

KEVIN FOCKE

MOTIVATION

WHEN SHI *
HITS THE

FAN

FAN



MOTIVATION: WHEN SHI* HITS THE FAN (Sample)

Motivation is easy when life goes well.

This is a book for those other times...

When my mom slowly died of terminal breast cancer...

These are the lessons I learned about motivation.



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Dedication

The book is dedicated to:

- The good impact you—yes, *you!*—can have.
- The medical professionals who are driven by care & empathy, rather than status & money.
- The shippers, truckers and logistics folks who are vital to fresh food.

Written out of love for the women with balls who raised me:

- Aunt Lea who art in heaven.
- Mom.
- Mémé.

Written for the inspiring people in my life:

- My true friends, you know who you are.

- My dad. He is not a fan of art as a career—an understatement. Still, he is undoubtedly a hard worker with a big heart for animals. He has been cheering me on while I was learning to make music. Children can have different personalities than their parents and that can be a challenge. Although... Daddy Cool, at the age of 60, has decided to try making a music track himself...

- My trainer Chanel. His motto: “If even I can do it, then you can do it!” The best teachers want their students to exceed them—that is the biggest compliment a teacher can get. Unfortunately, Chanel is somehow still stronger than me... Chanel is a willpower show-off.

- That one random kindergarten teacher who believed in my singing and the *Michael Bublé - Singing With A Fan [Extras]* video. (That video was the first time I saw someone who looked like me online, doing something positive. Coincidentally, the song *Feeling Good* was also the song at the burlesque. A Jungian synchronicity!) And also thanks to my two singing teachers!

- The people who endured my terrible dancing and had fun along the way.

- The love that made me happy to say a heartfelt “thank you, next”.

- My internet friend Suspended Reason, who is one of the smartest people I know—if only I could understand what he’s saying (without needing a doctorate in James Joyces-ian lexical-circumlocutions). The whole point of communication is to be understood!

- My random internet friend on the gaming platform Steam who, during my darkest days, kept sending me random goofy pictures of Fennek Foxes. Always brought a smile to my face. Thanks!

- My programming teacher at university for being an unapologetic nerd and telling me about SICP. Real ones know it’s unironically the best programming book. He & I did not get along very well, but you don’t

need to like every aspect of a person for them to have a positive impact on you.

- My sunshine friend with the valid off-hand question: “What kind of *woo-hoo* do you watch? That’s probably who you feel attracted to.”

- My Italian housemate for the good vibes.

- My Dutch housemate for the good music.

- Thanks to the toxic work colleague and the flirty waitress for reminding me that most women are *not* like them. It’s good to know the kind of person you don’t want to spend another minute with. Go live on, but don’t involve me in the blast zone of your toxicity. Thanks.

- My German mates I played Dota 2 with for countless hours.

- I’m probably missing a few here...

Thanks to strangers:

- The people who actually buy books. I’ve pirated a fair few books in my days, to test the waters—and to stick it to the man! However, if you want more of something, it’s generally a good idea to pay for it.

- Podcasts for a friend... Thanks to *Healthy Gamer* by Dr. K, *Modern Wisdom* by Chris Williamson, *Win-Win* with Liv Boeree, and *Doomscroll* with Joshua Citarella.

- All the people who ignored my weird emails during the looney times. *Yeahhhhhhhh*, moving on.

- Soulful old music by the-artist-formerly-known-as Kanye. He’s been in a painful car crash, but I think losing his mom was more painful. Maybe I’m projecting. I wish him the best.

- The old Dr. Peterson lectures on personality. Learn to pick your battles, man. Yes, every soulful person fights at least one dragon, but don't fight a whole dragon army alone!

- The *Awakening From The Meaning Crisis* lectures by John Vervaeke.

- The many, countless video essays that kept my childhood dream of filmmaking alive. Kaptain Kristian, Nerdwriter1, John & Hank Green, ... Oh, reminds me.

- The *uhm*, Kurzgesagt team for helping me financially recover from my ridiculous order of 42 milky-way-scented candles. I think mentally-ill-me was trying to create positive science karma, somehow. Don't do this, this is stupid. Moving on...

- James Oliver for the video about chicken nuggets.

- Amy Winehouse for showing four meaningful fingers.

- Mark Ronson for his online masterclass in making music.

- Dua Lipa for her message of radical optimism.

- MARINA, you primadonna. I love singing that song haha.

- Dom Sigalas for his positive music courses.

