Books are an extremely important part of my daily routine.

I’ve read a lot across the years.

The sole reading of theories and story though would often cause me to detach from reality. My writings would often be too philosophical, lost in my own words. I’m well self-aware of this limitation, the years of talking to myself made me quite aware of my own thought process, empiricism and prejudice, while this statement itself is also a claim of ignorance. For there is no well-rounded mind, there is always edges you can’t reach. The more I read, the more I realize my ignorance, I thought knowledge itself would fulfill me, but apparently not. Yet this might be such a bad thing, not being fulfilled, so there is always something to look forward too.

Within vainness, space exists.