Brushing teeth.
- c) Breakfast.
- d) Hairstyle and make-up.

7) Your underwear drawer contains

- a) Only strings and push-ups
- b) Trunks and singlets, who needs a bra hiding yr nipples?
- c) Sports bra's and Sloggi undies.

8) When you buy clothes, you look mostly for:

- a) Clothes that remind you of that new music video you just saw.
- b) Always things that make me look slim.
- c) Something sexy with classy matching shoes, handbag and accessories.

- d) Something that looks like some of the things you already have hanging at home.

9) What do you have in your handbag?

- a) Make up, cleanser, cigarettes and perfume.
- b) Tampax, wet tissues, anti bacterial hand cream, deodorant.
- c) Nail varnish remover, filer, hairbrush and comb.
- d) Love potion (or viagra pills).

10) You're most likely to sabotage or revenge someone out of jealousy because of:

- a) Boyfriend.
- b) Possession.
- c) Beauty.
- d) Popularity.

answers will be found at the back of the *Bunnies Strike Talking zine* of

bunnies on strike™

beauty quiz

are you the ultimate babe?

written by Manuela and Tanja

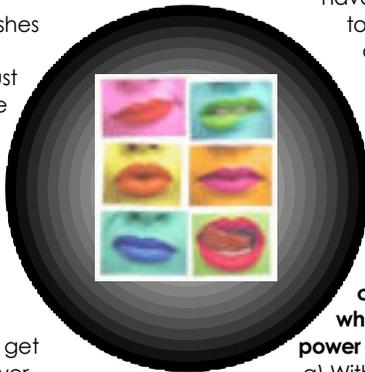
Bunnies On Strike Talking* have devised for you a test to measure if you're "hot or slop": answer these questions and find out where you stand in this trendy world!

1) If make-up is your tool of choice in getting a certain guy's attention, you will be wearing:

- a) Red lip gloss, shiny eyeshade and a bronze-golden foundation.
- b) See through lip gloss, mascara and chewing gum.
- c) Glitters, fake eyelashes and long nails.
- d) I like my lip balm just fine and won't choose for anything extra.

2) In a job interview you wear your hair:

- a) Innocent like a schoolgirl: braids or hairclips.
- b) Dominatrix-style ponytail – you'll either get the job or the interviewer.
- c) Curls around your face: the Shirley Temple look warms everyone's hearts.
- d) Let the hairdresser decide.



3) When a man tells you that you look great, what is your typical response?

- a) Giggle and flirt: you've been trying to get him to notice you all day.
- b) You look behind, make sure he's talking to you and reply: "Really? You think so?"
- c) You look so deep into his eyes that you forget to reply.
- d) "Thanks, on the opposite you look like you've been flushed through the toilet, down the drain and haven't had time

to change afterwards, try a For Him magazine". If the wimp is trying to get you, he's probably not good enough.

4) If you could be a cartoon heroine, what would your super-power be?

- a) With a click of your fingers you always look perfect, you can fly and still look good.

For the sake of all those who get tortured. For the sake of the test-bunnies. Let it be that way for the sake of the test-animals, the lab-rats, the guinea-pigs, the stekker-katten(cats with computer plugs connected to the insides of their brain), the ear-mice, the HIV monkeys, the ... well I could go on like this for ages and ages. But I hope I've made my point. The test bunnies don't strike. Not because they're the hero-like pioneers sacrificing their lives for the great good that "humanities civilisation" questionably is. But because they don't have the option. Unlike the ones who execute these tests they lack the control over their own life.

I've heard people state arguments protecting these horrid practices, but none of them are convincing. In Holland, the use of animal-testing for cosmetic products is forbidden. That doesn't mean Dutch companies don't import cosmetics that have been tested on test-animals, as the law doesn't cover imported products. Nor does it mean that the pre-products used in the final product haven't been tested on

test-animals. The ingredients could have been imported from countries where animal testing is commonly used to test the quality of the cosmetics. Even though the test-animal torture has only been shifted around, this rather new law in Holland could be a step into the right direction. It's a slow process. But it seems to be progressing. Slowly. I recently read that the big bad European Union is working on taking over that law for the whole of Europe and then it might even involve the import-products. I am very skeptic about the European Union and I'd rather not have my hopes focussed on it, but I can't help myself. Together with the organisation that works on plastic substitutes for preparation skills, this could be a mini-step into the world where *Bunnies On Strike* could be on the front page of the news-paper. A world where we learned to listen to bodylanguage of animals and people. Oh yes. There is some hope left. Let's fight our way to it and make sure we achieve every single mini-step that's worthwhile.



The A - B - C of living

written by Manuela

There are 6 ways to get into the alphabet
And I chose the L for the way it made me feel
They had an intercity going there and it was the right hand getting tickets.

At the Q point, it really started happening for me.
M had made me go mmm, (I'd been)
Nnnarcotized enough, (I'd)
Oooopened up new doors, I was now the qqqquueeen
And the rest after me seemed such an ease, such a bore.

But I forgot, I was still a consonant.
Vowels are more popular, you see,
And at the point I'd gotten now
Who wanted to compete with the U anyway?

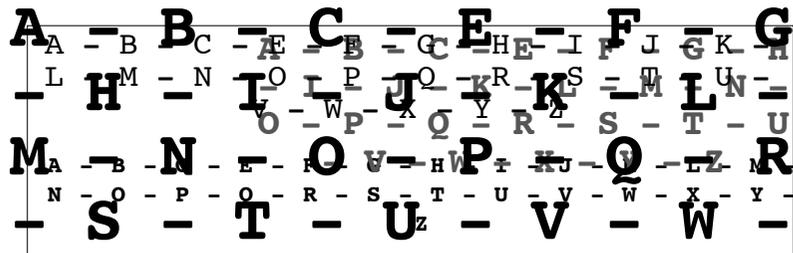
Yet I did, because even letters want to be heard, and not just read.

