

# Sugarcoat

Arielle London



*“Read between the lines.”*  
- @

# **Dedication**

To all the real people who are real people.

Nice,  
@

Arielle London

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## **Chapter 1: Fun Incoming**

### ***9 Days to Christmas***

Protocol is protocol.

In some places procedures matter more than in others. When planes take off, when a newborn is cared for, when you meet the love of your life and want to express that to them.

Protocol is protocol.

In ballet, protocol and etiquette is intensely important.

Ballerinas wear pink, tights are tight, tutu's are puffy and buns are neat.

A line is straight, it's not right unless the teacher says so, and grace is essential.

I practiced ballet for years in childhood. I loved going to ballet with my friends. It was an after-school and weekend occasion and I showed up every time ready for a lesson of fine art dance.

My teacher was awesome, consistent for years and then one day she didn't show up for class, someone else did. This lady was horrendous. Rude, barky, mean, and dismissive. I despised her but I loved ballet. Her arrival was at the end of the season and right before the big recital performance at the end of the year. I didn't like that new teacher one bit.

The day of the final recital I walked into the change room to get ready for our big performance and the mean teacher showed us approximately 30 blue tutus. She had arranged for all new outfits for the performance, blue, when ballet requires militarily pink almost every single time and informed us with authoritarian leader force that we would be wearing them.

I looked at that lady and told her straight up, *"all right sounds, good."*

I placed my bizarre blue tutu on, got into performance mode, stood in line to go to the room for the performance and began walking and galloping with the others towards the performance room. It was really a

prance, really. As I crossed the threshold to the room, spotted my dad in the corner with his video camera in his hand and my other family members sitting nearby, I let the others parade ahead as I turned to the wall-to-wall mirrored traditional ballet practice room main wall and yelled, “I quit!”

That was my exit from ballet. I remain a ballerina. A Hip-Hop ballerina to be specific.

‘Tis the season! Christmas season! It is at present Christmastime and I am in the Christmas spirit!

Excellent!

I am at home in Montreal, Quebec, and am feeling more than grateful right now. Eating a Montreal bagel from Saint Viateur Bagel right now.

I’ve needed home for a while now.

### ***8 Days to Christmas***

Good morning even though it’s the afternoon. I’ve had a slightly unearly start to the day, it being not even 1

PM yet. I had anticipated getting an earlier start to the day but I have been enjoying my motif of easing into Christmas time period.

I love Christmas!

Christmas is The “Oh My Goodness!” Holiday.

*Selon moi, bien sur.*

Currently working on my song ‘Socialite.’ I love the concept for the song and I like the song itself. It’s dope.

I’ve been thinking about this song for a while. Happy I have the choice to accompany the song with a visual video component or not. The visual for the artwork to accompany the song needs to be strong too. Would be great if I can feel really good about my artwork on this song. I have some ideas, but we’ll see how it takes place.

Trust.



I wrote the lyrics for Socialite months ago. Been practicing. Been preparing. The vibes need to match what I want to do with this music art.

Hmmm!

Lovely.

Christmastime is here and there is so much to be grateful for and aware of at the same time. It's the oddest version of a modern time period whereby the Christmas vibes are upon us are a fresh mood for international audiences. At least from my globalized person perspective.

Excellent.

In a modern environment, survival and warmth is a different conversation from a more historical perspective. What is more applicable in a sustainable prioritized economy is the new modern perspective. Our economy is pretty cool for deciding upon our own experiences. I know that is deep. I know that statement is. I believe we all need that a bit more. So that we can wake up in the ways we want to.

I said, *“our economy is pretty cool for deciding upon our own experiences.”*

I have been pondering the economy quite a bit lately. Interestingly enough, economics has been a conversation I've been taking part in for a long time as an enthusiastic active member. Since I'm 16 years old. I have been an active member of the economy since the age of approximately 16 years old. So, since I've been participating in the economy since I was in high school and I've already completed university degrees and worked at multiple very reputable corporations, the conversation is different.

As a published author the bar becomes different for various career endeavors. When I reached the threshold of published author by the standards of having produced literature available for purchase, I did what every other molecule does while going through a threshold, I got there to the zone required. Awesome.

Adulting is an intriguing experience.

Being an adult means often making short term decisions that are long term based that will benefit you more in the future. It's entrepreneurial in spirit with any success. Not everyone has it in them to be Darwinism in affirmative forward motion. Not everyone is that way. And some people are real people. We're all real when we're real.

When you're a child the requirements are different for survival and enjoyment, and when you're an adult, the requirements are the same but with more multifaceted exhibitory variables of resilience qualities as an individual expressed. I am an adult, and as a woman I feel that the individuals attempting to express anti-social intentions are immature. From a biology and scientific perspective, technically to be an adult you do require the maturity quotient. It is not just about age in human development growth conversations. What constitutes an adult is being 18 and over. That conversation is internationally decided upon by ICHRL discussions, so that's good to know. International Law acknowledges human beings as being child from pre-birth to 17 years of age and on that individual's 18th birthday, that individual becomes an adult. International Law has great protections in place for that

transition, I believe that's how come there has been so much quiet around that age transition.

Human is to be protected.

Interestingly enough the word human has specifically to do with the word humanity. The Latin root word is the same and being a human being is a specific assignment, be human. That's the "express your free will" of it all. Human beings have choices.

Whom someone is is most important.

Whom I am is most important.

I might just make a name tag that says "Creator of Child-Centric Framework" and walk around with that on sometimes.

Would look good on some of my outfits with my ice on me in the future.

At least I'd be having fun. Fun really is subjective.

Fun is decided upon by the individual. Fun is also approved by collective of real individuals.

## **Chapter 2: Speak it!**

### ***1 Week to Christmas***

Working on some beats today. The Christmas Season has set in and the energy of Christmas being one week away from right now is in the air. The feeling is bright. Since my schedule is organized as it is right now, I need to lean into the ebbs and flows of what's working right now for me.

