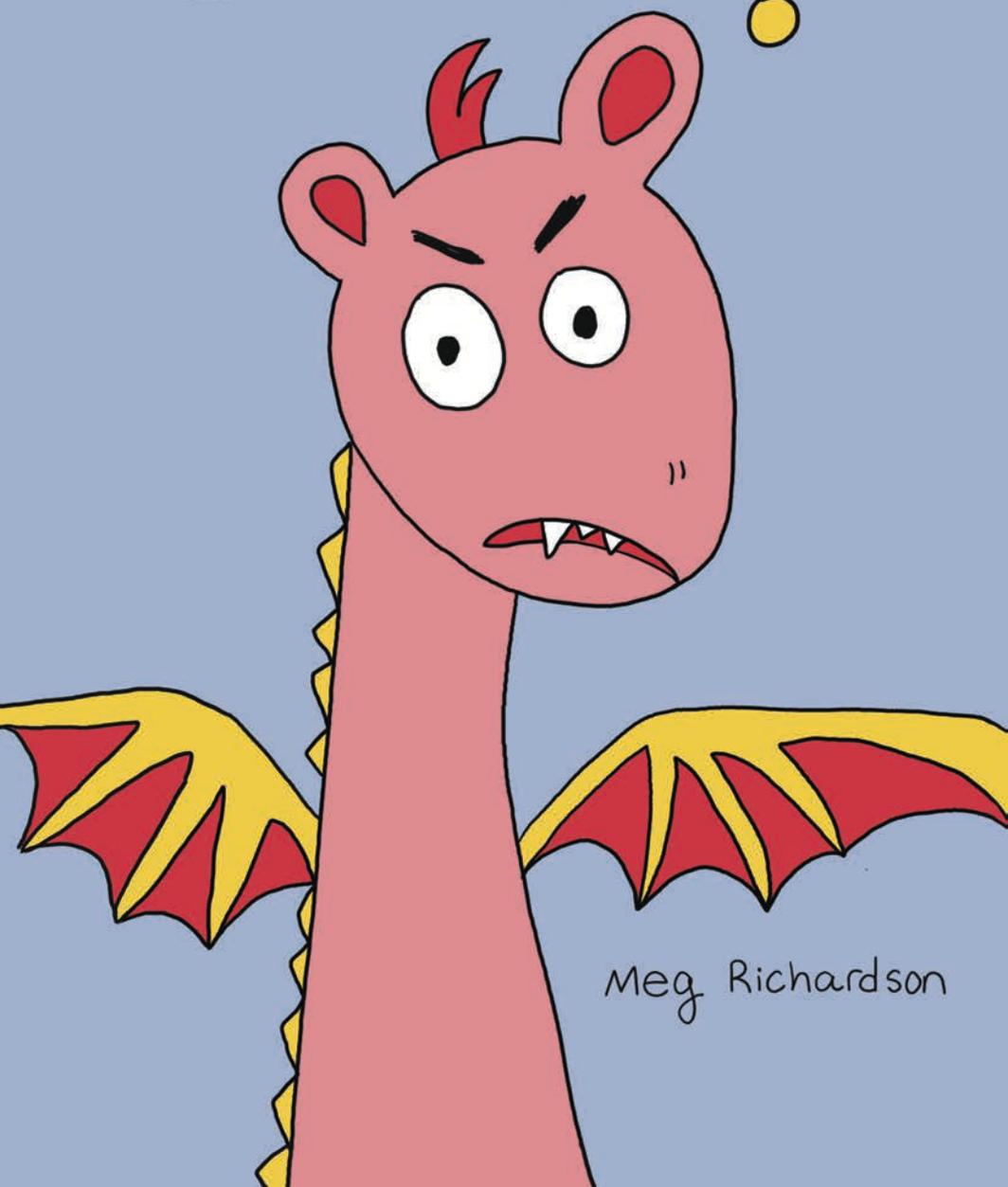
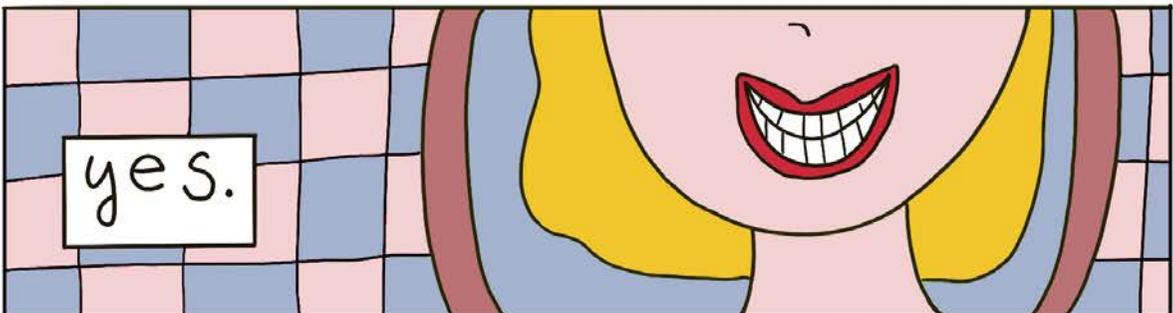
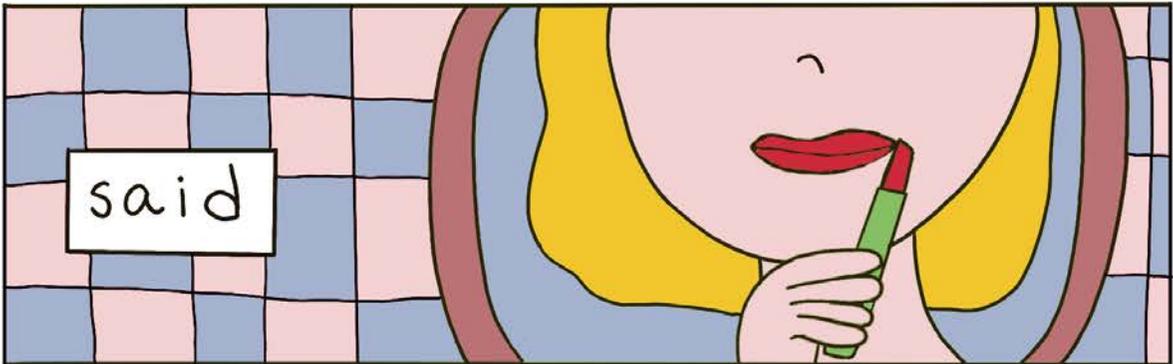
