

**The**

**Comfort**

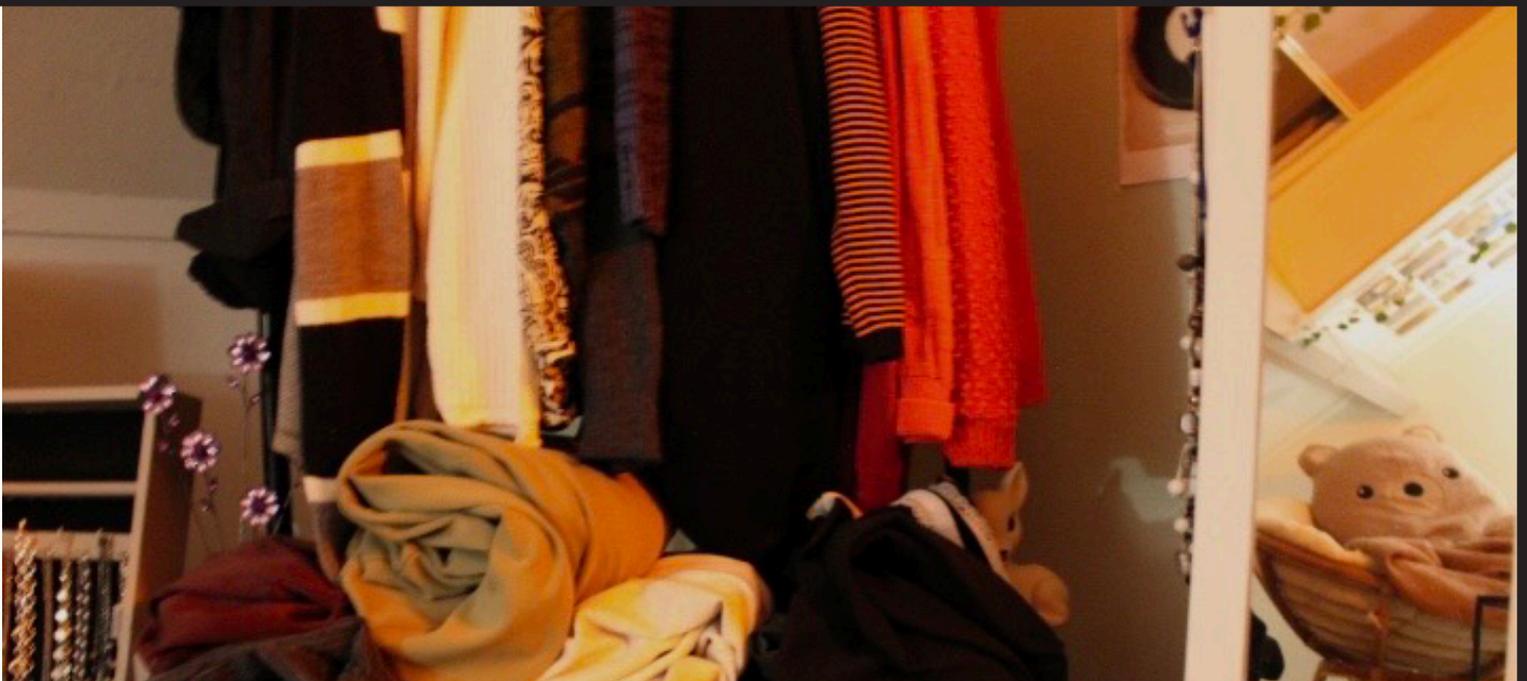


