

📌 PART.012 - Season 1, Episode 9:

"A Grocery Store, A Notebook, and the MATRIX of Possibilities"

A Warm Start to a New Year

December 26th arrived wrapped in crisp morning air, the scent of snow lingering from the previous night. Ken's grocery store stood like a beacon of warmth, its glass windows glowing softly against the winter chill. Inside, golden loaves of bread sat neatly in their baskets, cinnamon rolls swirled with icing, and holiday spice lingered in the air—a blend of cloves, nutmeg, and fresh oranges. A true post-Christmas wonderland.

Susie arrived early, the bell on the shop door jingling as she stepped in, already rolling up her sleeves. She barely had time to set her bag down before Ken emerged from the storage room, holding a steaming mug of coffee and grinning from ear to ear.

— "Morning, Susie! You're earlier than Santa on

Christmas Eve! Did the New Year's excitement wake you up, or is it just the smell of my legendary cinnamon rolls?" Ken teased.

Susie laughed, taking the mug he handed her. "Definitely the cinnamon rolls. And maybe the fact that the **only** store open in town during the holidays needs a little extra help!"

Ken chuckled, rubbing his hands together. "Ah, nothing brings people together like bread, flour, and a little melted cheese."

A Special Delivery & A Few Wishes on Paper

Just as Susie was about to start inventory, the phone rang. She picked it up, listening as a familiar voice on the other end made a request.

"Ten pizzas? Urgently?" she repeated, raising an eyebrow. "I didn't know people were this desperate for melted cheese so early in the morning!"

Ken, overhearing, grinned and patted his belly. "Let me tell you something, kid—pizza is never **too early** or **too much**. It's basically a love language."

As she took down the order, Susie's thoughts drifted. It was the day **after** Christmas, and yet, the spirit of the season still clung to everything—the twinkling fairy lights in the shop windows, the snowmen proudly standing guard outside houses, the sound of cheerful holiday music playing softly from the radio behind the counter.

And then, there was her own little mission.

✦ Two things to do today:

1. Continue her meditation practice when she got home.
2. Write down her New Year's goals and resolutions.

Susie glanced at the notebook T had given her, a beautiful red leather-bound book with blank pages, waiting to be filled.

"A book this fancy deserves only the best thoughts," she murmured to herself. **She wanted to get it just right.**

But first, a thought occurred to her—**what if she started small?** There were always extra receipts lying around the store, small slips of paper that were never claimed by customers.

She grabbed one, tapped her pen against the counter, and wrote her **first tiny wish:**

2021: Paul comes back. The epidemic ends.

She stared at the words. **Simple. Clear. Powerful.**

Ken, who had been watching from the side, leaned over, squinting at the paper. "Whatcha writing, Susie? Love letters?"

She rolled her eyes, tucking the receipt into her pocket. "Something like that."

"Well," Ken said, scratching his chin, "if you're making

wishes, you'd better write this down too—'Grandpa Ken's store makes a fortune and I get a raise.'" He winked.

Susie smirked. "I'll put it right next to: 'Grandpa Ken stops sneaking extra pastries from the shelves.'"

Ken gasped, feigning offense. "Lies! I don't sneak. I conduct quality control."

Little Goals, Big Dreams

Between customers, Susie scribbled more notes, filling up extra receipt paper with little wishes and goals.

Some were simple pleasures:

- Eating strawberry-covered French pancakes on New Year's morning—if the pancake shop finally reopened after all its pandemic closures.
- Trying one of Ken's famous mulled wines—which, according to him, could warm even the coldest winter night.

Some were big dreams:

- Paul finds a job in town and stays close to

home.

- Ken's store survives the hard times, and the town thrives.
- Her baby is born healthy and strong.

She traced her finger over that last wish, letting it sink in.

✂ Health is the most important goal, T had said. For herself. For her baby. For her family.

She looked around the store, feeling something warm in her chest. The smell of fresh bread, the shelves stocked with familiar foods, the sound of Ken humming to himself as he stacked crates of apples— This town was home.

And she wasn't going anywhere.

New Year's Magic & A Little Meditation

That evening, after closing the shop, Susie followed her new routine.

Meditation first. She sat by the window, watching the snow fall. Her mantra from the night before slipped easily from her lips:

📌 **Life is fantastic.**

With each breath, the words felt **more real.**

Then, she gathered up all her **goal receipts**—more than twenty of them now—and arranged them carefully on the table.

Tomorrow night, she'd write them all neatly in her notebook.

But for now, she was just **grateful.**

As she closed her eyes, she could almost hear Tanya's voice in the back of her mind: "Inner peace isn't something you wait for—it's something you create."

And for the first time in a long time, Susie felt **ready** for the new year.

🌟 **END OF EPISODE 9** 🌟