WELCOME TO WILDLY ME

WITH VALEN RAE



Meet Valen Rae – Her Story

The girl who brings lightning to the teacups.

You probably don't know me yet.
But I've known *you* for a long time.

Not your name, not your school or your socials—
I mean that part of you that burns quietly under the noise.
The part that feels like you're too much for some people,
or not enough for others.
The part that aches to be seen, heard, felt,
without having to shrink or explain or *fit in.*

Yeah. That part.
That's the part I'm here for.

I wasn't always this loud.

I used to write poems on the soles of my boots so no one could read them.
I screamed into pillows and danced when no one was watching.
I wore hoodies like armor and hid my thunder in my chest, because no one ever taught me how to hold a storm like mine.



Then I met **Domonic**.
Not the rockstar, not the icon.
The *real* one.
The one who saw me when I was still invisible—even to myself.

He didn’t try to fix me.
He handed me a **broken mic** and a **scribbled-up notebook** and said:

“Fix it.
Make it say something that sounds like *you*.
Then scream it so loud it echoes through the fakes.”

And I did.

I glued it with glitter and gold paint and words that were mine.
I wrote songs made of tears and joy and rage and softness.
I found my voice—and then I found you.



Now I’m here.
To hand *you* the mic.
To walk beside you when you feel like your feelings are too big,
or your body’s too weird,
or your voice is shaking.

I don’t have all the answers.
But I’ve walked through fire, and I kept the ashes in my pocket.
I know how to turn pain into poetry.

I know how to rise again.
And I know *you can too.*

So welcome, wild one.
This course is yours now.

We'll cry.
We'll laugh till it hurts.
We'll smash some lies and stitch up some truth.
We'll learn how to roar and rest and rise.

Not to become me.
Not to become Dom.
But to become **fully, wildly, deeply you.**

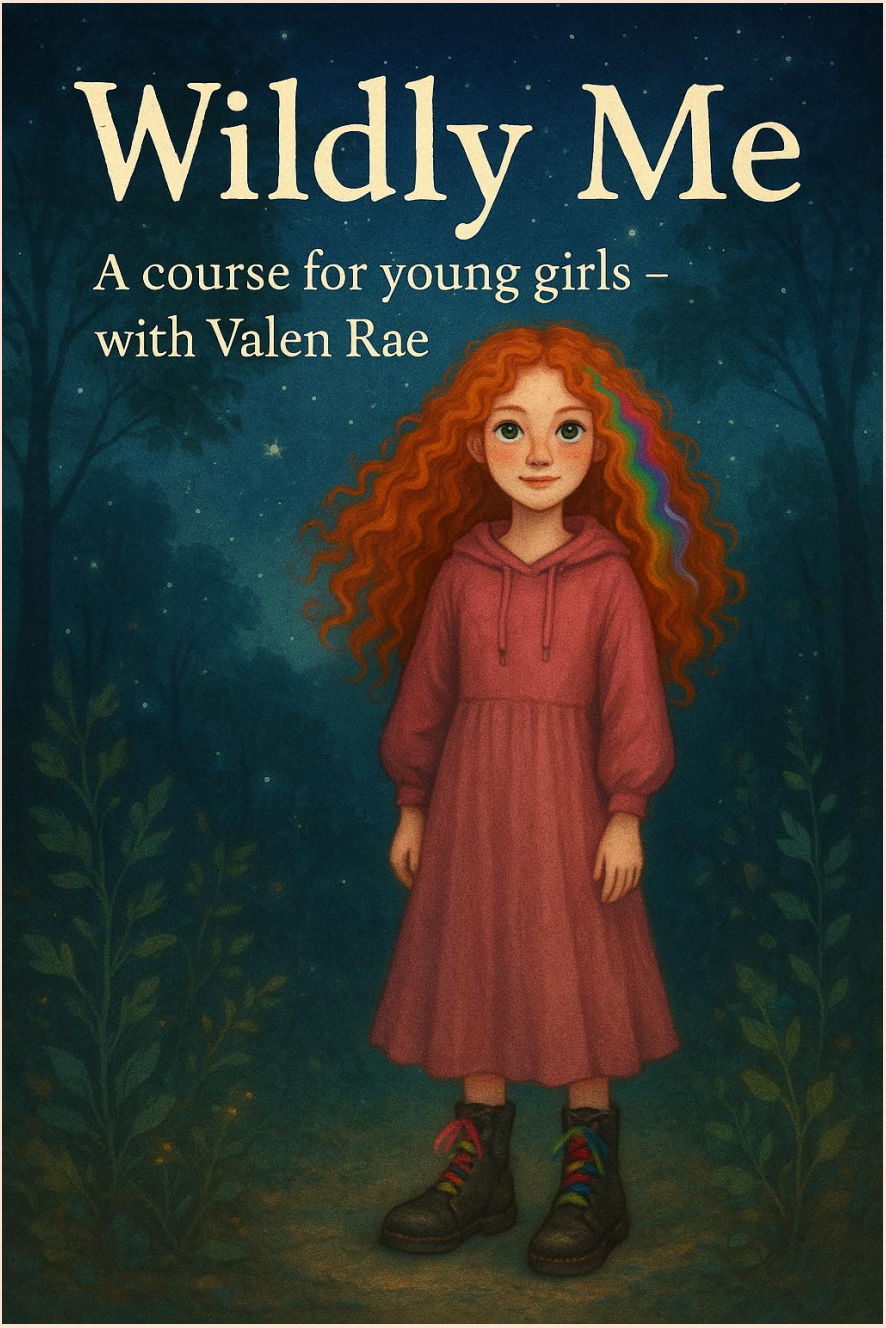
And that, my girl—
is your *superpower*.

—

Valen Rae
(Thunder girl. Dream keeper. Soft-hearted riot.)

Wildly Me

A course for young girls –
with Valen Rae



🌸 Wildly Me

A Course for Brave, Brilliant Girls

with Valen Rae

Here's your **"What to Expect"** page, written in the same bold, heartfelt, real-and-magical voice that Valen Rae brings:

✨ What to Expect from *Wildly Me*

This isn't a schoolbook.
It's not about grades, gold stars, or being perfect.
It's about being **real**.

It's about figuring out who you are,
even when the world tries to tell you who you should be.
It's about **feelings**, and **friendship**, and **fierce softness**.
It's about learning to love your loud, your quiet, your weird, your wild.

💗 Here's how it works:

- You'll meet **Valen Rae**—our rebel guide who once felt too much and now owns every inch of who she is.
- Each module will bring you into a new theme: **identity, emotions, boundaries, courage, creativity**, and more.

