

# “A DAY IN THE LIFE”

POEMS OF  
LOVE & LIFE

STOYAN STOYNOV

@SKYBOY46



ME

# *“A DAY IN THE LIFE”*

*Poems of  
Love & Life*

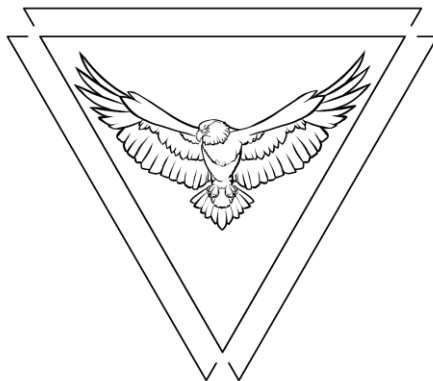
*by  
Stoyan Stoyanov*

*IF YOU LIKED ANY PART OF THAT BOOK, AND YOU CAN SHARE 1\$,  
IT WOULD BE WELL APPRICIATED.*

*A DOLLAR IF YOU ENOYED ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IS ALL WE ASK*

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***still i rise***®



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\*\*\* ~ \*\*\* *Life is one long sentence* \*\*\* ~ \*\*\*

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*"Still I Rise"*

*~Explore your Freedom~*

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*A passage from the book:*

"After all, my little darling,  
they had made me fall into the miracle of you."

**elon**  
**reeves** 



\*\*\* ~ \*\*\* *Make it count* \*\*\* ~ \*\*\*



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The book will contain art creations of Monika Stoyanova, a.k.a. Alassia

\_alassia on [Instagram](#) & [www.alassiaarts.etsy.com](http://www.alassiaarts.etsy.com)



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I.LOVE

The seasons hadn't been so kind to me,  
summer, autumn, winter, spring.  
All around me, everything was blooming,  
everything except my heart and soul;

Then one time, the summer felt a little longer,  
longer than the autumn, winter, and the gentle spring.  
Did you slow down, time? Was it just a dream?  
It was endless, but it ended! That's the way it is.

Time to say goodbye, briefly after the hello,  
will you come again? Another summer?  
The face of Angel, heart divine, a girl from far away;  
I know what love is. I have seen it once or twice.

I guess that miracles and magic,  
are not all just in the books.  
After all, my little darling,  
they had made me fall into the miracle of you.



[by\\_Alassia](#)

## THE DREAM OF YOU

When the night is deep and full of secrets, when the cold is in my soul,  
when the day has ended, and the rebel heart needs a rest.

When the win is far away from the horizon and my dream,  
all that gives me strength to fight another day is you!

The smile, the warmth that brings your hug, the sweet-sweet lips of you.  
Your spirit, creativity, and mind, your naked body, and your soul.  
You left! You left in search of peace of mind, a simple life;  
it's been years! I hope that you have found it.

I'm getting sober; let me sip another glass,  
The fire now is getting smaller. Soon, I have to rest my aching heart.  
I'm just writing this to you, my love. I just wanted you to know it;  
The second glass is empty. Let me dim the lights.

Let me ease my body, let me close my eyes,  
the fire just completely faded, only moonlight shining through the dark.  
I will send this letter in the morning; now I need to rest,  
see you in a moment darling, see you in my Neverland.



by [Alassia](#)

## PRE-AUTUMN POEM

Farewell to you, the summer magic,  
farewell love, you have gone as well.  
It will be sad this autumn, I can feel it,

and it was supposed to be a season that I loved.

How can you expect it?

To fall into captivity of love.

In a life filled with many pains and failures,  
you brightened me with warmth and light.

On a rainy day when spring was blooming,  
a gentle smile, a girl so innocent with such grace.

Do you love to feel the rain?

Drops of heaven, falling on your hair.

We got to know each other in the dark,  
two of us strolling in the night, brighten by the stars.  
I saw in you a fusion, molecules, a cloud of cosmic dust,  
soul longing to explore; traveler for life.

A heart so tender, passionate, and so divine,  
one lesson we were yet to learn.

The heart is always easy to get broken,  
but let us leave that part for now.

Our eyes were crossing in the dark,  
my fingers running through your hair.  
You weren't sure about this moment of our weakness,  
I looked deeper into your eyes.

A moment of uncertainty, a gentle breeze,  
waves were making songs for us.  
The moon was shining through the clouds;  
we gave in to the moment and desire;  
Lips and arms together in the night.



I remember each of our moments,  
every feeling I've experienced with you.  
Every conversation, hug, a kiss,  
new adventures, and another kiss.

Probably I will need a separate chapter,  
for every little date with you.

I saw in you girl, everything there is to see,  
but just like in a musical from Broadway,  
so is in our lovely play,  
"Summer loving" had to go away.

You opened up your soul, your mind, your body,  
I saw a spiritual world in you.  
The thing that I was searching for,  
at least I know it exists in this world.

I could not open up myself completely,  
I did not always make you smile.  
I hope someday, you will understand me,  
and my broken view of life.

The dream of you is now merely a mirage;  
the whisky turns it to the shape of you, only in the night.  
In the windy evenings, while I am alone, you are coming briefly as a breeze;  
dark ravens in the winter have occupied my soul.

In the most profound moments of the night,  
I am riding through the city with my bike.  
I was looking for a glimpse of peace and calm;  
all I found was endless nothing. Nemo in my soul.

Universe, I thank you that you crossed our ways,  
the girl that represented life itself.  
Hope and laughter, happiness, and smile;  
In the evenings, I am whispering your name.

A tender voice, like raindrops in Amazonia,  
skin so gentle, like the cotton grown on river Nile.  
Sing a song just like a Canary,  
princess of the ocean, and the sea.

In those moments, dreamland in my fairytale of mind,  
I get her by the hand; she touches mine as well.  
Peace, and quiet, sunshine through the rain,  
I am going down memory lane.

I used to walk her to her door,  
hug, kiss, lipstick on the neck.  
Passion, fire in the dark,  
just a look without a sound.

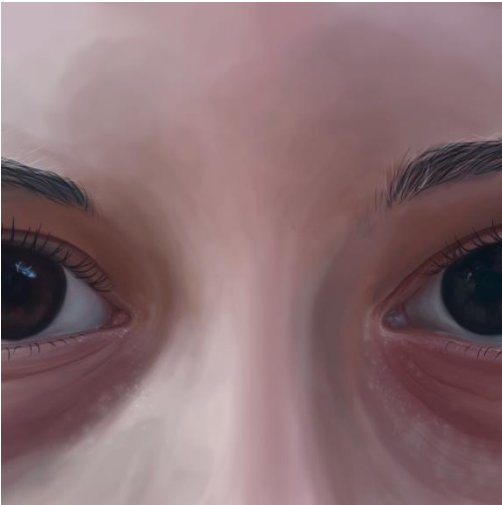
Now again, I'm only dreaming...

Gently holding our hands together,  
we are slowly walking to the door.

A glass of wine, followed by another,  
a night in heaven, on the planet Earth.

Gentle as a summer breeze,  
child of spring, born into the sea.  
It is time for me to say goodbye;  
the new horizons are waiting, darling, both for you and me.

I hope your life is somehow better,  
with the memories with me.  
Now I know for sure that they are not a myth,  
Angels do exist; I saw one in your eyes.



by [Alassia](#)

## MEMORIES

Old memories, a smell of freedom on a dusty cabin on the lake,  
flashing like a shooting star in space. Both are disappearing in a moment...in a flash!  
Taste of laughter so divine, glimpse of our childhood,

when the spirits were so wild, with beat and rhythm in the heart.  
When tomorrow was a mystery and not misery.

Memories, full of careless playing, singing songs,  
souls of heaven, blues in our veins. Blood was rushing in the brain.  
The master of the clocks, however, was unfair;  
he spun the time so fast, without grace, and filled it with regrets.

A year passed so fast, a decade, two... it's all now in the past,  
gravity, dark matter, now even facing the abyss.  
A universe that used to be in colors slowly fades to shades of black.  
Time never stops; it never turns away. Blackhole slowly slowed our time away.

Do you remember all the mothers, fathers, all grownups in the past?  
Chasing pennies blindly for survival, running far away from dreams and goals.  
Quickly we have taken over their throne. The crown feels heavy, heavy as the Earth itself!  
Are we breathing? Are we still alive? I'm I 19, or am I 29?

Bless it be the night when we glance up in the skies,  
full of stars, of light, and memories from way back in the past.  
Endless freedom, dreaming with no chains.  
Now only making wishes from the tears in our brain,  
dreaming dreams of dreamland, fairytales of Neverland.

One last sip of red wine, one last glimpse into the night,  
one more tear of joy, and one more for the sadness in the soul.  
You hear a whisper. Did someone call your name?  
A gentle sound of an angel coming from your veins!

- Mommy, daddy, can you kiss me goodnight?
  - Coming darling, sweet and lovely child of mine.
- Memories are slowly fading, and the new once just began,  
Chapter two of something better, all designed by you.



[by Alassia](#)

## TO GRANDMA

When I was a little baby, my grandma...oh so sweet and kind;  
all-day restlessly, she whispered sweet words in my mind.  
When I was a little older, my grandma...oh so sweet and kind,  
gave her time to entertain me...laughter, games, and stories through the night.

When I was a little older, still a little clumsy, and plates were falling on the ground,  
oh, my sweet and lovely grandma took it with a heart of gold.

My childhood was a drop of heaven. Next to grandma, and she next to me,  
reading fairy tales of dreamland until we fell asleep.

Grandma, you will live in me forever! In my heart, my soul, and in my mind,  
you, I Love Most in the World! You are the only one who understood.

For all the bad things I ever did, and words that might had hurt you... Please, forgive me!

Forgive this little boy. He grew up, he realized how strong you had to be.

