

I'm running against the wind
a zine from Isidor's scrapbook



come find me:
insiders-scrapbook.neocities.org

So I learned to run
against the wind

and I haven't stopped
running since.

(And I haven't stopped
getting scared.)

I can be so proud of myself
for every time that I got up
again after my knees buckled,
and for never losing my step
long enough to fall all the way down.

That was the story of my resilience.

"Will I ever stop stumbling?"
The old man looked at the little girl and said

"You were never meant to be here
I am still running and I can feel my bones growing stronger.
Your bones were made for the riches of life

But you got lost and ended up here
But as you grow and as you fall
Your bones will become strong
And soon you will call this place your home."

- Days N' Daze, Insta Mental Breakdown

I am stumbling less and less and maybe one day I will not have to be afraid of the wind blowing me away.

She was stirring her slow blood and making herself stronger by fighting with the wind which swept down from the moor. She ran only to make herself warm, and she hated the wind which rushed at her face and roared and held her back as if it were some giant she could not see. But the big breaths of rough fresh air blown over the heather

If I keep running against the wind I filled her lungs with something which will be strong enough one day.
was good for her whole thin body and whipped some red colour into her cheeks and brightened her dull eyes when she did not know anything about it

- Frances Hodgson Burnett, *The Secret Garden*

one day