- Icefrog, the creator of *Dota 2*, for recognizing that greatness is mostly a team effort and being unafraid to experiment with an already-good formula.

- Lauren Greenfield for her amazing documentaries like *The Queen Of Versailles* (2012).

- Shoutout to street artists for showing that beauty is possible anywhere and reimagining the purpose of places. Great graffiti is the mark of a vibrant city. By contrast, tagging names is the mark of a zero-

sum city (territory games cosplaying as anti-commercial rebellion). Consider putting your name on something you're proud of—that you made. *Tssssssss...* That's the sound of your graffiti can.

- David Cameron, the ambitious madlad.

- Elon Musk for being an inspiring rich person. Yes, his flaws are legion, but I would rather have an innovator with balls be the richest person alive. He's certainly aware of the fate that befalls many inventors like Nikola Tesla...

- The gays (and Baz Luhrmann) for being flamboyant and continuing to cultivate masculine sass. I'm a man with a big butt but not gay. But I appreciate your flair, yeah.

- Chris van Tulleken's book *Ultra-Processed People: Why We Can't Stop Eating*. A must-read for anyone who puts food in their body.

- Adam Westbrook whose video essay *The Long Game* has kept me motivated through many difficult creative years.

Thanks to my favourite living philosophers:

- Nassim Nicholas Taleb for his zest and humour, trying to live a decent life in a complex world he doesn't claim to understand (despite being insightful).

- David Chapman from the blog Meaningness, trying to sail the seas of ambiguity while also pursuing his other interests such as Buddhism & Vampires.

And of course, thanks to perfume, sunshine, flamboyant scarves, and good food. My biggest passions in life. What a joy!

Introduction

“Shi* happens”, but how can you find motivation when shi* hits the fan?

I am writing this book to remember what I learned about motivation during difficult times. My childhood was not easy, despite my mother trying her best. We had a strong bond, and so, when she got terminal cancer at 57, it had a heavy toll on my mental health. It felt like an insult to decency—the good ones go and the bad ones stay.

How can you find motivation when actions don’t match results? When the life of a decent person you love is cut short unfairly?

It was a sunny spring day as my mother and I walked through nature. We still had reasons to be optimistic about her health. Her breast cancer was hormonal, caused by the menopause.

The bad news: It’s still breast cancer and the treatment involves

removing a breast plus chemotherapy.

The good news: It's a well-known disease and 3/4 people are cured after the treatment!

One breast lighter and recovering from the chemotherapy, she was starting to improve again. It was an amazing time to walk around in nature; the flowers started to bloom and wonderful smells fluttered through the air.

"It's funny," mom said. "It's like the flowers were ducking all winter and are now popping up their heads again." It was a relief to see her genuinely happy again. Filled with hope.



Fast-forward: My mother goes on a check-up. If you've ever had a health scare, you know that a check-up is super stressful. She got the result:

The cancer had metastasized to the liver and bones. She was among the 1/4 people *not* cured after the treatment. The only option left was to slow down the spread with more chemotherapy until, eventually, she would die exhausted of liver failure. Or worse, the painfulness of bone cancer.

Seeing someone you love decline is painful—especially when they're a decent person.

It felt unfair. The good ones go and the bad ones stay. That thought went through my head often.

I've been raised to think and solve problems scientifically—but science has no satisfying answer for moral pain. When tragedy strikes, spirituality pops up its head again.

In the winter of our lives, at the crossroads of difficult decisions, no amount of scientific measurement can decide the lengths you will go.

The placebo effect is proof that your mentality matters.

Can it cure cancer?

Probably not. However, there is no doubt in my mind that some worldviews result in more motivation than others.

That's why I feel it's my obligation to tell you about the *woo-woo*.

“The Woo-*what?*”

Woo-woo means esoteric, mystical knowledge—think the kind of nonsense spouted by people who smell like patchouli, disillusioned military officials, salt-water sailors dying of thirst, hairdressers, astrologists, and nail stylists.

Woo-woo is not scientific; it is often dense with contradictions and all kinds of logical fallacies. Objectively, it's wrong.

Subjectively, it's helpful to me—that's the general guideline for the book: If it's helpful to me, I share it, because it might also be helpful to you. That might sound tautological; in the woo-woo I often repeat myself—but from a different angle. It's like the 2008 action movie *Wanted*, where bullets bend around corners. I think it's cool, even if it's not scientifically accurate.

If you're not into woo-woo, you can skip most of it. Just spot the Woo-Woo Owl (and ignore it).

