



FINDING MY PLACE.

by DiDi Stutters

BE YOU ANYWAY™

ONE
STEP
AT
A
TIME.

EVERY **CHAPTER** IS ANOTHER STEP
TOWARD FINDING YOUR PLACE.

ONE STEP AT A TIME - EVERY CHAPTER IS ANOTHER STEP
TOWARD FINDING YOUR PLACE.

THE LETTER DIDI.

BEFORE WE BEGIN.

*EVERY JOURNEY STARTS SOMEWHERE.
THIS IS MINE.*

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A portrait of a woman with long dark hair and glasses, resting her chin on her hand. She has several tattoos, including a large one on her forearm and a small heart on her wrist. The image has a purple tint.

THE LETTER **DIDI.**

Dear Friend,

If you're reading this, thank you.

Really.

Out of everything you could be doing today, you chose to spend a few moments with me, and I don't take that lightly.

For most of my life, I spent more time trying to hide who I was than learning how to love who I was.

I was embarrassed by my stutter.

I was insecure about the way I looked.

I convinced myself that if I could just change enough things about me, maybe I'd finally feel like I belonged.

But the harder I tried to become someone else, the further I drifted away from myself.

So one day, I made a different choice.

Not because I suddenly became confident.

Because I was tired of hiding.

I started sharing my life online for one simple reason...I was hoping to find a friend.

I never imagined that by showing people the parts of myself I thought were broken, I'd find thousands of people who felt exactly the same way.

Somehow, strangers became friends.

And those friends reminded me of something I had forgotten.

You don't have to be perfect to be loved.

You don't have to fit in to belong.

You don't have to become someone else to be enough.

If you know me, you know this has never been about followers or fame.

The people on the other side of the screen
have never felt like followers to me.

They've always felt like friends.

That's why everything we're building together
has kindness at its heart.

It's why giving back will always matter.

And it's why I hope this book feels less like
advice...and more like a conversation between
two people who understand what it's like to
wonder if they're enough.

My story is only one story.

Maybe, as you turn these pages, you'll begin to
see pieces of your own.

And maybe...

You'll discover what changed my life.

Not when I became someone new.

But when I finally decided to...

Be Me Anyway.

I hope this book helps you become...

You Anyway.

