

JAMES CLEAR

ATOMIC HABITS

An Easy and Proven Way
to Build Good Habits and
Break Bad Ones

Tiny Changes,
Remarkable
Results



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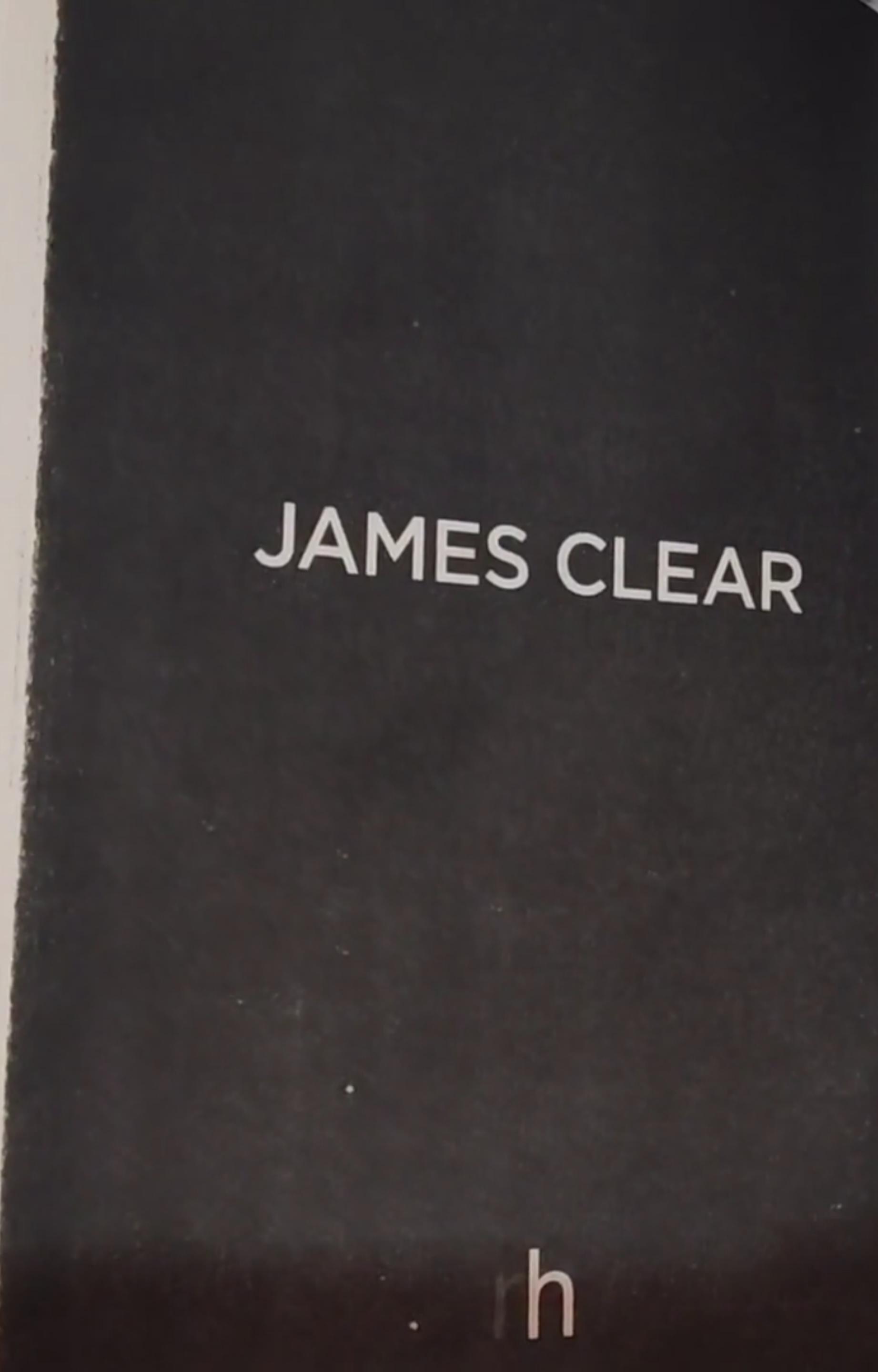
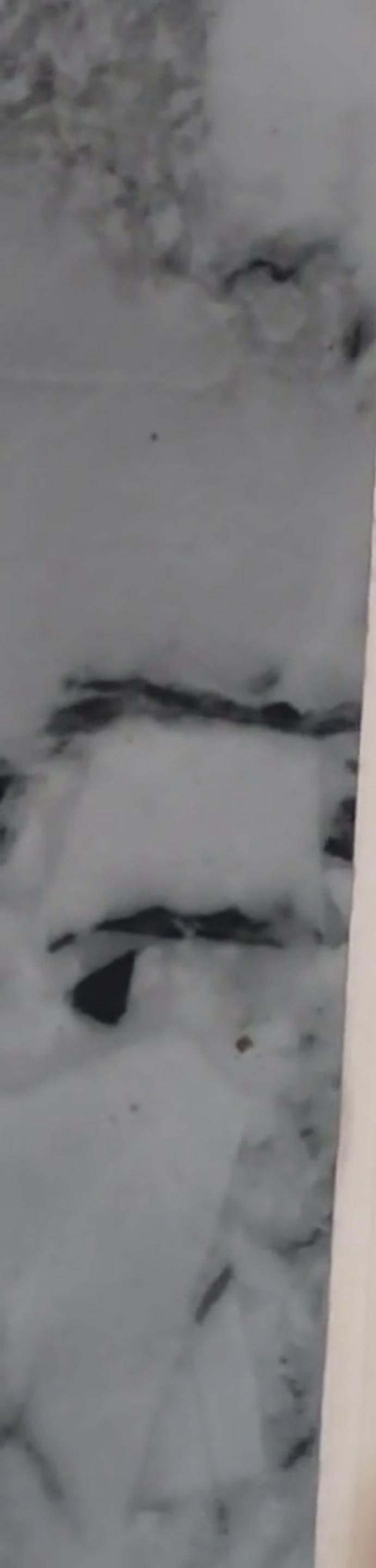
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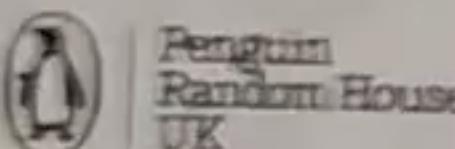
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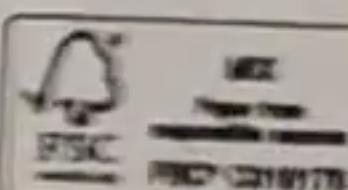
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a·tom·ic

a'tāmik

1. an extremely small amount of a thing; the single irreducible unit of a larger system.
2. the source of immense energy or power.