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

In the gaps of logic are the objectively unreachable insights. The goal is the way, not the method. Associations pre-define the trials of your thoughts. Where does the science walk, on paths of their predecessors? Yes, unless the science leaps... In the hero's journey, we venture into the chaotic underworld, to bring insights to light. In Plato's Cave, the shadows are held by the current consensus. Only when we walk into the blinding incomprehensible can we adapt to new light. As Popper did not say, science advances one *woo-woo* at a time. It's a joke about life, I think, unfeeling.

[Also, *woo-woo* is not related to a video game called *The Sims* in any way. That would be *woo-hoo*, an understandable confusion.]



This book is part biography and part lessons learned about motivation. It's a tricky thing; motivation goes beyond the pursuit of pleasure & the avoidance of pain. Why should you trust me as an expert in motivation?

I'm not a psychologist and I'm not a medical professional in any way—but I do get things done in my personal life—often messy, with one-or-twenty too many tangents.

I'm more like Haru Uraru, the Japanese horse that never won a race, yet

keeps on going anyway.

The proof is in the pudding pages.

Motivation: When Shi* Hits The Fan

Science Alone Is Not Enough

Science Is SMART

We live in a time where science is viewed as the ultimate method of problem-solving. To solve any problem, just apply *The Science!*. Subdivide those bigger problem into smaller pieces and then rationally reason your way to a disembodied solution.

There's a big snag; science is pretty good at asking every question except: "What's a good, motivating goal?"

Sure, a methodology exists to formulate a goal: A good goal must be SMART. The good goal is:

- **S**pecific.
- **M**easurable.
- **A**ctionable.
- **R**elevant.
- **T**ime-Bound.

In other words, you need to:

- Know *exactly* what the goal is.
- Have a goal that *can* be measured.
- Get into action, now!
- You know the relevant actions that unambiguously have the desired impact.

- There's a deadline!

Yay, another deadline! That's just what I need. It's the SMART thing to do! Can't carry the load? Put an extra anvil on your back! Sure, that'll help.

Does science have other methods for increasing your motivation?

Sure. Here's a non-exhaustive list:

- Get enough sleep. (Yes, but what if questions and worries keep you up at night?)

- Eat healthy food. (Yes, but healthy food is expensive, sometimes hard-to-find and a lot of work.)

- Get more sunshine. (Yes, but you might work at night.)

- Don't watch *woo-hoo* or read that trashy vampire-pirate romance novella. (Yes, but you might want to punctuate your miserable day with some semblance of pleasure)

- Do more sports. (Yes, but you might not be able to or have no energy left.)

- Have good friends. (Yes, but there is a lack of time and places to meet new people.)

- Spend more time with family. (Yes, but your family might give you stress, or not exist.)

- Create good habits. (Yes, but your coping mechanisms take less time and effort.)

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

Right intention. Plausible plan. Honest reflection. Changes, if needed.

Perseverance, if needed. Rest, if needed. Kumbaya and eternal happiness onto you.



The problem is: Motivation is a skill you need most when life goes the worst. You don't need motivation when you just had a dream marriage to the love of your life, were promoted at work, made a song as a joke and—hey—it just hit number 1 on the charts, all your friends & family are happy & healthy & thriving, and your dog just had cute puppies who get along perfectly with the neighbour's cat.

Also, in your zip code, there's almost no crime (except people who deservedly get themselves in trouble), education opportunities are ample, and everyone is supportive of the choices you want to make in the beautiful virtuous cycle where results lead to motivation, and motivation leads to results.

If your life is going perfect, this book's not for you. It might sound sour and dour—because that's how it sometimes feels.

“Just listen to *The Science* and be more positive...”

Just isn't enough...

Scared Of Flying

Life can be stranger than fiction. I was on an airplane, sitting next to a man who was scared of flying.

Statistically, flying is one of the safest forms of transport, *waaaay* safer than driving a car. Yet many people are more afraid of flying than driving a car.

So, I tried to distract my flight neighbour with some small talk: “What do you do for a job?”

“I’m an engineer working on airplane wings.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. The wing engineer is scared of flying! He continued:

“Airplane manufacturers go through tremendous lengths to make airplanes safe... They are required to by law... Even the airplanes from discount airlines have to follow strict safety guidelines... Manufacturers build in redundancies everywhere you can think of... Endless fallbacks in case things fail... And yet, I am still more afraid of flying than driving.”

He knew the fear was irrational, could describe every reason why it was irrational, and yet the fear was still there. Why?