Love,

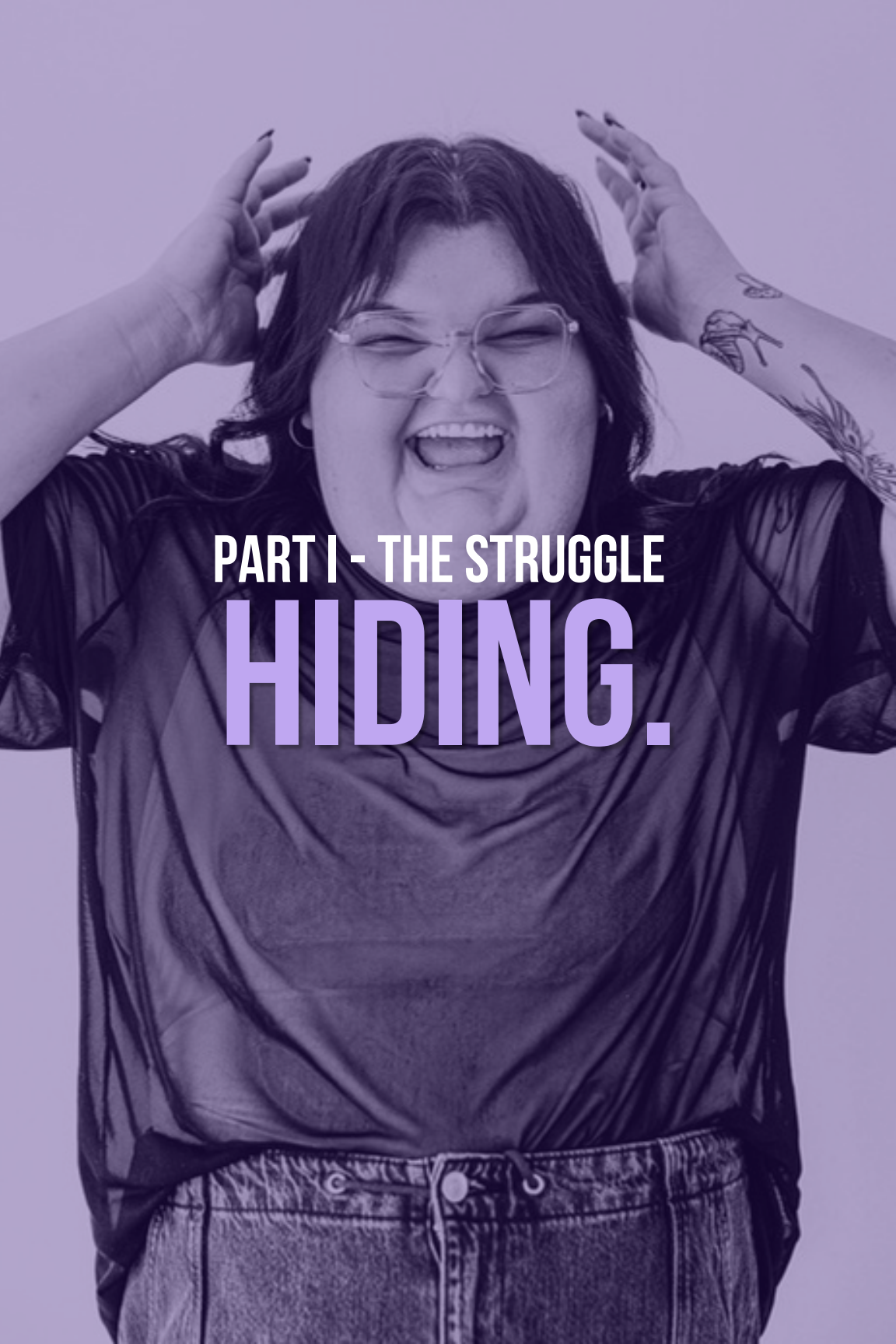
Didi

P.S. If this book felt like we were sitting across the table from each other...

That's exactly how I hoped it would feel.

FINDING MY PLACE.

by DiDi Stutters

A person with long dark hair, wearing glasses and a dark t-shirt, is smiling broadly with their hands behind their head. They have tattoos on their left arm. The image is overlaid with a semi-transparent purple filter.

PART I - THE STRUGGLE HIDING.

WHY ME?

01 WHY ME?

THE QUESTION THAT STARTED EVERYTHING.

"Why couldn't I just be normal?"

I don't remember a time when I didn't have a stutter.

It's always been a part of my life.

For as long as I can remember, speaking felt different for me than it did for everyone else.

Something that seemed so easy for other people often felt impossible for me.

As a kid, I didn't understand why.

I just knew I was different.

And when you're different as a child, people notice.

Sometimes they ask questions.

Sometimes they stare.

Sometimes they laugh.

Sometimes they say things they probably don't even realize you'll remember for the rest of your life.

I was bullied because of my speech.

I was bullied because of my weight.

I was bullied because of the way I looked.

After a while, I stopped believing they were just words.

I started believing they were true.

So I did what a lot of people do when they're hurting.

I hid.

I stayed quiet.

I avoided attention.

I convinced myself that if people didn't notice me,
they couldn't hurt me.

But hiding has a cost.

The more I hid from other people...

The more I started hiding from myself.

I spent years wishing I looked different.

Sounded different.

Felt different.

I thought if I could just change enough things about
myself, maybe I'd finally feel accepted.

Maybe then I'd feel like I belonged.

Maybe then I'd finally be enough.

I don't think I realized it back then...

But I wasn't really afraid of my stutter.

I was afraid people would decide my stutter was all I
was.

Maybe you've felt that too.

Maybe your story doesn't sound like mine.

Maybe your struggle isn't something people can
hear.

Maybe it's something you've carried quietly for years.

Anxiety.

Your past.

Your body.

Your family.

Your mistakes.

Or maybe it's simply the feeling that you've spent your whole life wondering why you couldn't just be like everyone else.

If you've ever felt that...

I want you to know something.

I understand.

Because I've been there too.

For a long time, I believed being different meant something was wrong with me.

I thought I had to earn my place in the world by becoming someone else.

But I know now that I had it backwards.

Being different doesn't mean being less.

It never has.

It never will.

I wish someone would have told me that when I was younger.

Maybe I would've spent less time hiding.

Maybe I would've spent less time believing I wasn't enough.

Maybe...

I would've learned to love myself sooner.

I can't go back and tell the younger version of me.

But maybe I can tell you.

If you've spent your life asking,

"Why me?"

I hope one day you'll ask yourself a different question.

"What if there's nothing wrong with me at all?"

Because sometimes...

The very thing you've spent your whole life trying to hide...becomes the thing that helps someone else feel seen.

I just didn't know it yet.

REFLECTION.

For years, I thought my differences were the reason I
didn't belong.

Now I know they were the beginning of my story.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

Have you ever hidden part of yourself because you were afraid it would make someone love you less?

Write it down.

No one else has to see it.

Just be honest with yourself.

**"BEING
DIFFERENT
DOESN'T MEAN
BEING LESS."**



@didistutters 

Didi

WHO I AM?

02 WHO I AM?

*TRYING TO BECOME WHO EVERYONE
ELSE WANTED.*

"Somewhere along the way, I stopped trying to be me... and started trying to be who I thought everyone else wanted."

I don't think it happened all at once.

I think it happened little by little.

One comment.

One laugh.

One embarrassing moment.

One comparison.

One disappointment.

Until one day...

I didn't recognize myself anymore.

When you're told enough times that you're too different...you start looking for ways to become more acceptable.

You smile even when you're hurting.

You stay quiet because it feels safer.

You apologize for things that aren't your fault.

