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## ***Billions***

Imagine there are billions of people sitting around thinking that life shouldn't happen this way. Holding their own worlds inside their minds. Imagining how good life should be.

And then there's another billion walking throughout the day—working hard just to survive and sleeping away their exhaustion at night. People who complete cycles they love—and secretly hate at the same time.

But I know you're thinking that there's still another billion people looking for love. Who never surrender on finding and hoping for a romantic relationship that would actually last. People who keep on pushing themselves up just to bring to fruition a dream they always wanted from the start.

There are also billions of people who are still wondering what they want in life.

I am one of them.

Billions of people are loving each other. Sharing moments and making memories they'll remember forever. They're the people who've already found someone they can share their secrets forever.

The lucky ones.



You see, I am not sure what another billion of people is doing now. Maybe they are asleep and dreaming their hearts out. Maybe they're awake—wondering why happiness doesn't come to them. Maybe they're out there, unsure if happiness is real.

And the last billion—the people who will tell you a lot of things about their experiences. People who can tell you what truly it feels to live, and to die on the inside. People who never get tired of telling their stories even if other people think nobody are listening. People who will tell you the things you shouldn't do, and remind you of the things you should do.

But in the end they'll tell you that you make your own story. To do what you want.

I don't know exactly how many people are here. But I am sure that each billion has different stories to tell, and has the same lessons to share.

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