hab·it

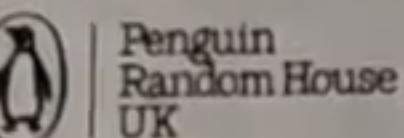
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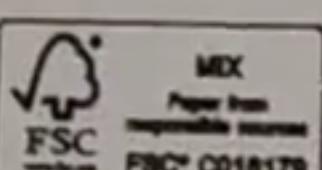
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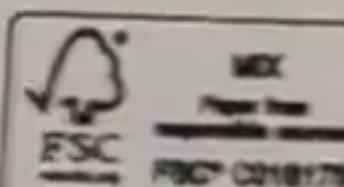
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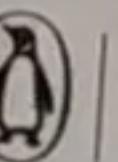
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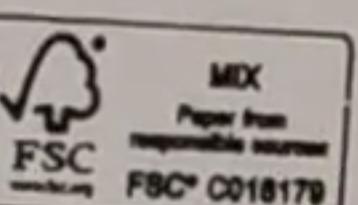
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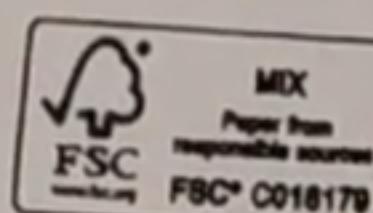
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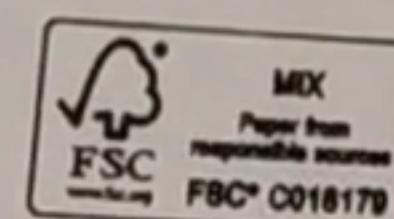
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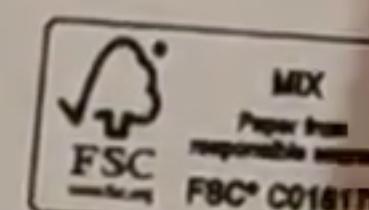
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Contents

1
1y Story

The Fundamentals

Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

13
The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits

29
How Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa)

43
Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

59
The Man Who Didn't Look Right

69
The Best Way to Start a New Habit

81
Motivation Is Overrated; Environment Often Matters More

91
The Secret to Self-Control

Contents

Introduction: My Story

1

The Fundamentals

Why Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 1 | The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits | 13 |
| 2 | How Your Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa) | 29 |
| 3 | How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps | 43 |

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 4 | The Man Who Didn't Look Right | 59 |
| 5 | The Best Way to Start a New Habit | 69 |
| 6 | Motivation Is Overrated; Environment
Often Matters More | 81 |
| 7 | The Secret to Self-Control | 91 |

Contents

Introduction: My Story

1

The Fundamentals

Why Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 1 | The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits | 13 |
| 2 | How Your Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa) | 29 |
| 3 | How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps | 43 |

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

- | | | |
|---|---|----|
| 4 | The Man Who Didn't Look Right | 59 |
| 5 | The Best Way to Start a New Habit | 69 |
| 6 | Motivation Is Overrated; Environment Often Matters More | 81 |
| 7 | The Secret to Self-Control | 91 |

Contents

Introduction: My Story

1

The Fundamentals

Why Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 1 | The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits | 13 |
| 2 | How Your Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa) | 29 |
| 3 | How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps | 43 |

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

- | | | |
|---|---|----|
| 4 | The Man Who Didn't Look Right | 59 |
| 5 | The Best Way to Start a New Habit | 69 |
| 6 | Motivation Is Overrated; Environment Often Matters More | 81 |
| 7 | The Secret to Self-Control | 91 |

Contents

Introduction: My Story

1

The Fundamentals

Why Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 1 | The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits | 13 |
| 2 | How Your Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa) | 29 |
| 3 | How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps | 43 |

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

- | | | |
|---|---|----|
| 4 | The Man Who Didn't Look Right | 59 |
| 5 | The Best Way to Start a New Habit | 69 |
| 6 | Motivation Is Overrated; Environment Often Matters More | 81 |
| 7 | The Secret to Self-Control | 91 |

Contents

Introduction: My Story

The Fundamentals

Why Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 1 | The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits | 13 |
| 2 | How Your Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa) | 29 |
| 3 | How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps | 43 |

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 4 | The Man Who Didn't Look Right | 59 |
| 5 | The Best Way to Start a New Habit | 69 |
| 6 | Motivation Is Overrated; Environment
Often Matters More | 81 |
| 7 | The Secret to Self-Control | |

Contents

Introduction: My Story

1

The Fundamentals

Why Tiny Changes Make a Big Difference

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 1 | The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits | 13 |
| 2 | How Your Habits Shape Your Identity (and Vice Versa) | 29 |
| 3 | How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps | 43 |

The 1st Law

Make It Obvious

- | | | |
|---|--|----|
| 4 | The Man Who Didn't Look Right | 59 |
| 5 | The Best Way to Start a New Habit | 69 |
| 6 | Motivation Is Overrated; Environment
Often Matters More | 81 |
| 7 | The Secret to Self-Control | |

Contents

Introduction: My Story

The Fundamentals Why Tiny Changes Make a BIG Difference

1 The Surprising Power of Atomic Habits	257
2 How Your Habits Shape Your Identity	259
3 How to Build Better Habits in 4 Simple Steps	265
	267
	269
	273
	299

