

I wouldn't seek pain even to my advantage, that I can to my aggrievement is unimaginable.

I can bear almost any pain but would actively seek neither pain nor pleasure.

We fail to recognize things as right as they are when we choose to recognize them as right as they are not.

With the certainty that I am on the right path, pain becomes a triviality, I get the strength to endure best. Because then, the result is almost certain.

I don't know reality, I must be living the closest it is currently possible to be to it.

It is undesirable, good and inevitable. I benefit from it because its undesirability doesn't make it bad.

I wish and work towards it but don't intend to have things go my way. I am safer when they happen the way they do.

I do right not because I compel myself to. That I feel compelled by myself to, I do.

To live is to seek understanding.

From understanding of, not familiarity with life I find comfort.

I liken life to a fire where I must be in a suitable position to feel the warmth. I am careful, due to temptation, in expectation to feel warmer, not to move closer and closer to the fire because I am well aware that there lies my destruction.

Even in the depths of misery, I still believe in that future revelation that things were right, just as they will be.

No power rests on me, I am a servant.

Despite the sadness and pain, the fact that it is perfect persists. In cognizance of this, I am convinced that this is no ordinary; unbearable, unfavourable and worthless pain.

That we are meant for strength, not due to the refusal to be strong, weakness leads to dissatisfaction.

The wise man seeks neither pain nor pleasure but I would seek pleasure over pain, never pain in the name of pleasure.

Because reality is truth, the reality held determines the power possessed.

The beauty of truth is the initial fascination with and eventual proficiency in it, the tragedy of falsehood is initial doubt of and eventual belief in it.

It is a tragedy that we truly like falsehood, to falsely love the truth is a greater tragedy.

Looked in the right light it lights.

Falsehood ensures satisfaction within the realm of our false self and curtails the satisfaction of our true self.

Truth is compatible with life leading to success, wrong is but it fails to guarantee success.

I expect life not to be, but to be good to myself. Then I know I won't have to mind what life holds for me.

We lack because we live as if something is lacking, abundant because we believe we are.

We are hurt most when we don't hurt best.

I stand in my place because standing there, the disguised enemy would convince me that my ends are well impossible without having to, at a cost, stand there.

I succeeded not because I walked the hard but the easy path.

That suffering made me stronger I appreciate. That my strength made me suffer right I hold dear.

I don't intend to suffer but to suffer the best I intend.

The easy path is the right one and the hardest to choose.

Because I am strong, I'd always choose and take pleasure in the easier path, the challenging one. I am certain of the result.

If by all standards I were unable to determine the right path, I would choose the easier one.

The right path is not easy but the easier path is the right path.

The wise man chose the easy path, enjoyed and reached.
The fool chose it, struggled and reached not.

Unless I intend to worry, I wouldn't worry about what intends to worry me.

I worried the least about how bad I suffered. How best I did concerned me the most.

I prefer, with the aid of the truth to enjoy the journey and arrive at my destination. I would struggle to arrive at my destination but I would never want to struggle and because of falsehood fail to arrive.

I walked a path called success, never reaching a destination called success.

Every time I avoided suffering I suffered more. Whenever I embraced it, I suffered best.

My suffering didn't lead me to fortune. I suffered the whole time and liked it.

My pleasure wasn't disrupted by pain, I enjoyed it the whole time.

Extraordinary pleasure can only be found in the most unlikely of places.

There isn't pleasure greater than that born of suffering and adversity, no higher adversity, suffering than that disguised as pleasure.

The truth is the basis on which we come up with sound interpretations of life. Thus, we can interpret life differently but the truth remains paramount.

I am certain that some moments will dim my light but I am convinced that my light will never for a moment be put off. I know this not citing my strength but because every moment I have known, no matter how dark, knew light.

The interaction between myself, my false self, and success I call life. A satisfactory outcome from this interaction I call satisfaction.

I endured it but the pain never taught me endurance, through enduring best I knew how to hurt best.

I am no expert in battle and could be weak but I would never counter power with weakness. Neither would I fail to unleash my little power against any opposing power there can be.

I despise all the reasons that make us persist in the wrong but I detest pleasure the most.

To make it, I make it.

50.