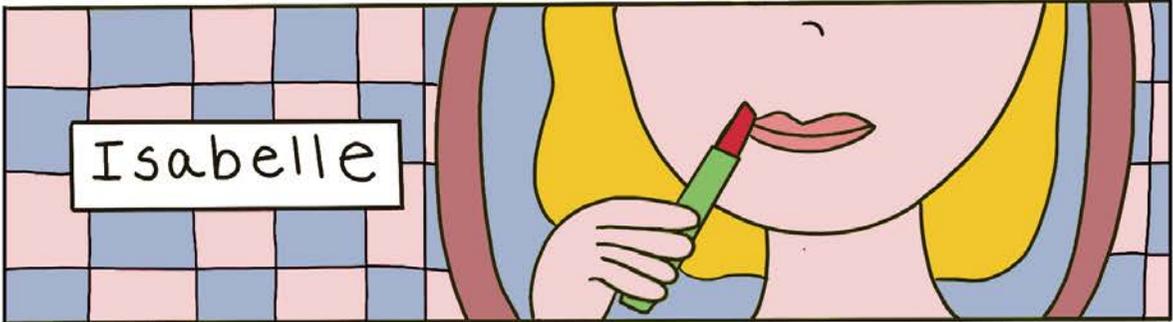
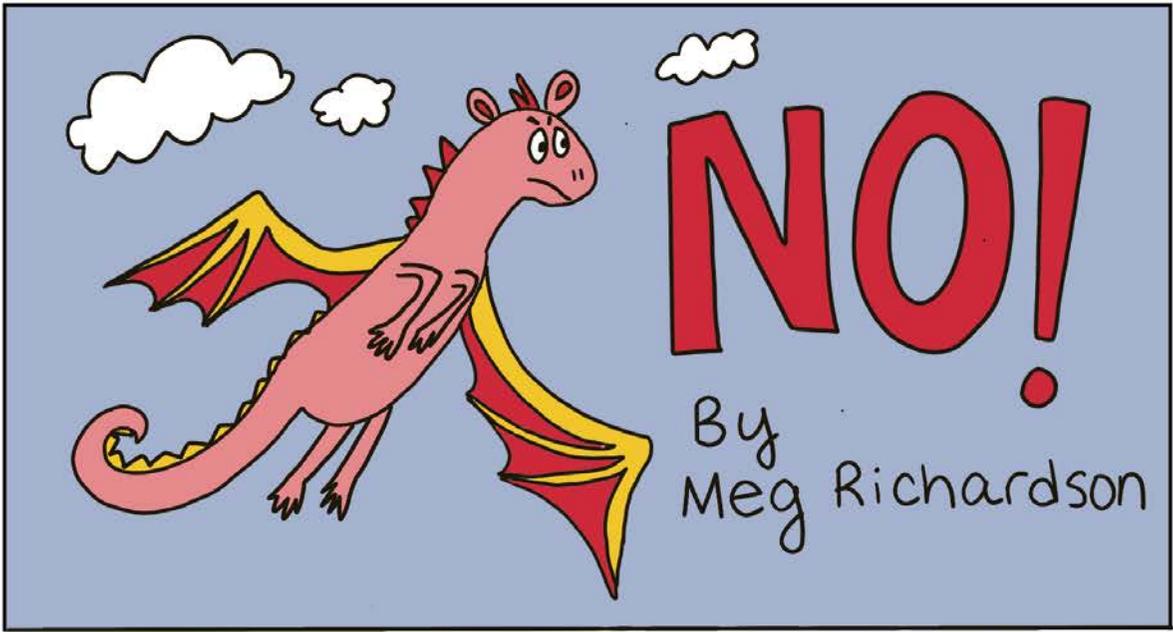