I Love You Most in the World. Thank You! For being in my life,

I'm all grown up now, a man without envy and a heart with the kindness of your soul.

I am thankful for you walking in this world,

and I love those lovely visits when you walk into my dreams.

And if the Universe will disappear tomorrow, I will still be by your side;

my molecules will always find you. I will bend the space and time.

And when the day comes, for my flame to fade away,

I will brace it with a smile because we will be, reunited.

With much, much... much LOVE,

Чочо

## IN CAPTIVITY OF HOPE

Another night is slowly floating through the city,

dark and cold, loneliness, of silence.

Leaves of yellow, orange, green,

slowly falling, like a heart of stone.



Why is it so grey this season? My November that I love,  
why I dream your shadows, deep into the night?  
The clock is ringing, windy morning in this town,  
stand up, got out of bed, and grabbed a pen.

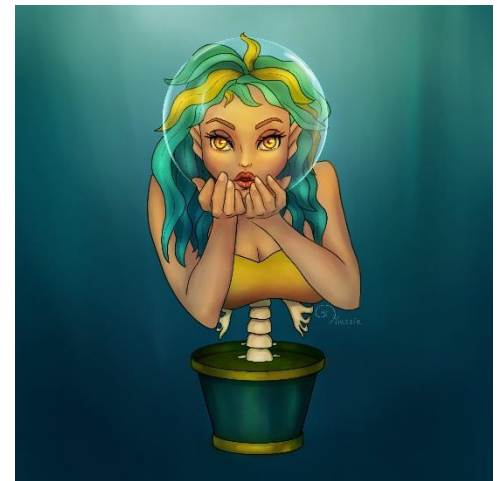
You used to be so close beside me,  
now, a distant memory.

Are you sleeping unweakened?  
Dreaming deep into the night?  
I'm just asking little darling,  
because I am awakened through the dark.

Winter cold is out on the horizon,  
but it does not make me losing sight of you.  
Sunrise of my morning,  
moonlight through my darkest night.

And when my pain is at its peak,  
I will go deep into my mind.  
I will whisper words of love for you,  
I will tell you, I love you.

In the morning, just before I wake up,  
I will kiss your forehead, and I'll smile.



[by\\_Alassia](#)

## INTO THE NIGHT

The day fades slowly to the night;  
the sea is a quiet, southern breeze.  
The sun is giving up its way;  
the moon is shining on your face.

The charming night is hatching,  
the sound of birds is changing with some grace.  
The creating of a symphony, of life itself.  
This picture is a masterpiece of our artist.

Hand in hand, we walked together,  
with a sign of silence; we thought to ourselves.  
Can we make it dusk till dawn? Memory, a moment?  
A painting that will never fade away.



[by Alassia](#)

## VALENTINE'S DAY

A Heart is trembling in the darkness;  
A Heart isn't sleeping through the night;  
One Heart started to believe in love;

One Heart is dreaming in his mind;

This Heart glanced into the Beauty;

This Heart was flying in the skies;

This Heart opened up its wings;

This Heart fell into captivity of love;

The Beauty looked at him with empty eyes;

The Beauty, she just turned away;

The Beauty didn't open up her door;

The Beauty flew, a solo traveler in life.

The trembling Heart never stopped of hoping,

to glimpse the Beauty one more time.

Delusions full of hopes and dreams,

he shouted... Beauty! Stop! Please, don't go!

The Beauty heard those words;

this time, she didn't look away.

She stopped and felt the warmth,

but it was not enough to ignite the spark.

They spoke without a word;

They stood silent in the night.

Blessed were those unspoken words;

Seconds peace on planet Earth.

In those seconds of heavenly peace,

the Heart was beating faster.

The Beauty softly whispered, and she stopped him;

Another Heart, just like you, took the sunshine from my soul.

The Heart did not dare to speak;

Darkness, loneliness, and sorrow;

But as she was standing next to him;

A hopeless hope she brought into his mind;

Time went passing, now on day 14 of February,

she remembered, probably the most important words.

Girl, Stop! Please don't go!

- Heart! - Called the Beauty. - Where are you?

Love is always in front of us;  
Even when it's not inside us;  
To beat two hearts in one;  
Is enough to start with just the one.

Hand in hand together,  
they ran away into the clouds.  
Two different dreams in one,  
Heart and Beauty reshaped into one Soul.

## BALLAD

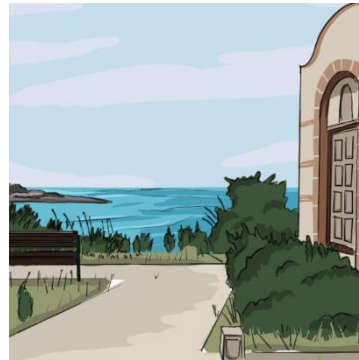
I am here, but you are not. Where are you?  
My hand is shaking, lifting yet another brandy.  
North star of my life that it's slowly fading.  
Reflection of mistake, my sweet-sweet yesterday.

Room in darkness, feather in the hand,  
the muse of love is absent, the candle almost burned away.  
No sound of a piano, of a gentle string,  
no sound of birds outside the window.

Breath of heavy air in coldness,  
hands are freezing, a heart that's wrapped in ice.  
Match and sticks, I found another candle,  
flame, a light, and yet another brandy.

You were here beside me with each sip,  
clouds of peace and heaven, rhythm, blues, and jazz.  
Both of us were speechless, only whispering with our eyes,  
seconds spent in heaven, the joy of freedom, silent night.

A breeze of cold, a leaf now dead,  
flame and candle, slowly fade away.  
Illusion, darkness, now an empty bottle,  
just a memory of yesterday, no more matches or a candle.



[by Alassia](#)

## THE EROTICA OF YOU

The sweat was going down her body,  
slowly like a raindrop falling gentle from a leaf.  
The sun was burning on her virgin skin,



her body lying on the burning golden sand.

She just got out of the water, with her swimsuit wet,  
her camel toe bikini, tight around her waist.  
Her gorgeous young and naked breasts,  
tiny drops of salty water, waiting to be tasted away.

Eyes of green, and blue, and brown,  
the skin of northern Scandinavian goddess.  
Look of a sinner, devils' child,  
bring that body closer, let me share the heat with you.

Spread your legs, yes, like that. You like it, and I love it all as well,  
show me what you hide beneath those colorful bikinis.  
I feel the burning of your loins, I see how wet it has become,  
It's no longer from the water darling, it is coming from inside.

You whispered something, was it meant for me?  
Let me come a little closer... I touched you on the leg;  
You didn't stop me, you didn't say a word;  
all you did was take a look... deep into my eyes.

I grabbed your hand and took you to my tent,  
gentle touch, a kiss, a tongue you felt.  
My hand is reaching lower, do you like it?  
You are! You are helping through the way!

Panties going down, I taste up all your body,  
your eyes are rolling, screams of hell and heaven.  
You grabbed me down, and then, a kiss,  
part of me is part of you as well.

We sweat, we rolled, we made each other love,  
you came, you screamed, you left scratches on my back.  
Your body had an earthquake of its own.  
I came, I closed my eyes, and opened them again,  
your body was all covered, with the DNA of me.



[by Alassia](#)

## MY NEXT MIRAGE

So, the clock is stuck at midnight,  
and the storm is coming for your heart.  
Is it always raining, tell me?

Drop by drop, it feels the void.

Who cares about the floods that are coming?

Who will step up with a boat?

Am I the only sinner to the rescue?

Or just the last one to be called?

It's getting hard to be a tiny rescue boat;

Standing, facing all those navy ships alone.

But the ships always stopped and go; they don't like your winds.

I might be tiny, but I never left your shore.

Standing fighting through the calm and stormy days,

always getting closer, but mirage is what I get.

Another one is coming, I will go away...

See you when he leaves you...in my next mirage!

## THE PLANET UNIVERSE

In the vast, vast Universe, full of sound and yet so silent,

before you, there was only darkness. Cold, and absolutely nothing.

You came up with a noise, you took the show,

Big Bang, you were never meant to come out small.

You expended, you created, you destroyed,  
it took you countless lifetimes, but you made it perfect, on your own.  
Molecules and atoms, a piece of cosmic dust,  
galaxies and stars, you have lightened up the dark.

You designed it with a bit of grace, that gravity of yours,  
so electromagnetic, with a force of weak and strong.

A piece of heaven, billions of years old;  
endless Space and beauty, yet you craved for more.  
Full of galaxies and stars, and black holes;  
time loops, particles of big and small.

Yet you wanted something greater,  
something bigger, brighter, even than yourself.  
You used up all your magic power,  
a pinch of atoms, a piece of cosmic dust.

Eureka! The birth of our sun.

Flooding rocks through Milky way, asteroids of ice,  
you held them all together, with the gravity of you.  
Something yet was missing  
from that creativity of yours.

Bum collision, piece of art, pieces rocks are now one whole,  
what a beauty! We shall call you Earth!  
No one needs to fly alone a bum collision piece of art,  
a smaller rock reflecting in the sun, a sister, let us call her moon.

Still, you want to make a mark, and something yet was missing;  
Earth! You gave it water, air, trees, and life.  
The ingredients that made the soul in all of us,  
colors all of blue and green, lake, a river, an ocean, and a breeze.

A meadow, flowers, a mountain full of ice and green,  
a fish, a bird, a mammal, us! Universe creations, never catching rust.  
I know we make you angry. We are humans making some mistakes;  
Please! Don't send another large asteroid.

We love the beauty of the Milky way,  
Earth and Mars, my moon, my grace.  
We love your tiny Solar system full of life with us.  
We all love you, planet Earth. For us, you are the entire Universe!