Back to the I, I found I couldn't go,
Disdained as once disdained by me
I was laughed at for my tall body, and my long leg.

Re-roaring thru, I rioted, resisted,
revolutionized the whole alphabet
showed them characters from far away
we graffitied our new names on the walls
and for a moment even the h's got their day.

...Until the vowels proved their omnipotence
and everything all went back to the way it was.
Seemingly so still like a soothing surrender on my part
I stayed, put in S land,
An L in a world of double bubbly heads and curls.

Yet be afraid, because a consonant can change a whole word.



female competitiveness game

written by Manuela

I've never quite liked the female competitiveness game-
You know those tensions caused by nature's pull to be the only womb of the neighbourhood.
The shattering pain of exclusion from an ally- a sister- a friend-
The imbecile matching between likewise imbecile souls without a better cause
this whole coolness and appearance game-
It's killing me.

I guess-it's a female primal instinct
To defend her status of queen in a group
To then naturally form bonds against those who don't mirror her soul as a mirror -if she has one 'cause she doesn't-
the leader of the pack in a harem where freedom is being able to beautify for the uncomprehending world
-Girlies-
Clad in make-up masks and flair
Don't come and tell me you're an independent woman
Don't come and tell me it was all in my head

Don't come and tell me it was not your fault
Let's face it here!

There's tension between us.

Punk Princess, Trend Model, it's all the same!
And I'm fucking giving up on this prejudiced model.
So that makes me one of the guys then?
Great! I don't have to prove myself there
They know that already.
Excuse me for having self-destructive ways-
Not everyone chooses to cope with life with your weapon of stupidity,
No thanks.

Trophy to be

written by Tanja

As soon as you notice me you make me a participant of the game But this is your game. Not mine! And I have not been invited or asked to join. I have been made a participant. The rules are not on my side and no matter what I say or do, I cannot exclude myself once I've been made a participant. I try: I show my disinterest, I do the best I can at being rude, I construct my answers so that I will seem unappealing. But the harder I try to exclude myself from this game, the more I seem to get entangled into it. And instead of losing interest as I intended, you enjoy my defensive attitude. In your eyes I'm playing hard to get. And tell me, what could be more fun than trying to get the girl that plays hard to get? Your adrenalin rushes through your veins as you think of the achievement I could turn out to be. Suddenly I feel your hand rush over my knee. I push it away with a firm no, but this only makes you enjoy the game even better.

For me there's no way out - no escape button that can release me from your hunt. Any move I can make will make me more of a participant. I look away, but it's useless since you consider looking away flirting. So I walk away, but you follow me. Probably because I asked you not to.

When I look behind me, I notice the pride you take in the fact that some of the men I passed are checking me out. I feel the anger rise in me, for all I am to you is a trophy-to-be. Something you can be seen with. Something to boast about with your mates.

I take my time in the ladiesroom. Stretch every action. But you are next to the door when I come out. Eager to continue your hunt. I wish I could find a way to make myself clear to you. I wish all this would stop and you would go away. But all my attempts to send you away have made you more eager. They had the opposite effect of what I intended.

I now see no other way then to resort to lower forms of communication. I have to chat up some other man and flirt with him, just to stop you from hunting for me. I despise myself for doing it, but I can't have you follow me home. I deserve better. No, no; don't! Stop it, don't make me feel so damned guilty.

bang - gone

written by Tanja

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

I never looked over my shoulder like I do now
clamping onto a bicycle lock as a potential weapon
with my cellphone ready to dial in my other hand
I never listened so carefully for any sound that was not produced by me
arranging to phone a friend on my safe arrival home
knowing she'll call me and get help if I don't answer my phone
no I've never been forced to live so scheduled

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

I've never been so cautious, never felt so unfree
too aware of everything, I lost my sense of safety
you did this to me...
he did this to me...

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

but I refuse you, to have any kind of power over me
I won't go down without a fight...
and it's become a fight just to get out at night
cos everywhere I go there's a potential of danger
and it's not worth the energy it secretly consumes
but I will fight myself and get outside
I take myself out, day and night
I'm telling you now I'm here I'm alive

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

Making Friends

written by Manuela

You dare a stare. You await the response.

Casually, gracefully, you throw in the subject

The mutuality of an experience I did it too, we cannot believe it

Diverse and yet intense

The moment that's being shared

You swallow this bite down whole

Yet it only makes sense in that fucked up way things go The beads click around her long neck

Coffee spoons tingling people are mingling

Doomed are you suddenly now

Will she save you or leave you Will she make fun when people aren't with you

Two words too much, thirty steps too far ahead

Why not take the big leap, the risk, the space between time

A nod or a glare, or a laugh or a slap

Or a memory we'll share in time When this reality's accepted

And not knowing if we've been affected

Or not what are we doing here now?

There's dishes to clean

And there's streets to be seen

And yes I'll send you a message soon

This kiss feels demented

Have I been too desperate

The door always seems to slam on my ass

Your knowing eyes are back to routine

And my evening's been wasted

As I keep on re-tasting

That bitter loss I've had

Cause your boundaries mask you from life.

Spring 2003. Dedicated to

Jessie, an amazing woman.

a r t

written by Manuela

Art

What is Art?

Art is unfair

It's made of pristine whitewashed walls

And fartsy competitive soirees

Where so-called avantgarde experts

Compete for the price of fleeting fame

Of intellectual superiority Anything

To get rid of the gnawing selfless

Tantrum-filled drive

To?

?

Why are they doing it?

What drives a man to art?

Is it that burst is it that lost love

Is it pain

Yes, blood

That they shed

When they're done

Sucked dry

No

Is it the vein that they open

When the words come flowing out

Is it a cyclone of images

That need structure, a

farce



That's what it is, a farce You-know-who knows him-and-her are there

And the best guitarists of the world

Are those buskers in the street

And the boy who draws his dreams

Creates lullabies for the mothers of tomorrow

Y'know, those little daily miracles

Life is an art...and as my grandma always said,

"Learn an art, and keep it apart.