You become the version of yourself that asks for the least amount of space.

I became really good at reading people.

Not because I wanted to.

Because I wanted to know who they needed me to be.

If someone wanted me to be quieter...

I became quieter.

If someone wanted me to laugh...

I laughed.

If someone made me feel like I was "too much..."
I became less.

The scary part wasn't pretending.

The scary part was how normal pretending became.

I don't think I even realized I was doing it anymore.

I spent so much time trying to fit into everyone else's expectations...

That I forgot to ask myself one simple question.

Who am I?

Not...

Who do people want me to be?

Not...

Who would people like more?

Just...

Who am I?

That's a difficult question to answer when you've spent years measuring yourself against everyone else.

For a long time, I believed acceptance was something I had to earn.

If I could just lose weight...

Maybe I'd finally feel beautiful.

If I could just speak without stuttering...

Maybe people would finally listen.

If I could just be more confident...

Maybe I'd finally belong.

The problem was...

Every time I reached one goal, another one took its place.

Because when your happiness depends on becoming someone else...

You'll never arrive.

You'll always find another reason why you're still not enough.

Looking back now...

I realize something that would've changed everything.

I wasn't searching for confidence.

I was searching for permission.

Permission to stop pretending.

Permission to stop apologizing.

Permission to stop believing I had to earn my worth.

Maybe you've been doing the same thing.

Maybe you've spent years becoming the person everyone applauds...

While quietly missing the person you used to be.
If that's you...

Can I tell you something I wish someone had told me?

The people who truly love you...

Don't need a different version of you.

They need the real one.

The one that's tired.

The one that's scared.

The one that's still figuring life out.

The one that's wonderfully imperfect.

Because that's the person they can actually know.

The hardest part of becoming yourself...

Isn't changing.

It's remembering.

Remembering who you were...

Before fear convinced you to become someone else.
I didn't find myself overnight.

Honestly...

I'm still learning.

But every day I choose to be a little more honest
than I was the day before.

A little less afraid.

A little more willing to take up space.

A little more like the little girl who deserved to believe she was enough all along.

And maybe...

That's all becoming yourself really is.

Not becoming someone new.

Coming home to the person you've always been.

REFLECTION.

For years I thought becoming someone else would
make me happier.

Instead...

The greatest peace I have ever found came from
becoming more of myself.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

Have you been living the life you want...

Or the life you think other people expect from you?

Sit with that question.

You don't have to answer it today.

But don't stop asking it.

"THE HARDEST
PERSON I EVER TRIED
TO BE...
WAS SOMEONE I
WASN'T."



@didistutters 

Didi

WHAT IF?

03 WHAT IF?

THE FIRST SPARK OF HOPE.

"What if the things you're trying to hide are the very things that make you unforgettable?"

For most of my life, I believed my greatest goal was to become less noticeable.

I wanted people to overlook my stutter.

I wanted them to stop seeing my weight.

I wanted to blend into the background.

I thought if I could make myself just a little smaller... Life might hurt a little less.

But something happened that I never expected.

The more I hid...

The lonelier I became.

I wasn't protecting myself anymore.

I was disappearing.

I don't know exactly when the thought first came into my mind.

Maybe it was after one too many years of pretending.

Maybe it was after one too many nights wondering why I never felt enough.

Maybe I was simply exhausted.

But one day...

A question quietly found its way into my heart.

What if...

What if there's nothing wrong with me?

What if I've spent years fighting a battle I was never meant to fight?

What if my voice isn't something to be ashamed of?

What if my story isn't something to hide?

What if the things I've been trying so hard to change...

Are actually the things that make me... me?

I didn't have all the answers.

Honestly...

I still don't.

But I realized something that day.

The life I wanted wasn't waiting for a different version of me.

It was waiting for the real me.

Not the perfect me.

Not the fearless me.

Just...

Me.

I think that's where hope begins.

Not when everything changes.

But when your perspective does.

Because hope doesn't always sound like certainty.
Sometimes it sounds like one small question.

What if?

What if I stopped apologizing for taking up space?

What if I spoke, even if I stuttered?

What if I laughed a little louder?

What if I stopped comparing myself to everyone else?

What if I believed I was enough before I accomplished anything?

None of those questions changed my life overnight.

But they changed the direction of my life.

Sometimes people think transformation happens because of one big moment.

I don't think that's true.

I think it begins with one honest thought.

One small decision.

One tiny crack in the story you've been telling yourself for years.

Looking back now...

I don't think confidence found me first.

Hope did.

Hope whispered something I had never allowed myself to believe.

Maybe...

Just maybe...

The things that made me feel different...

Were never standing in the way of my purpose.

Maybe they were preparing me for it.

If you're reading this today...

Can I ask you the same question that changed my life?

What if you've been looking at yourself through the eyes of your biggest critics...

Instead of through the eyes of the person you were created to become?

I don't know what your answer will be.

But I hope you'll be brave enough to ask the question.

Because sometimes...

