

Hallo ihr Lieben!

Ich hoffe es geht euch allen gut! Mein Plan für die Zeit ist, dass ihr einmal den Text, bzw. das Video „Look up“ zu Ende bearbeitet. Die drei bereits gestellten Arbeitsaufträge sind ausführlich zu bearbeiten.

Da wir uns mit dem Thema Analyse von Spoken Word Texten und stilistischen Mitteln beschäftigen, möchte ich, dass jeder sich mit einem der folgenden Texte und Videos beschäftigt.

Ihr könnt frei nach Vorliebe wählen und ich habe ein buntes Sammelsurium ausgewählt. Schaut euch gerne alle Videos einfach mal an und entscheidet, was euch am besten gefallen hat und beantwortet anschließend zu einem der Videos folgende Fragen bzw. Arbeitsaufträge:

- 1) Explain why you chose this video and what was fascinating about it?

Hier sollt ihr in einem ausführlichen Text beschreiben, warum ihr dieses Video gewählt habt und wie es auf euch wirkt, warum es faszinierend ist und was euch beeindruckt hat. (Inhalt kurz zusammenfassen und eigene Meinung/Bezug darstellen.)

- 2) How does the person convince you, motivate you or impress you?

Diese Aufgabe ist die Analyse. Erarbeitet, welche stilistischen Mittel oder Techniken der Autor/ Redner benutzt, um seine Absichten beim Zuhörer zu verdeutlichen oder die Zuhörer auf seine Seite zu ziehen. Bei den langen Texten, pickt euch mindestens die auffälligsten 10 Dinge raus und erklärt daran, wie der Redner es schafft, euch in seinen Bann zu ziehen.

- 3) Write an email to the author and explain how this video/speech had an impact on your life (maybe in the difficult times of a spreading virus)?

Das ist der kreative Schreibteil. Versucht eventuell einen Bezug zur aktuellen Lage herzustellen, um zu verdeutlichen, in wie weit das Schauen dieses Videos euch zum Nachdenken gebracht hat, euch Mut gemacht hat oder euch motiviert hat, in Zukunft Dinge zu ändern oder mit mehr Leidenschaft zu machen.

Es wäre traumhaft, wenn nach den Ferien einige von euch jeweils über ihr Video einen kleinen Vortrag halten würden. Dies würde ich dann natürlich als positive Zusatzleistung werten. Ansonsten haltet die Ohren steif und bleibt gesund. Ich freue mich euch alle gesund und munter wiederzusehen.

Im Anhang findet ihr alle links und transcripts (Texte) der Videos.

Folgende Links stehen zur Auswahl:

https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=i+am+a+champion

„I am a champion“ – Motivational speech. Ein Football Coach bereitet sein Team auf ein wichtiges Match vor.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TBuIGBCF9jc>

„Make your bed“ by Admiral McRaven – Motivational speech. Abschlussrede von General McRaven an der University of Texas

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eRLJscAlk1M>

„Dear future generations: Sorry“ by Prince EA. Sehenswert...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M2NDQOGGycg>

“Stop wasting your life” by Prince Ea – Lesson about life and work

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7dLU6fk9QY>

“Look Up” by Gary Turk – Für alle die das Material noch in der Schule haben.

Transcripts

“I am a champion” by Coach Flowers

Today gentlemen, I am honored to coach you
More honored to be leading you onto the field of battle
But there's another honor to be bestowed upon you
And that is in the answer that comes with that question:
Who am I? I AM A CHAMPION!
That's right, and you need to remember that all through this game
I will conquer what has not been conquered
Defeat will not be in my creed
I will believe what others have doubted
I will always endeavor to pull esteem, honor, and respect out of my team
I have trained my mind and my body will follow
Who am I? I AM A CHAMPION!
I will acknowledge the fact that my opponent does not expect me to win
But I will never surrender
Weakness will not be in my heart
I will look to my comrades and to those who are a part of me in this world and those who
have trained
me
And I will draw strength from them
Who am I? I AM A CHAMPION!
I will gladly go out into the field of battle
And I will move in everything I can do
And I will reach my field of battle by any means at my disposal
And when I get there, I will arrive violently
I will rip the heart from my enemy, and leave it bleeding on the ground
Because he cannot stop me
Who am I? I AM A CHAMPION!
To my side I have comrades, comrades that have been with me through thick and thin
Who have sacrificed their blood, sweat and tears
Never will I let them fall, never will I let them down, and I will never leave an enemy behind
Because our opponent does not know my heart
Who am I? I AM A CHAMPION!
No one will deny me, no one will define me

“Make Your Bed”

by Admiral William H. McRaven

Background

This speech was delivered as the commencement address to the graduates of The University of Texas at Austin on May 17, 2014.