My beats are aight. I still haven't created the exact sound I'm happy with for my song Socialite. I believe in my production though because otherwise I'd release on another producer's beat. I've already technically produced a beat that will work well with this track, but I am slightly unsatisfied. My process is my process, and as far my quality of work goes, I never release a song on a beat that is even semi-non-interesting. The beat has to be dope. Quality matters and so does my sound. So, I will continue producing this beat until I choose the right one for my song.

Today is one of those good days where I get to actually do this. One week until Christmas means it is

Christmastime! The more leisure-vibe of the city means that right now I have an availability to work on my music in this way.

Excellent.

People anticipate good quality songs from me. Bad Bitches Winning reached 6,000 views on one of my channels on X today. That is amazing! I released Bad Bitches Winning as a single with the music video on New Year's Day of 2025, and, I released my song Rare as a single with the music video to accompany the song release as well on New Year's Day 2025. One year later and 6,000 views on that one channel really speaks to my forward motion with respect to my music in recent years.

I am grateful for music. I'm not Catholic, but if I were to go to confession and discuss issues with a priest perhaps, I would tell him comedically I am jovially expressing my affinity for music.

Does that sound like a confession?

## ***6 Days to Christmas***

Fashion has more of an influence on individuals than perhaps I had even possibly imagined before.

I know so much about fashion as a member of a fashion family, as a member of the fashion industry, as a member of womanhood where fashion is focused upon and as a sometimes entertainment journalist whom sometimes discusses fashion.

I love gifts like that.

There's choices we have to make in life, let them see your edges and or your beauty as well, that's a choice. I made that choice a long time ago. You have to make it for yourself. Imma be one of the first to buy new Christian Louboutin spikes when they arrive. We don't all walk the same path, however, in many ways that type of choice about having a code does need to take place with oneself. At some point that's just positive human development and growth. I know my beauty is beautiful. I know my inner and outer beauty are both there. I know I am kind. Respectful, yes, kind, yes. I am



a regular woman in the sense that I am in touch with my empathy. I am entitled to me.

### ***5 Days to Christmas***

I'm going to really celebrate Christmas and get into the festive season mood for real!

I love Christmas, I've had an arduous year, prosperous in many ways too, advancements career wise, progress as a woman and individual in personal growth, relationships, breakups and a new relationship, and a lot to celebrate.

When daily life includes tasks that are a bit more moving mountains than just moving what you are actually moving, arduous is the word you use. I have a lot of supporters and many who are jealous of my position. That jealousy indicates that I am doing something right. No matter how much the discomfort sometimes, the indicator is still that there is something to be jealous of, and that means I'm up.

Proof of belief is in the attack itself. Thing is, jealousy fueled attacks give a bit of an embarrassing effect for

the individuals doing the attacking. One of the manifestations of me being a good person is that I don't take too much enjoyment in seeing others be embarrassed. However, as an adult who has seen very much, to see certain individuals embarrass themselves while trying to attack me... well, that cues the memory of VISA commercials... "Priceless."

Lol.

A new side to me emerged. A best self.

I'll explain.

Jealousy is a weird trait. I never related to it. I have always noticed that often individuals try and create mutiny by manipulating female jealousy, and I've seen a lot of that as of late. A lot of good, but on the negative, jealousy was the most fervent. But I was mostly experiencing that from females... and then I experienced it in my relationships. Rap is competitive and it takes a secure man to not be threatened by a woman with skill sets.

My two exes I detailed in CONFIDENTIAL presented as their most least attractive selves with reference to my Hip-Hop endeavors.

After seeing that side of them, and all in reality that meant for experiencing the potential of either one of them as a partner, I developed a burn a bridge and move on ferocity level that is elevated.

*Love responsibly.*

I was always taught and almost instilled with the thought processes of, “If you don’t have anything nice to say don’t say it at all.”

Then I became a rapper, a battle rapper in training specifically, so a battle rapper in technicality. Good thing all of my music at its core and base is about love, otherwise many songs of mine would play out like a version of the scene from 8-Mile of Eminem’s famous “Mom’s Spaghetti” lyric scene on Lose Yourself in 8 Mile. That scene in the movie is filmed depicting a location where underground battle rapping takes place. That’s the type of rhyming I do in style. I prefer to cypher, battle-rapping is intense especially when it’s 1

on 1. It's also kind of like tennis, you need to spar with someone at your level. Always ends with an abrupt disconnect on one end of FaceTime or a roar from friends listening nearby. I keep it light on how often I do that.

In all honesty, it's so much fun. I love Hip-Hop.

Lose Yourself is an Oscar-winning song for Eminem. Nice.

An Oscar-winning song for me... that's to be decided by destiny.

I like the thought.

Little me prepared for a Grammy and or an Oscar in the mirror, but a song that wins at The Academy Awards is pretty cool too. Perhaps I'll add that to my mirror acceptance speech practice list.

Nice thoughts.

Practice now.

Studio tomorrow!

### ***4 Days to Christmas***

Released my song Socialite today.

What a relief!

## **Chapter 3: Rappers Gonna Rap**

### ***3 Days to Christmas***

I enjoy the process that involves the freeing of clutter from the mind.

For example, when you stop being friends with someone because you learn something unfrienable about that individual. Typically those moments are bittersweet, but I know I really enjoy the decluttering process of having to give a phuck about people who do not deserve your care.

That's reserved for you and the real people who care and you do and can really care about. That's reserved for the real people that really love you who you really love.

