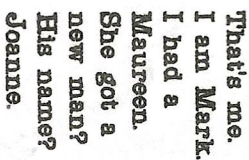


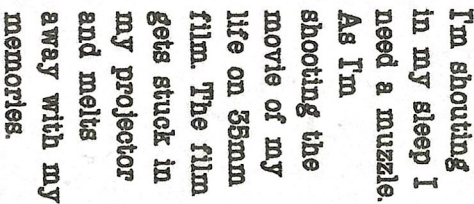
my soul, my only goal is just to be. There's only now, there's only

instead of my old shit



Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes

for a restaurant.



I can't control...
 My destiny...
 I trust my soul...
 My only hope...
 Is just to be...

Roger and Mark



HONEST LIVING



How did I get here?
How the hell?
Yee! Christmas Eve,
Christmas Eve, 2013...

How could a night so frozen
become even colder?
How could a day meant to be
filled with joy,
become filled with fear?

How did I get here?

How the hell?

Yes! Christmas Eve,

Christmas Eve, 2015.

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 395–402

How could a night so frozen

become even colder?

How could a day meant to be

filled with joy,

become filled with fear?