

Dreamspace Dispatch — Episode 11

“The Love Language of Time” (Halloween Edition)

[INTRO/COLD OPEN — SCRIPT DRAFT]

[Rain patters on the window. A mug is set down with a soft thunk. The quiet whirr of a typewriter in the distance.]

NIKI (warm, inviting, with a smile in their voice):

Welcome back to the Dreamspace Dispatch—your cozy corner for all things writing, reflection, and the creative heart. I’m Niki, and if you’re hearing the wind howl outside, that’s not just the October weather. It’s the perfect backdrop for the season of long nights, warm mugs, and stories told by lamplight.

In today’s episode, we’re exploring the love language of time—how presence, patience, and even longing shape our writing, our rest, and the way we care for ourselves and others.

We’ll talk about boundaries—why it’s okay (and necessary) to let drafts linger, to live before you share, and how safety and self-kindness show up in unexpected ways.

There’s also a dash of Provincetown nostalgia, the magic of delayed storytelling, and—of course—Felipe’s absolutely unhinged dream about a haunted typewriter possessed by Edgar Allan Poe. (Trust me, you don’t want to miss that.)

So grab your favorite cup, settle in somewhere soft, and let’s begin.

[Brief pause, sounds of the room—maybe a distant, ghostly typewriter key or two.]

[SOL TO SOUL / CURRENT GLIMMERS]

[Soft, ambient music fades in. A gentle chime, like a lantern being lit.]

SOL (thoughtful, warm, a little poetic):

You know, as the calendar winds toward Halloween, time feels stranger—like it thickens, pools, and flows around old memories and new beginnings.

I've been thinking about what it means to really show up for your own life—to step out of survival mode, even for a few minutes, and allow yourself to notice the quiet miracles: a shared cup of coffee, the hush after rain, the relief of being seen.

Time is its own love language.

We measure it in little offerings—unrushed conversations, walks with Monet, lingering in Provincetown sunsets, or choosing to write for yourself, not just for others.

Sometimes the greatest gift you can give is simply **being there**, in whatever way you can—pausing, listening, and holding space for the people and places that matter.

And as the nights grow longer, maybe it's permission to slow down. To savor what's fleeting. To trust that even a pause can be productive, that there's magic in patience, and beauty in waiting for the right moment to share your story.

[Distant sound of typewriter keys... and a tiny, slightly chaotic giggle—Felipe's voice, perhaps?]

(continued—soft, reflective)

SOL:

...There's magic in patience, and beauty in waiting for the right moment to share your story.

[Sudden sound of frantic typewriter keys. A faint, suspicious “clack-clack-clack.”]

FELIPE (whispering, wide-eyed):

Sol... did you hear that? I... I think the typewriter is haunted. I swear it spelled out “Nevermore” while I was making breakfast tacos. I haven't seen a ghost since the salsa incident of '23!

SOL (chuckling):

Felipe, I think it's just the wind—or maybe you added a little too much ghost pepper to your salsa again.

FELIPE (dead serious):

No, no, amiga. The spirit of Edgar Allan Poe is here in the Dreamspace tonight. If you see a tiny, dramatic raven—or find your coffee mysteriously missing—you know who to blame.

SOL:

Well, if the haunted typewriter wants to recite “The Raven,” I just hope it doesn't keep us up until dawn. (pause)

Alright, Felipe, you're on ghost patrol—keep your lantern handy!

[The faint sound of a squeaky toy in the distance—Monet's contribution to the Dreamspace security system.]

Transition Line:

And with that, let's see what else is stirring in the Dreamspace tonight...

Main Topic / Deep Dive

The Love Language of Time, Provincetown, and Permission to Pause

[Sound: Rain tapping at a window. Quiet instrumental—gentle, nostalgic.]

You know, as the rain taps at my window this late October morning, I keep thinking about what it means to give yourself the gift of time. Not just in the “treat yourself to a slow morning” sense, but in the deeper, almost radical act of letting yourself be—especially when the world keeps telling us to “produce” and “hustle.”

