

# SUSIE'S FAMILY STORY

by June.w





**Christmas Eve of 2020.**

**A book was born to be,**

**Inspired by the warmth of Christmas cheer,**

**Susie's family came to me.**

**I hope this story spreads joy and light,**

**To children far and near,**

**Bringing love and warmth to every heart,**

**A gift throughout the year.**

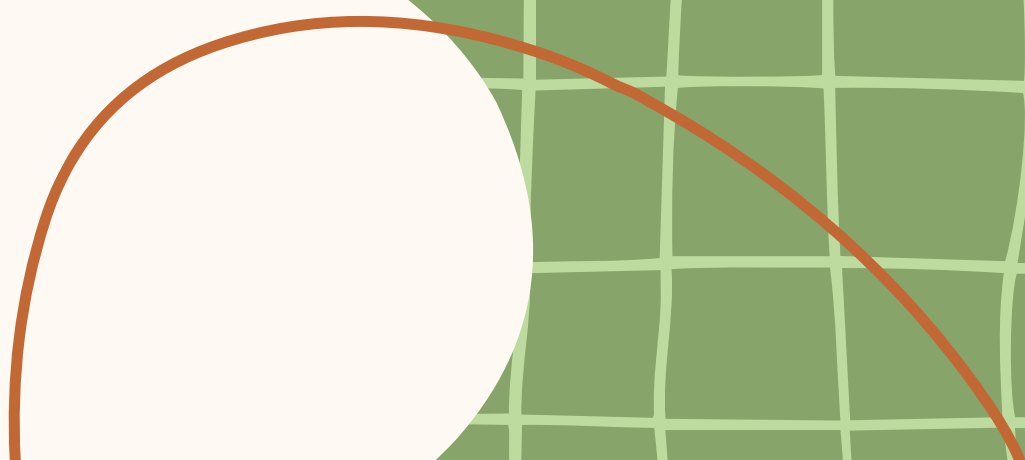
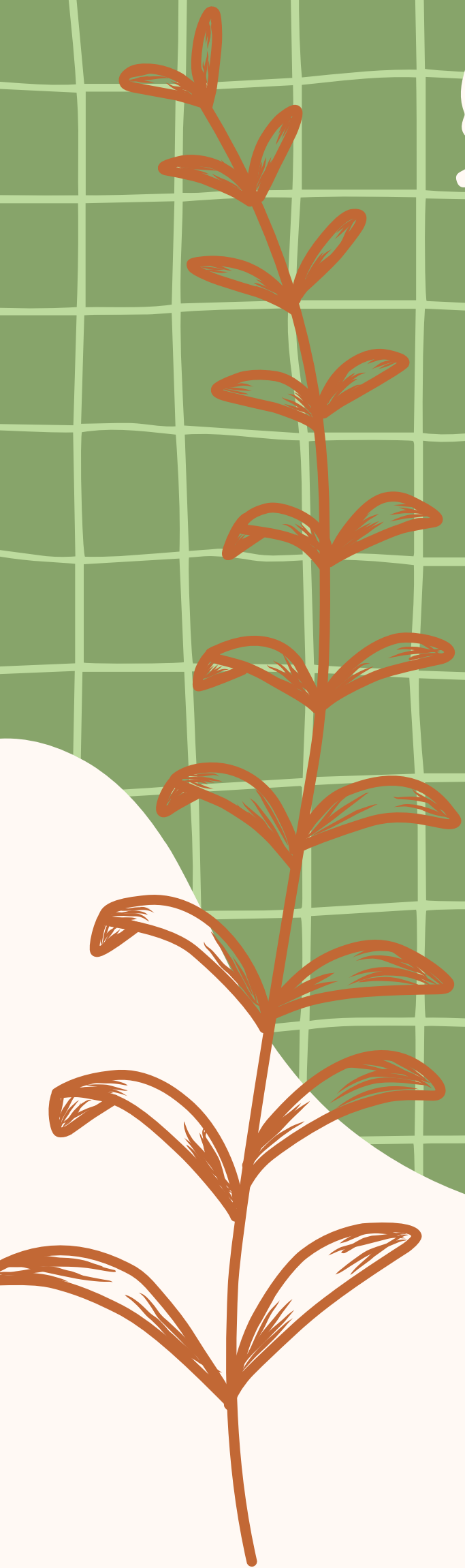
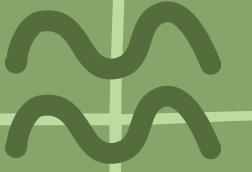
**-June W**