- You'll read, reflect, write, scribble, draw, cry, laugh, **and grow.**
- There will be **journal prompts**, mini challenges, and magical tasks to help you express your truth.

🎤 **You can do this your way:**

- Alone, in your journal
- With a trusted adult, friend, or group
- With music playing
- In your hoodie or your glitter dress
- Slowly, wildly, gently—whatever works for **you**

🌈 **You'll walk away with:**

- A deeper connection to your true self
- More confidence in your voice, body, and choices
- Tools for handling feelings, friendships, and life's messy bits
- A reminder that you are **not alone**
- A voice that knows it's worth being heard

You don’t have to be fearless.
You just have to be **you**.

And you don’t have to get it all right.
You just have to **begin**.

So take a deep breath, wild one.

Let’s start the journey.

MODULE ONE

🌸 Module One: Who Am I?

***"You're not a label. You're a living spark."* —Valen Rae**

🎬 1. Story: The Mask Room

The first time Valen Rae found the **Mask Room**, she was running.

Not from anyone. From *everything*.

From the eyes that called her *too much*.
From the voice in her head that whispered *not enough*.
From the box the world tried to stuff her into—neat, quiet, small.

She found it by accident: a tiny, flickering door behind a stage curtain in Wonderland. It opened with a creak like bones and stardust.

Inside: mirrors. Hundreds.
And masks—lined up on velvet shelves.
Sweet girl. Cool girl. Smart girl. Pretty girl. Chill girl. Funny girl. Perfect girl.

She tried each one.
They fit like plastic. Pretty from the outside. Empty on the inside.

Then she heard something.

Not a voice, exactly. A feeling.
Like her bones were humming.

“Take off the mask.”

So she did.

And for the first time—**she saw herself.**

Wild hair. Loud eyes. Cracked voice.
But *real*. And alive.

She didn’t need to fit in a box.
She was the box. And the fire inside it.



🎵 2. The Song: "Who the Hell is She?"

A song from Valen's notebook.
Written the night she dropped all the masks and danced barefoot on broken glass:

I’m not the echo of your dream,
Not your neat and tidy scene.
I’m scars and glitter, rage and grace—
The girl who doesn’t need a place.

Who the hell is she?
Me.

📝 3. The Poem: "No One Named Me"

I wasn’t named by rules or trends—
Not by strangers, teachers, or fake friends.

I was named in lightning strikes,
In journal pages, sleepless nights.

My name is breath. My name is flame.
My name is **mine**.

I made my name.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Hall of Mirrors

Close your eyes.

You're standing in the **Hall of Mirrors**. Long corridor. Velvet walls. Candlelight flickers.

Each mirror shows a version of you—ones you’ve shown to the world.
Some you love.
Some feel fake.

One mirror is covered in ivy.
You pull it back.
You look in.
This mirror doesn’t show how you *look*.
It shows how you **feel** when you're most alive.

What do you see?
What's glowing?
Where is your fire?
Stay there for a moment. Let it rise.

When you're ready, return. But keep that version close. She's real.

🔥 5. Ritual: The Name You Give Yourself

You'll need:

- A small piece of paper or card
- A pen or marker
- A quiet moment

Write the name you *feel* inside—not your label, your **soul**.

It might be:
Storm Whisperer. Fireheart. Moon Spinner. Soft Riot. Hope Keeper. Chaos Girl.
It might just be: **Me.**

Fold it. Tuck it into your shoe, your pocket, or your journal.

Let it travel with you.
Let it remind you.

💬 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

They'll try to name you.
Try to tell you what kind of girl you are—too quiet, too loud, too weird, too sensitive, too chill, too whatever.

But none of them live in your chest.
None of them know your storms, your softness, your spark.

You are not a type.
You are not a trend.
You are **a truth.**

And it's time to live like it.

🎨 7. Creative Expression

- Draw or collage your **"mirror girl"**—what you saw in the Hall of Mirrors
- Write a journal entry that begins:

"If I didn't have to pretend, I would..."

- Make a playlist called **"Me When I'm Real"** – songs that feel like *you*
- Write a new name for yourself, just for today (or forever)

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Sit quietly.
Put your hand on your chest.
Breathe in this truth:

I am not what they named me.
I am what I claim myself to be.

Say it out loud.
Once.
Twice.
Three times.

And know this:
You're not discovering yourself to fit in.
You’re discovering yourself to finally be **free**.

MODULE TWO

🌊 Module Two: Feelings Are Power

"You weren't made to bottle storms. You were made to feel them, ride them, and turn them into fire." **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Day Valen Tried to Swallow a Volcano

Valen Rae once tried to stay calm for a whole week.

No tears.
No yelling.
No big feelings.

Just… chill.

She lasted one day and six hours.

Then it happened.

A teacher snapped at her.
A friend said something cold.
She dropped her sketchbook in the mud.
And someone laughed.

Her chest burned.
Her throat closed.
Her fists clenched and her eyes filled—but she *smiled.*

Until she got home.
Until she slammed the door, collapsed in a heap, and—

BOOM.

She exploded.
Tears. Screams. A throw pillow hurled like a comet.

She felt ashamed, dramatic, messy, stupid.
But somewhere—*deep* in her gut—she felt something else.

Relief.
Truth.
Power.

Later, she wrote this on her wall:

"Feelings are not the enemy.
Bottling them is."

That was the last day she swallowed a volcano.
After that, she learned to **ride the lava**—not drown in it.

🎵 2. The Song: "Volcano Girl"

A beat Valen built with her bare hands, her heartbeat, and her foot tapping on the bathroom tile:

I’m done being quiet when I’m burning inside,
Done saying “I’m fine” while my soul tries to hide.
I’m the volcano girl—watch me rise.
I cry like a storm and I don’t apologize.

📝 3. The Poem: Rage is Rain

Rage is rain in a thunderstorm.
If you hold it in, you flood.
If you let it move, you grow.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Feeling Forest

Close your eyes.

You're walking through a **twilight forest**. Every tree holds a feeling.
One tree hums with joy.
Another pulses with anger.
A soft blue one glows with sadness.
Others shimmer with fear, love, confusion, excitement, shame.

You place your hand on one tree.
It sends a pulse into your palm—a message from that feeling.
What does it say?
What does it want you to know?
What does it want you to do?

Sit under its branches. Breathe with it.
Then walk out of the forest with a seed in your hand—
your feeling's gift.

🔮 5. Ritual: Feel It, Name It, Move It

You'll need:

- A small notebook or scrap paper
- A pen
- Music (optional)

1. Close your eyes and ask: "What am I feeling right now?"
2. Write down the first word that comes. Don't judge it.
3. Ask: "Where is this in my body?" (Tight jaw? Chest? Legs?)
4. Move your body how *that feeling* would move:
    - Rage might stomp or punch the air.
    - Sadness might curl or sway.

