

KELLY BUNCH

PORTFOLIO

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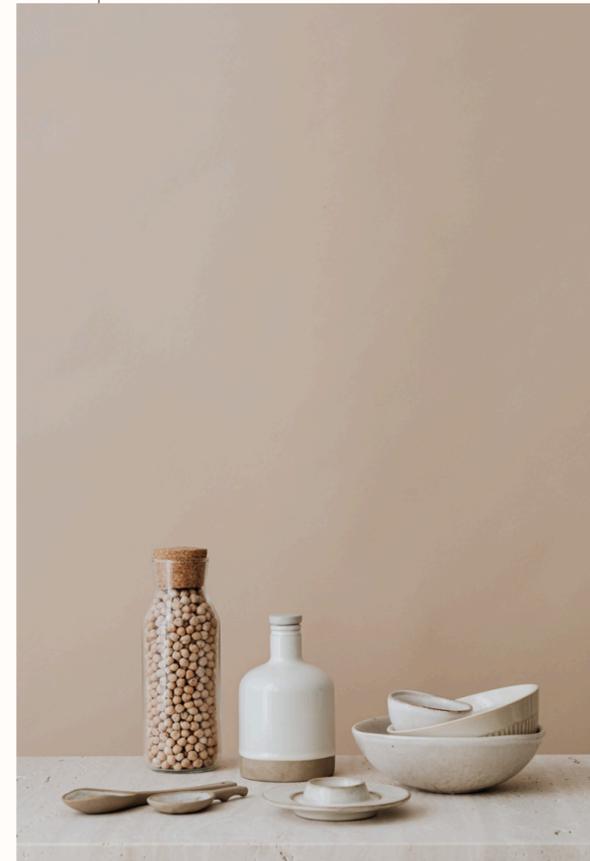
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HI THERE

I'M KELLY

I help founders, small brands, and product teams turn ideas into clear, compelling messaging and actionable strategies. Blending expert writing with product insight, I create a bridge between what you do and how your audience understands it.

I spent nearly two decades in the software industry focused on marketing, client education, software implementation, and product management. I've helped take products from 0 to launch, led teams, and brought big ideas to life with clarity, empathy, and strategic precision.

Now, I'm channeling my experience to help purpose-driven clients share their stories and products to create a positive impact.

Clarity is the foundation of growth. Every word, every system, every strategy matters. I help brands communicate in a way that feels human, premium, and purposeful.

When I'm not helping clients meet their goals, you can find me traveling, sailing, reading, and having full conversations with my dog.





PROUD TO BE
PUBLISHED IN





SERVICES

COPYWRITING

If you need content but the thought of writing makes you want to do **literally** anything else, hand it over to me. Whatever you want to convey, I can turn it into words. There's no limit on what we can create together.

CONTENT MARKETING

Build trust with your audience through a strategic content marketing plan, including white papers, newsletters, blogs, brochures, case studies, and ebooks. Let's keep your audience entertained, educated, and ready to engage.

FREELANCE ARTICLES

Wide range of topic expertise including: personal essays, cultural commentary, business & tech, thought leadership, lifestyle, wellness, travel, and more.



SERVICES

EDITING

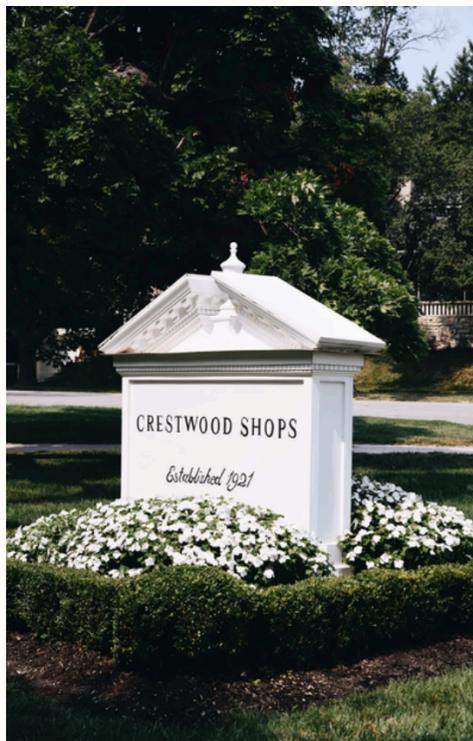
Sometimes we all need a second set of eyes, and that's when my "grammar police" brain really shines. Beyond grammar, we'll work together on organizing ideas, wording, and impact to ensure your piece is ready to publish.

