

"Crunch" "Crunch" "Crunch." I continued to nibble on my nails, starting to get close to the stem, while I had a staring contest with an Enter key. I couldn't press it, not yet—I told myself, "it's not perfect, not in the slightest." Then, "PLOP," my sweat hit the enter key, and it was sent—oh no.

What's a great business idea with no actual business? I can answer that—a thought. Thinking could be harnessed as the best tool that has been gifted to humankind, only if it's wielded correctly. It's led to cures for plagues, the development of weapons of mass destruction, and the creation of fictional pieces of work with such depth that they would put the Mariana Trench to shame.

On the other hand, it has also led to the downfall of prominent people, including oneself, into deep despair.

As per usual, I was home, swiping away meaninglessly on my phone, post after post in an intellectually deprived moment, but my mind still raged on. The posts weren't coursing through my hollow mind. Still, rather than the question of how I could start posting for One4all, an organization dedicated to fostering relationships and uplifting older adults, stained the inner lining of my brain. The catch, though, was that this wasn't the first of these times. It was the third time I had done it that day.

Yes, I want it so bad. Yes, I want to create something that makes a difference, but do I want to put in the work? Simple: yes, yes, yes, a thousand times yes. And, alas, I do put in the work. Not any work that would lead to growth, but rather the kind that stunts it. It would involve countless hours of refining the mission statement, determining if the logo and name struck the right tone, and drafting—not sending—cold outreach to nursing homes.

None of which led to a tangible impact. All of which, though, led to more thought, and by now we all know how that goes. Thinking (the actual comfort food for the brain) of the prospect was so soft and cozy, making me feel warm and inspired without actually doing anything. Once in the brain, there was no way out—a literal hedge maze at the top of your dome. The only escape was acting, and no, I don't mean drama class acting.

I learned that the hard way. For months on end, the One4all Instagram page was crickets. Nothing happened—just an honest account cosplaying as a fake bot account. This is where I have to tell you I left out a great portion of the thinking process. Once deep into it, you not only think about the greatness but also start to overthink. Overthinking is the real problem at hand. It makes me question everything I manufactured—my whole idea. Absolute jargon. My first post. A flop. The person I held the door for at Starbucks. Well, he doesn't like me because I accidentally brushed up against his hand positioned in the middle of the door. It's like having the Spice Girls constantly gossiping about their boy problems, but replacing boy problems with this boy's problems.

It petrified me. However, when The Knowledge Society (TKS) introduced their mindset of the week—action—my world flipped on its head.

Action leads to more action. Oh, what a bright saying—only if I had heard it circa 2008.

It got my brain going, but in a good way. It advocated for the approach of action leading to more action, giving way to even more action. So, essentially, it would replace my old cycle of thinking with acting, and maybe those good thoughts, not the overthinking ones, would become reality.

Easier said than done, though. With constant reassurance to myself and mustering every ounce of courage I had, I did something I'd never done before: I hit publish.

My first Medium article and my first post for One4all were out. If I wanted to, I could undo it, but the damage was already done. I hated it, the feeling of just letting go. That imperfect article, along with others I forced myself to publish, helped me land a position at Stony Brook as an assistant researcher analyzing soil decomposition patterns in marshes all over Long Island under a PhD candidate. That post and many more after not only taught me how to navigate social media, but also gave me a wealth of information from our oldest generation, garnering an audience of over 500. For years, I'd been trapped in perpetual cycles of overthinking—starting projects, abandoning them, then starting new ones. But that accidental moment taught me something crucial, something no classroom could ever teach: sometimes the sweat drop that hits "send" is precisely what you need.

Now, when I catch myself spiraling into that familiar hedge maze of overthinking, I remember the weight of that sweat drop. Action isn't about perfection—it's about progress. And progress is what turns thoughts into reality.