Speech Transcript

President Powers, Provost Fenves, Deans, members of the faculty, family and friends and most importantly, the class of 2014. Congratulations on your achievement.

It's been almost 37 years to the day that I graduated from UT. I remember a lot of things about that day. I remember I had throbbing headache from a party the night before. I remember I had a serious girlfriend, whom I later married — that's important to remember by the way — and I remember that I was getting commissioned in the Navy that day.

But of all the things I remember, I don't have a clue who the commencement speaker was that evening, and I certainly don't remember anything they said. So, acknowledging that fact, if I can't make this commencement speech memorable, I will at least try to make it short.

The University's slogan is, “What starts here changes the world.” I have to admit — I kinda like it. “What starts here changes the world.”

Tonight there are almost 8,000 students graduating from UT. That great paragon of analytical rigor, Ask.Com, says that the average American will meet 10,000 people in their lifetime. That's a lot of folks. But, if every one of you changed the lives of just 10 people — and each one of those folks changed the lives of another 10 people — just 10 — then in five generations — 125 years — the class of 2014 will have changed the lives of 800 million people.

800 million people — think of it — over twice the population of the United States. Go one more generation and you can change the entire population of the world — eight billion people.

If you think it's hard to change the lives of 10 people — change their lives forever — you're wrong. I saw it happen every day in Iraq and Afghanistan: A young Army officer makes a decision to go left instead of right down a road in Baghdad and the 10 soldiers in his squad are saved from close-in ambush. In Kandahar province, Afghanistan, a non-commissioned officer from the Female Engagement Team senses something isn't right and directs the infantry platoon away from a 500-pound IED, saving the lives of a dozen soldiers.

But, if you think about it, not only were these soldiers saved by the decisions of one person, but their children yet unborn were also saved. And their children's children were saved. Generations were saved by one decision, by one person.

But changing the world can happen anywhere and anyone can do it. So, what starts here can indeed change the world, but the question is — what will the world look like after you change it?

Well, I am confident that it will look much, much better. But if you will humor this old sailor for just a moment, I have a few suggestions that may help you on your way to a better a world. And while these lessons were learned during my time in the military, I can assure you that it matters not whether you ever served a day in uniform. It matters not your gender, your ethnic or religious background, your orientation or your social status.

Our struggles in this world are similar, and the lessons to overcome those struggles and to move forward — changing ourselves and the world around us — will apply equally to all.

I have been a Navy SEAL for 36 years. But it all began when I left UT for Basic SEAL training in Coronado, California. Basic SEAL training is six months of long torturous runs in the soft sand, midnight swims in the cold water off San Diego, obstacles courses, unending calisthenics, days without sleep and always being cold, wet and miserable. It is six months of being constantly harrassed by professionally trained warriors who seek to find the weak of mind and body and eliminate them from ever becoming a Navy SEAL.

But, the training also seeks to find those students who can lead in an environment of constant stress, chaos, failure and hardships. To me basic SEAL training was a lifetime of challenges crammed into six months.

So, here are the 10 lessons I learned from basic SEAL training that hopefully will be of value to you as you move forward in life.

Every morning in basic SEAL training, my instructors, who at the time were all Vietnam veterans, would show up in my barracks room and the first thing they would inspect was your bed. If you did it right, the corners would be square, the covers pulled tight, the pillow centered just under the headboard and the extra blanket folded neatly at the foot of the rack — that's Navy talk for bed.

It was a simple task — mundane at best. But every morning we were required to make our bed to perfection. It seemed a little ridiculous at the time, particularly in light of the fact that we were aspiring to be real warriors, tough battle-hardened SEALs, but the wisdom of this simple act has been proven to me many times over.

If you make your bed every morning you will have accomplished the first task of the day. It will give you a small sense of pride, and it will encourage you to do another task and another and another. By the end of the day, that one task completed will have turned into many tasks completed. Making your bed will also reinforce the fact that little things in life matter. If you can't do the little things right, you will never do the big things right.

