

GOOD LUCK TWENTY-SOMETHINGS



**An Exclusive Excerpt For Anyone
Navigating Their Twenties**

Sneak Peek Excerpt

from **Good Luck Twenty-Somethings**

Turning 25 is like binge-watching your favorite reality TV show and then accidentally stumbling across the behind-the-scenes footage. You're sitting there, snacks in hand, ready for the drama, and suddenly you notice the cameramen repositioning lights, producers feeding lines, and contestants taking smoke breaks between crying scenes. You realize the meltdowns you once took at face value were being shaped the whole time.

That's when the rational part of your brain finally clocks in and says, *I'm here now. Let's get real.*

And just like that, something inside me shifted.

One morning, I woke up, and things just weren't funny anymore. Not in a depressing way, but in a quiet, sobering, *I actually have to be responsible for my own life kind of way.* Impulsive adventures still sounded exciting, but realizing I was footing the bill financially, emotionally, and spiritually made them lose their shine. There was no magic safety net and no "adultier" adult waiting to step in.

That awareness followed me into my birthday that year. I opted out of celebrating, which was wild for me since I'm usually extra about dinners, trips, and the whole production. Instead, I went to the DMV, renewed my license, and went home to listen to *Jhene Aiko* on repeat. I wasn't sad, just reflective. Like, damn... I'm really 25.

It turns out there's a reason that moment felt so final.

There's research that says the prefrontal cortex, the part of the brain responsible for decision-making, finishes developing around this age. Basically, it's when your brain finally says "Maybe we shouldn't text our ex at two in the morning or buy a \$300 concert ticket when rent is due." It's like someone hits the HD button on life, and everything comes into focus.

Just when things started making sense, the world went on lockdown.

Two months after my birthday, March 2020 arrived like the rudest guest imaginable, flipping tables and locking the doors behind it. Jobs disappeared. Cities emptied. We were left with nothing but time and our own thoughts. It was eerie and uncomfortable but also strangely revealing. People found joy in unexpected places. Relationships cracked or collapsed. Whatever we had been avoiding suddenly demanded our attention.

For me, the quiet forced a pause I didn't know I needed. When my job shut down, I had no choice but to sit with myself. My days slowed. There was no rush-hour traffic, no forced small talk, just space. And in that space, I started to hear myself more clearly.

Slowly, that pause began to change how I moved through my days. I let my mornings unfold at their own pace. I listened inward. As my inner world shifted, it showed on the outside too. I

craved intention. Order. Alignment. Clutter felt disruptive in a way it never had before. The same mind that once mirrored chaos in my surroundings now needed structure to feel safe.

Looking back, that season marked the beginning of clarity around how I wanted my life to feel, even though I didn't yet have all the tools to sustain it. I was stepping into a version of myself I hadn't met before, someone more present, more accountable, and more aligned.

Turning 25 didn't hand me answers. It handed me awareness.

And once you have that, everything changes.