**Negative comments aren’t’ hurtful, it’s a way to understand the audience and yourself.**

**Why** do we complain?

We complain because it’s easy. Because it’s just so much easier to blame another person thing and get away with it. Because it’s the only way to relieve the stress that is pilled in you. So why dowe complain> because it’s the the natural way to get over an issue. We complain because

[coffee intro]

You can’t wait for motivation to do something you love. Be it film, photography, painting, ridding your bike across the country, the drive doesn’t come to you like a

I can never get enough of the eerie 6am breeze, the town of Pleasanton silently asleep. Occasionally a truck would disturb the peace with it’s guzzling engines, but nothing too harsh to disturb the concentration in the café. The minds of these people fascinate me. Programmers, morning runners, night shift workers, and even the students starting their papers due in the next couple of hours, had awoken before the sun, and I’m sure that wasn’t luck, or a coincidence. **Motivation to do things don’t find you, you have to find motivation, and it’s admittedly a long journey to push yourself for success.**

They kept running in the rain, my next-door neighbors’ children. It was wet, humid, dark, and yet these kids kept jumping into puddles, sliding in mud, playing tag. As a fourth grade “know-it-all,” my biggest frustration came from being treated equal to those immature kids outside. I’d watch them from my second-floor room in disgust. I was raised in an middle class family, but was admittedly raised like a king. There were rules to follow, etiquettes to be kept, and most importantly, to “act like a king.” I was raised to not take risks, to be safe, and never make bad decisions, as they never would benefit me in the future; but today I regret not taking the risk to break the rules. It’