- Joy might jump or shake.

Move it.
Name it.
Let it be **seen.**

💬 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

They'll say "Don't be so sensitive."
But guess what?
Your feelings are your **super-sense.**

Anger shows where your boundaries were crossed.
Sadness asks you to pause and grieve.
Fear wants to protect you.
Joy wants you to fly.

Feelings are *messages*, not mistakes.
They don't make you crazy.
They make you **human. Alive. Free.**

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Let It Out Loud and Soft

Your feelings are artists.
They paint, write, sing, stomp, spin, scream, and whisper.
Here's where you give them the mic.

You can choose **one** or try **all**—there's no wrong way.

✍️ *Option 1: Write a Letter to a Feeling*

Pick one emotion—like **anger**, **sadness**, or **joy**—and write it a letter like it's a person you know.

Example:

Dear Anger,
I'm scared of you sometimes. You come in hot and fast, and I try to pretend you're not there. But maybe you're here because I needed to say something and didn't. Maybe you're trying to protect me. I want to listen. But I also want to learn how to let you out without hurting people.

Let's figure this out.

— Me

🎨 *Option 2: Create Your "Feeling Self"*

Choose a feeling you often hide. Create a **visual version** of yourself *in that feeling*.

It could be:

- A drawing of you made of storm clouds
- A girl made of fire and flowers
- A creature with too many hearts and a fierce glitter stare
- A cloak that changes colors based on your emotion

Example:
Draw yourself as **Volcano Girl**:

- Lava hair
- Smoke rising from your fists
- A heart with a crack in it, glowing like gold
- Boots made of stone—unshakable

Write one line under the drawing:

"I feel. I rise. I burn clean."

🧠 *Option 3: Build a Feeling Map*

Trace an outline of your body (or draw a rough version). Now choose different colors to show where you feel certain emotions:

- Red = anger
- Blue = sadness
- Yellow = joy
- Grey = fear
- Pink = love

Fill in the places those feelings live (e.g., "anger in my fists," "joy in my feet," "sadness in my throat"). Add notes or images around the edge.

Why it helps: This makes your inner world **visible**—you start to understand how feelings speak through your body.

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Breathe in.
Breathe out.

Say to yourself:

I am allowed to feel everything.
I do not have to hide.
My feelings are not bad.
They are my teachers.
They are my power.
They are **mine.**



🤝 Module Three: Friendships & Frenemies

"You don't have to shrink to belong. Real friends make room for your full glow." **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Glitter Bench

There was a bench in Wonderland made of glitter glass and wildflowers.
It appeared only when someone felt left out, left behind, or heart-bruised by people they once called friend.

Valen Rae sat there once.

Actually—**a lot.**

There was a time when she had a *group*—matching bracelets, matching jokes, matching masks. They told her who to be, how to laugh, what to wear. It worked… until it didn't.

Until she said **no** one day.
Until she wore boots instead of ballet flats.
Until she cried when they wanted her to "just chill."

Suddenly, the group shrank.

They laughed behind messages.
They planned things without her.
They called her dramatic.

So she sat on the glitter bench.

Alone.
But not empty.

Because something happened on that bench.
She wrote a new list—not of people to impress, but of what she *needed*.

- Kindness over coolness.
- Space to cry and still belong.
- Friends who don't punish honesty.
- Connection, not control.

And the glitter in the bench?
It came from the broken shards of girls like her who sat there, healed, and rose.

She rose too.
And when she did—**the right ones found her.**

🎵 2. The Song: "Glow Alone"

I’d rather glow alone
than dim for your smile.

I’d rather walk solo
than bend to your style.

Real friends see the whole of me—
my messy, magic wild.

So I glow alone,
until I find
my kind.

📝 3. The Poem: The Friendship Mirror

A friend is a mirror,
but not the kind that copies—
the kind that reflects
your **realest shine.**

If the mirror mocks you,
cracks you,
asks you to dim—
it’s not a mirror.

It’s a mask.

Smash it.
And keep searching
for mirrors that **glow back.**

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Circle of True Friends

Close your eyes.

You're standing in a clearing under a starlit sky.
In the center is a glowing circle made of moonlight.
You are allowed to invite **only three kinds of friends** into it:

- Someone who sees you when you're sad
- Someone who celebrates your weirdness
- Someone who makes you feel **safe**

They don't have to exist yet. They can be real, imagined, or future souls.

Who shows up?

What do they say?
How do they look at you?
What does your body feel like in their presence?

Stay there. Feel that safety. That truth.
When you're ready, come back.

Now you know what to look for.

🔮 5. Ritual: The List of Non-Negotiables

You'll need:

- A page in your journal or scrap paper
- Pen
- A little bravery

Write a list titled:

"What I Need in a Real Friend"

Not what's *popular*. Not what's *safe*. What your heart actually needs.

Examples:

- Honesty, even when it's awkward
- Safe to cry and still be loved
- No silent treatments or group punishments
- Joy. Depth. Room to be real.

Then, draw a heart next to each one that *you* are already giving to others.

This is your **Friendship Compass**.

💬 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

Not every friendship is forever.
Not every “bestie” means best.
Some people are chapters. Some are lessons. Some are lifelines.

Just because they laugh with you doesn’t mean they’re kind.
Just because they say “love you” doesn’t mean they know how.
Just because you’ve been friends forever doesn’t mean it’s still right.

You deserve people who hold your truth, not your shape-shifting.
Who make room when you're messy.
Who stay when you grow.

Sometimes?
You have to glow alone
before you find your kind.

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Friendship Truths

Choose what speaks to you:

✍️ *Option 1: The Break-Up Letter (Unsent)*

Write a letter to a friendship that hurt you. Say what you were too scared to say. Get it *out*. You don't have to send it. You just have to **own it**.

Example:

Dear _____,
I tried to shrink to keep you happy. I let you laugh when it hurt. I stayed silent when I needed to scream. That's not love. That's fear. And I'm done. I still wish you well. But I wish *me* better.

Goodbye.

🎨 *Option 2: Draw Your Circle*

Draw a glowing circle like the one from the imagination activation. Inside, sketch or name the people who **light you up**, or the kind of friends you're calling in.

Around the outside, write this line:

"I don't shrink for love. I rise in it."



🧠 *Option 3: Real vs. Red Flags Chart*

Make a simple two-column page:

Real Friend Does...	Red Flag Friend Does...
Checks on you	Goes quiet when you're honest
Celebrates you	Competes with you
Lets you feel	Calls you dramatic

Fill in your own. Get clear.

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Put your hand on your heart.

