

It's Tough Out Here Being a Baddie...

On ambition, adulthood, and finding your own way forward

To be honest, I haven't been writing much lately.

So much of my energy has been going to healing, hustling, and balancing all of the things in my life.

It's tough out here being a baddie.

We don't have the same opportunities our parents' generation did. AI is changing everything. The economy is utter shit. We juggle short-term survival with long-term uncertainty while our brains are constantly bombarded with digital slop.

It's not exactly an easy time to be a human.

Even as a creative who has gotten pretty good at managing uncertainty, the current state of the world has my foundations shaky. I often wonder what the future will even look like for our generation.

I try not to live inside that existential dread because the world gets grey and hopeless when I do. And frankly, I cannot afford to freeze under the weight of it all.

Alas, we are still humans who have to show up for real-life responsibilities in the middle of the mess.

And healing doesn't dance so conveniently with capitalism.

As a 32 year old single woman navigating the aftermath of trauma, I often feel like I am "playing catch up."

With friends. Fellow entrepreneurs. Family. Myself.

Even though I know expectations, especially unrealistic ones, do nothing but crush the soul, it is hard not to feel them sometimes.

There is this idea that we are supposed to follow a certain timeline, or reach a particular level of "success" by a certain age. For ambitious people especially, that pressure can become brutal.

Not only are we trying to get through ordinary adulthood, we are doing it during a strange collective moment while somehow still being expected to produce a five-year plan, as if the American dream, or anything resembling it, remains a reliable roadmap.

It is easy to fall into a frequency of hopelessness and dread, no matter what you're carrying.

So give yourself a little credit for everything you are holding.

It is hard to be a human right now.

Taking care of ourselves while managing all the pieces of a hyperconnected world is a lot.

But maybe that is exactly what makes a baddie a baddie.

We show up anyway. We take imperfect action.

We dip a little delusion and faith into our cocktails of rebuilding. We start fresh. We stay fearless. And we do our damn best to have some fun in between.

So yes, it is tough out here.

And also, wherever you are, I am certain you are doing better than you think you are.

The fiercest versions of us don't need to obsess over the "map". We trust the *compass*.

Upon remembering this, in the evening of a hard day, stuck in my head pondering all of this, I found myself dancing to salsa music in my living room.

Grateful for my life. Proud of myself. Letting the stress of the day move through me, knowing tomorrow would be another day, another opportunity to keep going.

The fire inside of us is what lights the way.

The path is drawn in pencil, but our purpose is written in pen.

So maybe *being a "baddie"* is less about having everything together and more about showing up with grace, faith, and self-respect *in the middle of uncertainty*.

Giving ourselves grace in the exact places where we are usually the cruelest.

Accepting that not everything can be fixed, managed, and healed at once.

Knowing we get to have both *rest* and *success*.

And giving ourselves a little more credit for everything we are already carrying.

So, find your favorite music. Get in your living room. Dance it out.

Tomorrow is another day of being a baddie.