The pressures of being an adult increase when the risks of the cost-benefit analysis come into play. I grew up in a hockey city, Montreal, so the intensity of the environment sometimes reminds me of a reflection of NHL ongoing, my pursuit of being a singer and rapper in The Hip-Hop industry that is. I know where I'm at,

and I know where I want to be eventually. I know how important my music is to me. I'm not that well-versed at discussing my music, to quote Beyonce, "I'm an artist and I'm sensitive about my shit." That's preach.

Anywho, released a song last night so cross-over jealousy from someone somewhere perhaps has manifested in ESP communications. I am in the city I grew up in after all. Either way, I know what to do with "Who does she think she is energy." You either one, don't do anything and continue with what you're doing or two, respond with the quote, "I'm the woman you're watching."

There's options.

Also, remember, if someone comes to you with some random drama, or even moreso embarrassing on their behalf, comes to you with some random drama and you don't even know who that person is... do your grandma and grandpa proud and try to act like they and their friends are watching. Be that stand-up type citizen in that moment.

Who cares if you don't know your grandpa or grandma. Or, if you don't care to make them proud. Or, if you don't care to make anyone else other than yourself proud of yourself. Either way, don't engage with them. You'll thank me later.

That energy is best and most advised for that type situation.

Y'all should heed that warning for real, that's hard-earned wisdom right there.

It's also helpful to be selective with where you really express your right to freedom of speech. When it comes to relationships and expressing your feelings, that's where it really matters.

When I broke up with my ex and told him how I felt, I felt release and unbinding of so much angst. I had known him since we were kids. He remained important to me. We reconnected. He symbolized so much, but he changed. He still looked and acted on the surface like he was the same person, but inside he's different. I learned that the hardest way, through a breakup that went so far we were both pushed to new territory.



In dating I don't always express myself. I dated someone for 3-years and only told him I loved him as we were breaking up. I don't dole out relationship advice but I am brave enough to sometimes talk about love and dating.

I'm a firm believer that dating, while an interesting subject matter, is not something that you can teach. Etiquette is etiquette, true, but love is to be experienced. Outside of the social protocol with reference to etiquette in dating, we're the authority over our own. Ultimately, that is true.

Some things just require real life experience, and love is one of those things.

Remember also, those who teach definitely do know what subject matters they are teaching, that is why we have the ability to skill-wise part wisdom in that discourse onto whomever is learning. If I said it, I said it, If I taught it, I know it.

So ya, be selective with where you really express yourself. There's only certain scenarios where it really makes sense to fully tell someone how you feel.

People are different. Sometimes we forget about those differences and overassume similarities.

There's some bizarre individuals who try and adopt a mentality at people whereby if you do something they want to benefit off of it and they don't want for you to. When it comes to inner health, outer beauty, wealth, and monetary success, I'm not so giving. I protect what I protect.

I discuss varied subject matters, but I'm a firm believer in if you teach a man to fish, unless he's family, tell him your fee and if he can't make the payment, that's not your responsibility.

*Business is business, it's not personal.*

Socialite's music video fits the motif and the visuals are beautiful. They're what I wanted for the song. My beat I produced works wonderfully too, it's a beat I wanted to use for the track, and I did. The song took on a more

positive mindset approach in direction. I'm happy about that too. That's the vibes, that's the intention.

*On a “gives a phuck” perspective, I really don't where it matters only because I give a phuck where it does.*

In the 1990's, rollerblading was a very trendy sport. As a girl growing up in Montreal, Quebec, that worked out well for me (our whole community being really hockey-interested as it is).

I got a pair of rollerblades, and it became instantaneously serious business.

My dad equipped me with the skates, the helmet (obviously), the wrist guards (alright Dad), the elbow guards (seriously Dad), and the knee guards (oh my goodness Dad). Safety dad. Good to have a Dad. The importance of having my skates tied right, my safety gear on and always remembering to keep my helmet on were instilled in me by my father. Dad started me off rollerblading on the block where our house is and eventually I started blading with other neighborhood children, friends, playing hockey games where girls

were welcome, or me as an exception, and also roller blading around by myself.

People were used to seeing me walking around the neighborhood alone as a child near my other parents house. When I upgraded my modes of transportation from my own two feet and bicycle to add rollerblades, that's what they saw. They also just as frequently saw me without a guardian out and about with a friend.

By the time the other household in my divorced parent custodial childhood scheduled schedule scheduling agreement moved to Wesmount, I was ready to play roller hockey with anyone. I was going through a tomboy phase of really not liking wearing skirts or dresses and preferring to play sports as often as possible. I guess the release of The Internet did not affect my balance with reality participation since at exactly that time my interests were elsewhere. Divine protection on that point.

Anywho, when I moved to Westmount, one weekday I stayed home from school. Yes, I skipped school. I put on all my rollerblading equipment, geared up, headed out, ready for a day of playing rollerblading around my

new neighborhood alone when I stumbled upon 3 or 5 Westmount neighborhood boys at Murray Hill park. By description, visually my new same age neighborhood community members saw me, a girl, holding my hockey stick, rollerblades on, safety gear on, ready for many things but certainly at least hockey.

“Hi!” I said, “I just moved into the neighborhood.”

“Hi, you play hockey?” One of the boys asked me.

“Ya.” I said.

“Wanna play?” Another one asked.

I looked at them 1 player away from being able to play a game and me showing up with great timing for all of us. They were at the park parking lot where the people at work wouldn't bother us with their cars during the school day or for them, work day. I thought of the straight pavement parking spot behind my house in my new all mountain and hills neighborhood.

“I got an idea. Come with me.”

We skated off to my house on a nearby street. We stood in the back of my property staring at the perfect pavement we had with our hockey nets we could put there fast. We played hockey, autumn leaves and sunshine, children playing a game, sports. After hockey, in the afternoon we went to our respective homes before our parents got home from work. When my guardians asked how my day was when they got home, “it was good,” sufficed for the day, so that’s all my parents heard.

