Remember the whole of the situation which took place in Ballarat other than performing what I wrote long enough ago now, and as I titled the entire majestic sight that it was to see the whole of the 'Universal Transformation' as I'd titled the file system path, 'My Works' and with a slight more elaboration in the notepad I had but dropped some where along the road, writing that; I will write it in the sky, so bright. And it is fucking beautiful, it is plain to see this, clear as day or night.

Quotes:

We have no power over external things, and the good that

ought to be the object of our earnest pursuit, is to be

found only within ourselves. | What more could we ever hope to be able to bring us happiness, if it originated from outside?

 $\sim$  Epitetus