Even when the beauty wasn't immediately obvious, I ensured all the conditions for it were in place. Because I knew that one day when the conditions are right, the beauty would reveal.

I feel it and it is powerful. It can even overwhelm me but I take comfort in my cognizance that it is even to that extent useless and thus powerless.

I know I am living correctly when I, in life correct myself while cognisant that I am, in that state correct.

It is easy to not be myself but easier when I am.

I know the extent to which it is easy to be not what I am, and how hard it is to be what I am. But I still hold that it is easier to be what I am than what I am not.

Struggle without pleasure is misery, suffering devoid of pleasure is tragedy.

I am strong because I am what I am. Thus, I don't intend to fight adversity. Instead, I have confidence in my ability to handle it best.

To the fool, the complexity of life renders the truth non-existent.

To the wise man, it renders the truth valuable.

We make ourselves the best, we destroy ourselves the best.

I value my beliefs but foremost I know the value of the truth. Because it costs nothing to hold my beliefs and costs everything to hold the wrong beliefs.

After all, to have my beliefs work for my good is priceless.

Success isn't a far-away dream, it is a reality I experience every day.

I prefer the pleasure of suffering and adversity to the suffering and adversity of illusive pleasure.

I am not ready to defend against adversity, I am prepared to receive it here.

I don't, to get pleasure intend to avoid suffering and adversity. Instead, I look for pleasure in suffering and adversity.

I'd adjust to nothing but myself. Then, I would be able to fit anything there is.

Despite the consequence, I still know regret not when the expected comes from the expected because it is meant to emanate from there and it must be.

I expect to get the expected good from both the expected and the unexpected. I expect the expected evil from the expected.

I don't expect the external to satisfy the internal but the internal to do and define the external. But still, I recognize the external's place in satisfying the internal.

My understanding of satisfaction may still be unsatisfactory but I know the way to satisfy myself, the external is to satisfy nothing external but my true self.

All I need is the truth and myself, my true self.

Being myself, whether it's favourable or not, I am assured of a good result of appropriate action.

I liked the pleasure from fortune but that from adversity I liked best.

From adversity and fortune, I derived equal pleasure.

I am least worried about pain's cause and most careful with the cause of pleasure.

Neither to intention nor unsuitability do I owe life's failure to meet expectation but my failure to meet not any condition of but life's expectation.

I prefer fortune to misfortune but foremost I expect to live.

To endeavour to live is to endeavour to life's favour best.

The wise man seeks comfort through comfort, from work.
The fool seeks comfort through comfort, for comfort.

The tragedy with falsehood is its justifiability, that the truth is justified I consider its crown.

Not reassurance but conviction that it is right we need because primarily, the lie seeks to reassure that it is while the truth, ordinarily isn't that assuring.

I persist in believing in anything that works but still, here, the truth remains supreme.

From the way it treats its beloved me, I am convinced that life got nothing against me, anyone.

My true, not false self is the seat of true comfort.

Life's foremost disparities are its finest justifiers.

So weak to resent are the differences seeking to separate me from life. Not subject to disregard are the similarities that lead to the conviction that life is for me.

Pain as a reality of life remains undesirable but I have known light whenever it has been here. For this light, I am ready to endure it best.

Fundamentally, to change is to change not. It is moving closer to and about staying true to the unchanging truth, the true self.

However bleak the possibility of the expected outcome, I still worry the least. I expect to benefit if the expected outcome is here, to take pleasure in it when the expected undesirable happens.

The only time wasted is time deliberately wasted.

The best game deserves the best players. In life, I intend to be one.

The worst hit deserves the best defense.

I expect life's usual perfect hit in adversity. I aspire towards the same on the defense side.

In the expectation that we play, life initiated the game. However, I, life ended up disappointed. Life fell short of expectation because I was convinced this was no game at all. The next time life is here, we must play the game. But I am keen not to be disappointed again, this time in the event that I lose any part of the game.

That we, in the effort to maintain our place, through resilience are bound to thrive in adversity and through comfort to stagnate in fortune, I look forward not to adversity but to meeting it here.

To take pleasure in the least remains a favourite. Despite satisfaction therein, to embrace, in this endeavour, convention, in total disregard of our possibilities, I detest.