You never know

When you may need it".

buttons

written by tanja

I can push buttons that should not exist
in me I have buttons no-one should have
I look at you and I see your curiosity
for I have learned things no-one should have to learn
yet when my button switches your ignorance shows
I can feel the accusations rise up in you
you keep quiet - you are polite enough
but I can feel it

I've been here before and I'm reading your mind
you think I should have reacted differently, don't you
you think you know how you would fight, right?
do I feel you thinking that I wasn't strong enough?
And if you were in my place...
oh if you were in my place it would have turned out
differently

but you're not
you're not in my shoes
never have you known anything like what I have
and still you quietly judge me
you just stand there not saying it, but it's oozing from you:
'I would have done differently'
well, I'm just hoping you won't find out
I'm just hoping you won't find out...



I said I'm sorry

written by Tanja

I'm sorry.
I said I'm sorry.
But I'm not apologising for my irrational
behaviour.
I'm not sorry for being emotional.
Does it burden you?
Is it upsetting - to have to deal with
feelings?
Am I confronting you with the real
world? The real world that lies
behind the rational. The outcome of
the calculations. The reality behind the
scheme.
I'm not sorry for being emotional.
I'm not.
I'm sorry for you!

Lost in logic and ratio. Hiding in the
safer world of numbers,
statistics, target schemes and decade
plans. Is it fear that drives you?
Is it the fear to feel, fear to
experience? Is that it? Are you
determined to plan and strategise
because you're scared to feel what's
real. Or don't you believe that you feel
at all anymore, after all these years.
Years of planning, strategising,
meeting target scheme goals, setting
out decade plans and keeping ahead
of the others.

Whatever it is that drives you to live for
this,
I'm sorry...
like I said, I'm sorry.

- OBSTRUCTION -

written by Manuela

Let me sit down
Please get out of the way
Could you please move out of the way
please?
You are in my way
Everyone move away now
Everyone get out of the way
Could you please move out of the way
please?
Could you please get out of the way?
You are in my way
I need to get somewhere
And you are in my way
And you are also in my way
Could you please move out of the way
please?
Could you please get out of the way?
It all seems to get in my way it does
It all seems to get in the way
Let me sit down
Please get out of the way



Wilt u zo vriendelijk zijn om vriendelijk te zijn?
It seems as if some people take great
satisfaction in being nasty to others. They
don't see that we all have a lesson to learn
from each other. They are waiting for that
moment exactly to let off their frustration and
disappointment on someone else's
inadequacies, often due only to
misunderstandings, misinterpretations and
misperceptions...*het gaat allemaal mis!* And
in the meantime the world just keeps
spinning. *If only I could show them the irony in
this, they would laugh too.*

smile

written by Tanja

It's not the best of ways to wake up
not even remembering going to bed
guessing I must have fallen asleep of
fatigue. Showing all the signs of
partying too late: reeling - sore back -
feet imprisoned in shoe straps with
machinelike breathing in a stale
throat of cigarette smoke a dizzying
stench of alcohol being exhaled by
everyone in the room
carefully placing my feet - trying to
keep my balance I'm stepping over
other people's sleeping bodies in
order to find the bathroom or any
source of water

I can't say I remember how fun last
night was right now for I'm just trying
to stay on top of my actions -trying to
remember what to do next -trying to
be the first to hit the shower even
though I'm the only one awake...
I'm starting to realise where I am and
get myself to the bathroom in the
vain hope, that the hot water will
even slightly refresh me.

Tea or breakfast could do miracles
but there's no sign of either. In an
eager attempt to wake my mind I try
to sing a song in my head
somehow the only song I can
remember hasn't got much of a tune
to it: "lying here I'm waking
everything is aching - it's the price of
waking up throwing up I'm reeling -
staring at the ceiling ..."
I stop singing inside my head for it's is
a little too confronting. Well at least I
haven't thrown up yet...

but even if I won't, others might
puke, I hear myself think.

I hit the shower and drink from the
sink - I know that I shouldn't use up
the hot water, but I can't seem to get
out.
the lovely heat of the water surrounds
me with nice fresh steam, I feel
protected by the warm glow and
comforted by the clean steam. My
nostrils slowly come to life and I enjoy
the scent of the soap. I dry myself
slowly and am repulsed by the smell
that comes of my clothes. I curse
myself for not rinsing them the night
before, I have to wear these smellies
for I have no alternative.
Putting up my make up I can't not
notice the state of my face... I'm
glad I brought plenty of everything
and I take my time slapping it on.

When I get out of the bathroom I find
a way to make me some tea.
Everyone's still sleeping, I open a
window. By the time the tea is ready
the first people wake up. I pour them
tea and feel remarkably fresh
compared to them. I remember how
much fun we've had, only a few
hours ago. My "waking up terror" slowly
disappears and I'm looking forward to
enjoying a lazy day. I'll have a rich
breakfast in some nice place down
town and who knows maybe I'll go
shopping...
Yeah, this is the decadent life.
I smile.

the trouble with dependency

written by Manuela

is that when it's emotional, it brings
about enormous misunderstandings.
Oh! The first chapter of love is always
so "..."

But when the next page is turned
expectancy takes over
Routine kills undeniably and...

All joy's left to memory's storage,
We find ourselves caught in this trap of
humanity,

Form wins over spontaneous cherish-

And suddenly he's angry if you call
him too much

And suddenly you don't want him as
much as before

Time goes by, his name's not so sweet
to you anymore

unless it's the right time of the month
and you miss him

Resentment? Resent, repent, blame,
hate,
Destruct that beautiful union what was
out to save the world
We were gonna show them, we were
gonna win...

Now they've both lost, and nobody's
watching the game

And even the ball they were kicking has
no spring

What next?

Back to square one, the player's just
one,

Gotta find yourself a team or you'll
never win this championship.

