

# Temptation eyes



Gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.

I am of two minds and with those, in constant battle. They are Me and Lazy Me. The battle occurs because I (Me) am in control of my body but I (Lazy Me) is in control of my mind.

Often, while taking my walks, I (Lazy Me) attempts all manner of argument as to why I should shorten my walk (presuming it has not already convinced I (Me) not to start the walk at all).

The arguments range from the practical (“weather looks bad”, “still feeling that knee twist from tennis”) to the illogical (“too much to do”, “you’ll be late for lunch”).

The reason the latter are illogical is that an extra mile only adds about 15 more minutes to the walk. Cutting a walk short at three miles instead of four or five is a matter of a half hour, at most. And, really, what *do* I have to do? The life of an impoverished author is not particularly busy.

Now, you may think, this is nothing more than simple procrastination, hardly worthy of a blog post. I say thee nay! If I didn’t walk at all, *that* would be procrastination.

This is pure laziness and the constant pressure in my head to heed its call more than justifies my naming it.

I’m forced to admit that recently, I (Lazy Me) has been winning more of those arguments. Only in the last week or so have I (Me) been able to regain the upper hand and extend my

walks again to a properly healthy length.

But I (Lazy Me) sure do know how to tempt I (me).