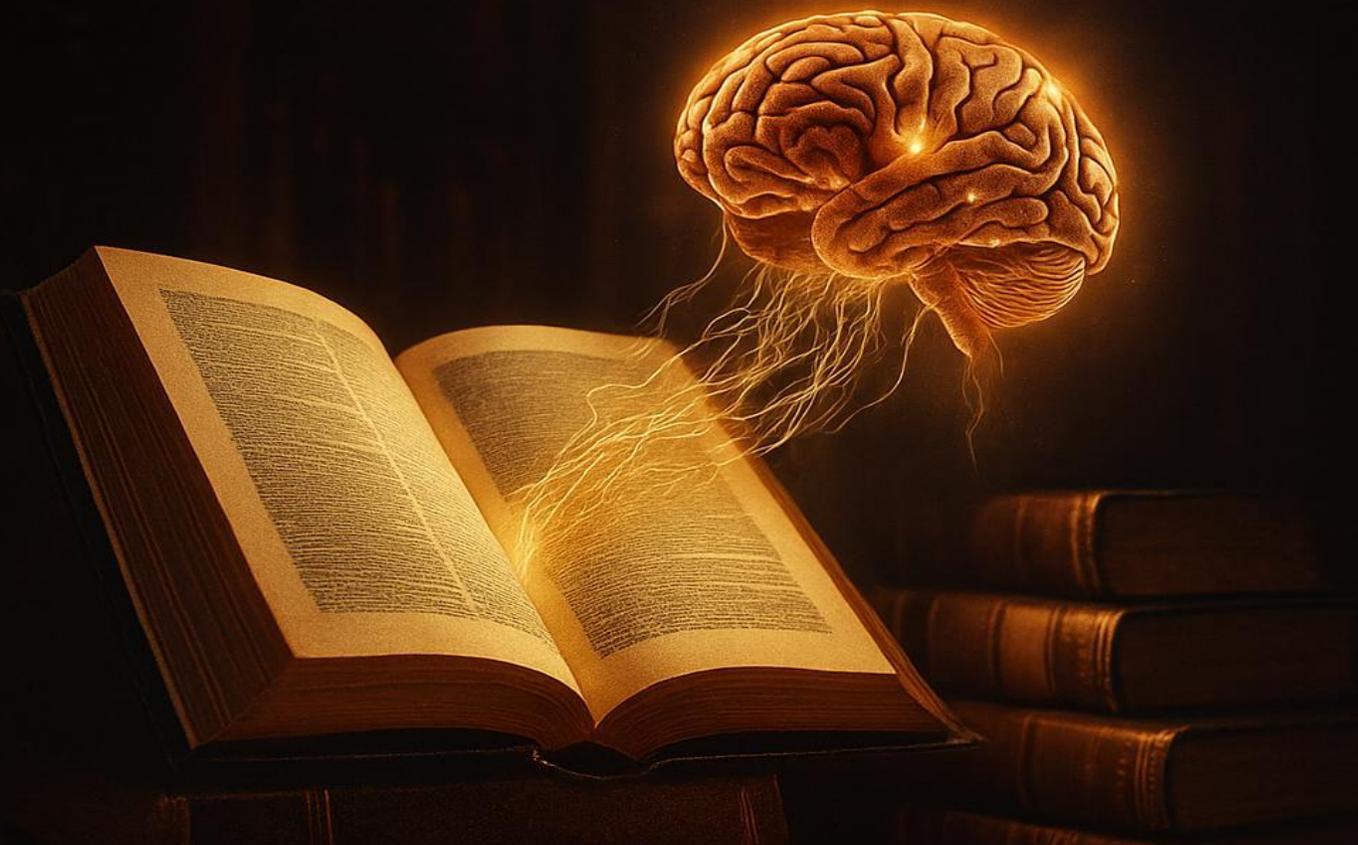


INVEST IN YOURSELF



*“What if you saw someone’s life on the edge?
Your humanity would move you to save them...
So move it again – this time, to save your dreams.”*

MOHAMED ZREKE

All rights reserved © to the author of this content.

It is strictly prohibited to copy, distribute, or republish this book or any part thereof, whether electronically or in print, without the prior written permission of the author.

This book is licensed for personal use only.

Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and may result in legal prosecution.

Invest in yourself

Author: Mohamed Zreke

This book was written to:

Change your mindset.

Illuminate the darkness in your life.

Motivate your soul.

A book that plants confidence and enthusiasm

A book that sows hope in your beautiful heart

Table of Contents

My friend,.....	7
Life	8
Wiel a pen	9
Pressures of Life.....	10
You're Not Void	11
Self-Faith	12
Pressures of Life.....	14
A Story Between Two Men	15
Motivate Yourself.	16
Different Perspectives.	17
Appreciate What You Have.....	18
Perhaps... ..	20
Between Love and Hate	21
Train your commander	22
A Great Goal	23
Turning Point	24
Listen	25
Discipline births habits.	26
Pain.....	27
Make Peace with Yourself	28
Anxiety and the Pacific-Ocean Law	29
Do you know?.....	30
The aching truth.....	31
Pain.....	32
Wealth	34
Habits.....	35
I want to tell you	36
The Hard Change	37
The Art of Yielding	39
Embrace Failure	40
Take Responsibility for Your Life	41

A lesson I cherish.....	43
Hope	44
I am who I am.....	45
What are you fighting for?	46
Sacrificing	47
Warrior, awaken	48
Life without goals	50
Be Ready.....	51
Everything needs Time	52
Success	53
Failure Is Not Your Finale	54
Remember	56
Failure is the finest teacher.....	57
On Success and Failure.....	58
After failure and pain.....	59
To know the worth of <i>time</i>	61
The Wolf of Evil.....	62
Change your mindset.....	64
Stay strong.....	65
Your <i>choices</i> sculpt your future	68
Success scorns surrender.....	70
Say to yourself.....	72
Success is a state of mind	73
Let go of the past.....	74
Suffering is what will forge you.....	76
Hardships.....	77
No one is coming.....	78
Success drinks from joy.....	79
Every person is a <i>human</i>	81
Don't you dare abandon yourself.....	82
Your enemy dwells <i>within</i>	84
My Battle with My Brain	85
Hesitation steals irreplaceable chances.....	87

Discipline	88
I'm tired	89
Passion & Dopamine	91
The Most Powerful Financial System	94
Face the fear—and bear it.....	96
Programming Your Subconscious	97
The Subconscious: Deep Water, Steady Hand	99
No time for disappointment.....	101
Things that never return	103
Smile—your sadness never bent the world.	104
Why do you keep imagining.....	105
However late you are	107
Are you the person you want to be?	108
Effort happens in the dark.....	109
Lion Mentality	111
The Wealthy — Secrets of a Millionaire Mind	113
The finest part of your success is the hardest part.....	115
By widening your expectations in the gym.....	116

My friend,

When the crow flutters onto the mountain's crown, the eagle slips silently into the wind—not from dread, but from the quiet certainty that a crest already occupied is no longer a crest at all.

Yet I beg you, be neither that eagle forever circling old heights, nor that crow straining to inherit another's sky.

Become the height itself.

Become the sail that drinks the storm, the wave that ushers ships toward daylight, the summit that draws every wandering heart upward.

Let even your dreams blaze with distinction— stars bright enough to teach the night its own brilliance.



Life

We arrive in life as strangers— unnamed, unchosen in skin, tongue, or flag.

Before my eyes: pens.

One frees, another decrees;
one excuses, another smuggles lies;
one noble, one hired, one chained;
one dazzles, one darkens;
one grows, one is tangled;
one births light, one breeds harm.

Pens are countless, yet the ink is one. Choose your pen wisely—**for pen** is merely another word for human.

Wield a pen

Wield a pen that trembles with thought.

Wield a pen that pours its wisdom like dawn.

Wield a pen whose ink is sunrise—hope in liquid gold.

Wield a pen that tips the scales toward tender justice.

Wield a pen that unsheathes itself against the dark of tyranny.

Wield a pen forever hungry for horizons not yet named.

Wield a pen that stitches kindness into every wounded palm.

Wield a pen that will not sag beneath the weight of long nights.

Wield a pen that charts new constellations for lost hearts to follow.

Wield a pen carved from grace, lit by courtesy's quiet flame.

Wield, at last, the very pen your spirit has been aching to hold.

For with each stroke of character, you confess the orchard where your roots once drank. I do not ask you to sprout the wings of angels — only this: **never** trade your beating human heart for the mask of a devil.

Pressures of Life

When a soul moves through an air thick with **pressure**, stumbling from one **problem** to the next—speaking to another only to touch a fresh **problem**, finding a **problem** even at his own threshold—a small **fire** naturally kindles within, urging reckless, unmeasured acts.

Thus he hurtles, head-long and wild, into calamity; from that blaze rises a longing for **revenge** against the world around him, and he begins searching for a **victim**.

Know this: he has crossed a season of tempests. You cannot feel the weight that sat upon his skull until it shattered in your face.

Some **burdens** possess no alphabet; they resist every tongue.

Each deed we witness is a **translation** of a hidden landscape; each reaction, the sum of that day's unseen **stress**; every word that wounds you springs from a thousand unseen **daggers** lodged in the speaker's own heart.



You're Not Void

You were **never** fashioned for **nothing**.

You are the crowning **marvel** of creation on earth.

Your **mind**—a cathedral of divine **engineering**.

Perhaps, my friend, you'll boast of the **whale** or the **lions**— yet you are the one who hauled the **whale** to your own **kitchen**, the one who tamed the **lions** and set them dancing beneath a circus moon.

You forged the **airplanes** that skim the highest **clouds**, raised the titan **dams**, built the battling **ships** that cut through raging seas, and flung **skyscrapers** like spears into the sky.

So do not imagine yourself an empty slot.

You are a **portion of responsibility**— of turning the world, of ripening thought, of guarding human peace.

Nothing God shaped was cast in jest. Even a mere **mosquito** can blood the eye of a kingly **lion**.

You will be pointless only if you choose to call yourself **pointless**.

Self-Faith

Success seldom follows the path we plan at first; it often diverges and tests us with early trials!

Embrace faith—trust that at journey's end, victory awaits!

Faith is the conviction that triumph will come when no signs yet appear...

Faith is believing in your dream when all others doubt its worth!

Faith is finding calm in the eye of life's storm—soft enough to close your eyes?

Faith is the steadfast knowing that brighter days lie ahead despite the tempest!

Sometimes you must stake all you have on a dream unseen by the **world!**

Hold **faith** in your dream regardless of the sacrifices—or the time it takes

Faith is stepping forward when the path is hidden, assured it will reveal itself in time!



Faith is shouldering full responsibility and redoubling your effort when conditions falter!

Awaiting perfect conditions is to brace for eternity... and risk never pursuing your **goals!**

Faith is the certainty that suffering finds its end!

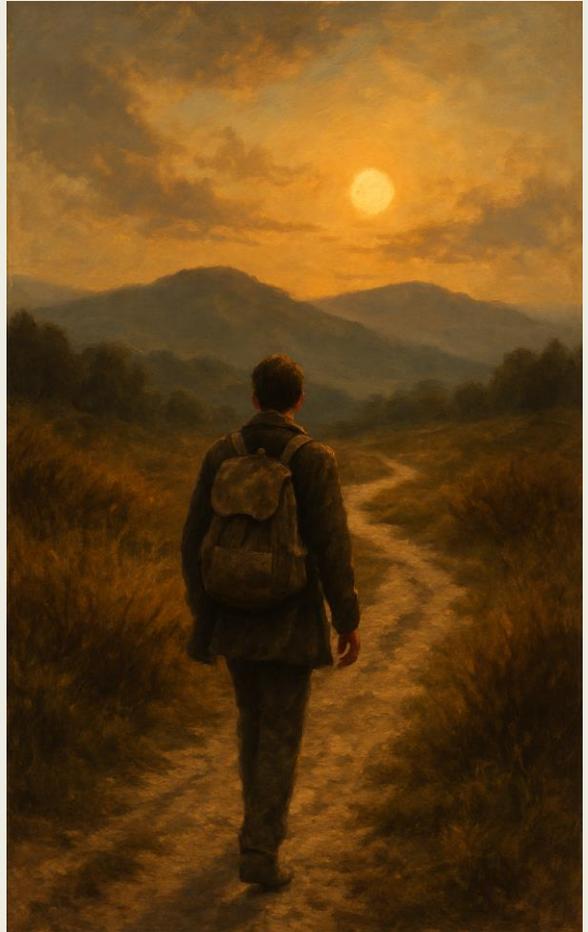
Faith is the promise that your moment will come!