**PART.014**



# SEASON 1 EPISODE 8-2: WHEN SUSIE MEETS MATRIX

This was only the beginning, and Susie felt the need to delve into the details of her goals, just like when managing inventory. She chuckled at the thought of her notebook resembling a primary school student's homework.

Susie wrote with unwavering determination, "My baby will be born in perfect health!" She grasped the gravity of the situation, especially in a world where news of pregnant women contracting the new coronavirus was all too common. It was a heart-wrenching reality that stirred deep empathy within Susie. She was resolute in ensuring her baby's well-being.

Her gentle hand caressed her belly, which boasted a distinctive, egg-like shape, setting her apart from other expectant mothers. With a tender smile, she whispered to herself, "we are destined to be together."





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Some of her wishes were delightfully simple, like her longing to savor French pancakes adorned with luscious strawberries at a nearby pancake shop on New Year's Day. Unfortunately, the relentless pandemic had frequently shuttered the shop and put an end to takeaway services. Even Susie's own store closed during her off-duty hours. Nevertheless, she unwaveringly included this goal: "French pancakes with a bountiful serving of fruit."



Acknowledging that she needed dedicated time to organize these "goal receipts," Susie prepared herself for her upcoming night shift. Tomorrow, after a straightforward dinner, she intended to return to the store in the afternoon and commence the meticulous organization of her aspirations. Despite the recent challenges, Susie remained undaunted; she felt she was drawing closer to happiness with each passing day.

Upon returning home each night, Susie adhered to her cherished routine of initiating a simple meditation session. She persisted unwaveringly, discovering solace in the mantra, "LIFE IS FANTASTIC."

Even in her pregnant state, with her body displaying the effects, Susie's aspiration to become a modern dancer still burned brightly. As she tenderly touched her belly, she whispered to her unborn child, "Let's meditate together. Picture us on a serene island near town, beneath swaying palm trees, spending weekends with our children, and, of course, with Paul."





As Susie continued her meditation, her breath found a steady rhythm, and her body surrendered to relaxation. Outside, thick snowflakes continued their descent, while vibrant orange snow plows toiled tirelessly. Susie and Paul's apartment, with its distinctive brown-red roof and a picturesque garden visible from the third-floor balcony, exuded warmth and comfort. Next door, a neighborhood child had constructed a snowman, creating a scene that felt almost like a visit from Santa Claus. It filled her heart with warmth.

As long as Susie persisted in repeating her mantra, inspiration flowed freely. This, she knew, was the essence of meditation.

A gentle warmth radiated within Susie's heart, knowing that Santa Claus graced their town. Her thoughts inevitably drifted to Eggshell lawyer Tanya, surely reveling in the holidays with his family. The air was filled with happiness.





Finally, the moment arrived to commence writing her book. Susie had concluded work early that day and savored her dinner promptly. She illuminated her two-bedroom apartment, with its cozy living room, creating an inviting ambiance. Without internet access on her phone at home, she hoped to surround herself with some ambient noise. She recalled that she hadn't finished watching the movie "New Year's Eve" on Christmas Eve, prompting her to resume the cinematic experience.

With a glass of lemon-infused water, she seated herself at the dining room table and retrieved more than 20 "GOAL receipts" from her backpack. She meticulously spread them out, unveiling a tapestry of dreams, and opened the notebook lovingly given by T. It was time to transcribe her New Year's resolutions.

