

My Traffic Light

Reading my own signals, so yellow no longer has to become red.

Your body whispers before it shouts. The whole skill is learning to hear the whisper. Fill in your own signals for each color, in your own words.

● **GREEN.** Steady, inside my envelope. I can tell I am here when:

● **YELLOW.** My early warning signs. Time to pause, not push.

A heaviness or fatigue starting to creep in

Heart climbing, or feeling more breathless than the task should cause

Words or focus getting slippery, fog rolling in

Getting irritable, tearful, or wired

● **RED.** My stop signals. I am already over the line when:

My pacing rules (one or two promises to myself):

CATCH YELLOW, AND HONOR IT

Most of us were taught to ignore yellow until red forced us to stop. The practice is the opposite. Yellow is not weakness. Yellow is wisdom arriving early.