Perhaps, humans weren't meant to fly! The hubris will be punished, somehow.

Perhaps, we don't like being stuck in a box in the sky.

Perhaps, we like feeling that we're in control. Yes, the airplane pilot is probably trained more thoroughly than you were at driving a car, but an airplane is a complicated machine and—if something goes wrong—you can't just do a quick pitstop. You're in the air! What if the wings fall off?! How will you land?!

@_v_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

All-of-the-above. Also, here is what many individuals believe yet are too rational to admit: "Statistics apply to large amounts of people, but not me personally. By the way, I am also insensitive to the multi-trillion dollar industry of marketing. It just doesn't affect me..."

In the long term, it's very demotivating if you don't have confidence in the people & systems you rely upon.

I'm not saying the engineer had trust issues, only that his fear of flying is hard to explain rationally...

The Optimal Ratio

I think the optimal ratio for motivation is 70% science, 30% woo-woo. I understand some people don't want any woo-woo in their self-help book! But, this helps me so... It's in the book.

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

It's generally a bad idea to neglect people's lived experience.

Plus, some knowledge always remains unprovable and fuzzy. Or, to express the same idea more esoterically...

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

The rickety bridge to new knowledge is made of considerable woo-woo.

The Science Of A Good Meal

Here's broadly how science solves problems:

1. There is a clearly definable problem.
2. You think of a way to solve the problem.
3. You find a way to test the solution. Importantly, you try to find a clear link between applying the solution and solving the problem.
4. If the problem is solved, there's a final crucial step: Consider whether it was coincidence, or whether the method was responsible for the solution. If the problem is not solved, try to figure out why.

Science gets tricky when you can't isolate the variables that contribute to a result. Science also gets tricky when variety is needed and/or the results are only visible after large amounts of time.

When you feel hungry as a healthy person, eating a meal solves that problem.

There is near-instant feedback between the problem and the solution.

But, what is a healthy meal? That's a much trickier question... Especially when you're not a nutritionist (like 99% of humanity). I'm no expert, but as far as I can tell:

- It depends on your age, your physical health, your potential allergies, ...

- Eating the same meal every time is probably not healthy.

- A savoury meal might not be nutritious.

- Stress is generally known to be bad for your health. If you eat a meal that reduces stress but lacks nutrients, is that a healthy meal?



Motivation is also one of those complicated problems. There are many reasons why a person might feel (de)motivated. Your motivation might also be different depending on the activity...

I think that some people hide behind *The Science*, trying to rationalize what... I can only call "Objective Cowardice"; the cowardice of trying anything beyond the consensus or viewing the holistic body as a mere brain with irrational attachments such as emotions and all the other messy things that make us human.

If you refuse to consider alternative explanations and deny variables such as emotions, I think that goes against the very spirit of science.

Among The Academics

@_@ My name is Woo-Woo Owl. I am secretly a superhero. I have seized this chapter *all to myself*, to shape the world in my perfect conception of it. *It's all rather easy, really*. Humans aren't that complicated nor nuanced, ever. Especially academics...

Among the academics... Prone to finding the svelte, clearly delineated symbols of mathematics & language more attractive than the subtle, weltschmerz-ily imperfect faux-symmetry, that *rough-hewn* nature of wordly curvaceousness—whether willowy or Rubenesque—betrays a roundabout unhappiness in the academic, it might as well be called, as it is, a state of suspended reason between the ears. Admirable evasions as to deny that maligned ghost in the rejected machine, giving a wide berth to the messy body, to yet... Observe through—it is ironic.

Yes, indeed—and *indubitably*—it is *abundantly* clear *that...* Without a body to reason *through*, the whole body of reason would be unconscionable—like eggs without bacon, or perhaps *even*, if I may venture to fantastical conjecture, without a pan nor the oil that gives rise to the transformations that cause insight rather than mere deterministic processing as, ironically, best described in mathematics,

yet not experienced *therein*, while appreciating how rules differ at different scales, of course. If that metaphor is unclear, then perchance you find it more agreeable to imagine fireworks and bottles popping without a New Year to recognize them by. The sun does not care, yet for a brief moment, the fireworks, like a train gone off-rails, take the spotlight of night as humanity remembers their in-situ experience of place (outside the head), the ipso-facto expansion of effort & energy, as yet to be determined... Meanwhile, the advertisements beckon, promulgating a promise—the Adonis of applied effort portrayed, all-the-while the mind is the greatest muscle—it is ironic. Only a mind could conjure a self-flattering glow so vast.