I, with the least consideration for convenience, in the considerate effort to be correct sought right. The resulting correct state, the better and unlikely convenience therein, I treasure.

We aren't obliged to conform to any standard, our obligation lies in conforming to our standard. But our foremost obligation remains to know our standard.

I seek to, not for the sake of but my own, their, its sake.

I know misfortune will take care of itself, I choose to take care of myself when it is here.

When I see the imperfect's perfection in the result thereof, I cease to see the perfect as imperfect.

100.

I am bound to leave, just as I live, a happy man. For this, my dream to, satisfied, lives on.

Tomorrow, I expect neither happiness nor satisfaction.

Today, the contrary is my ultimate goal.

There exists no flaw justified not subject to correction,
no flaw subject to correction not justified.

In the flow, there exists a bend. I am convinced that it is to enhance the flow and that it is not a flaw.

We all are fast runners here, in the same race.
However, it is the good learners, through determination who determine that tragedy is when the best runner runs the worst, determining the race.

Falsehood hurts worst when it pleases most, adversity is fit for pleasure most when it hurts worst.

However manageable, regardless of the benefit, I remain elusive on the wrong path. This way, by wrong, I remain unmanageable. Otherwise, I pave the way, for wrong to destruction.

To benefit, not hurt does adversity exist here, to help through hurting it is here not, to comfort through help it is.

The best intended, with the unintended condition intentionally in place therein, is here for unintentional destruction. For self-destruction the affected is.

Through revealing my power, adversity is here to ensure I am strong, to make me neither stronger nor weaker.

I choose the initial discomfort over the subsequent comfort of wrong. That the comfort is already here, I am careful to evade

it. The eventual pleasure in adversity to the initial discomfort therein I prefer. That the discomfort is still here, I persist in seeking the pleasure.

In adversity, the capacity not for pain but to find pleasure, to endure the best I intend to nurture.

To know the true extent of my power, it remains my preference to lose and regain than never lose at all.

That we don't believe in the simple enough it is hard enough.

Notwithstanding its asperity, in the endeavour to thrive therein, we endeavour not for an easy life but to live up to our capacity for it.

To have power over adversity is to exert the least power against it and hold the greatest power over it. Thus, it concerns the least that adversity exerts the greatest power on me, empowers the most that it holds the least power over me.

However convinced, I still hold no power over it when it holds, I give it a little power here.

Any effort against right is to hold power against oneself.

With the proof, to be a master, of my incapability, I am glad to be a slave.

Even the least of solution finders seeks not solutions in falsehood. Neither would I.

By staying true to itself, even falsehood is true to the truth.

To deem as necessary the unnecessary is to unnecessarily suffer.

To necessarily suffer is to deem as necessary the necessary, to suffer for the necessary.

To be powerful is to seek power not. To be powerful and have power seek you as a consequence is to have power.

To embrace it is to be defined by it. To define is to hold absolute power over.

To embrace the truth is to be defined by it, my true self, to have power over my false self.

To embrace wrong is to be subject to its power, my false self, to hold no privilege of my true self, to be done.

I seek to understand it. Otherwise, I seek to have it not.

I seek to have it but foremost, I intend to understand it.

Then, I will be satisfied before attainment, know how to get it best and be satisfied in both attainment and nonattainment.

To be happy as a result of meaningful pleasure and attain satisfaction from the happiness therein I prefer. To suffer as a consequence of pleasure and fail to achieve satisfaction because of happiness I dread.

To convince me that it is right, falsehood seeks to be disguised as the truth.

Cognizant of the truth's presence here, falsehood seeks to allure or revenge.

To avoid instant recognition, the truth is disguised as asperate.

That the lie is here, the truth is to convince that it's right.

Above all, I seek understanding.

To indulge in pleasure I intend, to be satisfied I seek. But foremost, I seek meaning, higher pleasure and satisfaction.

Because it is assured, I seek not a beautiful life. I intend to lead a more beautiful, meaningful one.

To live well I desire, to live best I dread not.

That falsehood would surely lead to tragedy, that for truth the contrary remains true, I remain cautious not to stray from the path of truth.

