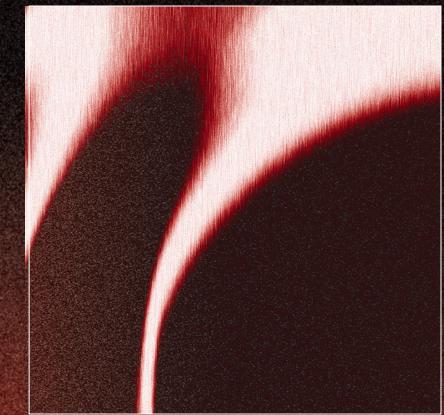
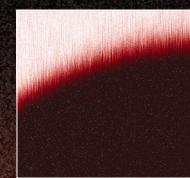
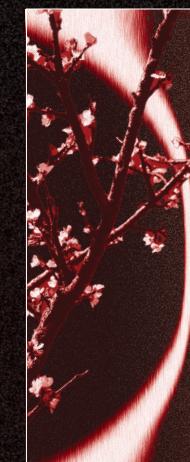
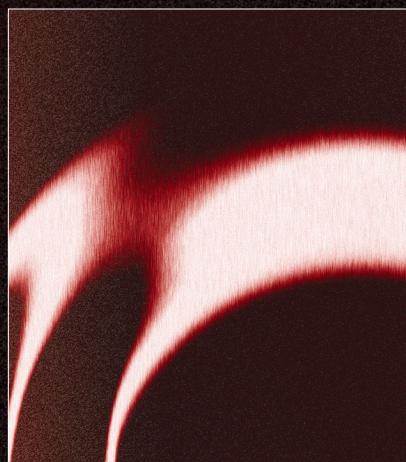
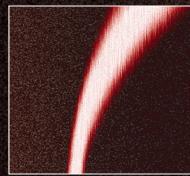
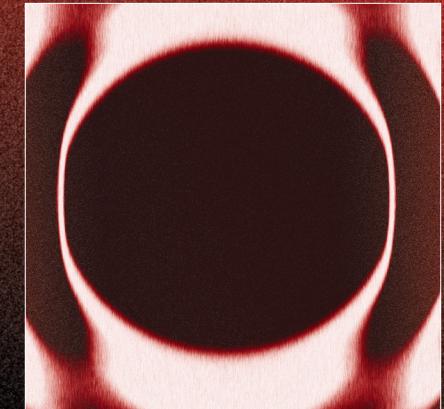
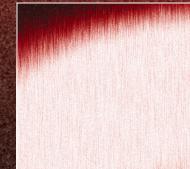
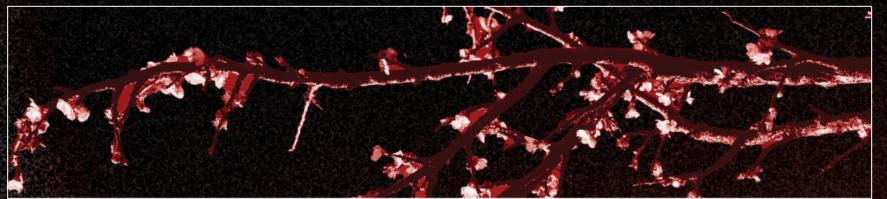
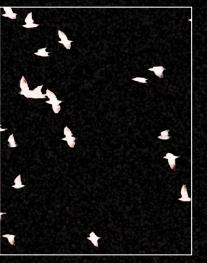


olenka
janus





As my mother used to say...

*You want it?
Work for it.*





*Well, isn't that sad and frustrating?
That you cannot take the cue...
When will you ever learn if you can't
listen? If you don't move forward?*

*You think you know it all. That you
have it all figured out. You don't know
absolutely anything. At all. In fact...*

*You'll be better off once you realize it.
That it's okay to make mistakes.
But most importantly: to fix things
by yourself without help.*

*To prove it to yourself, that you are
capable of doing whatever it is you
wanted without anyone else.*

*Otherwise you'll soon realize that
the only thing that's harsher than my
words is the outside: the real world.
When you're there on your own.
Break free from your mind chains.*

You are wasting your potential

Choosing to grab the rose by its thorns...

*Choosing to focus on what you cannot control, on
external forces.
Blaming them for all your mishaps, when you could have
simply just been careful, cautious.
When you could have just had thought
before you acted.*

*It's a matter of perspective, don't you see it?
But how dare I mention that?
No, it's always the universe, "something else" having the
upper hand on your life.
How dare I remind you are in control...*

Take control of yourself.