When you believe in yourself—no force can halt your advance!

No **treasure** surpasses the wealth of **self-belief!**

Let your **faith** tower above your fear!

Nurture faith, for success lies just beyond tomorrow's horizon!



Pressures of Life

Turn from the **world**—remake **yourself**.

To **change** the world is a cliff of iron.

My **friend**, every heart hungers to **change** the world:
the **sick**,

the **poor**,

the keepers of **power** and throne.

Yet few will dare to **change** the pulse within their own chests.
And the instant one soul rewrites its inner script,
the **world** turns a fresh page beside it.

Begin with **yourself**.

A Story Between Two Men

One man remade **himself**; another, waits for the **world** to remake itself for him.

In a quiet village where weary **roofs** sat cracked and trembling, a hard **rain** began to fall, leaking into the homes of two neighbours.

The first, as the **rain** drummed, spat curses sky-ward—damning the **rain**, lashing the wind with anger.

The second felt the droplets kiss his floor, looked to the ceiling, climbed to the **roof**, and patched every fracture he could find.

So when the heavens weep again, water will still invade the first man's house, yet pass the second by.

Why?

Because the first man longs for the **world** to halt the **rain** for his broken **roof**—a wish impossible. He refuses to mend or **change himself**, though the fault lies in the **roof**, not the **rain**.

The other, unable to command the clouds, mended what was his to mend. By **changing himself**, he let the **world** change enough.

Motivate Yourself.

In all my years I have **never** met a soul who reached breathtaking **success** in any corner of life without first having **suffered, sweated, sacrificed,** guarded unbroken **focus,** and **fought** through tears, trials, and tests. Carry a **dream,** bind it with iron **commitment,** and it will unfold.

When the eagle settles on a branch, it does not fear the branch will break; its faith lies not in the wood, but in its own wings.

Place your **trust** in **yourself.** **Believe** in **yourself.**



Different Perspectives.

We share the same **eyes**, yet peer through different **skies**.

They whisper of a **king** who ruled a boundless **realm**. One dawn he roamed his lands, and the fierce **thorns** and jagged **stones** gnawed his wandering **feet**. Home in the palace, he summoned his circle of counsel.

The first bowed low: “Majesty, we shall cloak every **road** in supple **leather**.”

The second bowed deeper: “Impossible, sire. Rather, sheath your own **feet** in **leather**—and every **road** will seem paved.”

Thus were the first **shoes** born.

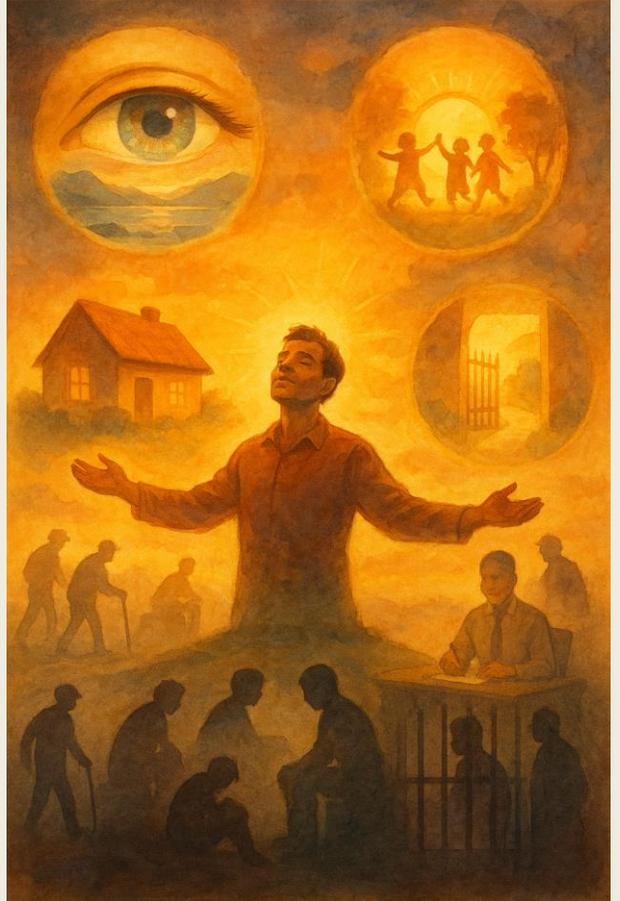
Stretch your **sight**, let it drink the whole horizon — and attend the quiet **details**.

Appreciate What You Have

Hope — and measure the **blessings** that circle you.

We are all ringed by quiet **gifts**, my friend, in every corner of our days. Yet many of us imagine we alone wrestle the world's rough trials. —We lack much, yes, but we **possess** far more.

- Your **eyes**—through them mountains and waves pour into your sight. This may be your finest treasure; to someone blind, your vision is a distant **dream**.
- Your cramped, worn-out **home**, the one you curse for every leak — to someone sleeping in doorways, that little room is a shining **haven**.



- Your roaming **children**, laughing and crashing about your table—
to the childless, that chorus is a lifelong **wish**.
- Your freedom to **walk**, to stray where you please beneath an open
sky — to a prisoner, that step beyond the bars is pure **paradise**.
- Your wearying **job**, the work that drags you from bed with a groan
— to the unemployed, that daily grind is a doorway to **dignity**.

So lift your gaze. Count the abundance that already threads through your
life — and let **gratitude** shine like dawn on every hidden gift.

Perhaps...

Perhaps...

Perhaps **happiness** is the soft hush that flowers when we let things go — not the feverish ache of hoarding them. Perhaps **happiness** lives in walking away from certain hearts, not in chaining ourselves to their shadows.

Perhaps it blazes as **wealth**, **health**, an untarnished **name**, a reposeful **mind** — or whispers inside a single drop of **useful knowledge**.

Perhaps true **provision** is a steady **mind**, a tender **companion**, a lineage of radiant **children**; perhaps real **strength** is the reign you hold over **your own storms**, not the sway you wield over others or any fragile throne.

Perhaps your vigilant **caution** plants the seed of triumph, yet, mis-aimed, waters the roots of defeat.

Perhaps your gleaming **confidence** hurls you toward the sky, and its excess hurls you back to ruin.

Between Love and Hate

When you **love**, you crown **sacrifice** with honor; when you **hate**, every humble **concession** clangs like chains.

When you **love**, even iron-clad **trials** feel feather-light; when you **hate**, you seed fresh **obstacles** at every stride.

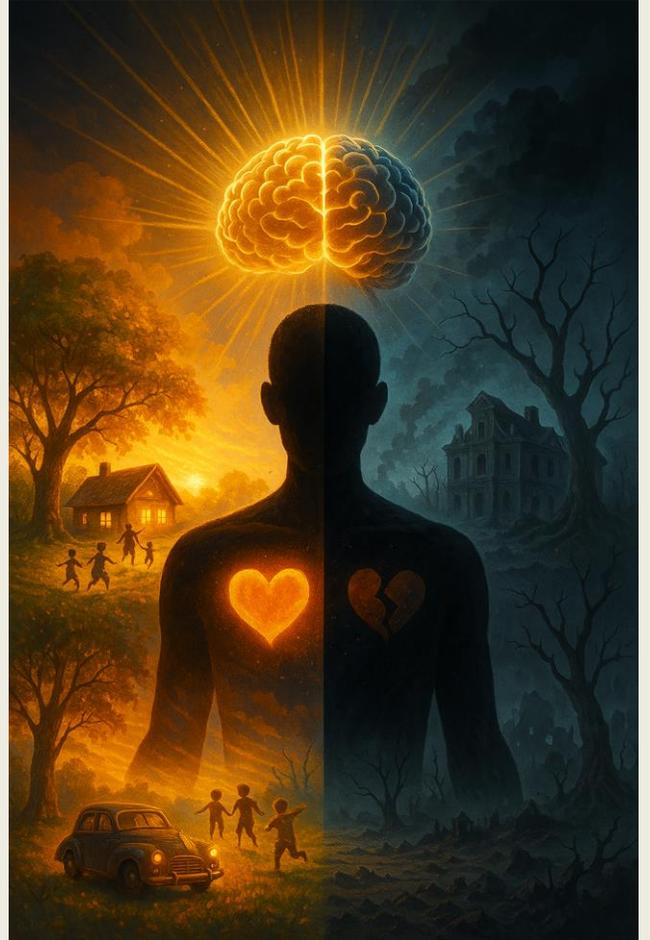
If you **love** your **country**, you'll chase drifting **sand**, swear it is **Eden**; if you **hate** it, you'll call a garden of **luxury** a lifeless **jungle**.

If you **love** your narrow, weary **house**—where outstretched feet greet the wall — it unfurls into a **palace**.

If you **hate** it, a gilded **mansion** shrivels to barren **dust**, a silent **tomb**.

When you **love**, the world re-stones itself with **mercy** and **hope**: the ticking **watch**, the threadbare **coat**, the scratched **glasses**, even the rattling old **car** becomes the newest **chariot** beneath the sun.

When you **hate**, the air thickens with **pessimism**, **envy**, and **ruin**; you scorn the finest **garments**, curse the sleekest **cars**, and find in every mirror the shrapnel of your own **wrath**.



Train your commander

The **cerebellum**—captain of thought—must never sink into **slumber**.

Keep it alive: flood your mind with **new information** again and again, for in the law of flesh every idle **muscle** shrivels and dies.

Learn **fresh skills**. Master a **new language** that ferries you toward your aim.

The **success** you hold today is the harvest of the **price** you paid yesterday.

What you **plant**, you will **reap**.



A Great Goal

A **great goal**—grand or thrilling—can pierce your heart with living **enthusiasm** and blazing **motivation**.

When your **dream** is on the line, be utterly **deaf**: grant no audience to their sneering **laughter** or casual **scorn** until you are the one wearing the final **smile**.

A quick, luminous **lesson**:

A small child once told a **millionaire**, “One day I’ll be a **millionaire** too.”

The crowd burst out laughing—everyone but the **millionaire**, who had spoken that very sentence in his own childhood.

God never inspects a **dream** to see if it matches your meager **budget**.
He does not leaf through your **bank account**;
He considers only the weight of your **faith**.

Turning Point

A decisive **turning point** will cross your life, reshaping you with swift, unyielding **lessons**.

It may confront you at any **age**— whether you are young or seasoned — and it differs for every soul, colored by the roads each has walked.

Within that season you will read your own **story** more clearly, accept the world's reproofing **voices** with unusual **calm**, and feel your **awareness** widening like dawn.

Yes, you will meet harsh **conditions**, but the season will pass— and it is the toll required for **success**.

When it ends, you will not be the person you were; you will rise **stronger, wiser**, and more **alive**. Guard this bloom of renewal—let surrender find no root.

Life will not become easier; it is you who must become **stronger**.

Steer your own **decisions**, own your **actions**. Some events escape your grip, yet you can always guide your **response**.

Less **tension** births clearer **choices**, and clearer choices yield finer **outcomes** along the long, unfolding arc of your days.

Listen

If you think the price of **victory** runs too high, wait until you're handed the invoice of **regret**.

When you cannot command what befalls you, you can still command your **response** — and there, my friend, waits your hidden **strength**.

Courage is not the absence of **fear**; it is feeling the fear and striding forward **anyway**.

The finest version of you is not the one that does **everything**, but the one forged in **discipline**.

And when it seems all of life is pressing hard against you, remember: an **airplane** climbs **against** the wind, never with it.



Discipline births habits.

Habits forge **consistency**.

Consistency flowers into **growth**.

Be the very **change** you ache to witness in this world.
A **dream** never steps into daylight without **discipline**.

The key to **success** is fixation on the **goal**, not the **obstacle**.
Defeat is reserved for the **brave**—the **coward** never dares the field at all.

A fundamental law for a thriving life

If you do not **pursue** what you want, you will never hold it.

If you do not **step forward**, you will forever stand in the same spot.

Hold fast to these truths.

Plant a **thought**—harvest an **act**.

Plant an **act**—harvest a **habit**.

Plant a **habit**—harvest a **character**.

Plant a **character**—harvest a **destiny**.

Pain.