The 1st Law Make It Obvious

The Man Who Didn't Look Back

It's Never Too Late to Start

<p>How to Make a Habit Irresistible</p> <p>The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits</p> <p>How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits</p> <p>The 3rd Law Make It Easy</p> <p>Walk Slowly, but Never Backward</p> <p>The Law of Least Effort</p> <p>How to Stop Procrastinating by Using the Two-Minute Rule</p> <p>How to Make Good Habits Inevitable and Bad Habits Impossible</p> <p>The 4th Law Make It Satisfying</p> <p>The Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change</p> <p>How to Stick with Good Habits Every Day</p> <p>How an Accountability Partner Can Change Everything</p>	<p>10 11 12 13 14 149 149 159 169 183 195 205</p>	<p>Attractive</p> <p>10</p> <p>11</p> <p>12</p> <p>13</p> <p>14</p> <p>149</p> <p>149</p> <p>159</p> <p>169</p> <p>183</p> <p>195</p> <p>205</p>
		Advanced Tactics
		How to Go from Being Merely Good to Being Truly Great
		18 The Truth About Talent (When Genes Matter and When They Don't)
		217
		19 The Goldilocks Rule: How to Stay Motivated in Life and Work
		229
		20 The Downside of Creating Good Habits
		239
		Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last
		251
		Appendix
		What Should You Read Next?
		Little Lessons from the Four Laws
		257
		How to Apply These Ideas to Business
		259
		How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting
		265
		Acknowledgments
		267
		Notes
		269
		Index
		273
		299

The 2nd Law
Make It Attractive

- 8 How to Make a Habit Irresistible 101
9 The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits 113
10 How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits 125

The 3rd Law
Make It Easy

- 11 Walk Slowly, but Never Backward 141
12 The Law of Least Effort 149
13 How to Stop Procrastinating by Using
the Two-Minute Rule 159
14 How to Make Good Habits Inevitable
and Bad Habits Impossible 169

The 4th Law
Make It Satisfying

- 15 The Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change 183
16 How to Stick with Good Habits Every Day 195
17 How an Accountability Partner Can
Change Everything 205

Advanced Tactics

How to Go from Being Merely
Good to Being Truly Great

- 18 The Truth About Talent
(When Genes Matter and When They Don't) 217
19 The Goldilocks Rule: How to Stay Motivated
in Life and Work 229
20 The Downside of Creating Good Habits 239

Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last 251

Appendix

- What Should You Read Next? 257
Little Lessons from the Four Laws 259
How to Apply These Ideas to Business 265
How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting 267
Acknowledgments 269
Notes 273
Index 299

The 2nd Law
Make It Attractive

- | | |
|---|-----|
| 8 How to Make a Habit Irresistible | 101 |
| 9 The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits | 113 |
| 10 How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits | 125 |

The 3rd Law
Make It Easy

- | | |
|--|-----|
| 11 Walk Slowly, but Never Backward | 141 |
| 12 The Law of Least Effort | 149 |
| 13 How to Stop Procrastinating by Using
the Two-Minute Rule | 159 |
| 14 How to Make Good Habits Inevitable
and Bad Habits Impossible | 169 |

The 4th Law
Make It Satisfying

- | | |
|--|-----|
| Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change | 183 |
| How to Stick with Good Habits Every Day | 195 |
| How an Accountability Partner Can
Change Everything | 205 |

Advanced Tactics

How to Go from Being Merely
Good to Being Truly Great

- | | |
|--|-----|
| 18 The Truth About Talent
(When Genes Matter and When They Don't) | 217 |
| 19 The Goldilocks Rule: How to Stay Motivated
in Life and Work | 229 |
| 20 The Downside of Creating Good Habits | 239 |

Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last

251

Appendix

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| What Should You Read Next? | 257 |
| Little Lessons from the Four Laws | 259 |
| How to Apply These Ideas to Business | 265 |
| How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting | 267 |
| Acknowledgments | 269 |
| Notes | 273 |
| Index | 299 |

Make It Attractive	
8 How to Make a Habit Irresistible	11
9 The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits	11
10 How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits	12
The 3rd Law	
Make It Easy	
11 Walk Slowly, but Never Backward	14
12 The Law of Least Effort	14
13 How to Stop Procrastinating by Using the Two-Minute Rule	14
14 How to Make Good Habits Inevitable and Bad Habits Impossible	15
The 4th Law	
Make It Satisfying	
15 The Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change	183
16 How to Stick with Good Habits Every Day	195
17 How an Accountability Partner Can Change Everything	205
Advanced Tactics	
How to Go from Being Merely Good to Being Truly Great	
18 The Truth About Talent (When Genes Matter and When They Don't)	217
19 The Goldilocks Rule: How to Stay Motivated in Life and Work	229
20 The Downside of Creating Good Habits	239
Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last	251
Appendix	
What Should You Read Next?	257
Little Lessons from the Four Laws	259
How to Apply These Ideas to Business	265
How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting	267
Acknowledgments	269
Notes	273
Index	299

- 8 How to Make a Habit Irresistible
9 The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits
10 How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits

The 3rd Law Make It Easy

- 11 Walk Slowly, but Never Backward
12 The Law of Least Effort
13 How to Stop Procrastinating by Using
the Two-Minute Rule
14 How to Make Good Habits Inevitable
and Bad Habits Impossible

The 4th Law Make It Satisfying

- 15 The Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change
16 How to Stick with Good Habits Every Day
17 How an Accountability Partner Can
Change Everything

Advanced Tactics How to Go from Being Merely Good to Being Truly Great

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(When Genes Matter and When They Don't) 217
19 The Goldilocks Rule: How to Stay Motivated
in Life and Work 229
20 The Downside of Creating Good Habits 239

Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last

251

Appendix

- What Should You Read Next? 257
Little Lessons from the Four Laws 259
How to Apply These Ideas to Business 265
How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting 267
Acknowledgments 269
Notes 273
Index 299

8 How to Make a Habit Irresistible

9 The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits

10 How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits

The 3rd Law
Make It Easy

11 Walk Slowly, but Never Backward

12 The Law of Least Effort

13 How to Stop Procrastinating by Using
the Two-Minute Rule

14 How to Make Good Habits Inevitable
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The 4th Law
Make It Satisfying

15 The Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change

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Change Everything

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Good to Being Truly Great

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217

19 The Goldilocks Rule: How to Stay Motivated
in Life and Work

229

20 The Downside of Creating Good Habits

239

Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last

251

Appendix

What Should You Read Next?

