

1

Why We're Here

The moment I remembered who the fuck I was, the spell was broken.

Up until that critical awakening, I had been *actively* abandoning myself, predictably and passively participating in my own demise, my own destruction, and the disappearance of any lasting semblance of self.

I equated my value and my worth with my service to others. And it's no surprise that I did. Women are conditioned to choose themselves *last*, to value their worth *less*, to honor their intuition *least*.

And the numbers prove it: women's unpaid labor is worth \$10.9 trillion . . . *every single year*.

This is according to a 2020 analysis by Oxfam of the “unpaid and underpaid care work and the global inequality crisis.” Said another way, “Women's unpaid labor ‘exceeds the combined revenue of the 50 largest companies on the Fortune Global 500 list, including Walmart, Apple, and Amazon,” per the *New York Times*.

An entire global economy is built on the backs—and sustained by the sweat equity—of women's unseen, undervalued, and unrecognized worth.

That is, until it isn't.

The day I decided to choose myself *first*, to value my worth *more*, and to honor my intuition *most* is the day I began rewiring my brain. And I never looked back.

It was not an overnight process.

It was not without missteps and backslides and upheaval.

It was not for the faint of heart.

But I had to do it—or I wasn't going to survive.

I spent decades in the background, pouring my human capital into building others' social and financial gains. I surrendered to narcissists, tactically targeted for my empathetic, people-pleasing, ambitious, do-whatever-it-takes *modus operandi*. I made everyone else look good. I handed over my ideas, my intuition, and my identity in exchange for fleeting and fluctuating praise.

The only thing worse than the ensuing bankruptcy of self is realizing that you never thought to open your own account.

The shame of this reality kept me from asking for help, from telling the truth, from crawling out from under the weight of my own self-destruction. And the trauma bonds that relentlessly tied me to my abusers kept me from falling out of line or ever questioning if I actually wanted to stay.

Like so many women, I was caught in the vice grip of a centuries-old strategic plan to keep women down: a concerted all-out assault by the patriarchy, mean girls (also known as "foot soldiers to the patriarchy"), and systems silencing women.

Breaking free from all three has been the most important work of my life: healing my generational trauma, bringing me back into my body, and reminding me of who the fuck I am.

It's led to the loss of my identity, body, and spirit.

It's led to the re-birth of my identity, body, and spirit.

It's both.

It's why you're here.

Turning 40 broke me down, broke me open, and broke me out of a cycle I didn't realize had become the infrastructure of my life, the lifeblood of my body, the embodiment of my spirit. And that was just the beginning.

When I started sharing my experiences with other women, I learned something that I had never known. They were feeling the same. So many of us were sick and tired of the hand we had been dealt, the burden of misogyny carried by each generation and transferred to the next, and the trauma experienced in our daily life and relived for eternity in the expansive confines of our minds.

We wanted a new way forward.

Enter Hype Women: a global movement mobilizing women's collective power.

It was sparked by a moment between Jamie Lee Curtis and Michelle Yeoh. It was lit by a post I wrote giving this concept—and call to action—a name. It was a flame that we grew into a movement, fueled by you.

Hype Women everywhere are changing the world. We are demanding different. We're transforming.

By the time you are done with this book, you will be in full-on metamorphosis mode, transitioning from a place of only accepting what you “get,” to dissolving what no longer serves you, to finally emerging and exploring the space of your unbounded capacity.

This book is for women in *all stages* of their metamorphosis: from being terrified to break out of old habits; to trudging through the muck and mire in the midst of cutting out toxic people, places, and programming; to encouraging others whose journeys have yet to begin; to being on the other side, freer and more full of life than you ever thought possible; and everything and everywhere in between.

When you finally break free, you need support. Cutting cords that are keeping you small and extinguishing your light requires great courage and conviction. It requires coming back home. To yourself. And figuring out who you are once all the false identities, opinions, and lies about who you're *not* are stripped away.

Here, *you* get to define yourself; and that is so rarely just one thing.



This book is divided into three distinct parts, meant to meet you at every stage of your metamorphosis, every time you go through them, as every version of yourself:

Part I: I Was | A Crawling Caterpillar: Holding and forgiving the versions of yourself you had to be to survive.

Part II: I Am | Cocooned and Dissolving: Breaking free from people, places, and programming holding you back.