And, if by chance you have a miserable day, you will come home to a bed that is made — that you made — and a made bed gives you encouragement that tomorrow will be better.

If you want to change the world, start off by making your bed.

During SEAL training the students are broken down into boat crews. Each crew is seven students — three on each side of a small rubber boat and one coxswain to help guide the dingy. Every day your boat crew forms up on the beach and is instructed to get through the surfzone and paddle several miles down the coast. In the winter, the surf off San Diego can get to be 8 to 10 feet high and it is exceedingly difficult to paddle through the plunging surf unless everyone digs in. Every paddle must be synchronized to the stroke count of the coxswain. Everyone must exert equal effort or the boat will turn against the wave and be unceremoniously tossed back on the beach.

For the boat to make it to its destination, everyone must paddle. You can't change the world alone — you will need some help — and to truly get from your starting point to your destination takes friends, colleagues, the good will of strangers and a strong coxswain to guide them.

If you want to change the world, find someone to help you paddle.

Over a few weeks of difficult training my SEAL class, which started with 150 men, was down to just 35. There were now six boat crews of seven men each. I was in the boat with the tall guys, but the best boat crew we had was made up of the the little guys — the munchkin crew we called them — no one was over about five-foot-five.

The munchkin boat crew had one American Indian, one African American, one Polish American, one Greek American, one Italian American, and two tough kids from the midwest. They out-paddled, out-ran and out-swam all the other boat crews. The big men in the other boat crews would always make good-natured fun of the tiny little flippers the munchkins put on their tiny little feet prior to every swim. But somehow these little guys, from every corner of the nation and the world, always had the last laugh — swimming faster than everyone and reaching the shore long before the rest of us.

SEAL training was a great equalizer. Nothing mattered but your will to succeed. Not your color, not your ethnic background, not your education and not your social status.

If you want to change the world, measure a person by the size of their heart, not the size of their flippers.

Several times a week, the instructors would line up the class and do a uniform inspection. It was exceptionally thorough. Your hat had to be perfectly starched, your uniform immaculately pressed and your belt buckle shiny and void of any smudges. But it seemed that no matter how much effort you put into starching your hat, or pressing your uniform or polishing your belt buckle — it just wasn't good enough. The instructors would find “something” wrong.

For failing the uniform inspection, the student had to run, fully clothed into the surfzone and then, wet from head to toe, roll around on the beach until every part of your body was covered with sand. The effect was known as a “sugar cookie.” You stayed in that uniform the rest of the day — cold, wet and sandy.

There were many a student who just couldn't accept the fact that all their effort was in vain. That no matter how hard they tried to get the uniform right, it was unappreciated. Those students didn't make it through training. Those students didn't understand the purpose of the drill. You were never going to succeed. You were never going to have a perfect uniform.

Sometimes no matter how well you prepare or how well you perform you still end up as a sugar cookie. It's just the way life is sometimes.

If you want to change the world get over being a sugar cookie and keep moving forward.

Every day during training you were challenged with multiple physical events — long runs, long swims, obstacle courses, hours of calisthenics — something designed to test your mettle. Every event had standards — times you had to meet. If you failed to meet those standards your name was posted on a list, and at the end of the day those on the list were invited to a “circus.” A circus was two hours of additional calisthenics designed to wear you down, to break your spirit, to force you to quit.

No one wanted a circus.

A circus meant that for that day you didn't measure up. A circus meant more fatigue — and more fatigue meant that the following day would be more difficult — and more circuses were likely. But at some time during SEAL training, everyone — everyone — made the circus list.

But an interesting thing happened to those who were constantly on the list. Over time those students — who did two hours of extra calisthenics — got stronger and stronger. The pain of the circuses built inner strength, built physical resiliency.

Life is filled with circuses. You will fail. You will likely fail often. It will be painful. It will be discouraging. At times it will test you to your very core.

But if you want to change the world, don't be afraid of the circuses.

At least twice a week, the trainees were required to run the obstacle course. The obstacle course contained 25 obstacles including a 10-foot high wall, a 30-foot cargo net and a barbed

wire crawl, to name a few. But the most challenging obstacle was the slide for life. It had a three-level 30-foot tower at one end and a one-level tower at the other. In between was a 200-foot-long rope. You had to climb the three-tiered tower and once at the top, you grabbed the rope, swung underneath the rope and pulled yourself hand over hand until you got to the other end.

