

Slowly dies he who becomes a slave to habit repeating the same journey every day, he who does not change his march, he who does not risk wearing new colors, he who does not speak to those he does not know.

Slowly dies he who avoids a passion, he who prefers either getting things down in black and white or dotting his "is", to experiencing a whirl of emotions; particularly those that make the eyes shine, those that turn a yawn into a smile, those that make the heart beat before error and feelings.

Slowly dies he who does not overturn the table, when he is unhappy with his work, he who does not risk certainty to follow a dream, he who not even once in his life disregards reasonable advice.

Slowly dies he who does not travel, he who does not read, he who does not listen to music, he who does not find grace in himself.

Slowly dies he who destroys love in himself, he who does not accept somebody's help.

Slowly dies he who passes his days complaining about either his own misfortunes or the incessant rain.

Slowly dies he who abandons a project before even starting it, he who does not inquire about topics he does not know, he who does not answer when being asked about something he knows.

Let's avoid death in small doses, remembering always that being alive requires more effort than the simple act of breathing. Only a burning patience will lead to the attainment of a splendid happiness.