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Life is Very Much Like a Storm

Anonymous

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Life is very much like a storm. Life is the biggest storm you will ever experience, and you're in it. Just there; holding on for dear life. While you're in it you can't see anything. Everything is moving too fast and you can't grasp onto anything for help. All you can do is tough it out. Very rarely do you get to experience a lull in the storm.

Life is like a storm in that it drags you down and beats you up. There isn't much to hold onto except for your will and sanity. You see nothing but grey and often time feel nothing but pain.

It isn't until you're battered, bloody, bruised, and nearly defeated that the storm subsides. Then you come to realize something scary.

Life isn't like a storm at all. You've actually been on a desert island the whole time. The harsh sand that once clawed at your face is now white and fluffy. The water that bore down on you without relent is soothing. And the dark sky that delivered the punishment is now calm and clear.

Life isn't like a storm at all. We're all on our own islands. We just don't realize it. Sometimes the storms of life consume us. Whether you get out of the storm alive is up to you. Whether or not you see your island as a paradise or as a hectic storm comes down to your will. Your will to survive, your will to fight.

Life is like an island in that it is beautiful, but dangerous. There will always be storms, but whether you can live to see the island again is up to your will.