NO!



Meg Richardson



she said yes at work.

Isabelle, we're just going to put Jeff's name on the investor deck you wrote.



Just so it sounds more credible

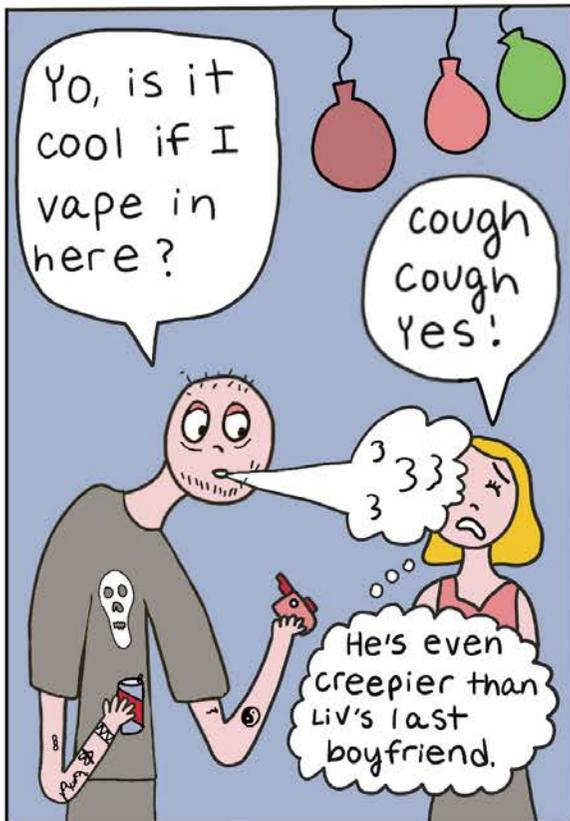
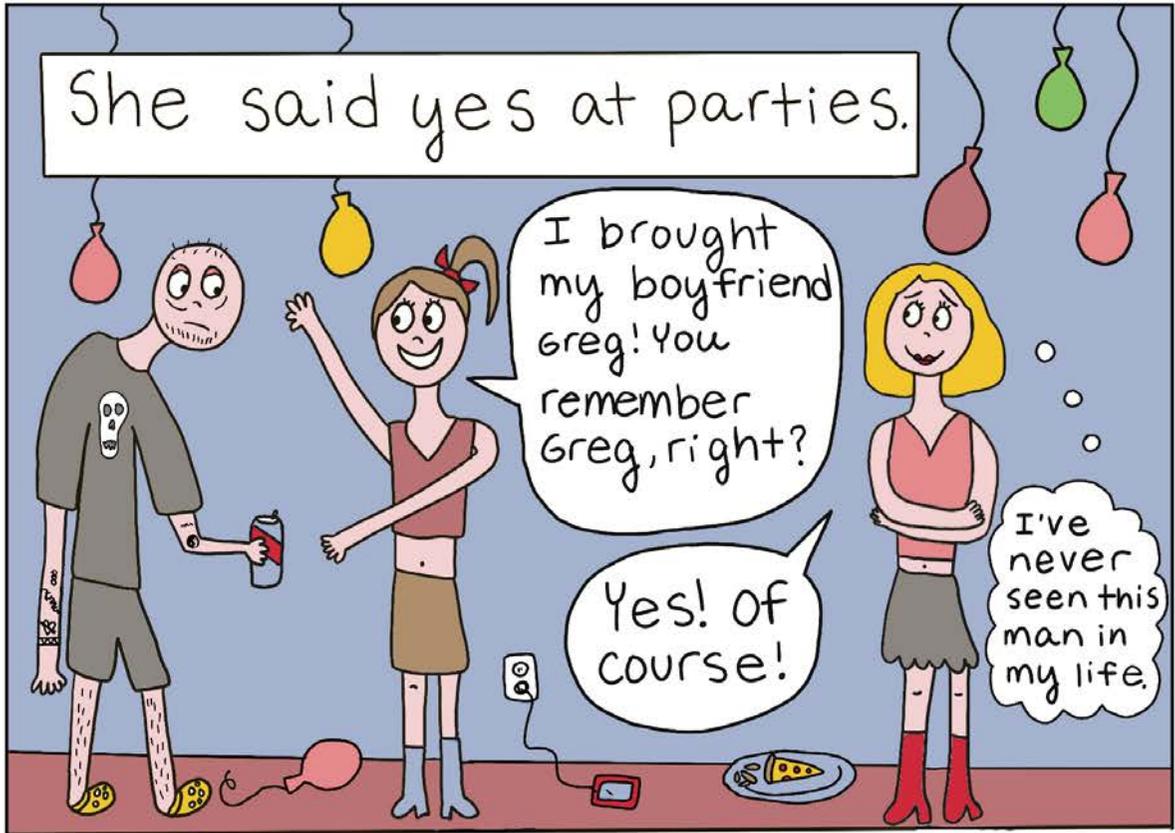