Does this game of love always have to
be so competitive?

And once we've won, hey, victory has
not taste-

It's the game that keeps us going.



6b

sorry

written by Manuela

I apologise
for knocking you over with my excessive
talking
I am sorry
for not comprehending what may seem
to you so obvious
My deepest excuses
if I don't fit into your model of behaviour
My greatest gratitude
for letting me in to your 'empowering
enlightenment'
The world's largest sorrow
will never make up for who I am

I couldn't help it
if I acted that way
I can't help it
if I'll act that way again

It's the way I'm made...a fact you don't
seem to understand
It's the way the world goes...but what
would you know
your world ends with your nose
Blame it on my parents...if projection is
the defence that suits you
Blame it on the past...if that burden you
carry
likes to torture you
Maybe it's my culture...the new thinkers
would say,
understanding nothing of it all

In the end I'm just a girl.. is what I'm told,
is what I fight, is what I deny
It's a fact of life...the cynical may say,
upon encountering this dilemma.
Maybe I'll learn with age...is what they
hope, is what they want, is what I fear
But I really do apologise -sometimes-
not that you'd care, not that you'd know,
not that you'd bother to find out

And I am sorry...once in a while, when I
feel empathic,
when you have beaten me, fuckers!
And my deepest excuses will never
make up for that void of ignorance
spreading in the bubble of your safe life
I didn't mean to...rock your boat, upset
your thoughts, or tease the shadow in
you
I didn't want it...to shock your status quo,
but you must understand,
it just has to be done

So would you accept...that everything
you know, everything you count on,
might me futile and false
So would you agree...if I ever told you,
that by opening your mind,
you could find a way out
And will you understand...that once
you've done that, once you're free,
there'll be no good or bad
Or will you ignore...those temptations you
have, those limits you set,
which are dying to be broken-

Because I'm sorry...if that's how it is, is
that's how you'll stay,
if that's how you'll live
And I do apologise...should it happen
again,
that my wills will destroy the peace of
your mind
My deepest excuses...once again, if my
life poses a threat to your balance
But now it's your turn, if you will may,
to stop a while and change your rigid
assumptions-

-Don't you think?

“‘CAUSE HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY
HE'S FOOTBALL MAD
THE FOOTBALL IT HAS TAKEN AWAY THE LITTLE BIT
OF SENSE HE HAD
AND IT WILL TAKE A DOUZEN SERVANTS
TO WASH AND CLEAN AND SCRUB,
SINCE PAUL BECAME A MEMBER OF THE
LOCAL FOOTBALL CLUB! ”
written by Manuela



He says: It is still around the office.
People wear orange caps, have
painted their faces orange, are
wearing inflatable cheese heads with
toothpicks and dutch flags, orange,
orange, orange etc. etc. You can't
even take the boss seriously, he has a
clown face on. They take it so seriously.
They said I wouldn't be allowed into
work tomorrow if I didn't have
anything orange on me, I am not
showing team spirit., apparently.

She says: It is still around the streets of
A'dam. TV sets blue, tuned all into the
game. The best night to walk around
and enjoy the streets, it is quite, it is still.
The anticipation is high. Even the
nightshop definetely not dutch owner

doesn't look up from the screen as you
ask him to please pay or your ice-cream
will melt.

He decides: I'm going to watch it and
cheer for Czech, just for fun.

They go to the Overtoom and watch the
game on the big screen.

She says: that is not fair. The czechs all
tall ands skinny look frightened against
the dutch – which by the way, perhaps
has 3 dutch guys in it, look at that none
of them are dutch, they're all big and
black.

He shrugs: that's the way football goes.

She points: that guy with the dreads is a poser.

He thinks and then says: Did you know, his wife pressed charges against him for beating her up and then she dropped them.

She shrieks: No way.

He states: Yes.

She declares: I am going to put it in a zine.

The people around them start cheering a bit. Czech scores a goal.

She reflects: some people really take it seriously, the football cup. And they are all talking about the games, so some more people start watching it too. People in your surrounding start making bets. You find yourself in an irish bar for a few nights in a week and follow it a bit. Suddenly everyone is watching the games, everyone is talking about them, and that's how they get all those people to watch it fill the final.

He says: that's the way football goes.

She continues: and everything is revolving around it, it's funny you see these streets which have so many decorations on them you can't find the doorways anymore and there are all these beer lazy people hanging in the front of their houses from the afternoon in anticipation for the game and –

-GOAL!-

She shrugs: that's the way football goes.

Commercial break.

She points out: Look, the big bad the worst of the richest scum companies sponsor it all...

More commercial breaks.

She points at the screen with her whole arm: And it never ends, every break is about it...

He laughs: that's the way football goes.

Someone yells and hisses from the back: "Kut Capitalisme!"

She sighs: tonight I have remembered why I don't like the football industry any better than any other.

He says: and you know what the worst thing about football is? That most of the time they get to the end with a draw and then they have to go into extra time and then penalty kicks you really only win with luck then.

She says: now that's even more stupid.

He says: And they all stand like idiots with their hands on their balls, that is really funny to see.

...the tension of waiting...

Hello [WHO IS IT WHO IS IT WHO IS IT?] yeah this is Ilhan Muhammut speaking. [THE MINISTRY OF JUSTICE!!!] I understand you run a busy ministry. [WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL SOONER #?##*#\$*&#?!!!] Do you have the final outcome on my permit status? [PLEASE TELL ME I CAN STAY HERE - PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LET ME STAY, I BEG YOU] ...What? [IS THAT A NO - I CAN NOT STAY HERE? THEY'RE CRAZY WHAT THE ### ARE THEY THINKING?] Can you tell me on what grounds they decided I cannot stay here?(silence) So basically I can't stay becous I*m circumsize? That*s sick...

