

Negative Thinking

subtitle: **For Positive Results**

by

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28 Personal letters to all people who wish to prosper but who just don't succeed.

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01

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 01.

I hope you are doing well and that you have no reason whatsoever to read this book. Of course I do not mind that you have spent some money to buy this book, however, rest assured that I am not after your money. I am after you. If I could be with you to read this book aloud for you, I would do so. But I have little time left in this life, so I'd suggest you do the reading by yourself. By the time I die in peace, I hope you live in abundance.

My latest book was "Unlike Social Media Like", largely highlighting the virtual world and all its time wasting functionality, and showing you the way how to free yourself from all that, even though you may think you are using your time wisely by eating in front of the computer screen with the plate pressing the space-bar on the keyboard.

In this new book I am writing letters, rather than chapters. So it is not a course. It is not some psychology or sociology fall asleep crap. You do not need to agree with me on anything I write to you. There is no absolute truth on countless life issues anyway.

I am not trying to come up with anything to set you free from whatever. Just trying to show you why your life is rather mediocre. Yes, life sucks, and this book will tell you why. You deserve the best you. So don't fuck that up. You will find out how not to fuck that up.

There is no need to have a super high IQ, a PhD degree, or to be whatever special to read this book. I am basically talking to the "regular" person, those who are neither a world leader or Hollywood celebrity nor a beggar on dark Elm Street.

This book is an attempt to kick your ass, because most likely you are doing a fantastic waste of time by occupying yourself with the least useful endeavors. You may have dreams about becoming a millionaire, a CEO, a business owner, or a star, or just have a 6 figure income, but you don't know why you didn't make it that far. You don't know why your life is a bitch. Well, the short of it is that there was something that you did not do.

In this book I may come on hard, tough if you will, and I refuse to be "nice to you" where honesty is the more important. I do not ask your forgiveness for my verbal expressions. If you prefer to be lied to in a pleasant way rather than getting upset by hearing something from my heart, up to you.

I don't care where you come from, who your ancestors were, what family is behind you, how much money you have, what car you drive, the number of titles on your resume, what social network you have, how many likes on your profile, and so on. I don't give a shit.

You are reading my book, and I thank you for the purchase. But rest assured, I am not selling my book for the money. I want to make sure that the book is read by those who are willing to skip a few snacks for savings.

You may wonder, who the fuck is this fucking author of this fucking book? Well, I am in the last phase of my life, sixty plus, so to speak. I have had it all, in the past. I had all the ups and downs a man could have. Now I take it easy. So I can truly say that I have a lot of experience, so my book is definitely not a piece of new age theory, but it is purely based on real life events.

I am just a writer, not a guru, not a prophet oh please, but I am very special in that I am the only one to have written this book. So it does not really matter who the fuck I am. All that matters is that you read the fucking book.

You may want to throw away this book at times, if you cannot or do not want to confront certain things that I write to you. Okay then throw it away, like you have been throwing away countless other opportunities in your life. And then I urge you not to miss your nightly soap series, your boring fuck, your weekly cinema or house party, your online games, your web videos, your social media flirts, your daily routines, and what have you. Then please do continue wasting your fucking time and live that life till you die.

Almost all of us are "regular" people. You may be one of these, and there is nothing wrong with that. Except that regular people tend to wonder why they are not successful in life, not realizing that they failed to do something into that direction.

More often than not, a man is supposed to play the role of a rock in the sea, even though inside there is a flood of insecurity. More often than not, a woman is supposed to play the role of a man's companion always ready to be up to the last resort of pleasure, even though inside she is elsewhere with her thoughts. We all perform some sort of stage play, and put aside that which could make us truly making our dreams come true.

Yes, I know about the so-called Secret Law Of Attraction, about Silva Mind Control, and subliminal audio tracks for positive thinking and about many other ways of getting focused on some goals. But these methods are not enough. Sure you can visualize your sports car, your mansion, your airplane or helicopter, your bank account and your lovers. But it doesn't work that way. Yes, you can try that stuff, only to find out that within 3 days you are back to the old routine and your money gotten down the drain.

So stop clicking on those "buy now" buttons on web pages that say that you can become a millionaire by doing nothing! It is the utmost bullshit ever. And you fall into that stupid trap. Pathetic!

There are things to do. And I am not talking about white magic or telekinesis. Nothing comes by itself. The bottom-line is that you are the one to do something what you haven't done yet. Before the last chapter is out, you will see what that is. I can assure you that you will know what to do next.

Throughout the course of this book you will find out what that exactly is. It will not be scientifically defined. There is no such thing. I merely hold a candle and it is you to see the path. Yes you will.

Take good care, my friend. And till next time.

Yours truly,

George Philip

02

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 02.

My first letter to you was not very specific about what I actually wanted to say. Do not worry about that. It will come. From time to time I may not be very polite in my wordings, neither gentle in my expressions, nor very nice in what I actually say. You must know that my intentions with you are only good.

You have not been around for billions of years, and after this life you will not be around for billions of years. Yes, I know, spiritual schools tell otherwise, but I have never seen any scientific proof. Did you? Okay then. So let's at least assume that this life is about this life only and not about any before life or after life. So please stop dreaming about a better life after death because that is the greatest waste of time during this life. You have to live this life. Got it? Good!

So, looking at the modern statistics, you may be able to compute your lifetime forecast, provided that no last minute accident interferes. You guess that you may live another 50 years, or 20, or less. Compared to those billions of years it is a mere grain of sand. And of that grain of sand, about 80 percent is wasted, in terms of time.

How is your every day? You should count the number of hours spent on quarreling, watching stupid TV programs, surfing social media sites, wanking at porn, chit chatting about other people how bad they are, criticizing the authorities and the government, talking about things you are not interested in, waiting for others and getting annoyed by that, socializing with people who have no real value to you or vice versa, doing things against your goals or wishes (if you have any in the first place), pretending to be someone else, a job you hate doing, I repeat: a job you hate doing. I'll get back to that one.

You know, a jet engine is expected to deliver enormous performance to make sure the plane won't fall from the sky. Now, if you want to excel, to level above the others, you better make sure your engine performs. Throughout this book it will become clear how to get that far.

I am not talking about your formal education, but rather about you as a human being. I don't give a damn about the intellectual status. It has nothing to do with flying high. What has to do with are human qualities such as persistence, to have the guts, initiative, moral, stuff like that. There are all sorts of codes of honor, codes of ethics, commandments, and so forth, and basically they all point into the direction of good conduct. Good karma, if you will.

Now, what is good? I give only the short answer. Good is that what is perceived by your heart in the form of a wonderful feeling. Simple as that. Your heart feels when something or someone is good. Your heart never fails sensing. Your "rational" mind may fail listening to your

“intuitive” heart. In fact, it does so all the time. You have forgotten to trust your true feelings. That is largely caused by the daily overdose of impressions. It is not entirely your fault. However, you can do something about it. Later on in this book it will become clear how.

Most people have given themselves life sentence, to stay in a little box each day, surrounded by walls of conformity. Inside that box is the computer screen, the relationship, the car, the job, and other daily elements that may not be exactly what you would have wished for. Unless you really did wish for it. The universe will never give you anything that you did not wish for. Sounds strange, right? But that's the way it works. It is confirmed by the Secret Law Of Attraction and by many other streams and methods.

I say this: Almost 99 percent of all people live in a state of emergency of some sort. In other words: they have problems and they are not happy. They somehow feel they could have been doing otherwise, but failed and finally accepted the mess they are in. More or less. Not knowing that they could reach for greater heights easily.

Imagine, you are a child, surrounded by a hundred pastries, candies, stuff like that. A very nice fairy tells the child to be allowed to eat without any restriction. Oh yummy, of course the child starts eating. Five, ten, twenty. But then the child feels sick in the belly. Ultimately, the child is not happy with all those lovely sweets.

Imagine, you are an adult, surrounded by a hundred thousand dollars. A very nice courier tells the adult that the money is brought to be spent without any restriction. Oh yeah, you go buy a car, clothes, entertainment, and other pieces of pleasure. Money gone. Then what? Few days go by. And the adult feels exactly the same as the day before the money poured in. Probably worse.

See, abundance is one thing. The reason why abundance is wished is another thing. If you only want to have just because you want to have, you have a low havingness, and all the input of the world won't change that. You can raise your havingness by giving to others, strange as it may sound. Try it. Give twenty dollars to a beggar. Give that cleaner a warm hug and say thank you for cleaning. These little gifts of giving will make you feel truly rich. Try it, for heaven's sake. Don't sit there on the lazy couch. Oh, I forgot, you don't want to miss your TV show or your favorite website. Yeah sure, do watch it, and have another mediocre evening like all the other days of your mediocre life. Please do not do anything that could enrich your life. Throw away this book and move on, or go where ever you came from.

Have you any idea how much potential you really have inside of you? You have more potential than those 99 percent that I mentioned earlier, to belong in the top 1 percent. That elite group of people who accomplish their true goals. So when I see how you waste your time by watching stupid TV programs or by drinking stupid chemicals in the bar or by endless surfing on the internet or by talking about stupid useless things with people who put you only down rather than lifting up, then of course I get mad at you. You seem to have no idea about the chance that you may live another day or year or decade.

Years ago I used to say, as a joke “you die only once in your life, so do not miss that opportunity”. Of course I am just kidding. But I tried this to say that no one can avoid or even delay death. When death comes, it comes, once and for ever. Game over. Period. Yes, your religion might teach you another scenario. And that's of course the best reason not to do anything about your present life, right? Come on.

I personally tell you that I am in the last phase of my life. I will have to give a lot more than just this book, and I will do so as much as I possibly can. Only then I will be able to feel a bit satisfied. I do not give anything for which I have worked hard for free. Don't see as a fruit tree. If I create something useful, and I work hard for it, I have the right to be rewarded even slightly. We all have the right to prosper when we deliver useful stuff.

Rest assured that by purchasing this book, you bought more than just the paper and ink. You bought the content. Years of work. Yes, it is cheap because the publishing industry wants it so. And the consumer too. Otherwise I would have put a 5 or 6 figure price tag on it. Yes, I may be arrogant, but that doesn't mean that I am bad. there is nothing wrong to know one's own value. No one pays for my arrogance. No one suffers because of my arrogance. Nothing gets destroyed by my arrogance. People may even laugh about it. And so do I.

You are valuable. You are not a cheapo, right? Have a look down town. Watch the faces of all those folks queuing up at the cinema. Watch them carefully. They are people who get the illusion to enjoy at the top of the world when watching a movie. Or when swinging in a disco bar. Those folks live the regular life day in day out. Have their weekly dose of “going out” and take their 5 or 6 work days as something to conform with, and no questions asked. Those people may be jealous of millionaires, but they forget that they have accepted to stay the regular type of folks. They did not do what millionaires did do.

You will discover within a couple of letters (chapters) what that is. And then we have not even started. All I ask you is to be willing to take some time and think critical. That's all. “Yes I can”, I hear many people saying, but see, most people live in a kind of trance, a sort of hypnotic state of mind. It takes guts to wake up from such dream. You have all my respect.

An easy excuse is always something like “yeah, next life I'll do it better”. Well, my friend, you live here and now, in this life. Even if you would reincarnate a next life, what makes you think that all of a sudden you'd be reborn as a millionaire celebrity? You most likely have to solve the same problems that you left unsolved the life you left behind. So regardless the reincarnation theory, you are at square one. And all that counts is now. Today.

It is so easy to say “tomorrow” and shovel ahead anything that comes on your path. You'd make a great path with your procrastination bulldozer, but you'll arrive nowhere. Life is not like star trek where the trip itself is the destination, not matter how hard all kinds of new age philosophers and gurus shout from their ivory towers. For 99 percent of the populace it is, yes. They swallow what's been served by hippies. They keep floating in space. If that is what you really want, then go back to the screen and have your drink.

For now I say “bye”. Tomorrow there will be another day. Hopefully. And if that is indeed the case, then you can consider yourself very lucky indeed.

Your friend,

George Philip

03

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 03.

I am glad that this letter arrived in front of you. Let me tell you first a bit about myself, so you know a little who I am. That may always become handy when it comes to friendship of some sort.

Few decades ago, I moved to a French speaking region, due to a marriage with a Swiss lady. At that moment my French was nothing more than understanding the difference between yes and no. In French verbal language, to be precise. Just in case you may have collateral thoughts. Just kidding.

I had to learn that French language, but initially it gave me only headaches. I just could not cope with the speed, the pronunciation, the writing, the grammar, and many other linguistic pains in the butt. So I kept speaking English deliberately, acting like a tourist. From time to time I tried to use the French language but I hated it. After several years I got used to that language and was on more than one occasion mistakenly taken for a Parisian. Later on I spoke even faster than most locals. I gave complete business presentations in front of French speaking conference audiences. No big deal. All this I could only achieve by persistence. I kept on working on it. It took years, but finally I succeeded. I never gave up.

The obstacle named foreign language appeared initially as a solid wall. Impenetrable. I just could not climb over it. That's what I thought. So I took a ladder. Every step was a couple of French language exercises. And finally I passed the obstacle.

Philosophers and sociologists tend to call it “challenges” rather than “obstacles”. But let me tell you this: An obstacle is an image of your own sign, named “I give up”. As soon as you stop giving up, the obstacle loses power and rigidity. But the bottom-line is: do something about it. Do not stand still. Do not wait and see. Do not stay within a loop or circle.

When you were just born, you were a baby. At that moment you had no clue as how to live to the fullest extent. The obstetrician did not give you a user manual titled “how to live”. Okay, your mom and dad gave you some instructions, however, largely by telling what not to do rather than by telling what to do. So it's pretty hard to get to learn how to live.

So as time goes by, the baby's mind gets filled-up with tons of impressions from countless sources. And after years that person is supposed to be an adult and be able to become successful in life. At school you don't learn how to live. Yet you live 24 hours a day. So that educational institute really sucks. Yes, schools suck, because they teach useless things. When you graduate, do you really know how to live this life?

Yet you have become a millionaire already. You have gained millions of valuable impressions

and stored these in your mind. That is your treasure. That is your net profit. You are rich. Do not ever forget that.

Now, back to that user manual. In fact, every new born baby is doomed to write its own user manual. You may not have done so literally, however, to jot down your desires and goals would be the first step to good life planning.

Lots of new business owners do write business plans and marketing plans in order to outline the future operations of their company. Not a bad idea at all. But almost no one writes a life plan for his or her own life. Isn't that weird? You should. In a way, life is a business, a company, a venture, a major undertaking, and you better plan it well ahead. In addition, you should run statistics, on how you are doing. Companies are doing that, so why not individuals?

The Secret Law Of Attraction teaches people on making a Vision Board, with drawing and pictures outlining your wishes and goals. In a way, this is planning. And for those who are familiar with some business management: A vision board is the executive summary of a project plan.

In other words, you have to communicate to yourself what exactly is it that you want. And how exactly you are going to achieve that. The makers of the Secret Law Of Attraction video merely focus on the wishing, telling you that the universe will take care for the rest. Well, let me tell you a down to Earth fact: Nothing gets done if no one does something. That an angel will come down and do the job for you is just a fantasy, an illusion. It does not work like that.

Same as for so-called positive thinking. It really does not matter whether you think negative or positive, for as long as you do what has to be done. When I had to learn French, I hated it, and so my thoughts were plain negative, dark, pessimistic, hateful, despair, disgust, and what have you. But I did the work and finally succeeded. Without the slightest amount of positive thinking!

Now, what is achievement? People tend to measure achievement against material and financial volume and mass. No one measures one's achievement against the volume of life impressions. Oh well, that volume is so "normal" that it is not regarded as something special. Yet it is one of the most special wealths that one can achieve in life.

A regular 5 figure guy sees a wonderful mansion and walks around it, enjoying its architecture and artistic details, and gets a warm feeling inside because of the beauty of the object. Minutes later, a real estate 7 figure businessman stops by, does some taxation, hits some buttons on his calculator, and drives off without the slightest joy. Now what? Who is getting richer at that moment?

Now here is the catch. That 7 figure guy had not really a warm reaction to the brick and mortar object, other than some financial calculations. The 5 figure guy's reaction to said object was truly "first class", at the aesthetic level. The 7 figure guy's reaction was rather "second class". So, from the viewpoint of human quality, any first class experience has more value than a

second class experience. Multiply this by the number of days in say 50 years lifetime, which is roughly $50 \times 360 = 18,000$. For the 5 figure guy it is 18,000 golden coins, for the 7 figure guy it is 18,000 silver coins.

If your life cannot be materially rich, due to all kinds of possible circumstances, then at least it can be rich in the heart. Wealth, my friend, starts always in your heart. And those who do have 7 figures in their wallet, with an empty or cold heart, are not happy, regardless of their bank account.

Some people argue “money does not make happy, but it solves some problems”. Or they say “money does not make happy, until you do not have it anymore”. Or “money does not make happy, but can buy lots of pleasure”.

Regardless of what they say, regardless of the form or the tone, in all instances it does say “money does not make happy”. I personally would be happier if I would not need to worry about my ability to pay for the shopping next day. So yes, a bit of extra money is welcome. I would not mind at all to get a million or so. Same for you. We all love to have more of that green stuff.

Ultimately it is the inner being, you yourself, to process happiness. That intel is inside.

When I listen to Mozart's Requiem, my heart fills with emotion. My neighbor rather listens to techno house party music. And so we all have different preferences, which makes life so interesting.

Imagine, you walk along the lake and see someone drowning. of course you rush to that victim and you want to know who that person is, so you ask “hey what do you do in life, how much money do you make, do you have a PhD, are you straight or gay, etc”. Right? Oh, you don't. So you go just try rescue that person without any consideration. Good!

Deep inside you know if it would be your turn, any helping hand would be the greatest treasure in the world. People just do this kind of thing for each other. In need, we all are somehow connected. That is one the miracles in life. We do not need to say “I love you”. All we need to do is to try rescue any stranger in need. That is the greatest form of love.

Life can be extremely harsh. A policeman is making love with his wife, and just before his ejaculation the telephone rings. He knows it may be an alarm of some sort, so he feels obliged to interrupt his love making and go pick-up the phone. It appeared that someone at the other end dialed the wrong number. His erection has become flaccid and he is no longer in the mood to continue love making. Seven hours later, next morning he wakes up, sees his beautiful wife laying next to him and starts kissing and touching her. They make love that morning and the man ejaculates all his sperm deep inside of her. There was no phone-call

Nine months later she gave birth to their new son. But soon it becomes evident that this little boy is mentally retarded. It is a chance of one out of a hundred million sperm cells that this

happens. If the phone would not have rung that particular night, would then exactly the same sperm cell out of those hundred million have reached the womb? We will never know. So there is no way of saying “if this has not etc, then that has not etc.”

“If I would not have left you, we would have been married and have kids”, said a woman lately, after we talked 40 years later again. And another woman had the same say. But I know that this “if” has never taken place, and that present reality is as it is in here and now. I know that even if that “if” were true, then still it would have been uncertain about the kids and stuff. I do not think about such assumptions and what-ifs and imaginations and so on. It is not my reality and it leads to nowhere, for me at least.

That brings us automagically to the subject of destination, right? Well, not really this chapter. The point of this whole book is that you are the one to create your own destination. We have the privilege to feel blessed that we are born healthy, even though we may have been born poor.

Have a good day. You too, whatever you may have wished me ;-)

Best regards,

George Philip

04

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 04.

There is no need to get bored when I tell you things about me rather than about you. We all are interconnected and we all share some elements of life. So let me tell you a little more about myself, before digging into your life. Okay?

When I was a child, between the age of 2 and 12, I got beaten-up by my father on nearly a daily basis. He did not molest me with just his bare hands. He used metal wire, wooden sticks, shoes, anything. Even my mom was beating me occasionally with a broom stick. I was scared at home. At night I pissed in bed.

At primary school I just could not keep up with the lessons and assignments. I just didn't get it. I failed to understand what the teachers were talking about. I felt truly retarded. And in addition, other pupils smelled my piss, because I could not take a shower in the mornings. I had not many friends that way.

One night, I was beaten so badly, that I took a big butcher knife under my pillow, and I told my mom that I will kill dad as soon as he hits me again. She knew that I was dead serious. I was twelve. The next day I was at school again, and some policemen came to fetch me. Pupils asked me what's wrong and I said that I committed a crime.

What really happened was that the policemen took me to an orphan-house, away from my violent dad, at the express request of my mom, to prevent us from the bloody scenario I had in mind. My parents divorced soon after. And all of a sudden I was in a completely new environment. At the orphan-house it was tough too, however, I was not beaten that much. Sometimes a little, but I laughed about that. As one of the smallest boys I could not defend myself physically from the taller aggressive guys. So I used my brains instead.

Contrary to the earlier situation at home, I finally was able to think. I stayed at the orphan-house until I was 18, and in the meantime I developed myself at the education level like any other school child. I was “normal” again. So, in a way, the orphan-house saved me from indefinite failure. During my stay at the orphan-house I was imagining about my future. When someone asked me what I want to do or to be later on, my reply was always that I wanted to be a Professor. And that was my goal number one that I always kept in mind strongly.

After I left the orphan-house, I went through a lot of personal changes. At first, I lived like a hippie. It was during the late 1960's, early 1970's. At the intellectual level I peeked into everything that had to do with philosophy, occultism, alternative sciences, and the military.

Let me skip, for the moment, the longer story of my personal development. I'll get back to that one later on in this book. I just wanted to tell you that twenty-five years later I was promoted to

University Professor of Information Technology. I have been lecturing and teaching for ten consecutive years.

I tell you all this to show you that even if the circumstances and the self esteem are not favorable, you can still reach your goal, no matter what. If you feel inferior, you should know how many treasures you have in your mind. Think of the millions of impressions that you have. And amongst them there are always some that you can use to go to the next step.

Sometimes I receive a message from someone asking me the question: “Dear Author, I read your book, and now could you please tell me what I should do to get rich and happy?” My answer is usually like this: “Read the book first, then understand the book, then apply the book.” The bottom-line is that you have to roll-up your sleeves by yourself. No one can tell you what to do, but you yourself. You are your own boss. You are the one to instruct yourself what to do. You are the only one who knows your own capabilities and preferences better than anyone else would know about you.

Keep on reading this book, and it will become all clear to you. I warn you, there are no formulas in this book. There are no to-do lists in this book. There are no commandments or rules of conduct in this book. This book is not a user manual of life. This book is simply a spark that should ignite your own fire. Perhaps a candle that illuminates a few yards of your path.

Despite of all the gurus, prophets, masters, teachers, and so forth here on Earth, in all the libraries of the world you will not find any scripture that has a ready to use personal specially for you designed checklist on how to live your own life.

You have to become you own instructor.

Of course you want to have pleasure in your life. To have entertainment on a regular basis. To enjoy thrills and emo and stuff of the extreme kind. Yeah what the heck, why not a party with sex a go-go, luxury snacks, and great games that do not require any use of intellectual tooth-wheels, and as a desert a good fight. You, the regular person, who goes to work every day again, are in great need of some escapades, right? There is no other way, right? Life is just like that and there is no choice, right?

You live with the illusion that you lack the brains to be successful, so you conform with the herd of cattle. Now, as you conform, you should not balk at those who did not conform and who did stand out of the crowd. So don't scold at the millionaires like “money cheaters” and so on just because you are not a millionaire. They earned their money because they used the same amount of brain cells that you have. We all have roughly 3 pounds of brains. There is no one with 6 pounds. Just 3. So in this regard, we are all born equal. We all have the same amount of limbs, sensors, internal organs, etc.

Almost all people who want to possess a lot of money, only want to have a lot of money. Just have. Without having to work for or to do anything in exchange. So they go buy some lottery tickets and dream of 50 million bucks. And twenty years later they still have not won anything

more than one or ten bucks. They have been spending 100 bucks a year, times 20, totaling 2000 bucks at least just to win nothing. What a waste.

Sure a lot of money gets spent in watching anything related with sex and porn. As though the models are posing exclusively for your eyes only. Well, you are just a small part of mass public. No sex model will ever be interested in meeting you. They don't give a damn. They do their naked work, collect the cash, and that be it. Leaving the mass public behind with yet another illusion, and a masturbation.

When I was about 20, I constructed a device that I invented when I lived in the orphan-house. That device is now known as a tazer or teaser, simply by inverting an electrical coil, to convert 9 volts from a battery through a relay to a lot more. With two electrodes, upon contact with the skin, a severe pain is caused. I sold the idea for a thousand bucks. I could not pay the patent office, so I did it this way. I didn't care about any business stuff. Just saw it as a great opportunity to earn money. I spent all the money for a most wonderful ski vacation. I learned competition skiing and returned completely fresh and recharged after one month in the French Alps. I could never have had this experience without those 1000 bucks.

“Hey I could have invented this easily by myself”, I hear some saying. Well, then why did not you do so?

I am not saying that you should become an inventor. But what I do say is that you have the ability to come up with a new idea. When you were a new born baby, you were not given the user manual of life. But you were given the brains and the heart. Like everybody else. Like him. Like her. Like me. And I tell you this: It is our highest duty to use our talents. If you have only one talent, then use that one talent. But do not moan about not having any other talent. That is just not fair, not reasonable. If you find it unreasonable that you have only one talent, then that is because you have not really used that one talent, otherwise you would not moan about it. If you do moan, then you suck.

Do you happen to believe in a higher almighty entity? That's fine. But you should realize that as an Earthling you are obliged to use the gifts from that higher almighty entity. If you dismiss this as nonsense, then you are not a good believer. And if you dismiss that, then tell me what you do believe.

Even the most stupid dumb asshole has at least one talent. Why else are many stupid dumb assholes rich people? They have one thing in common. They have one talent and they used it. But then it would take another talent to live as a good person. They flunk afterward You know all the stories, about rich folks who have a miserable private life. No need to elaborate on that one. The celeb magazines are crammed with stories like that.