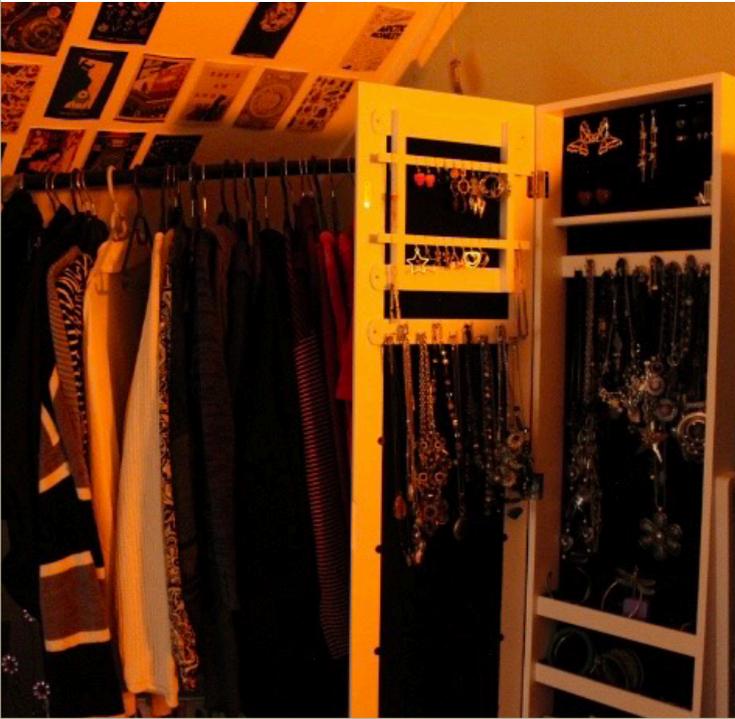
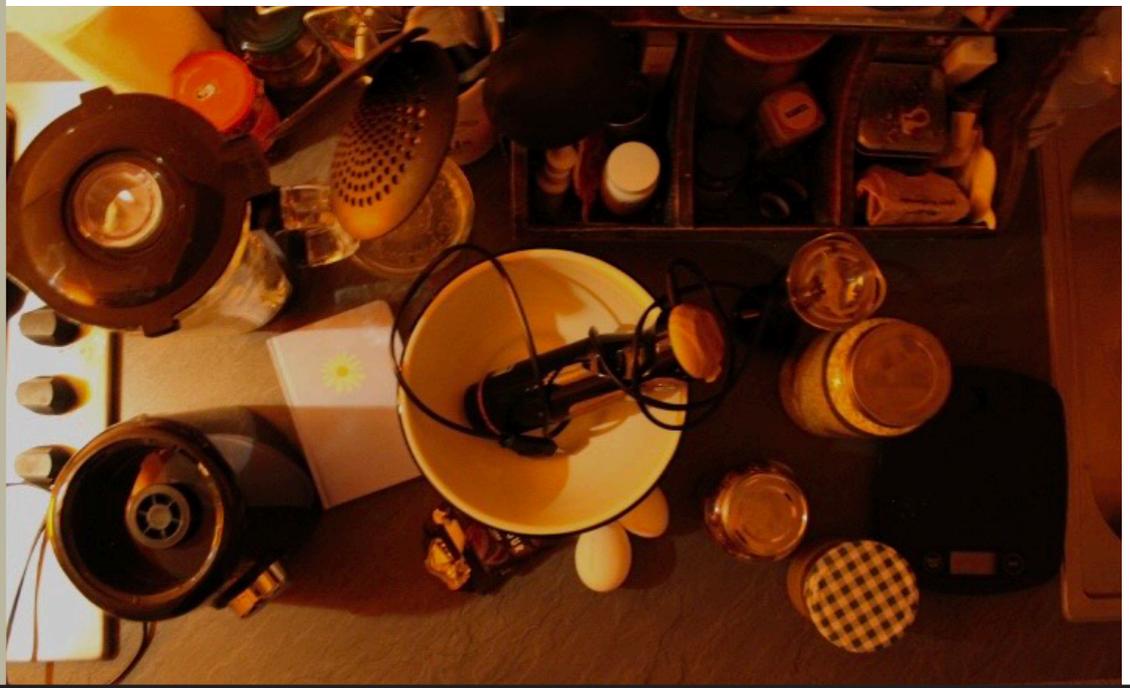
**In**