Before committing her goals to paper, she recollected Tanya's sage counsel on the importance of crafting specific and unambiguous objectives. Ambiguity had no place here. Susie gazed fondly at her collection of goal receipts, each harboring wishes like "French pancakes," "Ballet class," "Children's health," "Palm trees and a beach vacation on June 21," "Paul's return," and "Mom and dad's health for the New Year." It was a treasury of heartfelt desires.



Recalling T's wisdom, she understood the need to include the time, place, and vivid details of her aspirations. She likened this process to the meticulous Excel forms she managed while overseeing supermarket inventory, complete with columns for purchase time, amount, and quantity.

So, Susie set about structuring her goals akin to an inventory list.

At the forefront of her list was "Health & Fitness," as T had stressed its paramount importance. Susie wholeheartedly concurred, recognizing that robust health was the cornerstone for success in all other aspects of life. In light of the challenges faced during the year, she resolved to prioritize health, not only for herself but also for her family and loved ones.

Susie grasped that one's health often hinged on their mindset. To be healthy, one had to embody health and resilience in the face of adversity. These were lessons she had imbibed from Attorney T, who saw her as a fearless individual. Despite the physically demanding nature of her job, which necessitated prolonged periods of standing, Susie felt unflinching.





With newfound determination, Susie inscribed at the top of her notebook, "Goal 1: Health Goal." She recognized that commencing with "I want" was the essential starting point. So, she began with the resolute declaration, "I want myself, my baby, my parents, Paul, and Paul's parents to enjoy vibrant health in the coming year."

This marked just the beginning, and Susie sensed the need to delve into the intricate details of her goals, much like the meticulous management of inventory. A soft chuckle escaped her lips as she contemplated her notebook, resembling the earnest work of a primary school student. Susie made a solemn promise to herself, "I will start going to bed by half-past nine." It was already 9:10, and she began preparing for her nightly routine. The movie she was watching hadn't ended yet, and Susie felt grateful for the characters on screen, as they made her feel less alone.

Creating a GOAL BOOK was indeed a time-consuming endeavor. Today, Susie had only managed to record a portion of her goals, and it had taken her the entire night. No wonder T had urged her to complete it within the week. The task was more challenging than she had anticipated.



Hurrying to freshen up, Susie readied herself for rest. Although Christmas Eve was only a few days away, Susie couldn't help but sense that she was different from her former self. It was as if she had undergone a transformation, and even the air she breathed seemed different.

In her heart, Susie firmly believed that Santa Claus must exist.

In the days that followed, Susie diligently refined her goals, categorizing them much like an inventory tally. With each passing day, she felt her objectives becoming clearer and more attainable. It was as if T had a miraculous ability to guide her through this process.

Susie approached the task of "tallying" her goals with great seriousness. She had adopted a daily routine that began with meditation as soon as she returned home in the morning. After a simple wash, she would dive into her goal-tallying tasks. Time seemed to fly by, and she no longer felt alone; her life felt purposeful.





Years ago, Susie's workload had been lighter, thanks to the help of Grandpa Ken, who had done his best to ease her burdens. In Susie's eyes, Santa Claus had always been there, watching over them. She realized that she had a routine check-up scheduled for the following Monday, a task she hadn't performed in quite some time. Grandpa Ken, concerned for her safety, had arranged to drive her to the appointment during his lunch break and pick her up afterward. Susie felt truly fortunate to have such a caring and supportive boss.

Susie resolved to do something for the shop. Even as she prepared for maternity leave, she wanted to contribute. This, too, became one of her goals. It suddenly dawned on her to tidy up the supermarket shelves, and she grabbed a small receipt, marking it as number 23. The goal was clear: to double Grandpa Ken's store sales in 2021. She aimed to help him pay off the loan and purchase new shelves for the small store, eliminating the need for Grandpa Ken to constantly climb ladders. The thought warmed her heart, bringing a sense of contentment.