- **Pain** is the engine that heals.
- The **spark**.
- The **thrust**.
- The force that shoves you to **remake** your life.
- The cup of raw **hardship** pressed to your lips.
- The voice that cries, “**Rise—work on yourself.**”
- The hand that drives you to **evolve**, to **revise** your thoughts, to **rewrite** your strategies.
- It will tattoo itself on your memory all along the road to **success**—yet, mis-handled, it can convince you you are **nothing**.

Pain can cast you as the **miserable**, the **weary**, the **spent**, the **shattered**, the **desolate**.

Or it can chisel out your wings.

Soar in the sky of success.

Think. Act. Seek. Learn.

Make Peace with Yourself

Fits of Rage

Sometimes you wake with a sudden **anger**—though nothing in the day has gone wrong.

That fire, my friend, is the **sediment of years**: old scenes you ignored, old wounds left unmet.

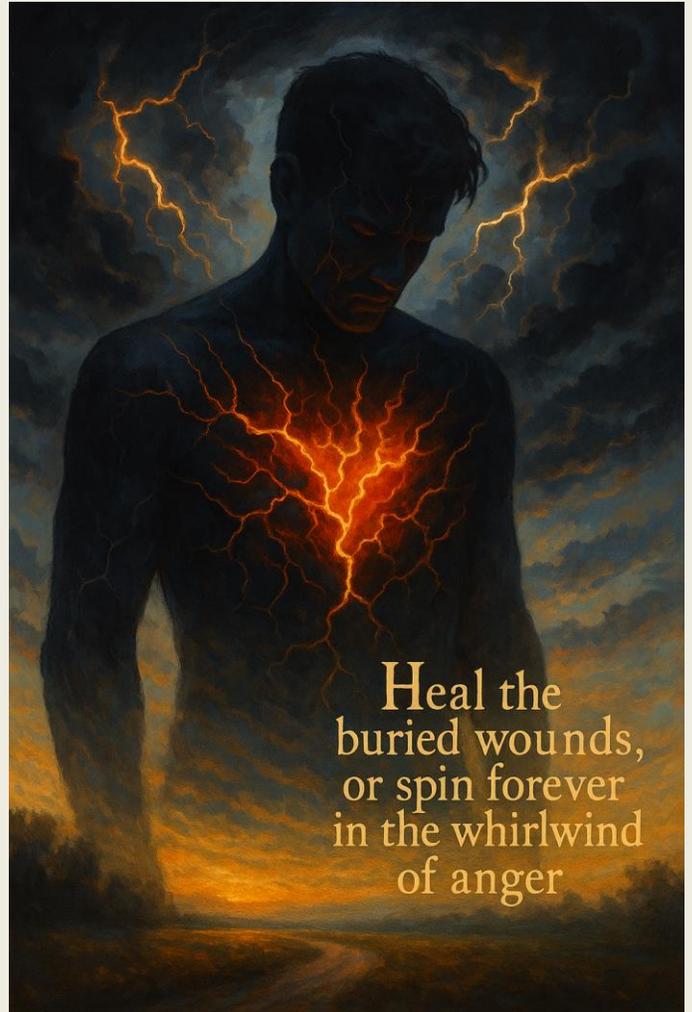
What is unspoken must at last burst forth as storms of **wrath**.

Angry Reactions

A stranger's small misstep cannot justify the roar you unleash, yet your reply erupts far larger than the deed. **Heal** the buried **wounds** and forgotten **shocks**, or spin forever in the whirlwind of **anger**.

Release the Negative

If you persist, you will forge a darker soul— a more **furious**, more **hurtful** self, hammered by your own unchecked **reactions**.



Anxiety and the Pacific-Ocean

Anxiety is the pulse that keeps you turning over what **might** occur—those nagging, restless **thoughts**. Yet the moment you begin to **plan**, its spell expires.

Anxiety can dress itself in many guises: your unfolding **future**, your fragile **success**, your daily **work**.

Tilt your perspective:

this **anxiety** is not your **self**—it is only **waves** skating across your surface.

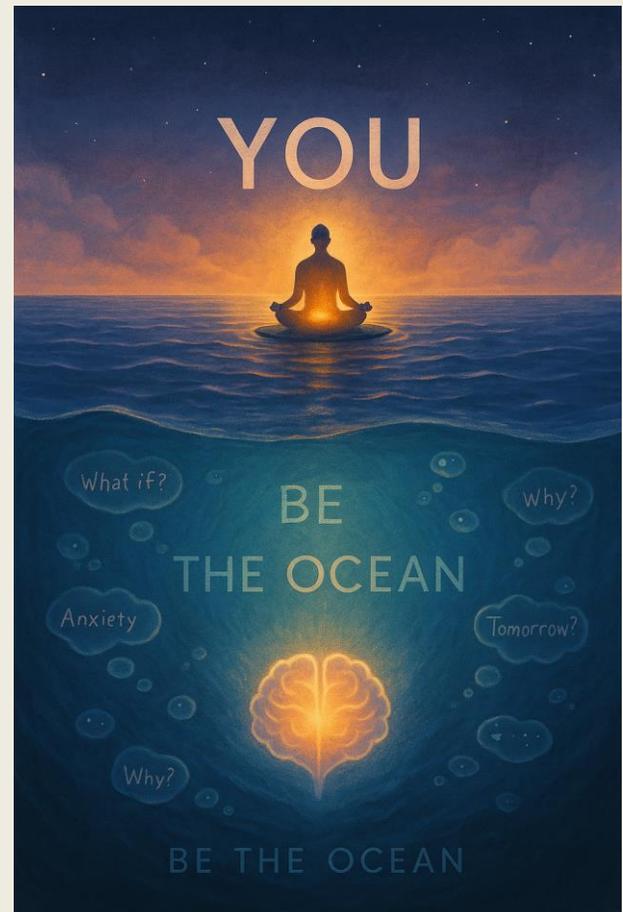
You, my friend, are the wide, deep **ocean**, steeped in hush and stillness.

These waves are merely passing **ideas**, not the shoreless **reality** beneath.

Whenever you brood over what could be, recall: **anxiety** is a phantom of your own imagining.

Do not live as those restless **waves**, always rising and falling.

Be the **ocean**.



Do you know?

I must share something **crucial** with you.

To taste **wealth** is to shoulder a mountain.

It is *easy* to drift in **poverty** or pleasant **average**, but to climb the summit of **abundance** costs far more.

Wealth asks—

Effort that drains the marrow.

Knowledge gathered like grain.

The forging of **character**.

The weaving of deep **relationships**.

A vault of lived **experiences**, brightened by honest **mistakes** and tempered into **expertise**.

Hours upon hours of tireless work.

The smashing of stale **habits**.

Relentless **commitment** and iron **discipline**.

Yes, the feeling of prosperity is sweet — but the path runs through daring **risk** and the brave acceptance of every storm it carries.

The aching truth

The aching truth:

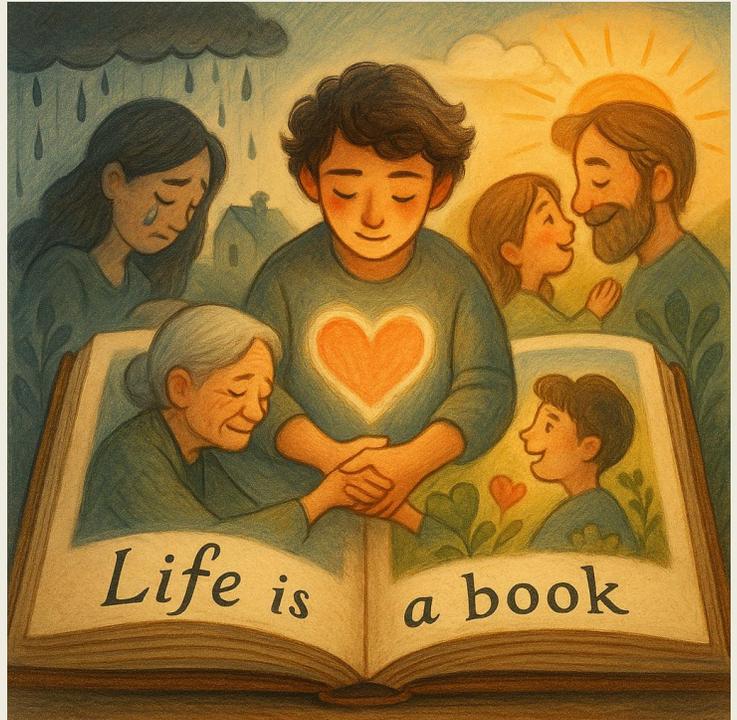
You had **loved ones** you could have **left**, yet you chose to **stay**.

You had **loved ones** you might have **stayed** beside, yet you chose to **surrender**.

Life is a **book** — some **chapters** drip with **sorrow**, others sing with **joy**; each page is essential to the **whole story**.

Learn what makes you **remarkable**:

- You are remarkable when you coax a **smile** from another.
- You are remarkable when you reach to do a simple **good**.
- You are remarkable when another's **pain** echoes in your own heart.



Pain

Pain is the gap between what your **mind** desires and what **reality** delivers.

To silence that pain:

1. **Change reality** until it mirrors your vision, or
2. **Change your vision** until it fits reality.
 - A life pivots when a person suffers **alone** long enough to outgrow mere **will**—
when he rises beyond himself and tastes true **freedom**,
when all seems stripped of **meaning**.

Remember:

- the **pain** that scorched you,
- the **promises** you swore,
- the way they once **treated** you,
- how far they pushed you toward feeling **worthless**.

Turn every wound into a **vow**:

Do it because they said you couldn't.

- Let no **past** eclipse your radiant **future**.
- **Slay** the toxic thoughts before they slay you.
- Do yourself the finest **favor**—fill your mind only with what moves you forward.
- **Strength** is the will to fight on your worst days.
- Hating your old actions is proof your mindset is **evolving**—keep going.
- **Work in silence**; let success make the **noise**.

Wealth

Wealth demands.

Wealth is no easy windfall— it **requires** far more than tossing up a few ventures.

Wealth is not merely crunching a spreadsheet, or stock-piling loose **cash**, or fattening a shiny **budget**.

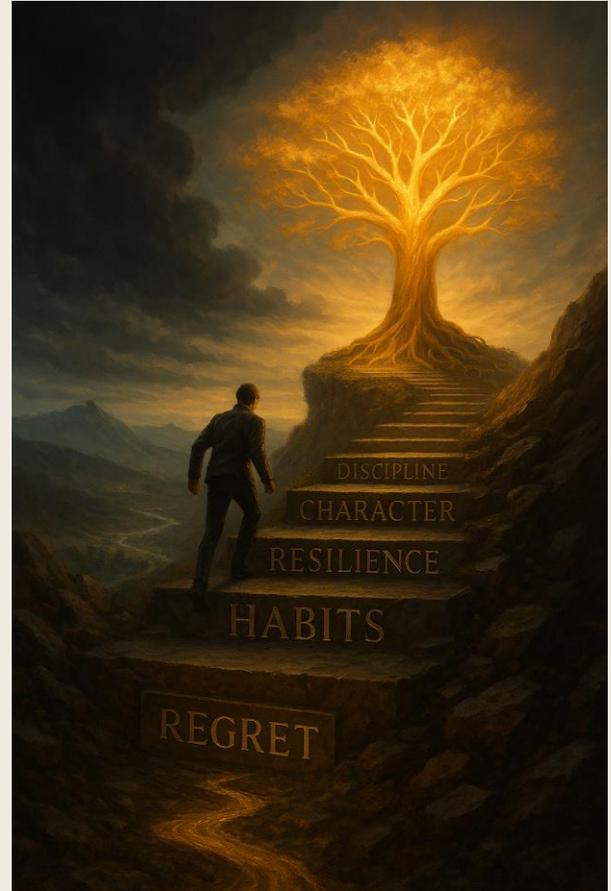
Wealth calls for many things:

- a **strong character**,
- a lucid, resilient **mind**,
- refined **habits** etched in daily conduct.

If you seek **wealth**, you must grow a nature brimming with noble, towering **qualities** and the nerve to unravel any **problem**.

Only then do matters like project plans, liquid capital, and cash flow take their rightful seats.

Remember: the pain of **effort**, **patience**, and even **failure** is far lighter than the pain of **regret**—never forget that.



