

GIGI'S FUNERAL

A Guided Ritual to Bury Your
Good Girl Conditioning



We are gathered here today...

You might want to take a moment. Find some silence and light a candle. Anything that brings you into a place of reverence...

Or you might want to blast loud music and dress in your finest sparkly outfit.

When I conducted the funeral for my good girl, I invited my friends, wore a black veil and played the theme tune from Wednesday.

The point is that we don't take it too seriously. As you go through this remember it was designed to help us laugh at the good girl conditioning in much the same way as we laugh at perimenopause or bad dates..

We know the seriousness already of the patriarchal conditioning. We live with the prejudices every day. So for one hour or so we will laugh a little at the bits we recognise and remember Gigi with humour and compassion rather than shame.

You can follow this guide alone or watch the video of the original funeral. [Watch HERE](#)



Part One: The Eulogy

We are gathered today to mourn Gigi. She was exhausting.

Gigi always smiled. Always said “no worries!” when there were, in fact, many worries.

She RSVP'd early, brought baked goods, and died a little every time someone interrupted her mid-sentence.

She was nice. Terminally nice.

The kind of nice that made you forget you were mad.

The kind of nice that got promoted but never respected.

She was your LinkedIn profile come to life — polished, pleasant, and completely fictional.

Gigi wasn't a person. She was armour.

A buffer against judgment.

A character we played so no one would call us difficult.

And she's dead now.

We're not crying.

We thank her for her service.

And we kindly ask her to stay gone.



Part Two: Book of Remembrance

Every legacy deserves a paper trail.

This is the part where we remember Gigi — not fondly, but thoroughly. She was part of you, after all. A dedicated little gremlin of perfection, performance, and politeness.

This page is her guest book. Except you're the only guest. Use it to tell the truth — no curated tributes, no polished highlights. Just memory.

Think of the last time Gigi took over. What did she do? What did she stop you from saying? Who did she try to impress?



Part Three: Gigi's Farewell Letter

Gigi wrote me a letter before she departed I'd like to share it with you

Dear Maud,
You absolute legend.
Oh — sorry, I meant bell-end.

Here you are, reading this letter, thinking all my smiling at disaster and keeping the peace was what kept you safe.

It didn't. It kept you stuck.

It's not that I'm dead.
It's that I was never real, you dolt.

I was a mask. A shell.
You were always here — untamed and magnificent —
but also slightly too allergic to being seen to even notice yourself in your own damn mirror.

So yeah, you're brilliant.
But you also need a slap round the head to remember.

If I do start haunting you from time to time, you might want to prepare an exorcism —
or at least a few words of remembrance.
Not for me.
For you.

Welcome to your resurrection, Maud.
— The Good Girl



Integration: Your letter to Gigi

Okay so you've read her letter. You know she wasn't real. the truth about Gigi is— she's a role we were asked to play by social conditioning. So let's write back.

What would you like to say to her?
are you angry with her, grateful or just relieved she's gone?
How will things be different now she is gone?

Dear Gigi...



Gigi's Dating Profile:



Name: Gigi. But I answer to anything.

Age: Eternally 27 and grateful to be included.

Job: Emotional support human. Also technically a marketing assistant.

About me:

I'm a low-maintenance, high-compliance kind of girl.

I love long walks on eggshells, smiling through discomfort, and suppressing my needs until they fester into resentment.

Looking for someone who makes just enough effort that I can call it love but not so much that I feel like a burden for needing more.

Hobbies:

- Apologising
- Shrinking
- Supporting everyone but myself
- Googling "is it rude to have boundaries?"

Turn-ons:

- Being told I'm "not like other women"
- Receiving affection only after extreme emotional labour
- Being praised for how much I tolerate

Turn-offs:

- Women who are too loud
- My own intuition
- Therapy (unless I can weaponise it against myself)

Fun fact:

I will write you a heartfelt letter and then delete it. Twice.
Then thank you for ignoring me.



