



Comfort zones are safe places. When you're there, you're safe. You're okay.

Here's the deal: Okay is not *Happy*. It's not *Life Is Great!* Okay is *Fine*. And you know what I think about *Fine*—Fuck it.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

Like *really* want to do. Write it down. Say it out loud. This is gonna be uncomfortable because it's scary to think you can have the dream. (You can.)

WHY AREN'T YOU DOING IT?

List the excuses. You know you've got 'em.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

CALL YOURSELF OUT ON YOUR LIES

Look at the reasons above. Ask yourself: Is this really true? Be honest and write down the real deal. For example:

Excuse/Lie:

*I don't have a choice.
What will people think?
It's too late to change.
I can't make it perfect.*

Real deal:

*I always have a choice. I'm just scared.
Who gives a shit? It's not their life.
I can change if I want. Old dogs CAN learn new tricks.
It'll never be perfect. So, just make it pretty darn good.*

Excuse/Lie:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Real Deal:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Look at that Real Deal column. Now that's possibility, baby. What you want to do IS possible. It's also all sorts of scary. But you can. Because hibernating through life is sure dull; living and working full tilt. That's the sweet spot. And you CAN have it.

I know because lived in my comfort zone for 40 years. Then I flipped it on its head. I cried. I screamed. I held on for dear life. And I haven't been "fine" since. I've been fucking fabulous.