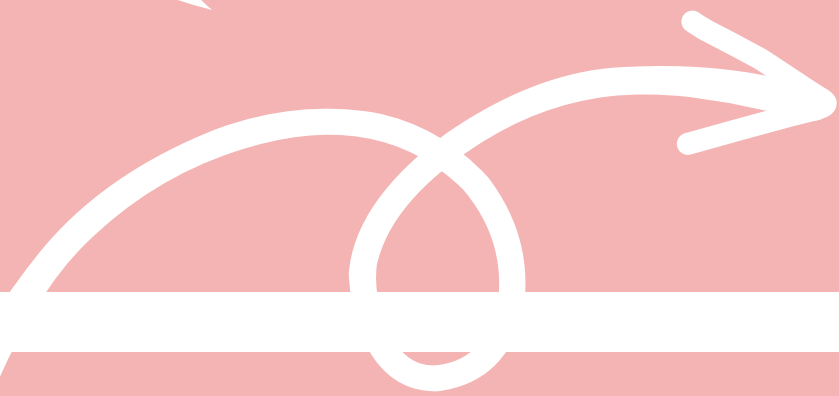




## Mini Reframe

**My wine at the  
end of the day is  
my reward**

Isabella Ferguson  
@letstalkalcoholaustralia



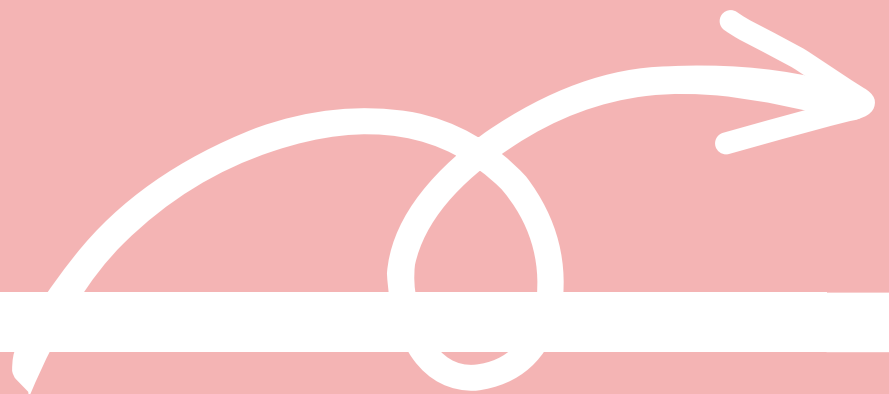


## It might look like this:

"It's been a long day. I'm doing the lion's share of the house work and I'm tired. It's dinner time, the kids need attention and I just need to get through to couch time.

My glass of wine is all mine. It's always there for me. It'll give me a boost. I deserve it. It's the one thing there to help me get through."

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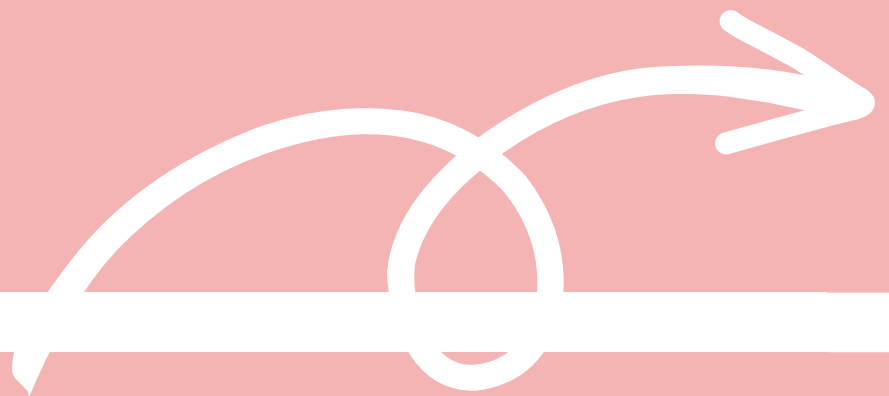


## But...

"more often than not, that glass turns into a bottle and at the end of that bottle I look around to see if I can sneak one more.

I know that I need to cut back but this is my reward! This is for me. How can I possibly take away this one thing that gets me through the day."

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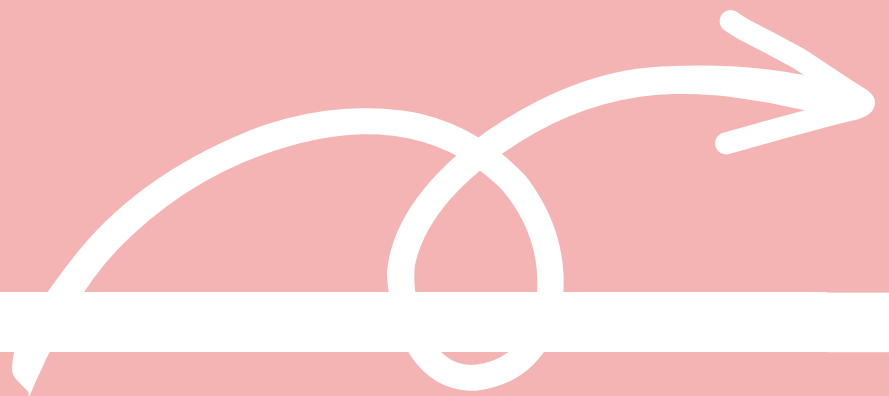


## Deep down I know

"that this wine routine is hurting me. It's becoming "a thing" that I'm looking forward to too much.

It's making me tired in the morning. My anxiety is increasing, my sleep is ruined, I'm grumpier with the kids without it, less present and engaged, not to mention it's increasing my cancer risks."

Isabella Ferguson  
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## Consider a new perspective

Is wine really my reward?

Does it make me feel better or worse?

What do I actually gain from it?

Or is it hurting me in the long run?

How would I feel without it?

What are my unmet needs that this glass of wine is "filling"?

What do I really need?

Isabella Ferguson

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## Reframe

Perhaps wine is a punishment?

Perhaps wine is not my friend but my enemy?

What do I really need?

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