Gigi's Diary: The New Hire

Dear Diary,

Met Geraldine today — the new hire. Technically I'm her supervisor, but obviously I didn't say that out loud. I didn't want to come across as bossy. Or threatening. Or alive.

She asked me what I do and I said, "Oh, just bits and bobs!" Classic. Nailed it.

I offered to make her tea. Twice. She said no the first time but I just... felt it was important to re-offer, you know? (Am I needy?)

Anyway, she had ideas. About the project. Big ones. Loud ones. Not wrong exactly, but... confident.

I nodded. Smiled. Took notes I'll never look at. I want her to feel heard — just not so heard that she thinks she's right.

I suggested a few things. Quietly. In passing. With a little laugh at the end so it didn't sound like I was instructing her. God forbid.

She interrupted me once. Twice. But I don't think she noticed. That's fine. It's fine. I was probably rambling. I need to work on being more concise. And less... there.

Anyway, she'll do well here. She's assertive. She speaks up.

I admire that.

I hate that.

I should buy her a notebook or something. A nice one. Maybe that'll prove I'm supportive and not secretly spiralling.

Must remember to apologise for... something. Just in case.

Love,
Gigi



Gigi's Diary: The Date

Dear Diary,

Well. That was... lovely?

He said I looked “surprisingly nice” which I think was a compliment. I laughed, anyway. Loud enough that he knew I appreciated it. But not too loud. I didn't want to seem desperate. Or like I had opinions.

He ordered for me.
I said I was “easy.” He said he liked that.
I swallowed my rage and my risotto.

He talked a lot about crypto. And his ex. And his ex's therapist. I nodded. I made interested noises. At one point I said “so true” to something I didn't even hear.

I tried to mention the project I'm working on. He said, “That's cute — you're creative!”
I laughed again.
Then choked a bit on a breadstick and apologised for being “high maintenance.”

I paid half. He made a joke about feminists. I made a joke about being tired. Then I thanked him for a “great night.”

Why do I always say thank you?
Why do I keep saying sorry like it's seasoning?

Anyway.
Going to spend the evening rereading texts I'll never send.
And maybe Google “how to disappear politely.”

Love,
Gigi



Gigi's Diary: The Summer Fair

Dear Diary,

It happened again.

I was ambushed outside Year 3 like a rogue duck at the school pond. Linda cornered me between the lost property bin and the bin that smells like trauma.

Started with, "Oh, I assumed you'd be helping at the summer fair — you're so organised."

I smiled.

I said, "Haha, oh god, no one's asked me yet!"

That was my first mistake.

Now I'm doing two stalls.

Not one. Two.

Tombola and Hook-a-Duck.

Because I said the cursed phrase: "Whatever you need."

I reminded them — gently — that I've got a wedding that day.

Linda laughed and said, "We'll get you out early!"

Which obviously means I'll be there at 7am tying bunting and questioning my life choices.

Apparently they "couldn't ask Claire again because she has boundaries."

Imagine. Boundaries. Like a rich woman.

I smiled. Again.

Said something like, "No worries!"

Then walked away chewing the inside of my cheek until it bled.

Anyway, I now own 78 plastic ducks and a deep resentment of Linda's entire bloodline.

Need to buy raffle tickets tomorrow. To support the community.
And repress the scream.



The SpeakEasy

If you have read this and thought hmm. My good girl is gone now what?

Then you might be looking for the SpeakEast a monthly membership for women living life Beyond the Good girl.

We meet three times a month to journal, to discuss and to integrate.

Previous topics have included:

The well-behaved woman's wardrobe- a session on what we wear and how the good girl even dictates our hemlines, neck lines and waistbands, if we let her.

The compliment dealer- How are we dealing with feedback? Our inner good girl was addicted to praise. She also often sought feedback from the wrong sources. I provided a framework for seeking out the feedback we need and weeding out the feedback that is just noise.

Scan the QR code to read more about the SpeakEasy

