

In February, I was in depression. The project I'm involved wasn't moving and I was having marital problems and some health problems on top of it. In that period I stumbled upon *Inbox Zero* Merlin Mann's essay titled Cranking.

It resonated deeply. Firstly I'm one of those who lost their father early. Mann was 7, I was 5. I also have a daughter that age and a son, so I understand what his father feels to his *big guy*.

In that essay he says:

But, that part's gone missing for just a little too long now. Certainly not missing from my handsome and very practical rhetoric—it's been missing from my actual life and living. In a quest to make something that has increasingly not felt like my own, I've unintentionally ignored my own counsel to never let your hard work fuck up the good things. Including those regular people. Including, ironically, the real work. Including any good thing the crank is supposed to be attached to. So, I'm done fucking that up. I'm done cranking. And, I'm ready to make a change.

Am I ready to make a change?

This question still persists for 3 months. I've decided to finish the project as much as possible. It's not the first and probably won't be the last one I've failed. I don't know what will happen to TTCM. I'm trying to reduce the number of variables in my life and it looks we have reached the limit.

Then what will happen? I will have more time to write, maybe. Maybe we can play more with my daughter and make (real!) swords with my son.