The record for the obstacle course had stood for years when my class began training in 1977. The record seemed unbeatable, until one day, a student decided to go down the slide for life head first. Instead of swinging his body underneath the rope and inching his way down, he bravely mounted the TOP of the rope and thrust himself forward.

It was a dangerous move — seemingly foolish, and fraught with risk. Failure could mean injury and being dropped from the training. Without hesitation the student slid down the rope perilously fast. Instead of several minutes, it only took him half that time and by the end of the course he had broken the record.

If you want to change the world sometimes you have to slide down the obstacle head first.

During the land warfare phase of training, the students are flown out to San Clemente Island which lies off the coast of San Diego. The waters off San Clemente are a breeding ground for the great white sharks. To pass SEAL training there are a series of long swims that must be completed. One is the night swim.

Before the swim the instructors joyfully brief the trainees on all the species of sharks that inhabit the waters off San Clemente. They assure you, however, that no student has ever been eaten by a shark — at least not recently. But, you are also taught that if a shark begins to circle your position — stand your ground. Do not swim away. Do not act afraid. And if the shark, hungry for a midnight snack, darts towards you — then summon up all your strength and punch him in the snout, and he will turn and swim away.

There are a lot of sharks in the world. If you hope to complete the swim you will have to deal with them.

So, if you want to change the world, don't back down from the sharks.

As Navy SEALs one of our jobs is to conduct underwater attacks against enemy shipping. We practiced this technique extensively during basic training. The ship attack mission is where a pair of SEAL divers is dropped off outside an enemy harbor and then swims well over two miles — underwater — using nothing but a depth gauge and a compass to get to their target.

During the entire swim, even well below the surface, there is some light that comes through. It is comforting to know that there is open water above you. But as you approach the ship, which is tied to a pier, the light begins to fade. The steel structure of the ship blocks the moonlight, it blocks the surrounding street lamps, it blocks all ambient light.

To be successful in your mission, you have to swim under the ship and find the keel — the centerline and the deepest part of the ship. This is your objective. But the keel is also the darkest part of the ship — where you cannot see your hand in front of your face, where the noise from the ship's machinery is deafening and where it is easy to get disoriented and fail.

Every SEAL knows that under the keel, at the darkest moment of the mission, is the time when you must be calm, composed — when all your tactical skills, your physical power and all your inner strength must be brought to bear.

If you want to change the world, you must be your very best in the darkest moment.

The ninth week of training is referred to as “Hell Week.” It is six days of no sleep, constant physical and mental harassment, and one special day at the Mud Flats. The Mud Flats are area between San Diego and Tijuana where the water runs off and creates the Tijuana slues, a swampy patch of terrain where the mud will engulf you.

It is on Wednesday of Hell Week that you paddle down to the mud flats and spend the next 15 hours trying to survive the freezing cold mud, the howling wind and the incessant pressure to quit from the instructors. As the sun began to set that Wednesday evening, my training class, having committed some “egregious infraction of the rules” was ordered into the mud.

The mud consumed each man till there was nothing visible but our heads. The instructors told us we could leave the mud if only five men would quit — just five men — and we could get out of the oppressive cold. Looking around the mud flat it was apparent that some students were about to give up. It was still over eight hours till the sun came up — eight more hours of bone-chilling cold.

The chattering teeth and shivering moans of the trainees were so loud it was hard to hear anything. And then, one voice began to echo through the night, one voice raised in song. The song was terribly out of tune, but sung with great enthusiasm. One voice became two and two became three and before long everyone in the class was singing. We knew that if one man could rise above the misery then others could as well.

The instructors threatened us with more time in the mud if we kept up the singing but the singing persisted. And somehow the mud seemed a little warmer, the wind a little tamer and the dawn not so far away.

If I have learned anything in my time traveling the world, it is the power of hope. The power of one person — Washington, Lincoln, King, Mandela and even a young girl from Pakistan, Malala — one person can change the world by giving people hope.

So, if you want to change the world, start singing when you're up to your neck in mud.

Finally, in SEAL training there is a bell. A brass bell that hangs in the center of the compound for all the students to see. All you have to do to quit is ring the bell.

