

???: wake up suddenly, scramble for phone — what time is it?? Oh, okay.  
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, kiss my fiancé goodbye and apologize for being cranky about the alarm.

11:17 am — run back inside, grab my KEYS, head back out. STILL GOOD!

11:18am — in the car, deciding between plugging in my headphones or my charger. Thanks, iPhone 7. Wireless headphones aren't an option, I'd lose one of the earbuds in a day. Ehhhh phone's almost dead, so...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 my psychiatrist's office for an appointment. I have to get a new prescription for my meds every thirty days, and I get it... controlled substance, etc etc... but it kills me that my doctor can't just call it in.

The receptionist says there's only one appointment 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...

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. The receptionist is halfway through confirming my appointment when I jam on the “END CALL” button and quickly pull over.

11:30 — Policeman eyes the dirty plates on my passenger-side floor as he hands me the ticket. I call these my “car dishes.”

I accept the ticket gracefully and wait until the policeman heads back toward his car to start bawling. 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 out the money and will now be late, but I'm 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 up for lost time. I drive faster.

Nope, Waze is annoyingly accurate.

I check the clock: it's 12:08. Still, not terrible...

12:17 — Didn't factor in parking, fixing my mascara, and walking over.

I've learned 15 minutes late is the threshold at which you should've let someone know you'll be late. It's now too late to tell them I'm going to be late.

12:18 — “SO sorry I’m late!” He’s unfazed. He brought a book. I can’t decide if I’m grateful he isn’t annoyed, or depressed that he now expects it.

I tell him that, half joking. He takes me seriously. And here comes the advice.

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

What I hear: “Why don’t you just leave earlier? I could do it, why can’t you?”

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

12:30 pm — He’s pitching an Internet project for me to do, and he’s deep into explaining it. I’m having trouble focusing. I hope my meds kick in soon. 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?

A server hands someone a check and I realize I have no idea how much that ticket was. When do I have to pay it by? 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?

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. Unfortunately, this doesn’t look as engaged as the thoughtful nod, and I can tell he’s wondering if I’m still listening. Ah, the irony.

12:45 — I realize this project sounds cool. It’s a great fit for me, and it’s in line with what I’m trying to accomplish. But something feels off. I don’t know what.

I feel bad. He seems really excited for me to do it. I hope I’m making the right decision. 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. It’s weird being successful enough that other people want to work with you. It’s even weirder having to decide whether or not they get to.

I awkwardly end the meeting.

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. 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. The table next to me orders fries. Fries sound good.

I eat fries.

1:15 pm — Driving home. My friend calls. 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 him. Maybe I *\*should\** do his project, ugh, I don't know. It did look good on paper.

1:25pm — 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 do the project. I reach for my phone and can't find it.

1:31 — I look for my phone.

1:38 — I give up and use "Find My iPhone." A loud beeping emerges from my blanket.

When I call, my friend 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, and I tell him why I don't want to do it — because he should be doing it. 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 dyslexia for an episode. Back at it.

5pm — alarm goes off, time to stop and get dinner.

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.

Some two hours later — okay, now I'm hungry. I grab way too much food and keep working. Technically, I'm supposed to be writing by now but I didn't realize how complicated dyslexia actually is, so...

7:58 pm I get an idea.

7:59 pm 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 get a better idea. 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 race back to the laundry room, dump the dry clothes on my bed, switch over the wet ones, start the dryer. I race back and check the clock.

9:48 — Fine, 42 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...

2:25am — 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.

2:26am — I hug him forever. Aaaaand realize I'm gonna have to choose between sleep and yoga. Tomorrow's gonna be another hard day.