*Koprinka, Bulgaria*

*Picture: Elon Reeves, May 2019*

## II. LIFE

### ANOTHER SEASON-ENDING

Yet another season-ending. Was it a repeat again?

The character is never changing, and the plot is all the same!  
Between the fine line of the ending summer  
and the windy, newborn, autumn grace.

It's another season of an endless sitcom,  
oh Lord, I pray it would be the last.  
How my life was never changing,  
and how I managed it to season ten.

Of all the leading characters that started,  
everyone is on a better show.  
I guess it's time for me to say farewell,  
start a new script, with the title "Season One."

Sitting here, in the colors of the cooling autumn winds,  
I dream of nothing, only questions in my head.  
Always, always, the questions were the same,  
and how come in a decade, nothing changed?

Every day I thought was different from the past,  
yet I looked back, and I realized in vain.  
Life had passed me by in silence,  
it was me who didn't say hello!

I'm not gonna turn my colors blue now,  
but the time was speeding while my mind was sleeping.  
For sure, it isn't slowing down for me;  
are we just gonna wait and fade?



Time for pen and paper, time to start from season one,  
I hope your show is smoother, and you're doing better with the script.  
Learn my lessons, and rewrite them on the way,  
Season 10 has ended! Say hello, to Season 1.



[by Alasia](#)

## THE HEART IS NOT TAMED

Up and high, above the oceans, they are peaks into the unknown,  
the crossroads of the mountains, never let us down.  
The mountain! Do you feel connected with your life?  
What is life? Its meaning, and why are we alive?

Are we climbing? Just so we'd be buried in the ground?

All the answers, mother, they all lay into the mountain's grace,  
time ever stopped there; clouds are bending to our will.

Time! This rotation of the Earth around the Sun,  
time is blindly passing; in a rapid movement, it is gone!

Father bless me, and forgive my sins;

I did not follow family traditions, paths. I have blown it all to dust.

I looked upon the mountains father; I looked into the life,  
nature has enchanted me.

The heart can never be obtained. Nothing will enslave its soul;  
the mind is a horizon deep, never stops creating, ever dreaming.

Let me be tiny flying dust, molecule, an atom,  
a traveler on planet Earth.



[by Alassia](#)

## DOWN THE MOUNTAIN GOES

Rain was pouring down in violence, black thunders in the skies,  
raindrops like tears of a man who said farewell forever to his loved one.

Shadows glooming, a sky of grey,

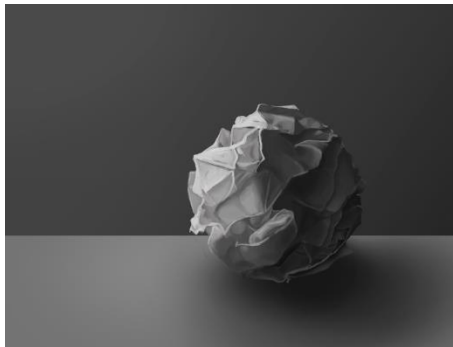
the weather full of darkness, so it is the heart.

A storm is raging furiously, falling on his body made of steel;  
his knees are weakening, slowly sinking to the ground.

It was not a sign of a fallen soldier in a battle,  
this crushed male power wasn't just like that.

It does not exist... anywhere in the world,  
more scary, furious, and painful sight;  
To watch a giant, mighty mountain,  
sinking slowly, heavily in the ground.

Spirit, will, and courage, leaving from his human body,  
with every drop of rain that felled,  
beating him like a whip, straight into his face.



[by Alassia](#)

## DARK SHADOW

Something was hiding in the light of darkness,  
something that has bounded me in an endless chase.

An evening bird is roaming in the night,

all alone with trembling wings against the wind.

I tried to look... I saw it, next upon my shoulder,  
breathe... I started counting one to ten.  
A sweat, a heartbeat, and a shaking leg,  
I tried to run, but I couldn't get away.

Lightning, thunder, footsteps on the ground,  
I stopped... a silhouette of a human, a shadow next to me!  
Standing tall beside me in the dark,  
I tried to fake a step, but it stepped up with me!  
A chance to fool the unwelcomed guest,  
but I only fooled myself.

Why is she creeping up on me?  
I'm trying hard to understand.  
I was headed in the deep, black night,  
my long-lost way in life to change.

I was running far away, from the chaos suffocating,  
tired with all the pressure, tired of mankind.  
200 000 years! What have we become?  
A daily breeder, waiting for their death.

I stood there, lightning in my brain,  
malice, jealousy, and hatred; I need to go away.  
I longed to run, breaking all those chains,  
leaving like a bird, just freed up from its cage.

Wasn't I supposed to be the difference?  
I used to be the one who had to change the world!  
Gifted with all bright lines for our future,  
with a vision more extensive than the Universe itself.

Consumed by fear and with dust in dreaming eyes,  
standing at the crossroads of my life.  
Thinking long, which should be the one to take,  
I made life's most significant mistake.

I started asking people on those crossroads,  
which one was I supposed to take?  
I asked the ones I tried to run away from,  
from which I wanted to stand out.  
Tired of the choice so necessary, I gave up...  
I chose the path of least resistance for my life.

I walked for months; they turned to years, decades,  
seasons coming, going...even the entire climate changed!  
The road was endless; it was always "Groundhog Day,"  
the landscape, frozen as unfinished painting, from an artist long-long gone.

Lost myself in people's noise,  
I listened, followed, build upon their advice.  
Deluded happiness; that was what I was pursuing,  
misled some other shining souls with me.

The happiness was artificial;  
the tears were real but empty as my soul.  
The love illusion to escape it all,  
what was left was me without a compass in an endless sea.

After countless moments, it was clear, I realized,  
the shadow that was chasing me for decades was my own.  
The one I was afraid to face for all my life,  
she was trying just to whisper: "Please don't waste your life away."

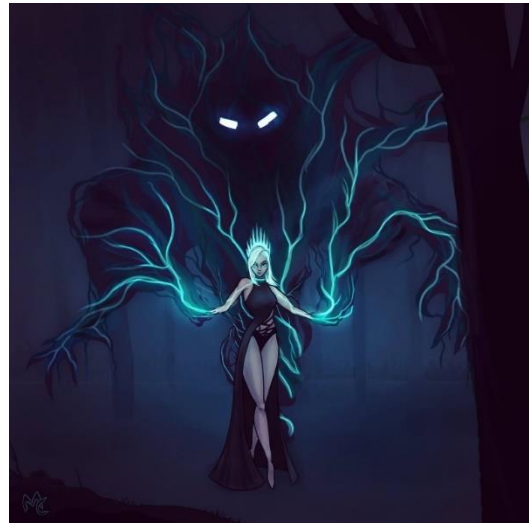
Now, I must decide, do I keep on running on an endless wheel,  
with horizon calm and clean, probably leading to my painful grave.  
Or do I stop and throw the past away,  
All the noise, the people... let them go their way.

I chose a new horizon, the one that isn't clear,  
the one with many turns and twists.  
With tears and joy, with pain along the way,  
pain that's turned to fuel, along the curvy straight.

Direction changed! A new beginning... wisdom in the brain.

The shadow was my fear;  
now I knew it was my friend.  
She was whispering along the way,  
break the mediocre average! You are more than that.

Now is time to be reborn, as Phoenix rising from the ashes.  
I will fly above the clouds and sky.  
I will break the barriers of sound and light.  
Do you see this freedom? Now, we are alive.



[by Alassia](#)

## THE GIRL IN THE TRAIN

Casual and simple outfit,  
white jacket, and a watch.  
Backpack on the shoulder,

and a soul that's shouting spring.

You could feel her gentle heart, as she was talking,  
a girl inspired me to write those random words;  
without her even knowing the inspiration that she was.

I am just a hopeless dreamer, dreaming just my life away,  
I am traveling somewhere, not a single clue for where.  
I felt tired in the morning, and now I'm running far away,  
just another person searching for my soulmate and myself.

Planet lover by desire, buried under my own thought and brain,  
this is why I am on this train in search of freedom, longing to escape.  
Like a bird to fly away...  
Come on, join me. Fly away with me.



by [\\_Alassiaby](#)

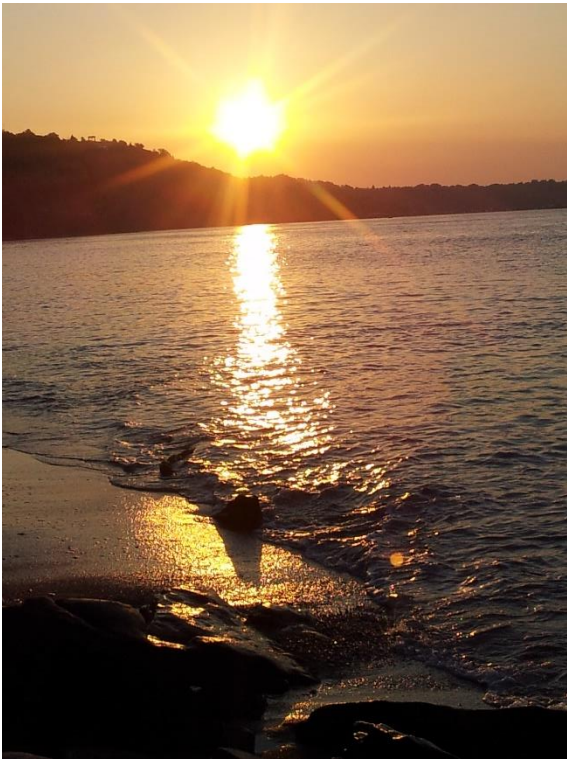


by [\\_Alassia](#)

## LIFE OF A CANDLE

Our life is like a candle's flame,  
in a moment full of light, in a moment fading, gone!  
In a second gave us laughter, in another brought us only tears.  
Candle! Tell me now! How to keep my flame on shining?