PRODUCT CONSULTING

With nearly two decades of experience in software world, product management became my bread and butter. Launching a product and need help with user experience and feedback? Questions about prioritization? Not sure how your team fits in to the product lifecycle? Struggling to create stories and epics that make sense to everyone from the engineers to the CEO? Let me help guide you and your team to make sure you can ship fast and delight your customers.

CONTENT MARKETING

Originally published on Made in KC Explore



NEIGHBORHOOD GUIDE: CRESTWOOD

A beautiful block beckoning you to come explore– charming Crestwood awaits!

At 55th and Brookside Boulevard – just on the edge of the Trolley Trail – sits one of the most delightful blocks in all of KC. While it's small, it's packed with unique, locally-owned shops and restaurants that will keep you coming again and again. Check out First Thursdays from May to October to enjoy later hours, lite bites, and music along the street!

Aixois | 251 E. 55th Street

Aixois oozes community and has a vibrant following. There is truly no better Saturday morning than sitting on the patio, sipping a hot cup of tea, and enjoying an omelet florentine or ham and cheese croissant. Missed your morning alarm? Not to worry – Crestwood's cozy staple has you covered for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Bacaro Primo | 323 E. 55th Street

For an elevated Italian experience, reserve a table to enjoy Bacaro Primo's seasonally-inspired lunch and dinner menus. Start with the Prosciutto and Burrata to enjoy a salty/sweet combo with summer melon. Then move on to the Verde Pizza – pistachio pesto, mozzarella, lemon, and aleppo pepper. You'll be living la dolce vita before you know it.

Barton Perreira | 319 E 55th Street

You could argue that the most important accessory you wear is your eyewear since everyone you come in contact with is looking at your face. Barton Perreira knows that quality shouldn't be sacrificed when creating such a crucial item. The brand, created in 2007, is known around the world for its commitment to craftsmanship. Its Crestwood shop is a full service optical boutique with sunglasses and prescription eyewear.

Crestwood Flowers | 331 E. 55th Street

Beautiful books, cards, gifts, and – of course – flowers greet patrons behind a charming storefront. Order a statement bouquet or stop by for just a few stems. Fresh flowers are nearly guaranteed to brighten someone's day, so grab some for a friend and for yourself.

Delbrenna Jewelry | 307 E. 55th Street

With deep Italian roots, Delbrenna designs and creates handcrafted jewelry just as they did when they started in a Tuscan workshop in 1974. Their signature designs and heirloom-worthy pieces are available both in store and shipped anywhere in the US.

CONTINUED...

George | 315 E. 55th Street

Imagine the perfectly-curated home of your dreams – that’s what stepping into George is like. An eclectic mix of clothing, housewares, books, and art will help you fulfill your aesthetic dreams. The iconic City Girl Farm Studio chicken footstools will lure you in from the window and leave a smile on your face as you leave.

Homesong Market | 337 E. 55th Street

Form and function blend seamlessly with Homesong Market’s beautiful collection of home goods and everyday objects. Its focus on ethical sourcing and sustainability ensures you can feel good about what you’re bringing into your home and the impact it has on the world around you. Watch Instagram for notifications about their online flea markets which include carefully-curated secondhand goods.

Hudson & Jane | 309 & 313 E. 55th Street

Finding your signature style can be a challenge. Hudson & Jane is well known for helping people uncover their individual style and sourcing the right pieces from both established and emerging designers. Stop in to peruse what’s in store or make an appointment for a personal style consultation.

Pear Tree Design and Antiques | 303 E. 55th Street

Sourced exclusively from Europe, Pear Tree’s antique offerings are sure to bring a unique element to your home. Charming furniture, linens, cookware, and more make you feel like you’ve stepped out of Kansas City and into the English or French countryside – the easiest vacation you could possibly take!