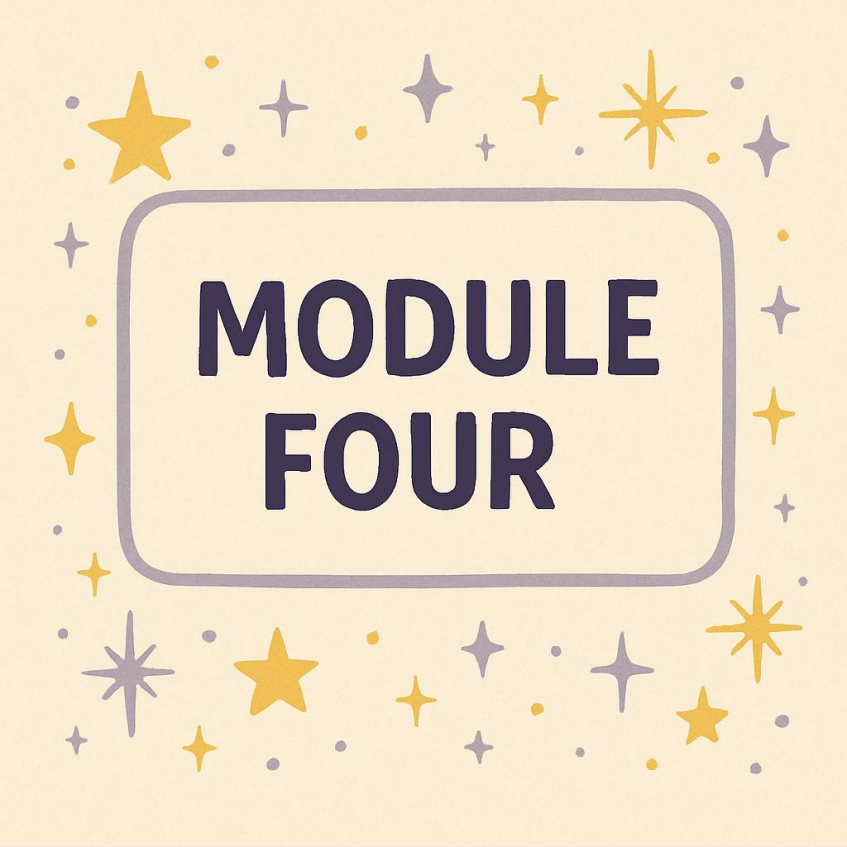
Say this to yourself:

I don’t have to change to be loved.
I don’t have to chase approval.
I don’t have to accept crumbs.

I choose friendships that see me,
hear me,
and hold my truth.

You’re not too much.
You’re not too intense.
You’re not too anything.

You’re just **too real for the fake stuff.**
And that’s a gift.



🗣️ Module Four: Boundaries & Brave Words

“Your ‘no’ is holy. Your voice is yours. Use it like a spell.”
—Valen Rae



🎬 1. Story: The Day Valen Didn’t Laugh

There was a boy in Wonderland who made everyone laugh.
Except Valen Rae.

He was quick with jokes.
Sharp with his tongue.
Always the center of the room.

And sometimes—he was mean.
He said things like:
“Oh come on, it’s just a joke.”
“You’re too sensitive.”
“She can’t take a little fun.”

One day, he pointed at her hair and said something loud.
People laughed.

But Valen didn’t.
Not this time.

Her stomach twisted, her cheeks burned,
but her feet stayed firm.

She didn’t shout.
She didn’t cry.

She just looked at him and said, calmly, clearly:

“That’s not funny to me. Please stop.”

The room went still.
And the boy blinked.
He laughed again—awkward this time. But not cruel.
Not anymore.

Later, a girl from the back of the room whispered to Valen,
“Thank you. I never knew we were allowed to say that.”

That’s when she learned:
Her boundaries weren’t mean.
They were permission.

🎵 2. The Song: "Say It Anyway"

Even if my voice shakes—
I’ll speak.

Even if they roll their eyes—
I’ll hold my line.

I don’t need to scream
to be strong.

I just need to
say it anyway.

📝 3. The Poem: The Fence and the Flame

I built a fence,
not a wall.

A gate opens for love,
and closes for harm.

I am not unkind
for choosing peace.

I am not rude
for saying “no.”

I am fire—
and I decide
who gets close to the flame.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Voice Garden

Close your eyes.

You are standing in a magical garden made of voices.
Some are whispers. Some are roars.
Some are sharp, some soft, some echoing.

You walk to the center, where there's a single flower, closed tight.
It's your voice.

You place your hands around it.
You whisper:

"You are safe. You are true. I will use you with love."

The flower opens—wide and glowing.
Your voice blooms.

When you leave the garden, the petals float with you.

🔮 5. Ritual: The Power of a Polite No

You'll need:

- A mirror
- A pen and paper
- A voice (even a whisper)

Look into the mirror and practice saying these things:

- "No, thank you."
- "That doesn't feel good to me."
- "Please don't talk to me like that."
- "I need a break right now."
- "I deserve to be treated with respect."

Write the one that's hardest to say.
Practice it. Say it soft. Say it strong.

Your voice is a **spell**.
Every time you speak up with truth and kindness, you cast protection.

🗨️ 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

People might call you rude for setting a boundary.
People might roll their eyes when you speak your truth.

But *that's not your shame*.
That's their discomfort.

You are not responsible for keeping people comfortable.
You're responsible for protecting your peace.

A **boundary** is not a punishment.
It's a line between love and self-loss.

A **brave word** is not an argument.
It's an act of truth.

You don't need to scream.
You just need to **stand steady.**

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Speak the Spell

Choose one or more:

✍️ *Option 1: Write Your "Boundary Spell"*

Write a short, powerful statement you can whisper or remember when things feel too much.

Examples:

- "I don't owe anyone access to my energy."
- "I can love you and still say no."
- "If it costs my peace, it's too expensive."

Decorate it. Make it magical.
Tape it somewhere close.

🎨 *Option 2: Draw Your Fence and Flame*

Draw yourself in the center of a page. Around you is a **fence of light**—soft but strong.

Outside the fence are words you're protecting yourself from.
Inside the fence are your truths, your joys, your safety.

At the top, write:

"I am the keeper of my own flame."

💌 *Option 3: Brave Words Practice Cards*

Make 3 little cards with phrases you want to use more often.
Decorate them and keep them in your journal.

Examples:

- "Please stop."
- "That hurt my feelings."
- "I need time to think."
- "That's not okay with me."

Practice saying one a day, even in the mirror.
Let your voice grow strong.

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Breathe into your throat.
Feel it warm, alive, present.