Ring the bell and you no longer have to wake up at 5 o'clock. Ring the bell and you no longer have to do the freezing cold swims. Ring the bell and you no longer have to do the runs, the obstacle course, the PT — and you no longer have to endure the hardships of training. Just ring the bell.

If you want to change the world don't ever, ever ring the bell.

To the graduating class of 2014, you are moments away from graduating. Moments away from beginning your journey through life. Moments away from starting to change the world — for the better. It will not be easy.

But, YOU are the class of 2014, the class that can affect the lives of 800 million people in the next century.

Start each day with a task completed. Find someone to help you through life. Respect everyone.

Know that life is not fair and that you will fail often. But if take you take some risks, step up when the times are toughest, face down the bullies, lift up the downtrodden and never, ever give up — if you do these things, then the next generation and the generations that follow will live in a world far better than the one we have today.

And what started here will indeed have changed the world — for the better.

Thank you very much. Hook 'em horns.

“Dear Future Generations Sorry” by Prince Ea

Dear Future Generations,
I think I speak for the rest of us
When I say,
Sorry, sorry we left you with
Our mess of a planet.
Sorry that we were too caught up in our own doings to do something.
Sorry we listened to people
Who made excuses,
To do nothing.
I hope you forgive us,
We just didn't realize how special
The earth was,
Like a marriage going wrong,
We didn't know what we had
Until it was gone.
For example,
I'm guessing you probably know what is the Amazon Desert, right?
Well believe it or not,
It was once called once called the Amazon Rain Forest,
And there were billions of trees there,
And all of them gorgeous and just um.
Oh, you don't know much about trees, do you?
Well let me tell you that trees
Are amazing,
And I mean, we literally breath the air
They are creating, and they clean
Up our pollution,
Our carbon, they store and purify water,
Give us medicine that cures ours diseases, food that feeds us.
Which is why I am so sorry,
To tell you that,
We burned them down.
Cut them down with brutal machines, horrific,
At a rate of 40 football fields
Every minute,
That's 50% of all the trees
In the world all gone
In the last 100 years.
Why? For this.
And that wouldn't make me so sad,
If there weren't so many pictures
Of leaves on it.
You know when I was a child,
I read how the Native Americans had such consideration,
For the planet that they felt responsible,
For how they left the land
For the next 7 generations.
Which brings me great sorrow,

Because most of us today,
Don't even care about tomorrow.
So I'm sorry, I'm sorry that we put profit above people,
Greed over need, the rule of gold above the golden rule.
I'm sorry we used nature as a credit card with no spending limit.
Over drafting animals to extinction,
Stealing your chance to ever see
Their uniqueness,
Or become friends with them.
Sorry we poison the oceans so much that you can't even swim in them.
But most of all, i'm sorry
About our mindset,
'Cause we had the nerve to call this destruction,
"Progress".
Hey Fox News, if you don't think climate change is a threat.
I dare you to interview the thousands of homeless people in Bangladesh
See, while you was in your
Penthouse nestled,
Their homes were literally washed away
Beneath their feet due to
The rising sea levels,
And Sara Palin, you said that you love the smell of fossil fuels,
Well I urge you to talk to
The kids of Beijing
Who are forced to wear pollution masks just to go to school.
See, you can ignore this, but the thing about truth is,
It can be denied, not avoided.
So I'm sorry future generation,
I'm sorry that our footprints became a sinkhole and not a garden.
I'm sorry that we paid so much
Attention to ISIS,
And very little how fast the ice
Is melting in the arctic.
I'm sorry we doomed you
And I'm sorry we didn't find another planet in time to move to.
I am s...
You know what, cut the beat,
I'm not sorry.
This future I do not accept it,
Because an error does not
Become a mistake,
Until you refuse to correct it.
We can redirect this, how?
Let me suggest that if a farmer sees
A tree that is unhealthy,
They don't look at the branches
To diagnosis it,
They look at the root, so like that farmer,
We must look at the root,
And not to the branches
Of the government,

Not to the politicians run by corporations.
We are the root, we are the foundation, this generation,
It is up to us to take care of this planet.
It is our only home, we must globally warm our hearts
And change the climate of our souls
And realize that we are not apart
From nature,
We are a part of nature.
And to betray nature is to betray us,
To save nature, is to save us.
Because whatever you're fighting for:
Racism, Poverty, Feminism, Gay Rights,
Or any type of Equality.
It won't matter in the least,
Because if we don't all work together to save the environment,
We will be equally extinct.
Sorry

“Stop wasting your life” by Prince Ea

Transcript:

Do you know what day of the week you are most likely to DIE from a HEART ATTACK? Take a guess. I'll give you a second. It's **Monday**. Care to guess what time? It is between 8 and 9 A.M.