Hockey is an intense professional athletic sport. It’s uniqueness includes sometimes full-fledge brawls to take place and be permissible with the referee. That’s the sport, always has been. It’s an interesting exception to NHL at professional level since it’s not technically a fighting sport like MMA, UFC, Boxing, or Martial Arts, it’s specifically a team sport. Takes a lot to get to professional level, and with reference to sports as niche as hockey with reference to temperature of environment, blades on feet, flying discus, helmets, and more, I appreciate pro hockey players for getting to the professional level. Showing up to a game, getting a Haagen-Daaz chocolate and vanilla ice cream bar and a water bottle while participating in professional

entertainment standards sports as a spectator is enjoyable. Hockey's a great game.

I pursued Hip-Hop though. Hip-Hop is not hockey. I am a female MC. I'm a political singer and rapper and producer.

I grew up in Montreal.

*"I'm art like Sun-Tzu, I'm Renoir and I am Van Gogh,"* quote from my song Tae Kwon Do/tAHdiR.

*"I'm still a regular bitch,"* quote from my new song Socialite.

## ***2 Days to Christmas***

Tomorrow is Christmas Eve. Holy.

## ***Christmas Eve 2025!***

Woke up with "Oh my goodness" it's Christmas Eve day energy.

Technically have already sent out 19 Merry Christmas messages.

Oh my goodness.



## **Chapter 4: Joy In Season**

### ***Christmas 2025!***

Christmas Day, nice.

Good Samaritanism is on my mind right now. I was just reflecting on an act of mine that I've never really discussed out loud before.

I was working at a Downtown Montreal office. I had either parked my car or taken the metro that morning and as I walked down the parallel street to work I saw a man, lying down, face to the side turning blue on the sidewalk. Middle aged man, fully clothed, still conscious and breathing. I surveyed my environment and as I considered my options for this man's quality of life and began reaching for my cell phone, I saw a Montreal city ambulance driving in my direction. With a steady but low flow of morning traffic in the right directions I stepped from the sidewalk into the road and flagged down the paramedics and indicated there was an emergency for someone else. The first-responder paramedics drove up, stopped to tend to the man and

his emergency, I continued to work, got to my office on time and didn't tell anyone.

Good Samaritanism in the spirit of Christmas 2025.  
Most importantly for my point that I am illustrating,  
Good Samaritanism functions.

Socialite is doing really well as a single! So far it is being really nicely received by public opinion. Nice!

I just got Nutella into the cupboard in the kitchen with the skill sets exhibited of a Brooklyn globetrotter.  
Accurate. With precision! Outfit Brooklyn fly, my hoops, chains, and matching Under Armour greytank and black sweatpants on. Hair red, thick fringe bangs, short sweet pony tail, minimal morning makeup, very present mascara, light pink pout, black studio quality headphones and white socks with purple thick Christmas friendly decor.

Swag.

It went down like this.

Nutella went from on the coffee table, to a flip or two in the air and then a swoop around my back into my other hand and straight into the cupboard.

Fly.

### ***5 Days to New Year's Eve***

Christmas was lovely yesterday. I had such a nice day.

Christmas is such a joyful holiday, and I'm the type to get into holiday cheer, and lately the odd cap concept for fun that has been affecting society has been so much in mind, all I feel comfortable writing (except not without this) on that point is "Christmas was lovely yesterday. I had such a nice day."

People notice different things about various effects on the environment, I know many notice the "too much fun" one. Some foreign interest to capitalistic advancements and the concept of enjoyment must have accidentally circulated. Perhaps technology laws will catch up soon.

Expression, creativity, fun and freedom of expression, specifically Article 19 of The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, UDHR (very important International Law document), have been under attack lately. For quite some time. It has been a difficult experience, especially knowing the full weight at times. It's a good thing not everyone sees things from the same lens. Makes the experience reality only less dangerous and less time consuming overall for us as a general public.

Being a responsible member of society is a full-time endeavor. I'm always in Mom-mode with reference to how I feel from a social justice perspective. Always been this way. Nature.

### ***4 Days to New Year's Eve***

Christmas was really nice this year. It was a snowy day so from the window the day looked really regally Christmas in essence and ambience on point. I kept it to pretty much good cooking and relaxed Merry Christmas nice home vibes.

For dessert on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day I had a piece of chocolate cake with vanilla icing with two or

three scoops of ice cream. Chocolate and Oreo vanilla ice cream to be specific.

Celebratory, with precision.

Real talk, I took that Oreo vanilla ice cream off the shelf like the adult woman grocery shopper I am and acted like it was regular. Nothing was regular about that purchase. I had never even tried that ice cream before. I knew it was going to be dope and it was dope. With all of the politics surrounding food and people both eating regular food and enjoying regular food lately, there's something to this.

Too much fun has been a weird thing. So, basically there's been a "shit hits the fan" meter that goes off energetically when people experience "too much fun." Maybe the whole thing will be gone in a clean 72 hours. Perhaps! It's like a pressure system that tries to reprimand individuals in certain ways through a political Carrots & Sticks game mentality being enforced trying to almost dole out consequences (that nearby not nice people can benefit off of), so that you experience a negative for having fun, in from wherever the pressure comes from, a positive.

Perhaps some can be combatted via self love and self care intense positive psychology approach. Logic dictates some should.

I've been noticing this pattern for a while and addressing it for myself and in my own way. I've also noted the complaints from others in their body language. Two examples include two different men of complete different description almost in entirety taking out take-out food to bring elsewhere to eat.

I noticed both of these random men, months apart, different locations, just passerbys.

The first man stepped out of the restaurant holding his bag of food with a vibe in his body language that said, "why do everytime I leave a restaurant with take-out I feel like I'm in a Mission Impossible film to get home safely to enjoy my food."

The second man was holding a large pizza and small bag and was surveying the scene he entered leaving the restaurant walking outside with hyper vigilance. Perhaps this man was only to be outside for a moment

or so before getting into his vehicle. Perhaps he was walking to his office across the street.