I am not against any of people beliefs. However, I am against fried air that's being sold in countless preachings. I am against hypocrisy and authorities who force us into contradicting fundamentals I am against anyone who preaches “absolute truth”. Fuck them all!

Yep, some writers write what they want to write.

Your book writer,

George Philip

05

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 05.

Sometimes we need to talk about the world when we talk about you, other times we need to talk about you when we talk about the world. You and the world are connected. The world is important to you. You are important to the world.

There are few types of people. Imagine the world's populace as a long procession. Up front there are the multimillionaires, the super-intellectuals and the super-celebs. Next there are the intellectuals. After, there is the great mass, the herd of cattle, those who do protest a bit and go wild a bit, but go with the daily mill. And finally there is the rear, the crowd of those who stick to whatever is told by whatever authority and do not think of ever leaving that pattern. That is the majority of the world's populace. So, where would you like to walk? You tell me. You tell yourself!

No matter where in the procession your place may be, we inevitably are part of it. As a consequence, we all are inter-connected in a way, whether we like it or not. Today we do so through social media networks, to get interconnected in a virtual world with people whom you will never meet or talk to in the physical world. Most of your social media “friends” or “followers” you do not know, and most of them are part of the rear of the procession. Yet you do have some sort of communication with them, even though through automatic web systems. The fact that they are on your contact list makes them in comm with you, connected with you. This confirms the mention of inter-connection.

Now, have you ever wondered how you could walk in the front section of the procession while holding hands with those walking in the rear section? What real friends and relatives do you have and interact with? And what do you really exchange with them? Just ask yourself. Nothing more. For now.

We all can be mistaken, for example by setting goals that are completely useless or wrong. We are human beings and we have the intelligence to make errors. Yes, intelligence or intellect to make errors. Look at the animals in the wild. They don't make that many mistakes, compared to the number of mistakes that humans make. Yet the animals have inferior intelligence or intellect, inferior knowledge and talents. The human being is the species on Earth with the highest abilities. And, unfortunately, the highest rate of destroying the environment. Animals do not pollute the world. Only people do.

If you feel compelled to set a certain goal, and you feel it all inside of you, it does not necessarily mean that this goal is suitable or something to truly believe in. If you feel that you have cancer in your stomach, it may be just that you have over eaten yourself with stupid snacks causing a belly ache. So you won't need to believe that you should lie down in operating room number 2. If you feel that you have the ability to fly like Superman, it may be just that

you have tasted a bit of cocaine or XTC before you climbed onto the roof. So you won't need to jump off the roof because you believe you can fly.

If you feel that your looks are okay, believing that anyone would love to jump on you, even though you do notice that no one turns head when walking by, then why not have a good look at yourself? Yes, literally, physically. Now go look for a bunch of mirrors. Surround yourself with mirrors. Have you ever seen your own ass? Have you ever seen your back? I mean, so well that you know every spot?

You don't know your own ass. You don't know what you look like from the sides, from top-down, from bottom-up. That's right, looking downwards and upwards. You can do that with mirrors. It has nothing to do with fetishism or sexual aberrations. It is simply to get to know your own body from various perspectives. If you do not even know your own ass, then how the hell would you know the inner you? No, it is bullshit to say that "looks do not matter because of the value of the soul". Physical looks somehow reflect the inner you.

You don't have to look handsome. But you have to look well maintained. Clean, washed, healthy. Even if you feel like deep shit inside, do not show that off! Ever! Yes, you may be pretending at the physical level, but if you need positive interaction, then you better make sure that you look positive, because that way you attract positive interaction. If you walk over the sidewalk with a face showing twenty past eight, then do not expect any ten past ten person step up to you.

If you see that wonderful person again and again, and your heart beats the lava out of you, giving you sleepless nights, well, it seems you are either in love or have some sort of desire. Either way, that person will not see you as the one to be with, unless you have some specific characteristics or traits that turns that person on. At least you should look well cleaned up.

People do look at shoes, at the way pants are ironed, the hair-cut, the cleanness of the facial skin, and so forth. To look well cared is of utmost importance on the road to success. Countless workers, blue or white collars, with their daily jobs and life-time financial securities, tend to be sloppy with their looks. They don't give a shit about looks, because they feel they do not need to put that extra care. After all they have all that stability in life they want. So they do not do their best to look nice or date and seduce their spouse, because they have anyway their daily fuck, doing the cum job as quickly as possible. Of course their spouse will be happy to play the act, hoping it will be over in less than one minute. They stink in bed, they look like burglars in the weekend, and they only dress up a little bit for their work where they are part of the office furniture.

I personally hate blue jeans, especially when meeting with a businessman who is wearing jeans, sorry, but I cannot take such guy seriously. I refuse to do so. You may say that I should not care about clothes when it comes to other values. I say that if you have values, then make sure the package shows that appropriately. How would you feel if your medical doctor wears jeans instead of a white suit? Yes, it happened to me! A med in jeans! I may be old fashioned, but I walked out of his room with disgust.

Some people may argue that I should imagine everybody totally naked as not to be biased by the way they're dressed up. Well, I live in the real world and not in the imaginary world. That is my response to this stupid advice.

We all can choose to stay the regular person, completely expendable, immediately replaceable, just another number. At your work you spend most of your life-time with your colleagues, and you do not trust anyone of them a hundred percent at the personal or business level. You lick their asses more than you make love at home. That is the pattern of your mediocre life. And you know that. But you do not do anything about that. You feel you cannot afford anything special in your life, even to temporarily escape from the routine, and so you believe this life is your destination the way it is now and you have to conform no matter what.

You know, when you switch on your computer and surf the web, there is no need to know all about the hardware and electronics, or the operating system, or the type of browser, or the way a website is programmed. Your computer just works and does what you click for. Simple as that. As a corollary, there is no need to understand how exactly the soul or mind or heart works. There is free will, and free will works. There is your intuition (your heart) and it works. There is imagination and thinking, your mind, and it works. You are a wonderful creature that is equipped with those wonderful features. And you use them at a mere few percent of their capacity.

If you have are married, or have a lasting relationship, having a partner for life, it is so easy to assume that you don't need to do any effort to stay attractive or exciting. You think you won't lose your partner anyway, all is set, you get your regular orgasms, your food, your gadgets, and stuff like that, and life is good this way. And after a couple of years, all of a sudden the subject of adultery, cheating or divorce is stepping onto the doormat. You have no idea why.

If you are a woman, being married with such guy, having to swallow this situation because you have to take care for the kids and you have everything to lose, so you accept his selfishness as he brings in the money and the facilities. As a response you do not do your utmost anymore to look good and neglect your physical appearance. As a consequence, your husband starts looking at other and younger women and so the seeds of cheating have been sown.

It has nothing to do with “love”, It has all to do with looks. We live in a world that we perceive with our regular senses, such as the eyes. It is so simple: look good and fuck good. If you want to read “better truth”, then go buy a w women’s magazine and read their advices that you forget next day anyway.

Yes I am kidding. Dead serious.

Respectfully yours,

George Philip

06

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 06.

I am not angry with you, you know. Yes, I do call you my friend, and that is one of the reasons why I trust you when I tell things about myself.

Way past I had a regular life, like you have now. I had a home, car and a great income. Near each end of the month the money was spent. New money got in and went out. Every month the same cycle. I did not save anything. Just spending it all. Stupid things, like fine dining all the time, clothes that I never wear, gadgets that I never use. Throughout the years my salary went up into the hundreds of thousands, and I maintained the same money-in money-out way of life. One day I turned jobless and was unable to find a new job. I had to sell all my gadgets, cars, clothes, and so I lost everything that I acquired in the good days. I had no savings for the rainy day.

Inside me, I knew that due to my own stupid financial carelessness I had gotten into trouble. I was not worth any prosperity. I took it all for granted and threw the money down the drain to pay for useless stuff. Finally I found a new job again, against a much lower salary. I was the happiest man on Earth. I started to live a good life. But I again went into that same old pattern. Money-in money-out. I had no respect for money. For me, money was just something to spend, and pay for superficial pleasure, such as racing, flying, eating, going out, toys and gadgets, stuff like that.

Again I got hit by loss of employment. And I lost even more than I ever lost before. I lost my home, my cars, my relationship, my security, and my friends, everything that I once had I completely lost. I ended-up in having debts that I could not pay, got pronounced broke and was at the mercy of a curator who put me on a monthly financial minimum. With only a few hundred bucks I had to stay alive. Through a debt sanitation program it took 3 years to get rid of my debts and to be pronounced clean. I ended-up in the well-fare.

I met a young lady who worked as a well paid photo model. She had the same wealth as I had before, but did not have any intellectual assets. All she had was her body. I felt envious toward her. "Why she all the success and not me?" was the thought that invaded my mind day after day. She was not particularly bright or learned. Yet she could call herself truly rich. "Have I not more talents than she has?" I asked myself. Of course I had. She had a lot of sex appeal and could move her body in the most erotic positions. I did not end-up with any relationship with her. She did not want me and I did not want her. I was a poor man and had nothing to offer. But I had good brains dammit.

For me that situation was unacceptable, that I could not even afford a girlfriend. Then I decided to do something about it, rather than to balk at someone's wealth. I decided to become wealthy by my own means, my own talents, and my own effort. Of course I could not pose in front of

the sex cams, but I could do tons of other things. From that moment I never bought any stupid nice-to-have again. I even made savings out of money that anyone else would not be able to put aside. I kept on living with a minimal expense pattern. I felt richer than when I made hundreds of K's. I was way too old for the regular job market, but I knew I could do a thousand other things. So I started to build websites and write books and gradually generating revenues this way. It took me a lot of stamina and a long strong breath. It did not go that easily over night. It was hard to do, but not impossible! And frankly, I was thankful to that sex model. In a way, she taught me that just having one single talent is enough to be successful.

Right now I may not be that type of celebrity who after his death will still receive all the tears and honors for the years to come. To be honest, I don't give a shit. When I am dead, there is nothing anymore. Simple as that. For me.

On the other hand, when a plane crashes and all passengers are dead, as you see the wreckage on TV, sure you may say "Aw how sad for their families". And a few minutes later you yell "Hey where the fuck is my goddam beer!" We are like that. Let's face it. If half a million folks in the Middle East die during a war, who the fuck cares? If millions of African children die due to famine and AIDS, who cares? We won't get sleepless nights because of that. We just keep on scolding at the goddam government, at the system, in fact we scold at the wealth that comes to us on a silver plate and we don't even see it.

The so-called modern western world is spoiled, rotten, and ungrateful. And you are part of it. You walk in that procession. You yell about money and freedom. You have it already but you do not know it. How much is enough?

You do not even really see the people anymore we encounter on the sidewalk. "There are too many of them", right? And if one dies on the street, we simply turn our head and walk by. "The police will take care for it". Yeah sure. You don't give a shit about strangers. You even have thoughts like "get out of my way" when moving around town. None of us steps up to a random stranger saying "hello how nice to see you on this same planet". True or not?

You see someone moving around in a wheelchair. Inevitably you do get thoughts about that. You do feel at least some sort of tiny spark of gratitude like "fortunately I am not the one to ride in a wheelchair". So you are not completely cold and ignorant. There is something good inside you. And that, my friend, is the first form of wealth.

The remaining time to live gets shorter every moment. You don't know for sure how long you will still live. Tomorrow you may die because of an accident or a heart attack or an act of war. Or perhaps after ten years. Or four decades. You do not know. But you assume that it will be eternity, the remaining time to live. The way you waste your time by doing stupid things, by conforming with the mass, by clicking on likes and follows, by masturbating in front of the porn screen, by rubbing your smartphone all the time, by having cell-phone talks about where you are, and so forth. Older people who say that "life went by like a dream" have truly been sleeping all their life. I am not saying that they should have opted for a nightmare, but I do say

that they should have opted for reality. I am old. I know what I am talking about.

If you would ask me if I would ever be willing to re-do my life, the very same life, well, I know my answer. Maybe I will let you know by the end of this book. For now, this letter is complete.

Friendly yours,

George Philip

07

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 07.

It costs me money to write you. I am happy to spend the money and all other resources. It is for good cause, regardless of the form, the language, the style. It is not that I want you to be rich. It is that I want that you want you to be rich. See the difference?

Wealth, or as we say: “being rich”, is not just about the money. There are zillions of types of wealth that are so valuable to the spirit. Let me mention just a few, to show you what I mean with the word “wealth”. Feelings you had when enjoying art, the warmth you had when kissing a beloved, the pride you felt when receiving a diploma, the self esteem you got when completing a piece of work, the tenderness you experienced when caressing a cute animal, the beauty of the landscape as you drove by, the colors of the sunset, the first time you exceeded 100 miles an hour on the highway, the foreign language that you learned to speak, the knowledge you gained at school, the tips & tricks you learned at the internet, your friends you had fun with, the films you have seen, the books you have read, the teachings you have taken note of, the gift to make drawings, the talent to create music and to write poetry, the intelligence to research and understand difficult subjects, the intuition to sense when something or someone is good or bad, the control over your body and over your machines, and so many other facets of wealth.

Oh yes, money. I forgot not.

So, you have all of the above, except money, right? Good. And it has occurred to your mind that a few pieces from that wealth could be used to generate money, right? Good.

Now what do you do? You go visit some folks at the bar. Share some gossip, do some ego-tripping, show off how good you are, stab some backs, drive home all drunk, have a quickie and fall asleep. Live another day, like all the other healthy people who refuse to do that little extra in order to improve their situation, except for throwing precious time down the drain.

Rest assured that I do know how difficult life can be. I have had all the shit you can imagine. I do know how much that little comforting moment in the bar could be just that amount of vitamin needed to recharge the battery for another day. I do know how much just that little chit chat may be all you need to keep going. I have know these moments in my life. I have lived in misery, I have been into the deep of depressions and poverty. So don't ever think that I despise people who live their mediocre life in poor circumstances of conformity. I deeply respect them.

Let me tell you a bit more about me. Some dark secrets. On two occasions I have been near the point of suicide.

The first time I was about 25 years of age.

I was so depressed about the world, the things that I knew about conspiracies, black projects, politics, hidden technologies, medical industry, mind manipulation and many other black things. I just could not handle it anymore. I just did not want to live in such a world. So I decided to die. One night I was making up the act. I laid a mattress in the middle of the room, to absorb the blood, and I sharpened a knife, ready to cut my wrists. There was one man, a friend of mine, whom I wanted to say goodbye. So I dialed his phone-number. Only partially, the first couple of digits, then to hang up. I just couldn't do it.

I was waiting till it became dark and silent outside. Then suddenly someone rang at the door. It was my friend. I was completely flabbergasted. What the hell did he come for? He said nothing and came up the stairs, entered my room and saw the scene. He did not make any fuss. He said "I had to come to you, that's all". And then he left. Just like that.

I did not kill myself.

The second time I was about 50 years of age.

The World Trade Center went down. We all know the date 9/11 in the year 2001. I lost all my business in the Middle East, and lost friends due to the war that came after, and I lost all my assets and early retirement opportunity in Europe (where I lived) as a consequence. I got broke within a few weeks after the collapse of the WTC. I turned depressed and there was nothing that could give me consolation. My doctor got to know about my death wish and sent me to a specialist. I got pills that sedated me to the level of a zombie and that way I abandoned the idea of suicide. After the "cure" I was not healed. I just did not kill myself. But I remained depressed for the years to come.

Today I am okay. I am writing to you to try share with you all the life experience I had, in an attempt to keep you from doing stupid things or wasting precious time. In the past I have been very rich. I had millions. I know what it is to win and what it is to lose.

It does not matter what religious background you have. It does matter how good as a person you are. Your personal quality. The old Japanese samurai of centuries ago held-up a code of conduct, known as the Bushido, or the way of the warrior. There were seven main elements of conduct: rectitude, courage, benevolence, respect, honesty, honor, and loyalty. To this day, these traits are respected by most martial artists, those who practice the art of fighting. Even in modern business management this code of conduct proves highly valuable.

We all are warriors, in a way. You fight for your existence. Some of you fight harder, others fight lesser. If you feel that life is a battle, where you are a warrior, then you should refer to the Bushido Only seven traits. Less than the Ten Commandments. The bottom-line is to spruce up your personal quality. Only a better person can bring about better results and better success and better wealth.

There is no super being at the top of the universe who has assigned you a specific place in

society. You certainly have heard about people with a super high IQ who completely fail to be successful in whatever aspect of their life. You also have heard about people with zero intelligence who have their own company complete with building and personnel and everything with it. Now, are you the one to be responsible for informing yourself about the performance of the tooth-wheels inside of you? Of course you are! When you get a tooth-ache, you consult the dentist. When you have the flue, you consult the med. When your car doesn't start, you call the garage. When you fail to make a lot of money, you conform with the status quo. Interesting.

Status quo is a state of narcosis, anesthesia if you will. About 99 percent of all people live under narcosis. Not you of course, right?

From all sides, countless suggestions are fired upon you. Sources tell you how to manage your life. what to do and what not to do. Experts - who by themselves live like alcoholics in deep shit - tell you what is normal and abnormal. Prophets who mock-up hoaxes tell you what life is all about and how much the aliens love you. Medics tell you that fat intake shortens your life by ten percent. Marketeers don't give a damn what you eat and drink for as long they can make money by selling you crap. Spiritual leaders tell you how many children you should have in order to be happy in the proper way. Gurus tell you that a super being is watching you from above and that you have to this and that in order to earn an entry ticket to pass the golden gate after you die. TV commercials show you what car you should opt for. Web ads tell you about wonderful dating opportunities and free sex. Billboard posters advise you to go to certain places. The media serve you news as entertainment and entertainment as news, so you won't know the difference. At night you have your regular fuck while thinking of something completely else. Admit it. You fuck and visualize someone else. And then you go to your daily work, not because you love it so much but because you are scared, as you know that if you don't show up you will be fired and adios money adios home adios food.

You feel that everything could be different. But somehow you don't find that spark to ignite the change. Good morning, welcome back from your narcosis.

Do not forget to believe that this new detergent will make your underwear cleaner and brighter, and that the sales guys in the shop are happy to see you again, and that your colleagues tell you the most interesting things, and that such and so political party solves all your problems, and how much other will do for you so that you come out as a better and richer human. You believe all that? You should not allow others to turn you into a paying zombie.

You should write down a list of all the things or situations that you want to enjoy in the next 3 to 5 years. Include anything that comes in your mind. Be honest to yourself. Don't write down what you do not genuinely want yourself. And be reasonable in your wishes. There is no point in wishing your own 747 in outer space in 1 year from now. That is not reasonable, got it? you know what I mean. This list is the same concept as what the Secret Law Of Attraction calls a Vision Board. the point is that your wishes must be clear and well defined. how else would you be able to get it if you do not know exactly in all detail what you really want?

A phrase like "I want more money and a nicer car" is not a clear definition. You should write

for example “I want 250,000 bucks and a red six wheel drive rover car”. Then for sure you know this as one of your clear goals. No other person that yourself knows what you want. So do not listen to anyone when it comes to the subject of your own wishes.

Now you have this list. So you know now when any narcotic suggestion coming your way is incompatible with your genuine wishes. You will not be fooled again by all those commercials and collateral impressions. Even when you are tired. Stick to that goddam list! Of course you may update that list. That is good, to improve and sharpen your outlook onto your own future.

Smart business folks make sure they get millions of customers paying each only a few pennies. That is fairly easy, and the sum of earnings is simply a few pennies times a few million and there they go. Think for example of the internet. You can download an mp3 file for a few pennies. Millions of people do so. And the seller laughs his ass off. The seller doesn't give a darn about you as a person. All the seller wants is your money. Nada Bushido.

Just a few examples of commercials content, along with my comments.

“It is proven better” - there is no proof attached. “Try it for 5 days” - how tiresome. “Wear it now” - for whom? “Two sheets as a bonus for free” - no business ever gives presents. “Now cheaper” - I notice the decreased quantity. You know, stuff like that.

Sellers never give anything for free. These are marketing tricks & cheats. You pay for the whole package including the “gifts” and “bonuses”. “Hey I am selling you a house and give you a free sports car”. Yeah right. Look at the final bill and do your math. You will discover how much you are fucked.

Your samurai,

George Philip

08

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 08.

I am not an authority and I do not put myself on such a high pedestal as you may think. Of course I have the right to say “you do what I have done and then we talk”. But I am not that arrogant. It does not really matter where I am. Soon I will not be here anymore. My book matters. And what's more important, it is you who matters.

Possibly you have been honoring some military heroes after the late war in the Middle East. These folks have been treated as celebs. Thousands of military people have killed a million civilians. And after, they live as good parents at home. Some of them received decorations such as medals of honor, because they have killed an extra number of fellow beings. Eighty percent of those heroes suffers severe psychological disorder. Many of these are unable to tell anything about what happened in the field.

Civilians go see the movies, about shooting, killing, raping, mass violence and destruction, and likewise “emo” topics. They pay for those “cool” movies, to enjoy some sort of thrill. It is in my unhumble opinion an unhealthy sick and cheap way of entertainment. Those people are sick. When they see on the news how people are slaughtered, they comment in disgust, but when they see the same scenes in a movie they enjoy. Oh yes, I forgot, it is the reality factor. Sure.

And about the war games. Hundreds of millions of people kill each other online. In a virtual world. But for the subconscious mind there is no difference in fantasy and reality. Regardless, the killing mechanism tooth-wheels turn at maximum speed. Children are taught how to seek and destroy. Their teachers and instructors are game computer systems. Now you use your brains for once and imagine the following: Put a few years old child in front of a computer screen that displays exclusively destruction, killing and violence. Give that child a joystick and have it interact with the computer game. Make sure the child does this for 10 consecutive years. Then tell the teenager to go down town one night with 500 Dollars in the pocket for enjoyment. Guess what happens. This teenager buys a weapon and attacks someone. Because that is the “normal thing to do” after those 10 years of education.

Parents who think that games of destruction are “just games” are either completely stupid, blind, ignorant or have never grown-up by themselves. I repeat, games of destruction such as war games are the wrong teachers. But if you accept these as life quality enhancers, then you better continue your miserable poor life in your miserable poor little world of a few thousand hi-res pixels, keep on clicking and scoring points and continue complaining about how much life really sucks. And yes, it is true, life sucks, and it is your own fault. You fail to behave Bushido and all you think of is to destroy and kill. If your mind transmits bullets and misery to others, what do you think your mind should receive in exchange? A medal? Come on.

You are the regular person. Going to work every day. A job you hate. Looking forward to the weekend that you do not even know what to do with other than preparing for the next working week. Suppose you are a man, so your wife is waiting for you at home. She does not take the trouble to look nice. Just wearing an old shirt or a potato bag. When did your wife wait for you at home dressed-up in a sexy skirt? See what I mean? And then at night, in bed, she gives your little sex show. A few minutes and then it's "good nite, luv ya". You do not reward her with a few real orgasms. Next morning you wake-up and you curse the working day before it actually started. Year in year out. And there is nothing you do to break out of this routine. Hey, I am not talking about cheating on your spouse. Your wife is doing her utmost. She is doing the goddam house keeping, raising the kids, running the family and what have you. There won't be much energy left to play dating, right? But I tell you both, man and woman, that you both should play dating together regularly. You both must make the time needed. Meet each other somewhere, as though you meet for the first time. It can even be done in a supermarket or a boutique. Pretend to be strangers and start a conversation or flirt. End-up with a French kiss between the vegetables, or a nifty fuck in the dressing-room, what the heck. This way you keep the affinity fresh. Keep flirting. Why dating a real stranger instead of someone who does the money making or cooking or cleaning for you? Play that seductive game in real life, rather than playing online games that lead to nothing but depression.

Now, as for wealth, the subject of being rich, are you really ready to live in a luxurious 24 room mansion right now at this very moment? Would you really know how to make up the interior? The kind of furniture, the curtains, the bed, the decoration and stuff like that? And would you really behave like that rich serene person throughout the day, dressed in a suit? In other words, would you by and large be ready and fully compatible with that multimillion mansion? Now think for yourself, and be absolutely honest in your thoughts. And consult the wish list that you once made.

Once I knew a guy who was raised in the ghetto and whose language and behavior consists of all the words outside of the regular dictionaries. One day he inherited a large sum of money from a rich uncle. So he bought a luxurious house and a luxurious car and married a luxurious lady. After some time I paid them a visit. The guy sat in his cabriolet, in a jeans outfit, and yelled "hey you fucking bitch open the goddam door!" To me one thing was clear. He did not change for the better from the moment he turned rich. His behavior did not suit to the beauty of his mansion. His inner wealth did not match his outer world.

Keep in touch,

George Philip

09

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 09.

So, you are doing fine, I hope. I look forward to seeing your big smile. Now, let's go to business right away, if that is okay for you. To make the best out of the time we may have available. Now we start the subject of marketing. Yak! Boring! Well, just read it, what I have to say. You won't be bored at all. It is about you.

Advertisers seem to have the habit to promote products that shorten your life-time. For example things like certain soft drinks, airy products, and medicines, ready to eat meals, and so on. The law inhibits me from mentioning names, brands and trademarks. But I am sure you must have some idea what products I may be referring to. The advertisers don't give a shit whether you will die ten years earlier. They just want to get your money in exchange for their crap. So a lot of people end up with the most horrible diseases such as cancer and cardio vascular disorders, and so they end-up in the coffin. Consumers, people like you, are just numbers. Advertisers will never ask you how you are doing after having consumed their poison. Some do publish surveys, but that is just sand in the eyes of the public.

And you blindly believe all those commercials. You think that manufacturers would never take the risk to destroy their name by lying about their products. Well, I have news for you. They lie straight in front your face. And you are so naive to accept anything they serve. Moreover, you want even more of it. You are being manipulated because you allow the advertisers do so to you. Yes of course your old lady is still alive even though she drinks or smokes that crap every day. But that does not mean it is healthy for everyone. Your granny is not the standard for health, no matter how nice she may be.

