

THE PRAGMATIST.

The sun started to rise, and was shedding the first narrow rays of light into the room, turning the dust in the air into transparent silver fog. But he did not notice. Exhausted after a long and restless night, wrestling with the sheets and turning back and forth in the dark, he was now laying idle in bed.

Finally, taking it all in consideration, he had come to a decision. In the course of the painstaking and sleepless night of thinking things through, he had arrived at the conclusion, that living was in the end not worth the hassle.

He took a last deep breath, faintly sighed, closed his eyes, and did not breathe again.