

# When you fall in love...

**W**hen you fall in *love*,  
it is a temporary madness.

It erupts like an earthquake, and then it subsides.

And when it subsides, you have to make a decision. You have to work out whether your roots are to become so entwined together that it is inconceivable that you should ever part.

Because this is what love is.

Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the desire to mate every second of the day.

It is not lying awake at night imagining that he is kissing every part of your body.

No...don't blush.

I am telling you some truths.

For that is just being in love; which any of us can convince ourselves we are.

Love itself is what is left over, when being in love has burned away.

Doesn't sound very exciting, does it?

But it *is!*"

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--Louis de Bernières

# LIVE FOR NOW

DO NOT WAIT.  
DO NOT WAIT FOR ENOUGH TIME OR  
MONEY TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT YOU  
THINK YOU HAVE IN MIND. WORK WITH  
WHAT YOU HAVE RIGHT NOW. DO NOT  
WAIT FOR WHAT YOU ASSUME IS THE  
APPROPRIATE STRESS-FREE ENVIRON-  
MENT IN WHICH TO GENERATE EXPRES-  
SION. DO NOT WAIT FOR MATURITY OR  
INSIGHT OR WISDOM. DO NOT WAIT  
TILL YOU ARE SURE THAT YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU ARE DOING. DO NOT WAIT  
UNTIL YOU HAVE ENOUGH TECHNIQUE.  
WHAT YOU DO NOW, WHAT YOU MAKE OF  
YOUR PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES WILL  
DETERMINE THE QUALITY AND SCOPE  
OF YOUR FUTURE ENDEAVORS. AND AT  
THE SAME TIME BE PATIENT.

-- ANNE BOGART

# ALL YOU NEED

Something changes the moment you decide you've found a person you are ready to reveal parts of your soul to. Something stands out and makes the moment unique.

A profound multidimensional clarity resembling a piece of carefully gathered stardust; As if you are whispering "finally" and your eyes fill with light and spontaneity. As if you do not care whether your heart will melt or crumble in the process because your brief courage undoes your tremendous fear of disbelief.

You live for these moments; For you are, maybe for one second or more, sweetly forced to surrender yourself to unconditional intimacy.

A moment of psychological reward smashing all self-imposed disciplines founded on terror. This is all you need.

--Anaïs Nin

When I was little,

Home meant the house I drew in crayon on white printer paper,  
the one that was supposed to look like the place I live in.

Home meant where I came back to after school every day to eat my snack and do my school  
work.

But now more and more I find that home is such a different concept.

Home is not where I sleep most nights, it is not the house with a family who never talks.

Not the place I pretend I'm fine and smile so they won't hear the truth rattling behind my teeth.

Home is my best friends in the whole wide world, laughing with them so hard our stomachs  
hurt.

Home is the bookstore I go to every day after school to study and read. Home is my dog with  
her toothless grins and wagging tail.

Home is all the music I listen to when I'm sad.

Home is drunk and camping by a lake with the people who make you feel less alone.

Home is not a house, it is everything else.

--Unknown

# EVERYTHING ELSE

# *Give A Smile*

*Oh shut up.*

Every time it rains, it stops raining.

Every time you hurt, you heal.

After darkness, there is always light and you get reminded of this every morning.

But still you choose to believe that the night will last forever.

Nothing lasts forever.

Not the good or the bad.

So you might as well smile while you're here.

Iain Thomas