Often people complain why they are not such clever advertisers filling their pockets, how little they have achieved in life, such as the failure to acquire a good position at work, or the failure to become a doctor, but they never talk about the thousands of other things that they would not fail to acquire. It is never life that sucks. It is the one who lives that life who sucks.

You do not need to become a commercial motherfucker in order to get rich. There are better ways, where your fellow beings are not put into jeopardy. But there is one thing that you could learn from those advertisers, and that is repetition. Ads that pass your eyes over and over again put you in a kind of hypnotic state, so after a week or so you do go to the shop and you do buy that gadget that has been repeatedly advertised in front of you. Next day you stash that gadget in the drawer and don't like it anymore. Scenarios like this happen all the time. That repeating is something that you can use to your advantage. Suppose you need to sell something, perhaps an idea that you have, or an object you want to get rid of, well, just advertise it like an advertising pro, and lo behold you will sell it. See, if this method works for commercial motherfuckers, then it should certainly work for decent people like you. If you are a decent person, do not get intermingled with motherfuckers, no matter how tempting their money

making ideas may prevail. Stay Bushido.

There are people who lost their hair. They walk around bald. Their hair roots have died long ago. Some may wear a wig or a hat. I wear a hat to conceal a bald spot on my head. What the heck. Anyway, now there are manufacturers who advertise: “Your hair is not dead. ZYX brings dead hair roots to life!” Yeah sure. How the hell do they know about my scalp? No one has done an analysis of my head. Of course the bald headed person will buy that fake product. There is that need to have new hair growth. And so tons of Dollars go down the drain just to get some sort of lotion or cream that serves no other purpose than filling the tube. And so the naive consumer, the regular person, gets fucked.

You know, I myself tried all those things. I did buy crap like that. I did fall in the trap set out by commercial motherfuckers. I did spend a lot of money for useless cosmetics, foodstuffs, potions, smoothies, gadgets, jewelry, accessories, money making schemes, grant services, potency herbs, and what have you. So I really do know what the hell I am talking about. It is all fucking crap that you pay for with your hard earned cash. How sad.

But you are not very much better than those advertisers. You don't give a damn about that guy who is dying two street away. It is outside the range of your world. As much as you are outside the range of the personal world of those advertisers. Okay, enough said, I know it is normal that our social range is very limited in human radius. We just cannot take care for the whole world around us. So we must set filters, using some unwritten laws of inter distance. Otherwise we get cuckoo.

What is important is that your intention is not negative. If you intend to have the neighbor dying, yes, then you are real bad. But if you just have a good vibe or two for the neighbor, then you are real angelic. This is the way humans are. You live and you die like this. And you easily grant others all the best. For as long as you do not lack anything, right? Yes I know the blah blah about “what you don't have you can't give”. But the true essence is not passing the object but passing the intention. It is all about personal quality.

One of the arts of negative thinking is to focus your mind on “how not to do” or on “what not to do”. Since early childhood you have heard every day again what you should do and what you should not do. You are sick of it. Just because you do not want others pulling your strings. Now, how about you to be the one telling to your self what to do and what not to do? How often do you really do that? The easy way is just keep on following the directives around you. Like a sheep in the field. And so you live as part of the herd of cattle every day again. And sometimes you wonder why you are still not rich.

There is absolutely no need to keep on wishing all day long the same “I am rich” end result over and over again. It's like having your smartphone online all day long. The batteries get empty. And it does not work that way. You just cannot hypnotize the universe and tell the stars that they should dump a ton of gold onto your backyard. There is work to do. And deep in your heart you do know what it exactly is what you must do to get rich. For every individual it is different. But every individual has the ability to find out what exactly must be done to make

some good wishes come true. Later on in this book you will be the one to find out.

There is nothing wrong in being part of a crowd. See, there are different types of crowds.

For example, when an accident has occurred, all of a sudden the wreckages and victims are surrounded by a crowd. And as soon as the ambulance drives off, the crowd disappears. Such crowd is incidental, and will never be the same again. All those people who were part of this crowd had no connection with any other one in that crowd. It's just sheer random.

Another type of crowd consists of, for example, protestors. People who share the same cause and creed and seem to bundle their mind force into a directional beam. Collective counter force toward something or someone representing wrong decisions. Such crowd is usually well organized and there is some sort of leader behind it. Every protest march, even though organized by the same leader, is composed of different people. There is no steady commitment to show up every time again. It's usually a one time only act of spontaneity.

A third type of crowd is a regular gathering, such as in a church every Sunday, where the people come together and listen to the preacher. Usually the composition of this crowd is pretty much the same. Every time you see the same faces. There is no spontaneity, rather a sense of duty. You must come or else there will be bad gossip and you'd be expelled from society.

And so there are many other types of crowds. I am not going to reproduce a wiki. But what I want to say is that you do not need to feel like mediocre shit when you are part of a crowd. It all depends what type of crowd it is. And what the common cause is of that crowd. However, regardless the type of crowd, where would you like to be? Up front, in the middle, or in the greater rear? If you want to be rich, or to be successful, then you should know by now that the mediocre rear section is not your place.

Some decades ago, I acted as a spokesman in the oil & gas industry. I gave speeches, on stage, and presentations during conferences, for both targeted potential customers and for the general public. I had already a lot of experience as a lecturer and that was the reason why I got hired and extremely well paid. From my own experience I know that for a speaker it makes a huge difference whether standing on an elevated platform or level with the crowd. The elevated platform serves of course some extra visibility, i.e. everyone could see me. The audio is the same, as microphones and speakers are used. What was more important was the symbolic "standing above" position. I was literally standing above the crowd. I was an authority. I was in charge. I was the one to listen to. I was the most important person in the hall. And not only that. I was rich and powerful.

So there is place even more prominent than up front the procession: Up front above the procession. That is where the successful person ought to be. That is to be your place. Then you can truly say to yourself: "I am someone".

You must, however, be aware that a crowd can worship the one on stage in the morning, but

shout to kill that one on stage in the afternoon. The same crowd. that crowd may be able to push the upfront folks forward and force them to commit bad acts, such as throwing tomatoes, dropping smoke bombs & tear gas, committing murder, up to crucifixion. In other words, that “up front above” spot is not always safe. Things can happen. So as soon as you have reached success and wealth, do not sit back and do nothing. Stay alert at all times. Once you were after the money of the rich. Then others are after your money because you are rich. The chain of greed remains the chain of greed.

All the best,

George Philip

10

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 10.

Something funny really happened the other day, and I start this letter by telling you about that event.

A man who is known for his good manners is having his usual dinner in the restaurant next door. Everybody knows him and he is kindly greeted by all. One day, his fork launches a potato high up in the air ending up in someone's soup. It is a mix of forgiveness and laughter in the room.

A few tables further inside, there is a guy who was known for his impoliteness. On more than one occasion he drops food onto the ground. And each time he does so, someone calls him names. This guy had to pay for every glitch he did.

I am generally known as a man who says what he thinks. I do not hide my thoughts, and I do not care if there are ladies or gentlemen sitting there hearing my voice. I know I have the right to speak. When I talk about aliens or conspiracies, no one seems to get connected. It seems too way off. But as soon as the topic changes to eating, fashion and cars, oh man, everybody is suddenly an expert. People seem to respond only to what they are accustomed to. Their mind is not open toward anything new. They remain within the crowd. In the middle or in the rear of the procession. It is most likely that you are one of them. Hey, no offense! Anyone within the 99 percent group is like that. Anyone within the 1 percent group is rich both in the wallet and in the soul.

Your daily topics may include football, racing, movies, sex, politics, and many other things that you are getting tired of. You feel you have to conform with the crowd, as to make sure you won't be an outcast. You want to know more about aliens, but you dismiss that topic because you are afraid that you will be considered an outcast. Your life is controlled by the herd of cattle.

You have to open up in order to learn something new. But if you remain prejudged and stigmatic, then not a single book out of those zillions here on Earth will ever touch your soul. You bought my book. So do read it till the end. And then read it again. And again. You will discover your formulas, your user manual, on how to live a wealthy life.

You may wonder, how can a book without checklist, without a to-do list, without commandments, without mantras of positive thinking, without even template ideas or concepts, but with so many negative statements, be casting some light upon your path? Well, you said it. It is just some light. But you are the one who must see. You are the one to take steps. No one can and will do it for you. As I said before in some previous letter, I do not intend to be nice to you, but rather honest. And as a consequence I may come on hard and tough. I am not a slimy

meditation guru who tries soothe you into a dream that will never come true.

All your wrong habits, your rut or drag, your complexity, your fixed ideas, your tunnel vision, your lack of guts, your cowardice, your etcetera, all those “features” (read: “bugs”) you want to keep, because you have always been that way and life has always going on that way and you are used that way and blah blah blah that way. You just cannot push that habitual machinery aside. Yet you envy that person who manages to escape from the routine and do something special. You wish you were that person. So how about wishing you were you plus you?

You certainly have done some sort of test or survey where the question is asked “whom do you want to be like?” Your answer was most likely the name of either a celebrity or a famous scientist or a world leader or whatever master guru. Right? Now, why did you not answer “I want to be like me”? What makes you think that you do not have the talents and features and abilities or whatever synonym? Why are you thinking so stupid about yourself? Now, shut the book, go have a walk, take a good breath, have a nice piss, and then come back again on this page.

You know one of the fundamental differences between humans and animals. The human is the only species that at the physical level mass murders for thrill and that at the spiritual level needs a religion. Quite an extremist or hypocrite type of entity, no? At least no holy scripture is put on the stock market. Animals kill each other only to maintain their primary survival. It is a natural part of their world. It is inherent in the overall food chain. From which humans benefit as well.

Humans have good traits too. They throw a few coins into the collecting-box for an organization to help starving children in a third world country. Good for them. And minutes later they walk to the bakery and buy a good big pie. It is inherent in the way of life. Who cares? Life is all about pleasure, and those who cannot afford pleasure, well, too bad. That is the mind-set of the average person in the procession. Humans are so egoistic. And then they grumble that they are not rich. What a joke.

The remaining time to live is shortening and nothing can stop that. And that of course is for you a reason to do nothing about it, and sit back and wait till the final day of your average life. You do not see the use of making extra effort to make something special out of your life. You live anyway, that's what you think. You just go with the flow, day by day. That is easy. Sheer conformity with the flow of coincidences. That way life is still an adventure to you.

Read your wish-list. You did write your wish-list, right? You did figure out what you really want, right?

When I walked for the first time toward the elevated platform on stage, to give my first speech and presentation to an audience of thousands of people, I was scared like hell. I could hardly breath and my legs trembled. But that moment I had no choice. I had to get on stage. The entire audience of 1200 people was expecting me to stand on stage and to give a good speech and presentation. I walked not too fast toward the front. I took the time and I went forward, with my

back straight, chin up, and a smile. But inside I almost pissed in my business pants.

Then, I stood at the microphone. I started to speak the first couple of words. And the next words came all by themselves. All the tensions fell from my shoulders. I felt a glowing warmth inside and I gave a speech and presentation that got rewarded with an great applause. I have done what I had to do, just by boldly doing it. No one in the audience knew it was my first time. Only I knew about it.

No one in the crowd knows about your fears, unless you told some. Only you to know about it. And only you can turn your fear into daredevilry. And why not? If you fail, at least you have tried and gained an additional wealth of experience. You run the risk, however, to succeed. That is scary, because you don't know what to do after you succeed. Now that is where your wish list and your life planning comes in handy. For example, you plan to sell 100,000 money-clips that you designed. And you should plan the steps after that. What are you going to do with all that money and your status? Are you going to retire or are you going to expand your money machine? You know, planning stuff like that. Having done that, there is less fear left. "Fear to succeed" does not exist. "Fear to not know what to do after succeeding" exists everywhere.

You may not believe in the selling business. You may think that your target customers will say "no" to your money-clips. Maybe you advertise the money-clips by showing photographs of these things. Good idea. But you show the clips. Just the clips. You think you should only show what you actually sell. You ignore that any potential buyer is mainly interested in the "emo" and not in the object. The entourage, the feeling, the connection, these may be pieces of fried air, but believe me, these are the elements that people want to pay for. World leaders know this marketing principle and they make sure that their speech cause good feelings in the souls of the crowd. It does not matter what they say. People forget it within fifteen minutes anyway. It does matter what feeling, what emotion they leave behind.

So if you want to advertise your money-clips. Show them off with the money, rather than empty. Show the bills of 100 and more. People will get that feeling of being rich when they buy that money-clip. It is all about impression, emotion, feeling. That is what you actually sell.

Of course that marketing method can be misused as well. You know, for example commercials about cream cake that your loved one deserves to eat each day. And so you buy cream cake for your loved one each day, not realizing that it shortens the remaining life time by ten years due to bad cholesterol in the arteries. The marketeers don't give a darn. They sell and make money. At the expense of loving people.

Now that kind of "ethics" you should not practice, ever. Never make money at the expense of someone's well-being. You must stay aware of this at all times. Respect the Bushido. You do not need to be a samurai to practice such code of good conduct.

Warmly yours,

George Philip

11

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 11.

A sense of humor is essential for coping with life. Things are already so serious, and there should be some room to laugh or to make fun with philosophy. Philosophy seems the endeavor to make sure what's been doubted and to make uncertain what's likely to be believed.

“One thing is sure, and that is that nothing is sure, but even that I am not sure of.” That is typically one of my standard jokes at the university. I learned that phrase from my friend who “saved my life” when I was 25. You are not sure about a lot of things. Such as how many days or years you will still be alive. You are not sure. Or whether your marriage partner is cheating on you. You are not sure. Or if your grown-up child is screwing around. You are not sure. Or that it is better to eat beef rather than pork. You are not sure. Or how many cancer cells you have in your body. You are not sure. Your business idea may or may not work out well. You are not sure. And so there are thousands of things you are not sure of.

When you meet someone, you usually ask “how are you”. You do not wait for the answer. In fact, that question is not even meant as a means to get to know something, i.e. through getting an answer. You simply expect that by default the unspoken answer is “I'm fine, thank you”. Sometimes this gets verbally expressed. But it comes never to an in depth analysis on what the state of mind really is at that moment. You are not sure and you don't care. And neither does the other person.

By the way, when you see someone dressed in silk, overloaded with golden chains and huge precious stones, like a fashion-doll in a jewelry shop, you may want to think that this person is doing fine, financially rich. In my opinion, more is not always better. So much gold around someone's neck looks so ordinary, so cheap, so punk like. It has nothing to do with being rich. Frankly, such Halloween idiot looks poor, no matter the purity of the gold and the carats of the stones. Not only that, but it is most likely that this highly perfumed creature's money is stinking too. That entity is doing just fine. In the ghetto. Okay, there may be some exceptions. There may be folks who did earn their cash in a humanitarian manner, but then they simply have a very bad taste when it comes to self presentation. They are idiot nevertheless.

So you want to have a lot of money. You do to the shop and buy a lottery ticket. It does not come into your mind that at that very moment you have become an official beggar. You are hoping that after the weekend you can say to your mate “look what I am given!” Just like beggars do. You want that house, car, motorbike, home cinema-set and everything else for free. You want to have all the things not as a reward for your own hard labor, but as a beggar's gift. That is the true meaning of playing the lottery. And lo behold, the weekend is over and you won nothing. Millions of donuts like you won nothing. Only one lucky beggar hits the jackpot. And you, the poor mule in the balking crowd of losers: “oh again I ain't lucky”. And then the working week starts and you go do your fucking job again. Like this you live your beggar life.

You confirm this to yourself. Simply because you say to yourself that only a huge gift can make you live in that big house and fast car etcetera. In fact you say that you are unable to earn the money by yourself. Therefore you confirm that you are not worth that house and car anyway. So if this is confirmed, then what having all that money for in the first place? Yeah, read this logic paragraph again and again, until you fully grasp it. Come on, dammit, read it fucking again!

If you want to be a millionaire, then you have to make sure your ability to earn millions of Dollars is fully up to par. Beggars do not become millionaire. One or two exceptions a year, out of 300 million folks. Come on, get real! You think you have the right to be a millionaire. I say, that right is derived from what you do in return. When I talk about the good millionaires, the humanitarian ones, the Bushido ones, then they are the people who produce something useful to the public. They are the people who fill a certain need. And that, my friend, is something to be rewarded. But not holding up a hand with a stupid lottery ticket. Winning a few bucks is not an accomplishment. It is an anomaly way under your level of self esteem. If you have any.

In that regard, the way several methods of positive thinking and stuff are generally presented, is by and large insufficient just to practice good thinking and then from the sky will fall all the wealth upon you. Most people take this law that literally, because that idea is so oversold and made so cheap like a lottery. If indeed you take that method that literally, then truly you are acting as a beggar.

It is impossible to write a checklist for you what you exactly must do in order to earn more of the green stuff. It all depends on the talents that you have, on the circumstances you live in, on the people you can rely on, on so many parameters. For every individual it is a whole different ball-game. You know for yourself what your talents are. You must have faith in your talents! If you cannot even trust your own abilities, then who else can? No, I refuse to come up with examples. That is not the scope of this book. This book tells you that you must discover yourself and this book tells you why and how. But this book is not going to do the discovery for you, much as giving you a lottery ticket. You must understand that. You are your own boss. You are in charge. The fact that you do not dare to know is okay. We are working on that one right now, throughout this book. Yes you should worry. Everything will not come alright. Unless you do just that one thing you never did before. And you will find out at one point in this book, I am most certain.

Do not say “no” before you really have taken the trouble to figure out in great depth to what extent you are able to succeed in a certain endeavor. It would be totally unfair toward yourself if your default conclusion is a “no, I cannot”. Imagine the following scenario. You are a parent of a beautiful teenage daughter. Both are sitting at home late evenings. Suddenly two dirty men break into the house and try rape your daughter. Now, you have the choice. You can sit and wait and see and cry, thinking that you cannot do anything about it. Or you can grab whatever hard object and beat the shit out of them, taking a couple of hits what the heck, and protect your

daughter no matter what. ten minutes later the two men disappear. And then you are together with yourself and your daughter. You must be able to look into the eyes of yourself and into the eyes of your daughter and say “I have done what I could”, don't you agree?

Now in daily life, the way you live in conformity, you behave exactly like the “sit and wait and see and cry” scenario. Admit it! You do naught about your so-called poverty. Nada. Yet you do know that you are in a state of emergency. You say you need a million bucks right now. Well, that sounds like a real emergency. I mean, not that you need it, but that you say you need it.

One of the features of a true millionaire, I mean a good one who is also rich in the soul, is to be a social person. The word “social” is somewhat misunderstood by society. It is heavily used in “social media” en “social networks” and would suggest that its meaning has to do with being sympathetic of some sort. Well, in a way. If someone is re-tweeting something, automatically the source of the tweet is mentioned. So that is a social act, even though it is based on a social template of the web system. The one who tweets may not be as social in the physical world. Okay, I am talking about the physical real world, not about the virtual internet stuff. That's my book “Unlike Social media Like” doing. Now back to “social” or the social person. If you happen to know something and you convey that piece of knowledge to another, it is very social if also the reference or source of that knowledge is mentioned, rather than saying “it is invented by me”. Same for objects, if you give a piece of cake, it is social if the you tell where it comes from rather than pretending to be the chef who made it.

You do have chit chats with other people, which by itself may seem social. But if you relay merely bad news, talking about stuff that sucks and misery that fucks up everything and shit that hits the fan, well, then that is not social of you. How could your buddy feel liked by you if you moan and balk all the time? Some friends love it, at least they are so social that they tolerate it. But it is not because you talk crap.

If you need to duplicate a message and leave it elsewhere, you have the choice to add or subtract the bad words that are in that message. For example, the message is “tell that stupid fucking bitch to keep the goddam door open”. So you walk to his dear lady as say: “hello, perhaps the door could stay open” or you say: “hey you stupid fucking dirty asshole bitch if you don't keep the door open then the goddam floodgates will break over your shit hole”. Now, guess what is the more social copy/paste? Okay, so just pass the good stuff and leave out the shit. You don't need to hide shit, but you can convey it nicely regardless.

When you do something wrong, it is normally sufficient to tell you that you did something not exactly as desired. Period. Simple as that. If you are a social person. However, if you are so hard headed that not even a nuke will make you clear that you did something stupid and that you should correct yourself, then really you are not social. Unsocial folks can only be regulated the hard way. In addition, the friends and associates of a social person are generally well, happy and of good morale. So yeah, in this regard, if you know someone's friends, you know that someone, at the social level.

You kick the cat or break the chair if the stove is on fire. If you are like that, well, then you are

definitely not social. You are social if you select the correct target for correction. So if the stove is on fire, you handle the stove. After, you sit on the chair and caress the cat. That is social. Also, if you start a certain activity, then it is for you to finish it off. It is not social if you tell your spouse to finish polishing the car after you started wiping the mirror. Same for all of your endeavors. If you start your work, it is for you to finish it off. Do not pass the monkey. Take charge. Be responsible.

If you see on the street how some assholes rub with stones over the car of your neighbor, then it is not social if you grab a stone and help them finish off that activity. It would be social to kick their ass or call the cops. As a social being, you want your fellow beings to survive, right? You do not need to roll-up your sleeves and do all kinds of chores for the people in your street. That is silly. It is just that inside of you, your soul if you will, there is that wish that other people live in prosperity. If someone seems to dominate over others, that person is not necessarily bad. If the intentions behind that dominant behavior are for the greatest good, then it is social. A captain on-board a 747 is dominant and everybody has to obey him without questioning. But the captain is social nevertheless.

Just do not victimize anyone. Do not be violent to anyone, unless from the express need of self defense. Even the ancient Samurai who lived by the code of the Bushido were professional killers, but they never lost respect of living beings, no matter how hard they fought during the battles. As a soldier it is your job to shoot the enemy. But do not dishonor the dead enemy by laughter.

Be well,

George Philip

12

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 12.

From some old events, even when fictional, we can learn new reality lessons. I would like to begin with this setting.

The good, the bad and the ugly. Perhaps you know this as a movie title a few decades ago. Well, as a variation on this theme, let me introduce to you three different types of You: You guessed it: “You, You and You”. That's right. Now, first to elaborate on the bad and the ugly.

The bad person is the one who seeks to suppress or put down any betterment activity or any betterment group. The bad person puts down other people in the vicinity. Obviously, that kind of behavior is pretty much destructive.

Now the other person is the ugly. That one is somehow connected with the bad one. The ugly one could be quite a nuisance to others, especially when in the vicinity of the bad person whom the ugly is connected with. The bad person keeps the ugly person from normal functioning in daily life. The ugly can do pretty well, until meeting with the bad person. When the ugly is not doing so well, the ugly is often ill. When the bad invalidates the ugly, the ugly behaves like the bad, in order to earn some stripes.

The good person is the social person, as described in my previous timeless letter to you. And the stronger the good person is at the social level, the more difficult it is for the bad to make the good ugly. The good truly represents the force of the Jedi. This means that instead of beating the shit out of the ugly or bad person, simply disconnect and move on. By engaging yourself in a war with the bad or with the ugly, you are at their level, thus you are bad or ugly as they are. The good person is above that miserable platform.

The suppression from the bad onto others is causing stress upon them. At work for example, your boss may be suppressive toward you, trying to put you down by letting you know how sloppy you do your job, even though you know that you really work your ass off. That boss is the bad person. That is the one causing your stress. How to handle it is fairly simple. Either talk to that person about it very clearly and honestly, or disconnect, i.e. quit the job. This sounds very tough, but these two remedies are the only ones available. As everyone if us has at least a grain of good inside, it is most likely that your boss has that grain of good too. So there is always a chance that talking might do the remedy. Talking is not fighting, just to make sure you understand that one, okay? Acknowledge the good parts of the conversation and don't enlarge the negative elements. This is not the same as being a slime. This is controlled social behavior. Simply tell the boss how you feel. Tell the truth. Be honest. Ask the boss to help overcome that feeling. Nine out of ten, the boss will give in. The boss is a human being too.

For the record, an example of how to acknowledge the positive and to avoid the negative in a

conversation. Your boss tells you “work results are coming in like shit from a sick camel and people fucking complain about shit procedures and dumb management and it is so hot here with that goddam air-co and now you come tell me about the mud you feel when working hard at your task because I walk by with a terminator face come on”. Now you say “yes I work hard at my task”. You have just acknowledged the positive part. If you are used to talk with him more often, you can always add something like “I like your smile”. But be careful with personal encounters of the seventh kind.

If you happen to be the boss, and you discover that one of your workers is stealing assets and talking bad about you and the company, you must remedy that situation. You can do that by talking openly and honestly with that worker and straighten things out. If the worker refuses to comply, then the plan-B remedy is very simple: Fire the worker. And do so in front of everybody in the room as to set an example. So as a boss, if a worker comes to you and try talk to you about his bad feelings and stuff, be alert. Either the worker is honest or the worker pretends. You, as a boss, are expected to make sound judgment.

I mentioned the word “disconnection”, and want to elaborate on that one now. You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to communicate. You have the right to refuse communicating with another. These rights are basic to the extent that governments have written them into laws.

For example, marriage in your most likely monogamous society is the agreement to live with only one life partner at one time. That agreement extends to love making as well. Don't ask me why but that's how society and stuff seems defined and widely accepted. Anyway, if wife Betty, who is married with Johnny, is having a great fuck with neighbor Peter, then Johnny has the right to insist that either that sort of communication cease or that the marriage will cease. Either way, there must be a disconnection. You can talk what you want, but if the external fucks keep cumming, then only disconnection will be the remedy.

It is absolutely silly to consider Johnny getting befriended with Peter and tolerating his wife Betty having internals, creampie and facials with Peter. Sure there are sick people like that and they even pick-up the cam and post the voyeur spy vids on a porn site. I am not kidding. This really happens!

