

ON ENVY

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I don't really envy anyone else at all any more. For some time I did envy someone. It was John Maynard Keynes, but I gave that up after a while. What I realised is that I am unique and special and all of the stars and galaxies, all of Earth, the sun, night and day love me and need me to be just myself. After that it felt rather silly to be envious of anyone else. What's the point? I don't see myself with their flaws. Why should I envy what seems good? There is no one to envy for me. And there is no one to envy for you either. Some things are bad and you don't envy them. I feel fortunate for all the things I am and all the things I have been and all the things I will become. I am grateful for all this to Fate, to Existence, and that is healthy. Envy is ugly. There is no space in me for it.

People say, "I bet you are envious of Bill Gates". No. No no no. I am 20,000 better than him, and more fortunate too. What a horrible man and what a horrible life this Bill Gates cat has had. No I feel pity for him, not envy.