Thusly, there is little argument to deny... Among the academics and, of course, other professions experienced chiefly above-the-white-collared-neck... Those wanton ideals so platonically desired, cannot *ever* be called dry literature.

Woo-hoo.

Superhero You

The prevailing philosophy of our time is this: You are responsible for your own destiny.

That's why self-help books are so popular. Even if the systems are screwed up, you must help yourself!

You must find: The Superhero You.

A little escapism is nice (especially when you look like you), but in my opinion, it's a toxic way of thinking.

The big bad is rarely so visible and immediate. Corruption and malice is subtle and endured. Not everything is your battle and the issues you care about will probably not be solved by one grandiose gesture.

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

The big bad is also inside you; the shadows you don't acknowledge that echo unto the lives of others.

You will encounter evil in others and in yourself. For example, I was in a stinking mood and felt a sadistic glee when someone fell in front of me: "Better me than you," I thought for a brief moment. Then, I asked if the person was okay.

Do I act the right way every time?

No.

Having a bad thought or bout of apathy does not make you a bad person.

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

The impact of embodied thought endured defines the shape of our perspectives.

Try to honestly observe your thoughts. You will notice there is always some lingering randomness.

This randomness, like emotions, prevents you from getting stuck in a rut.

@_@ Woo-Woo Owl says:

The motions of your heaving soul will forever be a mystery to the world, but collective cowardice & apathy is easily noticed. Trite, even.

Diagnosis: Shi* Life

If you're like me, you get annoyed reading tips on motivation. If it was so easy to do, I would have already done it!

A (wo)man went to the psychologist. Diagnosis: Shi* Life.

Hopefully, in the future, I'll write a book about the joys of my painterly-good, idyllic Edo-period Japan, Toulouse-Lautrec (sans syphilis) bougie life. Yes, that would be great!

I can trial run the lifestyle for 5 years in South Spain before returning to my struggling artist ways. Such are the boons of a struggling artist with a windfall. Life could be worse, and it has been.

I view my mom's terminal cancer as an inflection point in my life. I'm not trying to win the my-life-is-the-most-shi*-olympics, I'm trying to spread the motivation despite a shi* life. Hopefully, you read this book once, and then never need it again.

I don't want to be defined by my worst moments and failure. I want to say it, as it was, reflect on the good and the bad, and then move forward.

I want to expand the amount of places worth living until it covers the whole world. The digital realm & long-gone artistic mindscapes I retreat to... They cannot exist without such soulful physical places. That is

manifest:

There's nothing worse than a society that celebrates the dead more than the living.

Motivation: When Shi* Hits The Fan

Biography: The Before Times

One Big House, Two Warring Nations

What was your first conscious moment?

Personally, one of my earliest memories was playing around in a sandpit. I loaded a bunch of sand into my cartwheel, and dropped it in front of the door.

“Don’t do that...”

...Is exactly what I would do. If something was a bad idea, I wanted to find it out myself...

I guess I’ve always been a bit of a brat.

My parents divorced when I was 4—that’s what happens when you drop sand in front of the door. Mom and I moved back in to the big rural house where she grew up. We lived together with her father (he enjoys a good beer or twenty), her Parkinson mother, and mémé.

I didn’t have any brothers or sisters so I spent a lot of time on the computer, playing videogames. Mémé, who lived through a world war, did not like when I played shooter games—and I did not like when she rewatched that terribly trashy German telenovela *Sturm der Liebe* for the hundredth time and turned up the volume so I could hear everything.

Perhaps surprisingly, me & mémé got along quite well: We both didn't like that her son, my grandfather, is a life-long beer-lover.



My grandfather & grandmother had their own living room, on the other side of the house. Grandma was often in pain from the Parkinson—it's an incurable degenerative nerve disease. Over time, she lost the ability to walk and later her ability to move. Her pain came in waves; it looked like she was getting an electric shock to her legs.

Sometimes I wonder if my grandmother turned up the volume of *Sturm der Liebe*, so I turned up the volume of my shooter games, so none of us would need to hear my grandmother suffering from pain.

The house was like a cold warzone. On one side, mémé's corner, guarded by the old-fashioned stubborn hag herself. I use hag in the best sense of the word—you did not mess with mémé.

On the other side, her beer-loving son and his wife who has Parkinson. I have empathy for her disease, but I think her undying love for her husband enabled his beer-love—she complained about him, but she could never leave him. Besides, he drinks because his wife has Parkinson, of course. It's one of his many problems in life, and he would often remind her. He was also an expert at gaslighting.

