Sitting here looking at a half-eaten CBD /THC gummy staring at me quizzically on my electriIkea standing desk and wondering will I just pop the rest in my mouth, leave it put or put it away? Pop the rest in my mouth means I’m just going to float off bit by bit and be hit with moments of euphoria followed by moments of wondering why I have the big bowl of popcorn half eaten on my lap, kernels on the floor at 10 pm – crunch… I keep typing instead of choosing behind the three gummy doors, which is probably a good choice considering its noon and this was the day I was going to officially start this book. So auspicious 2/22/2222 I think and before I know it, I’m off kissing more frogs! Before you think I have a strange new hobby I will assure you kissing frogs is a legit pastime, albeit we all probably know how to a little too well. A term I Iearned on a Skillshare class on productivity where instead of doing the thing we make an agreement to do (write a book, meditate, get a bill in the mail or cancel Netflix – “Kiss a Prince?” we do our level best to kiss as many frogs as we possibly can! I’m guessing most of you have traveled in that boat – the S.S. Avoidance or the one with the “S.O.S. Procrastinator” carefully hand painted on the bow of the boat filled with those of us that kiss frogs a lot on a daily basis – it’s pretty full. But I also know that S.O.S stand for saving out sinking ship so I’m going to crawl into the baot that is labeled “Kiss a Prince”? Ugh! I’m just kind a partial to Kissing frogs rather than getting started on this writing adventure – Kissing a prince for the win? No wonder this analogy doesn’t work for me. I’m redefining kissing a prince to engaging fully every day with this book idea.

So apparently the date 2/22/2222 is lol fooled ya… frog are cute but I literally would not kiss one. Let alone hold one.

Okay back to the book writing and recognizing how long I have been writing it. Does in utero count?