An extreme form of disconnection occurs when you are for example deeply involved with a sect, where the rules state that if your spouse does not accept you as member of the sect then you must disconnect from your spouse. I know of sects like that. I have experienced such things myself. Decades ago I was into Scientology in the UK. At that time I lived in Switzerland. I was married with a wonderful Swiss lady. We had a good time and we were happy together. But my beloved wife was against the fact that I was into Scientology, because I seemed not so natural as a genuine person anymore, heavily under the influence of spiritual and mental processing. Auditing, as they call that type of mind fuck. The Scientology Organization found out about it and read me the rules of engagement before me. I had to disconnect or else I would be expelled from Scientology and no money back. Well, I invested tons of money and all my time and effort in the Org, so it was tough. Somehow later on I gave in to the demands of the Org and so it came to divorcing from my dear wife. It was an extremely painful experience

for both. Only a decade later I realized how stupid I was to disconnect from her, after I disconnected from Scientology due to the shit I discovered inside the Org lately. Once I was set free from the Org by myself, I managed to quit, I was also set free from the idea of disconnection from beloved people. Then I got in touch with my ex-wife again, and from that moment we communicate regularly, as distant friends. She got re-married and re-divorced in the meantime, but we always remained friends up to this day. So, fuck sect!

So what I am saying is that disconnection is not always the right solution. You should always weigh all the options and think wisely. Never give in to such stupid demands from third parties. They must not be allowed to mess up your life, no matter how much would be at stake. Nothing is more important than your life. And yes, you must be “egoistic” in this regard. You have the right to protect your well-being at all costs.

Cheers,

George Philip

13

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 13.

I got fired once, because I behaved “too friendly” toward some lovely clients, and went through a whole chain of days after. I had to quit my home, sell my car, sanitize my debts, say bye to my partner, and all that sort of shit. Job loss usually has big consequences.

You know the situation where you said to your superior: “I have done the sheer impossible for you, I have given you all I've got, and tomorrow I can give even more because then I know more than today”. You know, something like that. You believe that “working hard” means higher pace, longer hours, more energy, stuff like that. You certainly have heard the expression “work smarter, not harder”. Well, that slogan does bear good truth. But there is a level beyond that. Very easy. It is the level of intention.

For those who are into martial arts, I happen to be, you may have learned quite a few fighting techniques, such as kicks, blows, slaps, grabs, and so on. Any martial arts master should know that just executing a technique is not good enough, no matter how accurately the technique is executed. Its effectiveness maybe great, but it can be better. The quality of a technique is inverse proportional with the effort needed and direct proportional with the end result. In other words, you can strike someone with the fist into the chest, very hard, but still your opponent laughs at you. But when in your mind your intention is to have your fist going right through the chest of your opponent, then, when striking physically, your opponent will not laugh. I guarantee that.

It is the mental power that adds to the physical act. Moreover, in martial arts, the same technique in this example, if you change the direction of your fist into that of a slightly downward movement, as to push down the chi energy, then the effect is even stronger, even though you strike with exactly the same physical force. Any martial arts grandmaster knows this principle of how meridians work.

Now, as a worker, you don't need to be a grand master. But you do need to know a few simple principles of work. For example, you work in the factory at the assembly line, and you hate your job. You hate assembling those stupid fucking cellphones all day long. And you notice that only 50 percent passes the quality control, which happens to be the daily average at that department. But suppose, in your mind, you put some sort of good vibes into your work. For example, you say to the cellphone, okay cellphone, I am assembling you now for a sexy girl, and the next, I am assembling you now for a nice granny, and the next, I am assembling you now for a singer, or simply every time the same I am assembling you because I fucking get a hard and wet one, dammit. You know, just some funny ideas. The point is that in your mind you have to make it some fun. You have to elevate yourself from hate to pleasure. Yes, play that game, and fool yourself. But it does work. When your mind is okay, then your physical goes fine. As a result you make less assembling errors, the quality stats go up, and if your colleagues

do likewise, then by next week the number 50 will turn into 80 percent. It is so much more fun. That is what I mean with intention. It is simply making good use of the mind.

So, “work with more fun, rather than harder” That is a much easier to reach higher platform of life quality than “work smarter”, why, because the moment someone tells you should be smarter, you are basically told that you are at this moment not smart, i.e. you are dumb. But if I tell you should put more fun into your job, you are basically told that at this moment you hate your job but you do have a sense of humor, otherwise I would not ask you so. Now use that goddam sense of humor. Fool yourself if you have to. What the heck, for as long as it works well.

If you happen to be the boss, you must recognize that you just should not manage your workers on the basis of fear and punishment. Anyone in fear cannot be productive. Only happier people can be productive. Of course there's absolutely no need to lick anyone's ass, but simply put some fun in the work. After all, every hour spent at work is an hour less life time left, also for private, not just for business. People have the right to live happily not only at home but also at work. They give their life. Okay, they receive money, but you should know that money is not what life is all about. It costs your business nothing to add that little more fun to the work to be done by your workers. So be a good boss and a good human being at the same time.

Once I visited someone in a psychiatric clinic. That guy, a patient, sat there in a wheelchair, gazing to the wall, and did not move an inch. I told him “hey I brought some fruit with me”. He did not react at all. Only after a couple of minutes he slowly turned his head toward me and whispered: “I cannot cross the abyss”. You know, this guy was real way out of the world. I felt so depressed, just by watching him and the other apathetic patients in that dim facility. Dozens of them in one large room without any decoration or color.

And then next evening I read about all those people who got wounded or who died in war. People slaughtering each other without knowing their names. Militaries just push some buttons and yet another dozen folks just turned into meatloaf. They don't give a shit about those lost souls. And the government does not give a shit about the traumas of those militaries after the war. It seems there is an abyss between the killers and the killed, between the principals and the militaries, between everyone and everyone. We live in a world segmented by abysses. Some of these are narrow, other are wide, all of them can be bridged, but few of them are.

Now what has all this to do with your wealth, your plans to become rich? You are so much privileged, you do not even know. You have money, you can eat every day several times, you can move from A to B in various ways, you have friends and relatives, you have a source of income, you have a home, you have wheels under your ass, you have a life partner, perhaps a kid or two, you have a good health and you are alive and kicking, you have the view of the landscape or seascape, you have so many more goodies that you simply are not grateful for. When was the moment that you truly said something like “Dear universe I am so thankful about all I have”? Answer: “Never”. In this regard you truly suck.

About ten years ago, when it was the first time I participated in an alpine ski competition, in the

late season, I had been training like mad the week before. My ski coach assured me that I was good enough to get the bronze medal. The moment that I stood at the launch-bar, on April first, I will never forget that date, my whole body filled with enthusiasm and fear at the same time. I did not want to fail. I wanted to reach the finish in one piece. That was my priority at that moment. I jumped onto the snow track and raced along the poles on the ski run. Halfway, there was a photographer, and a flash of light hit my eyes. For an instance I was out of my rhythm, and committed an error that slowed down my descent by a second or so. I recovered my swing, continued with full enthusiasm, and finally I passed the finish. I did not make it to the bronze medal. My time lapse was just one tenth of a second slow. One fucking tenth of a second! I was furious! I blamed the photographer, I blamed my skis, I blamed my techniques, I blamed about anyone and everything I possible could that day.

Next day I went to the ski school, because I was so fed up, but suddenly found myself congratulated by a dozen ski instructors who obviously heard about that older man who made it to the top 4 after only one week of training. I was skiing against professionals, instructors, I was told by them, and I did not know that. These medals went to 3 instructors. And I was only one tenth of a second behind. I thought all participants were just amateurs like me. So my ski instructor fooled me, on April's fool's day. My photo, made by another ski instructor, got patched at the wall of the reception of the ski school, and it was written with a thick felt-pen: "champion 1/10". Now that was for me a greater reward than a medal. I really felt I had won the competition, because any amateur I would have left behind in a white cloud of snow. I was not competing against these instructors or fake amateurs. It would have been an uneven match. I was competing against my self. And I won. It gave me a boost for the rest of my ski endeavors to come. Not only that, but this was for me another lesson as well. I have learned that if you go for something, many others go for that something too. It is not important how many others go. The only competing party is your self. Only if you do nothing, then you already lost before that start.

Your buddy,

George Philip

14

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 14.

From my garden I am writing you these pages. It has been raining a bit, it is cloudy a bit, and the sun is shining a bit. A bit of everything. I'd love to be on top of a mountain in Summer. It is so inspiring, so romantic.

The world of today is filled with desires. You want this. You want that. And more often than not your wants are irresponsible, dishonest, unsocial or even destructive. Let me give an example. You are married, already a couple of years, and your sexual pleasures are diminishing due to some routine issue. You have already some superficial contact with an attractive third person and now is the time to go to the next level. Having sex. So one day or night you get to see each other and have a good hot fuck. Your body smells a bit different, you move and talk a bit different, all in all, these things get noticed by your spouse. Yes, your spouse will always notice. At first, nothing is said, as nothing is legally or scientifically proven, until the day that your spouse sends some extra eyes out there to your play-ground. The act gets proven beyond reasonable doubt, and soon you find yourself expelled from your marriage. So you stick to your not so secret play-mate and enjoy some days or weeks of the sexual candies. But then the subject of money and relationship seems to prevail and things turn out to be not so compatible. In the end you both decide to part, and now you are alone and have nothing left.

You always have to pay for your cheats. But as a corollary, you always get rewarded by your good deeds. Perhaps not from the one whom you targeted your good deeds to, but from a whole different source. Regardless, the bonus points get in. Quite a nice feature of life. Anyway, needless to say that it is absolutely stupid to things that you bloody well know the unhappy end of.

When someone in a high position, such as a politician, commits an error or mistake or worse of some sort, then you would be amazed to see how easily that person gets replaced. However, when a mother or a father fails in raising & educating a child, who is going to take the place of such parent? In other words, professional responsibility is not of the same kind of value as personal responsibility. So if you cheat at the personal level, it may not seem as severe as cheating at the professional level, but on the scale of being replaceable or expendable it is a whole different ball-game.

Raising children is perhaps the most important priority in people's life. Yet it is also the most failed endeavor. At school too, where the majority of the children are simply not geared-up to the tasks at hand. And that has little to do with their intelligence but a lot to do with their well-being at home. Good food and a comfy bed is not good enough. The social and ethical atmosphere at home must be okay.

People go to doctors or psycho social therapists or any medicine-man for as long as they can be

told that everything will come alright and that they should take this and that drug and many other stupid lies. People just want to be fooled. And if someone phones me up and asks questions about problems and stuff, sorry, but I hang-up. I am not a messiah who can cure any discomfort. I am not a specialist who can cure any mental problem. In fact, no specialist can. All that specialists can do is to fool their patients with placebos and illusions. The whole goddam medical industry needs sick and problematic people in order to generate big revenues. It is not in the interest of the medical business to have healthy people, except for their personnel. Why else have countless natural healers been murdered? See, it is forbidden to cure cancer and aids in a natural and cheap way. The world is truly sick in this regard. But that should be for you no reason to conform with that kind of modus operandi by not taking the trouble to act as natural human beings at your own home. So if your child has a problem, do not try sooth it with toys and gadgets and games and crap like that. No, take it in your arms, or sit next to the kid, or at least give it some real personal attention of some sort. A teddy-bear would be very stupid indeed where your personal dedication fails to come out. How much do you, as a parent, want your kid doing well again? If you fail to give your kid enough personal attention, then you should ask yourself the question why you have this child. Regardless of the answer, your suck nevertheless, until you play your role as a parent and educator properly.

Understanding is something that is constructed out of three fundamental elements: Communication, Affinity, Reality and Empathy. CARE. Now, if only any two or three would be in place, understanding will come about. Empathy is in fact a variation of Reality, in that empathy is the more emotional and reality is the more rational way of sharing someone's world. If you do not share any reality, you will never come to understanding. If you do not raise affinity, i.e. genuine interest or adhesion of some sort, then you will never come to understanding. And, of course, if you fail to communicate, well, nada understanding. Obviously. So remember these three elements.

The most important element of CARE is Communication. Now, what exactly is communication? It has the word “commune” or “common”, which means that you share something with another. Communication is not exclusively exchanging language. It also includes exchanging objects, energies, signals, symbols, thoughts, emotions, and so many more kinds of stuff. Okay, here goes the definition. Communication is the process between A and B where A has the consideration to send off the intention and something from a source-point across a distance to receipt-point, and A wanting B's reception of A's intention and of that something at receipt-point of that which emanated from the source-point. Sorry about the lengthy definition. So basically it is the act of sending something and receiving something.

Now, as if this is not yet enough, there are four different types of communication flows.

- 1) self to self - for example, you do something to yourself
- 2) self to other - for example, you give something to someone else
- 3) other to self - for example, someone else hits you on the face
- 4) other to other - for example, what you see others doing on a porn video

Now, I guess this is pretty obvious, these flows. Why do you need to know these things? First

and foremost, you must become more knowledgeable about anything that has to do with human interaction. Being aware of these definitions is something that gives you more thinking power. These basic things, my friend, are so important in this world of illusions, lies and virtualities.

Okay, now back to the subject of your wants and desires. It is absolutely good to have desires and wants and wishes. Generally, these are all focusing on getting, receiving, having. You want to get a lot of money. You want to receive a lot of admiration. You want to have a big house and a fast car. No problem at all. But what are you willing to supply in exchange? Somehow you must earn the stuff that you receive. Of course you don't have to rob a bank or to work your ass off as a charity agent, or to make 24 hours overtime each day. But there are so many little things that you already have in you that you can give. Such as a compliment, a smile, a pat on the shoulder, a hug, a nice word, help carrying a bag, show someone the way, explain a misunderstood item, a listening ear, an intelligent answer, removing a dirty spot, handing over the pepper & salt, and so there are a zillion of things to give. They don't have to be material. Just be social. Some folks call it "good karma".

You may practice a religion, believing in something. That is absolutely fine. It is just that I do not, and I have the right not to believe, as much as you have the right to believe. I am not a bad person if I do not believe, and you are not a bad person if you do believe. So let's put that straight before you throw away this expensive book! Let us not fall in the trap to engage war because of differences in religious beliefs.

In my unhumble opinion, if the Constitution allows me to speak ever so freely, there is no such thing as a heaven after life. Nothing has ever been proven. I have never seen any video or photo of a heaven or hell, and I refuse to believe in anything without scientific evidence. Heaven and hell we have here and now on this planet Earth. Come on! We are grown-ups and should be able to talk at this sort of level. So it is here and now to make the best out of it and stop acting sloppy, stupid and destructive. What matters is that we all be good persons.

If there is something that you are not good at, don't try to hide it or to cover it up. Of course you don't need to write it on a billboard on your back. But you have to be honest to yourself. Keep it simple. Life is already complicated enough. There are many ways to cover any inability. Some folks do it by talking super fast, others by using words from PhD dictionaries, others by changing topic, or by blah-blah-ing excuses of the external kind. There are moments that you are asked to do something you never did before. There are a number of initial reactions, such as "I can't do that", "I don't feel like", "Fock off", "Why should I?", and a thousand others. It is so easy to wave off the request, rather than taking the risk of failure after a sincere try. If you fail to fail where failure is a sign of good effort, then you succeed in failing utterly. Suppose you get attacked by a bunch of robbers. Are you going to fight, running the risk to get injured, but at least hurting the shit out of them, or are you going to lick their ass and give your cash and getting eliminated as a witness all the same? It's your call.

The point I want to make is that whatever good you are undertaking, do it with all your heart. Not half. Not lousy, sloppy or lazy. You must fight to become wealthier. Not just listen to that stupid subliminal get-rich-think-positive.mp3 and lie down on the goddam couch. How the hell

could you ever buy such dumb tracks? Your mp3 player telling you all day long stuff like “I will be rich, I will get money”, and after a few months of pseudo hypnotic audio you discover that your bank account is still in the fucking reds. Have not you learned anything from life? Perhaps you ever heard of the expression “dammed if you do, double-dammed if you don't”.

You want to tell me that if you change yourself for the better, the world situation won't improve, i.e. all the Middle East tensions will not go. That's right, mister You. However, if everybody thinks that way, then the world situation will be even worse. See, we are not talking about the world situation. We are talking about your world situation. The world inside of you, so your perception of and dealing with the world around gets betterment.

When writing this book, I published some excerpts on my website. I once received an email from an “admirer”, saying: ”Dear Sir, you are really talking some bull-shit out of your ass”. I replied back by email: “Dear <name deleted>, if you manage to pump dark shit out of someone's bright ass, you have my great admiration concerning your mental abilities in front of your own fucking mirror.” A week later <name deleted> pre-ordered 20 autographed copies and sent me a blank check. I'll be damned.

Stay in comm,

George Philip

15

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 15.

I do not expect you to love me, neither would you not expect me to love you. So I begin with a little chat about love. To put things into perspective.

The most frequently used term in intimate personal communications is the word "love". "I love you". "I feel your love". And of course the expression "I have feelings for you", usually meant as a way of saying "I love you". Yet, "love" is one of the least understood and most misused words in any language. Even in dictionaries it is not properly defined. No, don't look it up at wikistupidia. These editors don't know shit about love, obviously. They talk about feelings and emotions.

Anyway, to make it a bit clearer, first of, what love is not: Love is not a feeling. Love is not an emotion. Love is not a state of mind. Love is not a form of friendship. Love has nothing to do with religion. Love has nothing to do with sex. Love is not related with any form of attraction. Love is not that solar plexus stuff.

Love is not what you feel.

Love is what you do.

Imagine, you go to the supermarket and buy a strawberry cake. You leave the supermarket and see a beggar sitting near the exit. You get that intense feeling of compassion and friendship and make it show in your eyes the way you look upon him. You walk by and go home to enjoy the strawberry cake. You had deep warm feelings for that beggar. But you did not love him.

Imagine, you go to the supermarket and buy a strawberry cake. You leave the supermarket and see a beggar sitting near the exit. You don't give a shit about the situation and feel nothing special in your heart. You open the cake box and give a piece of strawberry cake to the beggar, calling him a dirty poor chap. You walk on and go home to enjoy the remaining piece of strawberry cake. You had no warm feelings for that beggar. But you loved him.

Love is what you do to another. It is givingness. Love is when you are like an angel at that moment, with results that are felt as positive. You just do without requiring anything in return. That is amongst the most wonderful things a human being can bring into the universe. Unselfish.

Hey, I am not saying that you should steal from others and give away all kinds of things in order to deserve the favor getting returned. Love is not something that you can accumulate "luv-miles" for. You cannot say "I deserve love" or "I deserve to be loved that much". Love is

that miraculous thing that comes at the right moment. It cannot be ordered like a pizza delivery. Love is not what can be constructed, despite of what intellectuals may say. Love is not an object that can be moved from A to B. It is what's been done. It is the creation of a result. It is causing a constructive effect.

Now, why do I talk about love? What has that to do with you?

Everything!

How often does someone say "Love you", especially when the other person is departing? Very often! "I have feelings for you" is not "love" but typical an act of selfishness. Ah, now I step on countless toes! I will explain. And keep stepping on your toes.

The one who has the feelings is in fact the owner of the feelings and is in fact the one who enjoys the feelings. Mindurbation. See, if the neighbor a block away is drowning in warm feelings towards me, sorry, but I feel nothing at all. Don't assume I am that telepathic. That neighbor is the one who enjoys the warmth of his/her own feelings. I just drink my coffee and talk to the cat, whilst the neighbor is in ecstasy

So if someone is telling me "I have feelings for you", well, good for him or her XTC level, but my antenna receives no signal from outer space and I do not notice any improvement in my life. Nothing is done. You know, to have something is not the same as to do something or to emanate something.

In other words, "I have feelings for you" has nothing to do with "love". It is the one who has the feelings to be the lucky one, to have that warmth inside. Anyone else does not share that warmth.

Someone gets fired and leaves the office. Co-workers yell "love you!". Someone boards an airplane for a flight. Relatives yell "love you!". Kid goes to school. Parent yells "love you!". WTF is that all about? Oh yes, people find it so convenient to give a tiny slice of would-be illusion of compassion the moment someone is leaving, as to avoid having to prove it. You tell me how many people say "love you" at the moment someone arrives? Yep, the other way around, right? Most people would feel awkward to show some sort of feelings. See, when someone arrives and you say "love you", you will have to prove that, but when someone leaves and you say "love you", you do not have the opportunity to prove that. Luckily, you hypocrite.

Yes, proof. Reality. Facts. Deeds. The physical evidence. For me, by default "love you" means "fuck you". Nope, I am not pessimistic neither negative. I am realistic. I refuse to be a dreamer who eats illusions for breakfast. I have been living a dozen years over half a century and I can attest that I have seen enough.

If someone tells me "I love you", I say "prove it". Why not? Why should this not be right? I don't believe anything just like that, come on! I am not naive. You tell me "I feed you". I ask "prove it". You give me a pizza. I say "you have proven it." She tells me "I want to have sex

with you". I say "prove it". She jumps on me, pulls her thong down and spreads her legs. Now I have real hard proof. It is so easy to say words. "I love you, I miss you". That's been said usually when someone is trying to tell about his/her own feelings. So here we have that guy in front of the that gorgeous girl who tells him those magical words "I love you". His heart pounds at the highest rate. She takes a hug. He starts sweating and gets a hard one. She looks at the clock. He wants to take it to the next obvious level. She says "oops my mom is here" and adios. Of course there is no mom and all she wants is the easy way out.

Okay, I maybe sidetracking a bit with this last paragraph. Just to illustrate one of the countless possible scenarios where "love" is not. The word "love" does not turn me on at all. It is one of the greatest scams in human history. It is the number two reason of all killings. What's number one I don't know at this moment. Oh yes, money. Fuck. That green stuff that you dearly desire each moment of the day. you want that so badly that you are willing to vote for a kill. Yes you are. If you had the choice to vote for shooting someone at the other side of the globe, in a war or battle, in exchange for one million Dollars on your bank account, what would you vote? Yes or no? Whatever your answer is, I hope you do not lie.

How often do people not say the phrase "I love you so much, I am willing to die for you". Well, I find that a bit odd. If I truly love someone, I'd rather be willing to live for that sweetie. As a dead guy I would be rather useless, no? "Soldiers must be willing to die for the country". Yeah sure, the best way to make them absolutely useless after the war. Nations exterminate other nations in order to get wealthy. Not realizing that a dead nation cannot produce wealth, let alone give it away. A dead man is worth nothing, and you don't need to have a PhD degree or to come from planet Vulcan to understand this kind of logic.

With love,

George Philip

16

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 16.

Money can't buy me love. Money does not make happy. Well, you know these slogans. I am not sending money with this letter, just some words about it.

You do not need to be always the giver. And definitely not a naive fool. Once I got a phone-call from an old friend who was in deep financial shit and asked me to lend him 1200 bucks. I asked him to give me some time and let me call him back for the answer that same night. I thought it over and did call him back and calmly said: "Dear old friend, a couple of years ago I borrowed you ten bucks, as you were in great need that moment. I too was poor that time. To this day I never got it back from you, despite of your promises. You did give me a small gadget, however, it turned out to be stolen from someone else who dearly paid for it. So, I am very sorry but I cannot honor your request. To you to think over your own shortcomings and perhaps this way you might even find some real deserved profit. A few weeks later I heard from another buddy that this old friend borrowed 1500 bucks from an ex and bought a car that he fixed and pimped a bit. He drove that car total loss during a speedy ego trip on the freeway and never returned the V8 loan. See, if I had been good, I would have been fucked 100 miles an hour.

So yes, I do understand why people may be somewhat reluctant to provide help of some sort. The social world is polluted with dishonesty. I know how hard it is to navigate through such chaotic labyrinth. So the next best thing you could do is just to use your basic intuition. If you feel in your gut or heart that something is cooking, then you know you can trust your gut feel and so you know what to do nor not to do next.

You should try avoid taking loss where you could have gotten profit. Sounds obvious, right? Yet you are - most likely forced by the circumstances - so stupid to give in to accepting loss. With such a mindset you will never get rich. So rather give in to accepting the opposite of loss.

You are probably afraid in some way. Perhaps afraid to lose someone, or afraid to end up poor, or afraid to fall ill, or afraid to get fired, or afraid to make an error, or afraid to become impotent, or afraid to die, or what have you. Zillions of things to be afraid of. A person in fear cannot develop. That is a natural law. If for example you try to study under the immense pressure of punishment, you will perform worse than if you study in a pleasant atmosphere. If a child is being molested every day, it cannot develop into a quality human being. If you happen to be someone who moans about every bit of mishap or misfortune, displaying how poor you are and how much you suffer, then you obviously have not yet learned how to live in style. I am not referring to material style but to mental style. You must stop playing victim. Be greathearted or, magnanimous to yourself. If there is some mishap, there is of course no need to accept it, however, there is no need to write it on a billboard either.

On the other hand, you are absolutely correct if you would publicly protest against certain

misconceptions or misconducts by the government. I find it particularly strange why no one has ever protested against giving one's life, i.e. the duty to die for the political leaders. The great leaders tell you to join the army and then to give your life in exchange for freedom or democracy or whatever fried air bullshit. Now you tell me who of the great leaders is marching in front of the army in a battle, ready to give his or her life? I tell you this: Not a single great leader does that. They nicely sit in their nice office from a nice distance and have a nice view on their nice TV set watching how nice you are by dying for their ego trip pleasure. The background reasoning is that a great leader has as much brains as hundred thousand soldiers, and should therefore be spared. If you know of another reasoning that bears more truth, please let me know. I have news for you: I mocked it up. There is no reasoning at all. There is just mental illness going on. You as a soldier or officer are ready to die in the name of blah blah blah. What a fucking joke! And you buy into that! You simply conform with such idiocy. The whole goddam world is like that. Billions of minds infected by lunacy.