Can I say anything positive about my grandfather?

Well... He often looked like he wanted to slap the shi* out of me, but he never did hit me. He also taught me the sound of every grunt that

exists. And, euh, I think he bought me an ice cream once. Maybe I like eating ice cream so much to spite him, the mind works in weird ways...



My grandfather had an agriculture business, growing flowers and leeks. He had plans for me... But the Coalition of Women With Balls, my mother and mémé, with reluctant support from my grandmother, meant there was a standstill on a particular issue. Can you guess what the issue was?

I'll give you a hint; there's a saying in some poor places: Children are the greatest source of wealth because they work on the land, cheaply.



My mom and her two sisters didn't have a great youth, either. It was not something mom talked about often, except when she tried encouraging my studies: "At school, I didn't need to suffer from the heat of the greenhouse, nor the cold water for cleaning the leeks. I think that gave me some arthrosis in my hands, but hey... Life goes on, doesn't it? And you better study!"

One of the sisters still cares for my grandfather. It's a largely thankless job; he's generally not grateful for the help.

The other sister moved to the other side of the country, probably

because the nature is nicer there. Wallonia has forests, and hills, and stuff... Plus they speak French. Très agréable.



There's one more member in the coalition of Women With Balls. She who strikes fear into the hearts of all honest, God-fearing people...

Always Fun With The Family Nun

Who had the most positive impact on your life?

Personally, I don't need to think twice: It was Aunt Lea, the Sister of Mémé.

Aunt Lea was an ambitious woman in a time when women didn't have careers.

Did she do it by banging her boss?

No, she did it by becoming a nun.

It was aunt Lea who helped my mother get a permanent job after several odd jobs (including working in a prison). Mom only had a high school degree despite being a smart cookie at math. She and her sisters weren't allowed to study higher education. As a consolation, they did all have a nice wedding, though.

It was aunt Lea who gently forced mom, her sisters & me into a prestigious public prep school.

It was aunt Lea who called me: “Den atheist”, meaning “the atheist”. She said it with some scorn but also, always, with a subtle sense of humour.

It was aunt Lea who was actually hilarious and taught me to talk shi*. She also had this strange habit of saying *woooooooooOOOooooooooooooo*, when she was surprised by something. Literally like an owl, I kid you not.

It was aunt Lea who sold the best home-made marmalade... Cooking was a hobby for her sister, too. Every friday, mémé would bake delicious “ovenkoeken”; they are a kind of flat bread with raisins in them. Afterwards, she would sit down for a cup of coffee with her best friend and talk all afternoon. Quite quaint.

It was Aunt Lea who took me in when my mother felt overwhelmed. I don't remember the exact timeline, but when I was around 15, my mother had bought a charming house in Bruges that needed renovating, but her renovation budget was running out... Partially because a worker scammed her... And there was this dripping water noise somewhere in the house, driving my mom insane. And... long story short, mom needed a break and I lived with four nuns including Aunt Lea for a while. At the nunnery, I had no internet connection and computer, so I couldn't play my latest videogame addiction *Pangya*, a fantasy golfing game. By hitting the right keys at the right time, the golfball could turn into a fireball—it was AWESOME! But, no internet meant no *Pangya* :(

Instead, I played the single player version of *Halo Reach* on my Xbox 360 in the nunnery. Turns out, Lea was a lot like mémé and did not like the shooter games, either. But, if I studied, I could play it.



A priest often visited the nunnery. He was a portly fellow and was there to eat. He also loved singing at the table in a grandiose manner: “Kome wat komt”.

It sounded like “Kooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
Muuuuuuuhhh Waaaaaaaahhtt KooooooooooooMMmmMMmtttt.”

“Kome wat komt” is like the Spanish expression “que sera, sera.” In English: Whatever happens, happens. Later, what happened was... The priest got a terminal disease and became all sour. He didn’t sing “kome wat komt” anymore. What was going on in his mind? Did he think his dedication to God would protect him from misfortune? Either way, it was all *very* ironic.

Wait, I forgot to mention Rita! Rita is the sister of my beer-loving grandfather—and she was also at the nunnery. Every noon.

What was Rita doing at the nunnery?

Witchcraft.

I’m kidding. I’m not entirely sure to be honest.

Aunt Lea could enjoy the privileges of nunnery and request a cheap meal from a nearby cook. But instead...

Aunt Lea asked Rita to cook delicious meals.

It was Aunt Lea who taught me the value of good food.



End of sample.
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