

The biggest lie I tell myself is that I don't lie to myself.

A lie I tell myself is that I use emoticons ironically. In fact I love emoticons and use them earnestly, which makes me one of those corny, tacky people whom I think are beneath me.

It's all going to be fine once I graduate. Things are really coming together.

The first time I used a snack machine was in elementary school, so I didn't know the word vend. So when my snack was coming out, and it said vend, I just thought the display was broken.

From then on, I told myself that snack machines must just be built with poor quality displays because I had never used one that wasn't broken.

I didn't figure it out until this year. I'm 22 years old.

*This boy is okay for now, cause I'm lonely, but in the
long run...*

I really wish I had an application on my phone that mandated a ten second waiting period until it sent texts, so that I could make decisions on my second thoughts. It would save me so much time in apologies.

Hey that's a lie I tell myself! I don't really want that, because then I would be held responsible for my actions.

I'm old enough to know what I want. Everything is going to turn out alright.

That I'm not getting older. That my dog would talk to me if it could. That belief and evidence can reach a compromise. I don't care what anyone else thinks. That I don't regret a thing...because I don't. See? That one just isn't letting go.

*Today is my absolute last day for procrastinating.
Tomorrow, I stop.*

Not knowing where you'll be or what you'll be doing a year from now is really not a big deal and there's no point in thinking about it right now, since it's impossible to plan that far in advance.

*If you wish you may use the following blank pages to share
lies or whatever you would like. I hope you enjoyed this book
and thank you.*

The text for this book was compiled from lies people tell themselves. These were shared anonymously and are presented anonymously. I want to deeply thank everyone who shared their stories. This book acts as one part of a three part meal/installation project but can be digested seperately as well. The concept, installation/meal, and book, were created by Claire Siepser of

Little Dinosaur Press in 2001.

Sharing is caring after all.