Do you know what else happens Monday at 8? That is the same day and time people get ready to go into jobs **THEY HATE**. Coincidence? I don't think so.

Take a look at this chart. This is the lifespan of the average person. On average we live about 80 years... if we're lucky. We start working at about 18, and we work, work, work and retire at about 67. Now what does this tell you? That for better or for worse, the majority of **YOUR** life will be spent at **WORK**.

DO NOT spend that time unhappy like my friend Jae. See Jae, would always say “When I finish school, then I'll be happy.” Well Jae finished school but he wasn't happy... So then Jae said, when I get a job **THEN** I'll be happy.” Jae got a job but he still wasn't happy... So Jae said, “When I get married, settle down and have kids **THEN** I'll be happy.”

Well, he got married, settled down, had two kids, but still... wasn't happy. So then Jae said, “Okay, when the kids leave home and I retire **THENNNN** I'll be happy.” Well the kids left home and he retired but he still wasn't happy. So Jae started going to church. And I asked Jae why he was going to church so much. And he said, “Because, when I die **THEN** I'll be happy...”

Jae's story however sad, is not unique. I could have replaced Jae with Johnny or Bonnie. In fact, Jae's initials stand for Just About Everybody. Many of us are like Jae. But it is **NOT OUR FAULT**. We **HAVE BEEN TRICKED** to stay stuck in jobs that are literally **MAKING US SICK**. And to be **AND THEN** PEOPLE. You know about the “And-Then” people right? It's people who constantly say “**AND THEN I'LL BE HAPPY**.”

Ladies and gentlemen, we must go from living as “And-Thens” to becoming **RIGHT NOWS**. We have to be happy right **NOW**. How? We must either find a job we **LOVE**, or bring more **LOVE** into our jobs. It is time to **STEP OUT** of the rat race. Because the funny thing is, even if you win, make a load of money, hold up the trophy that everybody hails... you're still a furry rodent with a pointy nose and long tail...

WAKE UP. Stop playing with **YOUR LIFE**. This ain't a video game. This ain't Mario Kart. This ain't Fortnite. There is no “Try Again” button, no option to redo this level. When the game's over, **GAMES OVER**. But there is one cheat code, to the human console. And that is to **take control**. And to stop buying into the lies society has told like how, overworking is cool, and being stressed out is a status symbol.

Oh, and hey I almost forgot, the biggest lie: Keep a **WORK LIFE BALANCE**. Now on the surface you may not see how crazy that sounds. But think about it... Work/Life balance? Shouldn't it be the **OTHER** way around? Shouldn't Life come before Work because when your Life is better, your work is better.

But don't take my opinion. Harvard professor Shawn Achor recently discovered something fantastic which he calls the “Happiness Advantage”. His studies prove that 75% of job success can be predicted by not how smart you are, not how talented you are, but how **HAPPY** you are. His research is decisive. He says when you're happy, your intelligence rises, creativity rises, your productivity rises. And you know what else is funny, you also **MAKE MORE MONEY**.

But here's the real kicker... You live longer too. I know, it sounds too good to be true, but yes, optimists actually live longer than pessimists, so you could stretch this graph a few extra years if this time here is filled with more joy and cheer.

Let me be clear. Do not take this message lightly. It is your duty to be **HAPPY**. For your own sake. I don't care if you're here at the end. It is **NEVER TOO LATE** to trade in your **DEADLIHOOD** for a **LIVELIHOOD** and refuse to suffer during the **WEEKDAYS**. Ironic they call it that cause you're literally in **WEAK DAZE** when you're constantly waiting for the **WEEKEND**.

See, I believe so many people die of heart attacks because they are involved in work that their hearts are **JUST NOT IN**. I believe people have low vital signs because they are involved in work that is not **VITAL** to **THEM**.