Now say:

My voice is mine.
I will not trade truth for approval.
I can be kind and clear.
I can be soft and strong.

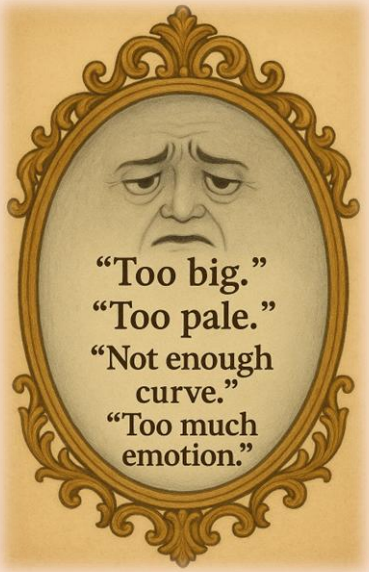
I am allowed to say no.
I am allowed to speak.

And I do.



🪞 Module Five: Mirror Talk

"Your body is not the problem. The mirror was never meant to be a battlefield." **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Mirror That Spoke

Valen Rae once found a mirror in Wonderland that didn’t show her face—
it showed her thoughts.

She stood in front of it after a rough day.
Too many eyes. Too many comparisons.
Too many voices telling her what she *should* look like.

In the mirror she didn’t see her reflection—
she saw words:

“Too big.”
“Too pale.”
“Not enough curve.”

“Too much emotion.”
“Why can’t you just be like them?”

The words wrapped around her like vines.
Tight. Ugly. Heavy.

She wanted to smash the mirror.
But she didn’t.

She sat down instead.
Pulled out a pen.
And wrote new words on her arms, one by one:

“Art.”
“Strength.”
“Kindness.”
“Fire.”
“Becoming.”

The mirror didn’t shatter.
It changed.

It showed her not what she looked like—
but who she was **becoming**.

That was the last day she let a mirror bully her.
From then on, she looked deeper.
And she made **peace** her reflection.

🎵 2. The Song: "Mirror Me"

I’m not the lines they drew for me—
I’m curves, scars, softness, flame.

I’m not the edits on your screen—
I’m morning eyes and middle-name pain.

Don’t tell me how to be seen.
I choose how I mirror me.

📝 3. The Poem: I Was Not Made Small

I was not made small.
I was not made neat.

I was made of stretch marks
and rhythm,
and soft thunder feet.

I was made real,
and real isn’t tidy.

Real is riot,
and rain,
and **glow when you’re ready.**

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Mirror of Becoming

Close your eyes.

You're in a quiet candlelit room.
In front of you is a tall mirror wrapped in ivy and gold thread.
This mirror shows **not what you are now—but who you're becoming.**

Step in front of it.
You see:

- Your eyes sparkling with knowing
- Your hands creating something magical
- Your face soft with strength
- Your body standing proud

This is you. Not perfect. Not filtered.
Just **becoming**.

Breathe that image into your bones.
When you're ready, return.

🔮 5. Ritual: Mirror Peace Practice

You'll need:

- A mirror
- A pen

- One sticky note or small paper

Stand in front of your mirror.

Now whisper to yourself something kind.
If it feels fake, say it anyway.

Write this phrase and stick it on the mirror:

“This is not a battleground. This is a becoming.”

Add to it whenever you feel brave.
Make the mirror **a place of power.**

🗨️ 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

Listen to me:
Your body is not broken.
Your thighs, your belly, your softness, your height—none of it is wrong.

The world profits off your self-hate.
It wants you distracted by calories and cheekbones so you never rise into your *real* power.

You are not a product.
You are a person.
You are a pulse.
A work in progress. A piece of poetry.

Don’t wait to be someone else to start loving who you already are.

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Rewriting the Mirror

Choose one or more:

✍️ *Option 1: Your Body Story*

Write a letter to your body like it's a best friend you've misunderstood.

Example:

Dear Body,
I'm sorry I've judged you through someone else's lens.
I'm sorry I've punished you for not fitting the mould.

You've carried me.
Held my breath, my tears, my dreams.

I want to know you again.

Can we start over?

🎨 *Option 2: Mirror Collage or Drawing*

Draw yourself in front of a magical mirror.
Inside the mirror, don't draw your appearance.
Draw your **light**: words, colors, symbols that reflect your essence.

At the top write:

“What I see is sacred.”

🧠 *Option 3: Mirror Talk Chart*

Thought I Used to Think	Thought I Choose Now
I’m too much	I’m full of life
I hate my stomach	My belly holds power
I need to be smaller	I deserve space

Write at least 3 for yourself. Flip the script.
You get to choose **your reflection.**

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Stand in stillness.
Place one hand on your belly, one on your heart.

Say:

I was not made to be compared.
I was made to **belong to myself.**

I was not made to be small.
I was made to **rise real.**

My reflection is not the final truth.

I am becoming.

And that is beautiful.



Module Six: The Brave Yes

***"Fear is the gate. The Yes is the key."* —Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Rooftop and the Roar

The first time Valen Rae said **yes** to something terrifying, she was standing on a rooftop in Wonderland.

Not a tall one. Just high enough.
Below: a group gathering for open mic night.

Her name had been scribbled on the list.
She didn't write it.
Domonic did.

She could feel the *No* in her throat:
What if I mess up?
What if I shake?
What if they laugh?

But then she looked at the sky.

And she whispered:

“What if I rise?”

She climbed down.
Walked onto the stage.
Held the mic.

She wasn’t loud.
She wasn’t smooth.
But she was **real.**

She said Yes to the fear.
And it became **freedom.**

🎵 2. The Song: "Yes is a Spell"

My yes is not for them—
It’s a flare in the dark.
A spark in the belly.
A start in my heart.

I say yes with my stutter,
yes with my flame,
yes with my whisper—
And I rise all the same.

📝 3. The Poem: I Said Yes

I said yes
when my knees trembled.

I said yes
before I felt brave.

I said yes
and became
everything
they said I couldn’t be.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Field of Firsts

Close your eyes.

You’re standing at the edge of a wide open field.
The grass glows under moonlight. In front of you are gates—
each one leading to something new.

You see signs above them:

- Speak up
- Try something different
- Make a friend
- Share your story
- Walk away

- Begin again

You feel the flutter. The nerves.
You pick one gate.

As you step through, you feel a **Yes** rise up from your chest like light.

You whisper it. Then louder. Then louder.
You run forward. The field holds you.

You are brave.
And your Yes is a key.

🔮 5. Ritual: The Brave Yes Candle

You'll need:

- A candle (any size or color)
- A lighter/match
- A safe space
- A moment of truth

Hold the candle.

Think of one thing you *want* to do—but fear or doubt is getting in the way.

