

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Location of writing: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Weird Zone

**1. Write the first sentence of your autobiography:**

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**2. What would you do if you could simply dare to be**

***different?*** Maybe it's dancing for security cameras or creating a sidewalk chalk mural downtown or wearing polyester pants on a first date. I don't know what your definition of Weird is but I am thinking that the polyester-pants idea would be near the top of my list! Write down anything that comes to mind. Remember: it can be fun to be kind of Weird.

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**3. *Is there anything that comes to mind that you wish you would have just gone and done?*** Like busting that move for the security cameras or wearing those hideous polyester pants to make a non-conforming first impression . . . what do you wish that you had done when you had the opportunity . . . but you just didn't feel quite comfortable doing so? I remember going to a square dance once and I had the most perfect rickrack-trimmed green-and-white gingham square dance dress in my closet. It would have been *perfect* for *any* square dance, but I opted for conservative and wore jeans and a t-shirt instead. Should I have worn the dress? I don't know. Life has no rewind button . . . but I do know that the dress deserved to be taken for a twirl before it ended up in the Goodwill box. Looking back, it is likely that I probably would have had a blast in that dress.

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I sometimes think that we hide behind the notion that we have to look and act in a certain norm. I am not advocating that we waltz through life trying to be as obtuse or as affected as is possible. I am just thinking of maybe honoring those times when that little spark of Weird ignites. Maybe it is being the first dancer that gets out there on the dance floor or it is cutting your hair in some asymmetric style that you have never really seen on anyone else before. Maybe it is asking if you could shoot a basket when you are walking by a group of people who are shooting hoops – something that I did just recently. I met the nicest group of strangers, and they were so encouraging. I can still remember this one woman who kept saying, “You’re crushing it!” every time I missed making a basket. I made my basket, and they all cheered along with me. It was fun! Life is a lively event. Think about honoring it with a little bit of Weird and a lot of Risk.