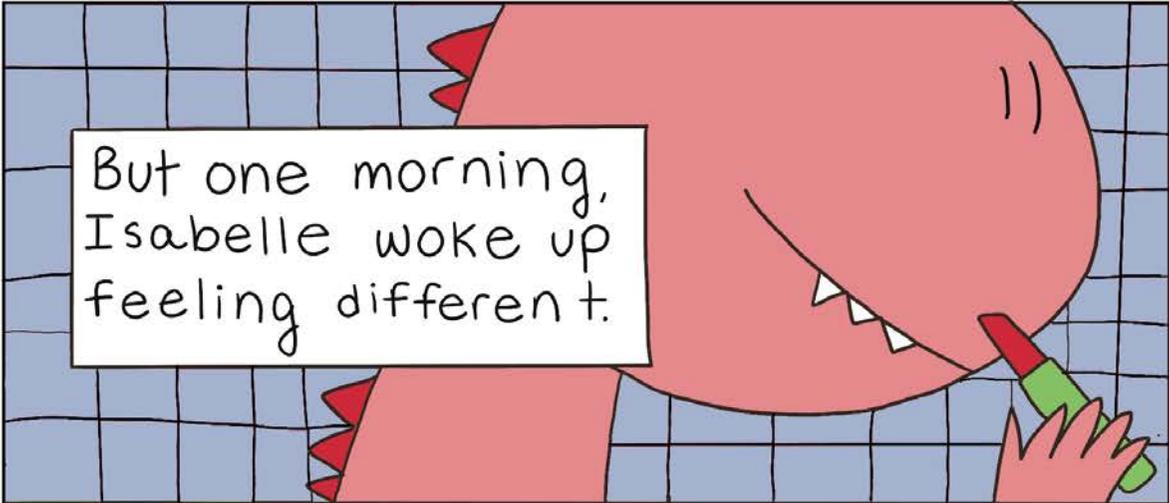
You understand, don't you?

Yes.