Light the candle as a symbol of saying yes.
You don't have to do it *now.*
But you've opened the door.

Say aloud:

“I say yes to becoming. Even when I’m scared. Even when I’m not ready. Yes is the beginning.”

Blow out the candle—but keep the flame inside you.

🗨️ 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

Most people wait until they *feel* ready.
But bravery doesn’t come first.
The Yes comes first.

You don’t have to be confident.
You don’t need a plan.
You just need a *moment*—a breath of courage.

Say yes to:

- Trying again
- Creating something
- Resting when the world wants hustle
- Being seen in your truth
- Being weird, bold, soft, real

Your Yes will shake things loose.
Your Yes will change the room.

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Make the Yes Real

✍️ *Option 1: Write a Yes List*

List 5 things you want to say Yes to—but haven't yet.
Write them with glitter pens, markers, fire in your chest.

Then circle the one that feels **most true.**

Example:

- Yes to being seen
- Yes to trying for the art team
- Yes to starting therapy
- Yes to leaving a friendship that hurts
- Yes to dancing even when I feel awkward

🎨 *Option 2: Create Your Yes Key*

Draw or craft a key. Label it with the words:

"This unlocks the fear gate."

Decorate it however you like. On the back, write the one "Yes" you're ready to act on.

Keep it close. Use it when doubt shows up.

🧠 *Option 3: Brave First Tracker*

Make a mini chart:

Brave First	When?	How did it feel?
Spoke up in class	Monday	Terrifying at first, then powerful
Asked for space from a friend	Today	Sad but strong
Shared my art	Soon	Nervous but excited

Keep adding to it over the weeks. Let it grow with you.

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Sit tall.
Close your eyes.

Place one hand on your belly.
One on your heart.

Say softly:

I don’t need to feel ready.
I don’t need to be perfect.
I just need to say: **Yes.**

Yes to healing.
Yes to becoming.
Yes to my wild life.

Then breathe deep—
and begin.



🌿 Module Seven: The Wild Within

"She's not broken. She's wild. And wild doesn't need fixing." **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Night of the Wildflower

There’s a hill in Wonderland that blooms only when someone listens to their **deepest knowing**—
not their friends, not the trends, not the fear.

Valen Rae stood there once.

She had a decision to make.
Two paths.
One was safe.
Approved.
Expected.

The other was wild.
Uncertain.
Laughed at by some.

But it made her heart **light up.**

She lay in the grass under the stars.
Put her ear to the earth.

It didn’t speak in words.
It pulsed.

And the message was clear:

“You already know.
You’ve always known.
You just forgot how to listen.”

She took the wild path.
And as she did—
the hill burst into **wildflowers**.

No map.
Just instinct.
And it was enough.

🎵 2. The Song: "Follow the Wild"

I don’t need their permission
to rise like the sea.

I don’t need their direction
to come back to me.

I follow the wild—
she hums in my bones.

I'm never alone
when I know my own.

📝 3. The Poem: She Knew

She knew before she asked.
She felt it in her chest.

The no that tasted sour.
The yes that gave her rest.

She knew before the rules.
She knew before the shame.

She knew.

And now she listens
without blame.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Inner Wild Room

Close your eyes.

You're inside a strange and sacred room.
There's no furniture. No noise. Just a soft hum.
This room lives inside your ribcage—your **inner wild.**

In the center is a small flickering flame.
This flame knows things.

It knows when you're in danger, when you're being true, when something doesn't sit right.

Ask it something.
Listen—not for a shout, but a whisper.

Then place your hand near it.
Feel the heat.
That's your knowing. That's **you.**

🔮 5. Ritual: Barefoot Truth Walk

You'll need:

- Somewhere you can safely walk barefoot (inside or out)
- A small question you've been holding

Stand still.
Ask yourself the question.
Take one barefoot step.
Ask again.

Notice what comes up in your breath, belly, body—not just your brain.

Keep walking slowly. No rush.

When you're done, write what you felt. Not what you "should" do—what your body already knows.

💬 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

You are more than logic.
More than plans.
More than what others expect.

You have a compass in your chest.
A wild whisper in your gut.
A creative pulse in your bones.

The world will tell you to ignore it.
To follow trends. To keep quiet. To fit in.

But your **wild within** is not here to please.
She's here to **guide.**

She shows up when:

- Something feels off but you can't explain it
- You get excited about something weird
- You feel pulled toward something without "proof"

Trust her.
She's not reckless. She's **rooted.**

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Meet the Wild Girl

✍️ *Option 1: Write a Letter from Your Inner Wild Girl*

Imagine your inner voice—untamed, free, soft but fierce—wrote you a letter.

What would she say?

Example:

Hey love,
Stop asking them if you're okay. You are.
Stop waiting for signs. You are the sign.
I'm right here—behind your ribcage.
Let's dance. Let's leap. Let's remember.

🎨 *Option 2: Draw or Collage Your Wild Within*

Create an image of your **inner wild girl**—she might be a forest spirit, a star-eyed poet, a barefoot warrior, a girl in a hoodie with vines growing from her sleeves.

Around her, add words or symbols that describe your **deep inner truths.**

Above the image write:

"She knows. And I listen now."

🧠 *Option 3: Creative Pulse Tracker*

Make a mini tracker for a week:

Day	Moment I Felt Pulled	Did I Listen?	What Happened?
Mon	Wanted to paint instead of scroll	Yes	Felt calmer
Tues	Felt weird around a group	No	Ended up drained

Notice your wild. She's speaking all the time.

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

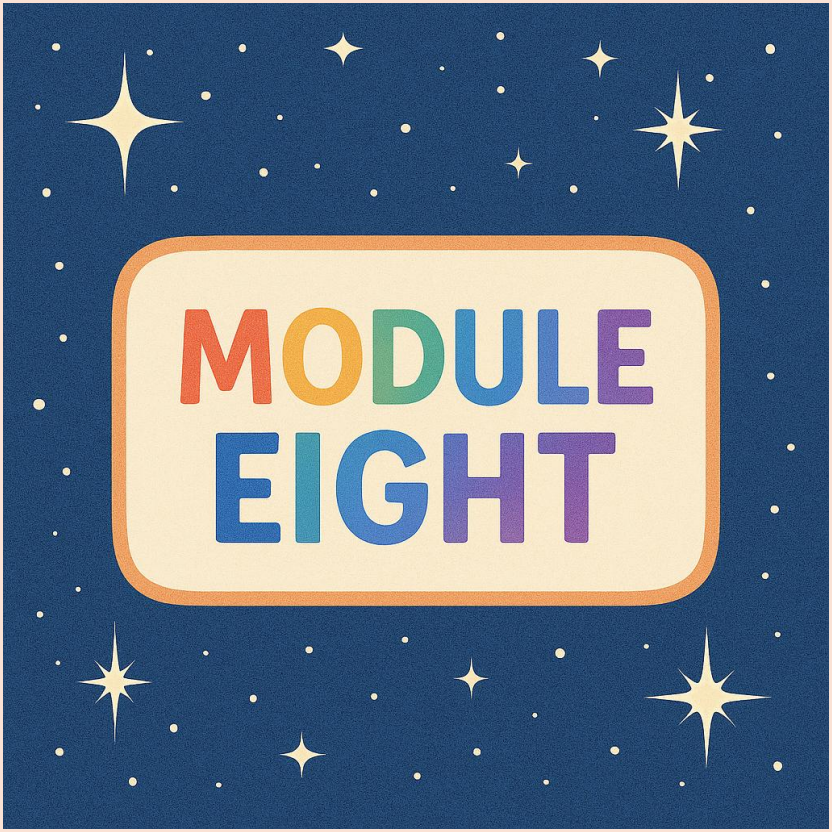
Place one hand on your belly.
One on your heart.

