**TIP #1 FROM BLOODY MARY: RAISE HELL.**

please note: you do not have to be dead to raise hell.

in no particular order, it can help to have these resources on your side: the ability to walk through walls, to appear in the mirror when you’re least expected, and in particular, to never die. however, every time you underestimate yourself your enemy wins.

to combat any uncertainty you might feel, take some time to brainstorm what hell on earth might look like. (it is very possible you have already lived through some form of it yourself.)

does hell on earth mean being confronted with your sins, wherever you go? does hell on earth mean never being able to forget? does hell on earth sound like many, many voices roaring you down?

please also try to remember: some hell-bound techniques you might like to try (*for example, releasing the hounds, spiking your torture partner on a very large fork, or simply shooting someone with an arrow into a river of fire)* are off-limits and largely illegal on earth*.*

save these for later.

**TIP #2: DON’T EXPLAIN YOURSELF**

don't. do not. do not think about it; do not worry about it. when the impulse comes to open your lips and spill out answers, tip your head back and gulp them down. this will also double as a gesture of defiance to those who ask; their question so absurd, you will not meet their eyes.

most men will want you to place your story in the palms of their meaty hands, like it’s a gift. at first they may be charming about it: they are trying to help *release* you by understanding your pain. they are trying to *free* you from the curse of your own existence. but, once they know your story, they can use it as a tool to banish or transform you.

not everything needs to be so neatly resolved; qualified; explained and swept out of sight.

**TIP #3: MAKE THEM SEE**

in the black crack of night, men dream of simple things – a six-figure salary, a house to command, a job title that tastes like gold in the mouth – and in the light of the day, expect to receive them. folded in among these dreams is the idea of a woman who they can spin into certain clothes and poses and rooms, and who will never, ever leave them.

that woman, they will hope, is you. they will look at you and look at you as if you are a piece of art and they are deciding how to buy you. this may start a fire in the poor, untended coals of your heart, but remember: it’s not youthey want. it’s just your image.

there are many different ways with which to reveal your monstrosity, some slow, some fast. if you wish to test their observation over time, you might lick your fangs in front of the news every night, slavering over a politician’s demise. if you wish to startle them into realising, wait until you walk past a rally, then sing out a siren’s cry. if you are brave enough, you may wear your monstrosity like a new summer dress; often, and with pride. this may keep them from ever approaching you.

or, if you are feeling benevolent, slowly, peel off your layers of skin, one-by-one, explaining this one’s function and that one’s point and how each of them protect you, until you reach your beating, molten core.

i, personally, like to end every encounter i'm called to with a murder – but then again, this isn’t for everyone.

this, no matter what: if they call for you, go as you are. not how they want.

**TIP #4: TURN THEIR VANITY AGAINST THEM**

your enemy’s most sacred object is their mirror. it allows them to see themselves how they wish, and not how others do. it is your job to disrupt this.

appear then where they least expect or want you: in boardrooms, in black suits; in every surface where they are reflected with no space left for you. to follow where they does not want you to go is a kind of haunting in its own right.

standing beside them you may feel the irritable, old itch to smile; if only to make the picture more complete.

do not. you are not an accessory.

**TIP #5: REMEMBER THAT TIME *IS* ON YOUR SIDE**

at this point, it may feel like it isn’t. the idea of female rights was invented in 1837, you may say: that’s nearly two centuries of waiting. you may say to yourself: only a ghost would have the patience to wait this long. you would not be entirely incorrect.

try to think of this period instead, as an incubation. (monsters, you must remember, only grow richer and stronger over time.)

you must wait. you must be patient. you must let your sticky, angry feelings anchor you to a desired outcome; you must be willing to show up time and time again, both when you are called for and when you are not. men may begin to frown at the sight of your face, as if it blinds them.

this is a sign you are getting closer.

you will not know when you reach the end of your quest – or even if there is one; and the world, unkind, will not tell you. but if you listen closely, it will give you hints.

it may be that you see your own face when you least expect to see it. it may be that you hear your story, playing back at you from space. or it may be that you feel your name tumble loose from throats both as a blessing and a curse, here and there; back in the past, then into the future, and then in the present as it stands.

(the birth of something powerful always ruptures logic and time and space.)