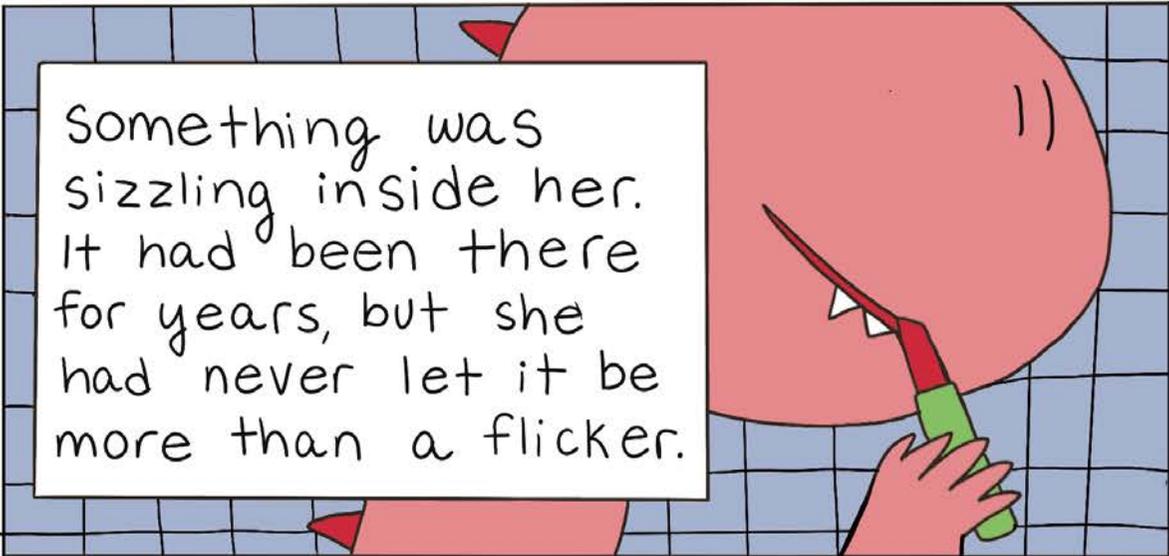




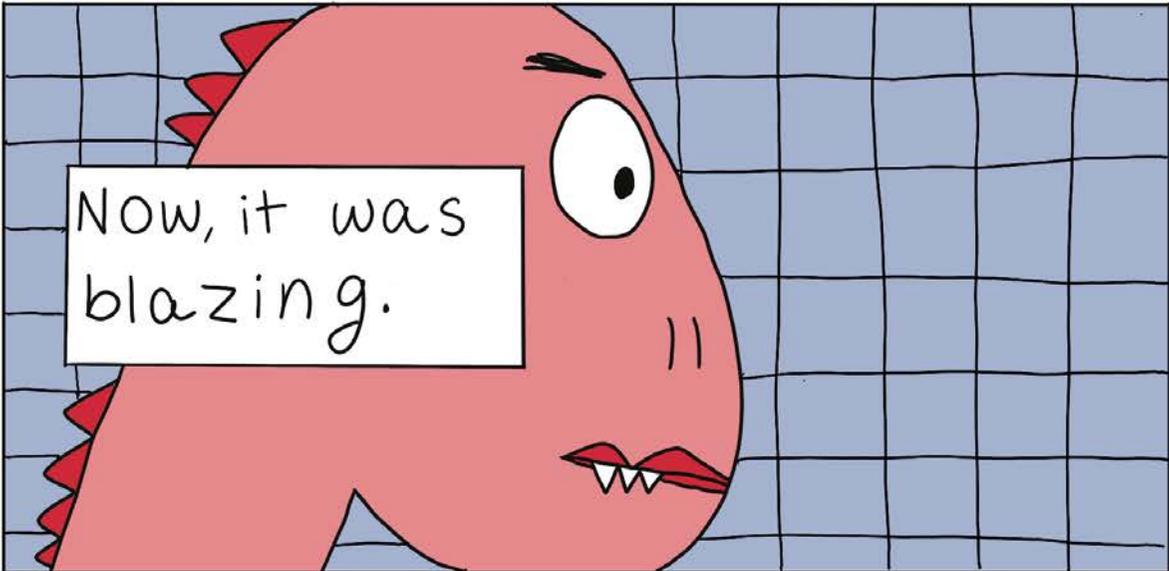




