

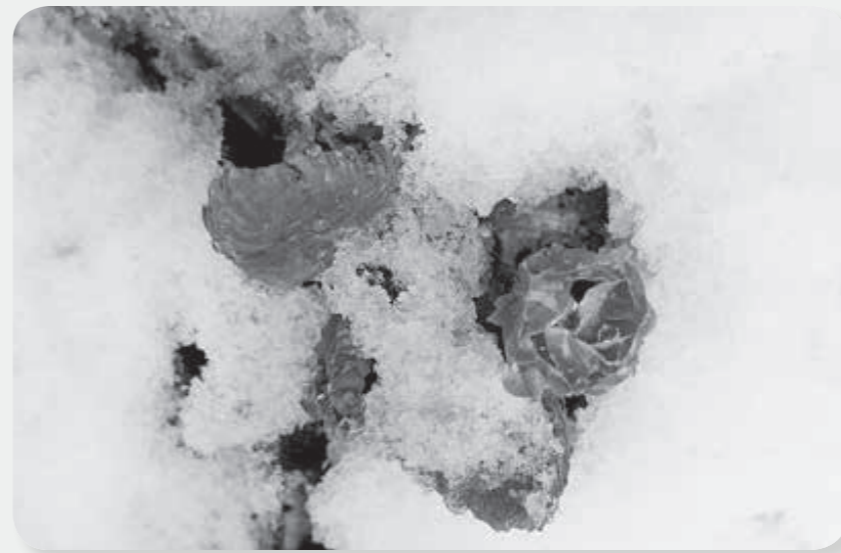
3 a.m. alone in bed is perhaps not the optimal moment at which to derive a true picture of reality. Wait – always – for the perspective of dawn.



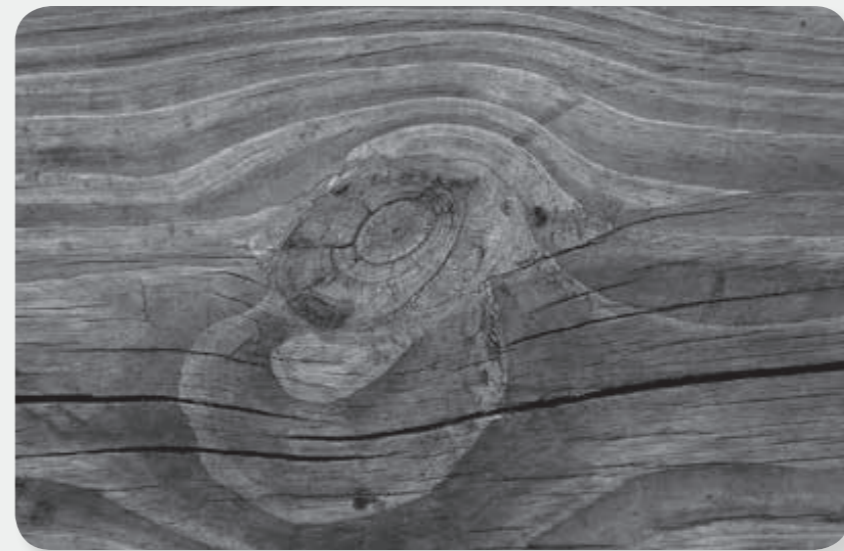
We keep fearing we'll be socially shunned when we fail. But this is to miss how profoundly reassuring and endearing failure tends to be to onlookers.



Don't be fooled by resolute appearances. Everyone is, beneath the competent surface, going quietly out of their minds.



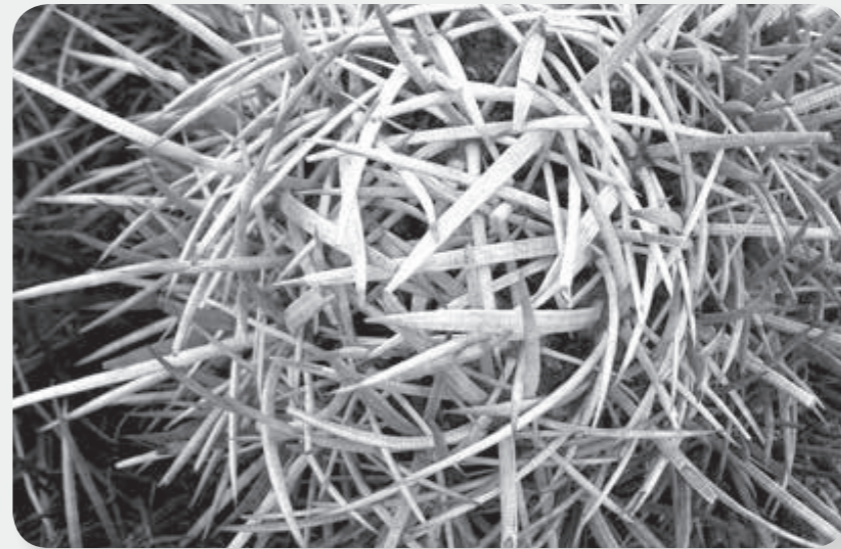
Life is like a wooden table. One mark looks like a disaster; a huge number of scratches lends the whole an almost pleasing patina.



Things don't need to be perfect;
we are creatures eminently suited
to 'good enough'.



We are mercifully good at forgetting.
What maddened us last year now
seldom comes to mind. One day,
even this moment of agony will be
difficult to recall.



It sounds heartless to say:
'you'll get over it'. But you will.

The brain is designed to
exaggerate troubles.
We suffer more in our thoughts
than in reality.



The Stoic philosophers said:
a wise man would prefer to have
two legs, but will know how to
get by serenely enough on one.



We really need only one counsel
in the end: This too shall pass...