One question is all it takes to begin a completely different life.

And maybe...

Just maybe...

This is where yours begins.

REFLECTION.

Nothing changed about me the day hope found me.

I still had the same voice.

The same fears.

The same insecurities.

The only thing that changed...

Was the story I started believing about myself.

Sometimes that's where every new beginning starts.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

If fear wasn't making the decision...

What would you do differently tomorrow?

Don't think about five years from now.

Think about tomorrow.

**"THE LIFE I WAS
LOOKING FOR...
WAS WAITING FOR THE
VERSION OF ME I KEPT
TRYING TO HIDE."**



@didistutters 

Didi

A black and white photograph of a person with long hair and glasses, sitting on the floor and smiling. They are wearing a dark t-shirt and denim overalls. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. Overlaid on the image is the text 'PART II - THE DECISION' in white and 'CHOOSING.' in large purple letters.

PART II - THE DECISION
CHOOSING.

WHEN?

04 WHEN?

*THE DAY I STOPPED LIVING FOR
EVERYONE ELSE.*

"When do you finally stop living for everyone else?"

I wish I could tell you there was one moment that changed everything.

There wasn't.

No big speech.

No perfect morning.

No day where I suddenly woke up confident.

Life doesn't usually work that way.

At least mine didn't.

People sometimes ask me,
"When did you become confident?"

The truth?

I didn't.

Not all at once.

Confidence wasn't something I found.

It was something I built.

One decision at a time.

For years I kept waiting for the perfect moment.

I thought one day I'd wake up and finally feel ready.

Ready to speak.

Ready to be seen.

Ready to stop caring what people thought.

But that day never came.

Because "ready" is a moving target.

Every time I thought I was close...

Fear moved it a little farther away.

Looking back now...

I realize I wasn't waiting for confidence.

I was waiting for permission.

Permission to be myself.

Permission to stop hiding.

Permission to take up space.

The problem was...

Nobody else could give me that.

I had to give it to myself.

And that didn't happen in one decision.

It happened in hundreds.

Some were so small no one else would have noticed them.

Choosing not to hide in the back of the room.

Speaking even when I knew I might stutter.

Introducing myself instead of waiting for someone else.

Looking in the mirror without immediately criticizing what I saw.

Choosing kindness toward myself instead of judgment.

None of those moments made headlines.

None of them felt life-changing.

But together...

They changed my life.

I think we spend so much time waiting for one big breakthrough...

That we overlook the small decisions quietly changing us every day.

Every time you choose honesty over pretending...

You're changing.

Every time you choose courage over comfort...

You're changing.

Every time you choose to show up exactly as you are...

You're changing.

The world tells us transformation has to be dramatic.

I don't believe that anymore.

I think transformation usually looks ordinary.

It looks like getting up one more time.

Trying one more time.

Speaking one more sentence.

Believing one more hopeful thought.

Again.

And again.

And again.

There were plenty of days I still wanted to hide.

Plenty of days I questioned myself.

Plenty of days fear still won.

But fear didn't have to lose every battle.

It just couldn't be the one making my decisions anymore.

That's the difference.

People often ask when everything changed.

I think the better question is...

When did I stop letting fear vote?

Because fear still had a voice.

It just stopped getting the final say.

Maybe that's where you are today.

Maybe you're waiting.

Waiting until you lose the weight.

Waiting until you feel confident.

Waiting until people understand you.

Waiting until you're less afraid.

Can I tell you something I wish someone told me?

If you wait until you're fearless...

You might spend your whole life waiting.

The decision isn't made when fear disappears.

The decision is made when your desire to live becomes greater than your desire to hide.

That's the day everything begins.

Not because life suddenly gets easier.

Because you're finally walking in the right direction.

One decision.

One day.

One step at a time.

REFLECTION.

I used to think courage meant not being afraid.

Now I know courage is making the next right
decision...

Even while you're afraid.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

What is one small decision you've been putting off
because you've been waiting to feel ready?

What if today was enough?

"FEAR STILL HAD A
VOICE. IT JUST
STOPPED GIVING IT THE
FINAL SAY."



@didistutters 

Didi

THE RISK.

05 THE RISK.

I DIDN'T POST BECAUSE I WANTED FOLLOWERS.

"I didn't post my first TikTok because I wanted followers. I posted because I wanted a friend."

If you had asked me back then why I downloaded TikTok...

I probably would've laughed.

Because I never had a big plan.

I wasn't trying to become an influencer.

I wasn't chasing views.

I wasn't dreaming about followers.

Honestly...

I was just lonely.

I think that's hard for people to admit.

Especially as adults.

We act like loneliness is something we're supposed to outgrow.

But loneliness doesn't care how old you are.

You can be surrounded by people...

And still feel completely alone.

That's where I was.

I wanted someone who understood me.

Someone who wouldn't interrupt me when I spoke.

Someone who wouldn't judge me before they knew me.

Someone who would see me...

Not my stutter.

Just...Me.

So one day I did something that terrified me.

