

# you are who you are. so, **be** it.

***it's more awesome to **be** strong than skinny,  
more fun to eat than starve,  
more exciting to play than sit,  
more fulfilling to live than sleep,  
more powerful to be smart than dumb,  
more empowering to risk than wait;  
sports are the microcosm of life – honest, hard and rewarding***

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i was always goofy, a little dramatic and any problems i faced seemed so big to me - even a stubbed toe.

through the major tantrums, spazz attacks and perceived adversities, i developed a sense of humor, a sense of humility and a fierce work ethic to make the most out of what I had.

athletic ability? put it this way: i struck out at t-ball when i was 6 years old. it's both sad *and* funny.

at that age, my concept of failure was primitive at best, clouded by the simple happiness of a pretty dress and the hugs & praise of my parents.

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something about failure changes when your id – and subsequently risk and fear – develop.

fast forward 4 years: 10, years old. this was the time i *began* thinking i might possibly be the most obese person in the world. no shorts, NO bikinis, no cookies, no self-esteem. enter the ego.

onto high school, where my activities for the day stacked 1 on top of 2 on top of 1,000,000, leaving me drowning in “to do” lists. to make matters tragic, the boy i liked didn't like me.

and college, where, if i was not the skinny or the smart girl – this was princeton, after all - who was i; anyone worth anything at all?

what happened? didn't i have enough?

i had my *friends*.

i would chat with 'em, we'd call each other names, hang out and probably, in time, eventually move on to different places.

i had my *sisters*.

i would go places with 'em, we'd compete with and against each other, fight, love and inevitably grow out and up in so many ways.

i had *magazines*.

i would go through them vigorously, gaining my sense of style and beauty, beginning my mental cataloguing of clothing from nearly every designer – memorized by line and decade - pictured, released and worn.

i had *movies*.

i would define *what* emotions went *where*, relating mostly to the laugh-cry hysterics of dramedy.

i had my *closet*.

i would have big fashion shows every season, re-organize garments by color and brand (still do that), and shop for new and vintage (hand-me-downs) duds that i would crop, cut and decorate on my own.

i had *food*.

i would use it as reward and i would use it as punishment.

I had *performance*.

I would lose myself in my own imagination.

i had *sports*.

I would play.

i had *lacrosse*.

i would find my passion.

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so, that brings me to the company and the campaign.

i don't have kids YET, but i have been coaching girls for quite a while. my own mother encouraged me to learn the game i loved so much by teaching it. when i advanced to the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, i coached the 6<sup>th</sup> grade team; when i graduated to 8<sup>th</sup> grade, I taught 6<sup>th</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup> grades. and, so on.

this *teaching* turned into *understanding*. now that i am th-th-th-thi-thir-thirty (i don't want to talk about it), i have acquired knowledge of a different kind of X's and O's. they are the problems, anxieties and pressures facing girls today.

and i figure, if lax girls have issues, so many more girls must as well.

what do we do for them? how do we help them feel better, perform better, *be* better?

DOVETM has launched the campaign for real beauty ([www.campaignforrealbeauty.com](http://www.campaignforrealbeauty.com)) in a global effort to "widen the definition and discussion of beauty."

that still seems singular in focus. we can do more!

i've seen it happen: a sad, quiet, uncomfortable-in-her-own-skin girl comes to camp and in three days of learning, laughing and having the opportunity to risk, fall and then *be* supported while she pulls herself up – all while playing lacrosse – totally transforms her. now, she can breath; now she can risk.

why? how?

1. she's given a chance to try
2. she's given a chance to fail
3. in either situation, she is acknowledged, supported, celebrated
4. neither situation defines how good of a person she is

**parents**, try this at home.

**coaches**, try this at practice.

**friends**, try this at school.

challenges. this is why i love sports and especially why i love lacrosse. mostly, i am more into the "service" of the game, not initially considering the opportunity to make a career of it. i have witnessed this little sport i loved so much in my backyard explode into an industry.

and now, bounce does camps. we do clinics. we make our money. i have learned that understanding margins can substantially increase profit. i research the market to effectively strategize which ways to advertise and sell, survey our target to find out what they want, how they feel and how they spend, and i recognize that hiring the most applauded player in college or on the usa team certainly doesn't *hurt* the brand.

but, what is the brand? what is the point? what is our message?

it's simple. it's this:

**you are who you are.**  
**so, be it.**

the "so, be it." campaign is about self-esteem for teens. the idea is to incorporate the message we stress when teaching lax: identify who you are without considering outside influences.

each picture is a portrait. each "be" WORD represents an outstanding piece of the subject's personality and career and is used to tell their story.

by including individuals prominent in the women's and men's game, maybe girls will feel a little more supported to be **who** they are, even if it goes against the grain. maybe if it's okay for jen adams to "be great", it's also okay for you to be that too.

bounce entertainment slogan is "play on, play up". this means, specifically, to take whatever your passion is to the highest extreme. if it's music – play it on, play it up, baby! if it's basket weaving – play on, play up. and, if it's lax . . . play on, play up.

at bounce, if we want to play lacrosse - we do it; if we want to design clothes - we do it; and, if we want to sing a song in the middle of a crowded street- we doo-doo-doo-doo-dah-di-dah-doooooo it!

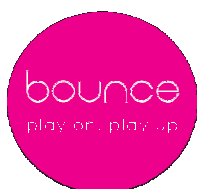
enough with the "i'm fat" and "i'm ugly."  
enough with "i'm not good enough" or "i'm not smart enough."  
enough with not believing in yo'self.  
enough with doubting.  
enough with time lost.

it's too damn tiring, girls.

the fact is that every person – girl, boy, man or woman – is something. identify what you are and be it to the max.

you are who you are. soooooooooooooo, be it, already!

you have our support.



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