**Chaos**

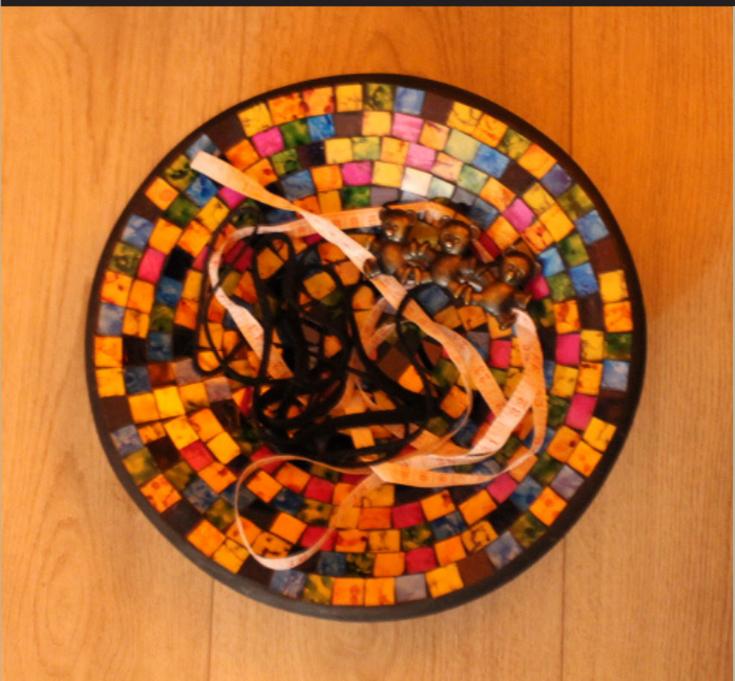
# The Reflection

Of a





**Rest  
Less**



**Mind**

# Mental



# Chaos



The bedroom often reflects the state of the mind.

Clothes rest on chairs, objects gather without a place, and small moments remain unfinished.

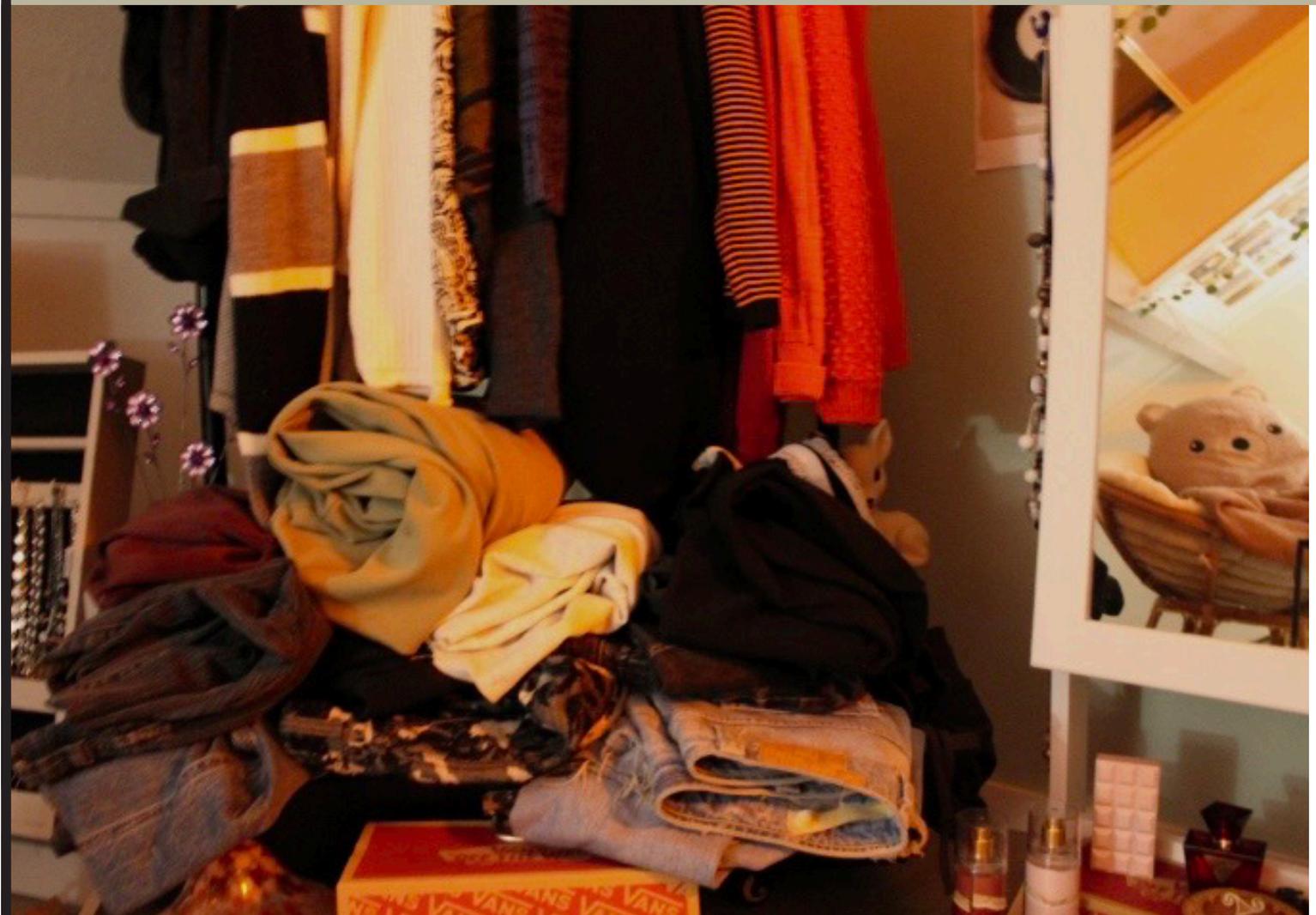
It is a quiet kind of chaos, not loud but constant.

