



The Bulldog Lie (Or, My First Moment Of Truth)

Guest post by Allison Nazarian

When I was 7- or 8-years-old, puffy stickers were all the rage.

My girlfriends and I would sit and talk and trade and arrange and organize them for hours on end. “Puffy Stickers” became the name of an actual activity, as in, “See ya later, Mom, I’m going to play puffy stickers with Leslie.”

Some were OK, others were good and yet others, very few others, were diamond-like as far as their rare and sought-after status. In my world, those with “googly eyes” were the most important and valuable.

And of the googly eyes puffy stickers, it was The Bulldog that was the “Big Daddy” of them all.

Oh, how I wanted that bulldog puffy sticker.

My mom tried to find it for me (or said she did). But it was nowhere to be found – that’s how in demand it was. And for good reason. It was The Bulldog, googly eyes and all.

So one day, during my regular wheelings and dealings in the world of puffy sticker trading, I told Amy, my friend’s older sister from next door, and her cool older friends (they seemed eons older, they were probably 2 or 3 years older tops) that I was in possession, at my home, of The Bulldog and that I was prepared to make a fair and equitable trade for said sticker and its pack.

Suddenly everyone wanted a piece of me. I liked how that felt in that one moment.

Problem was, I didn’t have the freakin’ bulldog or the equally famous “bulldog pack” that housed it. I simply did not have it.

But I sure did feel cool for a few minutes. It felt good.

But nothing could erase the looming sense of dread beyond that coolness.

The dread was telling me, “This is a lie that you have no way of getting out of.”

And the dread was right.

But I was willing in a moment to pretend I had it because I really wanted that attention from the older girls. Who knows what was going on for me in my life right at that time that was making me crave that, but crave it I did.

I remember vividly is the sheer panic I felt as I walked from Amy’s house to back to mine knowing I had created an entire situation around something that was not only not true but that was an outright, complete, total and inescapable lie.

What a burden on every imaginable level.

Later, when the girls came knocking on my door (literally), I told my mom to pretend I wasn't home.

I didn't know how to keep the lie going. But I had to do something.

The thought of keeping it going was overwhelming.

Of course it was overwhelming.

Because living a lie is an exhausting lose-lose proposition.

Always.

Without exception.

Timeline is debatable (sometimes the part where you feel amazing about the lie lasts longer than a few minutes), but the ultimate lose-lose is a definite.

There was no bulldog with googly eyes.

There would be no bulldog with googly eyes.

I was telling stories and making deals (with myself and with others) based on the existence of something that did not exist.

And now it was time to pay the price.

Chances are that in your life, you have faced a "pay the price" moment too.

Man, that moment can feel like sheer hell.

And in that sheer hell lies a decision about the rest of your life. About the quality of your life.

About who you are and who you will be and how you will live. About what will happen the next time the lie seems easier than the truth.

So while the Bulldog With Googly Eyes incident eventually blew over and I made it out physically unscathed, the mental toll of lying outright, of involving others in my lie and of being trapped in a lie I had no clue how to get out of was heavy. Like I-still-feel-it-30-years-later heavy.

And for good reason: You and I are not wired for or equipped to live in a way that is not congruent with the truth.

The "easy way out" option is not a plan or a way of life. It is just a quick fix that sometimes isn't even so quick and rarely, if ever, really fixes. The easy way out, whether an outright lie or something else, could be something like:

- Staying in the marriage/relationship that you know in your gut isn't feeding your soul.
- Sticking with the dead-end (but safe!) 9-to-5 and letting someone else ride the entrepreneurial roller coaster – and take your dreams with them.

- Settling for toxic or energy-sucking or mediocre friends who suck you dry and come back for more.
- Existing day-to-day with habits and acts that don't serve you while telling yourself that it is OK and all in the name of being "responsible" or a "good friend" or an "attentive parent" or something else that makes a good enough excuse for you.

Each of us – including you – has had our own “Bulldog with Googly Eyes” incidents. You may not have outright lied like I did, but you have allowed a lie to gently guide your actions or thoughts or plans (or lack thereof).

The opposite of truth is not necessarily a lie....the opposite of truth – of your truth, of my truth, or any truth – is something that is not 100% wholly and entirely the truth. So any absence or blurring of the truth is as non-truth as is a lie.

Now that you are thinking about a non-truth in your life, the question becomes, what are you going to do about it?

For today, right now, perhaps recognizing it and acknowledging it is enough. And that is great!

For some of you, that may not be enough. You may want to slay it and move forward without delay. You may want to tell the world about it through your blog or twitter or via some other means because you cannot live another moment the way you were before.

Or, you may want to keep it to yourself and just do what you need to do to turn it into a truth.

Regardless of your specific path after your Bulldog Moment, living, knowing, speaking, being and owning your truth is both the most excruciatingly difficult and the easiest-peasiest thing you will ever, ever do.

So what's it going to be?

Feel free to continue as you were....that is your choice. But for heaven's sake, call a spade a spade. Truth is truth: Your body, your mind and your soul will tell you all you need to know about whether you are living yours.

In the meantime, I am still desperately seeking the Bulldog Pack. With googly eyes. Let me know if you see it.

About Allison Nazarian: [Allison](#) tells people she is an “empire-builder by day (and night) and a Mom by night (and day).” Originally from the Washington, D.C. area, Allison is a walker, reader, football fan and someday-bookstore owner who lives in Florida with her son, daughter and Black Lab. Here's what Allison says she does: “I use words to help people make money, make meaning and make sense.” Find her at www.AllisonNazarian.com