

The Two-Point Map

Nobody ever got anywhere by telling the driver where they didn't want to go.

Twenty minutes. Pen, paper, no phone. Nobody grades this and nobody has to read it.

1

Where I am now

No spin, no minimizing, no "it's not that bad." This is a pin on a map, not a verdict.

What I don't want anymore is...

The part I'd be embarrassed for someone to see is...

2

Where I'm going

Present tense. Specific enough that a stranger could picture it. Not "not drinking" — a place.

I am building...

One year from now, on an ordinary Tuesday, my life looks like...

3

The route

A destination with no route is a daydream with good branding.

The first thing I do in the next 24 hours:

The one thing I do every day, regardless of how I feel:

The smallest version of that, for the day everything falls apart:

4

How I'll know I've arrived

Something observable. Not a feeling — feelings move, and you need a fixed marker.

I'll know I'm there when...

5

Who's in the car

You don't drive this alone. One name is enough. Two is better.

The person who knows both where I am and where I'm going:

When I tell them — a day and a time, not “soon”:

If you couldn't fill in stop two

That's not a failed worksheet. That's the finding, and it's worth more than a page of neat handwriting. Most people who stall out in recovery stall out in exactly that spot: they said the true thing out loud, then sat in the back of the cab and never gave an address.

Say the hard sentence. Then give it somewhere to go.