

### **A dialogue with the Butterfly in my tummy (Week 3 exercise)**

Hi, butterfly in my tummy. Are you there?

*It's Sunday, you know that I am here with you every Sunday.*

How do you know it's Sunday, butterfly?

*The day after the night of wine, and before the great Monday is the day I arrive.*

Do you know what I am thinking about?

*Of course I do, I make you think all those things in your mind now. What would you do without me?*

I am worried about my job, my future, and...about worrying.

*You should. Don't you feel your worth when you worry? Only you deserve this worth.*

I really should do something. I missed my usual running session in the morning already, and I want to do some writing.

*Continue sitting around and worrying, I say. Tell me how you feel.*

I feel hungry and full at the same time. I feel dull and excited, fully awakened and sleepy. Why is that?

*What is the colour of my wings?*

Blue.

*Good. That's why. Continue to worry for now, because there are so many things to think about.*

Are they real things that I am thinking about? I am nowhere near an exit.

*You have time. Endless worry can bring you the solution. Think harder.*

Do I have time? The sun is setting, and I have deadlines to meet.

*Deadlines? What are you talking about? There are no deadlines!*

I have! I want to do a free-write for sharing on the forum today, and the day is ending!

*You have time! Pondering in stillness is the answer!*

I want to finish writing to have an earlier night. I need to go running in the morning.

*You can run at night! You can do your writing the next morning!*

No, I am watching Pimple Popper with my mother on Monday nights.

*Ugh! Routines! And the dreadful endorphins!*

Why are you flapping your wings? Are you going somewhere? The evening news is starting.

*I will see you again, oh you wretched one on Sundays!*