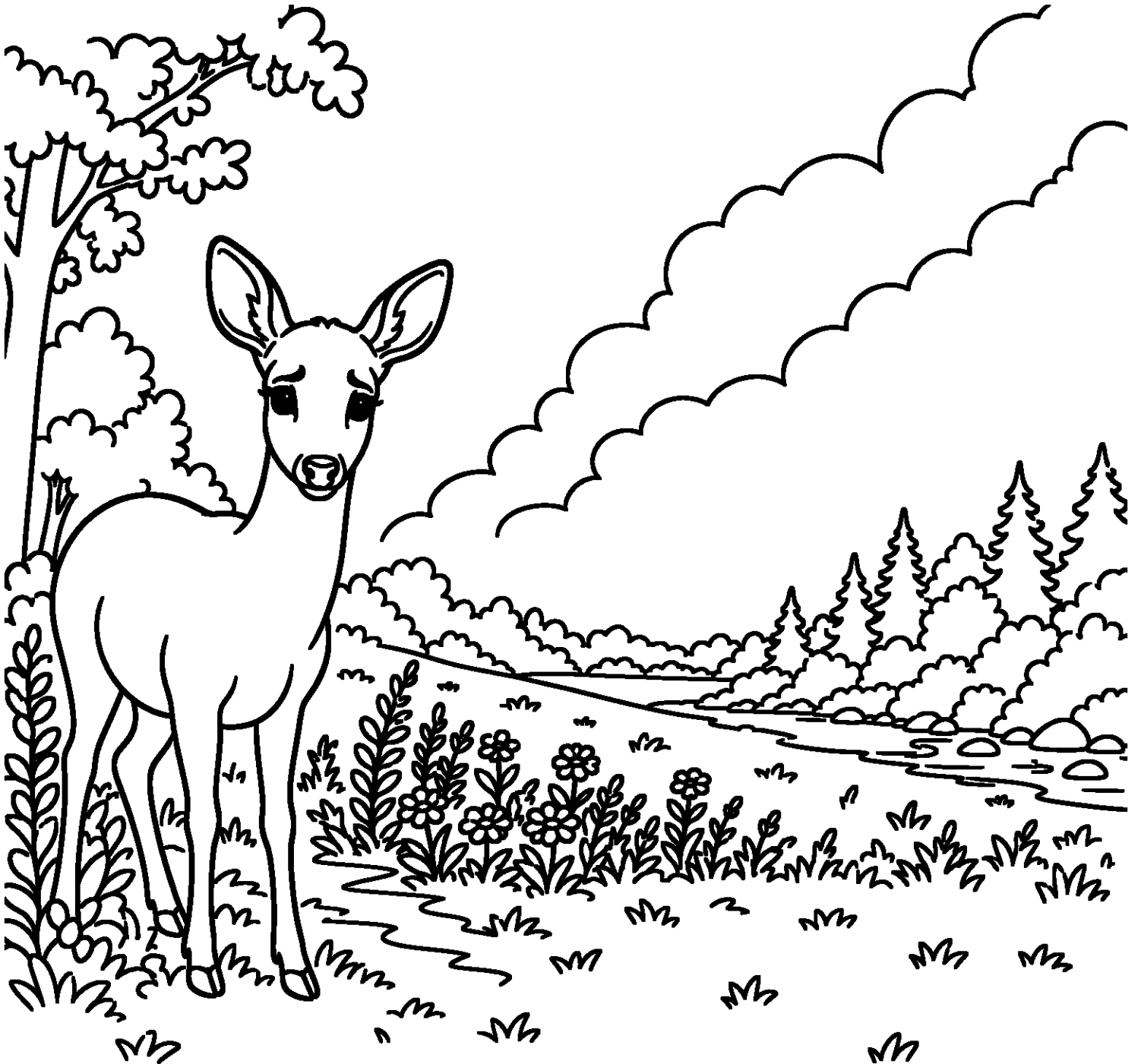