Both men were equally aware of the political nuance of take-out food at this moment. Chances are these men were also aware that eating in general, a noncontroversial occurrence, the act of ordering food from a restaurant, and the statement of holding that food in public were also controversial.

In 2020 some individuals began walking at others like trajectories without the ability to change course. Torpedoes change course, these looking like human beings individuals were one day walking by each other socialized like the day before and the next day they saw others as targets and themselves as missiles. With the 2020 quarantines, some individuals de-socialized because they were not in essence real human beings capable of exemplifying empathy. These individuals lost access to the public and being able to keep up with the rhythms of general society and had to go to smaller inner circles for social interactions. Admittedly some hilarity has ensued interacting with some of these de-socialized individuals. Some of them are really horrible people and because their IQ and social

skillsets are negligible now I can confirm that I have seen one of these individuals randomly start yelling, “Baseball! Baseball!” One moment full sentences, the next just... “Baseball!”

Smh.

On that note, I’m starting a baseball team called Vaginas. Vaginas! Starts with a V ends with an S, that’s V for victories and S for a lot of them. I’m shortstop.

Felt relevant to say.



## **Chapter 5: Party Hats**

### ***3 Days to New Year's Eve***

Have to do some shopping before the stores close.

BRB!

### ***2 Days to New Year's Eve***

Today I'm so busy. Busy is good.

I've gained 5 pounds over the past 2 weeks! I needed to nourish and more than gaining weight my focus was eating a lot of good food. I wanted to do that for a lot of reasons and Christmastime allowed for the perfect moment.

So, I did that. I ate everything from sushi, to steak, to arugula, salad to sorbet, cake, berries and everything in between. I ate with a focus on just enjoying good food. Mostly homecooking. I wanted to gain some weight and I have. I feel good about my upcoming workout routine goals.

## ***1 Day to New Year's Eve***

Tomorrow night is New Year's Eve.

New Year's is special.

Xo!

## ***New Year's Eve 2026!***

Happy New Year 2026!

It's New Year's Eve and I'm taking a quick pause from making dinner. I have a couple of minutes before the ribs are done and I need to flip the eggplant.

Ribs, eggplant, Caesar's salad, sweet potatoes and vanilla cake with The Tonight Dough and vanilla ice cream flavors for dessert.

Celebrations up in 'hurr!

## ***New Year's Day 2026!***

Confetti manicure on my hands for the new year!

## ***10 Days to My Birthday***

New year.

## ***9 Days to My Birthday***

Technically, I'm a Hip-Hop artist.

Technically, words are important to me.

Words are best confirmed expressed, whether through speech or written. Most of the time. I'm a singer and a rapper, a song-writer and a producer. My music has words. I keep making music.

To someone, someone bizarre out there... that's bizarre.

(Do you think they and us can find a "mediation-negotiation" common denominator on not getting too mad about more words because of the mutual bizarreness factor?)

Umm. Hmm. Nah? Ya? Aight.

It's not technically our thoughts that are setting off individuals who did not get through 2020 as easily as others. It's the social effect and the anti-societal demonstrative behaviors from non-individuals we've seen that are set off by bizzarrities but technically, often words.

Technically.

Semi bodacious.

Nah, just fairly insightful and brave to say.

On another note, let's talk the mechanics of shopping.

The tools that you buy when you go shopping should make you happy. They should never be neither your source of happiness nor your only source of joy, but the purchases you make should please you.

Not the other way around.

Your money is your vote. You enter a ballot to support a company every single time you spend money. Whether

it is 62 cents or 5 dollars, 20 dollars or 1,000, your money is always your votes.

You decide if it stays. You support longevity to establishments with your dollar, in that way your money spent is reflective of your vote.

When I was a child I found it interesting how people spent their money. I never believed that money defined an individual, however, I did see merit in noting their expenditures.

The thing is, I said shopping and you thought fashion, which is fair, regular, not blame and also incorrect. Shopping is highly enjoyable when it is of the fashion variety, but you can shop (and do shop) for literally everything.

*Observe:*

Question, what does shopping mean?

Answer, at it's base, shopping is the present tense representation of the action of making purchases. There are various ways to make purchases, but the

most regular interpretation of shopping at it's core is: walk into a brick and mortar location, look around, see what your options are, and then once you have decided upon the inanimate object merchandise you are purchasing, you make the financial transaction to the company via their payment methods of acceptance and you exit the brick and mortar shopping location with your new merchandise.

*I'll elaborate:*

Intellectual property, business, real estate and money all have a lot in common, but it's the law that protects all four that I love the most. Law is based in morality, well, at the level I am educated which is International Law. International Law is great (and best) to have an understanding of because it's applicable everywhere. International law is global law. When you know how to navigate Planet Earth as a global citizen, and when you do so with good intention, the protections are higher and include spirit.

Spirit is always there. Everywhere. And God is watching.

Respect nature.

One of the coolest things about shopping is the “buying something new” thing. I love that. I am a fan of technology and a passionate enjoyer of fashion aka functional art.

The style industry is lit.

There are such good fashion statements and designs right now. I personally believe that we are going through a fashion boom, which can save the economy. The economy needs it. For real.

President Trump and First Lady Melania Trump are also livening up the film industry with the upcoming release of the film Melania in movie theatres.

Inspired.

I communicate directly with The White House. I began corresponding with President Trump after his inauguration back into The Oval Office in 2025. My first correspondence with President Trump was one of the coolest moments of my public policy career thus far.

His response was thoughtful, honest, informative and interestingly enough really well written.

I noticed!

President Trump is a great writer.