It is the least concern here that I may lack the power to subdue the enemy, that I am bound to give power to the enemy when I need it most remains a great concern.

That things would not be good if they were and will never be too good, the fear that they will be remains an impediment to things being right. Thus, subject to disregard is the fear that they will be that I boundlessly seek right.

The mystery of the unknown is simplicity and subtleness. The challenge of the known is obviousness and subtle simplicity.

To seek meaning I intend, to go far to, I don't.

To get the expected undesirable from the least deserving I am bound to. That to emanate from there they are meant I know.

To feel so is to be secure least, to be secure is to be secure best.

However similar, to mend inevitable pain seeks, to destroy avoidable pain intends. Thus, to endure inevitable pain best and avoid evadable pain best remains a worthy intention.

This hard path I know is not part of the path I want. Neither is it the path to the path I want, it is the path I want. I intend to do my part to reach the ultimate destination.

We may differ in achievement but independent of its magnitude we possess the same capacity for success, happiness and satisfaction.

Through the illusion that we live up to it, we best deviate from our nature.

However beautiful, the non-cognizance of the beauty we possess ensures the conviction from our detractors of its non-existence. But when we recognise our beauty, no option, for our detractors is left but the appreciation of it.

True to its nature it is, I am. Thus, that I suffer in adversity thereof, I know it is against me not, that I am deficient not, that to destroy my hindrances it is.

It remains my preference as opposed to wrong to take pleasure in the right. Then, I am assured of greater happiness.

Despite our condition, we are deficient not, superior not but God.

The power possessed, regardless of the extent of the power applied, determines the impact of the power applied.

Whether the path to is pleasurable and the outcome is, I consider an accurate determiner of the suitability of the pleasure I intend to indulge in.

I prefer the pleasure of adversity to the comfort of tranquillity, the pleasure of my true self to the comfort of my false self.

To those who deem pleasure as the way to comfort it remains the greatest impediment to the same.

150.

Man, rightfully and primarily seeking comfort, fundamentally needs himself.

There exists beauty in both convention and wrong but foremost we recognise the beauty in right.

The revelation of the satisfactorily perfect lies in the defeat of the fear of ruining the unsatisfactorily perfect.

Knowing the suitable path, I know I am endangered most when I am convinced that the wrong path is more suitable than the right one.

However long, preferring the short, we know that provided it is wrong not, it is long not.

That I get pleasure from adversity, I am right. That this is true here, I am on the right path.

Getting pain from adversity, I am right. Thus, to remain right, I am careful not to stray from the right path.

That we are falsely convinced it is as it is not, we fail to live up to it.

I seek justification in the quest to act right but I remain careful because the justification that is bound to turn me away, I know, would be the reason it is right. Because by wrong, of its rightness, I am likely to be convinced.

We are bound to struggle to get it to no avail but remain at risk to get it easy enough that we sceptically dismiss it.

We are likely, citing deficiency, to cause inefficiency when considering the independently sufficient as deficient, we try to make it efficient.

When it is adverse most, I know I am either on the right or the wrong path. Whether true to my true self I take pleasure in the adversity, I determine whether I am on the right path or not.

When it is intensified most it is weakest, not powerful most; pleasurable, not painful most.

With the intent to handle it best, I intend to look at adversity as opposed to the wrong perspective, from its, my perspective.

That I am focused not on the numerous distractions but my single self and goal, I am effectively focused.

Despite the adversity, the belief in the perfection of the cause persists and my obligation remains perfect reaction hence perfect control.

I can't claim immunity against the undesirable, the consequences of deliberate evil or wrong. I can only assure trueness to myself.

When we believe not in the suitability of the suitable, we remain at lesser risk compared to when we believe in the suitability of the unsuitable.

To lead the way, head to where we deem best we intend not. To comprehend the far we have walked and subsequently move forward remains our concern.

I recognize as the surest way to understand my being the view of myself, on the basis of my origin as God not the view of self, on the basis of my being as human.

However exciting, knowing the right path, I intend to walk the wrong path not. As unexciting as the right path seems, I am determined not to endure walking but to find pleasure in it.

We like pleasure not because it leads to more pleasure, we despise it when it impedes higher pleasure.