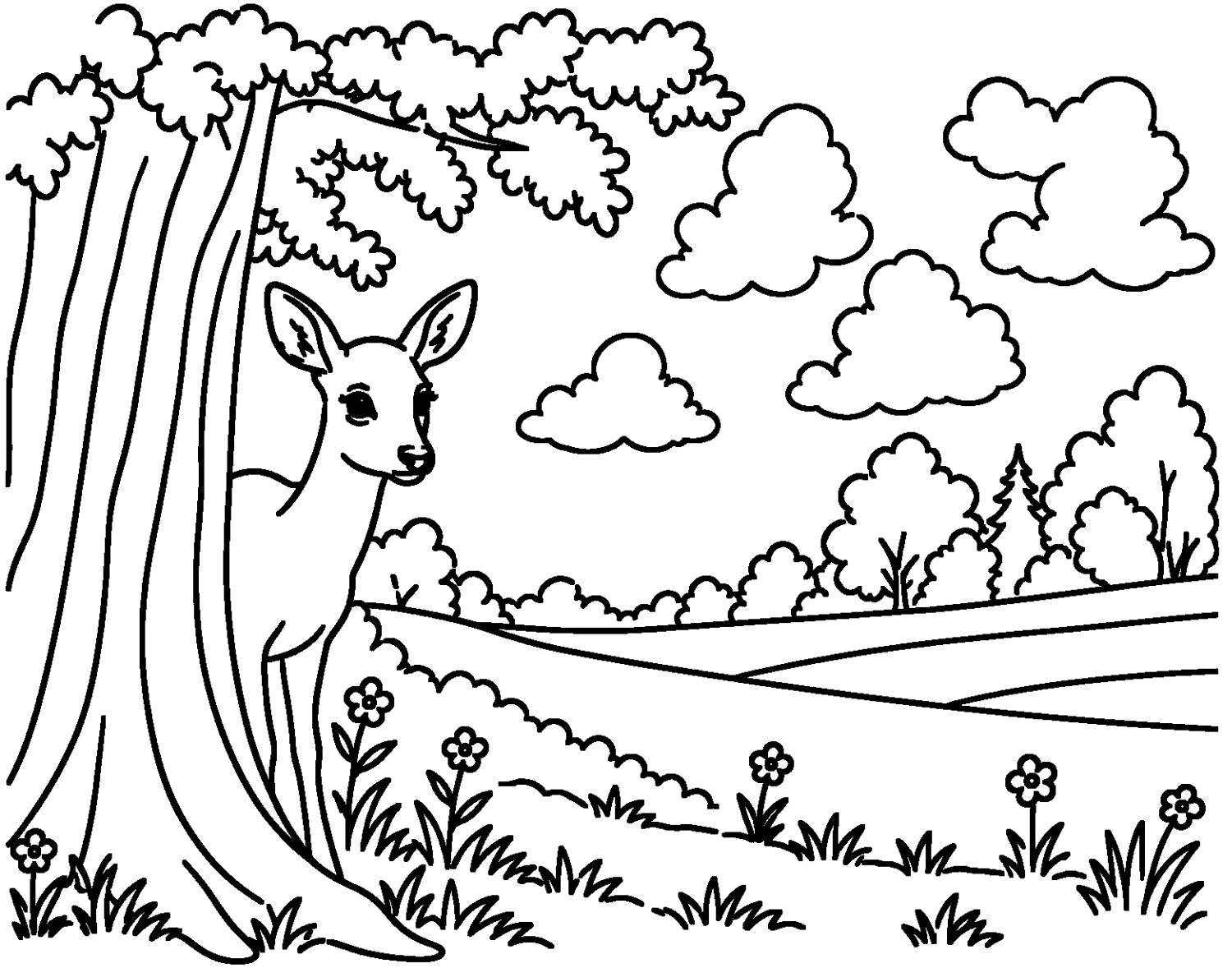