(This piece is followed by an explanation of the Dutch Law, that realises circumsizeing a woman is torturing her. Women who have not been circumsizeed can get asylum cos they are under threath of being circumsizeed. Women who have already been circumsizeed cannot get asylum cos they are not under the threath of being circumsizeed anylonger. By doing so the Dutch government fails to see the other daily tortures that most women have to go through in Somalia)

WORDS LIKE KNIVES

written by tanja

words like knives
carving me
with their shiny blades sticking in my
mind
marking me
from tiny little cuts through to piercing
stabs
rip out my heart
rip out my guts
rip it all out
tear apart my naive convidence
go on! make me stronger
I will live - fight and get stronger

words like knives
carving
with their rusty blades stuck in my mind
reminding me of mean little whispers:
carving, piercing me
rippin out my heart
rippin out my guts
rippin it all out
torn apart, my naive convidence
you think it's over, you moved on and
you forgot
I've seen it in yr eyes
my bruises are gone but my mind bears
the scars

I have changed
learned to fight
built layers of walls
maybe I'm stronger now
whatever, just don't think I'll thank you.

the tension of waiting

written by Tanja

I've been mentally locked inside this room.

waiting - waiting for that one call.

And everytime I had to leave this room I was scared to miss the sound of the phone ringing.

I was rushing - rushing - rushing... constantly alert! I'm so fixated, my mind makes up sounds - I keep on thinking *do I hear the phone ringing?* Rushing - rushing.... But I hear nothing... nothing at all. Deadly silence. The phone wasn't ringing - I was making up. Again.

I have already turned of the tv-set. It was too much of a fright when there was a phone ringing on screen. I'm so nervous I need to concentrate. Concentrate to keep fiction from reality. And then..... reality kicks in! The phone rings! This time I'm sure for I feel like being overpowered by the loud volume of the ringtone. I freeze. Fear runs up my spine. I'm too scared to pick it up... I suddenly realise my throat is dry. For a splitsecond I consider running away. But I focus. It's now or never... I stretch my arm and lift the receiver.

=>note: manuela expresses my thoughts between [] Hello - my voice breaks. [Who is it who is it who is it?] No, I'm not interested! [Fuck those telecom questionnaires! Sick bastards bothering me etc etc] I'm waiting for a phonecall,

goodbye! [How dare they invade my privacy!]

I run to the kitchen to get a drink. Did I hear something? Was it the phone? As fast as I can I rush back. But the phone isn't ringing.

I pick up my glass and take a sip. Too fast. I choke. As I'm coughing my lungs out my mind worries overtime! WHAT IF THE PHONE RINGS NOW, now that I can't pick up without coughing... I seems to take minutes before I can breathe normally again. I'm too scared to drink now. I leave my glass on the table.

I wait.

The clock ticks [tick tick tick]

I look on the clock and realise I should have been called half an hour ago... what's taking them so fucking long?

My heart beats in my throat... [boom boom boom]

I hear something and automatically I open the bedroom door: my baby boy is dreaming. My heart fills with love. He has been here so long he speaks dutch when he dreams. This is his home-country now... He wouldn't know how to cope in Somalia. As I close the door the phone rings. My heart jumps. My throat is paper-dry. again. I'm scared to the bone. I take a deep breath, slowly pick up the receiver.

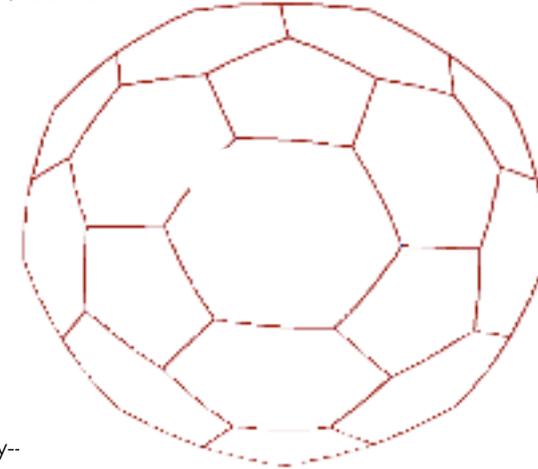
She says: I wonder if it weren't such a male game what rules it may have developed instead.

She says: It's funny to go and laugh at them and make fun of it all.

Later that evening she calls her friend B.

B. says: That's the way football goes.

B is surprised: No, you guys went to the game? you never do that?



---The next day---

=====
Message date : 01-07-2004 09:04
From : Hassle, E
To : M Ulkuwi
Copy to :
Subject : Go(a)l

=====
From: M Ulkuwi
Sent: Thursday, July 01, 2004 10:25
To: Hassle, E
Subject: Re: Go(a)l

Wow you should see my colleagues today. Everybody quiet with their very typical dutch unhappy faces. All the colors and decorations are gone (our department waste the most decorated). Nobody dares to say anything cuz they know it'll lead to.....

I hate to say this but...that's the way football goes!

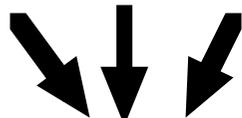
What is your Goal in life?

written by Manuela

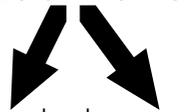
What is your goal in life?
What is your goal?
Why should we have a goal?
Does everyone have a goal?
Why am I here?
What am I doing?
Why do I make these choices?
What is my purpose?
What happened?
Why does it happen?
Why does nobody stop it?
Why do we have to accept it?
What is your goal in life?
What is my purpose?
What happened?
What is your goal?
Why should we have a goal?
Why does nobody else have a goal?
Does anyone have a goal?
I must have a goal
I must have a purpose
I want to know what happened
I do not want to accept it
That is my goal

Life Questcycle:

1. Developing a goal



2. Determine the barriers



3. Look at your options



4. Action Plan



5. Review Progress



6. Celebrate Success

words - waiting for us to give them function

words can be like knives - like weapons - stabbing and destructive

words are tools to create and tools to destroy

waiting for us to give them function

words spinning waiting eagerly to spread truth whirl lies

for words are only perception

and therefor are always deception

but what we say will hit you - for it is true

- yes this is true

BUNNIES STRIKE TALKING Spoken Word Pieces

This will give you a little taste of what we have to offer and what kind of topics we address.

