



**He who becomes the slave of habit,
who follows the same routes every day,
who never changes pace,
who does not risk and change the color of his clothes,
who does not speak and does not experience,
dies slowly.**

**He or she who shuns passion,
who prefers black on white,
dotting ones "it's" rather than a bundle of emotions,
the kind that make your eyes glimmer,
that turn a yawn into a smile,
that make the heart pound in the face of mistakes and feelings,
dies slowly.**



And that's the thing about life: it's not easy, once in their lives, and that's the thing about life: it's not easy, once in their lives,