Peruvian Connection | 335 E. 55th St

After visiting Peru at 19 Years old, Annie Hurlbut was enamored with the local textiles. She brought her passion home to the US by partnering with her mother to open Peruvian Connection in 1976 – a brand that has since grown to international status. KC locals are lucky to have access to the signature alpaca and pima cotton textiles, among others, right in our backyard.

Sharyn Blond for the Home | 311 East 55th Street

If you need a winning hostess or wedding gift for your most sophisticated friend, Sharyn Blond has you covered. Home decor, classic tableware, and custom linens have been her bread and butter for nearly 30 years. Getting married yourself? Sharon Blond offers gift registries to curate your ideal home collection.

CONTINUED...

Tea Market | 329 E. 55th Street

Tea connoisseurs and novices alike are delighted with the extensive selection and knowledge that the Tea Market provides. Whether you're a purist with a love for Jade Oolong and Dragonwell or a blend lover who thrives on fruit-infused concoctions, the Tea Market team can guide you to your ideal match. Stock up on loose leaf tea to steep at home or enjoy a ready-made drink to go.

Underdog Wine | 327 E. 55th Street

The name says it all – they root for the underdogs! Underdog Wine focuses on smaller and family-owned wine makers to fill their shop with honest wine. They don't sell anything they don't like – and they like plenty of \$10 bottles. So, no matter your budget, the team at Underdog will provide recommendations for a solid bottle of quality vino.

Vita's Place | 5514 Oak Street

Brought to you by Ryan and Jenny Sciara, the same fine folks who own Underdog Wine, Vita's Place is a cozy neighborhood spot to grab a pre- or post-dinner drink with people who feel like family. Sweet and savory small bites complement the extensive drink menu featuring wines, gin, cocktails, and creative non-alcoholic options.

BUSINESS REVIEW

Originally published on Made in KC Explore



TACO THE TOWN: TACO CACAO

This Waldo gem is being hailed as the best recent addition to KC's taco scene.

I first discovered Taco Cacao while driving down Wornall on my way to B.B.'s Lawnside BBQ. The line outside got my boyfriend and I pondering... "maybe we need barbeque AND tacos today." So we did just that. After a "light" lunch at B.B.'s, we headed straight back to Taco Cacao to sample the goods. As you might guess, it did not disappoint.

What started as a one-truck offshoot of Cacao Restaurante, soon grew to two— one in KCMO and one in Roeland Park, KS. Now, the KC location is operating within the brick and mortar building at 79th and Wornall. Patrons can head up to the window starting at 11:00 a.m. to get some of the tastiest tacos KC has to offer. Darling red picnic tables in the parking lot offer a convenient spot to feast with friends on a nice day. The Roeland Park location boasts parking directly in front of the food truck making it a quick stop for a to-go order on your way home for dinner.

Taco Cacao offers a small but curated selection of items— tacos, burritos, tamales and some sides. For my money, it's all about the tacos. My favorites include the pork and red cochinita (adobo roasted pork, pickled red onions, and cilantro) and the birria (slow roasted beef birria, onion, and cilantro). And it may sound basic, but don't overlook the ground beef taco. It's a delightfully perfect and somewhat nostalgic experience bursting with flavor. I recommend adding cheese to this classic offering. I know, I know— traditional street tacos don't have cheese. Don't send hate mail, just eat the delicious taco. Like that "other" popular burrito chain, guac is extra, but definitely worth it. Pair any order with a glass bottle of Coca Cola and you have the perfect meal.

Already tried it and can't get enough? Consider offering tacos at your next event. Taco Cacao has been known to bring the taco truck to office parties, neighborhood gatherings, and even weddings. Shoot them an email to learn how to book them for your next event: cacaokcrestarante@gmail.com.

BUSINESS PROFILE

Originally published on Made in KC Explore



PROFILE: KC HOOP GIRL

KC's very own Hoop Girl is swinging onto the scene!

When's the last time you picked up a hula hoop? If you're like me, it had been quite a while— until I met Sirena Beyer, also known as KC Hoop Girl.

"I'm a realtor by day and a hooper by night," says Sirena, who has been a full-time realtor for 42 years and moonlighting as KC Hoop Girl for 6 years. She found her new passion after buying a hula hoop and using it to get fit. Now, she shares that passion through teaching to help others have the same experience. "Hooping is the most fun and undiscovered form of fitness," she shares. "The joy is the secret."