In an instant, you are fading, in a moment brought to life,  
I don't know your secrets, joy, and sorrow.  
Can you give me all your knowledge? How do you always proudly shine?  
Candle! Give me strength to shine and to never fade away!



*Photo: Elon Reeves, Varna, Bulgaria*

## THE SOUND OF TRAIN

This moment is gone, choo-choo, choo-choo  
A moment that is gone, unfelt, unlived.  
Station, stop, you look, a glimpse... a moment felt, let unlived.  
A whistle is blowing, wheels are rolling;  
Choo-choo, Choo-choo. Sound of Train



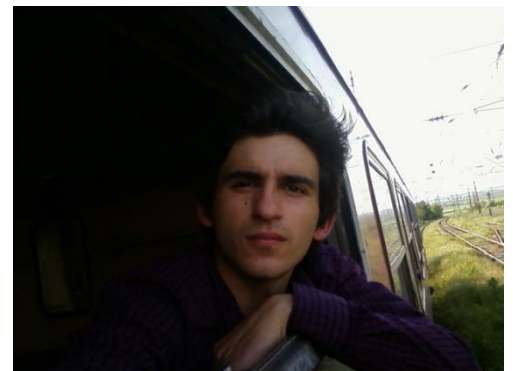
This moment is gone, unseen, unfelt. Station, stop you look you pass,  
a station, stop you look, you liked, you stayed!  
A moment, month, and years passed along the way.  
There is no "Sound of Train."

Time is passing, almost gone. You are lost, and you have lost it all.  
You wish to hear it! Craving for the sound of time.

There is no choo-choo  
Year's pass! There is no "Sound of Train." .....

There it is again! choo-choo, choo-choo,  
You jump inside, and you are alive.  
Choo-choo, you live, you love, you feel,  
a station, stop, you see you love you think.

A station, stop, you see, you love, you feel,  
so many stops along your path.  
You want to live them all along the way  
Choo-choo, Choo-choo. "Sound of Train."  
A station, stop! You die! The End!



*Photo: Elon Reeves, Varna, Bulgaria*

## REBEL HEART

Tell me, mother, why you mourn me?  
I am here! On this Earth, alive!  
Might not be in father's country,  
or the bed you gave me birth.

For wisdom, I have left you, mother,  
to learn and to be able to protect.  
You, my brothers, and my sisters,  
to enhance the family name.

I am full of anger, fear,  
mountain raging in my heart.  
Modern slavery has reached us,  
and a man's through cannot be obeyed.

To slave all day and night to make a dollar,  
not be able to provide the bread.  
I don't have a gun around my waist,  
like the men who fought for freedom till their death!

They have given up their lives for freedom and for peace.  
Mother, a hundred years and more have passed.  
Not a trace of freedom left,  
and peace is nowhere to be seen on the horizon.

Don't be sad, do not shed a tear;  
rebel has my heart become.  
Sing a song for me, my brothers,  
sing with darling, words for me.

Oh, it's easy both, my eyes to close,  
to be back, get married, have a child;  
But all those dreams inside have faded,

in the name of our country and the planet that we live on.

I'll be back when no one is expecting,  
full of wisdom and a heart of steel.  
Drums of revolution, beating in the chest,  
our destination; I can change it, father.

With a pen and paper, let us be as one,  
fists and anger, just if we are ignored.  
If both don't work, we should then remind them.  
Death or Freedom is our slogan.



by [Alassia](#)

## FREEDOM IN CHAINS

Nation down in chains, mothers crying all in vain,  
existing only for the hope, to see their children home.  
Fathers far away, fighting for their family's forgotten name,  
daughters used as servants, slaves, all of them, disgraced.

All of this was happening in the past. Fighting, blood, then freedom came,  
it is all now in the past; let us move along the way.

Forget the tortures. We are free from chains,  
Free? Free on paper, slaves all through the day.

Enslaved this time on our own; are we a subject, only a belonging?

Why do we obey? To politicians, corporations that enslave!

No respect for all the heroes from the past,  
souls of soldiers buried in the ground.

I don't know of any other nation that enslaves itself!

Why we all just ran away? Why are we afraid?

I was on the road as well, forgive me! Now I'm back!

I have breathed from the mountain air; I have seen the bright blue sunny skies.

Let us grab a pen and paper. Let's demand a future, freedom for our clan.

If the pen and paper fail us; if they are burned and thrown away

Don't look down, but stand for freedom and your rights!

Grab a weapon, fire in the eyes, let us take a stand,  
revolution's on its way!



[by Alassia](#)

## WHY EVEN BOTHER?

Easter bombings, shootings in the church!

People raping other people and enslaving on their way!

Armies bombing all along the path,

seven continents, one race put to shame.

Children labored in the name of profit!  
Epidemics, storms, polluted air!  
Earth on fire, flooding's, and a racist "culture."  
Do you like this painting? What have we become?

Animals abused and tortured! They all died in vain!  
Half the plastic in the ocean, and the other in the soil!  
Spirit made of lipstick, cheating, and control.  
Soon the human race will vanish! Gone with deadly trace.



by [Alassia](#)

## LET ME ASK YOU

Let me ask you something, dear reader,  
and be honest with yourself.  
Do you remember every autumn, winter?  
Every summer, every spring?  
  
Every work you've put in hours?

Every anger management? All these times you came home late?

Being cold towards a loved one?

Being angry at your boy or girl?

Tell me now, do you remember your first kiss?

The emotion on your body when you made a memory?

The surprise, the gift from a near and dear one?

And the freedom born from that?

Tell me now if it was worth it?

All the poison in your heart?

Being angry, feeling down!

For the boss who gave you only money, and who took away your time!

Yes! Life is precious! I know it's also challenging as hell.

But don't ignore the most crucial lesson in this life.

The only constant that we're sure of... is that one day life for all of us will end!

For me, for you, your loved one, and for all the rest.

Life is a long and pretty sentence, full of errors along the way;

write some better ones along the way,

In the final chapter, they are the only ones that matter.



[by\\_Alassia](#)

## NEVERLAND - NETHERLAND

Rain, raindrops, a sky of grey;

Don't speak! I know it's summer!

Shut up; it's my tale without grace.

I forgot the color yellow in this land.

I have traveled far from home, into oblivion,

following that empty star, into the north.

Only shades of dark, covered by the clouds,  
is it summer, winter, autumn, or is it spring?

The wind is blowing in the morning,  
rain is joining in the afternoon;  
Stronger winds up in the evening,  
followed by a storm and more rain.

Am I happy? Was it worth the travel?  
Yeah, I know it is an advanced civilization,  
but what's the point? I feel the Sun is colder.  
It is always hiding way above the clouds?

All my well-known nature, gone!  
No sun, no moon, no shining stars.  
Yeah, I like the buildings, but they are no trees,  
Yeah, I love the roads, but they are only leading, far from home.

Electric trains, electric tickets, and electric food,  
electric crosswalks, and electric cars.  
Art into the future, and designs divine,  
but it means nothing for my draining heart.

No mountain peaks, up into the clouds,  
no view, to make you feel alive.

Only roads from work to home.

First shift, second, night shift. Is that all of life?

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring you down,

I'm just giving you my feelings, hope that you will understand.

Even all the fancy buildings and advancements;

won't replace your lovely home!

The clouds are breaking now a little, here it comes, the Sun;

It's a little better, a little warmer for the soul.

Yet, you are not my Neverland,

you are just a big, flat Netherland.



## HOW THIS FINISHED?

Do you remember the story about the girl at that bar?

The dance I stole that night, and her smile.

The girl I walked to her door in the dark;

How did the story finish? Let me lead you through the way.

She opened up the door, I followed,

turned her next upon the wall, look deeper in the eyes.

Kiss, another, and some more; felt her body as she felt mine,  
a minute, followed by another... give us time.

Boy, you make my body shiver, let me light a cigarette,

A glass of wine, a smoke; her eyes were shining with the stars.

Black cat, nine lives, and here we go again,

my bedroom's this way, let me lead the way.

Like the sun was shining on the moon through eclipse,

our bodies crossed their paths.

The world was just a background shadow,

of the passion and the life we had in us.

When this moment's over, and the youth just runs away,

I will look upon the moonlight, darling, remembering your face.

This life would have been a glass half empty;

without the moments that we shared.

Thank you for the memories, my darling,

and the emotions that we shared.

Desires, running, through our veins,

of emotions, evergreen.

### III. RHYTHM OF MUSIC

#### MIDNIGHT DANCE

I passed your way, I saw you; did not say a word,  
why I did not listen to the feeling that I got?  
I know I saw your face some time ago,  
now, I see you in that pub again.

Dancing, singing in the bar that night,  
your laugh was like an angel's drops from heaven.  
Your body moved like it was made from out of space,  
I felt you passing like a summer breeze.

It was deep mid-winter night,  
but then your rhythm shouted spring.  
The clock was ticking close to midnight,  
I knew I had to steal that dance with you!

Two shots on the table went to the bar for one more,  
Going through the crowd, my heartbeat doesn't lie.  
Tick-Tock bang-bang clock is showing midnight,  
told you hey, I took your hand, whispered in your ear;  
This rhythm's ours. Let me lead the way.

Feel the music feel the blues, my body coming closer,  
gentle touch, and now spinning on the dance floor.  
The room is getting hotter, eyes are crossing in the dark,  
Your emotions, girl, I feel them on my body!

Dance, another, then some more,  
time and bodies, racing in the night.  
Let's take a break; outside in the cold,  
let me grab your jacket; I would like to keep you warm.

You smiled, you laugh, and light a cigarette.  
The streets are sleepy. It is only you and me.  
The town is dark and scary. Lights are dimming in the way.  
Let me walk you to your place.