Habits

The Importance of Habits

Habits grow **stronger** the longer they share our days. These are the small, repeated motions we weave into every sunrise. Though **tiny**, their force compounds with time, reshaping our **life** and **success**.

Forge one **small habit** and rehearse it—soon it becomes a steady **pulse**, folding itself into your daily **rhythm**.

Healthy habits morph into programmed **self-behavior**: reading a handful of pages each dawn, slipping into a quick workout that no longer feels like work—actions fused with the day's familiar **fabric**.

Such habits settle like quiet sediment, tinting our **mood** and **actions**.

Fix your gaze on no one but your own reflection.

Simply strive to be **better** than the self you were **yesterday**.

I want to tell you

Rise: your **future** will blaze brighter than your **past**. Rise, for you already stand taller than yesterday.

Success is the trek from **failure** to **failure** without letting **hope** slip. Rise again—your finest hour is still on its way.

The sharpest **revenge** is to triumph, spectacularly.

All who rose after the fall did not swap their **feet**—they rewired their **minds**.

Resist: even if you arrive in shreds, the joy of arrival will knit you whole.

One day you will say, *It was no gentle road, yet I walked it.* Either you **sacrifice** for your **dream**, or your dream lies down in sacrifice.

Ragged **results** are better than pure **surrender**—do not despair. Never shrink your **targets**; **double** your effort. If you stand where you do not love, you are a **refugee** in every place.

*Embrace the **pain**, smile at its **name**, cradle it close.*

For **pain** is the gate into **destiny**; it asks a single question: *Do you truly wish to reach your goals?*

The Hard Change

The Hard Change

The hardest thing is to **stay as you are**.

Change is required—even when it hurts—because it may be the road to **happiness**.

Step outside your **comfort zone** so you can reach your **goals** and carry home a larger share of **joy**.

Consider the **eagle**: said to be long-lived among birds, yet to reach its later years it must make a fierce **decision** in its forties.

Its long **beak** bends, its **wings** grow heavy and cling to its sides, its sharp **talons** curl. It can no longer **fly** or **hunt**—and so it stands before two doors: to **die alone**, or to undergo a **painful transformation** that lasts **five months**.



This transformation demands:

to soar to the **mountain-crest**, to shatter the **beak** against the **rock** until it breaks, to tear out the curved **talons**, to pluck the tired **feathers**, then to wait—patient as dusk— for all of them to **grow** anew.

After **five months** complete, the **eagle** begins its famed **rebirth**, launching into **thirty** more years of sky.

Be that **eagle** — freed from the weight of the **past**, accepting **change** with a quiet **smile** in the **present**, eyes fixed on a better **future**.

Be that **eagle**. **Learn** from it: **change** asks for great **sacrifice**. **Change yourself**—before it is too late.

The Art of Yielding

Practice the art of **yielding**.

When your **opponent** braces for your **force**, answer with a silk-soft **surrender**.

In that sudden hush he is **surprised, confused**—and the reins slide into your hands; you hold the **control**.

Let him believe it. It is part of your **plan**.

Your **surrender** is only **outward**; **inward** you stand **steady** as rock.

Yielding buys you **time, flexibility**, and breathing **space** enough to shape a truer, heavier **strike**.

This rare **surrender** is the alchemy that turns **weakness** into **strength**.

Refuse to flinch. When you do not **react**, when you simply **don't care**, it unsettles them — they learn they have no tether to your **emotions**.

Embrace Failure

One of the chief reasons **success** keeps its distance when you miss the **goal** is your refusal to accept **failure** in any of its shapes.

You chase the 100-percent **guarantee** — but such paths are rare; thus your **goals** go unmet and your **achievements** stay small.

You fear to **try** and to **fail**, you fear their **opinions**; this habit sinks into your **subconscious** and fastens chains.

Make **failure** your **companion**—until it guides you to **success**.

There is no **success** without **failure**.

No road is paved with **roses**.

It is time to make your **parents** proud.

My **father** did not toil so I would **surrender**.

You will **endure** in the very moment you think you are **breaking** — you endure when your **mind** triumphs over your **heart**.



Take Responsibility for Your Life

Take Responsibility for Your Life

We beg others for **guarantees**, yet offer ourselves none.

If someone gives a **30-day guarantee**, you can demand a **refund** when the promise fails.

But you've never asked for a **refund** from **yourself**.

Stand before the **mirror** and say it plainly: *You let yourself down*. Stop rehearsing **excuses**—the **economy**, the wrong **season**, the missing **opportunity**.

The blunt **truth** is this: you aren't there because **you** are not there.

Tell the **mirror**: I don't wake on **time**.

I don't show up on **time**.

I betrayed **myself**. I know what to do; I'm not willing to do the **work**.

Write your own **guarantee**.

Trade alibis for **discipline**.

Stop trying to solve a new **level** with the habits of the old one.\

You may say, "I wake each day and **work** two hours,"

or, "I grind for **four** and still no **opportunity**."

Perhaps the door opens only after **four and a half**.
It may demand you **say no** to friends, to alter your **routine**, to **move** to another city—whatever it takes.

Be willing.

Stop repeating that you haven't arrived because of someone else.

It's easier to cast **blame**, to put others in the fire while you never stand in it.

You owe yourself **clarity**.

Face the mirror and ask: why am I giving only **fifty percent**?

If something's off, apply **discipline**.

Tell yourself **no**—no more **alcohol**, no more **junk**.

You owe **yourself** a debt; pay it.

Enough tears, enough complaints, enough **excuses**. **Greatness** is already inside you.

You are here—leave a **mark**.

You are here—**act**.

Whatever must be done, **do it**.

Do not let your **emotions** seize the wheel; take it back.
Now is the hour to step into your **greatness**.

A lesson I cherish

A lesson I cherish.

Life spoke to me once, and its echo stayed.

Living with family is not **free**— you pay for it in **spirit** and **emotion**.

When you **pray** for the **rain**, be ready for the **mud**.

The **fire** that **cooks** is the same **fire** that **burns**.



Law of life: everything you **do** now, you will **pay** for later.

Life may **delay** the bill, but it never **waives** the balance.

Saving lifts you from **poverty** to the **middle class**.

Investing carries you from the **middle** to **wealth**.

Hope

Hope forges **miracles**.

Hope moves you **forward** instead of halting your steps.

Hope is what drives us after our **dreams**.

Hope lets us draw on **positive energy**.

Hope is the **fuel** that softens **obstacles**.

Hope opens the **window of success**.

Hope means: I have a **new chance**.

Hope means: I have **another attempt**.

Hope slays **despair** in its own house.

Hope is looking at the **sea** and saying, *I am the **pearl**, I am the **coral**.*

Hope is seeing the **eagle** high in the **clouds** and saying, *I am that eagle.*

Hope is greeting the **sun** each **morning**: *welcome, my lucky day.*

Hope makes us **aspire to success**.

Hope is the thing that does not know the word **impossible**.

I am who I am

I will not wear another **mask**, nor sand my edges to fit another's **mold**.

I may not be **perfect**, but I will keep **honing**, keep **rising**— becoming the **best version** of myself.

I make my own **decisions**.

I walk my own **path**—not always easy, yet better to walk **alone** than follow the crowd down the **wrong road**.

I am I: strong, in love with **life**, speaking first from the **heart**.
I do **not retreat**.

I **accept** people as they choose to be— I **welcome** everyone.

And the **greatest achievement**?

To stay **yourself** in a **world** forever urging you to be **someone else**.

What are you fighting for?

Don't tell me you have **nothing** to **fight** for.

If you can **breathe**, you have a reason to **fight**.

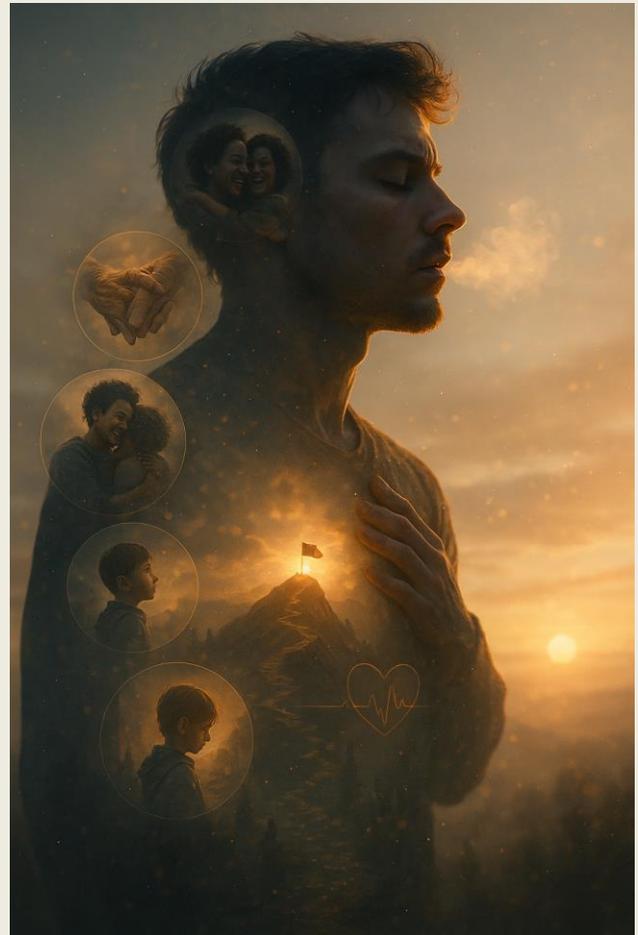
If there is **someone** in this life who **cares** for you, you have something to **fight** for.

If you **care** for another beyond **yourself**, you have something to **fight** for.

If you carry **pride** and **dignity**, you have something to **fight** for.
If your true **potential** has not yet dawned, you have something to **fight** for.

If you haven't reached your **dream**, if you haven't reached your **goal**, you have something to **fight** for.

Yourself — the self-worth **fighting** for. **Feel** her rising, the self you long to **become** — and that, my friend, is worth the **fight**.



Sacrificing

The **sacrifices** you make **backstage** decide the **stages** you'll stand upon.

If you can **see the line**, hold the **far horizon**, and **change** your way of **life**, then what you **see** in your **head** will become your **reality**.

When you **change your thinking**, when you **change your beliefs**, it **begins** as a vision in your **mind**—and ends as something you hold in your **hands**.

A **great life** does not happen by **chance**; it happens by **design**.

Warrior, awaken

Move **now**—**fight** for your **dreams** with everything your ribs can hold.

With this iron **mindset**, you are hard to **defeat**.

There is a **warrior** living in us all—a bright, stubborn **resolve** that meets every **challenge**, an oath to what is **right**, a hunger to **win**.

Yet many hide their quiet **war**, shrinking from themselves, mistaking **fear** for fate.

Not you.

The **warrior** does not study the crowd to find the **path**—he **points** to the horizon and begins.

He speaks in flint: **I can. I will. I must.**

No **hesitation**—**all or nothing**.



“I carry a clear **goal**, a clear **mission**, a burning **why**. I **trust** myself. I give **everything**. This task is **mine**; I will not **retreat**. I breathe to the last for this **victory**.”

We all know **doubt**, we all taste **fear** and **shame**, yet the inner **warrior** waits—unleash him; let him **fight** for what your heart dares to name.

When the sky rains **coals** and life salts the road with **hunger**, when **poverty** and **obstacles** clatter in your way, let the pain sharpen your **mind** and raise your **capacity**.

Warriors are not born; they are **forged**—in **experience**, **endurance**, and clean-eyed **failure**.

Not every **storm** comes to break you; some arrive to **steer** you. Set your **sail**; let the winds of **destiny** carry your **spirit** home.

Win first in your **mind**.

Own your **mistakes**; the ordinary man exports his blame.

The true **warrior** is **free** by **choice**—

from **ashes** he lights a **fire**; from **darkness** he draws **strength**. He belongs on the **summit**.

For **strength** is not muscle—it is an indomitable **will**.

The greatest **weakness**, my friend, is **surrender**; the surest road to **success** is to **try** again.

Even in **doubt**, see the **obstacles**, see the **faith**, see the **way**.

Plant a **strong mind** in steadfast **resolve**—rewrite your **destiny**.

You have weathered the **storm** long enough.

Say it with the thunder: **I am the storm**.

Life without goals

Life without goals is unbearably **dull**— no **ambition**, no **planning**;
only **despair** and **loneliness** flooding in, a lamp with no **fuel**,
a day whose **date** changes and nothing else.