Sirena wants people to know that the hoop is "a big, all-inclusive circle— everyone is welcome to come inside and discover the joy that I've found." She offers a wide variety of entertainment and fitness opportunities. Between weekly classes, lessons, private parties, and performances, there's a perfect fit for anyone who's interested in the novelty of hula hooping.

Don't worry if you're new to the activity. She finds that most people who believe they can't hoop don't have the right size of equipment. You don't need much, but it's all about having the appropriate hoop for your body size and your skill level. Whether you get the hang of it quickly or not doesn't really matter. "I'm going to have you smiling in five minutes," Sirena says.

After joining one of her classes, I can confirm that to be true. Our group was grinning from ear to ear trying to keep up with Sirena's endless energy. Until that day, I didn't realize how much of a workout hula hooping could be. Sirena confirms that people utilize 30 core muscles when waist hooping in addition to training their balance and hand/eye coordination. It's an affordable activity you can do almost anywhere. All you need is a hoop and four feet of space around you.

Sirena loves sharing hoop love and is pursuing additional methods, such as video recordings, to reach new people. "Whether I'm teaching, performing for an event, or hosting a hula hoop party, every aspect of KC Hoop Girl is healthy fun," she says. "And I have yet to meet anyone that I didn't have hooping almost immediately."

If you're ready to give it a try, check hulahoopingkansascity.com for class times and more information.

TRAVEL REVIEW

Originally published on The Tea Library



BIG SUR LUXURY: POST RANCH VS VENTANA

Cliffside views, mountain sunrises, and vinyl nights

Big Sur is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful places in the world. Rugged coastal cliffs drop into the Pacific ocean with sunset views as far as the eye can see. In the past few years, I've had the unexpected opportunity to stay at two of the best hotels in the area—[Post Ranch Inn](#) and [Alila Ventana Big Sur](#). To say I was giddy to have the chance to stay at these places is an understatement (pinch me). You can experience Big Sur on any budget, including glamping or true camping, but these two particular hotels aren't even close to "budget friendly."

A Spontaneous Pivot

Our stay at Post Ranch Inn was a spontaneous decision we'll never regret. We were staying at [Big Sur Lodge](#) (a fantastic spot) and decided to drive over to Post Ranch and Ventana to see if they'd let us view or tour the property since we'd heard how exquisite they were. Upon arriving at Post Ranch, we were stopped at the gate. We asked if we could see the property and were promptly rejected. I guess our rented, dented Volvo didn't scream luxury enough for the security guard.

However, our new friend and hotel manager, Jorge, brought his binder of photos for us to peruse, which felt hilariously low budget for this storied place. While we wouldn't be allowed to tour the property, there was one room available at a heavily discounted rate for that one night only. While it was a significant discount, it was still MUCH more than we'd ever spent on a hotel room. After trying to negotiate further, we told him we'd think about it and left.

Our car ride conversation went something like...

"That's crazy."

"We'd have to forfeit our other hotel room for the night, so no way."

"There's no way we'd do that...right?"

...with just enough hesitation that we started to crack. Long story short, we drove back and told Jorge we'd take it.

As it was already 2:00 pm, we hustled back to our hotel, grabbed all of our things and drove straight back to Post Ranch. If we were splurging on this night, we wanted to take advantage of every possible second from check in to check out—and that we did. We tried every pool, ate every snack, ordered room service, had dinner in the restaurant—you name it. We lived. it. up. for 18 hours that I'll never forget.

CONTINUED...

Our Ventana experience wasn't quite as spontaneous, but it had its own perks since we were able to stay there for free.

Both hotels are located along a jaw-dropping stretch of the famed Pacific Coast Highway. Cliffsides dive into the ocean while redwood trees—some standing for hundreds of years—tower overhead. A feeling of pure awe overcomes me each time I see this magnificent location. Both hotels do an amazing job of respecting and celebrating the landscape they've inherited.

So which hotel was better? Let's take a look.

Accommodations

We booked a standard king room at Ventana, but we were lucky to be upgraded to a king with a fireplace—a dream. You better believe I had that fire rolling day and night.