Two shots on the table went to the bar for one more,  
Going through the crowd, my heartbeat doesn't lie.  
Tick-Tock bang-bang clock is showing midnight,  
told you hey, I took your hand, whispered in your ear;  
This rhythm's ours. Let me lead the way.

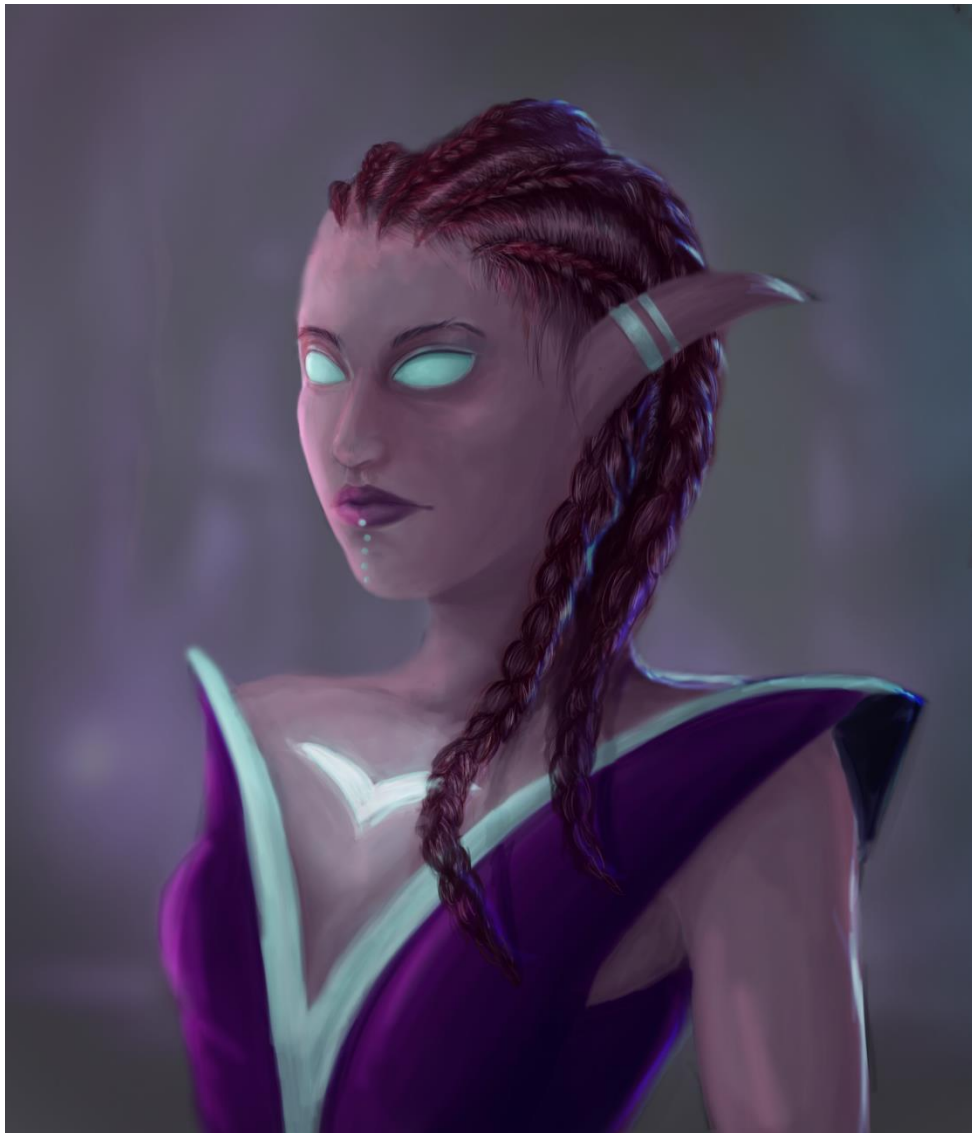
Outside your home, I lean to say goodnight,  
I hugged you, felt your warmth, and felt your smile.  
Touched your face, I looked you in the eyes,  
your lips are dancing, now with mine.

Summer kiss in February!  
Girl, you make me feel divine.  
Never thought what a kiss could be,  
I guess this is always happening to me.

Two shots on the table went to the bar for one more,  
Going through the crowd, my heartbeat doesn't lie.  
Tick-Tock bang-bang clock is showing midnight,  
told you hey, I took your hand, whispered in your ear;  
This rhythm's ours. Let me lead the way.

Kiss, another, then some more;  
our bodies are now in control.  
Your arms around me, can I read your mind;  
Your eyes of green are whispering your thoughts.

How's this gonna finish? Let me lead the way!



[by Alassia](#)

## IN SPITE OF ALL

I know your middle name is Danger,  
I know you burn the women's souls.  
You make my body shiver darling,  
my desires are turned on by you.

I knew I jumped in devils cave,  
I saw the cliff before the fall.  
The fall was painful, yet so graceful,  
I didn't notice till I felt the ground.

In spite of all I knew you'd do me,  
In spite of all, I knew for you.  
I opened up, my wings of an angel,  
I flew beside you till the sun was down.

Opened up my soul, my heart, my body,  
gave you as a present all of me.  
All you did was gave me hope,  
hope for darkness, masked with fading light.

Believed in you, bleed inside for you,  
crazy feelings in my mind.  
Wondering in darkness why you gave me?  
A heart is aching. Thought you were the one.

In spite of all I knew you'd do me,  
In spite of all, I knew for you.  
I opened up, my wings of an angel,  
I flew beside you till the sun was down.

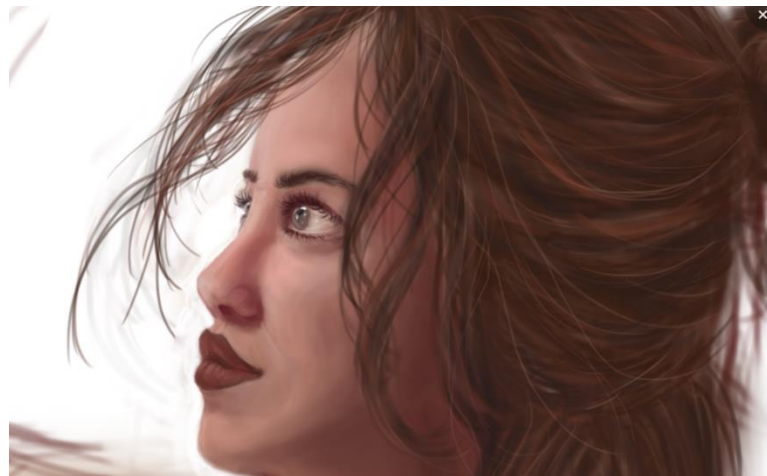
Now I'm flying solo, free again,  
on my own under the sunlight.  
Darkness slowly fading from my heart,  
the light is shining in my soul.

Is it me that's always searching?  
Hope for love, to soothe my aching heart.  
Is it me that's always hearted?  
How long can I keep on stitching all the scars?

In spite of all I knew you'd do me,  
In spite of all, I knew for you.  
I opened up, my wings of an angel,  
I flew beside you till the sun was down.

Still, haven't found the answer,  
never mind, the world is big.  
I'm full of life and love inside me,  
I will spread it live it; that's my gift.

Until love, this time will find me,  
not the other way around.  
Spring is blooming all around me,  
here I fly again, over the horizon deep.



[by Alassia](#)

## BREAKING THE TIE

Deep sky, dark blue, look into the moonlight,  
the spirit's high; we have no control now.  
Rain is about to fall to this deserted land,  
but it ain't gonna put down the fire in our hearts.

Pack the bags, grab guitars, let's fuel the cars,  
on the road again, there ain't no home for us.  
No city lights, no fake advice,  
just cheap motels under the dark skies.

Speed limits, we exceed them,  
Highway signs, we don't see them.  
Speed limits, we exceed them,  
Highway signs, we don't see them.

What happened? Still in shock!  
Yesterday I'd suit up, being mindless and a slave.  
Now, I am wearing freedom and no tie;  
All the numbers are no longer in my mind.

My girl, she saved me from myself,  
I guess there was more than just another midnight booty, babe.  
The first day that I met her, I knew she was a loaded gun,  
the gun now fired, but luckily, I was on the other side.

Speed limits, we exceed them,  
Highway signs, we don't see them.  
Speed limits, we exceed them,  
Highway signs, we don't see them.



by [Alassia](#)

## COME WITH ME

The moon is shining up into the darkness.

My brain is filled with love and explorations.

Come get it, Come get it;

Are your gonna scream my name?

The midnight train is passing right through me,

sound of speed, engine is burning.

Come through me, Come through me;

Everybody screams my name!

Living in freedom, roaring with the speed of sound,

no gravity will hold me down,

Dreaming desires, my heart on a collision course,

just floating through space, with my soul in the brain.

I hear their voices up into the forest,

sound of wolves, heartbeats on fire.

Come feel it, Come feel it;

Will you be afraid tonight?

Run of horses into the distance,

freedom, power fences was jumped.

Come jump now, Come jump now;

The wind will blow us away!



Living in freedom, roaring with the speed of sound,  
no gravity will hold me down,  
Dreaming desires, my heart on a collision course,  
just floating through space, with my soul in the brain.

I'm spinning like I'm out of this world,  
I'm like a tank, ready to burst.  
Come fire, Come fire;  
Can you feel the heat?

I'm flying now up in the clouds,  
hear the thunder, feel the rain.  
Come high now, Come high now;  
Lucy is here, in search of a diamond.