257

Little Lessons from the Four Laws

259

How to Apply These Ideas to Business

265

How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting

267

Acknowledgments

269

Notes

273

Index

299

- 8 How to Make a Habit Irresistible
- 9 The Role of Family and Friends in Shaping Your Habits
- 10 How to Find and Fix the Causes of Your Bad Habits

The 3rd Law
Make It Easy

- 11 Walk Slowly, but Never Backward
- 12 The Law of Least Effort
- 13 How to Stop Procrastinating by Using the Two-Minute Rule
- 14 How to Make Good Habits Inevitable and Bad Habits Impossible

The 4th Law
Make It Satisfying

- 15 The Cardinal Rule of Behavior Change
- 16 How to Stick with Good Habits Every Day
- 17 How an Accountability Partner Can Change Everything

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How to Go from Being Merely Good to Being Truly Great

- 18 The Truth About Talent (When Genes Matter and When They Don't)
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Conclusion: The Secret to Results That Last

217

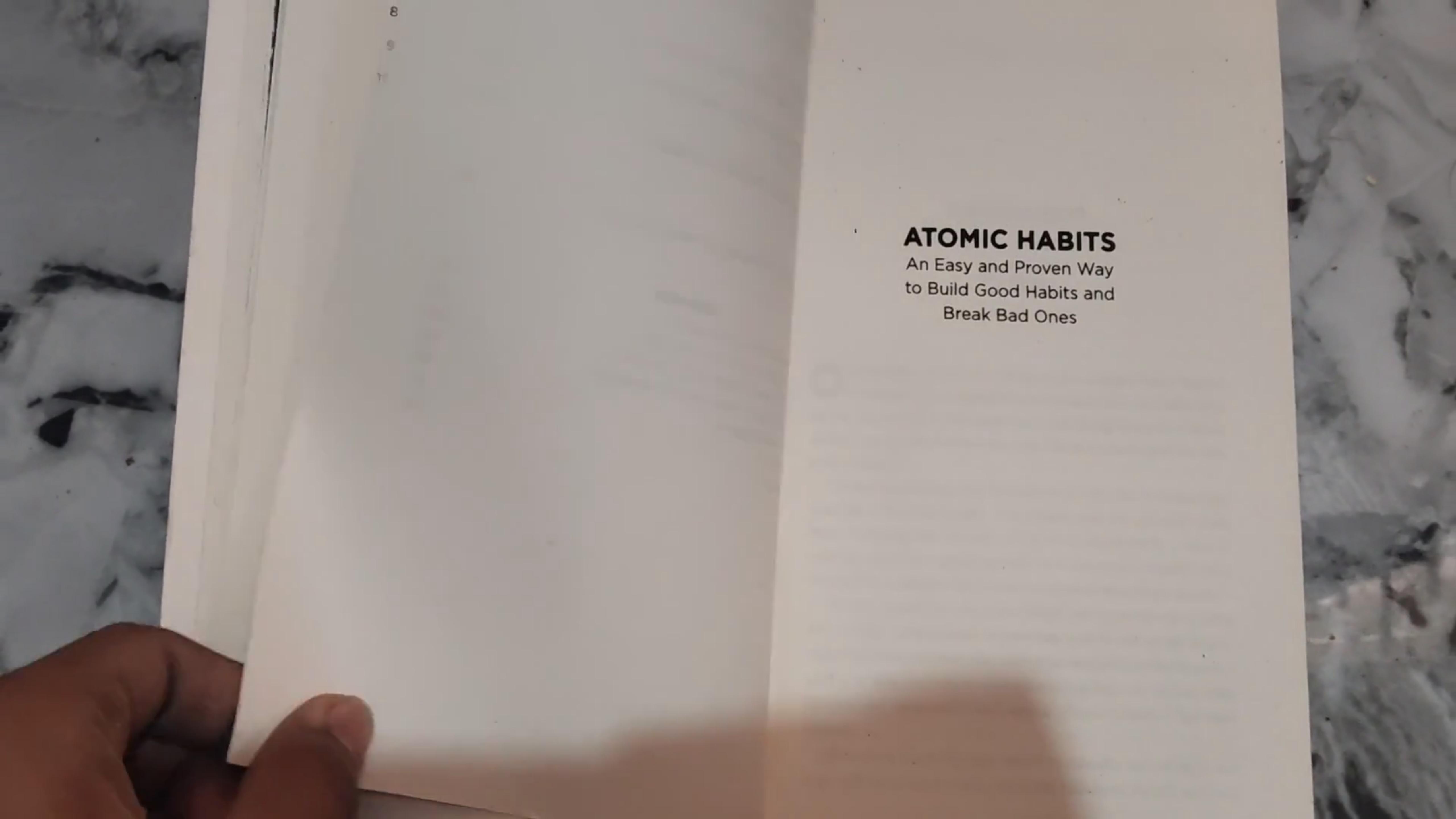
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239