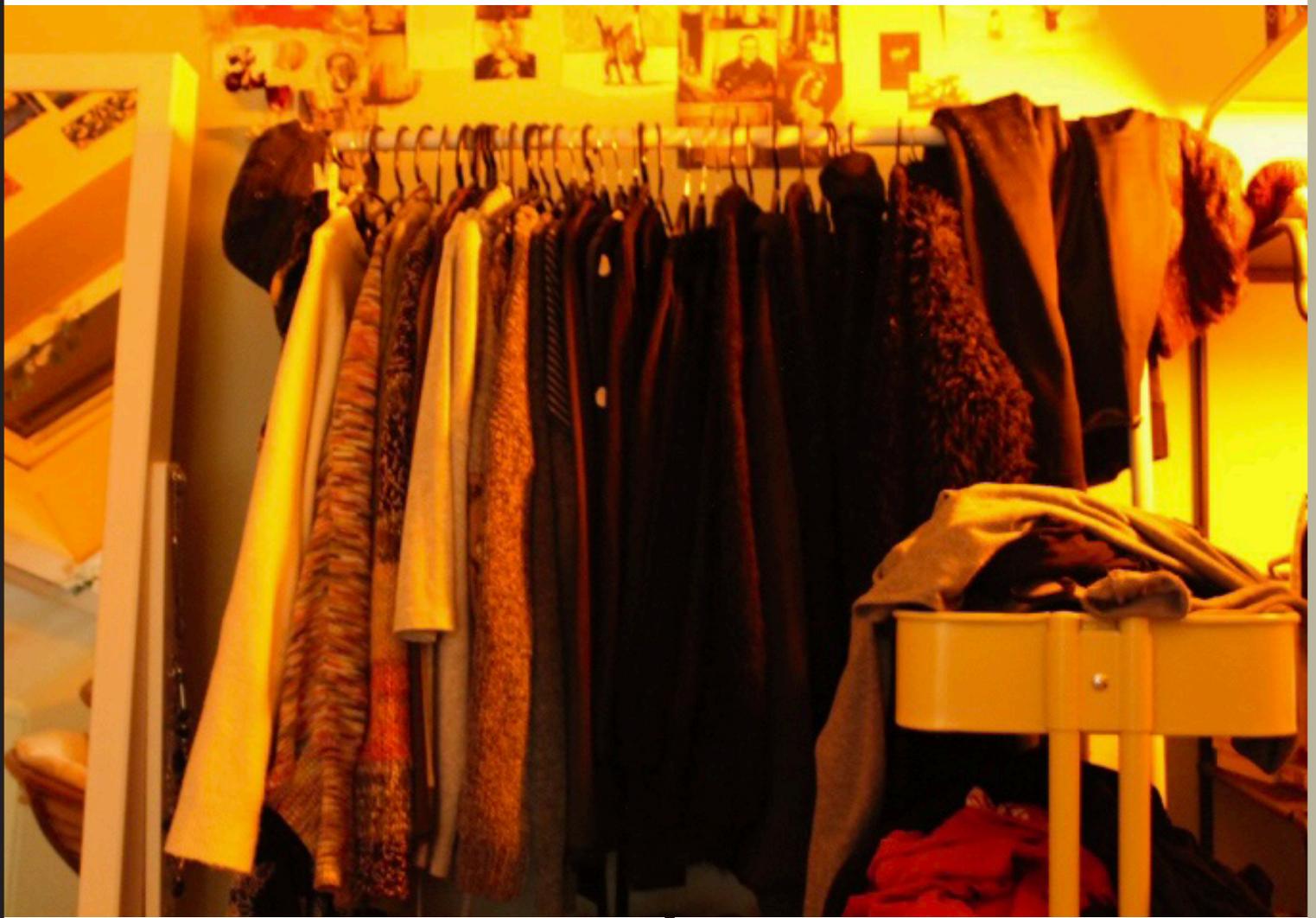
A space where thoughts linger and order slowly fades.