My friends, happiness is a choice. But anyone who says it's easy, has lied. It ain't easy... But you have **TO TRY**. The first step is to look inside and remember the quote that the Buddha wrote two thousand years ago which I believe today for most people **STILL APPLIES**.

The problem is **YOU THINK YOU HAVE TIME. STOP WASTING YOUR LIFE.**

“Look Up” by Gary Turk

I have 422 friends, yet I am lonely.
I speak to all of them everyday, yet none of them really know me.

The problem I have sits in the spaces between,
looking into their eyes, or at a name on a screen.

I took a step back, and opened my eyes,
I looked around, and then realised
that this media we call social, is anything but
when we open our computers, and it's our doors we shut.

All this technology we have, it's just an illusion,
of community, companionship, a sense of inclusion
yet when you step away from this device of delusion,
you awaken to see, a world of confusion.

A world where we're slaves to the technology we mastered,
where our information gets sold by some rich greedy bastard.
A world of self-interest, self-image, self-promotion,
where we share all our best bits, but leave out the emotion.

We are at our most happy with an experience we share,
but is it the same if no one is there.
Be there for you friends, and they'll be there too,
but no one will be, if a group message will do.

We edit and exaggerate, we crave adulation,
we pretend we don't notice the social isolation.
We put our words into order, until our lives are glistening,
we don't even know if anyone is listening.

Being alone isn't the problem, let me just emphasize,
that if you read a book, paint a picture, or do some exercise,
you are being productive, and present, not reserved or recluse,
you're being awake and attentive, and putting your time to good use.

So when you're in public, and you start to feel alone,
put your hands behind your head, and step away from the phone.
You don't need to stare at your menu, or at your contact list,
just talk to one another, and learn to co-exist.

I can't stand to hear the silence, of a busy commuter train,
when no one wants to talk through the fear of looking insane.
We're becoming unsocial, it no longer satisfies
to engage with one another, and look into someone's eyes.

We're surrounded by children, who since they were born,
watch us living like robots, and think it's the norm.
It's not very likely you will make world's greatest dad,
if you cant entertain a child without a using an iPad.

When I was a child, I would never be home,
I'd be out with my friends, on our bikes we would roam.
We'd ware holes in our trainers, and graze up our knees;
we'd build our own clubhouse, high up in the trees.

Now the parks are so quiet, it gives me a chill
to see no children outside and the swings hanging still.
There's no skipping or hopscotch, no church and no steeple,
we're a generation of idiots, smart phones and dumb people.

So look up from your phone, shut down that display,
take in your surroundings, and make the most of today.
Just one real connection is all it can take,
to show you the difference that being there can make.

Be there in the moment, when she gives you the look,
that you remember forever, as when love overtook.
The time you first hold her hand, or first kiss her lips,
the time you first disagree, but still love her to bits.

The time you don't need to tell hundreds, about what you've just done,
because you want to share the moment, with just this one.
The time you sell your computer, so you can buy a ring,
for the girl of your dreams, who is now the real thing.

The time you want to start a family, and the moment when,
you first hold your baby girl, and get to fall in love again.
The time she keeps you up at night, and all you want is rest,
and the time you wipe away the tears, as your baby flees the nest.

The time your little girl returns, with a boy for you to hold,
and the day he calls you granddad, and makes you feel real old
The time you take in all you've made, just by giving life attention,
and how your glad you didn't waste it, by looking down at some invention.

The time you hold your wife's hand, and sit down beside her bed
you tell her that you love her, and lay a kiss upon her head.
She then whispers to you quietly, as her heart gives a final beat,
that she's lucky she got stopped, by that lost boy in the street.

But none of these times ever happened, you never had any of this,
When you're too busy looking down, you don't see the chances you miss.

So look up from your phone, shut down those displays,
we have a finite existence, a set number of days.
Why waste all our time getting caught in the net,
as when the end comes, nothing's worse than regret.

I am guilty too, of being part of this machine,
this digital world, where we are heard but not seen.
Where we type and don't talk, where we read as we chat,
where we spend hours together, without making eye contact.

Don't give in to a life where you follow the hype,
give people your love, don't give them your like.
Disconnect from the need to be heard and defined
Go out into the world, leave distractions behind.

Look up from your phone, shut down that display,
stop watching this video, live life the real way.