warning: reading these pieces you should keep in mind that you miss out on a vitally important aspect, namely: **the performance!**

- The Tension of Waiting *by Tanja*
- Words Like Knives *by Tanja*
- Sorry *by Manuela*
- The Trouble With Dependancy *by Manuela*
- Buttons *by Tanja*
- Art *by Manuela*
- Trophy To Be *by Tanja*
- Female Competiteveness game *by Manuela*
- So you wanna be a punk? *by Manuela*
- Beauty Quiz *by Manuela and Tanja*

routine annoyance

written by Tanja

I looked at you and I knew yr thoughts
this isn't some kind of romantic ideal or anything.
I just knew cos it was all over yr face
and yr weren't even trying to mask any of it

you looked at me and I knew yr thoughts
you didn't need to speak, or write or anything
I just knew cos it was just very, very clear
and you didn't even consider masking any of it

I passed you - unintentionally you know
it's not like there's an online map out there
guiding me where to go and where to avoid
becos if that was the case, I'd avoided the likes of you

but theres no map keeping track of the freaks and the perverts
there's no agency for safety - let alone emotional wellbeing
there's not a cop on the street trying to keep the world sweet
cos shop-owners gotta eat and this man is important as a consumer

I've been here before, time and time again
and I can't say I'm angry, it's more an annoyance
and with the shoes and the skirts and the shirts that I buy - it's a routine now
still there's days that I wish I could avoid this.

getting my front row seat

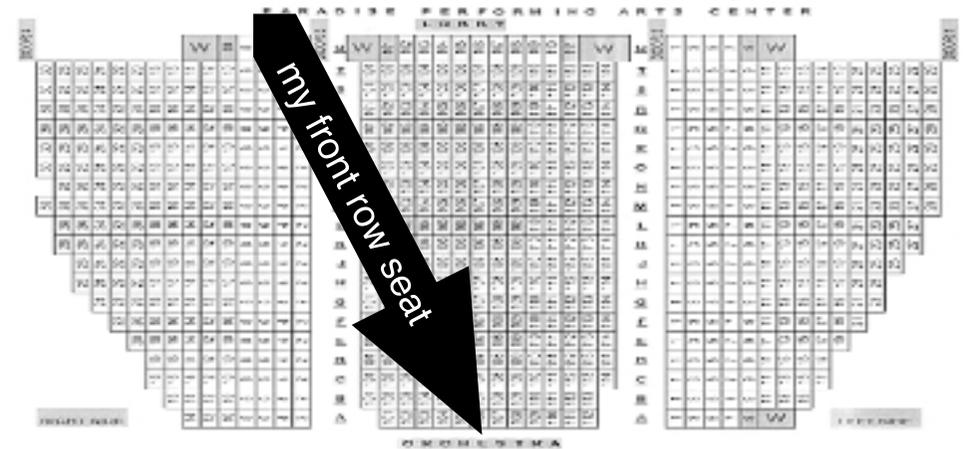
written by Tanja

I wanna own the front seat
I want everyone to acknowledge me
I wanna be seen - I need to be seen.
I'm gonna own the front seat.

but it's hard to be out there
having to be on the line, and fight for the cause
like waging a war - they've made it that way
because they like to fight and they wanna be boss

and sometimes it's just too tough
I ease myself and I settle for less
I'll settle for the back seat
back away from struggles - far away from the fight
but the sense of guilt is nagging
and somehow I can't relax
I deserve more then I'm getting
and future armies of women won't forgive me if I pass

so I can't pass on this struggle
take on as much as I can
if not for me, for the future
I'm here to get my front row seat



bigger than I am

written by Tanja

yr trying to make fun of me
make fun of my style, make fun of my mind
but the things you say are so easy to find
you can't beat my style you can't beat my mind
you make me out to be crap
but you can't keep me back, you won't keep me back
you're not bigger than I am

it's so easy to find the flaws and criticise
it's much harder to get up, go out and have a try
to become who I wanna be
and I fall when it's meant to be
and I keep going - keep trying
with all of you criticising
cos you're not bigger than I am

and yeah I feel like a failure
sometimes I don't know where I'm heading
but I do try again
yes I do try again
cos I'm never a failure
I'm never a failure
not for very long
I'm never a failure
I'm going strong
mostly for me
cos I deserve to be me
but sometimes for you
yes a little for you
just to show you:
you're not bigger than I am
hell no, you're not bigger than I am

it wasn't summer in Amsterdam

written by Manuela

So my destiny went on a roll
again with ID crisis
And I stood compartmentalizing
music
At the window, cars over
bridge, static in the air,
I felt modern boredom.
I could've focused on the
available potentials
however devious afterthoughts
slimed their way thru them
Fragile barriers, a grey ray, we
are always hurried
We are always panting and
catching up with ourselves
Obliterating the downs so the
kite only flies high,
A workweek of breezes and
rides,
A weekend of bruises and tides,
neon lights part of the scenery
They are advertising my
conscience!
So it blends with the color of the
city.
I look closer.
Monkey power, masses kept
ignorant,
Where do they live?
Let's give palms and prizes and
TVs
Let's cut on art and give it to the
powerful G's
So I am better off

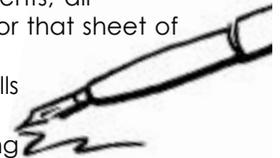
Simple
back into the room we few rest
we hear your tune tick away and
watch in bewilderment
Four walls to cater for rage
You can even bang your head on
one if you please!
But we are displeased,
You offered us a way out, and I
didn't want in
I can't play your riffs, but I already
know the song!
So sing the song, let me
compartmentalize it,
Let's see if I get an A.
I'll be at the window, cars over
bridge, static in the air,
I feel modern boredom.