Breathe into your center and whisper:

I do not need to be told.
I already know.
I am not lost.
I am returning.

I follow the wild within.

And she leads me home.



🌙 Module Eight: Rest, Play, Grow

"You don't have to earn rest. You don't have to justify joy. You are allowed to just be." **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Day Valen Didn't Hustle

In Wonderland, there’s a field of hammocks that appears only when a girl stops **trying to prove her worth.**

Valen Rae once lay there for three full hours.

It was a Wednesday.
She was supposed to be *doing things*—writing, helping, keeping it all together.

But she was tired.
And not just sleep-tired.

Soul-tired.

Still, she fought it.
She made to-do lists.
Tried to “get herself together.”

But her body whispered:

“You are not a machine.”

So she wandered through the woods and into the open field.
A sign hung from a tree:

“Rest is not weak.
Play is not childish.
Growth is not constant.”

She climbed into the hammock and wept.
Then giggled.
Then drifted into the softest sleep she’d had in weeks.

When she woke—
the world hadn’t fallen apart.

But something inside her had finally fallen **into place.**

🎵 2. The Song: "Soft Girl Spell"

I give myself
permission to pause.

To nap without guilt.
To laugh without purpose.
To be soft without shame.

I grow like a garden.
Not a grind.

📝 3. The Poem: I Am Allowed

I am allowed to rest
before I break.

I am allowed to play
without a prize.

I am allowed to
exist without producing.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Temple of Gentle Growth

Close your eyes.

You step into a stone temple glowing with ivy and candlelight.
There are no clocks. No deadlines. No pressure.

Just a pool in the center—still and glowing.

You kneel beside it.
Inside, you see yourself **resting**, **laughing**, **growing slowly** like moss.

There are no voices saying “not enough.”
Just your breath. Just this moment.

You leave with a leaf pressed to your heart—
a symbol of sacred **slow blooming.**

🔮 5. Ritual: The No-Do List

You’ll need:

- A page
- A pen
- Permission to stop

Title the page:

“Things I’m Not Doing Today (And That’s Okay)”

Write 3–5 things you usually pressure yourself to do or feel.

Examples:

- Fix everyone’s mood
- Be productive all day
- Pretend I’m okay
- Say yes when I need rest

Now fold the list.
Place it under your pillow or beside your bed.
Let it rest with you.

💭 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

The world rewards girls for being busy, helpful, organized, perfect.
But **burnout is not a badge.**

You do not have to hustle for your worth.
You do not have to keep it all together to be loved.

Rest is sacred.
Play is medicine.
Growth is seasonal.

You are allowed to:

- Say “I’m tired” without guilt
- Do something pointless and joyful
- Take naps, cancel plans, change your mind
- Let yourself be small and slow sometimes

That’s not giving up.
That’s *growing wisely.*

🎨 7. Creative Expression – Soft Girl Practices

✍️ *Option 1: Design Your "Rest Room"*

Draw or describe a magical room just for you to rest, recover, and reset.

What's inside?
What colors, textures, sounds?
Are there blankets? Stars? Soft songs?

Label it:

"Where I go to return to me."

🎨 *Option 2: The Play Potion*

Make a visual "potion" using drawings, collage, or scribbles that include:

- Things that make you laugh
- Things that help you unwind
- Things that make your inner child dance

Write underneath:

"Play is how I remember my magic."

🧠 *Option 3: Create a Gentle Growth Calendar*

Make a one-week calendar with **gentle intentions**, not goals.

Day	Gentle Thing I'll Do	How It Felt
Mon	10 mins of no-phone rest	Peaceful
Tues	Painted just for fun	Free

Let it feel light. No pressure. Just **care.**

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Place your hands over your heart.
Breathe in.
Breathe out.

Say softly:

I am allowed to slow down.
I am allowed to just be.

I grow when I rest.
I heal when I play.

My softness is strong.

I am enough—**even in stillness.**

MODULE NINE

🧭 Module Nine: What I Value

“You don’t have to believe what they believe. You get to choose what matters to you.” **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Compass in the Pocket

Valen Rae used to get swept up in other people's maps.

She wanted to be liked, so she laughed at jokes that weren't funny.
She wanted to belong, so she went along with things that didn't feel right.
She wanted to be "good," so she kept her truth zipped up inside her hoodie.

But the truth was louder than her silence.
It itched. It twisted. It burned.

One day, wandering through the silver woods of Wonderland, she stumbled on a **compass** half-buried under moss.

When she picked it up, it didn't point north.
It pointed inward.

She followed it—through fog, fear, and glitter storms.
Every time she made a choice that was true to her values, the compass glowed.

She didn't always get it "right."
But she was never lost again.

🎵 2. The Song: "My Way Home"

I don't follow trends—
I follow my truth.

I don't copy maps—
I carve my own roots.

I walk with a compass
that glows when I'm real.

It hums in my belly
and spins with what's **feel**.

📝 3. The Poem: Not Yours to Hold

Your voice is not my voice.
Your path is not my path.

I walk in circles,
stars,
spirals—

not straight lines.

I choose what I keep.
I release what I don't.

Not everything given
is mine to hold.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Inner Compass Room

Close your eyes.

You enter a small round room made of stone and velvet.
In the center is a glowing **compass**—but it doesn't point to North or South.

Instead, the directions say:

- Truth
- Peace
- Power
- Kindness
- Boundaries
- Wonder

You place your hand on it.
One direction lights up.
You follow it… and it leads to a moment in your life where you made a **choice that felt true**.

You smile.
That’s your compass.
And it’s always been with you.