Governments sell things that do not exist, such as freedom and democracy. Governments demand the populace pay for these non-existing things. Pay with tax money. Pay with blood and souls. And the crazy thing is that people ask for these nonexistent things. They believe these things are real. Sure the ultimate freedom is death, simply because all problems and bondage have gone at once indefinitely.

What the hell is "freedom"? What is that stuff many wars have been fought for, millions of people have been slaughtered for, countless resources have been offered for? Naturally, the question would be "free from/of what?", as though there are persistent boundaries. You know, if an astronaut performs a space walk, (s)he is still bound to be nearby the space ship for extended life necessities. That space walk is a temporary illusionary freedom. Astronauts go straight to the highest tone levels when doing EVA – Extra Vehicular Activity. They feel that ultimate freedom. Liberated from the base. Detached from everything.

When a child reaches the age of 18, it can leave home, and be free. But it may be free from the dictatorship of the parents, but the world outside of that home freedom rather means to have to take into account all sorts of limitations, regulations, laws, social restrictions, communities, obligations, and what have you, all those things its parents have been dealing with all the time. Does not sound like free at all for that kid. Other boundaries have to be conformed with. It's just a shift toward yet another bondage.

The sense of "real freedom" seems correlated with more than an emotional event. It has to do with being detached, being not part of, being completely off the grid, totally offline, being absolutely individual, outside of any matrix. Well, let me tell you something, it is an emotional state, that feeling. It is not as it seems. The government has never come up with an exact scientific definition of "freedom". It is not a physical factual existence. A hermit is not free, being imprisoned in his own cage. A god is not free, being stuck with his own created universe. To exclude oneself does not imply freedom either. It merely confirms the opposite.

People may think that real freedom means to be completely off all grids of all kinds. At least, it seems so. So that free being is on his own. Now what? Is that free being to stay alone for the

rest of her/his existence? Oh how lovely to be totally free, to be totally left alone, to have totally nothing to do with anything and anyone, right? Well, that is not what the government calls "freedom". The government's freedom is the bunch of strings they hold in their mind control hands to manipulate the populace in whatever way they see fit.

Freedom? Then what is it? No, don't look it up at wikistupidia. All you will find is a bunch of dumb definitions that contain the word "free". Well, my grandmother knew that "free" is "free". So nothing new here as far as a clear definition is concerned. Dictionaries that say things like "freedom is free ..." are useless. If I ask someone "what is shit", then the answer should not be "shit". See what I mean?

There are a couple of things that humans wish to grasp, such as "what was before the beginning", "what's outside the universe", "who is god", "how long is eternity", pointless stuff like that. Okay, these things are a bit hard to define. And so is "freedom". All those questions are asked without being able to grasp the definition of the question, let alone to grasp the answer. We ask useless questions, we want things that we do not even know how to use. We want freedom, but we lack the ability to understand it, to use it. Let's face it. True total freedom is way over our head. We can hardly grasp its true meaning, let alone find a way to be one with. It's like climbing a mountain. You climb a bit, see the top, go there, and lo behold, you see another higher top, and so forth. The final top you cannot even see! It's above the clouds. We don't know what the top is like. Strictly spoken, we are not ready for true freedom.

Give a train freedom, and it will try take a ride outside of the railway. Imagine the consequences. Of course the makers of the virtual world understand this, and they came up with a solution: give the train more railways. Give the user more internet highways Give the user more social networks, more communities, more blogs, more dating sites, more porn, more downloads, more chat, more online games, more apps, more iphones, and so on, more of more.

In reality we want liberation, not freedom. These two are not the same things. We want to be liberated from the forces that instruct us what to do and how to live. We want to be liberated from those pulling our strings. We want to be liberated from being corrected in whatever we do wrong. And of course no government wants their people to be liberated from the government's bondage. Yes, we are free to drink water. But the water contains fluoride, whether we like it or not. But we are free. We are free to remove our thirst by going online and drinking megabytes. But the megabytes contain spy-ware and subliminal messages, whether we like it or not. But we are free. But do we have the full ability to really do without? Can we truly live completely off all grids of all kinds? The prison, named democratic civilization, has been expanded. What better than a prison the size of the entire planet? No place can be more free. So in other words, freedom is not exclusion but rather inclusion. And so we are all fucked.

You think you have a hard time in this hard life. I can assure you that there are hundreds of millions people on this planet who have an even harder time in their even harder life. So, comparing with that one, your life situation isn't that bad. No matter how much fortune you have, there are always things to complain about. Even the billionaires go through hard times. No, you should not pity these fellows, and neither should these fellows pity you. Let's play

fair.

There are sects, some of them even claiming to be contactees with extra-terrestrials, that would invite you to join the multiple-life believers. They advocate they know all about previous lives and you just need to pay them a grand fee and will become initiated in the secrets of past lives and after lives. From that moment onwards, you will be mastering your karma and destination and what have you. Well, now you tell me what have those sect leaders accomplished, other than robbing you of your hard earned cash? They succeeded to put you in a trance. And that is all they have learned from the “knowledge” about their past lives. What a load of crap. And if you really are member of such a group, then any uncertified psychiatrist would be the better alternative.

Of course there other kinds of groups where you can be draw into. For example, a group of colleagues at your job environment, who have their daily chat about sex and snuff films. You know, that if you do not participate, you will not be liked by your colleagues. You are obliged to laugh about their pedo sex talk. So what do you do. You tell porn crap and dirty jokes and so you get your coffee and pats of the shoulder. You think you have no choice, because you want to keep your job. You think that if you stand out, then your colleagues will tell bad things about you to your boss and adios job. You always have the right to remain silent, to ignore their sick talks and even to ask them to talk about the weather. It may take guts to do so, but what do you want? You want to conform with stupid shit and waste your life time like that, or you want to elevate toward a platform of better quality as a person? As a low level porn crap buddy you will not have any chance to become wealthy, simply because you are not showing you are ready to be wealthy.

So, first you better improve as a quality person and then there is more chance you are ready to receive wealth. Also the Secret Law Of Attraction says that you must align yourself with what you ask for, so you must be properly ready to properly receive what you have on your wish-list. If you order French fries, then do not hold a bottle to receive it. It is not aligned or compatible with your wants, because it won't fit in the bottle. If you want an expensive mansion and a luxury car, then do not act as a dirty idiot, because it won't suit. It is not aligned or compatible with your wants.

You certainly had once a moment that you got angry or upset and yelled the shit out of your beloved partner. If really not, never ever, then skip this little paragraph. Now I am going to give you a nice formula on how to go about this. On the next occasion where you feel again that magma creeping up to the point that verbal lava will leave your mouth at a hundred decibels, well, simply say “If we now remain silent for 5 minutes, then the chance is that we won't say things that we'll regret later on”. I guarantee you, it works. Even if the other party keeps yelling, it is you who is ultimately in control. Simply repeat the message. You can apply this simple formula to any volcano situation with anyone. At home, at work, in the shop, in the plane, on the street, with your buddy, spouse, colleague, or with a seller, a cleaner, the captain, a cop, etc., anywhere anytime anyone. And you know what, this truly adds-up to your personal quality. That is a kind of wealth that not many people have. The wealth not to waste time to stupid matters.

This little paragraph you may skip, if you are not interested in some scientific blah blah about the phenomenon called “time”. Time is a very precious something. It is not a dimension, as numerous scholars may believe. Time is a function of action, of movement. In other words, if there is no action, no moment, there is no time. Time cannot stand still because it is not time that moves. It is the action or mass that moves. Time is a result of that. Time is a force. So the expression “time stands still” is invalid and illogical. For example, to demonstrate time, you stand at a table, and on the table you put a bottle and a cup. These two objects stand still and do not move. They do not generate time, because there is no duration of any kind to measure, since there is no activity going on. Now, you slowly push the cup toward the bottle. That movement was measured 10 seconds. The moving cup generated 10 seconds of time. After that, it stopped generating time because it stopped moving. Simple as that. If we say “time is spent”, actually we mean “energy is spent on activity which generated time”. Now, why bother talking about this semi scientific shit? Just to make sure we use a common reference when talking about something specific. I am not going to tell the same usual stuff that everybody else is saying. And that applies to talking about “time” as well. So if we talk about a “long time”, we basically talk about quite some activity to be measured a lot of seconds. Strictly scientifically spoken, the term “waste of time” should be “time of waste”, because “waste” in this case is the activity that generates its “time” force. But okay, I will talk to you in mainstream terms, to avoid mind fucks of the first kind.

Alright, forget the previous paragraph and let's talk “normal”. Artists “spend a lot of time” to practice their repertoire. They spend a lot of energy in their activities to practice their repertoire, to state it more precise. The time duration is years and years before the artist can perform live on stage for just one hour. The moment that artists climbs on the stage, I will definitely applaud loudly, just because of what preceded this moment. You may balk at the kind of fees an artist may earn, but then you clearly forget what an artist has to go through, giving away a part of his or her life to be measured in years. Now, how much money would be enough for you over the course of several years? How much time are you willing to give for more wealth?

If this book becomes a bestseller, then I will have some more green stuff. But I could never have written this book if I would not have built up half a century of life experiences. I have been thinking for years about my experiences and the lessons to be derived from, before I started writing the manuscript. So basically I have worked for years to come up with this book. This book is being read by all kinds of people of all levels of any kind. You are one of them. Okay, I use rough language, but I am honest to you. I do not sell you any scam, fried air, illusions, stuff like that. I am your buddy and I talk to you by sending you letters that are bundled in this book. I am not looking for any sort of ego tripping, neither am I looking for your money. I am just fed up with the global waste of time disease that infects every individual.

A cure? Of course there are many cures. As many as the number of individuals who are wasting time. Every waste has also an opposite. Like “save”, “useful”, “constructive”, anything that has to do with raising the quality of your existence. For each and every individual the cure is unique, as much as the wasting time disease is unique. If I drive around town just to show off

my V12, I am wasting my time and gas. If my neighbor drives around town to show a commercial on his V12, he is not wasting his time and gas. Wasting time is a contextual thing. It just depends on the intention behind it. A couple of letters ago I wrote things about intention and the value of it. That is exactly I am referring to. If your intention in that V12 is just to jerk off your genitals, then you may not be doing a very useful task. If your intention in that V12 is to try earn more money as a seller or advertiser, then you do something useful indeed.

If you are hanging out at the bar, drinking a couple of beers, talking to some business prospects doing the same, then it may be a useful endeavor, as your intention is to win a contract. If, however, you are hanging at the same bar, drinking the same stuff, talking to some mates about horny folks and wild orgies, well, you know better than wasting time and money.

Your money is precious, no matter how much or little of the bucks you may have. You may have often fallen in the usual commercial traps such as “buy this-and-that and save 50 bucks”. Yeah sure, well, each time you buy something, you spend money, and you never save money. Saving money means to have a surplus of money that you can put aside for the rainy day or whatever. But when you pay for this-and-that, you have no surplus money. Only the seller gets that share. And you are fucked. “Save 80 percent if you order within 20 minutes”. Okay, so you buy that stuff you do not really need, just at the spur of an emotional moment, and instead of 200 you pay only 40 bucks. Now that is a hell lot of savings that you can put aside as surplus cash, right? Wrong! You just lost 40 bucks and will soon receive that stupid item worth only 40 pennies. You are fucked again. You visit the car-dealer and see that the model of your car has become obsolete since the introduction of a new model. It looks quite the same, but the interior has more features, such as 3D navigation, traffic radar, altimeter, wind direction indicator, compass, dashboard light color changer, MP3 player with USB stick input port, and an anti glare mirror with polarized coating. And best of all, you get a game-station for free! Now that pulls you right over the threshold. That model will give you more driving freedom and professional appearance. Oh wow, you cannot stay behind with your old model and so you order not just the new model but in addition some cool rims and rubber. The double chrome exhaust at the impressive rear with that big logo shows how cool a driver you are. You feel so good in this new car. Your whole life has elevated to greater heights. You drive from A to B in greater comfort and of course you save money and receive high esteem of anyone crossing your path. You have no idea how much you are fucked. Free game-station my ass! You are so naive.

Whenever you are about to be given something for free by a commercial entity, you should be on red alert. You are about to be screwed right in front of your face. If you had your own company, shop or whatever business, would you ever give away things and money just like that? Of course you would not. So what makes you think others would? Come one, think with your goddam brains, for heaven’s sake.

You want a new smartphone, and of course you take the one that goes along with a free notebook. You have the illusion that you are given a real birthday present that costs you zero bucks. You pay only for that smartphone and for the operator. Now that is a good deal, right? I tell you this: you are fucked. A notebook for free, come one, give me a break. It is just that your greed has been stimulated by a bunch of brilliant marketeers who laugh their ass off when

they receive their commission on your purchase. And you think you are the winner in this play. You are a loser. Literally. You know, that losing money makes me so angry, to the extent that I start calling you names. I just cannot stand the idea that you throw away your hard earned cash down the fucking drain. I have fallen in to the same trap for many years. I have learned the hard way. I know what I am talking about.

You do not need those stupid toys and gadgets and lings to be someone. You are someone as soon as you know what you really have. Inside of you. Your own capabilities, your own knowledge, your own values. If you are not aware of these qualities, then most likely you are scared in your daily life. You may be someone who can play dictator at home, but at your job you are scared of the boss or of some of your colleagues. You feel you have to conform with the mainstream of normal life. You feel powerless.

Okay, this letter was amongst the longest. Please bear with me.

Thank you,

George Philip

17

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 17.

In my arrogant opinion, it is humankind who invented the concept of time. Not the scientific concept but the apparent manifestation. You talk about time features such as yesterday, today, tomorrow, and so on. But you seem not to consider that it is always now that you are in. There is now not a yesterday. There is now not a tomorrow. There is now today and within today there is only now the very moment of now. Clearer than this I cannot be.

Imagine this short story: A single cell in your body starts behaving erratically. In the meantime you drink your tea and tell your spouse that it does not taste quite right. At that very moment your body has developed some cancer cells. Now. Three months later, after doctor's inspection of your body, you receive a referral note for the lung specialist. Now. Soon you lie down on a bed in hospital. Now. Your spouse visits you and sits next to you, and looks terrified. Now. Your bed is in the room of incurable patients. But you are not conscious of that. After a couple of months, a miracle seems to happen. You may go home, on doctor orders. Now. One afternoon, as you walk down town, your spouse at home gets a visit from a friend of the doctor. That friend tells your spouse that you have only a few months to left to live. Down town you almost ran into an old colleague who does not seem to recognize you. No wonder, in hospital you lost 40 pounds. Your ex colleague looks at you and somehow feels your situation that you seem to ignore. You just keep on smoking and drinking. One morning, after you get up, you take some coffee, and all of a sudden you get a sharp and deep pain in the chest. Your spouse comes after you and knows your life is in danger. Now. The ambulance arrives. Now. In the same room of that hospital there are two patients, and they recognize you, from your stay last time. The others are dead. Weeks go by and you receive some visiting kids and relatives whom you fail to recognize. Only your spouse sitting next to you. After a quarter of an hour you say softly "life ... is ... a ... bit ... ch ...". Your eyes close, to be closed forever. Ten minutes later the doctor walks in and tells your spouse that you have passed away. Now. There is no way for you to do anything useful or to build up anything constructive anymore. Others are doing that. Now. And a year later, your spouse, pulls up the pants after a good fuck in a shiny sports car. Now.

You have once been asked the question, either by yourself or by another: "What would you do if you would know for sure that your life will end after 30 days?" For some, the answer will be "I would take a bank loan of 300K and have fun all over the place". Or "I would take a trip to that wonderful place I always wanted to visit". Or "I would get in touch with that wonderful person I am secretly in love with". Or "I would visit my enemy and forgive all the bad things done to me". Or "I would sell my house and give all the money to all beggars in town". Or "I will masturbate on top of the Empire State Building and jump off while cumming". And so there are countless scenarios. Of course in these examples, the first and the last are somewhat extra of the ordinary, so to speak.

The point is that whatever answer on that question is given, the signification is usually "to do

something special”. You are probably expecting now to read further on about what you should do every day of your life. You are probably expecting to read that at any moment your life could end. Well, your expecting is correct.

At the back of your honorable mind you damn well do know to what extent you are fucking wasting lot of your precious time that will never come back. In fact, you are pretty desperate about the subject of wasting time, perhaps as much as I have been. One of the reasons why you got your hands on this book. I have already given several thoughts about wasting time, and by now you should have a basic understanding of what wasting time is all about. But I will continue on this theme throughout this book, to make sure that not only you know what wasting time is about, but to make sure you discover for yourself what to do about it and how to increase the quality of your life.

When you start improving your life, there will always be some sort of mess. You can compare it somewhat with renovating the interior of your home. During renovation there will be some rubble on the floor, dirt and dust on the walls, so it's a bit hard to enjoy the new chimney-piece, even though it is standing there already. Only after the final clean-up that piece is a real joy to look at. Simply because there is no attention anymore to the rubble. That's why you should look at tomorrow a bit more, rather than directing your attention on the shit of today. It does not mean you should ignore today, but certainly you should not ignore tomorrow., because that is a day closer to your goal. You do have a goal, right? If not, then go back to the letter where I wrote you about making a wish-list. Remember the vision-board I talked about? Come one, do something to define and engrave your goal.

If you, for example, set as a goal a spouse with whom you want to have kids and stuff, well, make sure you be very precise in what spouse you want. Not only that, but you must also take into consideration the level of compatibility. And foremost think about the future of the children. It is pointless to set as a goal a celebrity with lots of money if the personality is not connecting with your world at all. You would end-up with a divorce and zero cash. Your goal or wishes must have some sort of common sense. What is the use to wish to become an astronaut if you know you won't pass the physical? See what I mean? Same for the green stuff, known as Dollar bills. It is useless to wish to become a big millionaire if you know you won't be able to behave like a super rich. Yes, I know, there are always poor assholes who win some lottery, but all of them lose that money soon after. They just cannot cope with such huge amount of money, so they throw it down the drain. Through the holes in their hands many other people will benefit from that money. But the poor assholes stay poor assholes because they do not take the trouble to level off their personal qualities with that of a rich person through some self education. These are the facts. There are plenty such stories that you can find. The mind of a super rich is much more sophisticated, no matter how marginal that super rich behaves in front of the media.

Talking about marriage, as I was just mentioning the subject of “spouse”, well, today we live in a world where females become more male and males become more female. Look at the deliberate sex changes around you. I find it a real mess. Sometimes I see a pretty lady and then “it” turns out to be a man. It is disgusting and certainly not my piece of pie. Okay, apart from

that, where men are men and women are women, about 4 out of 10 marriages are must-do marriages. And as a consequence failed marriages later on. Years ago I spoke with a lady, who is now dead, who used a young man to make her pregnant and to marry her. Needless to say that this was a most stupid thing to do, why, because that is not an honest way to make a child, neither an honest way to get married.

Okay, she died a bit sooner than expected, But for most married couples it turns out that both parties are different to the extent that they cannot stand each other. In such case, they better divorce immediately before starting to really hate each other. More often than not, even the body scent is a disturbing factor. "Until death do us part" is a loose expression with no meaning. More often than not, the man starts looking at younger and prettier women. He masturbates under the shower, rather than giving his wife a good fuck, and tells her he's tired cos of the job. And even if he wants to penetrate into her pussy, then the woman forces herself to play the game of enjoyment. And ultimately, the marriage falls apart. And guess who is victim. The children. Always the children. I know this from my own experience. I was a child when my parents divorced. They even stopped doing their moral duty toward any kind of support to each other or the kids. I was really screwed and my life was completely fucked up for years. Even after decades I still felt the pain inside of me. So did my brother, who wrote several books about it. Countless marriages remain maintained just because of the kids. It is a painful trade-off. Stay together, and hate your spouse. Stay apart, and lose the kids. Divorce, and the kids hate you both. It sucks. Lessons learned: Never marry just like that.

Certainly not if you are the kind of person who when going out for a party merely sticks around with anyone else but your own spouse. In a way, that is cheating too, subtle though, but it is cheating in front of the eyes. Don't try tell me how important it is to socialize and talk with business folks and colleagues. I know how important that is. But you can do that while holding hands with your spouse, rather than drifting around in single mode. At least, if you have a sense of style. Or are you not proud of your spouse? Is your marriage is fuck-up that you want to hide? Don't you share your actual life with your spouse? Is it just a marriage of two loners apart together? If so, then that is a condition worse than being divorced. You do not need rest, right? Every evening you read your newspaper and don't say a word to your spouse you are so happily married with, as you keep on telling your buddies. Oh really, do you buy gifts for your spouse? No shit! After you heavily quarreled of course. And sure you are permitted another daily fuck and all is good again, right? And so the years go by. How pathetic a waste of time. Congratulations with this phenomenal accomplishment of fooling the hell out of you and your partner.

I can assure you that at least 40 percent of all marriages persist this way. Even Hollywood made movies about this. Such as to show what it is to sleep with an enemy. They are based on true events. You know, beating, ego cumming, scolding, invalidating, and then giving flowers. You may have watched such movie, and never learned from it anyway but eating popcorn. If you truly are part of that 40 percent, then you should know that the more you truly give to your spouse, from your heart - and I am not referring to material crap - the more you will receive. It is a natural law, these flows. Some call it "true love". I call it CARE. Remember this abbreviation a few letters ago? It is so simple, to give some CARE. You want to waste your

time with someone? Or at work? Then do not CARE.

I know much better than you how difficult it is to not waste time. It takes mobilizing a whole army to get that far. The army in you is not mobilized. Part of it is sleeping, the other part of it is drunk, another part is freewheeling, some more part lacks all discipline. Just like in a real army that is supposed to fight a battle during war. You have to mobilize all the parts in you, align them all into the same direction, and then there is a chance you can win the battle against time waste. But you have to fight by yourself, rather than just imagining pushing red buttons. You are not only the General, but also the Soldier. If this idea absolutely does not appeal to you, then my advice is to keep doing all those stupid useless dumb unintelligent trivial superficial meaningless or destructive things like you always did and keep on moaning about how poor and fucked you are and that nothing can be done about it, you weenie coward.

I have not a long time to live anymore. But I know this: I will keep on producing till the very end. Either books or music. During half a century I have done a lot things, professionally, but I have been wasting my time, because I did not do what I truly had to do. Until I lost everything, after the WTC 911 tragedy. Then finally I realized that I had to take another course. Before, I did not realize how easy it was to lose that which was not genuinely mine. It was all artificial, based on conformity and conformity. I have been lying to myself for 50 years. I have been doing things because other were expecting so. I have been ignoring my own creativity. My own determination. I was not freed from the grid of professional bondage. I had to be independent. Doing my own business. My own private life.

I'm not saying that you have to do the same as I did. For each and every individual the life situation and preferences are different. Not everyone should be writing books. Not everyone should run a bakery. Not everyone must work as a lawyer. Not everyone ought to teach at school. Not everyone is supposed to compose and produce music. See what I mean? You have to set your genuine own personal goals. Not the goals of someone else including mine.

For me, if the WTC 911 event had not happened, I might still be part of a mainstream, working for my pension plan. No big deal. No problem either. Just average. So for me, something special, dramatic had to happen to wake me up. And it definitely did. For you there may not be a need to experience an earth quake or tsunami or a war. I happen to have experienced the Gulf war in the early '90s. I was there. But still, that did not put me out of the mainstream. I was okay with my regular life. Parts in me were in a deep sleep, obviously. What I am saying, even a traumatic event will not guarantee a wake-up call. The wake-up call must come from within you, from deep inside of you, rather than from an external source. This book is an external source, however, sincerely attempting to reach you deep inside. That's why I am writing you personal letters rather than sterile psychology chapters. So open up a little bit. Anyway, I will keep on kicking your door. Till the last goddam page.

You certainly know of the profession known as “prostitute”. That is someone who gives body contact in exchange of money. Just for the money. Not for pleasure. In this modus, most people go to work. Just for the money. Not for pleasure. So how should you call such people? I am probably offending lots of folks and stepping on toes ten times that number. you are in the

metro, or the bus, or the plane, going to work. Look at all those faces. Have a good look. Is there any smile? Any sign of enthusiasm? See, they are all at twenty past eight, comparing to the face of an analog clock. They conform with the mainstream of must-do herd of cattle of office prostitutes. You may be one of them. Is that what you really want? Till the last day of your life? And what should be written on your grave? "Here rests the sulky underpaid hard worker who is succeeded by yet another sheep".

Why do you so firmly believe that you are absolutely unable to rocket above the level of mainstream conformity? Why do you so strongly believe that you are not destined to become a wealthy business owner? Why are you so convinced that you are bound to live in 8-to-5 bondage for all your life? I know for sure that there is truly something in you that can make you uniquely strong and special at the snap of your finger. And I know that you know. It is just that you have doubts about your capabilities. So you keep your job and wait till you can retire, not considering the possibility that you will never make that age. Read a few letters back where I told you about remaining life time. What makes you so sure you make it to the age of retirement? And even if so, how long do you think you will enjoy your retirement? See, there are hundreds of millions, if not a couple of billions of people who work just for their retirement. They live with the illusion that retirement is the ultimate achievement in life, the end goal of life, the one and only karmic endeavor. What a load of bullshit! How pathetic!

There are literally hundreds of millions of new stories each week about people who just made it to their retirement and who died one month later. They have been working for forty years, conforming to the procession rear section for forty years, wandering in thirst and moaning in anger and unhappiness through the dessert of duties and expectations for forty years, being a mere tooth-wheel in the machine of industry for forty years, and then finally rewarded with a grave stone engraved with the name of the achiever. The statement "rest in peace" already tells me that before that there is no peace and no rest. In other words, life is supposed to be a bitch before dead calm death by default.

Peace,

George Philip

18

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 18.

You must have heard the expression “I love you so much that I am willing to die for you”. Maybe it was you who said that. Well, I find it a bit silly, such a phrase. I'd rather say “I love you so much that I am willing to live for you”.