Penning

written by Manuela

The bottle fell to the floor
Taking all the words unsaid with it
I, the pen, lay staring
Praying to be used
Bloodless, I'll soon be drained

I am a tool that served many
hands
Lovers, poets, students, all
Waiting earnestly for that sheet of
white immaculate
And if the bottle falls
All hopes of uniting
All hopes of creating
All hopes of soothing go-
Oh, the emptiness of my
companion



I don't miss you

written by Tanja

I don't miss you - not you in particularly - not you at all - not now anyway, after all that you've done and especially all that you've not done

I don't really mind that you've decided to get lost, piss off and never speak to me again

I couldn't care less that you nervously ignore me when I'm standing right in front of you

I don't give a damn when you avoid my eyes when I speak to you- I enjoy your panic when I remind you, that things that were, will never be undone

I don't miss you and the power you had over me, that you foolishly tried played with yet never mastered and never understood, trying to make me feel awkward in ways that I was immune to

I'm glad that you're not in my circle of friends, my nightlife, my grocery store, my neighbourhood, my shopping streets, I'm fortunate you don't linger around in places where we went

I'm happy that I'm rid of you, it was easier than anything I could have imagined,

...so how come I worry about you
why do I remember too much too often
how come I miss touching you - the shape of the hair on your flat belly
how come I don't want to avoid you any longer
dressing immaculately sexy
hoping for you to be sorry
how come that I need vengeance but would never allow me to sink that low for cruelty in action
how come that even though I don't want you back I still fucking miss you
didn't have to say that I really do

manners means

written by Tanja

manners means
proper behaviour
handling things properly
eating according to custom
skilfully flashing around your skills
dressing neatly, expensively
conservatory elegant
drinking within acceptable limits
not talking too loud
walking slowly, gracefully
smiling to everyone
coldly un-meant and stiff

it all goes without saying
it's the well-mannered etiquette
everyone's following
but I can't get the knack

manners means
proper behaviour
obliged to be speaking politely:
never say what you mean
never hear what's been meant
whirling around my intentions
wondering about the other's intentions
and then politely excuse each other
from the burden of conversation
to enrol into further meaningless babble

it all goes without saying
it's the well-mannered etiquette
everyone's following
but I can't get the knack

manners means
proper behaviour
oh, yes I understand it correctly
please, pardon my forwardness,
when I unveil
manners means deceit - indecent
roll-play
you won't mind, now that I've broken etiquette
and allowed you to peak into my head
you won't mind, now that disturbed you with my ill-mannered talk
I'm to split with this masquerade
and return to real life
I won't settle for proper behaviour I might add
to the truth I return - I'm taking a wall

I'm off



they put me in a 5 star hotel room once I opened the door to what they had said is my hotel room one for yourself only finally finally a moment to myself in what was to be my home for the next week or so and what do I find a hall a hall and a wardrobe and a safe and a door and a bathroom a fancy bathroom with marble and mirrors and glass and a row of bottles and lots of other things I'll have a look at later; and lots of soft and white white towels and back into the corridor into the area with the bed the sheer size of the bed it's so big it's so big it's twice the size of me and I'm small so I'm gonna lie in it wow I almost yell I then remember about the syndrome people have in hotel rooms that they wanna jump on the bed so I jump and then walk to the balcony and it looked onto the street so away from the corridor and the downstairs and the pool and the partying good so I would be away from everything and so what's in all the drawers and cupboards and fuck a huge tv I haven't had tv at my house for a year now I wonder what they're showing nowadays ah well fuck tv and you all I think I'll check out the fridge I wonder how many I can have I wonder if they can tell let's walk out again into the hall and see what the people are like

Fake boobs fake boobs around skinny bodies in black dresses and gold earrings and black handbags and dallas hairstyles with tall blonde fringes over fake smiles with white

teeth and facelifts and they are popping pills and they do not eat so much and they look at dirt up and down and they like to be fake and suck dick the fakeness the fakeness of it all the women are fake they are fake they are dresses in tiny black they have fake boobs I cannot stop staring at them better look away

I sing Rich Bitches in Volvos piss me off- in the lift.

old men old men they are old they are slimy they smoke cigars and they are smelly some look like they are good men with wrinkles going up most look like they're evil with all the bad choices they made in their powerful jobs of course you end up looking like that hey one guy over there's even practicing his golf stroke I'm going back this makes me sick

madame, madame, everyone's calling me madame at this hotel I'm not a dame and I'm not yours and I don't want to be yours I don't know you why do you even say that I know they train you to say that in your job but please stop being so nice to me I am a nasty person who picks their nose and sticks it under the table you have to clean later I leave a mess on the floor I keep asking for more I yell I curse behind your back you know and make fun of you and your stupid penguin suit but still you treat me so nicely, still you call me madame I feel sorry for the fact they have to train you to say that I am angry that they make you say that I wish you

social drinking as opposed to making friends acquaintances partners business colleagues ventureships takeovers down it all with a glass of rose' and make sure noone sees that you're downing the third on your way off to someone else on your way to face the next conversation why do these people do it why do these people not see that in not needing friends and in not needing real and only needing plastic and profit you just don't win

Back at the room I find a hairdryer and learn how to work the tv In case you are lonely this is the code for porn credit card details here I then learnt to work the safe and opened a beer from this rich snob city it tasted like sin, I wandered about the room

In case you need to fix your clothes here you go have a needle and a thread

In case you need to have a bath here you go here's a sponge and four different products for your hair and skin In case you get hungry or need more drinks here you go this is the menu for the room service they have everything for most cases but not