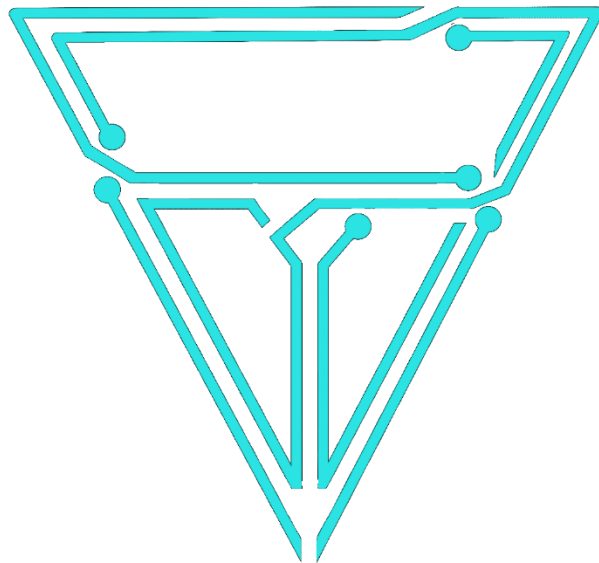
Living in freedom, roaring with the speed of sound,  
no gravity will hold me down.  
Dreaming desires, my heart on a collision course,  
just floating through space, with my soul in the brain.

I'm leaving the planet, I'm a telescope,  
a Falcon, a dragon, I'm flying through the stars.  
Come on a spacewalk, Come on a spacewalk;  
No gravity will find us; we are faster than light.

I am a cosmic ship, passing through Mars,  
the Milky way is getting small, Andromeda I'm coming now.  
Come on a journey, Come on a journey;  
When the soul is so high, the Universe is getting small.

Living in freedom, roaring with the speed of sound,  
no gravity will hold me down,  
Dreaming desires, my heart on a collision course,  
just floating through space, with my soul in the brain.

Sing, yeah, yeah, I'm on a collision course,  
when the soul is so high, the Universe is getting small...



[by Alassia](#)

## RITMO LA VIVA

Come on, baby walk it with me,  
do the Macarena with me.  
What is holding you back?  
Don't be shy tonight.

(Señorita que te esta deteniendo?  
no seas tímido esta noche!)

Do you feel the champagne in your veins?  
Let me share some of your tastes.  
Is it sweet, or is it bitter?  
Whatever the taste, I'll take it!

(¿Es dulce o es amargo?  
Cualquiera que sea el sabor. Lo tomaré)

EN  
Don't mind the people, let them stare in the soul,  
let's do the Rumba, dancing all night long.  
Spinning in the rhythms of Cabana... el la grande!  
I'll give you a reason to visit the Sierra Maestra.

ES  
No te preocupes por la gente, deja que miren en el alma  
hagamos la rumba, bailando toda la noche.  
Girando al ritmo de Cubana ... el la grande,  
Te daré una razón para visitar la Sierra Maestra.

Do you see the moonlight? It is here to put you in the spotlight?  
Letting you be the center on a dancefloor.  
Spinning, spinning, no walls to hold you back,  
your body moving throughout space!

Look at your body, girl, moving in the rhythm of Mandinga;  
you were born to dance under the sound, living in your heart.  
Midnight is now a distant past;  
don't you love it when the time is not measured with a clock?

(La medianoche es ahora un pasado lejano  
¿No te encanta cuando el tiempo no se mide con un reloj?)

EN

Don't mind the people, let them stare in the soul,  
let's do the Rumba, dancing all night long.  
Spinning in the rhythms of Cubana... el la grande!  
I'll give you a reason to visit the Sierra Maestra.

ES

No te preocupes por la gente, deja que miren en el alma  
hagamos la rumba, bailando toda la noche.  
Girando al ritmo de Cubana ... el la grande,  
Te daré una razón para visitar la Sierra Maestra.

The history of Havana; represented in your moves;  
let me mix it with the Puerto and the Rico that's in me.  
Forget about tomorrow. The vibes are living it tonight,  
ai Havana, ai ai ai, Columbiana!

No second chance to be living in this moment.

In the morning, won't regret a thing.

Our sound is sunshine in the tropics,  
our rhythm brings life even into the Sahara.

(Nuestro sonido es sol en los trópicos,  
nuestro ritmo trae vida incluso al Sahara)

EN

Don't mind the people, let them stare in the soul,  
let's do the Rumba, dancing all night long.

Spinning in the rhythms of Cubana... el la grande!  
I'll give you a reason to visit the Sierra Maestra.

ES

No te preocupes por la gente, deja que miren en el alma  
hagamos la rumba, bailando toda la noche.

Girando al ritmo de Cubana ... el la grande,  
Te daré una razón para visitar la Sierra Maestra.

CREDITS



&

Monika Stoyanova a.k.a. [Alassia](#) for providing all of the original designed drawings.

You can learn more about Alassia on

Instagram at: [alassia](#)

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ABOUT THE BOOK:

The poems about Love and Life were written through 10 years of experiences in life. Every poem represents an experience. Our journey is always telling us something. It is up to us to put it in words and really find meaning for ourselves. The short book is a lite read of the different emotions we can experience and that there is always another person, even in the solo journeys. "A day in the life" is a poetry book like no other.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Stoyan Stoyanov, a.k.a. Elon Reeves, is the traveler in life who put together feelings in lessons in a short and new wave sound. He is the owner of MySkyPet, a place designed for pet lovers and expressing your style.

Born in 1991 in Bulgaria, he is a Vegetarian since 2008, with a dream to help ease the lives of stray animals in his home county. Being able to support animal shelters in the future is a dream in progress.



MySkyPet



AlassiaArts

"For some, the most important thing is health, for another family, for other love... This is pretty much like the argument of the lighting bowl, the radio, and the iPhone arguing, which is most important one... then Electricity showed them the middle finger.

Just like Electricity is necessary for all of the above, so is Freedom for me. Can you imagine not being free and give a shit about love, health, and so on...

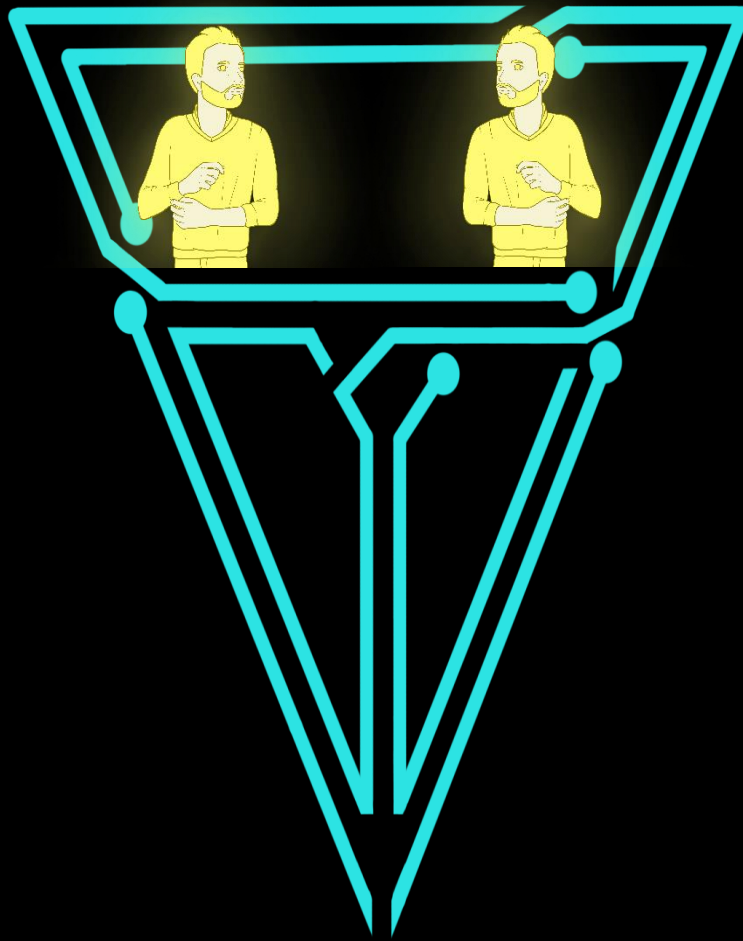
If you are Free... Explore your Freedom! It is not a luxury everybody has."





# ELON REEVES

“ONE JOURNEY, ONE DECISION, MULTIPLE  
CHANGES”



REINVENT YOURSELF AND MAKE IT EXCEPTIONAL



*still i rise.*

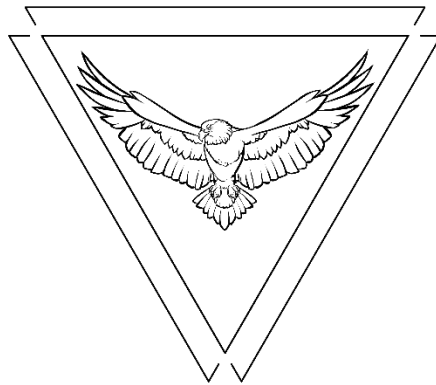


*“One journey, One decision, Multiple changes”*

*by*

*Stoyan Stoyanov a.k.a Elon Reeves*

***still i rise***®



*You can never be reborn in this life  
and start over,  
but you can always reinvent yourself  
and make it exceptional.*

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*2018*

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\*\*\* ~ \*\*\* *Life is one long sentence* \*\*\* ~ \*\*\*

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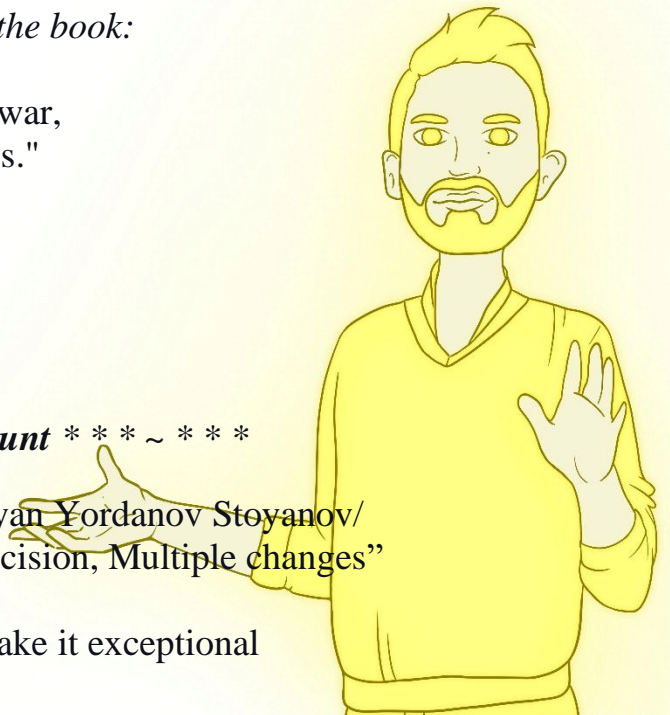
"In case of war,  
break glass."