I had some engagements that were cumbersome for my schedule at some point this year, and normally when these types of occurrences take place I respond with stride. Then I checked my e-mail. I had not checked my inbox in a bit longer than usual because of these unwanted distractions and it had kept me from checking my email and when I finally got to check my mail I saw that I had a letter from The President of The United States of America himself, President Donald J. Trump waiting for my response. The letter had not only been sitting there for days, but it had not been responded to either.

I had a deep moment of reckoning in that moment. Most of the time when something keeps me from my responsibilities and business correspondence like that I brush that dirt off my shoulder and keep moving



forward. This time I pulled the fire alarm, metaphorically speaking.

I got rid of the impediment to my schedule in an emblazoned fashion, less than a day or so and it was business as usual again.

Technically, those trying to waste my time were wasting the current serving President of The United States of America's time.

He's got a military to command. He has the balance of the free world as his responsibility. He is elected to the post of the highest office in politics. He is responsible for balancing domestic and international interests at all times. He is one of the most important public figures. He is POTUS45. Donald Trump. President Donald J. Trump. The President of The United States of America, leader of America, head of state.

Perspective.

Do me a favor, live in reality.

If not for yourself, for the economy and my need to go shopping for quality goods.

President Trump probably wants to do some good shopping too. He does have Trump Tower on 5th Avenue. That's Henri Bendell's across the street. We're both probably equally as enthusiastic about 5th Ave. My homies have had a nickname for me since high school, "5th Avenue". My rollerblading hockey homies I met when I moved to that new neighborhood during childhood been calling me that for years.

I'd encourage you to live in reality for yourselves, but every time I encourage y'all to be kind to anyone the reaction is less than stellar.

So yeah, live in reality for the economy and my need to go shopping for quality goods. Perhaps President Trump's as well.

Technically.

## ***8 Days to My Birthday***

I'm focused on me and I like where my focus is right now.

## ***1 Week to My Birthday***

I grew up bicoastal. I know that's pretty rare. For 5 years, family arrangements had me living majority of the time on The West Coast of North America and some of the time on The East Coast of North America. Other than that, I grew up mostly in the Eastern part of the continent.

Interesting fact. It is distinct.

## ***6 Days to My Birthday***

New Year's was great!

Birthday next week.

## **Chapter 6: Not Surface Where Deep**

### ***5 Days to My Birthday***

Good morning!

Gotta rise and grind today.

So, that's what I'm doing.

### ***4 Days to My Birthday***

The same park I met my neighborhood friends at, I used to go tobogganing every winter. Definitely while I lived on the East coast. My childhood dog would chase me all of the way down the hill, lightly biting at my mittens, both of us somehow laughing. Golden retriever smile and blonde tail wagging confirmed.

I got out of a bad situation a couple of years ago, and when I got to safer pastures it kind of felt like that.

It looked a lot different. Almost everything looked different. The season. The people. The locations. The

lighting. However, there's a correlation between those two points.

### ***3 Days to My Birthday***

Really important day for music today. BRB!

### ***2 Days to My Birthday***

I have a half blazer that's so vintage looking but not, if it wasn't for the sparkle lining of silver through the fabric, the piece would look dated. Only in timing of creation, not in fashion and style portability wearability feasibility fashion enjoyment.

The look says, "I've been working in this industry a while." Fashion industry that is.

Funny thing is, I grew up in it. First job was selling buttons at my family's factory. It was a business I created where I would sing to the customers going to the store next to a sign that said 5 cents a button.

The buttons were dope. Intricate design types, leather types, metal types, gold types. You'd be surprised how many customers stopped to buy buttons from me when I'd sing and sell buttons.

I was 5 years old!

Around that time actually, my grandpa who co-owned the business, may he rest in peace, died.

Sorry Gramps. Sorry to see him go. Guy was cool. I was close with my grandfather.

I got his office after he died. I'd basically play video games all day.

It was after all the weekend.

### ***1 Day to My Birthday***

My birthday is at midnight. Looking forward to it this year. The day itself that is.

## ***My Birthday!***

Happy birthday to me! Woo! Happy born day Arielle!

Published CONFIDENTIAL today.

This is my first big release on my birthday. I know that a lot of artists do that sometimes, but this is my first.

I didn't tell the public it was my birthday. I released my multimedia art project of literature and music CONFIDENTIAL late last night.

I spent a good part of my day promoting the project.

CONFIDENTIAL is a book, a song, and a music video.

CONFIDENTIAL is published exclusively on my new website [ariellelondon.com](http://ariellelondon.com).

It's a really personal project.

I hope it does well.

My song Socialite is doing really well. People are liking the song. Over 2,300 views on X at my @NATObauty channel. It's been approximately 3 weeks since release of the song, so that's really good.

CONFIDENTIAL is so personal. The book is raw, the song is emotional and the music video is emotive.

Thank you Universe for a beautiful birthday this year.

### ***1 Day after My Birthday***

I'm so grateful. I might not often ask The Universe for everything I want, even though it's tempting, but I did ask The Universe for a good Christmas, New Year's and Birthday Season and The Universe granted me that. Thank you Universe.

What is most important for me personally The Universe provided.

That's so important to me. That's the type of response for restoring faith. I have faith. Full faith, that's power.



## **Chapter 7: Nice To Meet You**

### ***2 Days After My Birthday***

Busy day.

I miss New York City. I miss Miami. I grew bicoastal and also up and down The East Coast. I live in the North of the North American continent, so every winter vacation I flew South to Miami. I also dated someone who lived there, I've lived there for a bit too. New York, I used to make certain I visited The City a few times a year, and then every few years, and since 2020 that's been admittedly less. I miss New York. I miss Miami.

G2G!

BRB!

### ***3 Days after My Birthday***

I'm an authority on fashion.

I'm such an authority on fashion, I realized that no one has ever even questioned a single fashion commentary

I have ever made. I have made many. Thank goodness I have given out mostly only compliments over the years because when things got ugliest not even the individuals in the ugliest outfits questioned my commentary when I told them to their face that their outfit was hideous.

