

nat by mat



I'm Natalie. I've only known me for about a year, so I'm not exactly sure about any of this. I can't be exactly certain about who I am or the way my head works, but I can give you what might seem like an outsider's insight done in first person.

I'm loud. I can be quite loud in social settings: this is because I want your attention. But when I speak to one person, on their own, when it's a one-on-one thing, I'm quiet. But it's always nice to bring the conversation back to me.

I'm not in love with me, not head-over-heels. I know me best and I don't like to talk about things I don't know so well, as that can be rather embarrassing. Me and embarrassment don't mix. And this bit of text is odd, because I would never admit to feeling embarrassed.

I'm sitting at a table and someone is explaining the way they used to talk to their mom as a child. I talked to my mom in a funnier way. And I'll let you know by saying, "I was horrible as a kid." And continue on.

I tell you one thing, you tell me
your thing and I'll tell you the
next thing. That's how conversation
works, so really, I'm not in the
wrong.

I know people who repeat other people's stories, or say things about their friends. That's not as interesting as what I've got to say. First-handed stories are always best.

I've got great energy behind my words. I am lively. I move my hands like an Egyptian. I toss my head back with laughter. I hit the table with my open palm, and love to dig into the people that are close to me. Also people that aren't that close to me.

I've got an amazing fashion sense.
I wear summer dresses like nobody
else.

I play board games and I always
win. And if I'm on a team, I win.

I make art projects with my work partner. I know it's our work and I'm happy to work with others but when I talk about it, I call it mine.

It's about me. This is my font and
these are my words. Even if they're
not.

I know it might be angering or frustrating to others. People should know that I'm not meaning to sound rude or full of myself. If you stood in someone else's shoes, mine for example, you'd realize how self-involved it is of you to think I'm making a personal attack on you. It's not like that. It's not about you. It's me. It's got nothing to do with you.

Here's a good example of someone who is overly sensitive: my friend Matt. Once he was talking about this girl that he knows. He called her "loose," and said that she would probably do a porno were someone to ask her. I gave him a bit of a dirty look, "Matt..." it was a bit disappointing of him. "Shut-up," he snapped in defence.

I told him, "You shut up." To which he retorted, "Come on. You act like you've never talked shit about someone behind their back."

I really love Matt. We're good friends and I don't think it could ever progress past good friends because he's very selfless and I'm very demanding. It would be very draining for him.

Matt kissed me on the lips once. I
quite liked it.

Matt slept in the same bed with me some time ago. I rubbed my feet on his feet and I snuggled up to him. I could feel my heart beat fast and I couldn't slow my breathing down. But Matt is very sensible. He said, "It'd be best not to do anything."

Matt was sitting across from me at a party. I had a bit of a backhanded plan, I must admit. I was lying on the floor talking with someone, can't remember who, doesn't matter really. My legs were spread apart, not very lady like, and I acted as though I didn't even care that Matt had a plain view of my crotch. He said, "You don't even see me as a sexual object." I just laughed at him. Although I thought I had the last laugh, it was me that felt horrible when he left the party.

Matt's written a few little stories about me. I pretend that I don't like it because he writes very personal and somewhat embarrassing things. I give him a hard time about it but really I'm flattered to be a part of his work. The things he writes are very truthful and that's what the art world really needs now. I should really be more supportive of him.

Matt's talent can only be described as real and raw, but I don't think his spoken stories are that interesting. Not like mine. He kind of bores people and I think he knows that. So he's quiet most of the time and lets me do all the talking. I don't mind.

Matt's energy is not like mine. It's different; more cool and calm. It's mysterious and intriguing. Maybe it's best not to say everything on your mind anyway. I should learn from him but I'm a bit too stubborn to change my ways.

Matt's fashion sense is also amazing. He wears winter sweaters like a Canadian wonder.

When Matt plays board games, he lets other people win. And when he's on a team he's very good with making others think that they're carrying him. Just another example of his selflessness.

Matt makes art projects on his own most of the time because other people usually drag him down. You know how it is when you mix a great idea with a so-so one - you end up with something you glimpse over once. It's something that doesn't really have staying power. If he does any sort of collaboration, Matt does well in listening to what the other person wants out of the project.

I'm Natalie. This is my font.