The room had a sizable bathtub (separate from the shower) that looked out to the rest of the room if you had the doors open. Seeing the trees and the fireplace from the tub was a welcome way to relax. I spent a decent portion of each day just whispering, "I love it here."

Our Post Ranch room wasn't a "room" at all—it was a standalone structure aptly named The Peak House, with a view over the mountains to the East. It was easily the best hotel accommodation I've ever had. A completely private house with an outdoor deck and hot tub overlooking the mountains is my idea of the perfect way to wake up. I'm sure the ocean-view rooms are in demand, but I loved that we had access to both sides of the property by staying mountainside.

Winner: Post Ranch wins this category hands down. To be fair, the accommodation levels we stayed in weren't apples to apples. However, while Ventana offers higher-level accommodations than the room we had, the spaces aren't as unique and don't have the absolute magic you feel at Post Ranch.

Amenities

You'll be pampered at both places, but here's a breakdown of some specific amenities.

Both

- Free and paid activities (yoga, walking tours, falconry, etc)
- Multiple pools/hot tubs
- Private balcony
- Wood-burning fireplace (room dependent)
- Complimentary snacks/drinks in the room (Post Ranch had a better selection—including beer, wine, cheese, etc)
- Complimentary valet parking
- Nightly turndown service
- Spa/gym

CONTINUED...

Ventana

- Record players in every room with a vinyl library in the lobby—we had so much fun with this!
- [Fireplace bags](#) for convenience (didn't have to mess with logs)
- Japanese hot baths

Post Ranch

- Complimentary use of Lexus vehicles...yes they happily tossed us the keys of an LC 500 and said have fun
- Private hot tub (Ventana has this available, but not in the room we had)
- Welcome gift of champagne (not sure if this always happens or not)

Winner: Post Ranch. To be honest, we used more amenities at Ventana purely because we were there longer, but Post Ranch feels like pure luxury. Driving the Lexus convertible down the bends of Highway 1 and watching the sunrise from our private hot tub tipped the scales on this one.

Dining

There's no lack of nourishment at either location, but you'll pay more for it at Post Ranch since only breakfast is included in your stay.

Ventana includes all meals in the price of the stay—including pool snacks (but excluding alcohol). Both the food and service were outstanding and plentiful. However, they do charge a small fee for room service delivery, which seemed silly when everything else is included.

There's a decent walk to [The Sur House](#), the on-property restaurant (about 5-10 minutes). We enjoyed the walk, but the staff is happy to shuttle guests in golf carts when desired. The path can be quite dark at night (even with the path lights), so bring a flashlight if that bothers you.

[Sierra Mar](#) is Post Ranch's acclaimed restaurant. We tried the prix fixe dinner (when in Rome...) and enjoyed the unobstructed ocean view from our window seat. While the food was definitely good, we both wished it would have been great.

We absolutely loved our in-room breakfast at Post Ranch. I highly recommend building a morning fire and lounging in your room with a slow meal before you check out.

Winner: Ventana. It's hard to beat great food that's completely included in the price of your stay. The restaurant is beautiful and approachable (not stuffy at all), both for indoor and outdoor dining. One of our favorite post-meal activities was taking our tea/coffee to sit in front of the enormous fireplace near the bar. It doesn't get much cozier than that.

CONTINUED...

Grounds

Ventana is a bit bigger at 160 acres vs Post Ranch's 100 acres. But when you have that much pristine Big Sur land, honestly who's counting?

Both hotels are situated with soaring views of the pacific ocean. Ventana is set back a bit while Post Ranch is truly on the cliffside. The views from Post Ranch's infinity pools are a sight I'll never forget.

The walking trails through the redwood forest at Ventana are fun to explore. Make sure to wander down to their glampsite area. It made me want to go back to try that experience.

Winner: This one may be a toss up. Both locations are stunning and well maintained—If you can't see beauty in either of these places, you may want to have your eyes checked.

Ok, but if I can only pick one...

If I absolutely had to choose (which I suppose is the whole point of this post), I'd pick Post Ranch. The luxury is unmatched—they were recently awarded three Michelin keys, after all—and it truly felt like a once-in-a-lifetime experience unless The Tea Library starts raking in thousands of paid subscribers (hint hint). But trust me when I say both venues offer an unforgettable stay, and I would absolutely jump at the chance to experience either one again. I recommend both wholeheartedly.