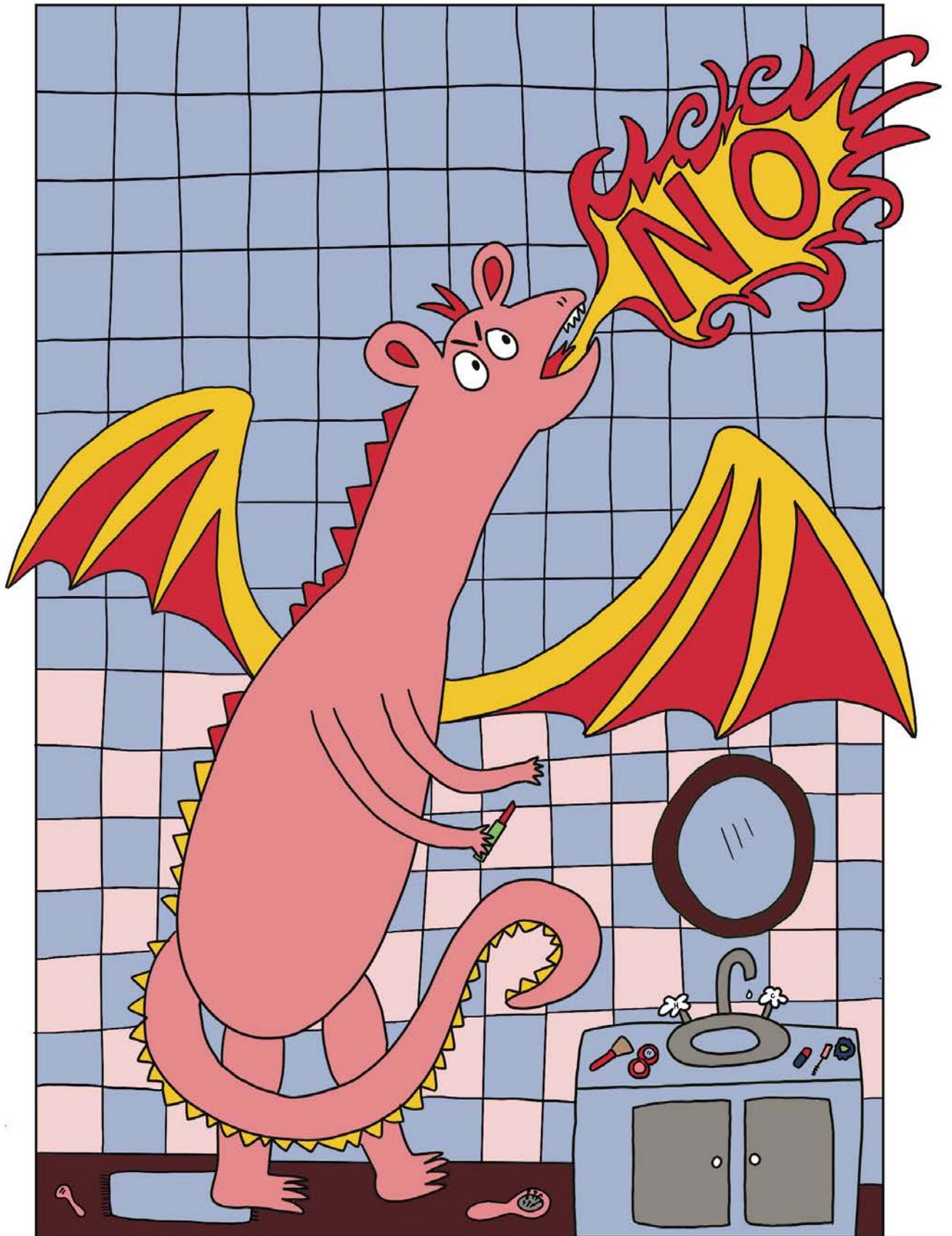
But one morning,
Isabelle woke up
feeling different.

