

JOURNAL

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Hello, My Name is Bad Mommy

(or how I learned to stop worrying and create this journal)

The first time I tried cannabis, which back then we called pot, I felt nothing. The second time I tried cannabis, I felt nothing. The third time I tried cannabis...you got it, I felt nothing.

Finally, a preppy boy named Tripp (really!) explained it all to me. He said, "Lalita, I know why you're not getting high, you're not inhaling."

Tripp taught me to inhale by basically holding my breath and swallowing after intake. I guess I could post a YouTube video of this technique, but it's just not pretty and I'm extremely vain.

So that umpteenth time that I smoked a joint, I finally got high. It was silly and relaxing and rather strong. Not only did I enjoy it, I appreciated the mental relief it gave my often hyperactive mind. Nonetheless, weed never became a habit because smoking did not appeal to me.

Flash forward twenty years to 2010. I'm visiting a private chef friend in Martha's Vineyard who serves me a very yummy rosemary sea salt caramel with pot butter that she made from the trim (twigs and stalks) of a friend's locally grown plant. It was delectable, gooey, sea salty, buttery goodness. Umami heaven.

And every one of my senses bloomed.

Sight: the sea, sun and sand pulsed with color. The blues were bluer, the sand glistened, and the silvery yellow summer sunlight gleamed.

Sound: the whoosh of the ocean swirled around me. The push and pull of the waves beat with insistent rhythm influencing the pace of my steps. The dune grass rustled *shhhhhhhhhh*.

Taste: the air was thick with salt spray, breeze, and humidity. It tasted tantalizing.

Smell: All the beach smells that I was familiar with were amplified—seaweed, fish, brine, seawater smelled distinctive and potent.

Touch: The sand felt like a lightly exfoliating foot rub. The water

rushed in, around and over my calves continuing the massagelike effect. I called my dog, Laffy and buried my face in her coat - she seemed softer than usual and brimming with vibrant energy. I started racing her feeling my muscles move pleasantly. I stopped and stretched mindfully, following cues from my body instead of my brain.

I felt uplifted yet chill, excited yet calm, happy and inspired. My brain buzzed with ideas that I couldn't wait to write down. Some seemed obvious, whereas others were utterly original.

As I walked and walked, I thought, *What fresh joy is this*? It's like a better version of myself enjoying a better version of my day.

Over the next few months, I enjoyed my friend's caramels and shared them with other moms. We noticed that each experience was wildly different. Sometimes the potency of the caramels was just right and we were pleasantly elevated and functional, just like my very first experience. But other times we felt nothing or too much. I decided there had to be a better way to create and manage a consistent experience.

I also noticed that there was a tangible desire in my circle of friends to take the edge off our busy days in a healthier way than alcohol or painkillers. Cannabis had previously been too strong to compete in this arena. But with edibles, dosed lightly, that was no longer the case.

One evening, my friends and I savored some caramels and walked our kids and dogs down to a new sprinkler dog park by the Hudson River. The sun was setting on a gorgeous June evening. The dogs ran through the water sprays, the kids zoomed around us on their scooters and we moms started chasing the dogs, the kids, and each other. We were all laughing hard. "We are such bad mommies," I declared.

Truth was we felt like the best moms we'd been all day. We were kind and playful with our children and canines. And we were completely functional. The idea for Bad Mommy was born.

Several years later, I've traveled the country speaking with moms and those who love moms to create the best microdosed chocolate available. I've listened to women's fears, desires and concerns. I've guided many through their first edibles experience.

And one thing that we all have in common, from newbie to

enthusiast, is that everybody is different. Onboarding cannabis is complex. The easiest way to demystify the process is to track it.

That's why we've created The Bad Mommy Cannabis Journal. And we've included many tips, tricks and blank pages to optimize your microdosed journey. Because one of the most fun parts of the Cannabis experience is the creativity it delivers.

So venture forth and prosper, Moms and Those Who Love Moms.