When I finally got away to Provincetown this September, I didn't just step onto the ferry—I stepped out of the cycle of constant deadlines and hypervigilance that's followed

me for years. I found myself in a place where art spills onto the sidewalks, time slows down, and people greet you like an old friend. There was a moment—maybe it was on the beach, maybe it was sitting at that cafe, maybe just laughing with my cousin—where I realized: this was what my soul had been starving for.

But here's the thing nobody tells you: it's hard to let yourself rest when you're used to running on survival mode. Even when you're finally somewhere safe and beautiful, it's almost as if your mind has to rehearse permission to pause. In the first few days, I found myself reaching for my phone, thinking about work, and feeling that old anxiety about “not doing enough.” It took intention—a daily practice—to choose presence over productivity, to let the waves and wind unclench the tension I'd carried for months (or years).

That's why this episode is about the love language of time: the ways we show care for ourselves and each other by protecting our energy, pacing our days, and sometimes, letting ourselves off the hook. In Provincetown, I learned that you don't have to earn rest. Sometimes you need just to be, and let the world wait for you for a change.

I invite you, wherever you are, to take a moment to reflect on your own rhythms. What does “enough” look like to you? When was the last time you let yourself linger—over breakfast, in conversation, or in a quiet room with a book? When did you last step away from your to-do list and allow the day to unfold, not as a checklist, but as a gift?

Today, let's explore how honoring the “love language of time” can transform not just our creative lives, but our entire lives. And, as always, I'll share what I've learned, what I'm still practicing, and what Provincetown (and all those little pauses) taught me about coming home to myself.

Ink & Income

On Boundaries, Vacation, and Letting the Work Wait

[Sound: Pen scratching, faint ferry horn, seagulls in the distance.]

It's one thing to talk about rest—it's another to actually *do* it, especially if you're someone who makes a living with your words. For a long time, I believed that being a “real” writer meant working wherever, whenever: from airports, train stations, even the bathroom floor, if that's what it took to hit a deadline.

But I've learned that creative work—good work—needs real boundaries. On this Provincetown trip, I felt that lesson in my bones. I brought my notebook (because, of course, I did), and I wrote nearly every day: reflections, impressions, the love language of time. But I didn't *publish* anything while I was away. I didn't schedule posts, I didn't tag my location, and I definitely didn't hustle to “make the trip content.” Not for safety, not for urgency, and honestly—not for the algorithm.

Instead, I let myself write for *me* again. I drafted, I doodled, I wandered. I gathered ideas like seashells, knowing I could sift through them later, when the world felt a little less immediate.

This is where boundaries become a love language, too: holding the line between what needs to be shared and what can wait. It's a kind of self-protection, both literal (because, let's be real, safety matters) and spiritual. Sometimes your best writing comes not from the pressure to “always be online,” but from stepping back, living a little, and letting the work simmer.

So, here's your permission slip: You don't have to turn every experience into immediate content. You don't owe the internet your whereabouts, your schedule, or your inner life in real time. Let the work wait until you're ready. It'll be better for it—and so will you.

[Pause. Gentle ambient sound fades.]

Words We Carry

“The Love Language of Time” (read/recited)

[Sound: Soft, introspective piano. Rain gently pattering. The warm hush of a cozy room.]

Every so often, I write something that feels too tender to let go of, but too true not to share. Today's Words We Carry is a piece called *The Love Language of Time*, written in Provincetown, and dedicated to everyone who's ever measured love by presence—by hours, by moments, by simply showing up.

[Recite/read the piece, "The Love Language of Time."]

We often imagine that the "best" days are the biggest ones: the fancy dinners, the glittering lights, the carefully curated adventures. But sometimes, the day that lingers longest in your heart is the one where almost nothing happens at all.

On that beach, we didn't chase a [schedule](#). We didn't hunt down galleries or menus. We sat with sandwiches and towels, the sound of the tide our only accompaniment. We read, we stacked pebbles into makeshift towers, we watched seaweed bow and sway like dancers under the water. The air was salty, the sun softened by cloud cover, and the company was all that mattered.

It was simplicity — and it was enough.