I picked up my phone.

Not because I thought I had something amazing to say.

Not because I thought anyone would watch.

Because I thought...

Maybe someone out there feels the way I do.

Maybe someone else is sitting alone today.

Maybe someone else is wondering if they'll ever belong somewhere.

I wish I could tell you I felt confident when I pressed "Post."

I didn't.

I remember second-guessing myself.

Wondering if I should delete it before anyone saw it.

Wondering if people would laugh.

Wondering if I'd just given the world one more reason to judge me.

Fear asked a thousand questions.

Hope only asked one.

What if one person understands?

So...

I left the video up.

That's it.

That's the risk.

It wasn't about becoming known.

It was about becoming seen.

There's a difference.

I didn't need millions of people.

I would've been grateful for one.

One person who understood.

One person who stayed.

One person who made me feel a little less alone.

What happened next changed my life.

Not because my videos started getting views.

Because I realized something much more important.

I wasn't the only one.

The messages started coming.

People shared their own stories.

Their own insecurities.

Their own struggles.

Their own pain.

Some stuttered.

Some didn't.

Some had completely different stories.

But underneath every message...

I kept hearing the same thing.

"I thought I was the only one."

So did I.

Maybe that's why this community exists today.

Not because I wanted followers.

Because I never wanted anyone else to feel as alone
as I did.

I know what loneliness feels like.

I also know what one kind message can do.

One person can change your day.

Sometimes...

They can change your life.

Looking back now...

The biggest risk I ever took wasn't posting a video.

It was allowing people to meet the real me.

And somehow...

That became the safest place I've ever been.

Maybe because people aren't looking for perfect.

Maybe they're just looking for someone who's willing to be honest first.

Maybe...

That's why you're here too.

REFLECTION.

I thought I was searching for an audience.

I was really searching for connection.

Sometimes the thing we're looking for isn't
success...

It's simply someone who says, "Me too."

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

Who would know the real you...

If you stopped hiding today?

Not the polished version.

Not the version everyone expects.

The real you.

**"I WASN'T LOOKING FOR
FOLLOWERS.
I WAS LOOKING FOR A
FRIEND."**



@didistutters 

Didi

ANYWAY.

06 ANYWAY.

*FEAR DIDN'T LEAVE.
I MOVED ANYWAY.*

"Fear doesn't disappear. You just stop letting it decide."

People ask me all the time,

"How did you become so confident?"

I always smile when I hear that question.

Because the truth is...

I still get nervous.

I still overthink.

I still have days when I wish I could hide.

The difference is...

I don't let those feelings make my decisions anymore.

For a long time, I believed courage meant being fearless.

I thought one day I'd wake up and finally feel ready.

Ready to speak.

Ready to show my face.

Ready to stop caring what people thought.

That day never came.

And I'm actually glad it didn't.

Because if I had waited until fear disappeared...

I'd probably still be waiting.

Here's what I finally learned.

Fear isn't the enemy.

Fear is just trying to protect us.

The problem is...

Fear wants to protect us from everything.

It tells us not to speak.

Not to try.

Not to love.

Not to trust.

Not to risk being hurt.

Not to risk being seen.

If I had listened to fear...

I never would've posted my first video.

I never would've met the incredible people who've changed my life.

I never would've discovered that the very thing I thought would push people away...

Would actually bring us together.

Fear was trying to keep me safe.

But it was also keeping me small.

So one day...

I made a different decision.

Not a dramatic one.

Not a perfect one.

Just a different one.

I decided I could be afraid...

Anyway.

I could stutter...

Anyway.

I could laugh...

Anyway.

I could show up...

Anyway.

I could love people...

Anyway.

I could live the life I wanted...

Anyway.

That's what **Be You Anyway™** means to me.

It doesn't mean pretending fear isn't there.

It means refusing to let fear decide who you become.

I've learned something beautiful about people.

Most of us aren't waiting for someone perfect to lead us.

We're waiting for someone honest enough to go first.

That's all I did.

I stopped pretending.

I let people see the real me.

Not because I knew they'd accept me.

Because I finally accepted myself.

And something amazing happened.

The more honest I became...

The less alone I felt.

Maybe that's because authenticity gives other people permission to be authentic too.

It's contagious.

So is kindness.

So is courage.

You never know who's watching your life wondering if they can survive their own story.

Maybe they'll believe they can...

Because they watched you.

Not because you were fearless.

Because you were real.

If there's one thing I hope you remember after you close this book, I hope it's this.

You don't have to wait.

You don't have to become someone else.

You don't have to earn your worth.

You can choose today.

Not perfectly.

Not confidently.

Just honestly.

Be you...

Anyway.

REFLECTION.

My life didn't change because fear disappeared.

My life changed because fear stopped making my
decisions.

That made all the difference.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

What would your life look like...

If fear no longer had the final say?

Don't think about forever.

Just think about your next step.

What does "anyway" look like for you?