PERSONAL TRAVEL ESSAY

Originally published on Thrive Global



HOW SOLO TRAVEL HELPED HEAL MY HEART

Table for one, please.

Solo travel isn't for the weak. It's not for those who prefer to live in denial, hidden from their true selves. Or maybe that's exactly who it's for — maybe it's those who need it most.

I traveled to Italy in September for two weeks. It was the longest vacation I'd ever taken from work, and I was nervous about being away for that amount of time. We were in the middle of a big project, but my boss assured me that we had prepared well and the project would go on just fine without me, which gave me mixed emotions. I was glad I didn't have to stress about the trip, but didn't want them to get overly comfortable without me.

Just a few days before crossing the pond, my eight-year, on-again/off-again relationship was ended abruptly by an email in my inbox. I was blown away. Were there warning signs? Of course. Was it all his fault? Definitely not. Nevertheless, I was rejected with finality.

With no time to process this news, I spent the first week in Italy at a fairly busy yoga retreat in Tuscany with my mother and sister — an experience I wouldn't trade for the world. For the second week, I kissed them goodbye and took the train from Florence to Cinque Terre on my own. I love the independence and adventure of traveling alone, but I didn't realize the biggest adventure would be unearthing the feelings hidden below the surface of my excited exterior.

One night, after a long day of hiking between the tiny fishing villages, I showered and got dressed up for dinner at a cozy, but modern-looking place I'd been eyeing. I left my room confident and primed for an amazing dinner. When it was finally my turn at the host stand, I said, "dinner for one, please." The hostess responded that they did not have room for one. I politely told her I'd be happy to wait, but she made it clear that they would not ever have a table available for one — then promptly proceeded to seat the couple behind me.

I was devastated. I turned around and tears started flowing down my cheeks. I'd been alone for days, but this was the first time I'd felt lonely. I'm guessing I was turned away simply because the restaurant didn't think the ROI on a solo diner was worth the table space, but it felt like I was being turned away because I was "Alone," with a capital A — rejected, unlovable, and unworthy.

I found a bench on the edge of the steep, crooked street and cried for several minutes, feeling completely dejected. Everyone who walked by had a partner. They laughed, smiled, and even argued as they strolled. But they were together, which felt like a collective punch in the gut from all of them at once.

CONTINUED...

Eventually, I mustered up enough courage to try a different restaurant. I timidly asked the host if they were willing to seat one. He welcomed me with a smile and escorted me to a table. I held back tears as I tried to eat my feelings via the delicious local specialty, trofie al pesto.

Of course, the pain I felt wasn't about being turned away from a restaurant. It was about being rejected by someone I loved deeply. It was the catalyst that made me realize I was broken and needed to heal. I spent the rest of my trip slowing down, journaling, meditating, watching the stunning sunsets cast a glow on the pastel cliff sides, soaking up the wonder of an unfamiliar place, and processing the last eight years of my life.

In stark contrast to my beautiful surroundings, coming to terms with with my emotions wasn't pretty. I worked through anger, sadness, fear, guilt, and relief —to name just a few. I stared myself square in the heart and owned how I contributed to our downfall. It hurt like hell. Honestly, it still does. Gazing at the sea and journaling were my outlets and saviors on that trip.

Ernest Hemingway said, "There is nothing to writing. All you do is sit down at a typewriter and bleed." And I bled. My journal is filled with thoughts I didn't realize I needed to think before I gifted myself that time away — thoughts I never knew how to process before then, in that time and in that place.

Did a week on my own cure my heartbreak? Of course not. But it allowed me to feel. It set me on a path of healing I may not have found if I hadn't taken a leap to plan a solo trip for, serendipitously, the exact time I would need it most.

This wasn't my first solo trip, and it won't be my last. The beauty (and sometimes curse) of traveling solo is the obvious — all you have is you. Even though you're in a different location, you're forced to embrace and confront the same weaknesses, insecurities, and fears you carry at home. Luckily, you also carry your strengths, happiness, and love. The lens of new experiences and surroundings sheds fresh light on old feelings.