See, a dead bud is rather useless. A living bud may be of some use. You die in front of your loved one, and from that moment onwards you are not of any use to your sweetheart anymore. Whole nations exterminate other nations in order to get wealth. But they don't realize that an exterminated nation cannot produce wealth, let alone give it. Only some pre-war remains can be scavenged and that be it. You have seen the wars in this millennium. You have seen the results. You don't need a PhD degree in whatever science to understand this simple logic.

A few years back I worked as a business consultant to coach starting entrepreneurs in making their marketing and business plans, educating them in financial and legal administration as well as management in general. After I quit the job, one of my clients went after me. Well, not to shoot bullets into my rear, but to continue enjoying my advisory services. He had some interesting business ideas, such as internet all-in-one media - such as radio, TV, magazine, and games combined - on smartphones. For several years now he has been looking for investors, despite of the fact that I keep telling him that he should roll-up the sleeves himself and do something himself, such as creating a mobile website with some music streaming. For less than a hundred bucks a year for hosting and internet connection anyone can do that. He knows that. He keeps setting as business targets finding investors. I keep trying to make him clear that an investor is a source of debt. He just should not set debts as a business target. That is the most stupid thing to do. He is so much focused on that goddam money that he sees any investment as a gift. I just can't convince him. On a side note, he is a bit mentally ill. He has been under psychiatric therapy and does take some pills every now and then. And what is even worse, he does not know shit about media. He does not even know the difference between an MP3 and an MP4. He knows nothing about sound studio equipment. When I talk about mixers and digital audio workstations he gets dizzy. And he keeps on dreaming to be a media director. But his real focus is only money. And this will never work for him. Five years have gone by and not a single Dollar of revenue has been earned to this day.

The thing is, that just focusing on money is not the way to get wealthy. Some work has to be done in order to earn the money. If you want to be successful in no matter what area, make sure you first make some expertise your own. then, start the ball rolling by, on the basis of low budget, creating something that may generate some sort of revenues. Only then the mechanism of earning money is running. Only then there is a chance to make profit. The bottom-line is: Do something by yourself. Roll-up your sleeves. Just dreaming about and visualizing big cash will never cause the clouds drop money onto your doorstep. Make yourself useful to society. I am

sure you have at least one doable idea out of those hundreds of thousands of thoughts about making money. So then why didn't you do anything? Just waiting for the lottery or for finding a lost briefcase filled with big bucks? Holding up your hands is not the way to earn wealth. Yes, earn. Beggars do not earn money. They hold up their hands and receive a bit and will never be rich.

Oh yeah, you feel so tired today. You feel like sleeping another hour in your cozy bed. And everybody else is sleeping, so why should you be awake? Why bother to mastermind a business plan? Are you so tired because of the phenomenal results you have accomplished? Are you resting a bit after your successful battle in getting that contract? Do you live with the illusion that you deserve your day of rest, due to such hard & smart work? And are you leaving our kids lazing away in their bed too? Oh, you are finally getting up. Quite an accomplishment. And then you have your cigarette or your drink, your magazine, your TV news channel, you kick the cat, let the dog shit behind the lawn, and you yawn once more with your mouth wide open, and you wonder why this day is yet another fucking day.

It is your lousy attitude that stinks. And your day smells exactly the same. And you have no idea how come. Remember my letter about “intention”? What? No? Then go read that one, on the double! After, come back right here.

You throw this book in the corner. Good for you. Oh yes, I hear you saying: “But I dunno whatta do, ya tell me dude”. I say: “Yeah u alwayz kno whatta doe, but ya alwayz denay it budd”. You simply prefer to have a stupid attitude and zero intention rather than listening to those sparks of ideas inside of you. Stop talking bad about others, bad about the environment, bad about the government, bad about politics, bad about whatever bad there may be. Start talking good about others, good about the environment, good about the government, good about politics, good about anything. Anything has at least one atom of good inside. Even physics tells us so. Otherwise there would only be anti-matter and nothing would exist. In this way your darkened mind fills with some sunshine.

Sure, this day goes by, and before you fall asleep you could be wondering “What have I done with this day? How much of the time have I been doing something useful?” I hope you do wonder. But you most likely will have thoughts like “argh, just another fucking day gone by, what the heck, tomorrow there's another day”. Yes, and then it is truly the moment to fall into a deep sleep. You deserve it. To sleep. Although I hope that you will truly wake up next day. Alike the dead, sleeping people are not very useful either. Sure you need sleep to refuel your batteries. Everybody needs so. So do I. Nothing wrong with that. But you should know that there is a difference in sleep quality when sleep is deserved or just lousy lazy sleep. You may have even noticed that lousy lazy sleeping actually makes you tired.

Forget about the proverb that “those who are born as a dime will never grow into a buck” - freely translated from a European version. To be born poor is not a guarantee to end up poor once grown up. You know of the stories of poor chaps who became rich because of what they accomplished by the kind of work they did. Yes, work.

Now what is the difference of rich people and poor people? It is not the content of their wallet or their vault. It is first and foremost the mindset. Rich people know that they create their lives, while poor people think that life just happens to them and blame anyone or anything outside them if something goes wrong. Rich people think of winning, whereas poor people think of not losing. Rich people never invest in business that is not clearly profitable. Remember my story about that would-be media director? Rich people direct their attention on opportunities and how good things can be, while poor people point at obstacles and how bad things can be. Rich people think about millions, but poor people find rich people way too greedy and prefer to think small. Rich people do everything their dreams come true, however, poor people only keep on dreaming and dreaming and dreaming and do nothing to make their dreams come true. Rich people connect with wealthy folks, but poor folks tend to connect primarily with poor chaps and refuse or are even ashamed to focus on the big figures. Poor people generally think they know it all. Rich people know there is always something to learn. Now this last difference is the most important of all. In fact, all the differences are the most important of all. You should be very much aware of these. So you keep on asking me “what must I do?”, and I keep on telling you for each and every individual it is different. However, I can sum up a couple of things for you.

If you want to become wealthier, accept that you are in charge, and that you are the cause over the course of your life, and that it can only get better, and make sure you focus only on the good, and on the big bucks, and do whatever necessary to realize your dream. Never ever do anything at the expense or sacrifice of others. It is good to be greedy, very good, but be greedy in a good way. You know what is good and what is bad. You are able to feel the difference. And don't tell me the contrary.

Half a decade back, I was poor and broke. Jobless, no social crowd around me, living in seclusion like a hermit. It was a depressing period and I was thinking of ways to die quietly. My only communication with the outside world was the internet. I had some virtual contacts and some e-interaction with them. Dating sites, chat rooms and social media networks, I had I don't know how many different profiles, and I got almost sick of it. I had no pleasure whatsoever, and all I needed was some sort of stimulus just to get going. It took about one year and a half to fool around at that level. I was so negative inside of me.

Then, one day, I got so angry with myself. I decided to end this stupid shit and to do something useful with my goddam life. No company wanted to hire me because of my age, or my over qualification, or whatever bullshido. I kept all the log files of the chats and emails of the past eighteen months and started to write a novel, based on real events. My events on the internet, what the heck. I only focused on that task. I had negative experiences on the web, but I knew I could do something with these. That became my first book, titled “Guilty Of Cyber Love”. I was so proud of myself after publishing the first edition. Sales came in and the revenue machine started rolling. I became another person. A better person. I walked on the street again, instead of staying locked-up in my room. I became wealthier and moved to a roomier apartment. And then I wrote another book, and another. I did something by myself. I accomplished something. Okay, it was not a bestseller, but it was so much better than not a book at all. And as a bonus, I have become an Author. I have arrived in a new flow, the flow of

giving my thoughts in the form of written words. I was sixty years of age and had zero budget.

The day I got that first book published, I bought an expensive bottle of French red wine. I took the whole evening till late to very gently drink every sip and drop of that heavenly liquid. I felt like a millionaire. I knew how much style millionaires have. They drink such wines every now and then. They know how to drink precious wine. Definitely not how you'd swallow a soft drink. I tasted some of that style. Quite literally. And I wanted that should be my style too. It's not the wine or stuff. That's just symbolic. It is the level where appreciation and serenity is far above the mediocre ordinary mainstream procession. And that my friend, is worth fighting for.

A few letters back I did write you about style. You know, the ghetto rich who appeared incompatible with the luxury homestead. Style is one of the characteristics of some who is rich. It is not arrogance, it is a sophisticated way of appreciation of life's goodies, so to speak. It feels like having a permanent peace of mind. Most rich say that it is not money but piece of mind that makes them feel okay. They confirm that it is immaterial wealth to be more important than material wealth.

Money. All that poor people can think of are objects that they can buy with all that money. They just want to buy and have and buy and have. And then what? Sure they do not think that much ahead. And that's why they never get rich. Even if they would have all those things.

If you are poor and have a shit job, then in your mind you should not conform with that level. Not only in your mind, but also in your behavior. Do not give into the low level dirty chit chat of every day's work buddies. Stand-out and give an example to them. Show them that little difference, some better behavior. Okay then they call you an arrogant piece of shit. Of course they do. Poor folks call every rich an asshole. So, as a matter of fact, the moment they call you an arrogant asshole, you know you have effectively shown some level. So that is the good news about being called a piece of shit.

You most likely sit in front of your computer screen & keyboard when having your meal. That is not eating with style. That is not even using your time efficiently, as you may tend to believe such illusion. To live with style also means to eat with style. Even if you are poor now, do not eat in front of your computer. Make the table the way it should be the good old-fashioned way. A table cloth, fork, knife, spoon, a glass instead of a can from the vending machine, a napkin, and a candle. And you sit there and eat with style. You will absolutely feel the difference. Do this at your work too. Introduce style. Clear up your desk, all that chaotic clutter. Remove any dirt. Only put the things on the desk that you are actually using for the task at hand. You will feel you work differently. If you are a worker in a factory, work with style. Make sure your face is clean, your uniform looks crisp, your shoes are cared for. Little differences make great impact, certainly on your inner being. You will feel different, and that is exactly where wealth can start. By raising your style level, you are the more compatible with the wealth you want so dearly.

Good luck have fun,

George Philip

19

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 19.

I just came back from the city where I visited some malls, just to confirm to myself that I indeed should not buy anything that I truly do not need.

You walk down town, passing the shop-windows, looking at all the wonderful things you want to have. Cars, motorbikes, suits, caviar & champagne, dresses, smartphones, tablets & notebooks, and what have you. Masters of positive thinking and likewise stuff teach you that you should do that often and try visualize as though you already have all those goodies. And lo behold, within 30 days the universe will full-fill its promise “your wish is my command”. Then you discover that after 31 days you still don't have any of the goodies you wanted. And 366 days later you still have empty hands. So how come? The answer is simple. You have not actually done anything physically. So then don't expect to receive anything physically.

That positive thinking and singing mantras along with subliminal audio crap in front of a vision board is yet another way of killing time, for as long as you do not roll-up your own sleeves and do something. A typical activity that loads of folks are doing every day. “Yeah I'm bored so I'll kill some time to get through the day|. While you are “killing time”, you do not realize that you are basically killing yourself. Time is you. I wrote earlier about “time” as a force generated by action. Each moment you “kill time” you very effectively “waste time”. You throw some more of your remaining life time down the drain. You volunteer in making your life shorter. You decide to die earlier. So don't blame anyone else when your personal clock stops ticking forever. “Yeah, I am so bored with life that sucks that I want each day pass as quickly as possible”. You have just been pronounced dead this way. Every miserable day again.

You kill time by playing a stupid game or app on your smartphone, tapping the screen for an hour or so. You kill time by driving a couple of circles in town. You kill time by tickling your genitals while watching a porn video. You kill time by blah-blah-ing drunk at the bar about your misfortune. You kill time by tapping with your fingers on the table while waiting for someone. You kill time by surfing the web for gossip stories. You kill time by doing anything that does not improve your fucking life.

If you kill time, technically you are willing to die. If you use time wisely, technically you are willing to live. What is your choice? Oh no, now you are asking again “whatta do?” If you still don't know, then either go back to letter number 1 and read onwards, or start reading after this sentence onwards. Either way, you won't be killing or wasting time. Yeah, luv ya too.

Another quick and clean topic that I want to bring up now is security. “Save for the future” type of commercials invite you to buy into insurance and savings companies that guarantee your good future. You live with the illusion that your life is totally secure from the beginning till the end and that no misfortune can happen to you. By the time these companies can payout the

coverage, all the things around you have become four times more expensive. And sects or churches who give you the insurance that your life will be extended till eternity really got you by the nose. There will never be such payout. You swallow all that money waste like vitamin pills and after many years you discover how much you get fucked. That is how I think about it. Dear company or sect or church, you may sue me now and waste your time.

You may have considered getting into occultism or magic of some sort, in order to use spiritual force toward getting wealth and power. Perhaps you are doing so in present time. You believe that through that mystical stuff your personal platform reaches greater heights. I can tell you at which altitude: The medieval level. I already warned you about positive thinking gurus. Those folks do not tell you that you should do the hard work needed. They give you the idea that through mind power all the money will flow into your wallet just like that. In fact they advocate a kind of magic. Medieval visualization. Let's face it. Look at the video. Read the books. The more you do, the better you will appreciate this one. This book is about hard reality, not about some vague positive thinking fried air crap.

Positive thinking is not what I try teach you. You may have noticed that there is a lot of negativeness in this book. That's right, there is. Negative thinking is not necessarily bad. Let me give an example of negative thinking that is good. I am against the slaughtering of young seals by baseball bats. I feel like hitting those killers with their own baseball bats on their fucking stupid dick heads to keep them from murdering those wonderful animals. Now, that is negative thinking filled with hate and destruction. But I can assure you that its intention is good. To defend the seals against those assholes. When I talk with disgust about killing time and wasting life then yes, I am negative. But I do so because of my quest against the suppressive mainstream and try stimulate you to get up front the procession that I mentioned a couple of letters ago. So this illustrates how negative thinking can be basically good.

There is a saying that there is no shadow without light, or vice versa. It is somewhat like the ying-yang principle. Of course it does not mean that you should focus on getting shadows in your life in order to receive light. That is not what is meant by this. You know that.

All people here on Earth struggle with similar shit as you do. The whole goddam planet is filled with those folks. It is awful to see how much more aggressive people have become toward their fellow beings, just because people feel unhappy. Look at what happens in traffic, in busy shops, at the metro or railway station, the airport. People just cannot stand each other. Their faces say "fock off" all the time. People push each other away, mentally. Do not conform with that kind of resentment. Now that there are a lot more people here on this planet Earth, it would be a much nicer place if there are as many friendly hearts. More heart power is good for global serenity. No, I am not talking sci-fi Jedi force stuff. It is real.

Stop sulking if you do not have all the space on the pavement or tarmac or wherever you move around. You have legal rights, you pay tax, blah blah, but you also have the power to grant space to others. It is simply some kind of giving, even of something that is basically free. Space. Is it so difficult to give someone space? Don't laugh, but one of the scientific definitions of "space" is "nothingness". In other words, you give nothing to others if you grant space to

others. Now is that so much asked? So next time when you are in a crowded place, just grant those folks around you the space they need. Just in your mind, your heart. No need to interact with any one of them. And you will notice something special happening. No, I am not going to tell you what that is. For you to do that experiment.

Yours very truly,

George Philip

20

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 20.

You know, I am rich, and I'll tell you why or how: I am in good health. Voila.

You have had a time you were ill. Perhaps you are ill right here and now. In present time. There are scholars who believe that 99 percent of all somatics have its root cause at the mental area. In other words, almost all diseases are caused by the mind. Quite a hefty statement. Maybe the percentage is a bit off, however, the bottom-line is that the mind precedes over the body when it comes to the subject of health. I think these scholars are not so idiot with this idea.

Okay, you are ill because something may be lacking or missing, like with countless healthy people. See, healthy people hate to be ill, because it makes them weak or pathetic. Now there is always a chain of cause and effect. You must have seen once on TV one of the series "Seconds From Disaster". It is a TV documentary that shows what exactly preceded the airliner crash. A whole chain of preceding events prior to the last fatal second of the crash. Similar investigations could be done on your own situation called "disease".

Let's take an example, in the form of a time-line. You have a head-ache. Caused by narrowed blood-vessels. You have narrow blood-vessels. Caused by unhealthy food intake. You eat unhealthy. Caused by stress at work. You have stress at work. Caused by the number of people you have to deal with and by the fear to be fired if you don't perform well enough. You have to step back a little, discuss it with your superior, but you don't.

So, in this particular example, the basic cause of that head-ache is your refusal to step back a little.

Of course there are zillions of examples of much longer chains of events to come-up with. But the point is that there is always a chain of events that precede the actual situation. You have to search and find the root cause. You can only do this if you are absolutely honest with yourself.

You may be one of the lucky ones to be a bit older than the rest of your peers. You know about the cardio vascular system that may not be 100 percent operational anymore, and about the lungs that may not help you breath that deeply as in your younger years, and about your kidneys that may not keep the acidity level in your blood below the red line, and about your immune system that has hard time to defend against infections, and about cancer that may form in some of your body-cells, and about your hormonal system that may not keep your sugar levels on the scale, and about your bones and muscles that may have weakened throughout the years of your existence, and about your senses that may need artificial extensions, and about your mental adaption abilities, and so forth, you know, your health.

It is a real miracle that despite of all of the aforementioned you are still well alive and kicking. I am sure that at this very moment you are in good health. Ill people do not read that much.

Yet you feel that life sucks and that something is not quite right and that there is some sort of barrier or force that keeps you from becoming wealthier or rich. You just cannot pinpoint what it exactly is. Well, there are a few general basic questions that you need to ask yourself. How do you function in society? How do you deal with your family and household? How strong is the influence of others upon you? What are your norms of quality in the world around you? What events from the past are still haunting in present time? What do you expect from the future? And so forth. Just basic questions to get basic answers. You don't need to be a psycho analyst to find all of your own answers. A psycho analyst would find the answers only after you have given the answers to that analyst. So you don't need a middleman to bring about some basic understanding about the basic you.

I hope you will not be wasting your time and money to any clairvoyant or astrologer or someone like that. All you will hear is what you want to hear, because you pay that "specialist". And even if you are given a clear outlook on your future, then what about your own will? Each and every clairvoyant (clair = clear and voyant = seeing) will never be able to see your inner you as clear as you do yourself. So please, stop allowing such spiritual geek fucking your mind. Magic my ass!

You may have been trying to talk with others about your situation. Perhaps with a counselor or social worker. Maybe you have been talking to several of them. So what exactly do you expect from the next one? And the one after? and so forth? Did you consult yourself already? Oh yes, you say "my back is aching and that's why I can't think well". Or you make jokes about your marriage, saying "it can't be worse anyway, so it's not that bad". Or you keep interrupting others when they try say some advice. Or you tell yourself "my problem compared to the milky way is nothing, so why bother?" Or you shut up totally and even to yourself. Or you pour some extra sauce over your story to make it more "interesting" to your "fan club".

You may be somewhat aggressive when it comes to the subject of your mediocre miserable life. You may play stupid by pretending not to remember anything about what preceded your misery. You may refuse to consider any questioning about your life situation, either by another or by yourself. You may act carelessly when it comes to the subject of how to become wealthy. And so there are many ways to avoid hitting the very core of your own being who is ultimately responsible for your wealth. How dearly do you want wealth? How bad do you want money?

You, as a human being, have certain human needs. Of course there are the primary needs at various levels, such as the physical, emotional, intellectual, creative, and the spiritual level. Sure there are more levels, but I list these as the most obvious. Then there are needs in terms of being or feeling secure at various levels, such as the physical, emotional, intellectual, creative, and the spiritual level. Same for need at the social platform, similar levels as mentioned before. Then there are the needs for the ego, same levels. The needs for feeling free and growing and developing, same levels apply. It all has to do with self realization. You are here and now on planet Earth to make something out of your life and to feel really okay about it. I say, just live

an average life at the level of average satisfaction at the level of average conformity with the average mainstream procession is not good enough! You can do better than that.

One of your biggest needs is information. Why else do you surf each day on the web? You want to share experience, or to participate in virtual activities such as forums or clouds. You may be using the internet for doing studies or checking out some procedures. All in all, your thirst for information is almost endless.

And then there are your emotional needs, not so much referring to stuff like “emo” or over-stimulation, but to the more basic things like being loved, being admired, to overcome fears, to conquer feelings of guilt and inferiority, to be special for someone, and many more emotional things.

You are in need of entertainment, which is in fact the world of unreality, fantasy, illusion. You want to be away from time to time, just away from the mainstream, just an escape from the endless procession. At the more ethical level, which is far above that of entertainment, you need to get in touch with arts, such as poetry, scriptures, sculptural work, paintings, music (hey, not decibel noise), and so on. You also have needs in communication. Numerous examples can be listed, here a few of them: Receiving a prescription, crying out loud in someone's arms, to prove being ill, to learn something, to talk, and so on. It is important to know what exactly “turns you on”. Hey I am not talking here in sexual context.

So you know, there are loads of needs to be dealing with. Some of them are fulfilled easily, others take a bit more effort. But for every need to be fulfilled, there is a little price-tag to take into account. If you need sex, then you may have to pay by having your tongue doing 12 minutes of work. If you need food, then you may have to cook the rice and fry the meat. If you need a car, then you may have to do some work to earn the money. If you need a million bucks, then you can imagine that there must be some sort of exchange on your behalf. Any fulfillment is to be earned in one or another way. You do have plenty freebies in life. Examples? Oh come on. Don't you know about the freebies you get in life? Fuck downloads! What about your health, the smiles, sunset, the weather, the air, landscapes, seascapes, sounds, vision, touch, smells, taste, friendship, love, joy, emotion, sex, a lot of it, and so many more goodies of life. Yet that ain't enough. You want more.

There is absolutely nothing wrong in being greedy. I wrote that to you before. For as long as you obtain the objects of your greed in an honest or ethical way, it is okay. Just don't steal or cheat. Be honest, that's all.

If you read this book in front of your TV set watching some soccer or porn or so, or with an MP3 plug banging in your ear, sorry, but then your attitude towards yourself sucks. Not because it is the book that I have written, but because it is you who should be taking care for you in your mind at this moment. You are your own doctor, mind you. Imagine, you lie in hospital, and a doctor comes to your bed, with an MP3 player in his ears, an inverted baseball cap on his head, a mobile TV in his left hand watching sex tubes, and he examines you with a filthy blood-pressure meter, how would you feel? Do you really feel he's a serious doctor? Do

you really feel you are treated well? Of course not! So why would you behave like that doctor toward yourself? Remember what I wrote to you about “style”? Here too, it is style that you must start with. Not just style toward others but foremost toward yourself. Otherwise you will never improve anything in your life.

With all my respect,

George Philip

21

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 21.

Good for you, that you drive that luxury car, that you live in that classy house, that your furniture is from that famous designer, and that you have a second mortgage and a personal bank-loan. Well done. I am really happy for you to let me know. Thank you for the good news.

And you are the big boss at home where you may play the role of dictator. Your friends will lend you 100 bucks whenever you want and you will pay them back after doomsday. They trust you, for now. You have accomplished status. You are settled. You have a diploma hanging at the wall. Your job is something you hate, and cannot be changed anyway, but you get paid, so what the heck life goes on anyway. And you manage to make ends meet each month. Your spouse is working hard each day to raise the kids and clean the house and is dead tired each night when love-making should take place, but okay there's an alternative. So you have a secret lover. You may have some problems, but these are always someone else fault, so you are not responsible in any way. Your behavior has no consequences whatsoever because you have an impeccable reputation. You are strong and feel no need to talk about your difficulties with your spouse. You feel you are superior, whatever it takes. And when your relatives pay you a visit, you tell them how well you educate your kids, how honest you are and how much wisdom you have. You pour some more liquid in their cups or glasses, and you come up with great examples to prove how good you are at home and at work and how much love you give to your kids. Anything that goes well is thanks to you, and everything that goes wrong is due to others. Life has never been so good.

And so it will never be any better.

This is what I call mainstream. Conformity procession. Herd of cattle. Ego stuck on the time-track. If indeed you are truly and honestly extremely happy with the above way of life, then close this book and give it to a friend.

The herd of cattle wants to live in peace. They think the mainstream definition of peace is the one to live for. Now what is that general definition? What the hell is “peace”? Some idiot website says that “Peace is a state of harmony characterized by the lack of violent conflict”. Now wait a minute. So if there is no conflict then life is real good. Sounds logical. When people talk about “peace”, they think about “war”. Always. That is the actual meaning of peace: War.

My meaning of “peace” is “serenity”, a “state of mind filled with calmness and accomplishment”. This is different, right? I wrote you some letters ago about serenity, that comes after being successful. In other words, peace is an end phenomenon of success. And success can only be accomplished by doing work. And work is a series of confrontations and conflicts. That is a state of war, in a way. But don't get me wrong. Peace is not a reason not to

work anymore. It is, in fact, the ideal platform to work from. People in fear cannot develop, as I wrote before. But people in peace can.

Don't get me wrong again by assuming that the herd of cattle way of life is the same as peace. It is not. Even worse, it is a covert war. If you live like that, you are in a war where you do not fight. There is no better way of losing. If you have a very good look at the above herd of cattle life scenario which could be certainly yours, then you will see some real conflicts going on. Anyone living like that is like a soldier being stuck in the mud of the battle-field called covert life. You are stashing away any sort of problem as not to have to confront it or as to avoid solving it. You avoid pain. You refuse the hard way, or reality, or truth. It is so sad to know how many hundreds of millions of people are throwing their precious life-time down the drain this way while mentally being asleep or sedated by some goodies and fried air. They assume they cannot do any better. They assume that it is their destiny. Even their religions tell them about destiny, heaven and hell. Gurus teach you that "life sucks" is better than "life stops" and advise you to keep on sucking-up any shit that gets dropped on your path. Just suck it up. Like worms and flies do. It's their karma. Yeah sure.