251

Appendix

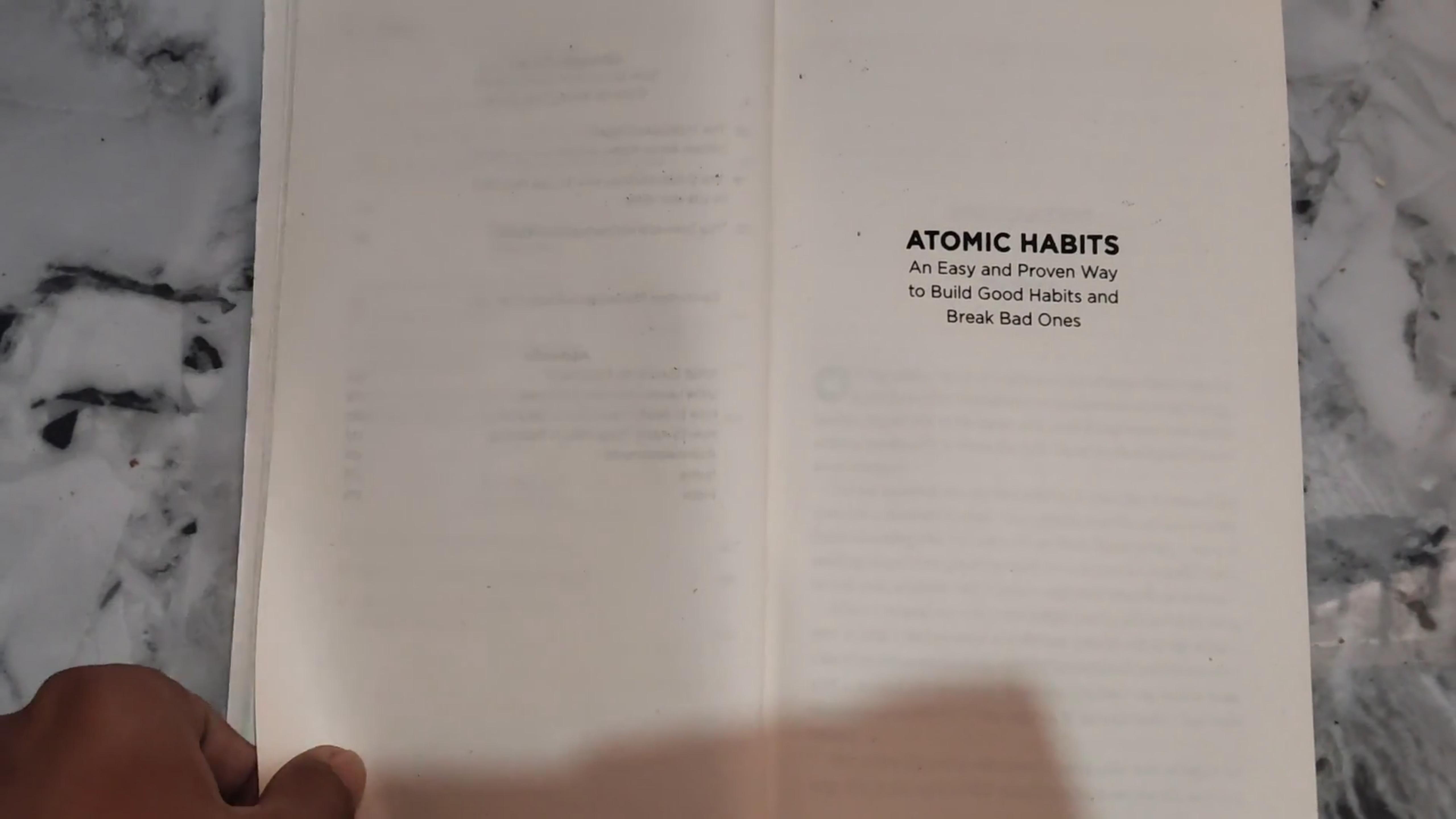
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| What Should You Read Next? | 257 |
| Little Lessons from the Four Laws | 259 |
| How to Apply These Ideas to Business | 265 |
| How to Apply These Ideas to Parenting | 267 |
| Acknowledgments | 269 |
| Notes | 273 |
| Index | 299 |