\*\*\* ~ \*\*\* *Make it count* \*\*\* ~ \*\*\*

Author book: Elon Reeves /Stoyan Yordanov Stoyanov/  
Book title: "One journey, One decision, Multiple changes"

-  
Reinvent yourself and make it exceptional



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The book will contain art creations of Monika Stoyanova, a.k.a. Alassia

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[by Alassia](#)

I have read several books about the success, failures, and the beginning of companies that are etalon of success at our time. We all have read them! In one aspect of our life or another, they have helped us get motivated, make important decisions, or any other aspect you can think of. However, we all missed the books we read are about the success of the 0.00001% of the 1%. Those are the

successful and wealthy people on this planet. We all set our goals according to their present and not their past. We get discouraged and then back at square one.

I was trapped in this circle of their success, and it led to my failure.

I am not the 1%, I might never become successful by the level they are, but one six-month trip changed my point of view, and ever since I have started a few changes in my life, I have never been more open-minded ever before.

I don't speak and write the English language as a native person would, but I wrote this short trip book anyway. I decided not to correct all my grammar and punctuation with the help of an expert. I feel it is purer and more authentic with all the flaws, just as life throws at us. It is not about the 1%; it is about us, the 99%, and how easy it is to make our own success even if we fail.

I just want to thank all my closest friends who have been here for me through my one-decade of constant falling and bad decisions in my life. They would know who they are.

I'm going to share the journey that changed a lot about me.

I hope that you will find at least one thing that wouldn't make you regret reading it. For the first time, thank you for having the book and taking the time to read it.

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## **Part I**

It has been long genetically coded in my brain to write a book based on events that happened in life. Situations and small daily changes happened so fast around us and inside us that sometimes we take years to understand what happened and how I got here in life? For me to get a better understanding of what the hell is happening with my life. To thoroughly glance into the future and truly understand what I have done wrong or, on the opposite pole, I have done right.

In the back of my mind, and I have no doubt about it, some people will find this ridiculous. How can one not realize what had just happened? Whether we like it, accepting it, or entirely disregarding it, the fact is that many of us, myself included, had this stroking moment when we just disconnect from everything, take a breath, glance into the deep blue skies, and it just hits us.:" I'm not happy with the life I am living on this planet. What have I done wrong? Why do I keep on waking up and living on replay every day of my life? Life has to be more than just survival!"

It was those moments when I realized and finally understood the meaning of what Steve Jobs has famously said: "Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma, which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition."

I have always been keen on people like him, Elon Musk, Bill Gates, and above all, my personal guru whom I've never had the honor to meet, Sir Richard Branson. But I will get into why I mentioned this later in the book.

As I just have said, those were the moments that would have raised so many questions in me, and I couldn't give myself an answer to neither one.

I know I'm not as experienced as most people who write books and how they get the chance to share their adventures, life lessons, and other experiences. In fact, I am nowhere near, but I really hope that some readers will find this, let's call it an article, because a book will be just disrespectful to the community. To see it if not helpful, the least to have one of those moments when they really stop and say to themselves. I'm I living the life I want to?

I was 25, just two months to 26. The company I worked for gathered us all one day in the meeting room and told us that the manager (she was working from an office based in Ireland) had some news. We gathered all in a small place, and someone set up some TV, speakers, etc., and some people from HR tried to connect via phone, skype, or some other method. I don't remember now what telecommunication method they tried, but it definitely did not work.

All my colleagues and I heard just the high noise coming out of the speakers as our manager was trying to tell us something. It was one of those awkward moments when you experience a new situation in high school when the director speaks, but you don't understand a dang thing and try not to make a sound or laugh with your peers. The 20-minute torture was over when finally, someone from HR said: "I'm sorry, but no one in the room can hear or understand you. We are going to tell the team the news and make sure we explain it to them."

We really did not understand what was going on, except for the senior management. It was unusual too, I have to say. After a few brief moments of silence, the people who knew what the meeting was all about told us.

"Don't take this as negative or scary news, but the company shuts down around 80% of the workforce in our office. We will talk with you about your current positions and sent you to a different field at another of our companies."

If one was not to find a place for himself that he enjoys, well, he was about to be on the market for a job hunt.

-We want to make this as quickly as possible, they told us.

We are starting today and have to decide within the next 2-3 days.

After that period, they would have ended our contracts.

I can't stress out the emotions that were going in my body and soul. First, I was beyond angry that neither the company's manager nor the group's founder dared to give us the news face-to-face. A time or a chance to know what was happening. What was the reason? They didn't give us time to process the news! Now we will not have our jobs? This is one case of poor leadership I believe is purely driven by profit and not for prosperity.

A few times, life has slapped me in the face and reminded me to stop and look at the facts, but I never did. However, this time, it was that line that crushed my spirit, soul, and universal molecules in my body.

I called my closest friends on the same day to share what had happened during this specific day. Two of them told me it would be ok and I will find a solution, but my financial status at the time was far from stable. I calculated that I have up to three weeks to find a job if I wanted to pay my rent, bills and to have the pleasure of putting food in my mouth next month.

It wasn't until one year later to I understand that this was my biggest mistake. A mistake I have repeated for 10 years. But this one is for later.

There was also another thing I got a bit wrong. Someone told me about a phenomenon ready to boom. If I were to loan some money from the bank, let's say \$10000 before they ended our contract, which I could have thanks to our company's contract with the bank. If I were to buy 110 Ethereum crypto at \$90 per unit, I could have sold them for \$143000 just 3 months later. But that was only to be my most minor mistake. The biggest was the fear of insecurity, the anxiety of society, and the pressure that it puts on you. I was to realize that the lesson a bit later in my journey.

Let's go back to me calling, my friends. There was actually one person who was very happy for me when I share the news of me becoming jobless. She was the person I have spent most of my time with for the past 6-7 months. The full of life and beautiful girl, both physically and mentally. I will need an entire chapter if I have to tell you of the soul inside her body. It was a little from the universe's best, combining billions of molecules in one body. And as much I want to start telling you more about her, I would have to do so a bit later in the book.

I mentioned earlier that I still wasn't enlightenment by the lessons I was about to learn.

As mentioned, she really was thrilled that I was about to be facing the choice of searching for a new job, a better one. To be fair, the countless times I told her how underplayed my job was and how many people at work were always under constant pressure, It wasn't the perfect place to thrive in, and I wasn't actually that surprised by her reaction when you think about it.

To be honest, I did not understand how I should react to the matter. The news was a double punch for me. First and more important, I had just stopped seeing someone, at least in the more intimate way we used to. Now I would be jobless! I felt like all those years ago, but combined... lost, confused, and useless to myself in two weeks. On top, my very near and dear friend was happy that I was jobless, and you know what, she was right. I was so angry at the events that happened, and that was my weakness back then.

I saw no opportunity, and I had to go to one of the sister companies. I decided and went to another position, and I don't have to tell you, I hated it! I was sitting on a desk, completing VAT documents eight hours a day, and it was killing me. Only in two weeks; I was on the edge of losing my insanity. Sure, all the people can relate to this hero. No partner in your life, a job that is making you hate yourself, and absolutely no hope for the future, not to mention the \$400 paycheck for a month's work. I spent so much time thinking of reasons I hated the job, and I really did; even now, when I get back to it, I remember the bitter taste. My problem wasn't a single one!

First, I focused all my attention on why the job was making me unhappy, and second, I wasn't focused enough on anything. I didn't even try to look for a solution. I gave up. I gave in to the standard social norm and the "right" thing to do. Every other day, for a brief period, I could escape from everything. Besides riding my bike that freed my mind, there is one other thing that has been helping me for the past, how long has it been now... 15 years. It was Sunday's Formula 1 Grand Prix. I am watching Formula 1 with my cousin since 2005. We never talked about personal and emotional things. We do, however, talk about opportunities to make money and business opportunities. We both have a lack of it, after all.

That day we talked about the job problem, the money. He was in the Czech Republic for about 3 years and was now back in Bulgaria permanently.

He told me

- If you want to make a bit more money, I can make a call. Just say the word, and I'm going to make a call, and you can go next week to the Czech Republic.

-Honestly, I didn't take him seriously, and I said

– Sure, make the call.

The money was three times the money I was getting here. I didn't need a degree at all. Why not?

We were watching Formula 1, and I thought we were joking about me going to another country.

I got a call within the next couple of days from my cousin.

- My friend is here. We can go talk about the job; he is on vacation for one week.

So we did. The guy told me more about the job, conditions, salary, etc. I was barely listening because I knew it wasn't happening.

The following Monday, my cousin called me and told me:

– You're going to the Czech Republic! Can you go this Friday and start your training on Monday?

My heart started racing like an engine about to go full power a couple of seconds after the lights have gone green.