I tell you, "to survive" is not the same as "to live". There is no "unless", "even though" or "however". It is a simple and cold fact without any variance.

This was amongst the shortest letters to you. Thank you for understanding.

Please receive my sincere salutations,

George Philip

22

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 22.

Suppose you are in your late forties or so, and you want to become a great pianist from scratch, you probably do not need to be told that such wish is a bit foolish. I am in my sixties and I want to become a fighter pilot. But we know very well that the goals to be set ought to be realistic. I write you this to let you know that I know these things from experience.

It is absolutely pointless to wish for things that do not make really sense, taking into account some sort of feasibility. Understand me well: I am not saying that the circumstances are always leading when it comes to realization of your dreams. I am saying that your projected endeavors must be feasible or doable. We all want to become a cosmonaut and fly a spaceship to Mars. But we shall not blame anyone or anything if it turns out not to be our ticket. See what I mean? It is totally okay to wish to become rich, why, because anyone with a little bit of brains and a little bit of will or focus can get that far.

A little child of 3 may be dreaming of driving an Indy car. You, as a parent would not give it a real Indy car, would you? No, you give that little child a model car it can sit in. Or a remote controlled toy. That level is compatible with that little kid who is not qualified to drive a real car, let alone a real racing car. Now here we arrive at the bottom-line: To be qualified. What qualifies me as a cosmonaut for a trip to Mars I have no idea, except that I know how to fix things and how to fly a simulator. That of course is not good enough. Common sense, right? Your 49 year old fingers and brains are not qualified anymore to start studying 7 hours a day 7 days a week on a grand piano to become a professional concert pianist within 10 years. Use some common sense.

In an earlier letter I wrote you about earning wealth through your own effort, your own work, rather than keeping your hands up like beggars do. So if you keep that in mind when setting a wish, then you might stand a greater chance the wish come true. Simple because it is more realistic, more feasible, more doable. Stop believing that just positive thinking and drawing a vision board would be sufficient to make any wish a command to the universe. It does not work that way. You have already tried and failed. So you have learned how that kind of “meditation” or “attracting” is merely fried air to you, right?

On the other hand, you should not just give-up by conforming to the usual circumstances that surround your day to day life. You know you want and you can do better than that. Just set goals that you deep inside do feel as goals that you are able to attain. Use common sense, but do not exaggerate common sense to the point of complying to whatever level of conformity that may try bringing you down to the level of ongoing mediocre misery. Your goal must be far above that level. All in all, we speak of the lower limits and the upper limits. Just like an airplane that cannot fly below a certain speed and not beyond a certain speed. Set your limits the way your gut feel, your heart, your intuition tells you. Trust your real feelings, not your

wild fantasy. You know the difference.

Some letters before this one, I did throw some words about business prostitution, such as people who just do their rut work like a slave and get paid like a slave. They are just rentals. Not much wrong with that, because the industry needs workers like these. The industry needs machines, and the business owners don't give a damn whether these machines are human or artificial, for as long results are produced on schedule.

Those human machines come home every evening and they go relax a bit. So you hang in the couch, watch TV and enjoy some well paid actors uttering dirty slanguage. Oh yes, you have such a good laughter. And you take some snacks from the kitchen and with your legs on the table you gaze at the TV till hours after sunset. That is true life. That is what joy of life is all about. To relax and do nothing. That is like being retired. From what exactly are you resting? Think about it. You work your whole life for your retirement. That is your ultimate goal. And so, every weekend you have a micro retirement, just one day. And that day you sleep till noon, you do not even wash your face, just spray some deodorant onto your armpits and pull a t-shirt over it and you dress like a junkie. That whole free day is all yours. It is the best day of the week. Yet you do all you can to look scruffy. Okay, some of you may do something constructive, such as arts or sports. But the majority, at least 80 percent, if not 99 percent - remember the figures? - is just having that lazy, lousy, and sloppy attitude when it comes to any form of constructive activity in their own spare time. That majority is exactly the crowd that moans about not being rich. They moan about their mediocre life. They forget they have not done that one thing they should have been doing. To roll up their fucking sleeves.

It is exactly the spare time, that one free day each week, that can and should be used by you to sow the seeds of wealth. Due to work circumstances there is no other day available that easily. If at all you do want to become wealthier. You must have heard or read about the success stories of low level workers who in their spare time in a garage box have been building up their empires. If you have a garage box or a spare room or even a lonely table, then you have all the infrastructure needed to get started. Zero budget. Don't ask me for any business ideas, dammit! How often must I tell you this? Each individual is different. Not everybody should setup a snack-bar or a car rental service or a web hosting company. You are the one and only to know what kind of endeavor suits you. No counselor can ever tell you with that much precision. And if you dare to get disappointed with me cos I don't tell you what business to do, then you have not read and understood all preceding letters. If I tell you to start setting up a space shuttle business, then I count on you to be reasonable. Got that?

So now it is I to take a break.

Goodbye for now,

George Philip

23

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 23.

Okay, sometimes I get a bit pissed with you. Well, that's what friends are for, right? Or should I stay indifferent, not caring about anything, just talking sterile psycho crap. Look, I am also emotionally involved with your way to success. And when I see how things are fucked up, then I do not hide my feelings. And for this I do not apologize.

A while ago I wrote a few words about religion. This subject seems almost inevitable in any book about the human mind or social environment. I don't want to spend much text on this subject because I am not an authority in this field and frankly I have nothing to tell in addition to what many other information resources already have told you. I do not want to end up in endless discussions about a topic that is not my terrain. You want to know whether or not I am religious. My answer is that at this moment I do not feel I need religion. Maybe I need it, but I don't feel it. That is my individual and personal situation. For you it may be different and I respect that.

An old client of mine, from the time that I worked as a business consultant to coach entrepreneurs, a young man whose dream is to have his own comedy series on TV keeps on contacting me for advice. His main concern is how to get a big budget in order to start rolling. So I ask him how much money he exactly needs and how he has computed that figure. He tells me that 3 million is his gut feel and would cover his expenses and promotional activities such as placing billboards along the highways. A quick calculation shows me that within one week all 3 million bucks will be gone for a nation-wide billboard campaign. When I ask him to show me some scripts for his comedy project, he says that he wants to board out the work to third party such as professional comedy writers. Now, it is obvious that if that's the way to go, then all professional writers would have already set foot in Hollywood.

This young man cannot even write one page, does not know anything about how to go from A to comedy TV. All he does is trying to get sponsors and moneylenders, not realizing that investors are basically the equivalent of debts. Not counting the angels. He has been spending several years now in trying to find someone who dumps money on his table. So he can pay his personnel, his movie studio, and what have you. No way. What he wants is way over his head. He does not use common sense with his wishing. He is very religious, goes to church and mosque every Sunday all day long. But he does not roll-up his sleeves. Understand me well, I am not invalidating religion at all. I am only reporting what I observe. And I keep on telling: Roll-up your sleeves. Do something constructive to build-up your success and your wealth, down to Earth. Don't wait with open hands like a beggar. If you want to do so, then it would be better to work and live like a slave. I cannot imagine that there is any religion telling you to do nothing.

You may have a family at home to take care for. That alone is already so demanding. You think

you cannot afford the risk to fall on your nose by trying to undertake your own business. You need steady income to keep the family alive and happy. You may feel too old for working on innovations. You may be doubting about your capabilities to work out the great ideas you have in mind. You feel uncertain about your future, and you may have consulted a clairvoyant of some sort.

I tell you this: 99 percent of all clairvoyants are either fake, frauds, liars, robbers or thieves, pedophiles, pimps, or mentally disturbed believing that they received clairvoyant ability as a gift from heaven. They require money to tell you what you basically are telling them. You could as well be throwing your money into the toilet and flush three times. Telling the future my ass. Many years ago, when I was not yet twenty, I visited a clairvoyant. He opened the door with a remote controlled mechanism. The entry was leading up the stairs. He stood there up the stairs looking down upon me. I felt intimidated. First thing he said: 50 bucks, now. Okay, I gave him the money. I climbed upstairs and entered his "doctor's practice". It took him 5 minutes to tell me the most disgusting events that would await me in the future, and then he lead me out. I felt sick, humiliated, and very worried about the years to come. But after a while I noticed that I still did not get that accident that he predicted to happen so soon. And still I did not end up in failing class. And still I did not lose my belongings. So I started to question all the predictions of that so-called clairvoyant. Moreover, I started to get pissed and thought by myself very negatively "fuck you clairvoyant asshole, I decide my future, not you, motherfucker". And it was exactly this negative thinking that kept me going strong.

We are all taught lies at school, at universities, at work, in political speeches, through presidential election campaigns, by the news media, through advertising screens (also called narrow-casting), and so on, anywhere and anytime. And in this complicated world we are supposed to succeed, right? No, we are supposed to fail. So we then buy into all sorts of securities to cover whatever could be covered. We fear failure. We try to get insured against failure. That fear of failure is so strong that it basically paralyzes any impulse toward entrepreneurship. I don't blame you, my dear friend, that you are stuck in life the way you are today. I know what it is like. I have been in that tunnel. I have seen the darkness. I have felt the despair in me and the despair of others. I have been poor. I have been begging. I have been so depressed to the point of suicide. And so many more shadows of life I have been wandering though. No, I am not asking you to feel pity. Quite the contrary. I am only telling you that I am not a theoretical idiot whose standard phrase is "I know how you feel, and everything will come alright". They don't fucking know. Any clairvoyant even less than that. The only one who truly knows how you are and how you feel is you.

Not as a flimsy comfort, but it may be interesting to know that about 80 percent of all people whom you walk by on the street are damaged inside their soul. I do not say stupid phrases like "you are not the only one". I say, "yes you are the only one". You are unique. No one is like you. There is only one you and that is you. Isn't it crazy how little nearly all strangers on the street seem to tolerate other strangers? Isn't it sad how many people think "get out of my way" when walking down town amidst the crowd? There are even folks who try to use mind power to push other people away. They better use their mind to come up with a good money making idea. But no, that is not their priority. They just hate their fellow beings. For no good reason.

And at home they play war games to shoot them to death.

Your children play with electronic console games, computer games, watch violence on TV, play online war games and calls of duty crap, and what have you. Most of these games and cartoons contain violence, fights, shooting, killing, etc. But, in a "harmless" wrap. But the concept is exactly the same as "hurt thy neighbor". Those kids are growing up, with a mindset filled with violence. It's harmless, right? And then, what happens next, is "real" violence, ranging from irritation, mild aggression, to vandalism, fighting, injuring and killing. Harmless, right? And quite likely with minimum emotion, because it is "normal". You live in a world where people get their daily brainwash through the media. And you do not know. You are nicely getting reprogrammed every day again, and are invited to live by whatever comes out of the screen or radio. You think that a game is just a game, therefore not having any adverse effects on the mind of your children. You read the label "game" on the package, and you think it is just a game.

The whole goddam entertainment industry is based on destroying fellow beings. To hate them. Resentment. People are taught to enjoy killing. Now, even dedicated computer hardware is released on the market specifically for such destructive war games. It has nothing to do with the creation of wealth. It has everything to do with the destruction of it. The big plan behind such games is indeed to have mankind fail in becoming prosperous. The only ones who prosper are the makers of such games. Well, some of them. Most are just exploited factory slaves.

You do not need to create your own enterprise in order to improve your well-being and your wealth. You can also choose to excel at your daily job. That would be absolutely fine and doable. It fits within the circumstances and your own you. So don't feel inferior if your option is only this kind of path compared to the garage entrepreneur. At your regular job there are plenty ways to climb up the ladder, and that can be very rewarding in many respects. If you have that opportunity, then go for it.

In friendship,

George Philip

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 24.

I am now going to write you the darkest and most negative letter in this book. To show you what prosperity actually means in real life. That brings us inevitably to the subject of war and destruction.

You should understand that the only way a nation can reach the state of power is by creating affluence. Military force creates merely the opposite. The USA for example is often considered a war hungry nation. War means: killing. Taking away lives of civilians. Destroying families. Eliminating the future of children. Stopping talent from developing. Slaughtering pregnant women and new born babies. Intestines popping out of bellies of photo-models. Fathers of young children being decapitated. Mothers hearing the laughter of soldiers who shot their sons. These are not subjects to take lightly.

If your little child is being murdered and dragged into a garbage pit by a sweating stinking spitting soldier who just pissed round the corner, how would you evaluate those guys? If an exploding bomb breaks the glass of the window of your bedroom and a piece of glass slices through the belly of your pregnant wife to expose the fetus, your unborn child, how would you feel? If your leg is shot off by a cannon and your other leg is fried by a microwave blaster, how would you feel? If your grandmother's eyes lay bare on the ground still looking at you, how would you feel? If the bleeding testicles of your friend are put into your mouth, while you are questioned about the whereabouts of Mr. X, how would you feel? If your wife or fiancée is dragged by her hair onto your dinner table by some soldiers who haven't washed their penises for a month and who are raping her before cutting her pussy and her throat right in front of you, how would you feel? If your children get crushed by some tanks right in front of your face while you are half paralyzed and your body has lost most of its skin, how would you feel?

These scenes are real. I could easily write 200 pages of that stuff. I have been in the Gulf war of the early '90s. I worked and lived there. I have seen those things. All these things, my friend, that is true war. That is the stuff that you enjoy so much on tube sites and moviDVDs and console games. It could happen to you and your loved ones too. So don't talk loose about war. Ever! Now have your meal.

Spiritual oriented people know the true meaning of the power of thought. The power of postulation. They know what I am talking about, as I am saying that anything people wish for may manifest in the physical world in one or another form, as soon as something is done in that direction. Also the Holy Scriptures say that even the thought of sin is the sin already done. That underlines the importance of human attitude.

The mainstream media keep posting daily prayers to engage war on a Middle East or Gulf Region country, largely before anything has been discussed within the presidential premises, not based on real facts. Therefore it is all fiction. This is the new trend of the 21st century: First the news media shoot war propaganda to the public. Then the public demands war to their leaders. Then the leaders discuss their job options. And so the bombs go fall down after the elections.

The news apes consider themselves as experts on war, twisting and pushing every word that has been exchanged between the leaders. They want "action". Entertainment. None of these journalists really knows that Middle East or Gulf Region country. That is easy to read between the news lines. They never talk about the Middle East or Gulf Region culture, let alone understand it. None of them ever got invited at someone's home over there for dinner. Otherwise a whole different prose would be posted. There is not a speck of humanitarian respect.

Expressions such as "war drums", "rattling sabers". "war imminent", "terrorists", "doom", "satan", "chickenhawk", "chessmaster", etc. are clear signs of absolute humanitarian disrespect. Those idiot journalists should understand that the subject of war is not a game. The Middle East or Gulf Region is not a PlayStation package. The Middle East or Gulf Region is not a thriller movie. And today a big electronics manufacturer - from a country where the first atom bomb got deployed - is releasing very specific war-consoles, to extend the real war to the level of entertainment and education. More manufacturers will follow soon of course because it is a great money maker.

Shouting "war in such-and-such Middle East or Gulf Region country is imminent" reads the same as "their children must be slaughtered no matter what". What about slaughtering your own children? Of course you don't give a shit, eh? No, I don't take party for any nation. In my view, all nations suck. For as long as nations involve themselves in destruction of any kind, they suck. The Middle East or Gulf Region way of living and doing is something Westerners do not grasp. Because it is strange and because it is not American or French. The great leaders lack that education, obviously. And so a lot of misunderstandings come about. And then people have to pay with their lives.

Western journalists write about the Middle East or Gulf Region as though they know all about it. But they have never talked to a Middle East or Gulf Region local. They do not know one word of their language. They do not know how to greet or eat there properly. Many of the laptop dogs cannot even pin-point on an un-annotated map or globe where the Middle East or Gulf Region is located. Take them to the test!

Suppose I am your neighbor, and I tell everybody in town that you have weapons and that you are a threat and a rapist who will put the neighborhood on fire, even though you have not any weapon or chemicals, how would you feel about that gossip? Would you like to be accused falsely? Come on, stop believing everything the fucking news is telling you. They lie all the time. Even the WTC7 tower was still standing when the news told you that it went down. This is a confirmed historical fact.

The sad thing is that the media are waiting and hoping for a war to break out. They want to shoot pics of kill. They want to top the headlines with dead bodies. They want that mushroom photo. They want another "Rambo" movie. They don't give a shit about hundreds of thousands civilians dying helplessly. But boy oh boy, if only one American soldier gets a bullet in the eye, oh wew, all mainstream news channels broadcast just that and suggest that the entire nation be in collective mourning. It happened with the war you know about, and it will happen with the next war. Hundred thousand dead. No big deal. One dead American, oh what a disaster.

Sure the military rather engage remote controlled destruction, pushing buttons. Of course no swords like in the good old medieval times. Fighting is no more. War is not fighting anymore. War has become the art of jerking off over technological gadgets of destruction. A console and a screen. Victory is determined by machines, not by human beings. If at all we could ever speak of victory after any war. So far, the US could not. The US never mastered the after war care. So there was never a good victory in the first place. Simply because the objectives did not match reality, or vice versa. Consult the historical references. Don't just believe me. Check everything I say.

Making media noise, on the other hand, is not the same as communicating the right thing. More often than not it is blowing more oxygen into the fire to heat up war sensation. Of course none of the desktop noise makers would actually love to live in an area of real war. Most likely they never did, otherwise some more respect would be shown in their news postings.

Imagine, a nuclear blast. Half a million people being evaporated. An entire city wiped out. Lots of airplanes exploding. Thousands of homes and offices burning. Tens of thousands of cars completely molten. A huge mushroom cloud throwing fall-out down the ground. Hundreds of thousands of people crying and wounded half naked, with torn off skin and their clothes on fire. Hah, isn't that exciting? The war is won, yes? Imagine, that city is yours. Oh wait, now this is different. Yeah right.

Westerners have the common idea that human lives of Middle East or Gulf Region people have little value as compared to theirs. You know, a thousand dead towel-heads for one cheese-head. This is easy to see, the way Westerners "respect" Middle East or Gulf Region people. It is highly disrespectful to publish every day hints to engage war on human beings, children and babies.

And you are complaining about not having enough money. You have no idea how fortunate you are in your safe home country far away from bullets, bombs, gas, radiation and bacteria. You watch TV and scold at people who are different from those down town. You type some anonymous comments on a social media website underneath a video about war, killing and enemies. You feel the thrill and continue eating your popcorn. Some of you go a level higher and post a hate phrase in a forum. Now you are a hero. You fucking do not even know the folks whom you hate. You stick a DVD in your home cinema and watch that seek shoot kill movie with a hard and wet one in your pants. You enjoy it so much. You are in absolutely great mental

health, right?

You complain about the potatoes that are under-cooked, the steak that has no juice, the wine of the wrong label, the dress that has a wrinkle, a fly that sits on the lamp, the job that pays your house and car and stuff, the spouse who is 2 minutes late with the shopping, the TV program that comes the same time as the soccer match on another channel, your car that vibrates after 150 miles an hour, and what have you. You complain about anything that real poor people do not have. Those poor people do not even complain about what they don't have. Do the test. Ask a real poor beggar, even in your own town, if (s)he really misses that racing car under the ass and these ceramic roof tiles. You'd be gazed at like an E.T.

You are such an ungrateful piece of <fill-in-the-blanks> that you don't even have the slightest awareness about the wealth you already actually have. You want to be rich? Then start first feeling rich. And how do you do that? By recognizing the wealth you already have. And then we can talk next time again.

Live well and prosper,

George Philip

25

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 25.

Tell someone, who just earned 5 million bucks, that (s)he is a nitwit or a numskull. As a possible reaction, an eyebrow may be raised a little, but that's about it. To this millionaire you are just a nobody, a zero, a loser. Now tell anyone in your usual environment - at work for example - that (s)he is a nitwit or a numskull. That person would react bit stronger than that millionaire and most likely would ask for reasons why you were calling names. Now let me take this to the next level. If you feel really rich inside, it would be very hard to insult you, simply because any such "compliment" is far below your true level. To you, as a rich person, such stupid remarks are merely outputs from losers.

Yes, a little bit of arrogance is not a crime. If you are certain about your own values deep inside, then you have all the rights to show that off and to emanate some sort of superiority. Why not, if it's true? People tend to consider you as an arrogant piece of shit as soon as you tell them about your qualities. Now this is a typical situation of envy. Why should only another mention the value of your qualities if you are the one who knows yourself better than any other would know you? You know of yourself you are good at this-and-that, so you are the "legal" one to inform others about your talents. See, the world is constructed such that self-evaluation is not recognized. You are not allowed to give yourself a diploma. Only another is allowed to do that. And that other party doesn't know shit about you. This system is a bit weird, to say the least.

The whole world is template driven too. People dress according to the latest fashion. Templates. Business people drive lease cars. Templates. Families eat prefab meals. Templates. People react and respond according to good manners that they have learned. Templates. Families live in prefab houses. Templates. People go on vacation to touristic places that the catalog says they should like. Templates. Populace votes on leaders with predefined ideas. Templates. You love only perfume this label and shoes that brand. Templates. Lovers fuck according to the book and porn vids. Templates. And the beat goes on.

Last year I wanted to create an author page at wikistupidia and the day after I was done a moderator asshole removed the content with the comment that it is not allowed to write something about yourself, only about someone else. I mailed that dumbbo that I am the one who knows I, me and myself better than anyone ever could. That stupid template dumbbo never replied. Since that day I renamed that site name into wikistupidia. So now you know.

Of course I could use social media networks to jot down my profile and stuff. But that is exactly what I do not want to do. Almost all such sites carry the most wonderful profiles, supermen, superwomen, you know, folks that ultra aborigines of super planet Krypton would be jealous of. Obviously, most profiles are either completely fake or partially fake. The latter meaning that they contain data that is true and data that is false. Regardless, they suck. Their

only purpose is to improve the visitor count , the likes and stars and respects and follows and stuff like that.

A lot of profiles have thousands of contacts. But they actually communicate with only one or two of them. The rest is just for numeric ego trip satisfaction. Another kind of masturbation, rather emotional. I call it mindurbation. Social network contacts may not be of the dating kind, however, they do inflict that feeling of being loved. The higher the contacts counter, the more love, right? Wrong! That is the illusion brought forth by this sort of naive thinking. And also here rules the game of imaginary satisfaction. It is not real. A count of ten thousand followers or buddies does not make you more loved. Most social media contacts you do not even know in the physical world. Go figure. You obtain a certain status from social network stats. "Oh yeah you have 10,000 followers, so you must be real special". Sure. And then what? You have 10,000 clicks, or stars or likes, so that makes you a superior person, someone whom should be respected.

The internet is a bunch of count games. "Traffic", as they call it. Think of page rank, server stats, counters of all kinds such as page views, number of comments, number of likes and dislikes, time count, and what have you. More is better. That's what they say. Ultimately, all those counters bear nothing more than just an illusionary ego trip feeling of some sort. Wank your mind and cum a good feeling. Yeah right.

If a webmaster artificially updates a counter in the database, oh no, that's not the same! It does prove involvement of the "need for real" factor when it comes to counting. Fair enough. Counts should not be tempered with, even though no one would notice. Sounds pretty real and unreal to me.

Sure there may be some marketing value related to the count, in which case we talk about "reach". The 100,000 friends' user posts one message and 100,000 users can read it instantly. Handy for broadcasting commercials and other important or not so important messages. But just a random 100,000 folks doesn't mean they are all qualified prospects. If I see an ad about cat-food, I won't wake up your dog. Yes, they all "like" you, but perhaps only one would buy from you and pay you. So the value of numbers is a bit relative. Gawt, the social media marketing arena is so overdone.

Many time line micro blogs ejaculate messages like "I got an egg for breakfast", "my cat mewed at mid-nite", "I like the rain", "check out this vid", and so forth. And behold, there are people who follow and befriend with those profiles every hour of the day another one. Amazing.

Most time line readers, however, do click the URLs, which is a great way of driving traffic to a website. Most micro blog entries refer to an external URL of a website that is not owned or operated by the one who places the micro blog entry. "Hey visit this page <http://www.etc.!!>" In other words, people tell me where I should "check out". Come on, I know how to find information on the fucking web! If I want to waste my time, I will surf the web and jerk my dick on a bunch of profiles.

You do not need your social media profile in order to have your personal values confirmed. A few thousand clicks on your page does not improve your capabilities, qualities, and value. Stay real, here and now in this physical world. That is where you have your responsibilities and your duties and your wealth. Yes, it is totally fine to post our profile to tell the world how good you are. But don't keep on floating there. Move on. You left a footprint, but that doesn't mean that you should stop walking.

You might have noticed that the lower intellectual level your posting on the social media network site is, the higher the number of reactions. I am not saying that the crowd is stupid. It's just mental laziness that rules on the internet. People don't want to think. They just want to have some fun. People are tired of thinking. They had to think at their work, at their home, at their families, they just want some rest. Others want to escape from the harsh world of reality because these people are unemployed, socially handicapped, cast out of normal society, or not fitting in the mainstream. All walks of people put considerable effort in forgetting. Well, why doing things if these have to be forgotten anyway in the first place?

Okay, you have entered a new post. About the dog, a new car, the weather, a video you've seen on the web, or simply saying you are awake with a hangover after a wild party that of course never really happened. Now what? That post of yours. What effect do you want to cause, except for raising the personal stats? You just want to get rid of some steam? That's all? You don't care about your readers? Oh, you wanted to raise your readers' spiritual level? Give me a break. Placing a micro-blog post about the goddam weather, dog, cat or car is just another waste of time. Face it! Really, you can live without this nonsensical shit very well. So your readers can.

You may think that I try discourage the use of social networks. Not at all. I simply try to encourage using social networks in a more useful fashion, and you should think for yourself how to do that. But stop posting all that stupid shit for heaven's sake! Stop insulting the intellectual community. Stop lowering yourself below the level of stupidity. And think, think hard why you should write what you write about wazzup and fuckya.