**"YOU DON'T HAVE TO
STOP BEING AFRAID...
YOU JUST HAVE TO STOP
ASKING FEAR FOR
PERMISSION."**



@didistutters 

Didi

A woman with long dark hair and glasses is sitting on a black metal stool. She is wearing a black long-sleeved shirt and dark jeans. Her legs are spread wide apart, resting on the stool's legs. She has a joyful expression, with her mouth open as if laughing or shouting. The entire image is covered with a semi-transparent purple overlay. Overlaid on the center is the text 'PART III - THE DISCOVERY' in white, followed by 'BECOMING.' in large, bold, purple letters.

PART III - THE DISCOVERY
BECOMING.

THEY SAW ME.

07 THEY SAW ME.

THE MOMENT EVERYTHING
CHANGED.

"I expected people to laugh.

Instead...

They stayed."

I'll never forget how vulnerable I felt when I started sharing my life online.

Every time I posted something, it felt like I was handing people the very thing I'd spent my whole life trying to hide.

My voice.

My stutter.

My imperfections.

Me.

I remember wondering if I was making a mistake.
What if people laughed?

What if they left mean comments?

What if they confirmed every fear I'd carried since I was a little girl?

I had spent so many years believing people only accepted perfect.

So naturally...

I thought the more people saw the real me...

The less they would like me.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

Something unexpected started happening.

People weren't connecting with the moments when I looked perfect.

They were connecting with the moments when I looked real.

They didn't stay because I spoke perfectly.

They stayed because I didn't.

They didn't stay because I had all the answers.

They stayed because I was still figuring life out too.

For the first time in my life...

I didn't feel like I had to perform.

I didn't have to hide.

I didn't have to apologize for being different.

People weren't asking me to become someone else.

They were thanking me for being myself.

That changed me.

Not because it made me feel famous.

Because it made me feel understood.

Every message I received reminded me of something I never realized.

People weren't looking for perfection.

They were looking for permission.

Permission to stop pretending.

Permission to stop hiding.

Permission to believe they were enough too.

The more honest I became...

The more honest other people became.

People started sharing stories they had never told anyone.

Stories about anxiety.

About bullying.

About feeling invisible.

About never believing they were enough.

Some cried.

Some laughed.

Some simply wrote,

"Thank you."

And every time I read one of those messages...

I thought the same thing.

Maybe this is why I went through everything I did.

Not because I deserved the pain.

But because maybe my story could help someone carry theirs.

That's when I finally understood something.

The parts of ourselves we hide the most...

Are often the parts that connect us the deepest.

I spent years believing my stutter would push people away.

Instead...

It invited people in.

Not because they stuttered too.

Because they knew what it felt like to carry something they wished they could change.

Maybe that's why kindness matters so much to me.

Because you never really know what someone is carrying.

The person smiling beside you might be fighting a battle you'll never see.

The person who seems confident may be questioning everything about themselves.

A little kindness can change someone's entire day.

Sometimes...

It can change their life.

People often ask me what it feels like to have so many followers.

Honestly...

I don't think of them as followers.

When I look at the comments...

I don't see numbers.

I see people.

People with stories.

People with dreams.

People who are trying their best.

People who simply want to know they're not alone.

And maybe that's why this has never felt like social media to me.

It has always felt like friendship.

It has always felt like finding people who understand.
Looking back now...

The greatest surprise wasn't that people accepted me.

The greatest surprise was discovering that I'd never needed to hide in the first place.

The real me...

Was enough.

It always had been.

REFLECTION.

For years I believed people would reject the real me.
Instead...

The real me became the reason we connected.

Sometimes the thing you're afraid to show...

Is exactly what someone else needs to see.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

What part of your story have you convinced yourself
no one would understand?

What if that's the very part someone else is waiting
to hear?

"I THOUGHT MY
DIFFERENCES WOULD
PUSH PEOPLE AWAY.
INSTEAD... THEY
SHOWED ME WHERE I
BELONGED."



@didistutters 

Didi

I UNDERSTOOD.

08 I UNDERSTOOD.

*PEOPLE AREN'T LOOKING FOR
PERFECTION.*

"People aren't looking for perfection. They're looking for permission."

There was a time when I thought people followed me because I made them laugh.

Or because my videos were different.

Or because they felt sorry for me.

I was wrong.

The longer I shared my life...

The more I realized people weren't coming back because I was entertaining.

They were coming back because I was real.

That took me a long time to understand.

I used to believe people admired perfection.

The perfect body.

The perfect words.

The perfect life.

The perfect family.

The perfect picture.

The perfect everything.

Social media has a funny way of convincing us that everyone else has it all together.

But if you look a little closer...

You'll realize we're all carrying something.

Some people just hide it better than others.

The messages I received every day started teaching me something.

People weren't saying,

"I wish I had your life."

They were saying,

"Thank you for making me feel less alone."

That sentence changed me.

Because I realized something.

Nobody is secretly hoping to meet another perfect person.

They're hoping to meet someone who's honest enough to remind them they don't have to be perfect either.

That's what connection really is.