Follow the prompts in our journal to capture your experience and you will savor and control the magical combination of microdosing and cannabis.

Yes, you can enjoy cannabis.

Lovingly,

Bad Mommy xoxo

How to Use

This journal is your personal space to document your cannabis journey. Think of it like a travel diary. You are a modern explorer of the Cannabis Experience.

As you enjoy the ride, remember that microdosing can be very subtle. Sometimes you almost don't realize you're just a little bit high. You simply feel better. You're not going from a 5 to a 10. Mostly, you're going from a 6 to a 9. That's why tracking is so essential. Once you figure out your baseline, you can titrate up or down according to your mood, energy level and time of day.

We've included signposts for you to document both the physical and mental effects of the products you're testing. Please write down the details because they can often get blurry in retrospect (especially if you're doing it right).

Once you have recorded the basics, then let your mind fly with creativity. We've left you lots of white space to sketch, noodle, reflect and ideate.

Questions? Tag us at @badmommyedibles on Instagram or email us at mommy@badmommyedibles.com and we'll answer them on our podcast, The Bad Mommy Experience.

Most of all, take it slow and enjoy yourself. This is going to be fun. We promise.

SAMPLE JOURNAL PAGES

DATE & TIME April 20, 4:20 pm
PRODUCT NAME Bad Monny Ganache
PRODUCT TYPE
VARIETAL Give Scout Cooleie, hybrid Enter strain (sativa, indical) or name (MILF, Purple Kush, etc)
DOSE TAKEN 5 Mg THC. OMg CBD Enter dose in mg and/or ratio of THC to CBD (Exxample: 1:11)
GOAL / DESIRE What do you hope to achieve? (giddiness, relaxation, etc)
TIME LAST EATEN List when and how much you last ate (No judgement!)
MIXED WITH <u>nothing yet!</u> 1 glass of wine at 6 pm List meds, drinks or any other substances that might affect your dose.

SENSATIONS (DURING / AFTER)

lightened up / floaty

hungry

headache-y

productive

creative alert sleepy precise nervous, blissed out (calm) (sexy stretchy wanted to move my body like resting my head on a pillow



BUY AGAIN? Y/N _

yes



Create a Bad Monny Canhabis Lournal app. Make homemade ice cream with chubby hubby and Bad Monny Ganache

WHAT I DID Write down what you go up to - color coordinated your socks, wrote the next great American novel, solved world peace, etc

Went on a hilee with my dog. Came home and made soundough bread with my starter.

Folded my clothes with a straight-edge ruler.

PRODUCT NAME

PRODUCT TYPE _____

How did you take it? Example: joint, tincture, chocolate, etc

VARIETAL _____

Enter strain (sativa, indical) or name (MILF, Purple Kush, etc)

DOSE TAKEN ____

Enter dose in mg and/or ratio of THC to CBD (Exxample: 1:11)

GOAL / DESIRE _____

What do you hope to achieve? (giddiness, relaxation, etc)

TIME LAST EATEN _____

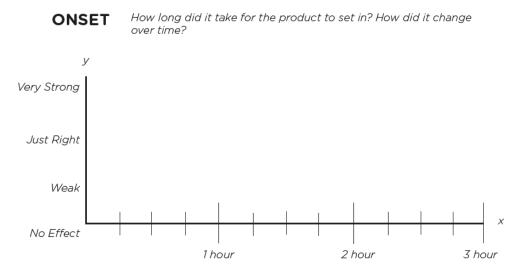
List when and how much you last ate (No judgement!)

MIXED WITH _____

List meds, drinks or any other substances that might affect your dose.

SENSATIONS (DURING / AFTER)

hungry	headache-y	/	productive
sleepy	creative	alert	precise
nervous	blissed out	cal	m sexy



Use this chart to track the changing effect over time. Draw a line to indicate strength on the y axis and time on the x axis.



B	RILLIANT	IDEAS
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WHAT I DID Write down what you go up to - color coordinated your socks, wrote the next great American novel, solved world peace, etc

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