It can be both frightening and empowering to navigate an unfamiliar place on your own. It's not about escaping yourself or even finding yourself. It's about remembering who you are and realizing that everything you need and the answers you "found" abroad were already inside you. The key is slowing down to give yourself the time and place to uncover them from beneath the layers of chaos and distraction we create in our daily lives.

Sometimes life rips your heart into pieces and then plants you in a beautifully raw place with nowhere to hide from yourself, from your excuses. It's in this moment that a new chapter begins, just as it has done a thousand times before. As I realized while watching the sea that week, you can fight against the waves or ride them. Trust the timing of your life.

PERSONAL ESSAY

Originally published on The Tea Library



CAR WASH THERAPY

On bird messes, teenage love triangles, and the unexpected place where our minds are finally free.

It's not often that I'm grateful for bird shit.

Lately, my car has been under fire. I'm starting to have serious concerns that the birds living in the tree above our driveway have all contracted some sort of GI issue (is this bird flu?). I can barely get my car washed before it's lovingly covered in avian waste yet again.

As someone who washes my car sporadically at best (not trying to waste water over here), I was initially annoyed by the need to add this task to my daily routine. This was time that was taken away from more pressing things—moving piles of mail from one part of the kitchen counter to another, scrolling Instagram on top of an open library book, and, of course, bird watching. However, since I'm paying for a monthly car wash subscription, I figured I should take advantage and use it when my car is truly in need of a rinse. Since starting my daily commute to my nearest Tidal Wave Auto Spa (who named this?), it's become one of the most welcome parts of my day.

There are very few times and places where any of us can truly let our brains be free. Even in activities that should be a brain break—let's say hiking or going for a walk—there's a slim chance of that actually happening. We're mentally reviewing our to-do lists, rehashing that dumb thing we said that one time, or generally trying to stay aware of our surroundings by watching for threats to our livelihood, like raptors or unfamiliar men.

But inside the car wash, nothing needs your attention. The radio is drowned out by water, the rollers are propelling you forward, and there's almost no way you could make progress on your to-do list even if you wanted. Bodily threats are limited since I'm guessing very few murderers would go through the hassle of getting soaked by the car wash to get into your vehicle (1), so your brain can hit the off switch and truly run free.

Taking full advantage of this two-minute and seven-second journey, I generally take off my sunglasses and lean my seat back just a bit so I can rest my head. I watch the laser light show of rainbow suds while the water cycles between a gentle rainfall and a heavy deluge. I often think that this would be a great time for ecstasy if that's your thing (alas, it's not mine).

This time, while short, becomes meditative. It feels different—less intentional—than my Headspace meditations, but mind clearing nonetheless. There's no focus on deep breathing, no active effort toward releasing thoughts. You're in the car wash, after all—it's not that deep.

CONTINUED...

The magic of the car wash has become a daily therapy session. Often, I think of nothing, going into a nearly-hypnotic state. Other times, my mind flits between thoughts that have been incubating in my subconscious, only to hatch in the car wash. Do trees sleep? Do butterflies have best friends? Will Belly pick Jeremiah or Conrad?

(Aside: If you don't watch *The Summer I Turned Pretty*...I don't blame you. As a 41 year old woman, I honestly have no business spending my time watching this. Judge me if you will, but I will forever be a teenage girl at heart. Debating between two "dreamy" boys for my teenage queen is the only kind of problem worthy of my beloved car wash. More mature problems can see their way out.) (2)

On a rare but blessed occasion, I'll up my game and stop by Culvers for a cup of chocolate custard with raspberries that I'll inhale from start to finish during my hands-free ride. It feels like a deliciously tame secret I'll take to my grave. Tomorrow, when the birds grace me yet again with their daily offering, I'll put my windows up, turn my wipers off, and let Jesus the tire rollers take the wheel for my two-minute vacation.

Long live the bird flu. (3)

NOTES

1 ****Vigorously knocks on wood****

2 I have lots of thoughts on this. For starters, they should all go to therapy and stop dating each other. But also #teamconrad...because I'm just a girl.

3 Kidding of course. I hope those sweet birds feel better soon.

LET'S WORK TOGETHER

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