Yet within this mess there is familiarity.

A strange comfort in the chaos that surrounds us.

Familiar, imperfect, comforting.



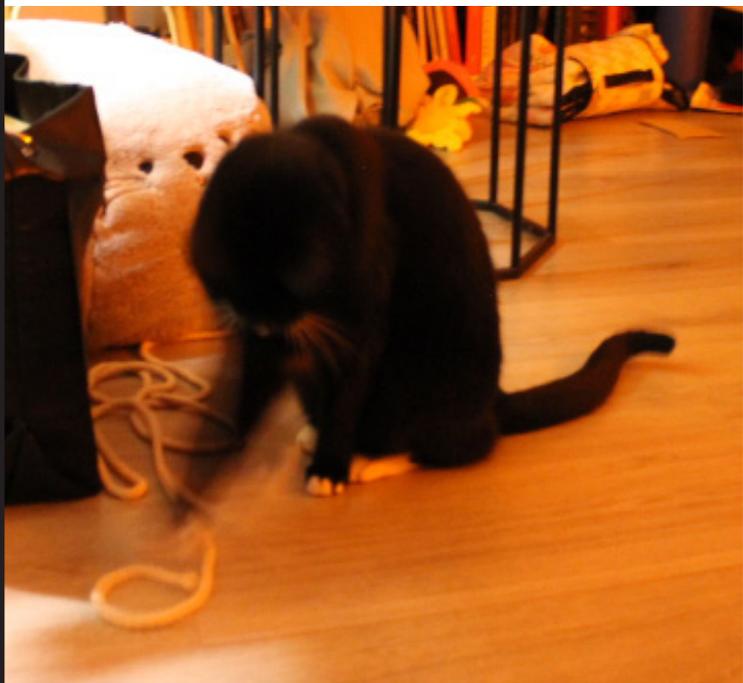
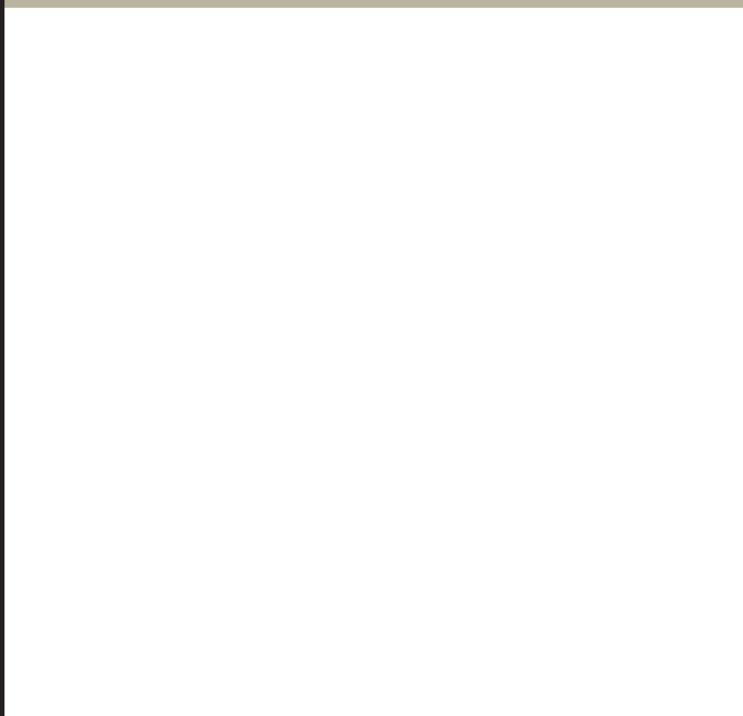
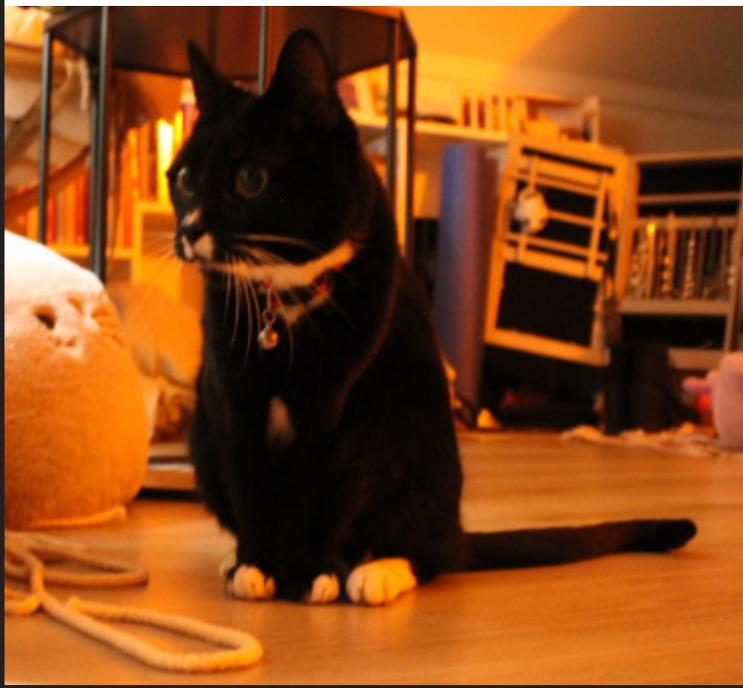