Not pretending we have it all together.

Trusting someone enough to admit we don't.

I think that's why kindness has always mattered so much to me.

When someone feels safe...

They stop pretending.

When someone feels accepted...

They stop hiding.

When someone feels seen...

They begin to believe they belong.

That's what happened to me.

And it's what I hope happens to you.

The truth is...

I've never wanted people to become more like me.

I've only wanted them to become more like themselves.

If sharing my story has done anything...

I hope it's reminded people that they don't have to wait until they're "fixed" to start living.

Because none of us are perfect.

Not me.

Not you.

Not anyone.

And maybe...

That's exactly the point.

Maybe perfection was never the goal.

Maybe peace was.

Maybe freedom was.

Maybe finally breathing without wondering who you're supposed to be...

Was.

The more I accepted myself...

The more permission other people gave themselves to do the same.

Not because I had all the answers.

Because I stopped pretending I did.

I think that's how movements begin.

Not because someone stands on a stage pretending to have a perfect life.

But because someone quietly says,

"Me too."

Those two words have incredible power.

Me too.

I've been hurt too.

I've doubted myself too.

I've hidden too.

I've cried too.

I've wondered if I was enough too.

The beautiful thing is...

Once one person says it...

Someone else finds the courage to say it too.

And before you know it...

No one feels alone anymore.

Maybe that's what this has always been about.

Not creating followers.

Creating freedom.

The freedom to finally stop pretending.

The freedom to speak.

To laugh.

To love.

To take up space.

To be seen.

To be yourself.

Anyway.

REFLECTION.

I used to think people needed someone to impress them.

Now I believe they simply need someone to remind them they're not alone.

Sometimes that's enough to change a life.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

Who gave you permission to become yourself?

If no one has...

What if today you became that person for yourself?

**"PEOPLE DON'T
CONNECT WITH
PERFECTION.
THEY CONNECT WITH
AUTHENTICITY."**



@didistutters 

Didi

FRIENDS.

09 FRIENDS.

*THE CONNECTION I WAS SEARCHING
FOR ALL ALONG.*

"The thing I was searching for all along wasn't followers.

It was connection.

It was people who understood."

When I was younger, I thought friendship was something everyone else figured out.

It always seemed so easy for other people.

They laughed together.

They spent time together.

They made memories together.

I remember wondering what that felt like.

I wanted that.

Not attention.

Not popularity.

Just connection.

I think that's why I held on to loneliness for so long.

I convinced myself that if people really knew me...
They probably wouldn't stay.

So I stayed quiet.

I kept people at a distance.

Not because I didn't want friendships.

Because I was afraid of losing them before they even began.

When I started posting videos online...

I wasn't looking for strangers to follow me.

I was hoping someone might understand me.

I hoped one person might see my story and think, "Me too."

I never expected what happened next.

One person became ten.

Ten became a hundred.

A hundred became thousands.

But here's something people don't always understand.

I never saw those numbers.

I saw names.

I saw messages.

I saw people trusting me with pieces of their lives they hadn't shared with anyone else.

I celebrated with people I'd never met.

I cried reading messages from people I'd never hugged.

I prayed for people whose faces I'd never seen. Somehow...

People who started as strangers slowly began feeling like friends.

And somewhere along the way...

I realized something beautiful.

Connection has nothing to do with distance.

Some of the people who have made me feel the least alone...

Have lived hundreds or even thousands of miles away.

Because friendship isn't built by standing in the same room.

It's built by feeling understood.

I think we've forgotten that sometimes.

We live in a world that's more connected than ever.
And somehow...

So many people still feel alone.

Maybe you've felt that too.

Maybe you've smiled all day...

Then gone home wondering if anyone really knows you.

Maybe you've been surrounded by people...
And still felt invisible.

If you have...

I want you to hear this.

You're not the only one.

You never were.

One of the greatest gifts my story has given me isn't a social media audience.

It's people.

Kind people.

Brave people.

People who choose encouragement over judgment.

People who remind each other that different doesn't mean less.

People who celebrate each other's victories.

People who sit with each other through hard days.

People who make the world feel a little softer.

That's what I've been searching for all along.

Not followers.

Friends.

Real ones.

The kind who remind you who you are when you've forgotten.

The kind who celebrate your voice instead of asking you to change it.

The kind who make you feel safe enough to stop pretending.

Looking back...

I think that's why I started posting in the first place.

I wasn't searching for attention.

I was searching for belonging.

And somehow...

By finally letting people see the real me...
I found it.

Maybe that's what you've been searching for too.

Not more likes.

Not more approval.

Not another person telling you who you should
become.

Maybe you've simply been looking for people who
make you feel like you don't have to become anyone
else.

That's what friendship has become for me.

Not people who expect perfection.

People who choose each other anyway.

That's what this movement has always been about.

Not building an audience.

Building a place where people remember...

They've never had to walk through life alone.

REFLECTION.

I thought I was building a following.

Looking back...

I think we were building something much more
important.