Life without goals is a **football match without goals**:

endless **passes** between players, no **posts**, no **crossbar**, no **goalkeeper**.

A roaring **crowd** in the **millions**, **players**, **money**, **clubs**, **budgets**,
referees — the **clock** keeps moving, but there is no **joy**, no **thrill**, no
desire, no **passion**.

So a human **life** without **goals** is the same empty **match**—

no **goals**, no **keeper**,

only time slipping quietly into silence.

Be Ready

Be ready.

When your **dreams** begin to open their petals, you must **prepare**.

Be **ready** to become a **joke** on other lips.

Be **ready** to walk **alone**.

Be **ready** to **lose** some **friends**.

Be **ready** to face the whole **world**.

Be **ready** for **failure**.

Be **ready** to be **ignored**.

And know this, my friend: **silence** is not always **consent**. Sometimes it is the bruise of **disappointment**, the weight of **frustration**,

the place where **words** no longer help and the cupboard of **hope** stands bare.

Sometimes **silence** is the **shock** that kills something within—a small bright thing that will not live again.

Silence is the falling curtain, the end of **excuses**, the moment when **nothing** remains to say.



Everything needs Time

Everything needs **time**—even **success** needs **time**, my friend.

When you step into **training**, you need **time**;

a **muscle** does not **grow** in a breath.

It asks for repeated **exercise**, and each round leaves it **stronger**— still, it asks for **time**.

A mother waits the **full term** for life to ripen.

A farmer sows his field and waits for the **harvest**.

You will not be **rich** in a **month**.

Be **patient**, dare to **sacrifice**.

Fix your eyes on the **plan**, and the **results** will arrive—with **time**.

Success

Success is a door that yields only when you bring it a new **key**. If you **want** what you have **never** held, be **ready** to do what you have **never** done.

First, **expect** the **great** from **yourself**—only then will your hands learn its shape.

We all **seek** it, we all **chase** it; yet it answers the ones who **keep trying**, whose eyes are lit with **faith** in the path ahead.

Success is not thunder but rain: **small efforts, day after day**, until the earth remembers. The **failure** hunts for alibis; the steadfast hunt for **opportunities**.

Gather your **tools**—sharpened **skills**, honest **relationships**, ceaseless **learning**.

You cannot **climb the ladder** with your **hands in your pockets**. Draw a **plan**, name your **goals**, then **execute**—**try, try, try** again.

Do not stare at the **distance** and call it impossible; the **journey of a thousand miles** bows to a single **step**.

Some **sleep** to **dream** it; others **wake** to **do** it.

Hold fast to your **goal**—the secret is **steadfastness**.

Let your **resolve** walk on ahead, and it will lead you to the **finish**.

Failure Is Not Your Finale

Failure is not the **end** of your story—it is the first bright page of your **comeback**.

If **failure** were final, there'd be no **Einstein**, no **Edison**; had they halted at each stumble, the world would be dimmer, the cosmos less **theory**, the streets less **light**.

For the **winner**, **failure** becomes a **lesson**; for the faltering heart, it hardens into **motivation**.



Let **failure** be your **fuel**—no one loves its taste, but the **winners** are those who **never surrender**, who whisper, “**Next time, I’ll be better.**”

Do not let **failure** arrest your steps—let it **grow** you, **shape** you.

It is no grave; it is a **gate**—**another chance, another experiment**.

The only true **failure** is to **yield**; keep moving, and the wall becomes a **hurdle** you clear.

You will reach **success**—**keep going**.

In a **champion’s** mind, **failure** cannot nest; they rise to a higher **level** before its echo fades.

Are you that **champion**?

Will you **receive** failure, then **try again**?

Learn the lesson, **apply** the lesson—walk out **stronger**, keep your feet **in motion**.

Some fear **failure** so much they never **begin**.

Some **quit** one breath from **victory**—so close the finish line dusts their shoes.

Do not be that one.

Edison did not “fail”; he found **a thousand ways** that did not work—and on **attempt 1001**, the filament **burned**.

Use **failure** as **fuel**.

If it drives you, you cannot truly **fail**; if you turn it to your **advantage**, it cannot **defeat** you; if you never accept **defeat**, you will wear the crown of **victory**.

Failure is not your **ending**—it is the opening **chapter** of your return.

Remember

Your **life** matters, more than you know.

There are **people** who truly **love** you.

Your **wounds** will **heal**—maybe slowly, but surely.

Your **days** will **brighten**.

This **pain** is **temporary**; it will pass.

Your **story** is **magnificent** and deserves to be **told**.

Thank **yourself** for the quiet **help** you offer so many.

So many **good things** are already walking toward **you**.

You are **important**; your very **presence** carries weight.

Now the gentle, honest mirror:

Your **life** is **yours**—entirely your **responsibility**.

In part, you are the author of your **poverty**, your **weakness**, your **loneliness**, your **sadness**.

Own this, not to bruise yourself, but to take back the **pen**.

If you don't **fight today** for what you **long for**, you'll **fight tomorrow** to survive what you never wanted.

Do not be **defeated**.

No one can conquer the soul that is knocked down, **sleeps**, **rises**, and **begins again**— as if the night never happened.

Failure is the finest teacher.

To every soul who **tried**, then **stumbled** and **fell**, and whispered, *I am a failure*—know this: the **chair of the successful** will not seat those who are swayed by the fallen.

To the one who hides his face because he **failed**, who **tried** and **fell** again—to the one whose **pen** snags on the white **page**, snaps, who knocks on **publishers'** doors and is **rejected**, and then mutters, *I am a failure*:

Don't say that. **Failure** is not a creature, not a human—**failure is not you**.

Failure is only an **attempt** that reached for **success** and missed.

So **repeat** the play. **Try** again. And again.

Until you become **successful**.

Do not call yourself a failure—**failure** has no **flesh** and **blood**.

Its definition is simple: **an attempt that hasn't worked yet**.

Think of **failure** as a roadside **sign** that reads:

Not this way to success—try again.

On Success and Failure

Like a traveler at the wheel, hunting a **goal**—a **market**, a **mosque**—he misses the **road**, takes a wrong turn.

Will he park and **weep** because he erred, or will he **circle back**, **search**, and find the **right way** to his destination?

My friend, a human being is a braid of three strands:

a fierce **resolve** in your **heart**,

a clear **decision** you **choose**, and practical **tools** in your **hands**.

To reach your **goal**, **learn** from your **mistakes**.

Do not drive the **same road** and expect a **different result**.

The taste of **success** is irresistible.

Begin now. Try again.

Gather your **tools**.

Seek people with living **aims**, who are chasing **success** too.



After failure and pain

After failure and pain, persevere—nothing of real value comes easily.

No true achiever has outrun failure; sometimes it is catastrophic. Learn from the mistakes and do not surrender.

The secret is what you do in the hour of pain.

Loss and frustration will not leave you as you were. You can come out feeling spent, or come out better. You can exit defeated, yielding your dreams—or emerge carrying new passion, fresh zeal, eager for the opportunities before you.

Do not let such moments crush you; grow through them. This trial is your chance to be stronger, to deepen your character, to gain new confidence.

That pain was not sent to stop you—it came to prepare you, to shape you, to increase you.

You will collide with a wall.

That wall has stopped some, surprised others, and discouraged many.

The impact hurts—yes.

But be the one who refuses defeat.

When you hit the wall, you evolve—again, and again, and again.

Keep pressing that wall, and watch what happens: a breakthrough so startling it feels as if the universe itself whispers, “Let us help you.”

Be unyielding.

Do not mind the **pain**—you already know the law: **no gain without pain**.

Speak of yourself with **positivity**.

Roar like a **beast**—and when it's time to **do** what a beast does, **don't retreat** and **don't invent excuses**.

The **doing** is **priceless**.

Only one element is missing...

The one thing you cannot **buy** is the fierce **grit** of a **true beast**.

This is the **chance** of your life—**seize it**.

To know the worth of *time*...

To know the value of a **year**, ask a **student** who **failed** the exam.

To know the value of a **month**, ask a **mother** who delivered in the **eighth**.

To know the value of a **week**, ask the **editor** of a **weekly** magazine.

To know the value of a **day**, ask a **day-laborer** feeding **many children**.

To know the value of an **hour**, ask a **fighter** awaiting the signal to **begin**.

To know the value of a **minute**, ask the traveler who **missed** a departure in a country that runs with **precision**.

To know the value of a **second**, ask the one who just **survived** a car crash.

To know the value of a **thousandth of a second**, ask the athlete who won **silver** at the **Olympics**.

To know the value of your **life**, ask someone in their **final moments**.

Stop squandering your **time**—do not let **today** imitate **yesterday**.

Grow, my friend.

The Wolf of Evil

An old **grandfather** teaches his **grandson** about **life**, about the quiet **battle** we all carry within.

He says:

There is a **fight** inside us—a struggle between two **wolves**.

One **wolf** is **evil**:

it wears the masks of wild **anger**, cold **malice**, sour **bitterness**,
shrinking **inferiority**, numbing

emptiness where **passion** should burn, swollen **arrogance**, and **false pride**.

The other **wolf** is **good**: it arrives as steady **focus**, full **presence**, generous **love**, bright **joy**, true **honor**, quiet **dignity**, and clean **integrity**.

“The same **battle**,” he tells the boy, “rages in **you**, and in **everyone** on this **earth**.”



The **boy** asks: *Which **wolf** will win?*

The **grandfather** answers: *The **wolf** you **feed** the most.*

Within us all live a **coward** and a **warrior**.

What you **look at** most is what you **nourish**.

Be careful what you **see**. **Audit** your **self**.

Guard your **actions**. Watch your **words**.

Study your **reactions**. Inspect your **habits**.

Open both **eyes**—and see which **wolf** you are **feeding**.

Change your mindset.

Change your **routine**.

Step away from the **people** who pull you **down**—out of your **life's** orbit.

Find the buried **drive** in your **depths** and set your **victory** alight.

Push with even greater **force**.

=====~=====

If you grasp how you have **failed**, you will grasp how to **succeed**.

Courage is not the absence of **fear**; **courage** is going on **despite fear**.

Resist what you **hate** to reach what you **love**.

You may **cry**.

You may **sorrow**.

But—never, ever—**break**.

Stay strong

Stay strong—your **story** hasn't ended yet.

The **stars** cannot shine without the **darkness**: the stars are **success**, the darkness is **failure**.

Do not let anyone learn the secret of your **tear**, or they will learn how to make you **weep**.

If you are **depressed**, you are living in the **past**.

If you are **anxious**, you are living in the **present**.

If you live with **hope**, **zeal**, **passion**, and **inner peace**, welcome to the **future**.

Believe, and tell yourself: whether as **light** or as **flame**, you will **shine**.

The truly **driven** human is the one who **listens**, **thinks**, and **notices**.

Don't abandon a *dream* because of the **time** it asks for— the **time** will pass anyway.

Most **problems** are born of two twins: we **act** without **thinking**, or we **think** without **acting**.

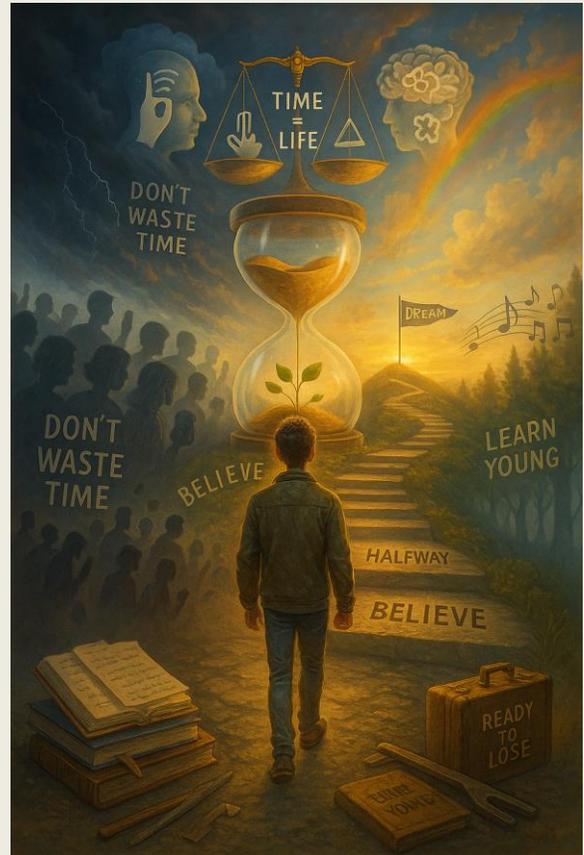
Your **comparison** to others is a game already lost, for every soul carries something **unique**.

