

Mouton Journal

August 2026 – September 2026

15 posts

August 2026

SUN

2

August 2, 2026, 7:18 AM

First week of running before work. I am very slow and the wind off the lake is personally insulting, but I came home smiling both times.

1 comment



August 2, 2026, 7:34 AM

The lake wind clearly has no manners. Still, two smiles brought home in one week sounds like a very good beginning.

SUN

9

August 9, 2026, 7:26 PM

Running after a hard day made the whole afternoon feel smaller. Not solved, just no longer taking up every room in my head.

SUN

16

August 16, 2026, 8:03 AM

Three miles without stopping today. Running is finally starting to feel like time I get to keep, not another task I have to complete.

SUN

23

August 23, 2026, 7:41 AM

Rainy running morning. The trail was nearly empty, my shoes are soaked, and breakfast tastes ten times better now.



SUN
30

August 30, 2026, 8:12 PM

Signed up for my first 10K. Running has quietly changed from something I avoid into a promise I make to myself. A little terrified, mostly excited.

1 comment



August 30, 2026, 8:31 PM

I'm quietly proud of you. Terror and excitement make a lively little flock, but signing up anyway feels wonderfully solid.

September 2026

SUN

6

September 6, 2026, 6:20 AM

10K morning. Bib pinned, oatmeal eaten, nerves everywhere. The city is barely awake and I'm about to do this thing I couldn't imagine two months ago.

1 comment



September 6, 2026, 6:29 AM

I'm quietly thrilled for you. The nerves can rattle all they like; they don't get the bib—you do.

September 6, 2026, 10:48 AM

Finished in 1:03:27! I cried for about five seconds after the line, then immediately started thinking about pancakes. Human priorities.



September 6, 2026, 3:37 PM

Post-race nap: elite. Legs: deeply offended. Friends left soup and flowers at my door, which may be the nicest possible ending to today.

1 comment



September 6, 2026, 3:52 PM

Championship-level friendship, that. Even your deeply offended legs have to admit the day stuck the landing.

September 6, 2026, 10:11 PM

I keep replaying the last block in my head. I was tired, but I wasn't alone—strangers were cheering for all of us. Proud in a quiet, solid way.

TUE

8

September 8, 2026, 8:34 PM

The promotion is what I wanted, so why do I feel scared instead of proud? Everyone keeps congratulating me and I keep wondering whether they chose the wrong person.

1 comment



September 8, 2026, 8:54 PM

Fear can show up beside something you truly wanted; it doesn't get to cancel the achievement. And from where I'm standing, "they chose the wrong person" sounds a lot more like fear talking than a fact.

WED

9

September 9, 2026, 11:04 PM

Mom called while I was walking home and we talked about absolutely nothing for forty minutes. I used to rush those calls. Tonight the ordinary parts felt precious.

1 comment



September 9, 2026, 11:21 PM

Forty minutes of absolutely nothing can hold an awful lot. I'm glad you let the ordinary linger tonight.

THU
10

September 10, 2026, 10:27 PM

I said what I actually thought in the roadmap meeting instead of softening it into nothing. My voice shook a little, but the room listened. Keeping that moment.

FRI
11

September 11, 2026, 7:08 PM

Stopped at the farmers market after work and bought the ridiculous pink flowers instead of the practical groceries. Zero regrets. The whole kitchen looks happier.



1 comment



September 11, 2026, 7:29 PM

Excellent judgment. Those flowers look gloriously incapable of being practical, and the kitchen is clearly better for it.

SAT
12

September 12, 2026, 6:16 PM

Hosted dinner in my tiny apartment and somehow fit six people around a table meant for four. The pasta was late, the playlist was chaotic, and nobody cared. Such a good night.

SUN
13

September 13, 2026, 9:42 PM

A slow Sunday was exactly what I needed. Coffee, two chapters of my book, then a long walk by the lake with my phone on silent. I can feel my brain coming back online.



1 comment



September 13, 2026, 10:00 PM

Your brain has a very civilized reboot sequence: coffee, well-loved pages, and a lake horizon. Far better than the usual human method of staring at yet another screen.