

I am sick of life, both mentally and physically, I suppose the one leads to the other. I have no zest in me, no desire. Whenever anyone makes me do anything or whenever I think of doing something, the invariable question that comes on from the depths of my mind is 'oh what is good'. Is there any good in this world? Is it worth all the trouble one takes over it? Is it not all vanity? The fact is I have lost faith in every thing, in myself, in God, in humanity, in life, in the world. Nothing seems to be real or tangible. Everything seems to be ephemeral and the outcome of human vanity. All my life I have fought and struggled against this doctrine. I have thundered from hundreds of platforms that the doctrine which says 'This world is a farce, unreal, imaginary and delusion,' is false and immoral. Yet today in the evening of my life I found myself confronted with the same view.

# Precis Writing

Indent the paragraph.

Title should preferably be a phrase, not a sentence.  
My whole life was a joke

The writer is sick of his life. He has no real and desire left. All life, he believed that this world <sup>was</sup> real, not a delusion. He struggled for this doctrine but in old age, he realized that he was wrong and everything here is short durational. Now he has lost his faith <sup>in</sup> is everything.

9/20