You think so low of yourself that...
You think you're helpless?
How little must you think you are,
if you think you cannot figure things
out by yourself without freaking out?
It's pitiful. Sad. Embarrassing.
Nobody can do what you want exactly
like you want it, other than yourself.

When will you realize that you are the
missing variable in this equation?
Maybe instead of waiting for the
perfect person to appear, you can
become that person for yourself?

This doesn't mean I matter more.
Or that anyone else does.
But if your aim is to be recognized:
Your responsibilities are your worth.
What you are trusted to do.
What you're known to do.

*Everything has a purpose, a reason.
The purpose of fruit is nourishment.
To be consumed. To serve.
Is that what you want to be?
To be seen as a consumable?
Why don't you aim to be at
the other side of the relationship?
The one who acts, who does?*

*A leftover of what could have been.
A perished consumable, left to rot.
Is that what you want to be?
A wasted purpose... Empty promises?
Can't you help yourself?*



*Even the tastiest
fruit will rot...*

Stop pretending...

Batting of eyelashes
and coy little pouts....

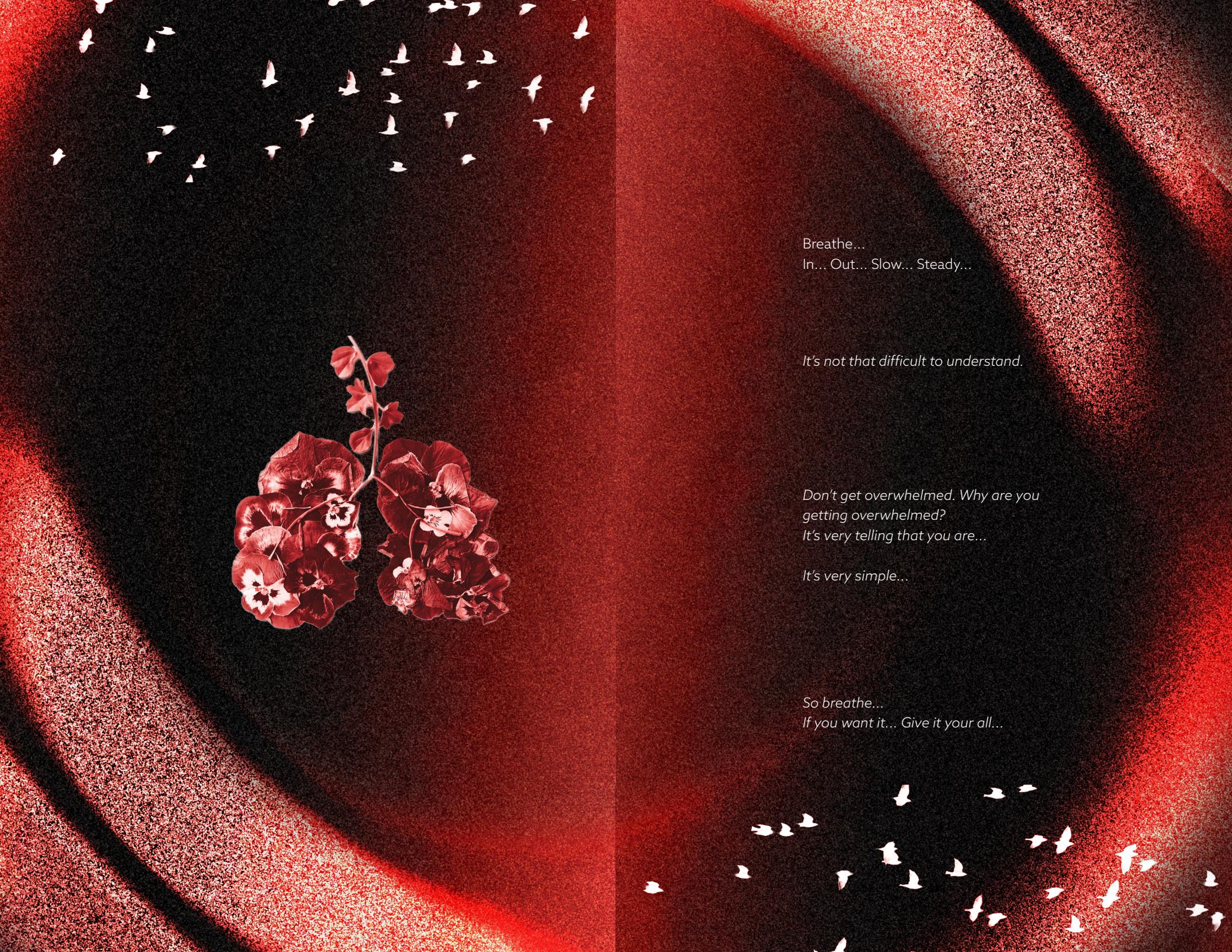
Feigning helplessness, naivety...
Nothing but a short-lived, cheap,
and lazy strategy to get your way.
The first time, endearing.
The second, pitiful. The third...
Downright annoying.