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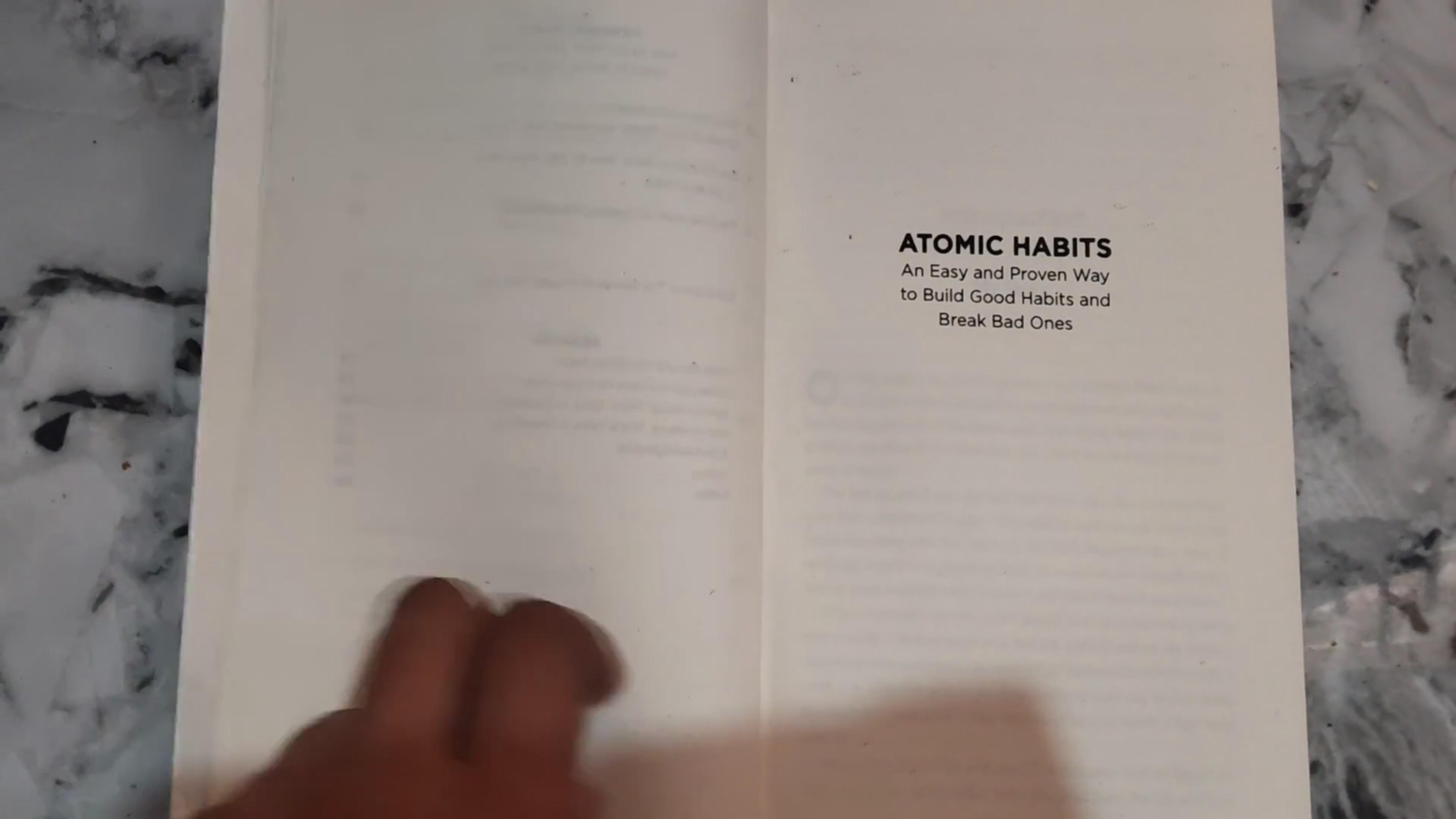
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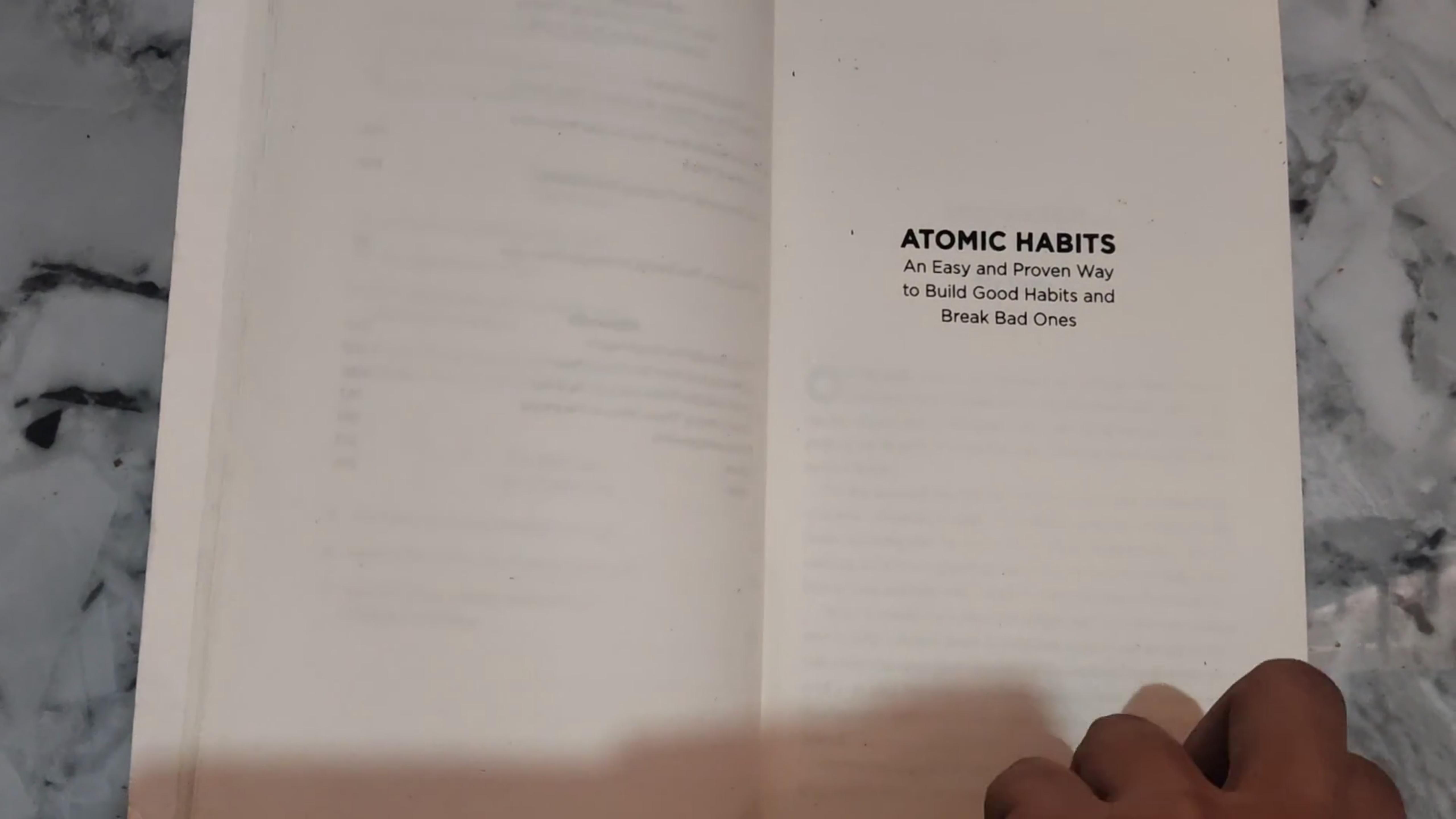
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