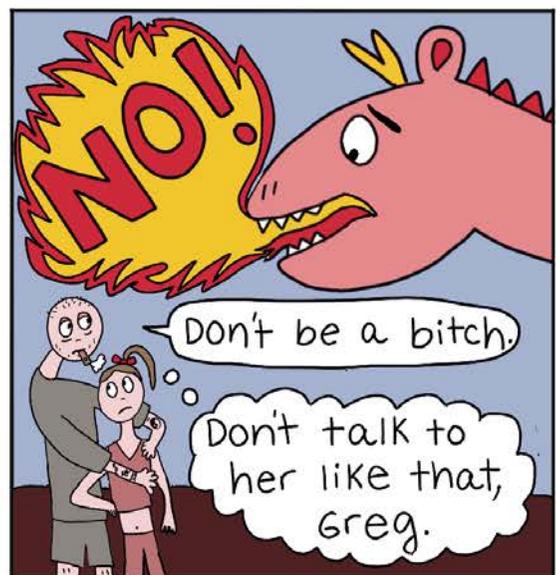


Something was
sizzling inside her.
It had been there
for years, but she
had never let it be
more than a flicker.

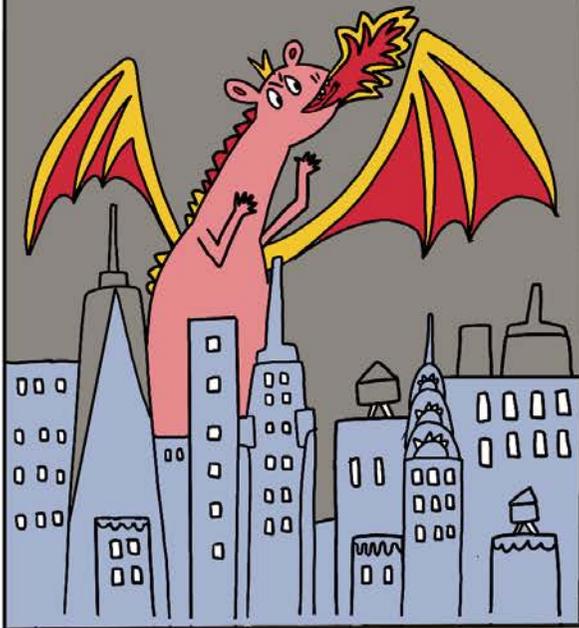


Now, it was
blazing.



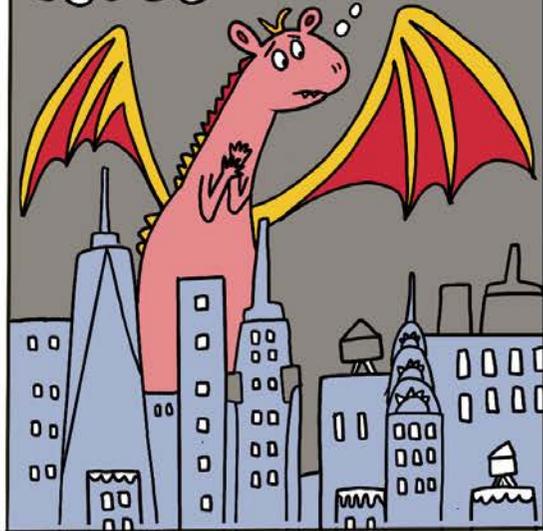


At first it felt great to say no.



But then Isabelle started to worry.

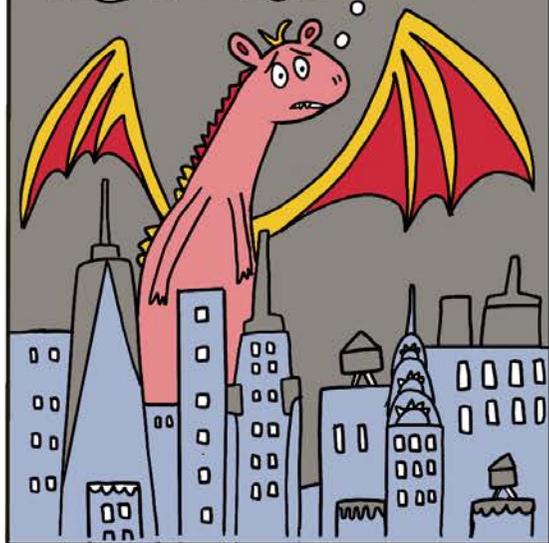
Will anyone like me now that I'm like this?



Why do I feel the need to be liked anyway?



If I keep saying no, will I forget how to say yes when I actually want to?



I guess I'll find out.

