

## 📌 PART.023 -When Life Gives You Lemons... Build a Matrix and Hire a Santa Claus

### A Town in Transition

Winter had begun to loosen its grip.


The once-pristine snowbanks had started to retreat, revealing cobbled streets damp with meltwater. Tiny rivulets trickled past storefronts, carrying away the last remnants of January.

Shopkeepers rearranged window displays, replacing winter-themed decorations with early signs of spring—pastel-colored scarves, fresh bouquets, and handwritten signs advertising new beginnings.

🎵 A street musician strummed a hopeful tune, his melody blending with the distant sound of melting icicles dripping onto rooftops.

🐦 Birds had begun to return—not many, just a few

brave ones, chirping cautiously as if testing the air.


 A little girl stomped into the first puddle of the season, sending a joyful splash into the air, her laughter echoing down the quiet street.

Life in town was waking up.

And inside Grandpa Ken's shop, life was already brimming with energy.

### A Warm Morning in the Shop

The shop smelled of ginger tea and fresh pinewood, a comforting mix that made it feel like home.


 Honey biscuits sat untouched on the counter, cooling after being freshly baked.

At the wooden table, Susie absentmindedly traced circles on the pages of her notebook, the ink still drying on her latest thoughts.

Across from her, Tanya was stretching—a warm-up routine she did before any deep discussion.

Nearby, Hunter was fully committed to his self-

assigned mission:

 Stacking plates into dramatic towers, clearing the table with exaggerated efficiency.

Tanya grinned. "Hunter, you're such a good helper!"

Hunter puffed out his chest. "I'm NOT a helper. I'm a space engineer."

Susie chuckled, tapping his nose. "Then, our space engineer should sit down for today's mission briefing."

Tanya checked her watch. "Susie, I've got half an hour before my next stop. Let's talk about execution. The final step."

 Doubts & Possibilities: "What If It Doesn't Work?"

Susie hesitated, twirling her pen between her fingers.

"Execution sounds... complicated."

Her notebook overflowed with sketches, plans, ideas—some practical, others wildly ambitious.

She flipped to one of her notes and sighed.

"I mean... I wrote things like, 'Ask Paul to deliver pizzas in town so he has a reason to visit more often'—but what if he doesn't want to?"

Tanya didn't answer immediately.

Instead, she poured herself another cup of tea, watching the steam rise in soft, fragrant curls.

Then she spoke, her voice calm.

"When something feels difficult, don't stare at the problem. Look past it."

Susie looked up, puzzled.

Tanya smiled. "We get so caught up in obstacles that we forget to search for new paths. What do you usually do when you're stuck?"

Susie thought for a moment.

"...Listen to music?"

Tanya's smile widened.

"Exactly. You let your mind wander. That's how solutions find you."

## The House of Dreams: A Visual Plan

Tanya reached for a blank sheet of paper.

"Let's imagine your goal is a house. How many floors do you need to build a strong foundation for this dream?"

Susie answered immediately. "Three."

Hunter, who had been balancing a spoon on his nose, suddenly perked up. "THE THIRD FLOOR!"

Tanya raised an eyebrow. "And what's on the third floor?"

Susie smiled.

- ✓ The first floor is Paul finding a job here.
- ✓ The second floor is stability—enough income for us to breathe.
- ✓ And the third floor... is me finding a job I truly love."

Hunter nodded sagely. "Yes! That is! We ALL need jobs. Even me."

Tanya laughed. "Oh? And what's your job, Mr.

Engineer?"

Hunter crossed his arms, deep in thought.

"Maybe a test pilot for the Space Flight Shell... or... a Master Cake Taster."

Susie burst out laughing. "Good luck convincing Grandma Lucy to pay you for eating her cakes!"

### The Matrix of Possibilities

Tanya reached for a fresh sheet of paper and smoothed it out on the wooden table.

She took a deep breath and, with a slow, steady hand, drew a simple grid.

She labeled one side **Skills**.

The other side **Expansion**.

Hunter leaned in close, eyes sparkling.

"Okay," Tanya said, tapping her pen thoughtfully.

"We've already listed 168 jobs for Paul. But now? We need to connect them to reality."

Hunter clapped his hands together, practically bouncing.

**"WE NEED A MATRIX."**

Susie chuckled. "You just love saying that word, don't you?"

Hunter grinned mischievously. "I just like the way it sounds. Ma-trix. Like a secret code!"

Tanya laughed. "Well, you're not wrong. This is a code—a way to unlock new paths."

She drew the first entry into the grid.

📌 Skill: Carpentry → Expansion: Toy-Making, Custom Wooden Gifts, Art Installations

📌 Skill: Cooking → Expansion: Catering, Food Blogging, Baking Classes

📌 Skill: Storytelling → Expansion: Writing Picture Books, Hosting Storytelling Nights, Creating an Audio Series

📌 Skill: Illustration → Expansion: Personalized Greeting Cards, Wall Murals for Kids' Rooms, Designing Educational Materials

Hunter squinted at the paper.

"...So instead of just saying, 'Dad's a carpenter,'" he

said slowly, "we figure out all the cool things he can do with that skill?"

"Exactly." Tanya nodded.

Hunter grabbed a crayon and drew a tiny spaceship in the corner of the page.

"And if someone's skill is... SPACE TRAVEL?" he asked, raising an eyebrow dramatically.

Susie laughed. "Then I think they're already doing just fine, buddy."

But Tanya rolled with it, playing along.

📌 Skill: Space Travel → Expansion: Astronaut Trainer, Mars Colony Architect, Zero-Gravity Dance Instructor

Hunter gasped. "A SPACE DANCE TEACHER?"

Tanya winked. "Hey, anything's possible when you look beyond just one job."

🌙 A Quiet Moment & A Heart Full of Hope

That night, after everyone had gone, Susie sat alone



in the store, watching the moonlight spill through the window.

She glanced at the marked calendar—January 23rd, her next call with Tanya before the baby arrived.

She ran her fingers over an old photo of Paul and Hunter, knowing that soon, Paul would be back in their home.

She gently placed a hand on her belly, feeling the tiny movements of the baby.

She smiled.

This little life was part of the future she was building.

She picked up her notebook, pressed her palm against the cover like she was sealing a promise, and wrote down two simple words:

Keep going.

🌿 END OF EPISODE 20 - BUT THE JOURNEY CONTINUES... 🌿