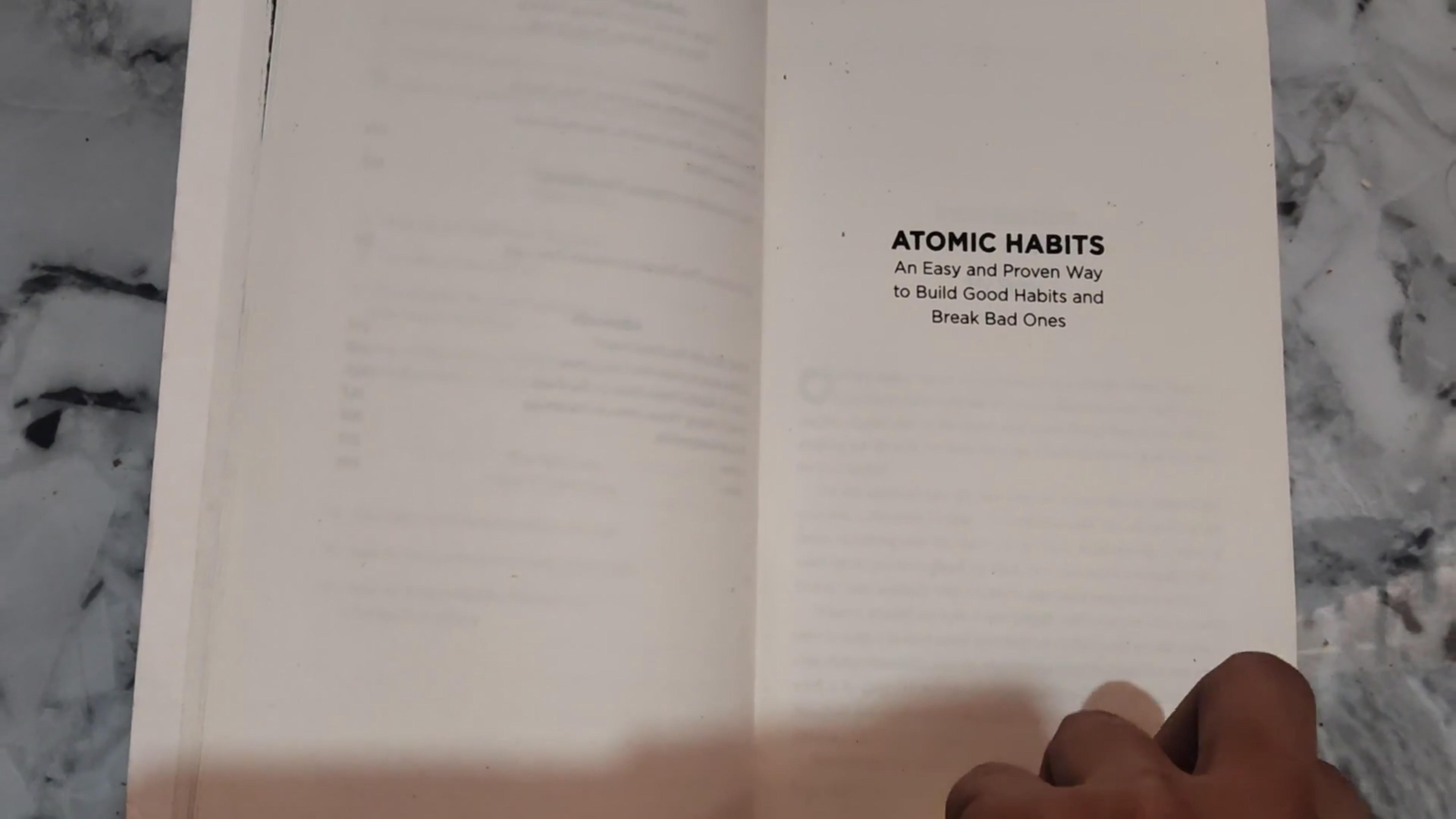
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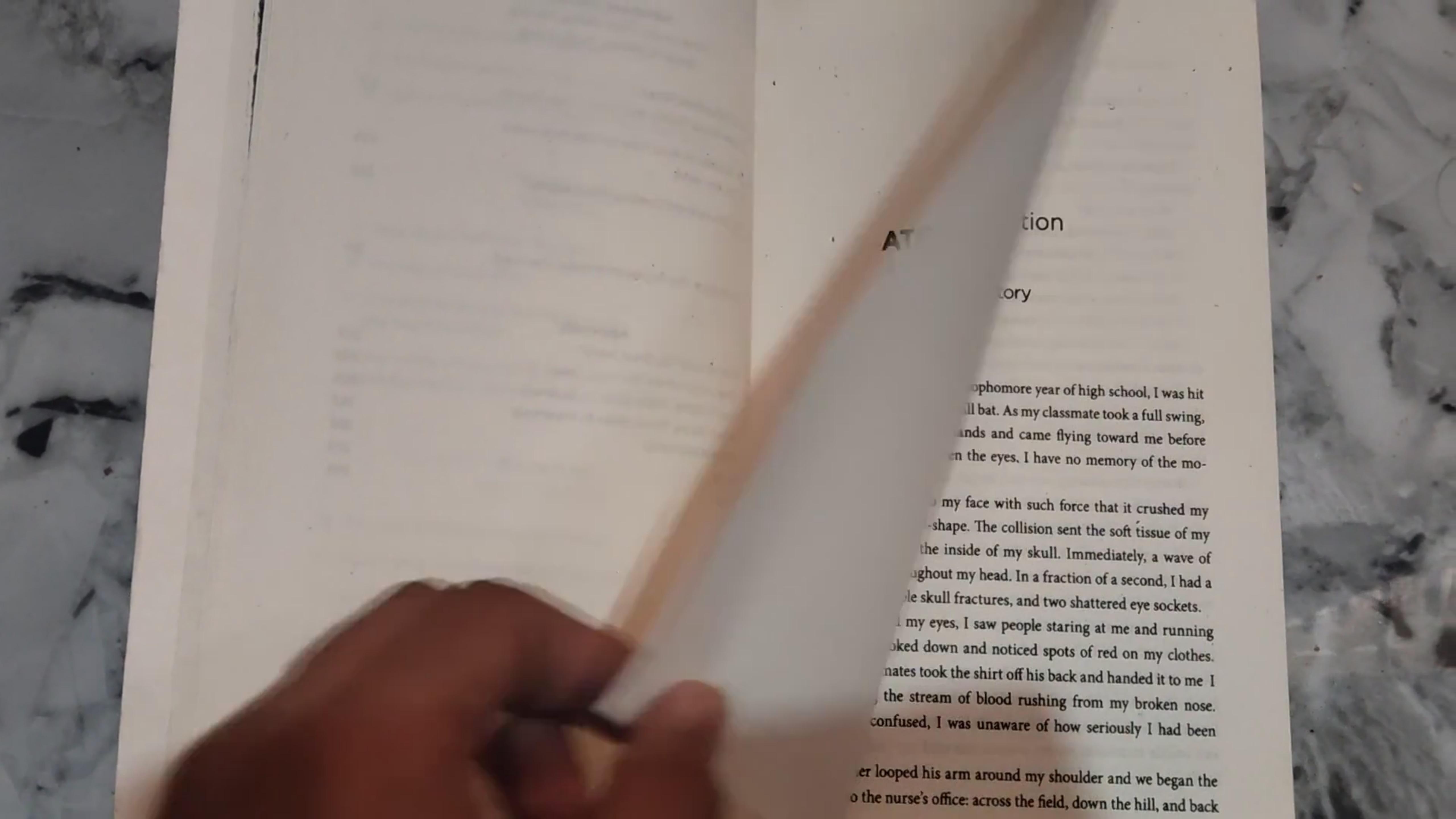
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Break Bad Ones