Sometimes **silence** is the world's finest **music**.

Don't waste your **time** staring at what others **own**—you already **own** so much.

Believe you **can**, and you've walked **halfway**.

It's not enough to **express** your **thoughts** and **feelings**—learn to **express** them **correctly**.



Be **strong**; things will **improve**.

The sky may be **stormy** now, but it will not **rain** forever.

Time = life: either you **waste** your time and **lose** your life, or you **master** your time and **shape** your life.

Be ready to **lose everything** in order to **win yourself**.

Learn all you can while you are **young**—later, **life** will crowd your days.

Learn from others' **mistakes**; you won't live long enough to make them all yourself.

Your choices sculpt your future

Every **decision** bears **consequences**—your **choices** make you **better** or make you **worse**.

Are you moving **forward** or slipping **back**?

Do you notice your **progress**, or have you stopped **growing**?

Every small **decision** matters.

There are no **shortcuts**, no clever **tricks**.

Choose the **easy** road and it becomes **longer**, more **painful**, than the road that looks **hard**.

If you **decide** and say you will **do** a thing, then **do it**—for **yourself**.

Do not **lie** to **yourself**; it is the **worst** wound of all. You may think you're deceiving your **peers**, your **mother**, your **teacher**, your **coach**—but at day's end, the one you deceive is **yourself**.

Today you are **lying to yourself**—and soon after this moment, **no one** will be able to do anything **for you**.

This is the **life** you are **building**, not someone else's. **Make your bed**. You are the **captain** of your life.

Choose the hard road—the road of **responsibility**, of **work**, of grit and **sacrifice**, the road of **discipline**, of **humility**, of true **ownership**—the road that, at last, opens into **freedom**.

Make **discipline** part of your **daily** breath and your days will brighten.

Do not let your **goals**, **tasks**, **health**, or **discipline** slip. **Rise**, move with **force**, and keep walking the long road toward **victory**.

Success scorns surrender

Be **ordinary**, be **natural**—dissolve into the **crowd**: **dress** as they dress, **walk** as they walk, **act** as they act, **go** where they go, **think** as they think, **do** what they do—yet the moment you smother your **distinction**, you are no longer **ordinary** at all.



It takes **courage** to **stand out**.

It takes **courage** to be **different**.

It takes **courage** to **succeed**.

It takes **courage** to **win**.

It takes **courage** to be **one of a kind**.

It takes **courage** to grow **wise**.

It takes **courage** to be **learned**.

It takes **courage** to become **wealthy**.

It takes **courage** to be **cultured**.

Know this: the moment you choose **silence**, that, too, is **courage**.

And I **wonder**—in this fragile, middling **world** we inhabit today,

is anyone left with the **courage** to say: *Despite all I have endured, despite all my grandparents endured, despite all my father endured,*

I did not come this far to blend with the **ordinary**.

I hold the **courage** to chase my **dreams**.

Consistency is everything.

No results? **Keep working**.

Poor results? **Keep working**.

Brilliant results? **Double your effort**.

Consistency is the **key to success**.

Say to yourself

When I **began**, I was **alone**.

When I **failed**, I was **alone**.

When I **faced hardship**, I was **alone**.

When I **hurt**, I was **alone**.

When I **stumbled**, I was **alone**.

When I **wept**, I was **alone**.

When I **carried my mistakes**, I was **alone**.

When I **tried**, I was **alone**.

When I **refused to quit**, I was **alone**.

But when I **succeed**, I will be **alone**.

Watch your thoughts—they become your **words**.

Watch your words—they become your **actions**.

Watch your actions—they become your **habits**.

Watch your habits—they become your **character**.

Watch your character—it will shape your **destiny**.

Success is a state of mind

Success is a **state of mind**—name yourself **successful**, and let your steps align with it.

What you **despise** in **others**, **mend** within **yourself**.

You did not **lose**—you learned a **lesson**.

The **wind** that snuffs a **candle** can summon a **wildfire**.

Fight when the **odds** are stacked like mountains.

Fix your gaze on the **summit**—be **high-minded**, refuse the valley.

Strive, and **strive** again; do not grow **weary**.

Only **you** can **change** your **life**; no one will climb that slope **for you**.

And remember: the most **fearsome** are those with **nothing to lose**.

Let go of the past

Do not let your *past* become the greatest enemy of your **future**.

Leave it behind so you can **focus** on your **future**;
leave it so you can live **now**.

You must **let go** of your **painful past**—

your **suffering**, your **story**—not because they are **unimportant**, but because your **life** and your **future** matter **more**.

You **cannot change** the **past**.

Clinging to what you cannot change is **madness**.

Release it—so you can **live**.

Better yet, make it your **fuel**.



You needed to **see** that **past** to rise **beyond** it, to become the **person** you wish to **be**.

Forget what you **saw** back then; **forget** those heavy **feelings**, those **chains**, that **weakness**.

Forget the **noise** and the **lack of ambition** around you—forget the **negativity**, forget **everything** but the **happy memories**.

Do not let the **past** live in your **present** and take the breath to **ruin** your **future**.

Learn from your **past**—then **move on**.

Suffering is what will forge you.

Never **back down**—it is better to **bear** the **suffering** now, so you can live the rest of your life a **hero**.

Imagine getting everything you **want**, every time— without **effort**, without **hard work**, without **challenges**, without doing the **work** to earn it.

Some would call that **wonderful...** but you would grow **weak**; and when **trouble** comes, you wouldn't know how to **face** it you were never **tempered** by anything to make you **strong**.

You cannot **win** without **suffering**.

You cannot build **strength** without **resistance**.

Not without **challenging yourself**, not without the **struggle**.

Pain is your **friend**—perhaps not **now**, but over the **long run** it **builds** your **spirit** into a **stronger** human being.

Hardships

If there were no **hardships**, no **failures**, no **disappointments**, would you carry no **strength**, no **courage**, no **passion**—**could you?**

These **virtues** are forged by **pain**, tempered in **suffering**. You were given **pain** because you are **strong enough** to bear it— and you **did**.

You were granted this **life** because you are **strong enough** to live it: **strong enough** to **express**, to **succeed**, to **inspire**.

They will look toward you and murmur, “**She did it. He did it. I can do it, too.**”

You are **stronger** than you **think**.

You have **survived** these **trials** to this **moment**; you will **endure** whatever **comes**.

When **misfortune** returns, do not **curse** the sky.

Know it has a **purpose**—to teach **patience**, perhaps to spark **change** in others. There is a **reason**.

Do not **yield**. You have a **purpose** in this **world**.

No one is coming

No one is coming to **push** you.

No one is coming to tell you to **turn off the TV**.

No one is coming to drag you **outside to train**.

No one is coming to tell you to **move forward** in your **life**.

No one is coming to write your **business plan**.

No one is coming to tell you to **read**.

No one is coming to tell you to **invest**.

It's **up to you**, my **friend**.

Decide what kind of **person** you wish to **be**.

The **confident** one says:

“It looks **hard**, but it is **possible**.”

The **uncertain** one replies:

“It is **possible**, but it looks **hard**.”

Success drinks from joy.

Without **happiness**, you **quit** too soon; without **happiness**, **pressure** buckles you; without **happiness**, **hardship** unmakes you.

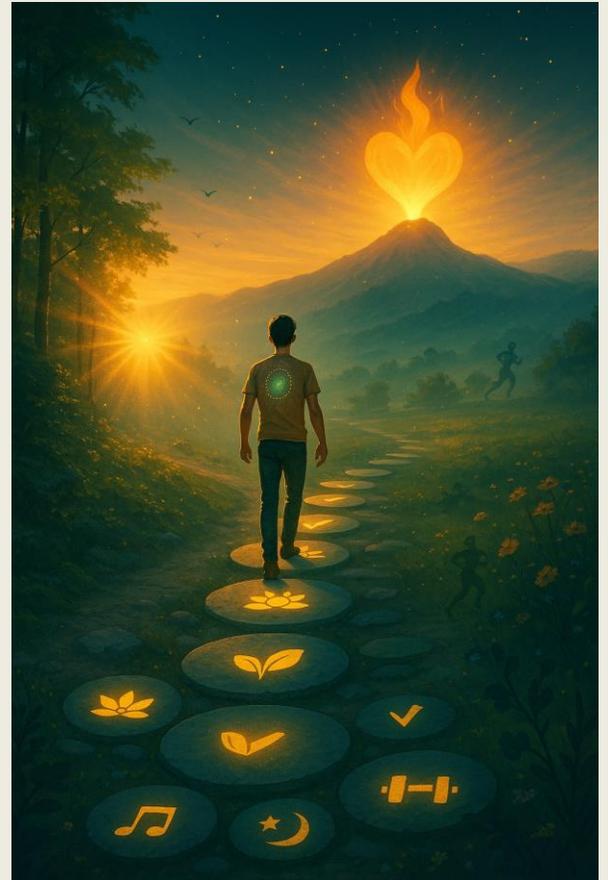
Seek **joy** in the **mind**—small daily **rituals** that teach the brain to pour its gentle light.

Serotonin — the steady sun within:

- **Meditation** (sit, breathe, unclench)
- **Walking in nature**
- **A dose of sunlight**

Dopamine — the spark of reward:

- **Finish small tasks**
- **Celebrate wins; stir your own motivation**
- **Sleep deep**



Endorphins — the hush after thunder:

- **Exercise**
- **Tend your hobbies**

Give your brain these habits.

Let the **results** rise like **dawn**—for **happiness** isn't a luxury; it's the **fuel of triumph**.

If you want *success*, don't stand gazing at the **top of the ladder**—look to the **first rung**.

Yes, it is **harsh, hard**, it asks for **effort**—but **try**, and **begin** the climb to the **summit**.

You may **stumble** at times, you may **fall** at others; **rise**, and **continue**.

Failure is only the **recoil**—the **spring** before the **leap of success**.

Do not confess the **fire** within; **smile** and say, **it's a barbecue**.

If you do not attempt what lies **beyond** what you **think** you can, you will **never advance**.

Straight roads never make a **skilled driver**.

Whoever lacks the **courage** to bear **risk** will **accomplish** nothing in **life**.

Do not die before you die.

Every person is a *human*.

Remember: those you think are **amazing** are not truly **different** from you.

Everyone carries:

- **problems**
- **fears**
- **doubts**

So **stop** assuming they are **better** than you.

Follow this rule to change your life for the better:

Don't rush to **fix your problems**—first **repair** the **mind** and **heart** that birthed them.

Your **life** is a **mirror** of your **thoughts** and **feelings**; you cannot meet your **troubles** with the **same** mind and mood that made them.

Change your thoughts, and your life will change.

Don't you dare abandon

Don't you dare. It is a sorrowful sight—that instant when you turn your back on the life you deserve, or watch others do the same and call it fate.

This matters: **do not** abandon yourself.

Others may leave you—**you** must not.

Your faith may stall, may tremble—**you** must not.

Do not betray your own heart; keep your inner **integrity**.

If you tell yourself you will do a thing, **do it**.

If you try and fail, **try again**.

Look up, **grow**, keep growing until you are ready to **conquer**.

Nearly everything in your life must be won through.

Perhaps your father won't approve, your mother won't cheer, your friends are nowhere to be found—I don't know your circumstances, but I know this: the only road to true defeat is to **abandon yourself**.

Do not lose faith—you **can**.

Do not give up on yourself—**you will**.

Trust that you can change any circumstance; you **can**.



Ask, *How do I become better?* Learn more, then **apply** it, until you win back your **self**, your **life**, and come to the quiet country of **inner peace**.

In the end, it all returns to **you**.

Believe in yourself. Rely on yourself in all you do.

Maybe you have no friends—then be your **own best friend**; that is how truer friends find you.

Whatever you desire, you may pursue—be deliberate, be steadfast.

Never surrender the belief that you **deserve the best** (*you do*).

Take responsibility for the space you occupy on this earth—it is not anyone else's task to make you **happy** (*it is yours*), nor to guard your **dream** (*it is yours*).

Rise. Shoulder that responsibility.

Make your life work **for** you.

Do not give up on yourself.

You can. You are able. It will grow easier.