Nothing in this life has an easy
solution. Everything that has made
an impact in this world was built
upon the backs of the most capable
workers humanity has produced.
What would you rather?
To be remembered for a life of
fortunate comfort, or for being the
reason behind greatness?

How can you sleep at night?
How can you close your eyes?
Allowing nothing of what you have to
be truly consecutive of your work?
Of your own doing?
How are you at peace with living,
each day, relying on
someone else's abilities?

Beauty fades





Breathe...
In... Out... Slow... Steady...

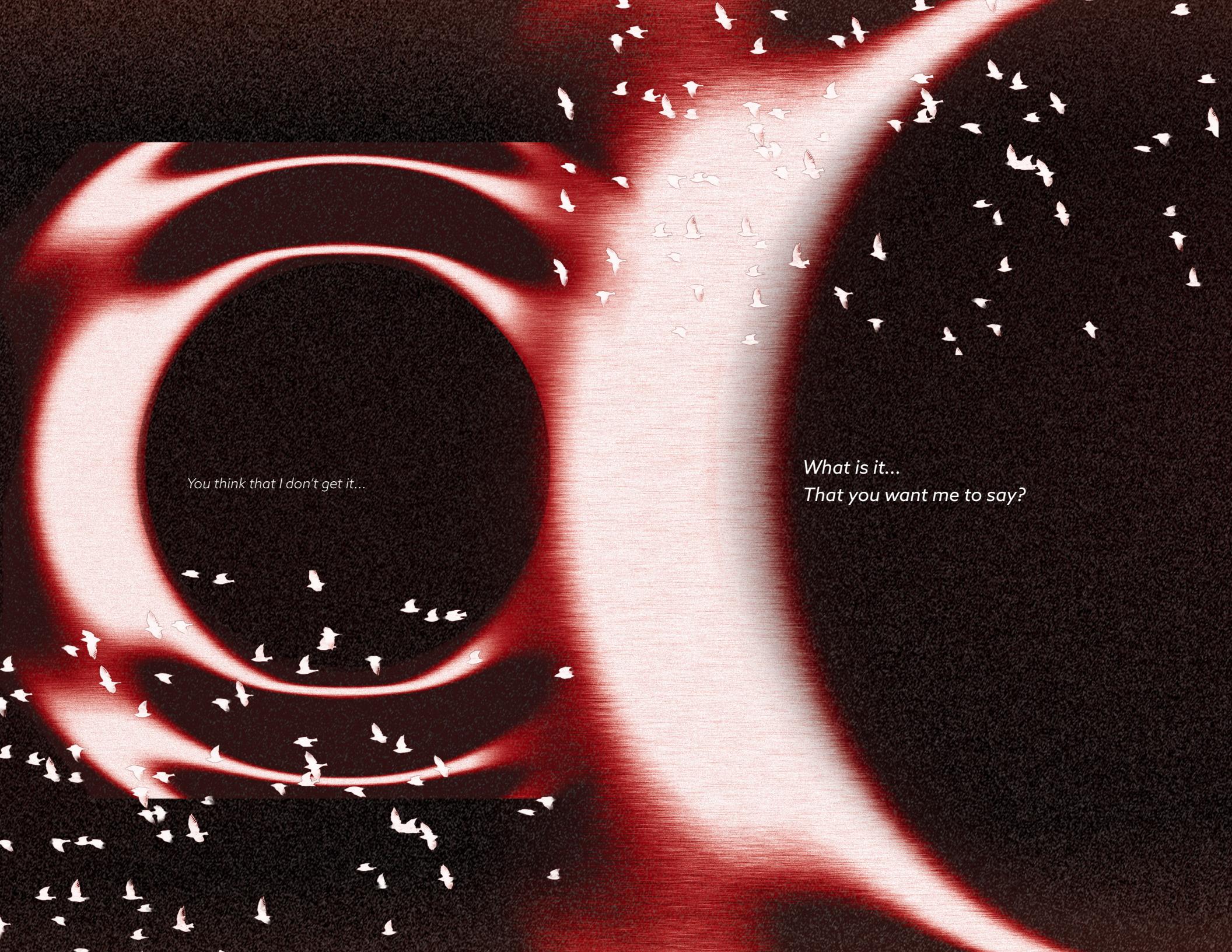
It's not that difficult to understand.