Their lack of social etiquette required the insult.

However, for majority of my life most of the fashion commentary I have delivered to others has been mostly complimentary.

“Nice puffy coat!”

I remember that one.

“Great shoes.”

Oh, so many.

“Lovely necklace.”

Thank goodness for the necklace on that one because her whole outfit was fly.

I've been asked more times than I can count about my outfit and my look.

Also, interestingly enough, I grew up in the fashion industry and over the years, work with the company as well, and no one ever questioned my fashion commentary or choices there either. Luckily, everyone at a fashion company makes much commentary on fashion, that's kind of relationally essential to the business.

Fashion is functional art.

I am an artist.

### ***4 Days after My Birthday***

I ain't seen no twins or triplets walkin' around lately.

Not at any ages.

I find that incredibly bizarre.

I hope if twins and triplets and siblings who love each other are separated that they get reunited.

What or whom would stand in the way of two twins being reunited?

There are many patterns that have shifted over the years within the population, and while some of those have been startling, and noticeable, one of the things that is illogical is that twins and triplets don't get spotted regularly out and about together.

The concept of loved ones being separated like that is so awful, but reunited is beautiful.

I like that.

### ***5 Days after My Birthday***

Nomenclature.

Wonderful word, wonderful.

Nomenclature is an organic chemistry vocabulary jargon that denotes 'name.'

Name can mean “equal sign,” an identifier, or someone’s actual proper name.

There is a lot of power in naming. Identification is often paramount in most social interactions, business interactions, legal interactions and health interactions.

There is necessity and there is choice. We live in a time period whereby those who are born with male and/or female anatomy can choose how to identify utilizing pronouns.

### ***6 Days after My Birthday***

I *hate* fake people.

I *hate* them.

I *hate* fake people.

There’s a danger to those who present a pleasant front but in reality are monsters. The pleasant is a disguise and their monster ways are their true nature that they cannot hide if prodded with the right stimulus. What I

mean is, they can't help it. They have no self control and they are endangered even to themselves.

### ***1 Week after My Birthday***

I'm a Hip-Hop artist. I'm also a pretty quiet person when it comes to documenting many of my rapper relational personal experiences. Smart move, however, with the recent release of my song Socialite and an interesting element of that part of my Hip-Hop career, I know y'all gonna feel this one.

One night I was walking into the music studio. I had been recording at this location for a few years and developed a nice working relationship with the studio owner. It was a normal studio session, a PM session, which at the time was almost always my preference. I change up now. I opened the door to the building and started walking up the stairs towards the recording studio unit inside. I was almost at the top of the stairs when a man approached me from mid-hallway and asked me my business in the building.

He started with, "Where are you going?"

“Excuse me, who are you?” I replied, finishing walking up from the staircase.

“I’m the manager.” He said.

“I own the building.” I informed him.

“You’re his daughter?” He skittered. Eyes getting bulgy and stance getting less certain.

“Ya, and you’re standing between me and my microphone.” I said.

And then I walked past him into the studio session and I recorded.

That guy doesn’t work in the building anymore.

I’m still me.

When you encounter someone, you don’t know who they are upon meeting them. A friend of mine recommended the music studio in my early days of recording and when I showed up I saw that it was in a building I own. I didn’t mention it. That was also the first

time I had ever said anything to anyone at that level of  
“wassup.”



## **Chapter 8: How It Be, How It Was, How It Is**

### ***8 Days after My Birthday***

When I lived on The West Coast, one day there was a snow day. School was out until the next day and I had a hankering for a Cadbury Creme egg. It was in season, at the store nearby, and all that stood between me and my only seasonally available chocolate craving was enough snow to shutdown schools citywide for the day, snowsuit gearing up ensuing, a good playlist for my discman or Mp3 player, and enthusiasm for cocoa.

I had all that, and the fortitude to go.

Like a bolt of lightning my newly 13-year old self ran to the foyer cupboard and suited up in my snowsuit, hat, gloves, boots and then I set off for the nearby cornerstore.

I ran in the snow, leaping over snowbanks, and barrelling as quickly as I could towards chocolate. Specifically, a Cadbury Creme egg. One of my favorites. I continued running, no cars and no neighbors in sight. Just me and lots and lots of snow.

It was all so peaceful until all of a sudden a sedan came barrelling from around the corner at top speed. My goodness. Senior high students from my new high school.

The car came full speed and stopped right next to me.

They lowered their window, the car full of senior high school peers and new associates from the school bus.

“Hi Arielle!” They hollered and laughed, chuckling clearly at my attire.

“Hi!” I yelled back, displaying my annoyance for being spotted looking slightly less chic than in my regular school uniform kilt and blazer combo or in my effortful outfit choices worn on school “you can wear your own clothes” typa days.

“Where you going?” They asked with a hint of muahahah’s.

“The bodega.” I retorted.

“Hahahahah!” And then they peeled off in their driver’s license age appropriate mode of transportation.

At just turned thirteen years old, on a snow day, my two feet were my mode of transportation

Their car rounded the next corner out of sight and I continued on running towards the bodega. I ran a couple of blocks, ran straight into the store, reached for a Cadbury Creme egg, placed it on the counter like a trucker at the saloon, handed the bodega man his money, he handed me my change, thank you’s were exchanged and I exited the bodega with my Cadbury Creme egg chocolate.

I stood outside the store, sunny day, opened my candy bar, and began eating the chocolate delight milk chocolate outside, creme filled sugary inside sweet only seasonally available goodness.

About 30 seconds later, once my chocolate was done, I ran back home, no awkward teenager encounter between me and my front door, just the quiet of the winter and a neighborhood’s extra quiet on a snow day.