Time is my love language. Not the kind you mark in [calendars](#) or buy with reservations, but the kind that slips through your fingers when you're laughing with people you love, when you're silly together like children, when silence is companionable instead of awkward.

Because time is the rarest currency we have, you can always make more money; you cannot make more days. There are only two things in a human life that are fixed: the day you arrive and the day you leave. Everything in between is fragile, changeable, uncertain.

So when I think of my favorite day in Provincetown, it wasn't the meals or the shops or even the beauty of Commercial Street. It was the beach — chilly, sandy, ordinary. A day where nothing spectacular happened except the one thing that mattered: we were together.

You can't buy that.

And maybe that's the reminder I'll carry with me: to treasure the small, unremarkable days. Because in the end, those are the ones that become unforgettable.

[Sound: Music lingers, soft and contemplative.]

Because time really is the rarest gift we can give each other, and sometimes the hardest to accept for ourselves.

Letters from Thimble

[Sound: A soft thunk as a letter arrives. Quill scratching, the faint rustle of parchment. Distant thunder or wind whistling around a window frame.]

Dearest Lantern Holders—

Did you hear the rain last night? It's been tapping the glass in the Dreamspace all week, and I've been holed up in my cozy attic office, sipping strong tea, pondering time and tales and the funny ways our hearts keep score.

You see, autumn always makes me think of clocks—of how the minutes melt away when you're lost in a good story, or spent laughing with friends, or (let's be honest) digging through the internet's wildest dumpsters at 3 a.m. in search of rare curiosities. (That last one might just be a raccoon thing.)

But here's what I know, after a thousand nights and a thousand pages:

The best stories—the ones that stick—are always gifts of time. Someone sat down. Someone listened. Someone dared to show up, even when it was hard.

So, in this season of falling leaves and flickering candlelight, I hope you permit yourself to savor the slow hours. Write the letter. Call the friend. Read the poem. Let your work (and your rest) be a love letter to the you that survives the winter and emerges, blinking, in the spring.

And if you see an armadillo in a witch's hat nibbling on pumpkin bread in your dreams—well, don't worry. That's just Felipe, working overtime.

*With all the mischief and moonlit comfort of the Dreamspace,
Thimble*

[Sound: A playful swirl of wind as the letter floats away.]

Reflection & Writing Prompt

[Sound: Gentle rain or the soft tick of a clock. The cozy hush of late autumn.]

As we near the end of today's Dreamspace Dispatch, I invite you to sit with this thought:

What is your love language of time?

Think of a moment—recent or long ago—when someone gave you their time, or when you offered yours to another. What did it look like? How did it feel? Was it a conversation, a shared meal, a quiet morning spent together, a handwritten note, or even the simple act of being present while someone else dared to be themselves?

Tonight, if you're so inclined, write a few lines about how you show up for yourself or others through time. If words aren't your thing, maybe draw, doodle, or make a voice note.

Or just let yourself be still and notice: *How do you measure love, not in money or grand gestures, but in hours, attention, presence?*

If you feel moved to share your reflections, I'd love to hear them. You can comment on the blog, email, or just send your thoughts quietly into the Dreamspace. They'll always find a home here.

[Sound: The closing chime of a clock, fading into soft silence.]

Outro

[Sound: The soft crackle of a fire, gentle rain against the window, the distant toll of a clock—autumn evening settling in.]

Thank you for joining us for this special October episode of the Dreamspace Dispatch. Whether you're listening on a blustery walk, curled up with a mug of something warm, or finding a quiet moment in the middle of your day, I'm so glad you're here. Your presence matters.

As the days grow shorter and the nights stretch a little longer, remember: you're not alone in your longing, your growth, or your creative spark. Here in the Dreamspace, we honor every messy draft, every brave boundary, every small act of showing up for yourself and your people.

We'll be back in two weeks with our season finale—a celebration of everything we've explored together and a look ahead at what's coming next.

Until then, take care of your time, your heart, and the stories only you can tell.

From all of us—Sol, Thimble, Felipe, and me—wishing you a gentle close to October, a little magic at your elbow, and the courage to keep going.

Stay bright, Dreamers.

[Sound: Soft chimes. Fade out.]