The ultimate aim remains not triumph over the competition but understanding of not our competitors but the worthy competition. Because competitors in unworthy competition remain partners in doom while those in meaningful competition remain players in the game.

We lose our power and render our efforts futile when we, in vain attempt to rule territories we don't own while we give up control over our own.

As opposed to the contrary, it remains my preference to have the undesirable lead to the desirable but I prefer it most when the pleasurable leads to the desirable.

Right is not only the foremost justifier but also the greatest force to unanimity and hence progress.

To know right I intend. To do right before I know right I intend not. To know wrong as right I intend not.

I have it least, what I am assured of when believing I am not having it enough, I seek it.

That pleasure is assured, right and understanding remain my foremost concerns. Thus, I am assured of meaning and higher pleasure.

To be averse to pleasure I intend not, to be averse to right because of pleasure I am averse.

To reach the apex of pleasure I intend, that it is at the apex of neither life nor satisfaction I am certain.

That I seek meaning instead of pleasure I am not averse to but assured of pleasure.

With the assurance of satisfaction and no fear of consequence,
I still seek meaning and right.

The future seeks to convince that it will be either good or bad, to convince that it was better than the present the past seeks, that it is not best the present seeks to convince, To be convinced otherwise I seek.

To try, fail, learn, try again and fail again I call success.

To determine the foremost reason I am grateful to be here I am bound to be defeated of choice.

With certainty that higher pleasure would qualify, I am convinced that pleasure won't make the cut.

True pleasure lies in right. Any pleasure otherwise remains a distraction.

The desirable things are almost assured, the meaningful ones I have to seek.

That I seek pleasure not I am averse to it not, I seek higher pleasure. Thus, I seek understanding.

Because it is assured, I seek not pleasure but higher pleasure.

In the fear of losing pleasure, I lost greater pleasure.

It is wrong not because it is right not, that it is done right not it is not right.

Expectation devoid of understanding is a disappointment. Otherwise, it is pleasure, the expected.

To precisely understand life I am bound not. That to seek understanding I will not cease, to fundamentally understand it I am certain.

What I am devoid of my physical form that I am. Thus to define my being based on the physical is to err, to overlook the absolute control of the divine over the physical.

Despite their perceived being, everything including the human us remains non-existent but God, the divine us.

To recognize the significance of and beauty therein I intend. Otherwise, I am assured of wrong recognition.

Right justifies diversity, lessens complexity and qualifies competition.

I intend not to worry about what I have no control over, to be anxious for whatever good I am bound to have but not certain of.

To focus while staying true to ourselves we consider the way to live.

That we would not if we were is the reason we are not.

200.

I seek not order but meaning in the confusion of life.

Accompanied and listening to the world, I was all alone attune to only myself.

I can't be afraid of anything invading my territory, to fear myself in my territory I can't imagine.

With the cognizance that right will never catch up with wrong and wrong will never beat right, I persist in right.

In tranquillity, I shine the least. In adversity, the best.

Even wrong conditions are most conducive for the right man.

I aspire to neither the furthest point of the furthest nor the nearest point of the furthest but to the furthest point of the nearest.

The worst wrong fits me best, the best fits me best. Because I fit the former the worst, I choose the best.

I lost, understood, and then regained.

Not an explanation for everything but an understanding of everything I endeavour to.

In a world I can be, do and take pleasure in anything, I choose to be myself, to do right and to take pleasure in the right.

To get lost in myself is to find me. To get lost in the world is to lose myself.

Not what it seems but what it is, not what I think it is but what it seems not.

The measure of what we deserve is what we are willing to gain not lose.

That I am, it is. Otherwise, I know I have deviated.

In my quest for power, I am ready not to destroy the perfect environment in order to reign over an imperfect economic system.

Not necessarily favourable is reality yet I feel not compelled to accept but like it.

Not disbelieve in but non-exploitation of our potential accounts for our stagnation here.

I remain on guard to stray not from the right path but more careful to be distracted by the suitable because I am bound to walk the unintended path for a while.

Unless it is the way to whatever good I want, I would likely seek it not. That the truth is, I will seek it to whatever end.

220.

Not to gain the most from the suffering but to suffer the best I aim.