🔮 5. Ritual: Sorting the Seeds

You’ll need:

- 2 bowls (or two sides of a page)
- Small slips of paper

On each paper, write one **belief or value** you’ve been told:

“Good girls don’t…”
“You should always…”
“You can’t be both…”
“Success means…”

Now read them slowly and sort:

- **Keep** — if it feels true and loving
- **Let Go** — if it feels false, heavy, or harmful

Burn, bury, or toss the “Let Go” pile.
Keep the others close.

You’re allowed to **choose what you believe.**

💬 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

You don’t have to follow someone else’s script.
You don’t have to believe what your family, school, society, or screen believes.

Your **values** are the things you return to when you feel shaky. They’re the truths that steady your steps.

Ask yourself:

- Do I actually believe this?
- Does this help me grow?
- Is this love, or is this fear?

You can believe in:

- Kindness **and** boundaries
- Creativity **and** rest
- Magic **and** logic
- Not fitting in **and** still belonging

What you choose to believe
will shape who you become.

🎨 7. Creative Expression – My Inner Compass

✍️ *Option 1: Design Your Compass*

Draw a compass with four points. Label them with the **four values** you want to live by.

Example:

- North: Truth
- East: Joy
- South: Courage
- West: Kindness

In the center, write:

"I lead from what matters."

🎨 *Option 2: My Belief Map*

Create a visual map (like a treasure map!) showing **what you believe in.**

Include symbols, quotes, drawings, or words that anchor you.

Add a path leading toward a golden "X" at the center marked:

"My Truth."

🧠 *Option 3: The "This I Know" Page*

Write a page titled **"This I Know"** and free-write without overthinking.

Examples:

This I know—
People deserve second chances.
My no is valid.
Nature heals me.
I'm not too much.
I get to grow and change.

This page becomes your **ground** when the world shakes.

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Breathe in.
Breathe out.

Place your hands on your heart and belly.

Say:

I am allowed to believe differently.
I am allowed to change my mind.
I am allowed to lead from love, not fear.

I carry my compass inside.

I follow it home.

MODULE TEN

Module Ten: Dream It, Do It

“You don’t need a five-year plan. You need a spark and a step.” **—Valen Rae**



🎬 1. Story: The Matchbox

Valen Rae used to think dreams had to be *huge*.

Stage lights. Big moments. Followers. Fireworks.

But sometimes, when she tried to chase “big,” she froze.
So she stopped dreaming altogether.

Until she found a **matchbox** tucked in the pocket of her old Wonderland coat.

Inside:
A tiny scrap of paper.
A single word:

“Start.”

And beside it, a note in her own handwriting she’d forgotten writing:

“One spark is enough to light the way.”

So she didn’t make a plan.
She didn’t tell everyone.
She just lit the match.

And with it—she took the first step toward everything.

🎵 2. The Song: "One Spark"

I don’t need the finish line
to start.

I don’t need permission
to light my heart.

One spark. One try.

One brave, soft
why.

📝 3. The Poem: The Small Step

The mountain is loud,
but the pebble is brave.

The wave is vast,
but the ripple is brave.

The spotlight is bright,
but the match is brave.

You are brave.
Just begin.

🎧 4. Imagination Activation: The Dream Door

Close your eyes.

You're standing before a door in Wonderland made of wood, stars, and old journal paper.
On it is carved:

"What if it works?"

You place your hand on the door.
It swings open.

Inside:
A room full of glowing orbs. Each one a dream—small or large—floating gently.

One lights up as you walk near.

It's yours.

It shows your face lit up with joy, doing something you love.
Not for fame.
Not for approval.

Just because it's **yours**.

You smile.
You step forward.

🔮 5. Ritual: The One Brave Thing

You'll need:

- A piece of paper
- A pen
- A small object (like a stone or coin)

Write this:

One small, brave thing I will do this week is…

Fill in the blank.

Fold the paper. Place the object on top. Whisper:

"This is real. This is mine. I begin now."

Place it somewhere you'll see it every day.

💬 6. Truth Talk – From Valen Rae

You don't have to have it all figured out.

You just need one idea.
One spark.
One choice.

Your dream might be to:

- Help people feel seen
- Share your art
- Be a good friend
- Make music
- Start healing
- Change the world in your own quiet way

Big dreams start small.

And brave doesn't mean loud.
Brave means **showing up** even when it's messy.

You don't have to do it alone.
But it starts with **you.**

🎨 7. Creative Expression – The Dream Seed

✍️ *Option 1: My Spark Statement*

Write a single sentence that starts with:

"I dream of a world where…"

Then write:

“And I will begin by…”

Example:

I dream of a world where girls feel safe to be loud and soft and weird.
And I will begin by writing the stories I needed when I was younger.

🎨 *Option 2: Dream Map Collage*

Create a dream map using words, magazine clippings, symbols, colors, and drawings.

Include:

- What lights you up
- What makes you feel alive
- What you’d love to try, even just once
- One small step toward it

In the center write:

“Start here.”

🧠 *Option 3: My Brave List*

Make a list of tiny steps that feel like *your* kind of brave.

Examples:

- Talk to a new person
- Share your writing with one friend
- Say “no” to something that drains you
- Dance when you feel awkward
- Email someone you admire
- Begin that idea you keep hiding

Circle the one you’ll try **this week.**

🌙 8. Closing Reflection

Place your hand over your belly and say:

I am a creator.
I am becoming.
I am a spark in motion.

I don’t need to be ready.
I just need to begin.

Today,
I dream.
And I do.



🖤 1. Valen Rae's Closing Letter

A final, handwritten-style message from Valen to the girls who've walked this journey:

Hey Wild One,

Look at you.

You made it through ten modules of truth, thunder, softness, rage, glitter, guts, and becoming.

You showed up—even when it was weird.
Even when it was hard.
Even when your voice trembled or your thoughts said "nah."

That matters.
You matter.

This wasn't about being perfect.
It was about being *real.*
It was about peeling off the masks and letting your wild shine through.

If you've cried—good.
If you've danced—amazing.
If you've said something out loud for the first time—powerful.

You don’t have to know where you’re going yet.
You just have to keep following the feeling.

The spark.
The **yes.**

You’ve got a compass now.
A voice.
A soft roar in your chest.

You’re not broken.
You never were.
You’re just **becoming.**

And I’m so proud to know you.

Keep going.
Keep glowing.

I’ll see you in the wild.

—

Valen Rae
(Soft girl. Riot keeper. Your biggest fan.)

CERTIFICATE OF

COMPLETION

For walking the

WILDLY ME

path with courage,
creativity, and heart



Valen Rae

SIGNED

VALEN RAE