*Don't get overwhelmed. Why are you
getting overwhelmed?
It's very telling that you are...*

It's very simple...

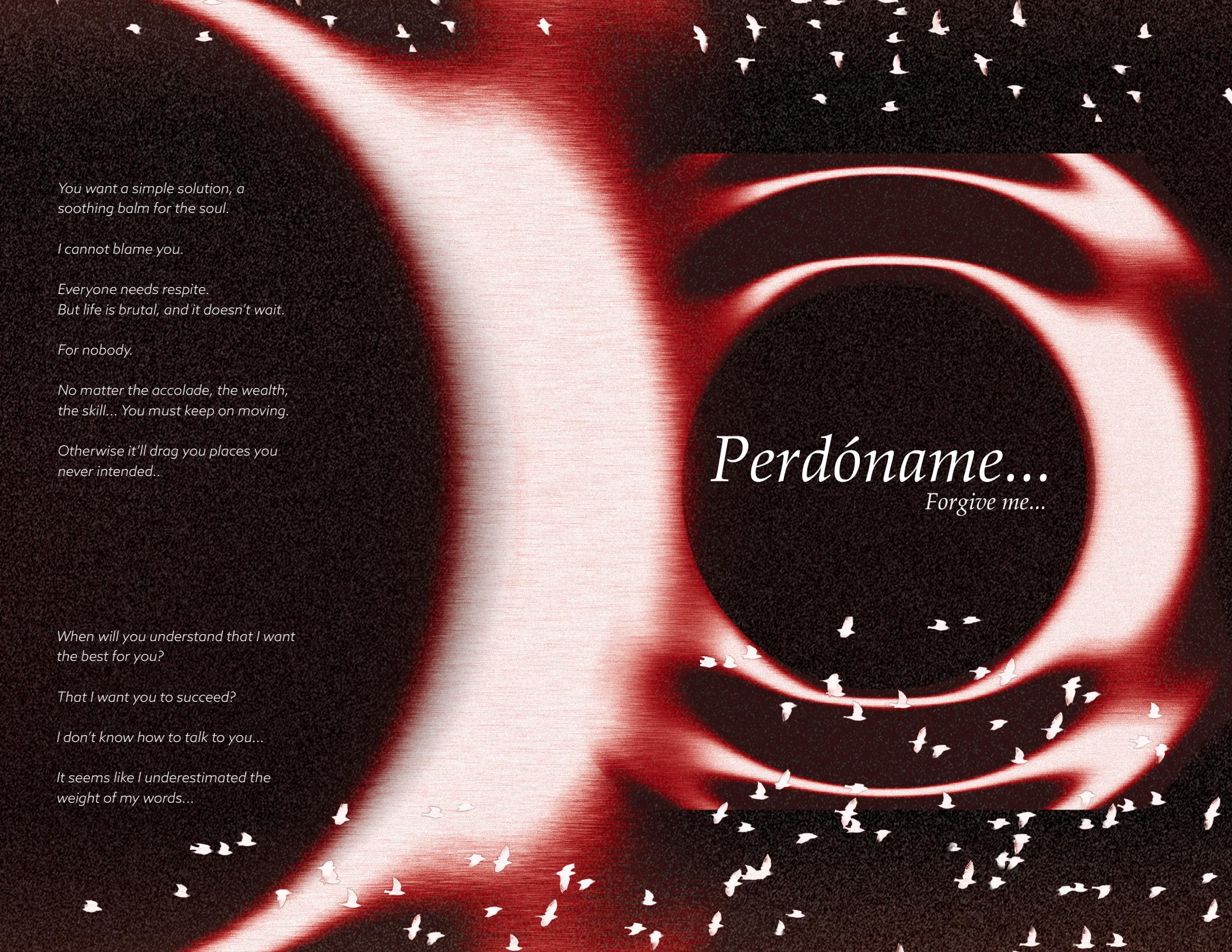
*So breathe...
If you want it... Give it your all...*





You think that I don't get it...

*What is it...
That you want me to say?*



*You want a simple solution, a
soothing balm for the soul.*

I cannot blame you.

*Everyone needs respite.
But life is brutal, and it doesn't wait.*

For nobody.

*No matter the accolade, the wealth,
the skill... You must keep on moving.*

*Otherwise it'll drag you places you
never intended..*

*When will you understand that I want
the best for you?*

That I want you to succeed?

I don't know how to talk to you...

*It seems like I underestimated the
weight of my words...*

Perdóname...

Forgive me...



Either fly...

Or don't...