Of course social network micro-blogs don't need to be crammed with academic stuff. That's not the point. The point is why and when you, for yourself and others, would communicate something. I doubt whether social networks are the right place to moan about domestic animals pissing under the kitchen table, or about the weather turning your mood into a lower gear. Don't ever think that folks will give a damn about reading such bullshit. In other words, most micro-blogs are nothing more than mind excremental. Emotional diarrhea. Mental vomit. So don't expect others to eat from it. They would puke and possibly micro-blog about that too. Yeah I know what most folks will answer when I say that social network so-and-so sucks. They say the typical confrontation-less bull-shit "it's up to you what you make out of it". How weak. The typical average herd of cattle answer.

Members think they are anonymous behind their mocked-up identity. And they think that their personal data is protected. It is interesting to see that on the major social networks people tend

to be more open & honest about their in physical world identity, but on dating sites they tend to hide behind nicks & mock-ups. Why is that? Well, simple. Dating is still somewhat of a taboo subject. Oh yes. Dating is a kind of virtual Viagra It keeps you going the mind-fuck way. People do not want to openly tell to their relatives that they lack love life and have no sex. It feels like something to be ashamed of. On the so-called platonic social networks, usually members feel not so inferior having the need to pretend superiority. They feel rather superior and have a certain need to show off intellectually. Slightly, however, noticeable. And best of all, "it's up to you what you make out of it" does not apply at all in a web environment where you have to conform to about everything that you have access to. And believe me, conformity is not freedom. So there is no such thing as "it's up to you what you make out of it". It only seems that way, but we are all fooled to the inner core of our conforming souls. You are socially fucked.

Yeah, so you are having your meal in front of the PC. Eating and clicking. You take a bite. You jot down a quick post, shitting some ASCII. You don't really care what you type. All what counts is the number of reactions. Heehaw you get likes and stars and respects and follows and meaningless crap like that. You take a sip of coffee. You click on submit. It's done. What the heck. You count your follow nitwit friends once again. You take another sip of coffee. What the fuck. One more follow count. It sucks. And you have not become one penny wealthier.

Have a good one,

George Philip

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 26.

You get up in the morning, usually the radio or TV turned-on the moment you open your eyes. Okay, do if you have to, But you should know how important it is to have a little physical exercise. Many of you do exercise in the morning, and that is so bloody good. Just keep on doing so. It keeps you younger and extends your remaining life-time. There are many ways to work-out. You can dance a silly dance, what the heck it's big fun, or you can pump some iron, or crank a bike, anything would do just fine. And then it is inevitable that at work you perform a lot better with less effort.

I hope you are not the kind to get up, turn on the radio or TV, sit at the computer with your coffee, read the newspaper, suck a cigarette, say “oh shit only tomorrow it's Friday”, or “ah ya just another fucking day”. And at the very same moment, a bit further down the street someone is creating a new internet application soon to be bought for hundred million by a major social media network company. Or a neighbor few block away who is setting-up an import/export agency in the garage-box. Or whatever other example. A nifty V12 sports-car soon to drive by your home, and then you may wonder “who the fuck is this materialistic asshole?”

Well, it's not you. You may not be so good at programming apps or moving stuff from A to B, and it is not your area of interest. You'd rather stick to your own talents, so you won't need to try carbon copy or clone other masterminds. So that is totally okay, my friend. Go for your own features and abilities. You should follow your own dreams, not the ones of others. Dreaming is fine, but don't stay asleep, otherwise you end-up in a nightmare.

Hundreds of millions of people have been made mentally impotent, just by a wrong education, or by repeating thousands of times certain “truths”, or by operating the same machine for tens of years every day again from dawn to dusk. They are the work horses, badly needed of course, and they earn some oats from their salary to keep them going, and they are told they are safe with this social insurance plan and that life insurance and such-and-so bank savings, and all the other automatic goodies. And the beat goes on. Oh yes, these slaves live in affluence, possess their stuff on the basis of hire-purchase or mortgage or bank-loan, such as their TV, their car, their home, their bed, and all the other shadows of debt. For these hard workers it is no big deal to keep going like tooth-wheels in machine of labor throughout the years or decades of their existence. Some get disabled, others expire, and the beat goes on. You remember what I wrote you a couple of letters ago about procession and mainstream? Where exactly do you want to be? And when?

The makers of some famous kind of positive thinking publication - they made big bucks with that - clearly state that you need to know what and when, as far as wishing is concerned, but you do not need to know how because the universe will take for that. I totally disagree with that

one. How the hell on Earth can you achieve something if you don't know how to do that? The universe my ass! I keep on saying: just visualizing the end-result is not good enough. You have to do something. And that “doing” can only take place if you know what and how to. If you don't know how to fry steaks, it is pointless to wish for your own steak-house. Yeah I know, you can always hire someone blah blah to do the work that you are supposed to do. That is bull-shit. You want to get wealthy. You have to do something to achieve that. There is always something you can do better than another. Use it to your advantage.

You are constantly being stimulated by commercials around you all day long, the most beautiful human models showing the most diverse gadgets & goodies. You “know” that “those models would never show crap, so it must be good”. What you do not know is that psychiatrists and psychologists from the most famous universities are specifically hired and very well paid by marketers to engineer all those ads. That kind of mind control for business purposes is a serious subject, today. Part of it is already implemented as an integrated set in entertainment products. So there is no longer the need to read ads and listen to commercial jingles or voice tracks. Marketing channels are becoming stealth. All of a sudden you want to buy a specific item. You don't know why. You fight against it. The urge gets stronger. And finally you buy it. As soon as you have it, you stash it away and you don't care anymore. End of excitement. You just got it. And your wallet and mind got fucked.

You just bought a beautiful smartphone. And now what? You import contacts from wherever you can, you fool around with menus, tools, apps, and all the other features. You feel great. You feel you belong to that elite group of smartphone users you communicate with about anything silly that comes in the mind. “Hey I call you to check if you received my SMS”. Give me a break.

You certainly know of the term "homo sapiens". "Homo" means "human" and "sapiens" means "wise", of course originally meant "intelligent". "Wise" has a whole different meaning, and I can tell you that most intelligent humans are not wise at all. Anyway, "homo sapiens", or intelligent human is the species to which you and I belong.

Until few decades ago. Yes, that's right. A new species emerged very quickly: "homo phoniens". The word “phoniens” comes from the Latin word “telephonus” which means “telephone”, or in short “phone”, so “homo phoniens” means “human with phone”. They're so busy SMSing, pinging, twitting, chatting, surfing, mailing, what have you. Have a good look at those people. They really do walk like apes. It is almost a reverse evolution taking place. Darwin would laugh his ass off. A fast growing number of humans really do walk like apes, slightly bent forward, holding a phone in the hand and rubbing the screen with a finger of the other hand. And it is the "homo sapiens" who really has to move out of the way, because "homo phoniens" walks just straight on, not focusing over a distance any greater than between the eyes and the phone. Those folks provoke accidents.

So you have become an i-parent? Perhaps an i-dad or an i-mom? You know damn well what I mean. Now there is this explosive growth in mobile device usage going on for a while, and a new trend of family style has emerged: The i-family. The average family member on the street

is no longer looking left & right to enjoy the surroundings or paying attention to traffic. So let's focus for now on the phenomenon, named i-parents. I know plenty mothers, many of them living apart from their ex husband, and most of them have a full-time job. They need all possible means to communicate "effectively" with their kids. By phone is often awkward, as they're sitting in their office with colleagues around. So the next best thing is sending SMS, or better, tweeting through wireless internet. But that tweeting often continues even when the mother and kids are at home! They feel that involving other people makes it more fun, or social. So in this way, a mix of parental collateral communications takes place. If you'd remove the user names, it is impossible to see who is tweeting. For the child it is not a big deal. It assumes that any communication is blessed by all contacts, so the mobile device represents the proper super authority.

For the kids it doesn't make any difference who or what broadcasted the message. It's their smartphone. The robot has the same username as their mom, right? From now on it is the technology who takes over part of the parenting. How convenient for the i-parents. They now have more time to spend in their favorite worlds, such as malls, cafes, and friends. The kids follow the broadcasted instructions and family life goes just fine. no way to verify if the actual parent transmitted the timeline or someone else under that same account.

Yes, I know you have a full-time job. I know you have a full agenda with your friends. I know you need time to shop. How sad it is that your children are a burden rather than a blessing for you. I say this: If you cannot physically hug your child at least three times a day for more than one minute each time, you should not have a child. A superficial kiss and rub on the smartphone screen is not good enough. Today's technology has become an extension to people for covering their own laziness, so they have more time left to do nothing, to waste time. But there is more to the smartphone mentality.

Let me outline a usual phone scene, happening everywhere anytime : A is having a face-to-face talk with B. The cell-phone of B starts making noise. B picks up the phone and starts talking to Co. A has to wait throughout this interruption. If A would ask B to stop, for sure B will not accept that, and C will be pissed off. People have become cell-phone dogs. A loud stupid MP3 ring-tone, and immediately that phone must be answered. Only very few people have the politeness and the guts not to answer the cell-phone, and stay with the current face-to-face conversation. Yes, it takes guts to do so, because it would give the right example "I do not answer the phone while being in a meeting". That would imply a lesson being taught to the other person. And that might hurt, even provoke resentment or worse. The world of today has become saturated with disrespect, impoliteness, and electronic slavery. You have become a "homo phoniens".

What phone I have? I have what you call a tough phone. The only functions are tele-talk (phoning) and tele-write (SMS) and the only features are waterproof, dustproof and shockproof. That's all I needed in the 1980's, that's all I need in the 2010's. I don't give a damn about "nice to have". The term "keep abreast of the times" or "follow the mood of the moment" are not in my dictionary. I do not conform with the mainstream. Why? Because I can and enjoy that way.

Yours always,

George Philip

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 27.

It is not the job title or the academic diploma or the well designed business card that guarantees the person to be who (s)he pretends to be. Not you, of course, but a medical doctor can be a liar, the CEO of your company can be a murderer, the priest of your church can be a pedophile, the teacher of your child can be a rapist, and so forth. It doesn't have to, but it can. Not even their victims will know. Behind those nice suits there can be a whole different entity. And that's why I already told you, also in the context of "love" for example, that it is not so important "to be" as "to do". Not appearance but deeds make the person. Appearance is a good thing, but it should honestly reflect the true person, and vice versa. Of course this does not happen that often. Perhaps 1 percent of the populace, and even so.

Sure, once you make good fortune, you dress up nicely, drive a nice car, live in a great mansion, go out in good restaurants, and so on. This is absolutely okay. No negative word about it. You indeed should enjoy the good things of life. You indeed should show off a bit how well you are doing. You should be proud of your own achievements and decorate yourself. No need to behave poor. Naturally, that does not qualify you as one of the assholes mentioned above. But whenever you see some latest fashion walking by, or some fastest car driving by, or some shiniest jewelry moving around, you be aware that these things by themselves say nothing about the person accurately. These things may give an impression, but what you see is not always what it looks like. So don't get fooled too easily. And the impression about yourself that you want to emanate is up to you. Just make sure you know what you show, how and why. Be conscious about all you do.

Perfection is not always more valuable than imperfection. For example, a rectangular Persian rug, hand-made, is not exactly rectangular. One side is longer than the opposite side and the corners are not exactly 90 degrees. Yet, this rug is priced very expensive, because of these imperfections. Isn't that interesting? Imperfection seems to broadcast a certain sign of life, like "hey, that is done by a human, rather than a machine". Of course there is the other end of the scale of imperfection and that is just scandalous. I see those guys walking around in kind of jeans that sag down the hip, with airco holes in it at the knees, and a huge stain and smudge on the rear. That is just showing off mocked-up poverty, even to the extent to disrespect real poor people. Yes, I am saying that real poor people are humans too and are to be respected as well. They live in their struggle and their life is so much harder than yours.

There are many ways to show off how "good" you are. Last year a university professor, an old colleague of mine, proposed me to visit the red district down town, on his account, and see who is the strongest. I thanked him and we continued the conversation about a lecture. I knew about his past, the extremely conventional and conservative family he came from, and his "revenge" against the dictatorship of his parents. Unfortunately, he did take "revenge" by trading A

grades against sexual services from his female students. “Consensual sex”, as he described it. “Misuse of power”, as I describe it. I am no longer his friend. I tell you these things as to outline certain borders of decency.

You remember, when you were a teenager, enjoying your first lover? You were the center of the universe. Well, years have gone by, and that first lover already had some folks after you, screaming for lust and more during the sex acts, and your name has been long forgotten. That is reality. Such is life. Many years later, you receive an email from your first lover. Goddam it. Probably something like this - sorry, this example applies to men, however, women can learn from it too:

“You were the first major love in my younger years. For unknown reasons we broke up. I met another one and we got married. Later on I became a mother of some beautiful offspring. My husband did not treat me so well at the emotional level. I felt not happy and finally decided to divorce. I have been thinking of you all my life. Please don't take this contact as an excuse for me to break-up with my husband. It is just that I have been loving you all the time while I was living with another one. When I think of you I feel a young adult again. I want you to take me in your arms and on a journey through the rest of our life.”

And then you ask for a picture. You want good looks in front of you. Well, why not. You have always been that way, also in the good old times. Now what do you find in your mailbox? Shock therapy! A pic that shows a fat flabby granny popping-up decades later like an alien. You are not hungry anymore. It's a natural reaction, you can't help. You'd rather take her daughter, right? So you write back something like:

“Dear ex, I do cherish the good memories of a wonderful time we had together in our younger years. Never has Flower Power been so good and beautiful. Since we parted, my life took on several turns and I went working and living around the world. Not so long ago I returned to my current country. Not that I wanted to merge with the past but rather that I found it convenient for the circumstances at that time. Right now I am single and living on my own, and frankly I like it more than the idea to have to conform to a stringent relationship. In fact, I do not feel like committing myself to someone at the private level. I decided to live alone because I did not want any relationship. And that has not changed to this day.”

“As for your presentation, I have become older and less attractive. But you too. How could I ever be sexually excited? I cannot! No matter how much I have loved you 2, 3 or 4 decades ago. You know that I want good looks. Come on. Time went by and things have changed. These are natural facts, that a piece of fruit does not remain fresh forever. I simply cannot prevent any feeling of non-attraction. It is a natural thing. I am a man for heaven's sake. Moreover, the past is no more. Today, life is totally different. I have changed and left the past behind. Yes I may be rude in my wordings, but how else should I make myself clear? I should not need to explain this to an intelligent female in the first place. I am not a spare wheel in the car of your endeavors, no matter where the road might head to. Do not expect from me that I have been waiting for you during all the years that you were making love with the man whom you were married with. Honestly, I did not. I moved on. We do not match anymore.”

In other words, you don't want the one whom you once loved to death. See, things change. And “love” is not always we think it is. I wrote quite a few letters ago what “love” really is. Remember?

And then an ex lady keeps on mailing and cyber-stalking. You are not the one who is asking an ex come to you. It is the other way around. It is not you who is in desperate need. It is up to that ex to leave you alone, and up to that ex to accept the natural changes. You are not to be blamed. Except for perhaps one thing: You could have married her decades ago. But of course she is to blame, right? Hm. Well, just don't waste time.

You live in present time, here and now. And this is confirmed by the above scenario, where the principal role could have been played by you. So, you are well aware about the value of today rather than the value of the past. “We all learn from the past” is a bullshido expression. We learn from here and now. The past is past, over, passed to never again. I agree with the idea that the past could be used as a piece of reference that we can use to compare present time events and things with. But the actual learning is from here and now. That is where and when you are doing something. That is where and when your remaining life-time is getting shorter. That is where and when you are throwing your chances down the drain. That is where and when you mastermind and workout a great money making plan. So what are you waiting for? No, there is no tomorrow. There is today. Now. And only if you do something now, there may be a tomorrow to look forward to. Otherwise tomorrow is wasted before today has become yesterday.

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 28.

What do you mean about setting goals for yourself? Still not clear? Is that what you want to know? Okay then. Why didn't you say so. No problem at all.

You must remember my letter where I wrote to you about CARE, which is the abbreviation for Communication, Affinity, Reality, and Empathy. These 4 corners of “understanding” also apply to “setting goals”. To set a goal, you must exactly understand what your goal is about. You must have a good idea what in the real world your goal would be. Very physical, material, tangible. So, reality is to focus on. You must feel absolutely attracted to the idea that you wish to go for. Very emotional, and your gut feel, inside your heart. So, affinity is to focus on. You must write down and tell to yourself and others about your idea that you want to come true. It will not only strengthen your commitment, but also strengthen the intelligibility towards yourself. After all, you are the one in charge to plan your endeavor. So, communication is to focus on. And last but not least, you must be extremely enthusiastic and feel the fire inside of you, and know for yourself that this goal is the one and only to go for until the big milestone of success. So, empathy is to focus on. Needless to say in other words that the whole thing must be doable.

To elaborate a bit more on that, your goal must be at least somewhat compatible with your own experiences, for example it must touch some area related with what you have experienced in the past. It really adds to CARE. You may find yourself interested in a variety of goals, because you are smart and have several different visions. Then it would be a bit hard to make a single choice. In a way, you seem hindered by your higher level of intelligence. You want to widen your horizon, to discover new realms, to do what no one has done before. But you can't seem to make a decision.

Once I read a small story in my younger years. I do not recall the exact words, but I will give you a summary. A boy and a girl were walking hand in hand over the meadow. It was Spring and there were a lot of flowers around. The girl asked the boy to pick a special flower for her. The boy ran over the meadow, into the forest, over another meadow, along a river, climbed over a hill, went through the valley, and in the meantime the sun was setting. Times went by. It became Autumn, and finally the boy returned to the girl. He had no flower. The girl asked what happened. The boy sobbed and told her that each time he saw a wonderful flower, he was so sure to find another even more beautiful flower, and so on, day after day. But in the end, even when returning to the previous flowers, he found out that those flowers had left the best of Summer time way behind. The boy did not make a choice, a decision. If he would have taken just one of the first wonderful flowers ... well, you guess the rest of the story.

It is always better that you implement the changes in your life, rather than that another one is doing that for you. You are the authority, you are the boss, you are all yours. Never be passive. Never accept doing nothing as a must-do. It is not doingness. It is throwing away time down the fucking drain. Do not accept your own cheap apologies or excuses such as “I am too busy” or “I have no time”. You can always make time, as soon as you start doing. Remember what I said before about time being a function of action. No action means no time. Simple as that. And never ever talk shit like “I can't help” or “It's not my fault”. These sayings are the greatest bull-shit cowardice expressions ever invented. Perhaps fun for you to know that most managers behave that way. And they are supposed to be leaders. You know better than that shit mentality.

If you are absolutely certain, after accurate investigations, that in no way you are able to start your own business, then that is totally okay. In that case you can always opt for excelling at the company that you work for. And that, my friend, gets inevitably rewarded with better position and better money. And it does not matter at what step you are on the corporate ladder. One step up is one step up. Tip: Try behave at least one level higher than your actual position. Feel that level higher inside of you. Imagine you are actually at that level. It will definitely change your attitude and your performance.

So you have a new position in the company? You are normally under the delusion that now you are “THE <job-title>”. In fact, you in that new position do not exist yet, until you are known and you know what is needed and you are producing the fulfillment of those needs. You first have to do something before you get recognized or respected.

There is the risk that you assume you know what is needed or wanted when it is only a fixed idea with you. It is only your idea and not true at all to anyone else, and so you fail at the new job. That way you will soon become very unsuccessful. Another variation on the theme "new appointee" is that you are so “status happy” or so insecure or so shy that even when your boss or your staff comes to you and tells you what is needed or wanted, you can't or don't even acknowledge their communications to you. So what you must do is to apply CARE profusely. So you find some contacts to make yourself in your new job very well-known, right?

So, anybody wants anything signed or promised that your predecessor didn't sign or promise, don't sign or promise it. Keep your eyes open, learn the job and, depending on how big the organization is, after a certain time, see how it is running and run it as normal activity. Go through the exact same work process of every day that your predecessor went through, and don't change a single order. Also, you must look through the papers that had been issued at that period of time and make sure to enforce those orders. In that way you make smart use of what your predecessor left behind. Work smarter, not harder. You can do it better than you.

Also at the larger scale, such as the national or international or even global scale, this kind of logical process is not always applied properly. That's why we see some political leaders engaging war, even though they have already everything for their country they want or need. But they live in the illusion that they have to do something about it, and so they invent an enemy as to create a “leadership” job for themselves. So that leader shouts words like “justice”, “democracy”, “rights”, “security”, and what have you. These folks are over the extreme border

of management. They are mad.

There are various levels or scales of existence that humans are dealing with. These are ethics levels. The first scale is the individual, the single self. The second scale is the family, the extension of the self and the partner. The third scale is the group, such as political, social, racial, etc. groupings. the fourth scale is mankind, worldwide, global species. There are more scales that we can think of, but for now these four apply.

Basically we are talking here about right and wrong. Right is all that supports prosperity. Wrong is all that support poverty. And within the scope of this book. Yes I know this may seem a bit stigmatic, but I have to stay black & white, just for clarity. I hate being vague, like fooling around with shades of gray.

At whatever scale of existence - referring to aforementioned four - you should always strive for prosperity. Not just talking money here, but also mental, spiritual, emotional, social, esthetic, etc. prosperity. The overall quality of life. All aspects of it.

You may know about bad folks who seem to prosper from their crimes. Yes, they prosper, but sooner or later they all disintegrate, either through self-destruction or destruction by others. Don't get fooled by some "exceptions", as these appear that way only at the surface. Always. I am definitely not talking about "justice". "Justice" is a bunch of laws and regulations as artificial extensions on our existence. The real "ethics" on those four scales are formed by natural values straight from the soul, rather than from the desks of greedy politicians.

If all people would act pro-prosperity for self and others at all four scales of existence, then no "justice" be needed. A fine example of ethics is the Bushido of the old samurai that I wrote about in the beginning of this book. See, there are loads of criminals who act according to the law, or justice, but they still commit crimes. And there are people who act according to their ethical human values, and they are constructive. Yes, they may steal a bread, which is against justice, but they feed a poor beggar, which is real love. I know, here we have our quandary. But I touch this subject on purpose, to make you think. To stimulate awareness. The world is not as it seems.

I am not a priest or a meditation guru or a positive thinking master, rather the opposite. But I do tell you this: If you cheat on your spouse, take drugs, lie about whatever you can, involve yourself in dishonest dealings, and things like that, then you are basically cutting your own fucking throat. On the other hand, if you are clean, then you have a lot more chance to achieve prosperity and happiness. It is a natural law. Period.

At all times you must keep track of your prosperity journey. For example, if last year you made 80K and this year 70K, then you know you are slipping at the first scale of existence. If last year you had two romantic weekends with your spouse and this year only one, then it's time to something about it, on the second scale of existence. If last year you had 10 friends and this year 20, then at the third scale of existence you are doing very well. If last year you produced more waste and exhaust pollution than this year, you are getting better toward the environment,

the fourth scale of existence. Just a few examples. And so, for each scale of existence you can keep statistics. To measure your progress. It is easy to do, and even easier not to do, unfortunately, however, not keeping statistics is counter prosperity rather than the other way around. So make it a regular habit.

The way to interpret your statistics is very simple. If the numbers of prosperity go down, then it is not good. If the numbers of prosperity go up, then it is good. If, however, the numbers stay the same and hardly move, then nothing special is happening and then you are clearly in the rear section of the mainstream procession. Which is okay if that is your deliberate choice. Any statistical movement, increase or decrease, that is extremely steep must ring a bell. Yes, also if success growth is suddenly extremely steep, then it is time to watch out as well. There are plenty examples to think of. The classic example is that of the poor beggar who wins the lottery and becomes millionaire overnight. Now that is a very steep statistical increase. What that beggar should have done is to do everything to become compatible with that kind of wealth. I wrote about such compatibility issues earlier. Usually, such beggar will not spruce-up anything that is personality related. And so the millions of bucks go down the drain and after one year the beggar is broke again. This is not fiction. This fact.

As you grow in all aspects of prosperity, climbing the mountain of success, you will be dealing with ethics quite a lot. All I can say now, as my last message to you: Do not ever become an fucking asshole, do not fuck up anything that is constructive, and last but not least, do not waste time!

“Patience is a virtue” is one of the biggest scams and lies on this planet! That expressions tells you that you should wait and see while doing nothing. That is of course the greatest bullshit ever invented by mankind. I tell you: “Patience is a waste of time”. Fuck virtue! Stop conforming to mind templates like this. That is exactly how the whole goddam world populace is getting fucked and kept asleep. Wake up, otherwise your dream will become a nightmare, if it is not already. You must hurry up, dammit! Otherwise there won't be any tomorrow at all!

By now you should have all the knowledge about making the best out of your remaining life-time.

In multi-scale friendship,

George Philip

29

Dear friend,

This is my letter number 29, the last one, for now.

There are references that say that a book is a book if it has at least 40,000 words. At this point I am at 52,000 words. Some wise authors say that a book is a book if it contains what it needs to contain and omits what it needs to omit. For the record, my book omits 48,000 words, to avoid time waste, which brings the grand-total to 100,000 words. It is not just the written part but also the unwritten part that makes up the communication. I am not just transmitting ASCII. In between the lines. I transmit intention. And you do know now what that is.

I have just decided to publish already what I have written so far. In the next edition, more letters may be added. Maybe not. It depends on how many readers will be interested in reducing time waste. This book could be never ending, but at least I make it now ever starting. After all, it is a bundle of letters, each one of them meant to be sent to you individually. Why should I wait till this book has over 300 pages? Quantity does not necessarily raise quality.

So this third edition is the official release. I bundled all my letters to you and truly wish from the deep inside of my heart and soul that you live well and prosper. Don't be afraid to think negative, for as long as the ultimate intention is positive.

Yours very truly and with all my respect,

George Philip