Don't you dare abandon yourself.

Your enemy dwells *within*.

You will meet the **outer foe**—the ones who **doubt** you, who **wrong** you, who would **break** you—sometimes the very **near**, offering “help” that maps to **can’t** and **shouldn’t**.

But the darkest foe is the **inner one**: a **garrison** in your own mind—legions of **doubt**, of **fear**, of remembered **failure**, of **fading faith**.

They hiss: **I’m not enough... I don’t deserve... I can’t**.

No blade cuts deeper than your **own thoughts**.

Slay that foe with **faith in yourself**.

An African proverb whispers: “When there is no enemy within, the enemy outside cannot harm you.”

Bar your mind against **doubt**, and the world’s doubts fall **harmless**.

Forge a **strong mind**, and no one’s **words** can unmake you.

When **you** believe in **you**, no one else’s **permission** is required—the only vote that crowns your becoming is **yours**.

The greatest **siege** you’ll ever face is your own **fear**, your own **doubt**, your own **shadowed thoughts**.

If you would **live your dream**, you must **fight** for it—draw your sword each **morning**, and win the **greatest battles** of your **life**.

My Battle with My Brain

I didn't grow up around money or big ideas.

Dad didn't invest. Mom didn't work at a bank.

At home, even my sisters' tongues couldn't shape the word "wealth," and our minds never tried. Sometimes it felt like I'd been raised in a small, warm hell—safe, but stuck.

One evening I sat across from my own brain at the kitchen table.

"Listen," I said. "We're starting. Goals. Dreams. Work."

My brain yawned. "Or," it said, "we could play video games."

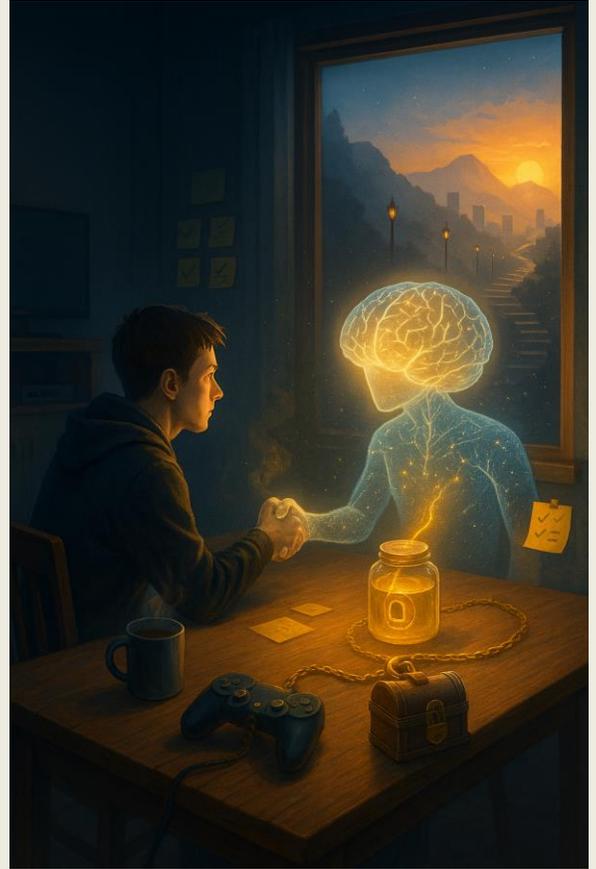
That's when I realized it was a real war. I made a plan: no easy dopamine.

I quit the habits that fed it. "From now on," I told my brain, "you get your reward only when we move toward our dreams."

The rebellion started the next morning.

Focus called in sick. Mood slammed doors.

Memory filed a complaint: "This isn't fair."



Pressure built behind my eyes. Even my hands shook.

“What is this guy doing?” my brain muttered.

By day three the cravings spoke up: “Please—just a little hit.

Do what he asks; we need dopamine.”

I kept my voice steady. “This is temporary.”

That night my brain sighed. “Fine. I’m convinced.

I’ll help—with one condition: we take the first step together.”

So we did. We made a tiny list. We finished one task, then another. A thin spark lit up inside—earned, not borrowed. My brain noticed.

“Oh,” it said, a little surprised. “That feels... good.”

We kept going. He still loves dopamine. I still love my dreams.

Now we’ve struck a deal: he gets his shine only when I climb.

And every small victory pays us both—one step out of the old hell, one step closer to the life we were meant to build.

Hesitation steals irreplaceable

Every moment of **delay** pushes your **dream** one step back.

Your **future** is raised by **decisions**, not **wishes**.

The “**perfect time**” is a **poverty** of thought—pull it out of your **mind**.

The **first step** may be **frightening**, but it is **necessary**.

If you’d rouse your **humanity** to save a life on the brink, rouse it again to **save your dreams**.

You walk **hundreds of steps** toward **servitude**—your **job**; ride **hundreds of miles** toward your **nightmare**—yet take not **one step** toward your **dreams**.

The **fear** of the first step is only your **unconscious** clinging to **comfort**.

If your **brain** won’t move for your **goals** and **dreams**, deny it the easy **dopamine**—**train it, friend**.

Discipline

Discipline is doing what you don't feel like doing—**anyway**.

It's when you're **tired**, the alarm begs to be silenced, sleep beckons you back—yet you **rise** and do what must be done.

Discipline is honoring the **promise** you made to **yourself**.

It is doing what you **don't** want to do **now**, so you can have what you **do** want **later**.

Discipline is rare. It is **exhausting**—no **excuses**.

Too **hard**? No excuses.

Too **early**? No excuses.

Too **busy**? No excuses.

Too **stressed**? No excuses.

You must **grow**.

You can become **anything you want**—but only through **discipline**.

I'm tired

Tired of mouths on fire and hands that never move.

Tired of people swearing they ache to change, swearing they'd bleed for their dreams, while their footsteps circle the same small room.

You say you want abundance, yet your choices buy a fourth-rate life, then a fifth, then a sixth.

You "want it" only when it's easy; the minute the road tilts upward, you lay your will down and call it fate.

Every time you slide your dream to the back burner, you rob it while it's still breathing.

Dreams don't shatter all at once— they fade.

They go quiet.

They die slowly, watching you promise "tomorrow."



Make the life you want your first appointment, not your rain check.

You said you wanted this—so prove it.

Prove it with hours no one sees, with sacrifices that pinch, with the grit to do what is uncomfortable today so your tomorrow has room to breathe.

Do the hard thing now, so the future doesn't have to keep saving you.

This world is crowded with voices.

Be the rare echo that turns into action.

Be the one who doesn't just talk about a life—be the one who builds it.

Passion & Dopamine

Passion is one of life's deepest engines—the instrument that lets you chase a **goal** and keep going without **boredom**, without **weariness**.

Passion is dopamine—the very chemistry your body releases to spark **drive** and **motivation**, urging you to act, then paying you with **dopamine** or **serotonin**.

There are **two paths** to this reward:

1) Consumption

The common route—taking something in to get dopamine.

Sources people often use:

- **Watching a film**
- **Traveling**
- **Going out with friends**
- **Eating**
- **Cinema nights**
- **Endless phone scrolling**
- **YouTube binges**
- **Video games**

2) Creation (Production)

Making, inventing, achieving—earning dopamine by **bringing forth**.

Examples:

- **Painter**
- **Architect**
- **Inventor**
- **Explorer**
- **Teacher**
- **Content creator**
- **Seeker of knowledge**
- **Polyglot**
- **Lover of mathematics**
- **Basketball / Football (Soccer)**
- **Bodybuilding**

You **create** to **earn** dopamine—this is the **secret of passion**.
Excess dopamine through **consumption** becomes **addiction**.
Excess dopamine through **creation** becomes being **passionate**.

And remember: **repetition dulls the dose**.

The first time blazes; later it fades.

With **consumption**, you chase a bigger hit—another binge, a higher spike.

With **creation**, you answer by making **something new**—another milestone, another aim.

That, friends, is the **anatomy of passion**.

The Most Powerful Financial System

People on this planet fall into **three money classes**:

- **Class One** — ~80%: the **middle-to-near-poor**. Often unable to **save** or **invest**, and far from the **comfortable life** they wish for.



- **Class Two** — ~15% (*the rich*): They enjoy some **luxury**, can **save** and **invest**, and live well in many ways. **Difference between rich and wealthy**: the *rich* rarely pass wealth through **generations**—when the founder dies, the heirs **divide** the assets and the fortune **erodes**.
- **Class Three** — ~5% (*the wealthy*): Their wealth **endures for generations**; they live at the **highest level** and let **money work for them**. Their money-management system is **complex** and hard to apply. But the system used by the **rich** (the 15%) is one you **can adopt**.

You do not “own” all your income.

Whatever comes in—**salary, dividends, profits**—split it **immediately** into **three parts**:

1. **Obligations — 33%** Bills, dues, required payments.
2. **Investments — 33%** To **multiply** your money.
3. **Personal Spending — 33%** Living costs, **comforts**, travel, the extras of life.

A simple, strict, powerful system— the best path to financial success.

Face the fear—and bear it.

Facing fear is easier than **living** with the fear that leaves you **weak** and **helpless**.

However far you run to feel **safe**, that shadow will return as **regret**.

This is the **engine** of the **successful**—they take **risks**, they step into **fear** and keep going.

Comfort is a narcotic.

Give a **weak man** fine food and endless **distractions**, and he'll toss his **dreams** straight out the window.

The **comfort zone** is where **dreams die**.

The comfort zone is the **territory of success's enemies**.

It is the only “comfort” that holds you **in place** and halts your **growth**.

It is the **cell** you lock yourself in while you are **free**.

It is where **ambition is slain**—even as it feels like rest.

Programming Your Subconscious

The Power of Repetition

Your **conscious mind** gathers information through five tools: **hearing, sight, taste, smell, and touch**. Touch tells you a **cup is hot**—your skin senses it, and your conscious mind knows it.



Sight helps you tell **day from night, white from black**—your senses collect data so the mind can decide.

Your **subconscious**, however, has **one tool** to receive instructions: your **conscious mind**—and its **repetition**. What you **repeat** to the conscious mind, the **subconscious** adopts and **executes**, imprinting it on your life. Repetition is the lever you use to **feed** your subconscious the **messages you choose**.

Repeat the negative, and your subconscious will believe it:

- *I'm sad. I will fail. I won't reach my goal. I won't get the job.*
- Endless **negative content**...With constant repetition, the subconscious **accepts** it—and you begin to **live** what you've told it.

Repeat the positive, and your subconscious will believe that instead:

- *I am okay. I am happy. Life is beautiful. I will reach my goal. I will become better. I learn new things every day.*

Your **subconscious** shapes your **outer circumstances**: once it **feels** an idea, **believes** it, and **owns** it, it nudges your choices and behavior to match.

A **negative** person—critical, hopeless—sees life as bleak and the future as dim.

A **positive** person sees **opportunity** and trusts they will achieve their goals.

Their **effort** will never be the same—because the **subconscious** has believed a story and begun to **project** it onto reality.

Choose your repetitions—choose your reality.

The Subconscious: Deep Water, Steady Hand

Beneath your thinking face lives a quiet **power**— able to hush **anxiety**, soften **fear**, loosen **social dread**, untie the knots of **tension** and **dark thoughts**.

It is the **unseen helmsman**:

the breath that rows your chest, the eyelid's faithful blink— the pilot steering nearly **95%** of your day.

Above it stands the **conscious mind**—the lighthouse of **senses**, touching, tasting, smelling, seeing, hearing— but it shines on only about **5%** of the voyage.

So who rules your hours— the **5%** that judges, or the **95%** that drives?

Two shores, two natures

Conscious mind: keen and **discerning**, sorting **right** from **wrong**, **useful** from **harmful**—yet its memory is a thin net; much slips through.

Subconscious mind: literal as stone, taking what it's told—**true or false**—and building with it

The fear of **rejection** may be only a **thought**, but thoughts, when rehearsed below, become **weather** you live in.

Its memory is an **iron vault**: everything your five doors let in—seen, tasted, heard, smelled, felt—is stacked and kept. If recall fails, it is the surface hand that fumbles the key.

And it is **powerful**: it tints your **mood**, bends your **habits**, can plant a **phobia** by repeating one seed of belief until a forest grows.

It can even write on the **body**—as in **pseudocyesis (false pregnancy)**, when belief gathers such weight that the body echoes it in signs.