Part III: I Will Be | The Monarch: Stepping into the power of knowing who you are—and showing the world you've arrived.

This book found you, where you are, in this moment. And it will be with you on your journey to who you're going to be.



On March 25, 2022, I turned 40. And everything changed. I stopped holding all of my thoughts and feelings and intuition inside. And I began writing and sharing and shouting *out* into the world the experiences I've had, the cages I've broken free from, the systems I'm dismantling.

My book is a gift to the Hype Women who have been integral to my metamorphosis and a love letter to the little girl in me who always deserved better and more than she received. When women are able to break free and *fight*—not just for ourselves but for other women—we take back our power.

There are a lot of women out there who are waking up, doing the deep work, and evaluating themselves, their relationships, their careers, and what they are putting their time and energy toward.

But the leap from *evaluating* to *elevating* can be daunting. From identifying what no longer works to stepping into what does. From leaving a comfort zone as a “people pleaser” to serving yourself first. From stopping the inertia in your career or relationships to being honest about why you don't want *that* or *them* anymore.

For me, what broke the spell was a singular phrase that came to me and refused to leave until I paid it the respect it was due:

■ ***I will no longer abandon myself in service to others.***

There are so many ways we abandon ourselves in service to others:

- Staying too long in relationships whose end is overdue
- Doing unpaid work at our company because we care
- Taking less money for a role than we deserve
- Putting others' wants and desires before ours
- Shouldering an inequitable amount of domestic labor at home

- Volunteering for more than we have the energy to contribute
- Spending time with friends we have outgrown
- Breaking our boundaries in order to “keep the peace”
- Allowing our children’s lives to eclipse our own
- Moving our dreams to the backburner, time and time again
- Viewing our worth exclusively through external validations
- Saying “yes” to people, places, and projects when our gut screams “no”
- Taking the back seat in a car we should be driving

When I turned 40, however, I decided enough was enough.

In a matter of months, I resigned from the company I had co-founded two-and-a-half years before.

I created—and communicated—new, important boundaries with family and friends.

I continued to heal my own traumas and the generational trauma I carried with me daily on a cellular level as an oldest daughter and the daughter of an oldest daughter.

I chose myself in big and small ways every single day.

And when people told me I was selfish for doing so, I told them they were wrong.

It has been an exhausting, messy, complicated disaster. People were pissed. Many still are.

That’s the thing about change. It rattles everyone—and everything—everywhere to their core. What—and who—is left standing tells you everything you need to know.

Well, guess what? I’m still here.



In *Hype Women*, we are going to learn to hold our dualities with compassionate care:

To be fiercely independent *and* deeply loyal
To be a devoted mother *and* a selfish woman
To be self-aware *and* self-actualized
To be sensitive *and* tough

To be careful *and* carefree
 To be a Hype Woman *and* to have Hype Women
 To play it safe *and* take risks
 To follow the rules *and* break them
 To be concerned *and* courageous
 To be a builder *and* a disruptor
 To work hard *and* rest
 To seek joy *and* create it
 To be empathic *and* have boundaries
 To embrace our masculine *and* our feminine

Because our power lies in our dualities.

All women's power does.

The magic of this truth—of our metamorphosis—continues to create a cultural zeitgeist that is shifting solar systems. The world tells us to bloom where we are planted.

But maybe we never chose this bed we've been forced to lie in.

Maybe we don't believe that we can grow here anymore.

Maybe the roots don't feel like a tethering or a grounding, but instead
 a strangling from which we are trying to escape.

Women are done with the incremental, crawling caterpillar pace of progress. Women are refusing to be cocooned into spaces and places that are limiting our growth and evolution. Women are walking away from people who tell us we're worth less.

Women. Are. Breaking. Out.

Women are transforming and taking flight toward who we were always meant to be.

Hype Women isn't just a book. It's a noun. A verb. A call to action. A question. An answer. A moment. A Movement.

Hype Women is:

- A seismic shift in the way women view one another
- A decision we've made to stop silencing, side-eyeing, and side-lining her success—and our own

- A commitment to supporting, surrounding, and shouting her name in every sphere of influence we occupy
- Our collective sisterhood

No one gets to tell us:

- Who we are
- What we're capable of
- When we're ready
- Where we belong
- Why we matter
- How bright we can shine

Because when we—as women—*hype* women, we hype ourselves. And that shift is going to change the world.

It all starts now.

LFG.

