

Health Is All in Your Head

After a tense day at work, filled with many problems to solve, numerous e-mails, and telephone calls to return, Paul wanted to get home, eat something, relax on the sofa, and watch just anything on television. However, heavy traffic caused the usual minutes in the car to become hours. It was dark when he arrived home. Entering the house, he immediately took off his shoes, threw his bag in the corner, said a quick hello to his wife, and glanced at his two children, who were playing on the rug. After a warm shower, he put on comfortable clothing and sat at the dinner table.

"Is there anything to eat?" he asked drily.

"Your mother called a while ago. She was complaining that it has been several months since you paid her a visit."

"She knows I don't have time for that. I have more to do than go see her. Bills to pay. Problems to solve. And the new supervisor will not leave me alone. What an impossible woman! It seems to me that she's afraid the company will go broke. It's really hard to work with her. She's driving me crazy!"

"This is all you talk about lately—problems, bills, and your supervisor. Did you even notice that your children are there in the living room? All afternoon Mark has been asking what time you would get here."

"Is it going to be the same thing again, just like every other day? Complaints and more complaints! They hassle me at work, and then you hassle me at home! Do you think it's easy to support a family with just my salary?"

These last words hit Silvia where it hurt. It was not fair. She had left her job for health reasons, and he knew that. While it

Health Is All in Your Head

After a tense day at work, filled with many problems to solve, numerous e-mails, and telephone calls to return, Paul wanted to get home, eat something, relax on the sofa, and watch just anything on television. However, heavy traffic caused the usual minutes in the car to become hours. It was dark when he arrived home. Entering the house, he immediately took off his shoes, threw his bag in the corner, said a quick hello to his wife, and glanced at his two children, who were playing on the rug. After a warm shower, he put on comfortable clothing and sat at the dinner table.

"Is there anything to eat?" he asked drily.

"Your mother called a while ago. She was complaining that it has been several months since you paid her a visit."

"She knows I don't have time for that. I have more to do than go see her. Bills to pay. Problems to solve. And the new supervisor will not leave me alone. What an impossible woman! It seems to me that she's afraid the company will go broke. It's really hard to work with her. She's driving me crazy!"

"This is all you talk about lately—problems, bills, and your supervisor. Did you even notice that your children are there in the living room? All afternoon Mark has been asking what time you would get here."

"Is it going to be the same thing again, just like every other day? Complaints and more complaints! They hassle me at work, and then you hassle me at home! Do you think it's easy to support a family with just my salary?"

These last words hit Silvia where it hurt. It was not fair. She had left her job for health reasons, and he knew that. While it

Health Is All in Your Head

After a tense day at work, filled with many problems to solve, numerous e-mails, and telephone calls to return, Paul wanted to get home, eat something, relax on the sofa, and watch just anything on television. However, heavy traffic caused the usual minutes in the car to become hours. It was dark when he arrived home. Entering the house, he immediately took off his shoes, threw his bag in the corner, said a quick hello to his wife, and glanced at his two children, who were playing on the rug. After a warm shower, he put on comfortable clothing and sat at the dinner table.

"Is there anything to eat?" he asked drily.

"Your mother called a while ago. She was complaining that it has been several months since you paid her a visit."

"She knows I don't have time for that. I have more to do than go see her. Bills to pay. Problems to solve. And the new supervisor will not leave me alone. What an impossible woman! It seems to me that she's afraid the company will go broke. It's really hard to work with her. She's driving me crazy!"

"This is all you talk about lately—problems, bills, and your supervisor. Did you even notice that your children are there in the living room? All afternoon Mark has been asking what time you would get here."

"Is it going to be the same thing again, just like every other day? Complaints and more complaints! They hassle me at work, and then you hassle me at home! Do you think it's easy to support a family with just my salary?"

These last words hit Silvia where it hurt. It was not fair. She had left her job for health reasons, and he knew that. While it

Health Is All in Your Head

After a tense day at work, filled with many problems to solve, numerous e-mails, and telephone calls to return, Paul wanted to get home, eat something, relax on the sofa, and watch just anything on television. However, heavy traffic caused the usual minutes in the car to become hours. It was dark when he arrived home. Entering the house, he immediately took off his shoes, threw his bag in the corner, said a quick hello to his wife, and glanced at his two children, who were playing on the rug. After a warm shower, he put on comfortable clothing and sat at the dinner table.

"Is there anything to eat?" he asked drily.

"Your mother called a while ago. She was complaining that it has been several months since you paid her a visit."

"She knows I don't have time for that. I have more to do than go see her. Bills to pay. Problems to solve. And the new supervisor will not leave me alone. What an impossible woman! It seems to me that she's afraid the company will go broke. It's really hard to work with her. She's driving me crazy!"

"This is all you talk about lately—problems, bills, and your supervisor. Did you even notice that your children are there in the living room? All afternoon Mark has been asking what time you would get here."

"Is it going to be the same thing again, just like every other day? Complaints and more complaints! They hassle me at work, and then you hassle me at home! Do you think it's easy to support a family with just my salary?"

These last words hit Silvia where it hurt. It was not fair. She had left her job for health reasons, and he knew that. While it

Health Is All in Your Head

After a tense day at work, filled with many problems to solve, numerous e-mails, and telephone calls to return, Paul wanted to get home, eat something, relax on the sofa, and watch just anything on television. However, heavy traffic caused the usual minutes in the car to become hours. It was dark when he arrived home. Entering the house, he immediately took off his shoes, threw his bag in the corner, said a quick hello to his wife, and glanced at his two children, who were playing on the rug. After a warm shower, he put on comfortable clothing and sat at the dinner table.

"Is there anything to eat?" he asked drily.

"Your mother called a while ago. She was complaining that it has been several months since you paid her a visit."

"She knows I don't have time for that. I have more to do than go see her. Bills to pay. Problems to solve. And the new supervisor will not leave me alone. What an impossible woman! It seems to me that she's afraid the company will go broke. It's really hard to work with her. She's driving me crazy!"

"This is all you talk about lately—problems, bills, and your supervisor. Did you even notice that your children are there in the living room? All afternoon Mark has been asking what time you would get here."

"Is it going to be the same thing again, just like every other day? Complaints and more complaints! They hassle me at work, and then you hassle me at home! Do you think it's easy to support a family with just my salary?"

These last words hit Silvia where it hurt. It was not fair. She had left her job for health reasons, and he knew that. While it