Pessimism

The Gloomy Deer

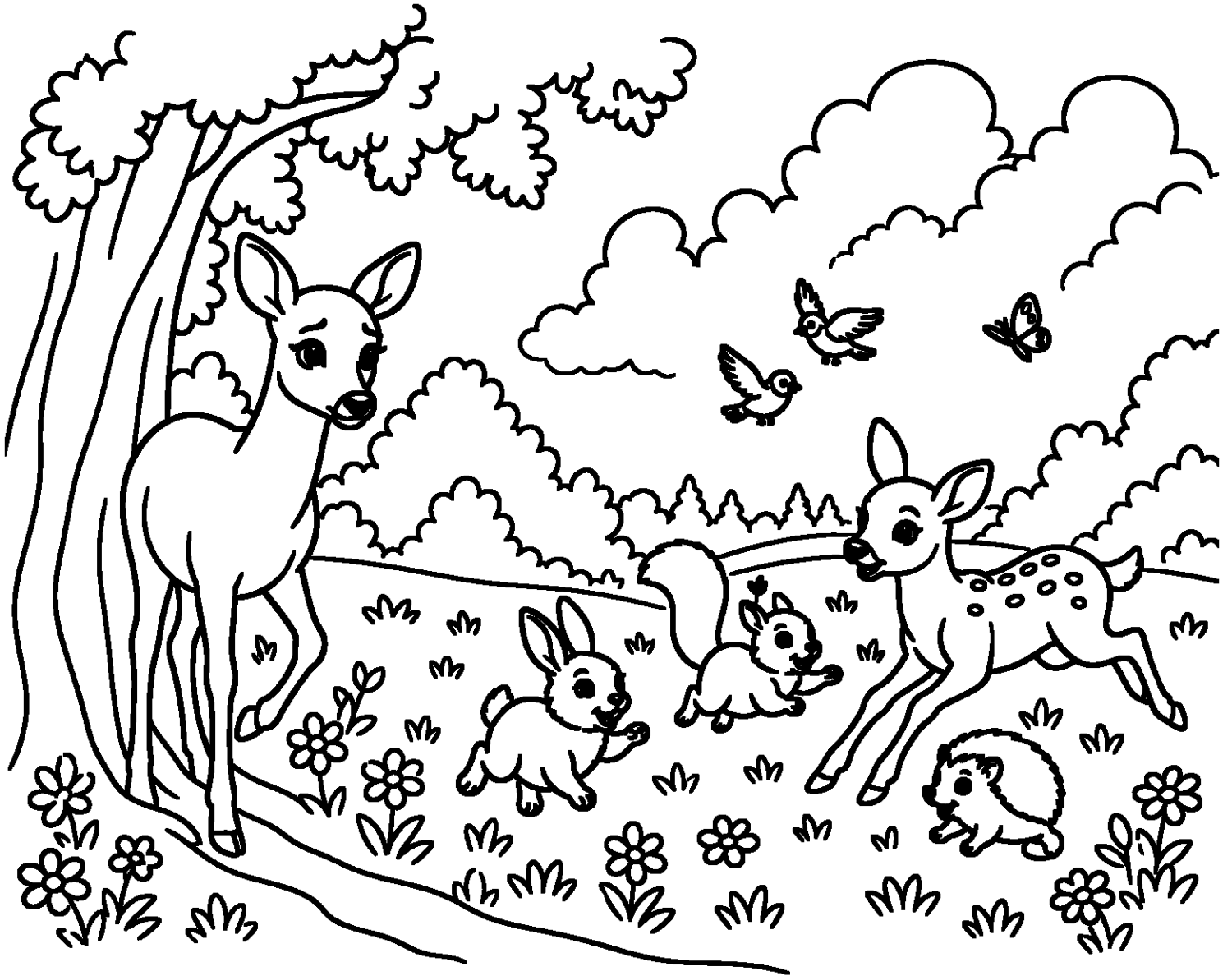


The Gloomy Deer



A deer would frown at morning light,
"A storm is near, I'm always right!
Why risk it all? I'm staying in —
the day gets ugly, you can't win."

The Gloomy Deer



The sun shone gold, the breeze was sweet,
the meadow danced with happy feet.
"It won't last long," she'd sigh and fret,
"the rain and cold are coming yet."

The Gloomy Deer



Day after day the skies stayed clear,
the finest summer of the year —
but she stayed hidden, glum and grey,
and missed each lovely, golden day.

The Gloomy Deer



When autumn's chill at last rolled in,
she longed for warmth that might have been.
The others played from morn to night;
the deer had hidden out of fright.

The Gloomy Deer



Moral

Fear the worst and hide away,
you'll miss the joy of every day.