Tend the depths that **tend your life**: feed the vault brave sentences, steady pictures, honest prayers.

What you rehearse in the dark becomes the rhythm of your days—and the world will start to move to that music.

No time for disappointment

No time for disappointment—a quiet **beautiful** waits for you.

Rise **tonight**; break every dark feeling inside.

You were not made to torment yourself; you were made to **stand with yourself** in making the **impossible**.

Leave a mark.

Life keeps moving; it does not stop.

Do not despair, do not grieve—hope, smile.

Life is **beautiful** despite troubles and trials.

However hard your circumstances, remember: **God is with you and will not forget you.**



Enjoy, dare, and reach for your goals; **time is on your side**—you are still **breathing**.

The step you **fear** to take may be the very step that opens the road to **success**.

God does not plant a **desire** in your mind except because He **knows** you can reach it.

Do not stop trying—though you fail again and again, though each new attempt feels like a **gamble**, a **world war** you must fight **alone**.

Do not stop when you are **tired**; stop only when you are **finished**.

Things that never return

- **Your time:** don't waste it—**begin learning.**
- **Your words:** choose them well.
- **Your chances:** miss none—each one can shape you into the person you long to become.

The hardest lines about the poor

The poor man walks and the world leans against him; doors close before he reaches them.

They see him shunned, though he's done no wrong; he meets hostility and cannot see its cause.

Even dogs, when they see a rich man, run to him and wag their tails; but when they see a poor man walking, they bark and bare their teeth.

Smile—your sadness never bent the world.

No one believes in you; you've lost, and lost again.

Your light has flickered out—yet you keep your eyes on the dream, turn it over each day, whispering, *It isn't over until I win.*

Do not follow the herd.

The crowd-mind tugs at our choices; how often we walk a road not knowing if it serves us, only because others went that way.

Your life is your decisions.

Among the billions on this earth, the clearest difference between one life and another is the choices we dare to make.

Why do you keep imagining

imagining the start of your **venture**, imagining the keys to a **home**, imagining the wheel of a **luxury car**, imagining yourself as the **wealthy one**?

Why do these visions return?

Because God is speaking to you—revealing what He has kept **for you**.

Know this: whatever the human mind **imagines** is a reality **awaiting enactment**.

If it can visit your mind as **possible**, then it is **possible**—not impossible.

Remember: as long as you are **trying**, no matter how often you **fall**, you have not **failed** yet.

You have the chance to do something **different**, to **change the script**.

The heart is the key—cut a new road, my friend,
as **Steve Harvey** once said.

Hard work without a goal is mere **busyness**.

Hard work with a goal is the noble **struggle**.
That's why **audacious goals** matter.

You will **hurt**—so choose your pain: the pain of **discipline, resolve, and consistency**, or the pain of **failure, despair, and frustration**.

There are words that say **nothing**, and a silence that says **everything**.

However late you are

However **late** you are—you were **let down**, you **dimmed**, they **pulled ahead**.

“You’ll never catch them,” whispers the world.

What can you **do**? What can you **make**?

Is there **hope**, or is this the end?

Then a **distant echo** reaches you:
Hello—God’s messages never end.



You and I sit today at the **table of fire**, the **table of held breath**.

Perhaps you’re living the **hardest days** of your life, convinced they will never pass— how could they, while you are **worn thin** with troubles and fatigue?

How dare those around you **race**, while you feel like a **still body**—no **passion** to push you, no **hope**.

Be patient. Be patient and let them race; let them surge ahead.

But take a **moment** with yourself— stand a **minute** with your **soul**.

Face your **fears** eye to eye, and ask **yourself**...

Are you the person you want to be?

Is this the life you long for?

Are two hours of study a day enough?

Is that how you will carve your **glory** and reach your **purpose**?

Be **careful** with yourself—answer **honestly**: are you where you want to be?

You'll say: **No**.

Let that **no** be a **beginning**—aim **higher**, improve your **life**.
It's in **your hands**. **You** decide:

Will you spend the day **working** or **sleeping**?

Will you **strain, change, become**—or throw the **blame** and drift?

You decide whether your day is a **win** or a **loss**.

Not me, not your friends, not your family—**only you**.

Effort happens in the dark.

It doesn't begin when the **sun** comes up, or when the **lights** blaze, or when the crowd steps onto the **stage**.

That's not effort—that's the echo.

Real effort happens in the **shadows**: when **no one** is watching, when **no one** knows what you're doing, when you **train without a coach**, when you add those **extra reps**, those quiet **innovations**.

This is the **process** that makes you remarkable.

It's in **what time you wake**, in **how you eat**, in **how you train** and how you **stoke your motivation**, in **how you think**—and whether you will be **the best** around you.

You must **be** it, not just talk about it.

Let it **take you over**, let it **run** you.

You don't need an **alarm**—your **passion** should wake you, your **drive** should wake you, your **resolve** should wake you.

Your **ability to add more than you planned**—that is what wakes you.

Grit & Diligence

Maybe you're not **in the mood**.

Maybe you're not the **smartest**.

But you **will not retreat** from **hard work**.

This is the simple law: the one who endures **more strain** than others is the one who wins the **loose ball**.

Put in **more energy**.

Put in **more effort** than anyone else.

If you think **very early** isn't early enough, wake **earlier than very early**.

If one read the book **once** and didn't grasp it, read it **twice, thrice**.

If someone trains **3 hours**, train **5**.

If someone reads **two** books, read **four**.

Outwork them—someone out there wants **your place**, so you must **embody excellence**.

Be **hungry** for greatness, **hungry** for success.

When you train, train as if life were **not a game**, but your **one and only chance**.

This **relentless, steady mind**—of **work and more work**—is what shapes you.

It isn't a pastime. It's who you **become**.

Lion Mentality

The greatest fear on earth is the fear of **other people's opinions**.

The moment you no longer fear the crowd, you stop being a **sheep**—you become a **lion**.

A roar rises in your chest—the **roar of freedom**.

Sheep have no freedom; they live in **fear and uncertainty**.

A sheep does not **lead**.

A **lion** follows **no one**.

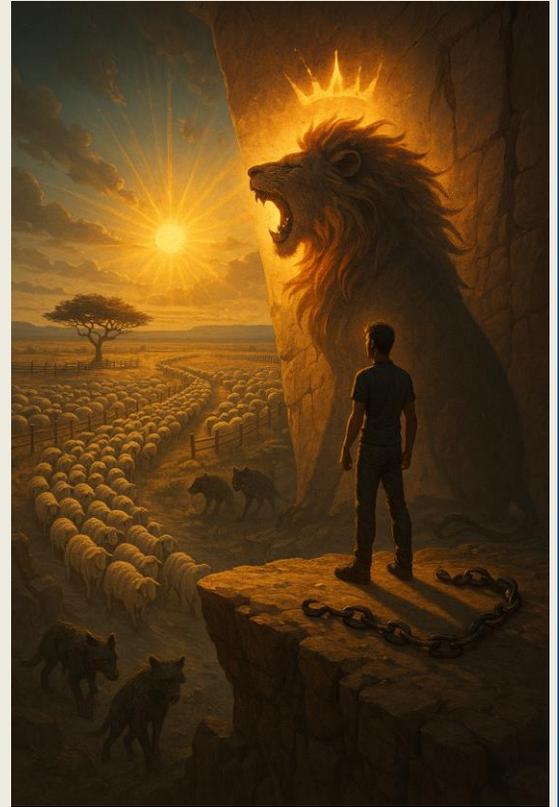
A lion holds **full command** of his life— he does not accept **scraps**, is not told **what to do** or **where to go**.

He performs his role with fierce **competence**.

You will never lead a **lion** to the slaughter; the **lion** would sooner lead **you**.

The lion is **king of the jungle**, and **you** are king of the **republic of yourself**.

Not because the lion is the **biggest** or the **fastest**, nor because he has some overwhelming advantage— but because the **lion's mindset** makes him **king**.



What is the Lion's Mindset?

Courage

His courage leaves no room for fear.

Courage is the lion's native trait.

The lion **never surrenders** the hunt; and you—never surrender your **success**.

He does not yield even with **death ahead**, even when **hyenas** close in.

The battle is never over until the **last moment**.

Perhaps you are not ringed by hyenas—perhaps it's **bills**, or the fight to defend what you **believe** though no one agrees.

Do **not** give up. Do **not** despair.

Freedom

The lion **enjoys** freedom because he **demands** it.

He **rejoices** in freedom because he **fights** for it.

His nature tells us he would **die** for it.

There may be no treasure richer than this **freedom**—a treasure you truly grasp only when it's been **taken** from you.

Fight for **your freedom**: freedom of **self**, of **decisions**, of **steps**; the freedom to **speak your mind**, to be **who you choose**, to **love**, to **live** according to your path.

Fight for your freedom.

The Wealthy — Secrets of a Millionaire Mind

They carry a quiet certainty: **I can make my own chances.**
They wear **responsibility** like armor.

Hold three coins in your palm—**Security, Comfort, Abundance**—pick one, and your life will echo that choice.

Most hands close around **Security**.

The **poor** cling to it, search for it, fear **ventures**, fear **job loss**, fear **investing**, fear **losing money**.

Security is precious; the shell of **poverty** is hard to crack—it's a **mindset** and a **motive**, even when you already “have enough.”

Comfort is the banner of the **middle class**.

Two roads tempt them:

- a **high-paying job** to buy peace and cover the children's needs, or
- a **steady job** plus a **side venture**—a second stream of income.

But the **wealthy** think in **Abundance**.

They aim for the overflowing well—because when **abundance** arrives, **security** and **comfort** come trailing after, inevitable as the shadow that follows the sun.

First, a question.

Do you think your **small income**, your **debts**, the **poverty** you're breathing—are *the problem*?

If you answered *yes*, hear me: you've been fixing the **smoke**, not the **fire**.

Underline this in your mind: **result \neq problem**.

Your **low income** is a **result**.

Your **stack of bills** is a **result**.

The **problem** is the *root* that keeps growing the same bitter fruit—and that root lives **in you**: in your **habits**, your **beliefs**, your **patterns** of choosing.

It isn't only money and things.

Even sickness can be a **result**:

a **harmful habit**, a quietly **poisonous routine**, a body never **moved**, a crooked **story about money** playing on repeat.

Your **reality** is your most honest mirror.

It reflects what you **know**—and what you **mis-know**—about wealth.

Look at it like a report card from your own thoughts: it doesn't flatter, it doesn't lie; it simply shows the curriculum you've been studying.

Change the **root**, and the **fruit** must change. Rewrite the story, and the numbers start learning a new language—yours.

The finest part of your success is the hardest part.

The finest part of your success is the hardest part.

Will it be **easy**? Will it be **hard**? **That**—that edge of doubt and grit—is the best part.

The best part is **pressing through pain**, meeting the **challenge** eye to eye.

Set **aims** that live just past your reach—goals that drag you through every **trial**, that make you wade through your **demons** toward the mark.

Climb, and keep **climbing**, until the mountain runs out of sky.

No one will believe you can. Your **body** will whisper, *no more*. Your **mind** will answer, *hush—I can bear it*.

I'm captain today. You're coming with me.

Teach your **mind** to take the **extra round**, to throw its old **limits** over the shoulder, to give **more** than anyone asked.

Soon, your **body** will learn: *this one won't quit*— and it will be forced to **grow**.

For **muscles**—and for **life**—only **resistance** breeds strength: the **struggle**, the steady **push** against the edge.



By widening your expectations in the gym

adding a little more **weight** to the bar each time— you go a little **farther**.

Each push, a little **more**.

Each season of life, you stretch your **goals** a little **wider**; you learn a little **more**.

Every day you expand your **mind**; every day you raise the ceiling of what's **possible** for you—until you **break** the barrier that must be broken.

Then you set a **bigger**, more **thrilling** target.

Add more weight. Apply more pressure.

Be a **new challenge** to yourself—because **challenge equals growth**.

You cannot—will not—**grow** without it.

That's what I mean when I say: **the best part is the hardest part**.

That is what the **extraordinary** do.

The **ordinary** run from the hard, hide from **tests**.

The **great** run toward them; they **love** the battles, and they **grow** through the strain.

Without challenge, life turns **dull** and **empty**.

If you don't push yourself in the **gym**, you see **no results**; and if you lack **clear goals** to work toward, your **character** cannot grow.