

Albert camus'  
portrayal of optimism  
as demonstrated in  
his book, the myth of  
sisy...



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Sorrow and joy go hand in hand, as does Sisyphus, as he crowns himself in his defeat. The pendulum between night and day swings, for it is not possible to experience the light without the dark. That being said, there can be joy found in the struggle as you work towards your own purpose. On your journey, as you conclude how all is well, it measures your next step. The struggle on its own was enough for Sisyphus. To find hope in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, to breathe joy into your own rock, one must picture Sisyphus happy.

Even with the knowledge of the extent of his condition, Sisyphus still found joy. He believed it to be achieving the purpose of fate, to see the top of the mountain, even as the rock rolls back down. Through hard labor, to see the sky for fleeting moments, only to work what seems like ages for that again, is that not life? That happiness, however evanescent, returns as quickly as his torment. That is the period of when consciousness arrives. That period is the breath you exhale before seeing your descent. Therefore Sisyphus knows himself to be the master of his days, the controller of his fate.

Physically, Sisyphus cannot change his fate, yet he wields all the power within his mind. Grief and depression grow from dissatisfaction, as the beginning of our journey calls for success and happiness too insistently. Our mind cries for us to move at a pace faster than we are able, and for that sadness grows. The period of consciousness if turned negative, can turn into a heavy sadness. However patience, even with knowledge of your condition assures your victory. It is what changes your outlook on fate.

It is a balance between both passions and torture as Sisyphus can show you himself. The depending factor being what you choose to focus upon. To have the belief to conclude that all is well, could be a reassurance found delusional. Yet is what hope stems from, the belief that all will be, or could be well. It is what helps us push our own rock. The issues with this are that many people do know what our rock is. However, what we choose to work toward, the top of our mountain is uncertain, or seen as unattainable. We block ourselves from seeing the sky, from pushing our own rock, from finding our purpose. Which is why we must picture Sisyphus happy as the master of his days.