**Clutter**

# Comfort

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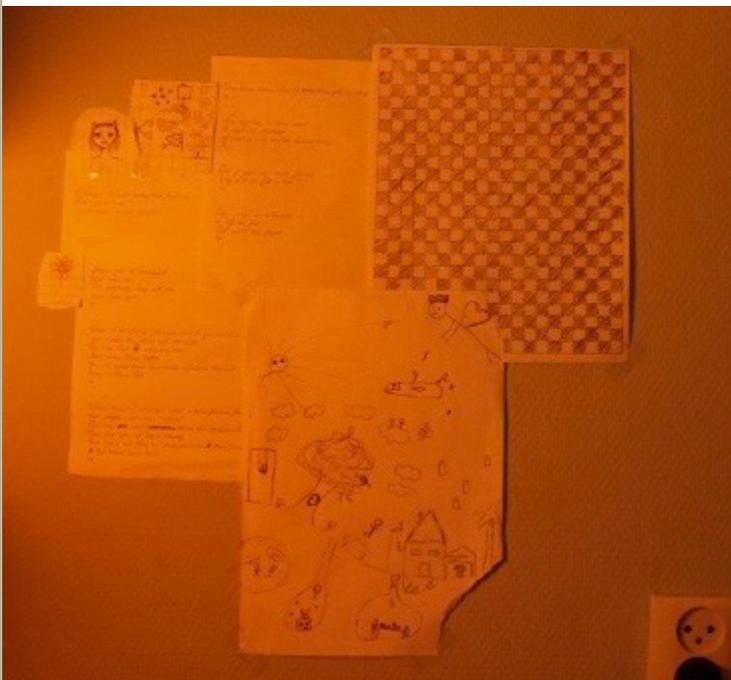
# Familiarity



A room slowly becomes a reflection of the person living in it. Over time, the space begins to reveal patterns, habit and moods.