In case I do not need anything and I think it's rather a waste that you offer me what I do not need

girls girls boys boys flirt flirt sex sex pant pant conquer conquer nobody's really having a good conversation as far as I can see it's all barbie and ken all over again it's all barbie and ken all over again and again with your big bags of

makeup you think you are pretty if it costed you and it doesn't stick to surfaces and stays on all day and makes you look slim and you guys with your slightly open shirts and tossed hair to look like it's tossed but infact you have spent much time to make it look tossed and that's probably why the word tosser comes to my head how do you think I can even fall into your trap you think I'm a chick right don't you big boy

back to the hotel, everything's too dammed overpriced at this lakeside anyway high hats from large companies and everyone's excited to be there breathing their same air I roll my eyes I grit my teeth I cannot believe I have to do this I have to be here with these people who are flattered that they are with CEOs that they are with VIPs that they are with THE MAN that they are the man and I have chosen to fight the man from the inside but the road is long the road is narrow the road is leaving me less and less choice to go back and I'm getting tired by now why did in agree to coming here this is a lesson after this there will be choices

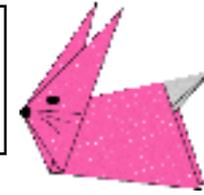
I need to get out of here and find a better goal in life than theirs.

by manuela

make yr own bunny
!!! free centrepiece !!!
diy origami instructions

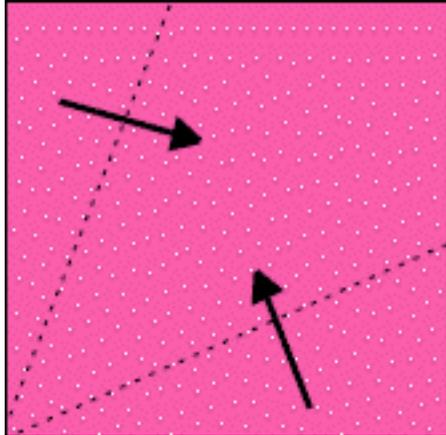


Bunnies on Strike DIY Origami Bunny

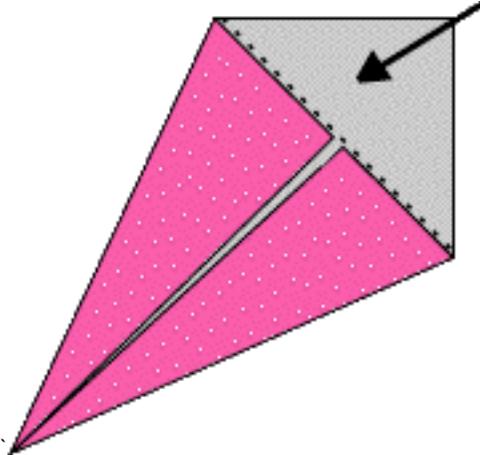


Start with a square piece of paper!
Follow each step carefully.
Fold along the dotted lines and in the direction of the arrows.
Have fun and Good Luck!

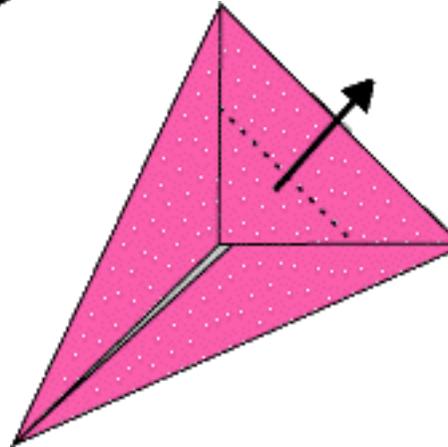
Step 1.
Fold the corners in toward the center of the paper.



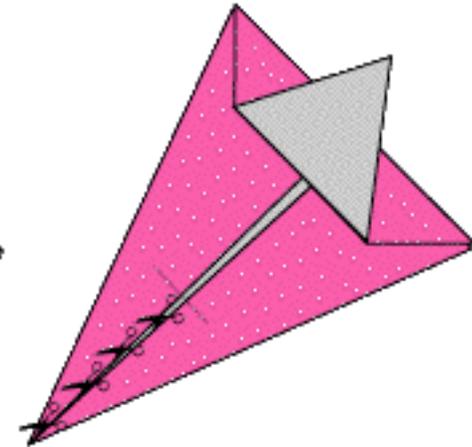
Step 2.
Fold along the dotted line, downward in the direction of the arrow.



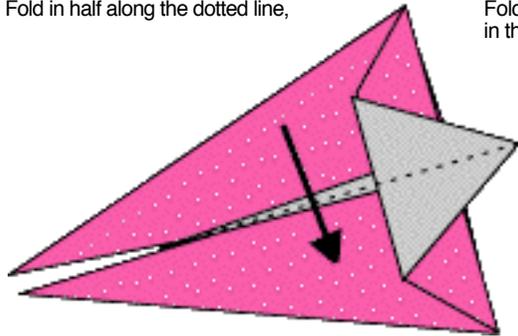
Step 3.
Fold upward in the direction of the arrow.



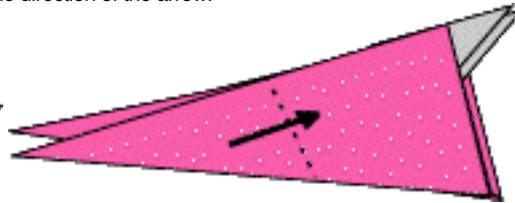
Step 4.
Cut along the line where the scissor marks indicate.



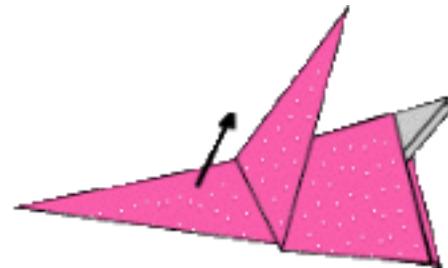
Step 5.
Fold in half along the dotted line,



Step 6.
Fold upward in the direction of the arrow, in the direction of the arrow.



Step 7.
Fold the same way as step 6 on the other side.



Step 8.
Draw on the face and a banner your done!

