


◆ Step 14 – "Uncle Joe would definitely make a speech here. But let's keep moving!" 
SUSIE. HUNTER. ADVENTURE!

PART.014 – 20 Receipts, 1 Baby & Absolutely No Organizational Skills

Snowflakes floated down like lazy feathers, resting softly on the windowpane before disappearing. The city outside was wrapped in a winter hush, a perfect excuse for people to stay in and wrap themselves in blankets.

Inside her tiny, two-bedroom apartment, Susie was already way ahead of them. She sat cross-legged on the couch, wrapped in a giant blanket that made her look like a human burrito. A steaming mug of lemon tea rested in her hands.

She sighed happily, took a sip... and immediately winced.

"Too hot. Immediate regret. Should've waited."

She placed the mug down, rubbing her belly gently.

"Okay, little one, I get it—you're officially the boss now."

A tiny kick from inside confirmed her suspicion.

"Yep. Definitely the boss."

Goals, Like Stacks of Receipts (Or A Supermarket List Gone Wild)

Scattered across the table were over twenty small, wrinkled receipts—each one carrying a dream, a goal, or a very specific craving she had written down at 2 AM.

She flipped through them like a detective piecing together a case.

- "Eat French pancakes with strawberries on New Year's Day." 🍓 (A very serious mission.)
- "Take a ballet class." 🩰 (Grace is a choice, right?)
- "Go to the beach on June 21." 🌊 (Vitamin D is essential, I'm basically a doctor now.)
- "Paul's return." ❤️ (A very, very, very overdue

hug.)

- "Mom & Dad's health."  (Because who else will send me cute dog videos?)

She picked up one of the receipts and narrowed her eyes.

It just said "French fries."

No explanation. No context. Just... French fries.

"Valid. No notes. Approved."

The Notebook That Felt Like Homework

She opened the notebook Tanya had given her, already half convinced it would start talking like a strict schoolteacher.

"Susie, have you completed your assignments?"

She could practically hear Tanya's voice in her head now:

"Goals need to be clear, Susie. Ambiguity gets you nowhere."

"Yes, Tanya, I KNOW."

She rolled her eyes but obediently rewrote her goals,

because, of course, Tanya was right. (As always.)

✓ French pancakes → Pancake shop, New Year's morning, extra strawberries, no excuses.

✓ Ballet class → Book a beginner's class before February. Remember: No falling.

✓ Beach trip → June 21, palm trees, ocean waves, SPF 100 because I'm not risking sunburn.

✓ Paul's return → A proper hug, not one of those awkward half-hugs.

✓ Mom & Dad's health → Weekly calls. No skipping.

She tapped the pen against her lips.

"Looks official enough. If this were a business plan, I'd be rich by now."

A Meditation Session (ft. Boss Baby)

After work, Susie followed the same ritual every night.

1. Come home.
2. Put on comfy clothes.
3. Sit on the floor and pretend to be one of those zen people who have their life together.

She closed her eyes.

Breathe in. Breathe out.

"Life is fantastic."

The mantra floated through her mind. It usually helped her focus.

Not today.

Today, her brain had other plans.

- Did I put laundry in the dryer?
- Do penguins have knees?
- What if my baby becomes a famous dancer and I embarrass them at their first show by crying too much?
- Did I ever finish that movie?

The baby kicked.

"Okay, okay, back to focus."

She placed her hands gently on her belly.

"Let's meditate together, little one. Picture us on a quiet island, palm trees swaying, ocean waves

stretching far beyond the horizon."

Another kick.

"Or... you could just be thinking about food again.

That's valid."

She sighed and patted her belly.

"We'll work on this meditation thing together."

Santa Claus & Supermarket Goals

The next day, Susie took her goal receipts and spread them out like puzzle pieces.

Her apartment smelled like fresh tea, and outside, the snow plows were working overtime.

She looked at her notebook.

It was time.

Time to actually start writing her book.

Her dinner was simple, her phone was silent, and she had no internet to distract her.

"Perfect. Time to be productive."

...Five minutes later, she was watching **New Year's**

Eve again because she had forgotten how it ended.

"Oops."

After another deep breath, she finally focused.

She took her pen and, in bold, unwavering letters,

wrote:

"Goal 1: Health."

And just like that, it had begun.

✨ END OF EPISODE 11 ✨