## ***9 Days after My Birthday***

In my twenties, dating was so simple. Men care less in their twenties than in their thirties. Therefore, a lot of the interactions I had were with men who didn't take dating so seriously. I used to juggle 2-5 different men of interest at the same time. A dinner date here, a lunch date there. Most of the men weren't that serious about relationships, so most of those text messages eventually by one of us just got unanswered. They weren't prioritizing dating, but admittedly, neither was I.

Ambitious women like myself are used to that, early on when you're career oriented a lot of men are intimidated by that confidence. However, in my thirties I have found that the reality of settling down and the reality of reality enhance the amorous feelings for females and what a woman means to a man as we get older.

My last two ex-boyfriends were both so gung-ho about the idea of being with me they battled each other constantly on the subject matter of me. I hadn't really seen that before. It is interesting though that for me, as

a highly career driven woman, I only saw that in my thirties.

No comment on my man now, but I will say that I like dating men in my thirties more than in my twenties.

It's almost as though they just discovered the beauty of dating and having a real partner.

## **Chapter 9: Honesty Sparkles**

### ***10 Days after My Birthday***

I've been really enjoying painting lately. I haven't painted consistently in a while, but over the past few months I've done everything required to ease myself back into it full swing.

I like to paint random items in addition to canvases so I went straight for the cereal boxes at home and two significant bottles from important occasions. The bottles look divine in my opinion and the cereal boxes are all sparkles, neon, black, and bursting in colors flexin' flossin' bossin' and awesome.

When we were kids, all of us read the cereal boxes at the breakfast table. So many of us sat at the kitchen table eating cereal before school, reading the box like it was an additional responsibility we somehow enjoyed. I would study the percentages on the Nutrition Facts box and wonder what the difference between things like Trans and Saturated fats was. I'd learn years later in college when I studied science, but either way reading

the cereal box at breakfast is a rite of passage *almost* every North American has experienced.

Not everyone who has experienced that rite of passage however did so with the cereal boxes being bilingual, printed in both English and French languages.

That part of my experience is a little *niche*.

I know I make that child who read those cereal boxes wondering why I did so so *intently* every day proud. I know I make the girl I was proud. Her need to grow up and express herself freely, *I got that*.

Have you ever seen bars on only one window on a residential property?

That house I moved into in Westmount had bars on my bedroom window. Just my room. All of the other rooms had no bars, but mine on the top floor did. In one of the most desirable zip codes in North America, with almost everything a person could want nearby at their fingertips. With mansions and semi-attached, townhouses and apartment buildings and more nearby,

an architectural glitch of sight perhaps or a message to the neighborhood, “In this house, Arielle is different.”

As I’ve gotten older I’ve chosen often to look on the bright side of things, at least there was an element of, “With this room, no one gets in, and no one gets out.”

Must be why I kicked the boogeyman’s ass with such ease. He had nowhere to go. No escape. On another note, that room had a walk-in closet, there was no way I was gonna let a boogeyman hang out in there.

*We all get motivation from somewhere.*

I decorated my Cheerios, Lucky Charms and Shreddies boxes in a way that resembles doing cartwheels onstage in the middle of a classic professional ballet performance. There’s so much glitter almost only Broadway lights can compare in brightness. There’s so much bursting color, Betsy Johnson and Diane Von Frustenburg could take notice. There’s such expression Van Gogh and Basquiat would see it.

Childhood dreams realized.



Looking at my cereal boxes artwork in progress I wonder perhaps somehow, is this what I always saw?

## **Chapter 10: Stylin'**

### ***11 Days after My Birthday***

There's so many possibilities in a day.

I maximize potential.

There's less risk in being awake to opportunities.

They say success takes place where preparedness and opportunity meet.

I stay busy.

I stay ready.

### ***12 Days after My Birthday***

My vibe?

I'm business casual.

Do you see my blazer? I I suppose not.

It's a little bit different on The East Coast, style that is. I am wearing hoops, in addition to my blazer.

Self-determination.

I'm putting on my Yankee cap.

Best.

Socialite just reached 3,000 views on one channel. Confidential has 1,600 views on one channel and about 1,600 views on another channel. I used to hope even a single person would hear my songs, now one of my new songs has 3,000 views on a single channel on my music video in it's first month of publication.

2026.

A long time ago I had never walked into a recording studio. Then there was a moment that I did.

Ten years ago.

Then I started recording. Kept recording rap.

Started putting out music.

Started putting out EPs.

Started producing my own beats too.

Started adding my singing to my songs.

Released a mixtape.

Released music videos.

Dreams realized are dreams pursued.

Dreams pursued are every day life experiences.

Experiences that are decided upon by you honoring your real self, your inner child, your adult experience and your spirit.

There is bravery in being a musician.

Years ago I was on vacation and it was said that David Bowie was at the resort. The resort had many different types of accommodations across the sprawling resort land. It was beautiful. Warm, tropical, relaxing and fun.

One day, I had my regular workout routine and went to the resort gym to get my cardio on. I signed into the resort gym and entered the room with the cardio machines. There was one other man in the gym on a machine, wearing a black hat. I noticed him there but kept my vision on my exercise machine readily available in the otherwise empty resort gym.

About ten minutes into my workout I got the urge to change the channel. There was only one television at the front of the room at an elevated level for the entire room's enjoyment. I walked towards the television and put my finger on the channel changer button and turned to politely (as is gym etiquette) ask the other gymgoer if he minded if I turned on the music station. I turned my face to look directly at the man I had been working out with alone for over 10 minutes and said, "Do you mind if I..."

I stopped talking.

He smiled big.

I was looking into the distinct eyes of David Bowie.

I didn't need to finish my phrase.

I changed the channel to the music station and finished my hour-long workout quietly, enjoying the music channel with David Bowie while getting in a workout.

Told you protocol is important.

I'm *sugarcoat* fierce fun.