

???: wake up suddenly, scramble for phone — what time is it?? Phew, 6:12 am. I've got time. Back to sleep.

8:00 am: alarm goes off. Hit snooze.

8:06 am: alarm goes off. Hit snooze.

8:12 am: alarm goes off. Hit snooze.

8:18 am: alarm goes off. Fiancé turns it off.

11 am: wake up suddenly, scramble for phone — what time is it?? Oh SHOOT. Totally missed my morning yoga class, and now there's not even time to shower before my 12:00 meeting. I jump out of bed, grumble at my fiancé: "why did you turn off the alarm???" don't wait for an answer, stumble toward the dryer to grab clean clothes — aaaand they're still in the washer. I throw more detergent in and start the cycle, then dig through the hamper — *sniff* — that'll work. Thank God I don't sweat much. Throw on clothes, deodorant, mascara, take my meds — I'm almost out of them, SHOOT, need to make an appointment to get another prescription — grab a Fiber One bar on the way out the door. Wait what did I forget —

11:15 am — run back inside, grab my phone, head back out. YES! I'll make it to my meeting by noon!

11:16 am — run back inside, grab my KEYS, head back out. STILL GOOD!

11:17 am — run back inside, kiss my fiancé goodbye and apologize for being cranky about the alarm. Easy to do, now that I know I'll be okay on time. I decide to apologize even on mornings when I won't be.

11:18am — in the car, deciding between plugging in my headphones or my charger. Thanks, iPhone 6. Wireless headphones aren't an option, I'd lose one of

the earbuds in a day. Ehhhh phone's almost dead, charging it is. I try using speakerphone but it's too noisy on the freeway so I hold it up to my ear as I call for an appointment. There's only one available before my meds run out — do I want it? Um...let me check...same time as "coffee with Anna." I can cancel if I have to, but it would be the second time in a row...God I wish they could just call these prescriptions in, but yeah I get it controlled substance etc. etc...I bring the phone back to my ear to confirm I can make it (because seriously, not much of a choice) — notice the police lights behind me and wonder how long he's been following me. I quickly hang up and throw my phone in the backseat while I pull over.

11:30 — Try not to cry like a child when the policeman hands me the ticket. Succeed...kind of. As soon as he turns to head back to his car I start bawling and I hope he doesn't notice as he waits for me to pull safely back out onto the road. I take a deep breath. I'm upset that I'm out the money and will now be late, but also very aware I deserved it and weirdly grateful for being called out on it. I'll drive safer from now on. I just hope I remember to pay the ticket in time. For now, I need to —

11:35-12:08 — check Waze obsessively to see whether I can make it to my meeting without having to admit I'll be late. Maybe I can make up for lost time? Nope, it's annoyingly accurate. I am 8 minutes late to my meeting. Still, not terrible...

12:17 — until you factor in parking, fixing my mascara (yes, I have car makeup. I also have car dishes. And car clothes. I really need to clean out my car.) and walking over. Now I'm more than 15 minutes late which I've learned is pretty much the threshold at which I really should have called. Ugh this day is not going well. Very aware it's my fault. Thankfully, I'm no longer an employee, but an entrepreneur looking to hire one, so me being late doesn't mean getting fired anymore. Still embarrassing. Especially meeting a potential new hire.

12:18 — “SO sorry I’m late!” “Hi, you must be Jessica.” He isn’t even unfazed. He brought a BOOK. I can’t decide if I’m grateful he isn’t annoyed or depressed that my friend who referred him to me obviously told him to expect it. I tell him that, half joking, not really. He can tell. Great, here comes the advice.

What he says: “I used to have trouble with that, too. So now I just try to leave early.”

What I hear: “if it’s a problem for you, why don’t you just leave earlier?”

Fair point. I don’t know. I try. It never seems to work out. I don’t get it either.

12:30 pm — we’re settled, and I ask him why he wants to work for me. He starts telling me what feels like his life story. I hope my meds kick in soon. I’m having trouble focusing. I’m doing a good job of pretending, though. I’ve got the thoughtful nod *down.* Seriously though, does he have to talk THAT SLOW? Wait how much was that ticket? Do I have to pay it by check? Do I even have checks anymore? I can’t remember the last time I used one, thank God for autopay — wait did I set up autopay for my new credit card — wait I just missed half of what he said. Oops. I start playing with my spinner ring. It grounds my attention a bit and I can hear him again.