The disorder is not random, it carries the pieces of who we are.

In the mess, something personal becomes visible.



In the kitchen, chaos  
takes on a different form.

Ingredients cover the counter,  
tools are left where they were  
last used and small traces of the  
process remain everywhere.

At first it may seem messy,  
but each movement has a  
purpose.

Every object belongs to the  
process of creating something.

Within the disorder, there is a  
direction.

A quiet sense of control inside  
the chaos.



# Controlled



# Chaos

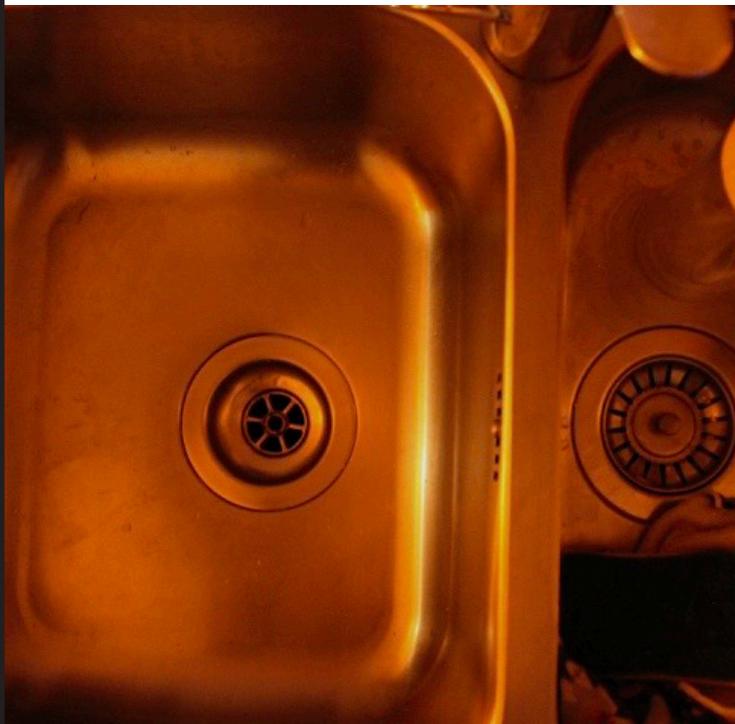
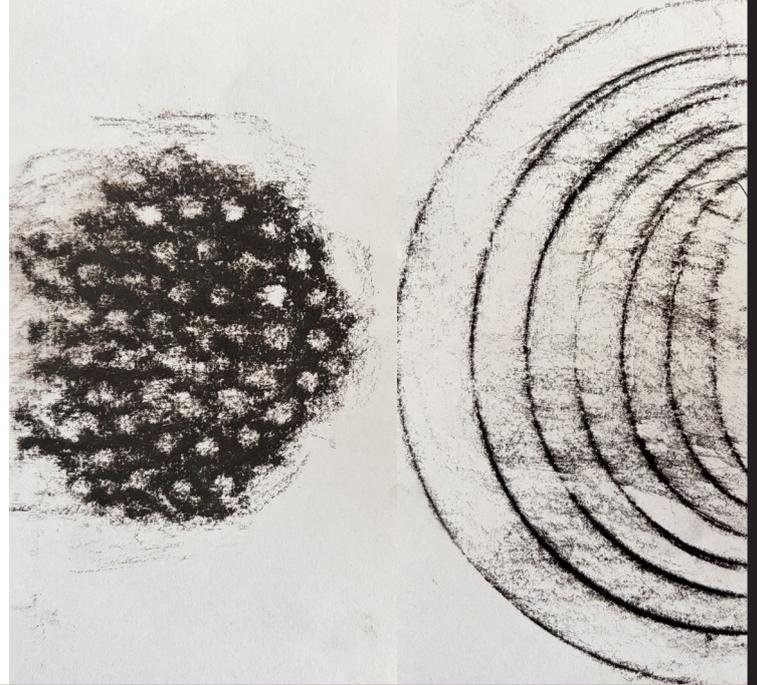


# Warmth



# Preparation





Preparation fills the kitchen. Ingredients wait on the counter, tools gather where they are needed and small moments of activity begin to appear.