A place where people could finally feel at home.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

Who makes you feel safe enough to be completely yourself?

And just as important...

Who can you become that person for?

Sometimes belonging begins because one person decides to make room for someone else.

"I DIDN'T FIND MILLIONS
OF FOLLOWERS.
I FOUND PEOPLE WHO
REMINDED ME I WAS
NEVER MEANT TO DO
LIFE ALONE."



@didistutters 

Didi

PART IV - THE INVITATION
BELONGING.

YOU BELONG.

10 YOU BELONG.

THE SAME INVITATION THAT CHANGED MY LIFE.

"You don't need millions of followers.

You don't need confidence.

You don't need permission.

You just need one decision."

If you've made it this far...

Thank you.

Not because you finished a book.

Because you trusted me.

That means more to me than you know.

When I look back at everything we've talked about together...

I don't think this story was ever really about my stutter.

Or social media.

Or followers.

It was about something much deeper.

Belonging.

For so many years, I believed belonging was something I had to earn.

I thought if I looked different...

Spoke differently...

Acted differently...

Then maybe I'd finally deserve a place at the table.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

Belonging isn't something you earn.

It's something you choose to believe you're worthy of.

That was the decision that changed my life.

Not when I posted my first video.

Not when people started following me.

Not when my life changed.

The real change happened long before any of that.

It happened the moment I stopped asking the world for permission to be myself.

That's what **Be You Anyway™** means.

It isn't about being fearless.

It isn't about never doubting yourself.

It isn't about pretending life is easy.

It's about deciding that your fear no longer gets to decide who you become.

It's about speaking...

Anyway.

Laughing...

Anyway.

Showing up...

Anyway.

Loving people...

Anyway.

Living your life...

Anyway.

Being you...

Anyway.

That's the decision I made.

Not perfectly.

Not all at once.

One small step at a time.

And if I'm honest...

I'm still making that decision every single day.

Maybe you will too.

I don't know what your story looks like.

I don't know what you've been carrying.

I don't know what you've survived.

But I do know this.

You don't have to become someone else to deserve love.

You don't have to become someone else to deserve friendship.

You don't have to become someone else to deserve joy.

You don't have to become someone else to deserve a seat at the table.

You already belong.

Not because you've earned it.

Because you're human.

For years, I searched for a place where I could stop pretending.

A place where people would see me...

Not the version I thought they wanted.
The real me.

When I couldn't find that place...

I decided to help build it.

That's what this movement has always been.

Not a brand.

Not a business.

Not a following.

A reminder.

A reminder that no one should have to walk through life believing they're too different to belong.

If you've ever felt that way...

I hope this book helped you realize something.

There was never anything wrong with you.

You were never too much.

You were never not enough.

You were simply waiting for someone to remind you of what was true all along.

Maybe today...

That person was me.

One day...

It might be you for someone else.

That's how kindness spreads.

That's how courage grows.

That's how lives change.

One person reminding another person...

"You belong here."

So before you finish this book...

I want to leave you with one final thought.

Don't wait until you're fearless.

Don't wait until you're perfect.

Don't wait until everyone understands.

Don't wait until you finally believe you're enough.

Choose today.

Choose honesty.

Choose kindness.

Choose courage.

Choose yourself.

Be You Anyway™.

I'll be cheering for you.

Always.

Love,

DiDi

REFLECTION.

The greatest gift I ever received wasn't confidence.

It was the realization that I didn't have to earn my
place in this world.

Neither do you.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

If you truly believed you already belonged...

How would you live differently tomorrow?

Don't answer quickly.

Carry that question with you.

Let it change you.

PART V - THE CONTINUATION
CONTINUE.

FIND YOUR PLACE.

11 FIND YOUR PLACE.

THE JOURNEY DOESN'T END HERE. LET'S
KEEP WALKING TOGETHER.

YOU BELONG HERE.

*If you're looking for people who understand your
story, we'd love to welcome you.*

didistutters.com



LET'S GO...

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

This book exists because of people who chose kindness over judgment, encouragement over criticism, and acceptance over perfection.

To every person who watched a video, left a kind comment, shared a story, sent a message, or simply reminded me that my voice mattered...

Thank you.

When I first started sharing my life online, I wasn't searching for followers.

I was searching for connection.

I was searching for a place where I could stop hiding and simply be myself.

Without realizing it, you helped me find that place.

Thank you for embracing my imperfections, encouraging my courage, and reminding me that being different doesn't mean being less.

To my family, thank you for your love. To my husband, I love.

To my team, thank you for believing in this vision and helping turn an idea into something that has the potential to help people long after this book is closed.

And to every reader holding this book...

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to share my story.

If even one chapter helped you believe in yourself a little more...

Then every difficult moment that brought me here was worth it.

This isn't just my story anymore.

It's the beginning of yours.

Love,



FINDING MY PLACE.

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FIRST EDITION • 2026

Printed & Published in the United States of America.

BE YOU ANYWAY™...

...AND...

find your place.