

YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU WRITE. YOU NEVER
KNOW WHEN A FUTURE EMPLOYER
MIGHT READ IT.



WHEN DID WE FORGET
OUR DREAMS?



THE INFINITE POSSIBILITIES EACH DAY HOLDS SHOULD STAGGER THE MIND. THE SHEER NUMBER OF EXPERIENCES I COULD HAVE IS UNCOUNTABLE, BREATHTAKING, AND I'M SITTING HERE REFRESHING MY INBOX. WE LIVE TRAPPED IN LOOPS, RELIVING A FEW DAYS OVER AND OVER, AND WE ENVISION ONLY A HANDFUL OF PATHS LAID OUT AHEAD OF US. WE SEE THE SAME THINGS EACH DAY, WE RESPOND THE SAME WAY, WE THINK THE SAME THOUGHTS, EACH DAY A SLIGHT VARIATION ON THE LAST, EVERY MOMENT SMOOTHLY FOLLOWING THE GENTLE CURVES OF SOCIETAL NORMS. WE ACT LIKE IF WE JUST GET THROUGH TODAY, TOMORROW OUR DREAMS WILL COME BACK TO US.

AND NO, I DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO JOLT MYSELF INTO SEEING WHAT EACH MOMENT COULD BECOME. BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING: THE SOLUTION DOESN'T INVOLVE WATERING DOWN MY EVERY LITTLE IDEA AND CREATIVE IMPULSE FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEDAY EASING MY FIT INTO A MOLD. IT DOESN'T INVOLVE TEMPERING MY LIFE TO BETTER FIT SOMEONE'S EXPECTATIONS. IT DOESN'T INVOLVE CONSTANTLY HOLDING BACK FOR FEAR OF SHAKING THINGS UP.



THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, SO I WANT TO
SAY IT AS CLEARLY AS I CAN:

FUCK.



THAT.



SHIT.

