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**From:** Brian Vickers <[REDACTED]>  
**Sent:** Friday, June 29, 2012 4:31 AM  
**To:** Porter Stowell; [REDACTED]; [REDACTED]  
**Subject:** Fwd: If by Rudyard Kipling

Brian Vickers=/div>

Requiro Scientia LLC

Office: [REDACTED]

=br>

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Begin forwarded message:

From: Tommy Kendall <[REDACTED]> <mailto:[REDACTED] => >  
Date: June 28, 2012 8:35:17 PM EDT  
To: Vickers Brian <[REDACTED]> <mailto:[REDACTED] => >  
Subject: If by Rudyard Kipling=/b>

Here is that poem I was telling you about.

TK

=/div>

If—

BY RUDYARD KIPLING <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/rudyard-kipling=>

(‘Brother Square-Toes’—Rewards and Fairies)

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

&nb;p; But make allowance for their doubting too; =/div>

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,

Or being hated= don’t give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master; &nbsp;  
=  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim; &nbsp;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;=   
Twisted by knaves=to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and=build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings<=div>  
= And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
A=d never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To=serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is not=ing in you  
= Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'</div>

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings=E2◆◆nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all=men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty s=conds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything th=t's in it,  
And—which is more—you=E2◆◆ll be a Man, my son!

Source: A Choice of Kipling's Verse (1943)

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