



500 DAYS OF SUMMER



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Most days of the year are unremarkable.

They

begin

and they

end

with no lasting memory made in between.



I love how she makes me



It's like anything's possible, or like life is worth it.



DO YOU EVER DO THIS: LOOK BACK ON THE TIME YOU HAVE WITH SOMEONE &

REPLAY IT OVER AND OVER

IN YOUR HEAD AND LOOK FOR THE FIRST SIGNS OF TROUBLE?



YOU KNOW WHAT

SUCKS?

REALIZING THAT *EVERYTHING* YOU BELIEVE IN IS

INCOMPLETE *AND* **UTTER**

BULLSHIT





Someday,

*someone will walk into your life
and make you realize*

why it never

Worked

with anybody else.



