

Writing Samples by Euboea Brown

Wellness Reminders

“The White Rabbit Pondering”

Written 2015 | edited 2019

How does a giant, white, fuzzy bunny — who walks around on his hind legs —wearing a dapper vest, straw hat, and sky blue pants, manage to lay thousands of pastel-colored rainbow eggs, real and snap-shut plastic, all over the world? And why does he hide them from little children (and adults) only once a year? Our acceptance of such unordinary talents of Mr. Bunny is beautiful. We pass him no judgement year after year as he silently creeps around our locked homes with the latest hi-tech security system, which don't ever detect his stealthiness. This popular spring icon woos us with a promise of materialistic happiness. Yet, he reminds us of the ritual beyond "the hunt" for these specialty eggs. Family from far and near, who may only receive an annual "Happy Rabbit-that-Lays-Eggs Holiday" text, may come together for true connection. They'll embrace their loved ones, feed their starving hearts, and cherish the much needed laughter of an overworked and overstressed existence. Thank you, Interesting Character, for trailing your endless amount of yellow, pink, green, and iridescent faux grass all over the carpet. I still find it decades later as my adult babies continually carry out this tradition of their youth. Anyways, you know what this day really means to you. Whether you celebrate Easter or not, enjoy the many moments today serves.

Wellness Reminders

“Wellness Classes Reminder: 6-5-2013”

Written 2013 | edited 2017

"You have to let go of the past to get to the light."--A wandering beach character

Imagine yourself walking along the beach in the morning's light with the sky spread wide with hues of pink, yellow, lavender, baby blue, and a diminishing half-moon. Upon your back sits a lightweight knapsack already filled with the worries of the day. Well, it's only earlier morning, so the pack is hardly noticeable.

As the sun heats the compacted sand you walk on, those thoughts rapidly begin to fill--overflow, that pack. You know, the kind of stuff that shapes your every habit, thought, habitual catch-phrases, or patterns for accomplishing tasks.

The sun is scorching your skin now in the late afternoon. Your pack is too heavy to carry. It's off and you're now dragging it through the scorching hot sand, sweat dripping rolling off you. Guilt (I'm not good enough.); shame (It's my fault you failed that driving test.); fear (I might break an ankle if I tried yoga?); worry (What if I don't make it to the wedding on time and my best friend stops talking to me?); lies (You say, "I'm very happy with my life," when you know for certain not being able to pay bills in full or on time has been stressing you out for the past 6 months.); self-badgerings (You always grab the extra skin around the waist and mentally scream, "I hate you, fatty! Ugh!"); unrecognizable packages (Mom's belief that women who wear short skirts are floozies.); the eczema that only comes on the right side of your face when stressed, has now presented itself; and even Brian and Belina, the mean twins from next door who threw bugs at you when you were 5, sit on that sack, and are all weighing it down. Nothing falls off. The pile towers high in the endless sky.

By the rise of bright white half-moon, you sit exhausted beside this mammoth of a pack/pile. That eczema seeps and sea treasures encrust the right side of your face; there's a bulge in your left ankle when you tripped over the wound from when you saw Uncle Benny kissing your sister's friend when you were 8; someone's screaming obscenities at you from high up on the pile; an old school assignment when you made your first "F", floats around like a paper airplane; someone keeps pulling your hair; and a scale repeatedly chimes as the weight of the pack/pile increases.

Whew!

Have you had enough of this yet?

Instead of pulling issues around day in and day out, one could just face them. I mean, really get down to root of why it is shaping a *you* that's rather off from your truth. By addressing the root, it'll make the load lighter because you're pulling out those nutrient sucking straws so they stop taking away your life force energy. The life force energy is what sustains you. Uprooting them seems more logical than hacking down a limb and watching it spawn the same havoc in another form somewhere else in your life. That piece is only as important as the attention you feed it. It does take more effort to dwindle down the load. It also takes belief in oneself, love of oneself, and patience. You can do it. Don't let the past continue to burden your present. Live your life and not another's.

“Wellness Classes Reminder: 11-3-2013”

Written 2013 | edited 2017

At some point in life, one is taught if an X series of events happens, Y and/or Z are expected to occur. This appears as something working for or against your ideal. When it works against the ideal, one slips into the Deception Mask.

Oh, Janet. She was doing so well on her weight loss program--down 20 pounds in 3 months.

Janet thinks, "I deserve a reward. I've earned it." She heads over to Smack Your Lips Bakery later that morning for her favorite savory muffin: a bacon cheese potato muffin with sour cream morsels.

At the counter, the muffins shine under the light, poised neat on their 2-ply, white, paper doilies. The attendant hands Janet two on a small plate. Janet brings the plate to her nose to take in the salty bacon scent and licks off some of the chive dust sprinkled over the tops. She thinks, "I can have one today and one tomorrow, since they're on sale."

The attendant says, "Its \$3.75, Janet."

In the rush of excitement, Janet left her clutch at home where a lonely \$5 bill sleeps snugly in a sleeve.

Janet pauses. She looks at the empty line behind her. The tables are filled with crumb-covered children and businessmen in suits. Janet thinks, "No familiar faces but the attendant's," then hesitantly speaks, "It's...my birthday today. You get two muffins free on your birthday, right?"

"Sure tootin', Janet. Happy Birthday!" The attendant presses several buttons on the register.

Janet now can taste the gooey cheese on her tongue. She thinks, "It'll be just as I remembered." Her mouth begins to water. The attendant stops typing and says, "I just need your ID to verify."

Janet lies, "Oh, shoot. Well, I didn't bring my wallet because I knew they'd be free. You know me. I can bring my ID by later."

The attendant's expression goes blank. "Well, I do...but I'mma hafta verify it with your ID before you can have the muffins." The attendant looks at the small plate in Janet's hands so close to her face.

"Well I've already breathed on them. You'll have to throw them out anyway. Can't I just bring my ID by later?" Janet begs, in hopes to convince the attendant to change her mind.

"Well," the attendant nervously says, "I'll get Manager Tiny to come. She knows ya, too."

Janet gasps, "I know Manager Tiny."

The attendant calls into the back room, "Hey, Ms. T? I need ya help."

In her head, "She and I were childhood best friends! She'll know it's not my birthday!" Janet quickly places the plate on the counter, turns, and bolts out the front door as Manager Tiny climbs a foot stool to see over the countertop.

Let go of expectations. It doesn't mean you cannot plan ahead. It means that if it doesn't work out for whatever reason, allow yourself to observe why it didn't, accept that it didn't work out, and move on.

There's no need to dwell and struggle in conflict. Let this simmer.

“Wellness Classes Reminder: 3-6-2016”

Written 2016 | edited 2017

Remember when you use to bike, walk or skateboard everywhere as a kid? The local music store seemed like such a long walk, but it would be worth it. The owner knew you well and promised to hold the latest popular music album for you as figured out how to get the money for it. When the day came, that 30-minute walk in direct sunlight wouldn't stop your feet from entering that store.

In the younger years, for most, it was a lot easier to work towards a small goal or go the extra mile to get the things you needed or wanted. Now in the later life, one might have forgotten how to work hard in a simple manner. Even if the other day a declaration for more exercise was made, one may not even consider a 15-minute walk around the corner to replenish those few grocery items. Life happens. The spirit of youth still resides within, inspiring and encouraging one to take a different perspective or do a little more for one's own personal health and well-being. Try something different this week. Take a long walk instead of quickly getting in the car to go the short distance. There's much to discover. No excuses will be acceptable now; they weren't back then. You did what it took to make it happen then so make it happen. The only one missing out on the opportunities is you.