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Those Are My 326 Emotional Support Tabs



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A Day Living With Executive Dysfunction

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A Safari alert that I get way too often.

At 9 am, I received this message on a group chat: “I love John Oliver, but anytime I see him I know that he’s going to fuck up my day.”

My friend then sent the link to the video.

“It’s a good segment, but it will definitely fuck up your day.”

No friend. I’m not going to watch your video. Not because I don’t love you, but because I can’t afford to fuck up my day right now.

It’s 9 am; I’ve had my coffee, vitamins, and nootropics. I’ve already read today’s “365 Days With Self-Discipline” entry and another chapter of “The Creative Act.” My mind is a sponge, soaking up every piece of information around it to prepare for the day ahead, which right now is four newsletters to write, four blog posts to finish, and at some point, I’m going to have to feed and water both my self and my dog. At 9 am, my mind is so primed that I won’t even look up from the screen until at least noon.

Yet you tempt me with a sort form comedy video guaranteed to “fuck up my day.” Three minutes of jokes will ruin the work I’ve already put into getting myself ready to work.

It’s. Not. Worth. It.

It never is. Not for the jokes. Not for the dark humor. Not even my desire to be “in the know” is worth the work I’ve already put into myself to better serve my clients and fans, the people counting on me to be witty, brilliant, and creative.

At the end of the day, when my brain is empty and my mind is exhausted, I'll watch that video.

Maybe.

If watching it in the morning will fuck up my day, then watching it after dinner might fuck up my night.

And that's my time to be with my spouse, to relax, wind down, and get away from the screens so I can drift off to sleep easily.

So, not night, then.

Okay. How about this: at 3 pm, when I have my afternoon coffee and snack, I'll watch the video. Work done, but I won't be in wind-down mode. Then I can get solidly fucked up for a few hours before I make dinner.

Perfect. I saved that tab for later.

Oh, remember to ask me about it so I don't forget!

Executive Dysfunction

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