The Girl Speaks



What I Wish They Knew

“This is your space. There’s no need to explain, justify, or defend. Write freely. Let it out. Let it be.”

This part gently reclaims
identity
not to dwell in the past, but to
remember that you existed
beyond the system... and still
do.

The Girl Speaks

The Parts They Don’t See

Encouragement Quote Cards

A few quiet truths to keep with you when the system forgets you’re human.

They don’t have to see your pain for it to be real.

You don’t owe the system your soul.

Silence isn’t weakness — it’s protection.

Being calm doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt. It means you’ve learned how to survive in a room that’s already made up its mind.

You are doing more than enough — they just stopped looking for the right things.

Your child still sees the love. Even through the chaos.

Your child still sees the love. Even through the chaos.

This is not a failure. This is a war you didn’t choose.

Journal Page:

What I Wish They Knew

Prompt:

What do you wish the professionals, the system, or others involved truly understood about your life, your parenting, or your heart?

You might begin with:

- *“If they really saw me, they’d know…”*
- *“I’m not just a case file — I am…”*
- *“Behind my calm face is…”*
- *“What they call ‘non-compliant’ is actually…”*

The Girl Speaks

Journal Page:

Journal Page: Before the System

There was a you before the system arrived.
Before the forms. The fear. The reports.
This page is for her/You

Prompt:
Who were you before this journey began?
What did you believe about yourself?
What did you hope for your family?
What made you feel strong, proud, or peaceful?

You might begin with:

- *“Before the meetings and scrutiny, I was…”*
- *“They didn’t see the version of me who…”*
- *“I miss the part of me that used to…”*
- *“I was still healing when…”*

The Girl Speaks

Journal Page: What I’m Afraid to Say

This page won’t be shown in a meeting. It’s yours. All of it.

There are thoughts we silence —
because we’re afraid
they’ll be misunderstood,
twisted, or used against us.
But silence doesn’t mean
those thoughts disappear.

This is a place to put them down.
To speak freely, scribble wildly, rage gently
or not so gently.
Write. Doodle. Scribble. Let it out.

You might begin with:
“What I’m really feeling is…”
“I didn’t say this in the meeting, but…”
“I am so tired of pretending that…”
“If I could scream into a pillow, I’d say…”

This is your rage page.
Your ache page.
Your I-am-more-than-this-page.
No one gets to read it. Not even them