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AT

ory

ophomore year of high school, I was hit
ball bat. As my classmate took a full swing,
hands and came flying toward me before
on the eyes. I have no memory of the mo-

my face with such force that it crushed my
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When I opened my eyes, I saw people staring at me and running over to help. I looked down and noticed spots of red on my clothes. One of my classmates took the shirt off his back and handed it to me. I used it to plug the stream of blood rushing from my broken nose. Shocked and confused, I was unaware of how seriously I had been injured.

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While my mother rode with me in the helicopter, my father went home to check on my brother and sister and break the news to them. He choked back tears as he explained to my sister that he would miss her eighth-grade graduation ceremony that night. After passing my siblings off to family and friends, he drove to Cincinnati to meet my mother.

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Shortly after arriving, my body began shutting down. My heart stopped with basic functions like swallowing and breathing. I was in a haze of unconsciousness. Then I stopped breathing entirely. The paramedics tried to supply me with oxygen, they also decided that I was too far gone and unequipped to handle the situation and ordered me to be transported to a larger hospital in Cincinnati.

I was rolled out of the emergency room on a gurney and padded across the floor. The stretcher rattled under my weight as another paramedic held my hand. I was alone again, for the first time since I was born.

While my mother was home to check on me, I lay in bed. He choked back his eighth-grade siblings off. I lay in bed, my mother.

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baseball season was not smooth. When the season rolled around, I was cut from the varsity baseball team. I had been one of the best players in the country, and for someone who had spent so much time working on his game, getting cut was humiliating. I vividly remember the day I got cut. I sat in my car and cried as I flipped through my phone, frantically searching for a song that would make me feel better.

With no doubt, I managed to make the varsity team as a freshman. I played well on the field. In total, I played eleven innings of baseball, barely more than a single game.

Even though my high school career, I still believed I could be successful. I had a desire to play baseball and I knew that if things were going to improve, I needed to work harder and be more determined for making it happen. The turning point came during my sophomore year, when I began college at Denison University. I was nervous about playing baseball at a new level, and it was the place where I would discover the importance of small habits for the first time.

HOW I LEARNED ABOUT HABITS

Choosing to play baseball at Denison was one of the best decisions of my life. I earned a spot on the baseball team and, although I was at the bottom of the roster, I was thrilled. Despite the chaos of my high school baseball career, I managed to become a college athlete.

I was not going to be starting on the baseball team anytime soon, so I focused on getting my life in order. While my peers stayed up late and played video games, I built good sleep habits and went to bed early. I also ate healthy meals. In the messy world of a college dorm, I made a point to

MY RECOVERY

Mercifully, by the next morning my breathing had rebounded to the point where the doctors felt comfortable releasing me from the coma. When I finally regained consciousness, I discovered that I had lost my ability to smell. As a test, a nurse asked me to blow my nose and sniff an apple juice box. My sense of smell returned, but—to everyone's surprise—the act of blowing my nose forced air through the fractures in my eye socket and pushed my left eye outward. My eyeball bulged out of the socket, held precariously in place by my eyelid and the optic nerve attaching my eye to my brain.

The ophthalmologist said my eye would gradually slide back into place as the air seeped out, but it was hard to tell how long this would take. I was scheduled for surgery one week later, which would allow me some additional time to heal. I looked like I had been on the wrong end of a boxing match, but I was cleared to leave the hospital. I returned home with a broken nose, half a dozen facial fractures, and a bulging left eye.

The following months were hard. It felt like everything in my life was on pause. I had double vision for weeks; I literally couldn't see straight. It took more than a month, but my eyeball did eventually return to its normal location. Between the seizures and my vision problems, it was eight months before I could drive a car again. At physical therapy, I practiced basic motor patterns like walking in a straight line. I was determined not to let my injury get me down, but there were more than a few moments when I felt depressed and overwhelmed.

I became painfully aware of how far I had to go when I returned to the baseball field one year later. Baseball had always been a major part of my life. My dad had played minor league baseball for the St. Louis Cardinals, and I had a dream of playing professionally, too. After

months of rehabilitation, what I wanted more than anything was to get back on the field.

But my return to baseball was not smooth. When the season rolled around, I was the only junior to be cut from the varsity baseball team. I was sent down to play with the sophomores on junior varsity. I had been playing since age four, and for someone who had spent so much time and effort on the sport, getting cut was humiliating. I vividly remember the day it happened. I sat in my car and cried as I flipped through the radio, desperately searching for a song that would make me feel better.

After a year of self-doubt, I managed to make the varsity team as a senior, but I rarely made it on the field. In total, I played eleven innings of high school varsity baseball, barely more than a single game.

Despite my lackluster high school career, I still believed I could become a great player. And I knew that if things were going to improve, I was the one responsible for making it happen. The turning point came two years after my injury, when I began college at Denison University. It was a new beginning, and it was the place where I would discover the surprising power of small habits for the first time.

HOW I LEARNED ABOUT HABITS

Attending Denison was one of the best decisions of my life. I earned a spot on the baseball team and, although I was at the bottom of the roster as a freshman, I was thrilled. Despite the chaos of my high school years, I had managed to become a college athlete.

I wasn't going to be starting on the baseball team anytime soon, so I focused on getting my life in order. While my peers stayed up late and played video games, I built good sleep habits and went to bed early each night. In the messy world of a college dorm, I made a point to

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