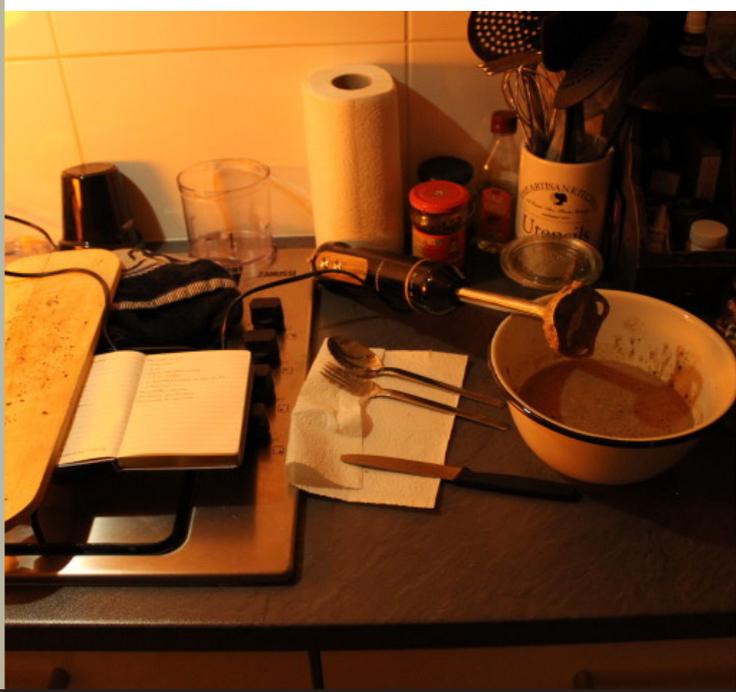
What may seem like a mess is simply the beginning of something taking shape.

In this moment, chaos becomes part of the process.





Process



# What If



# Belongs

# Chaos

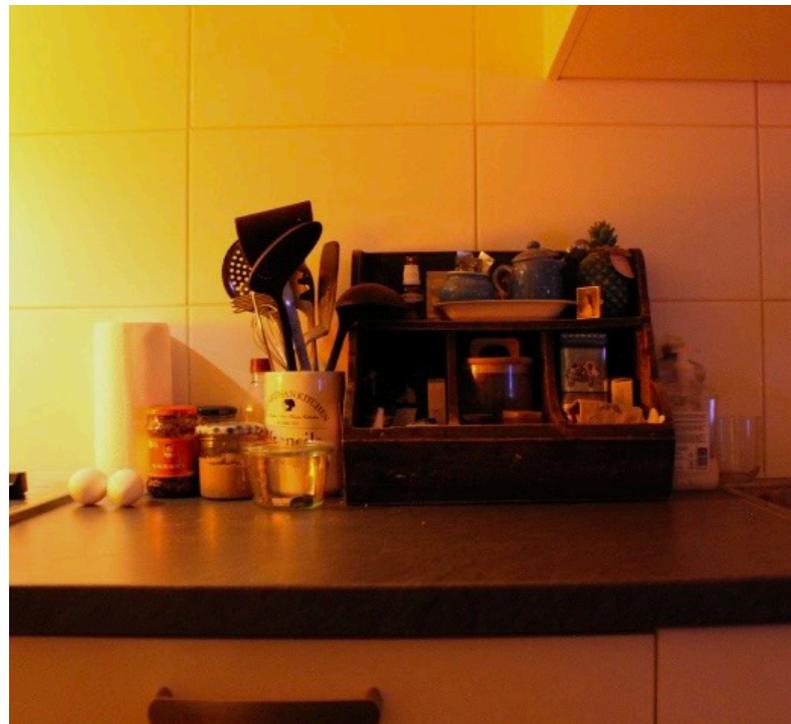


# Here?

**The**



**Comfort**



**In**

**Chaos**