12:45 — I realize this guy is very talented. He has a lot of great ideas, and they’re along the lines of what I’m trying to accomplish. But something feels off. I don’t know what. On paper he’s perfect. But I don’t think I’m going to hire him. I feel bad. My friend said he really needed a job. I hope I’m making the right decision. I awkwardly end the meeting. I’m kinda new at this. I failed pretty regularly the first decade of my adult life, and I still don’t feel like I’m great at adulting, so it’s weird being successful enough that other people want to work for you. It’s even weirder having to decide whether or not they get to.

1:00 — I check my bullet journal, the only planner I’ve ever been able to (sort of) stick to, to see what’s next. Okay, research from 2-5, dinner 5-6, writing 6-9, relax 9-11:30, bed by midnight. Totally doable. My meds are in full effect,

my focus is good, so I decide to head back home and start early. I should maybe eat lunch, but I'm not hungry.

1:05 pm — I'm driving home. My friend calls, presumably to see how the interview went. I don't answer. I tell myself it's because I don't want to get another ticket. But I know it's because I don't want to disappoint her. Maybe I *should* hire her friend, ugh, I don't know. He did look good on paper.

1:15pm — I'm home. I cuddle up with a soft blanket and a fidget toy and start researching.

1:30 pm — I realize why I didn't want to hire him. I run back to the car, grab his resume and call him.

1:32 — He answers. I find that slightly weird. I have phone anxiety, I almost never answer when people call. Especially if I might not like what they have to say. Text me, seriously. At least text me to let me know you're calling. But he answers. So I tell him why I'm not hiring him — because he should start his own business. I tell him which of his ideas made me realize that, and give him a ton of tips on how to get started. He's excited and grateful. I know he'll crush at this. I feel successful for the first time today. Maybe I do know what I'm doing. Maybe I —

3:45 — I see what time it is. Oops. I'm supposed to be researching. Back at it.

5pm — alarm goes off, time to stop and get dinner. Wait one more article — I'm really not comfortable writing this thing yet, there's stuff I still don't understand. Argh, I'm terrible at time management. I'm still not hungry though, it's cool. I'll just keep going til 6.

??? —okay, now I'm hungry. I check the clock. It's after 7pm. I grab food and keep working. Technically I'm supposed to be writing by now but I didn't realize how complicated dyslexia actually is, so...

7:58pm I get an idea

7:58pm I open my writing app

8:25 I've brain dumped an awesome idea for the episode, complete with interesting metaphor and simple explanation and a way to turn "reading with dyslexia" into a game.

8:26 I start trying to write the idea

8:45 I've tossed it out because I got a better one. I start working on that one.

8:48 WAIT — laundry! Not gonna beat me THIS time!

8:49 Switch clothes to the dryer. Realize my workout clothes aren't in there, and I missed today so I have to go tomorrow or I'm not gonna feel good.

8:50 gather my workout clothes and a bunch of other clothes off the floor of pretty much every room in the house and

8:52 start a new load. Set a timer this time!

8:55 pm sit back down to write and realize the idea doesn't seem as great now. Or maybe I don't really remember it. I can tell my meds are wearing off too, and it's getting harder to hold all the thoughts in my brain while I work with them. The page in front of me is a random tangle of words. I'm getting frustrated.

9:35 halfway through a decent sentence the timer goes off. Okay, yep, gotta change the laundry —

9:36 —except the dryer's still going. Set the timer for another 10 minutes. Try to go back to writing.

9:45pm I'm hanging upside down on the couch trying to get my brain to work. I remember I'm trying to get better about work/life balance and wonder if I should stop even though I haven't gotten much done. But tomorrow's super

busy, especially now that I have to work out too, not sure I'll have time to make this work up then...

I decide to give it another 45 minutes and stop at 10:30 so I at least get an hour of down time snuggling with my fiancé —

9:46 — timer goes off. I go dump the dry clothes on my bed, switch over the wet ones, start the dryer.

9:47 — Fine, 43 minutes. But I'll stop at 10:30. And fold the laundry. And relax.

10:30 nooooooot happening. I found a way back in to that idea and I'm in a flow. Writing is easy again. Not just easy. Impossible to stop. This is hyperfocus, and it's a blessing and a curse for those of us with ADHD. I write, and write, and rewrite, and rewrite...

1:25am — my fiancé comes to check on me and finds me passed out in front of the computer. He carries me upstairs, sees the pile of clothes on the bed, pushes them aside and tucks me in. I decide to make more time for us and promise to do better tomorrow. And fold the clothes. He kisses me and tells me I did great...and that clothes are just clothes, but the stuff we make lasts forever.

1:26am — ?? I hug him forever.