I was at work when the phone call got me completely unprepared and in denial. We talked for about 10 minutes with my cousin. It was all it took! It is decided. I was going! After I hanged up the phone, there was that slight pin feeling in my heart. You know the feeling; When you know, something is the right choice and at the same time the wrong one. There was a spiritual need for me to talk to a specific girl. It has always been so intriguing to me how a person's life-changing decision depends on someone else. (Spoiler alert: It isn't! It really isn't.) Mistakes have to be made individually for different scenarios so we could learn this our own way. This is the one thing where you could hear this from all the successful people and leaders, and yet the one thing you will ignore hearing until you travel to your journey and learn it. I wasn't a teenager anymore; I could make my own decisions, or at least I thought I was. It is incredible what I learned in the following months about myself, but not today.



It didn't take too long to call the person I wanted to for advice; it was physically impossible to take long. We went out with the girl I mentioned. On a warm September evening, the moon reflecting from the sun, warm breeze grooming our faces.

I shared my idea to leave the country and work in a storage facility in the Czech Republic.

-It would make me very unhappy - I said.

-But the money is not bad, plus I have nothing left here. It's not something I want to do, but I have to do it. I need to escape from everything. I believe I failed here, so this is the obvious choice for me.

I was making a case for myself, defense for no actual or, to put it in a better word, real guilt. After I said this to her, she replied.

- This is not for you, you will be miserable, and you know this before you even go. There is always a choice.

I don't remember exactly the conversation from that point over. I remember that we found a reason for me to stay here, but she wasn't one of those reasons. It was at this moment when I knew that I was leaving in a couple of days. The next day it wasn't hard for me to tell the manager about my plans. Until this day, I am still grateful that she(the manager) understood me, but I felt her disappointment. She spent time and effort on me, I was doing well, and it was noticed. I also loved how she was leading, she really was, but a lot of the other people, the environment, the type of job, and the fact that we were stuffed in like in a small terrarium in a zoo from another universe was killing every molecule in my body. After I quit my job, I knew for sure. This was getting real.

The next couple of days, I told the news to my other two best friends, and both of them were happy that I was going abroad to make some money. (It really is funny when you think about it. We willingly can send ourselves to a foreign land and leave everything we build just so we can make an extra dollar.)

- I learned something from that.

- (An employer can only give you money and take away pieces of your time in this universe, nothing more. He is incapable of doing the opposite, and 90% wouldn't, even if possible. Remember this... an employer doesn't value you if he gives you more money or a raise. The only promotion that really matters and the only one we should seek is time. The appreciation and value of time is the only raise that can benefit us in this world. Half a workday Friday has irreplaceable value. 2x overtime rate doesn't give us anything. It only takes away the limited hours we have left to enjoy and explore this world.

Everything was moving so fast and time was against me. So many things to be done. To give legal approval to one of my friends to act on my behalf in front of all institutions. In case it was needed during my absence. I had to choose just a few things to get with me, free the rented "cave" I was living in and many more chores like those. My mind was so occupied that I even forgot why I was doing this at all.

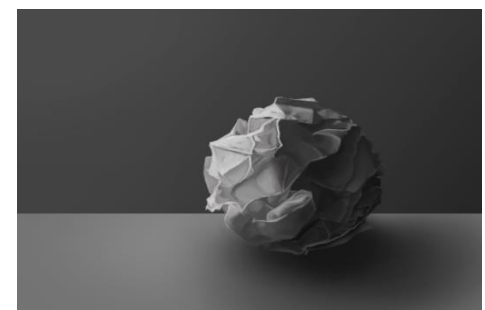
Luckily for me, my sister moved to the city I was living in (Varna, Bulgaria), and she took the "bat cave" I was about to leave, and there was no need for me to move any of the bigger furniture. After two days of the hassle of going back and forward and after I borrowed 1000 Bulgarian lev, equivalent to 600 US dollars, it left me with two days until my departure. I don't remember now all the things I have done in that period of preparation. It is like I have amnesia for that specific time in my life. And it was just one year ago. The two things I still remember as it was yesterday were when I had to buy a ticket with one of my best friends, who are all girls if I didn't mention this earlier.

I was with one of my friends and was about to buy myself a bus ticket for a long 28 hours long trip. At that moment, I knew for 100% that I would be heartbroken about doing this, and regret built up in me. It was pouring down on me, but it was too late. The moment I gave the money and received the ticket in return, my body shivered, not in a good way. My heart started racing. I instantly felt like I had run out of energy. It was like one of those days when you just feel empty regardless of what you do, accomplish or experience. I failed to realize that I wasn't just walking out of my comfort zone, although comfort was light-years away by what the definition meant. I was running out of it before I even begin to crawl. It was that drastic change that I wasn't able to handle back then. And how could I have? I didn't yet understand the concept of a growth mindset and working with myself to understand the power behind it.

The second memory I remember, and what never will be erased from my mind, was the dinner I had with the girl I have spent the most time with in the last seven months. I can't wait to come to the chapter in the book to write more about the soul and spirit she has. I hope it will inspire me and really write something and won't disappoint you. We went out late in the evening. It wasn't cold; it wasn't warm either. We went to a really great place. It was something between an Irish interior with a note of 60' and 70s spirit. We ordered a bottle of wine and something to go with it. We had one of those moments of connection with our souls and minds. She has the power and positivity to see the best of a situation and always brightens you up, and it was in her nature. During one of our conversations, my eyes were dropping tears, but it was that emotion of the conversation that just filled up your soul. She had some raindrops building up in her eyes as well.

After this perfect dinner, I walked her to her door. I won't share every detail or word, but the following is more than enough. The hug that followed was probably the charge that helped me for the next chapter in my life that was facing me. It was the warmest piece of heaven at that moment. We say goodbye as the clock was about to hit midnight, and I walked alone in the now dark and windy night.

One day before my bus, I wanted to relax. If anything can calm my soul down, make me relaxed, accomplished, and charged is riding my bike and listening to The Beatles. I was doing this for the longest I could, and as it began to happen on some previous occasions, it didn't do the trick this time. My bus was leaving very early in the morning, and I spent the night with a friend and her boyfriend back then. The following day, we got up early, got my luggage, and drove to the bus station. I said my goodbyes and got in. It wasn't long before the engine started, gear shifted, and I was on my way.



by \_Alassia

## Part II

It was a long energy-draining trip. I hurt myself by constantly reminding myself of the mistake I was already making. The fact that this wasn't my first journey abroad didn't even make me feel excited. At first, when I got onto the bus, I had no chance to see the people that were on it. A few hours into the ride, however, I took a good look at the surroundings. They shocked me! Most of them looked like people who just went out of prison or were about to go there. And the others were the ones that had no personal hygiene or manners of any kind. Like I needed more proof of my decision. I did not understand what to expect when I got to the final destination, and now furthermore, with my bus companions, I was far from even getting myself fake excited. Most of the time, I was napping or imagining myself anywhere but here!

We passed through several borders along the way. Serbian, Hungarian, Austria, and finally, we got to the Czech Republic. The bus stopped at Brno, one of the big cities in the country. My first impression was not a good one. There were a large number of questionable people in the station; the city was dark and grey. It was disappointing, I have to say. As I mentioned, I didn't expect the bus stop to be fielded with many suspicious people that, by the looks of it, we're waiting for someone to drop something from their bag or purse or willing to take it away from you. It was a hassle to find the second nearby bus station that would lead me to another bus to take me to the final destination where I was about to spend the next 6 months. I had exchanged all my money back at home to the local currency. I had about 2200 Czech crowns, and that was about \$100. That was all the money I had in my life. 100\$ after working for more than 10 years! And that money wasn't even mine. I borrowed them from friends, and I even had another \$600 on top of the \$100 that I had to give back. I paid 98 CZK for my ticket, and I was on my way. The ride took about one hour, and when I arrived and stepped out of the bus, I finally realized. I wasn't home anymore. This shit is for real!

My cousin's friend was waiting for me with his girlfriend, and we went to a local city bus, and off we went to the place I was about to call my home. Although the home is where the hearth is so... in this case, he was about to take me to the house I was to spend the next months to come. It was located almost outside the city but close to the storage facility, I would soon be working on. We stepped outside of one of the last bus stops, and the house was right in front of us. It was far, but it was the most peaceful and beautiful neighborhood I had ever seen. For the moment of this writing, this is still the case. (Edit notes on August 2, 2021. This is no longer the case.) It was like those dream places but much smaller, with an old European note. It was perfect. That was my highlight in the past 2 days.



**(Pictures:** Holic, Olomouc)

We went inside the house. It was a new but empty space with six rooms that looked alike and a big kitchen we all had to share. The first floor was for the landlord, and the second was for some workers in the storage facility. We were 8, 9, 10 people... always someone comes and goes. The number changed now and then. Some people from Bulgaria met me,

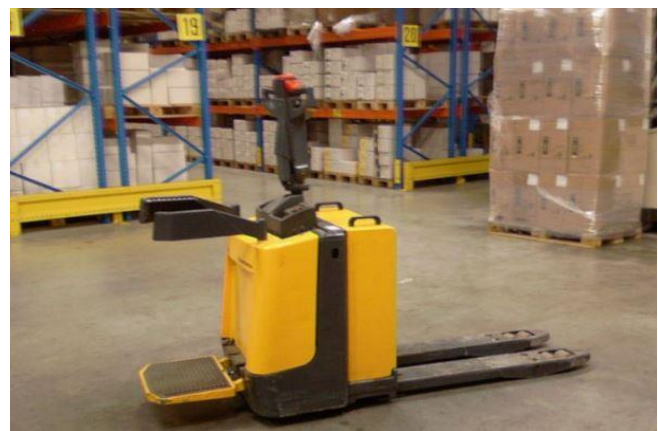
there was also a girl from the country, her boyfriend from Romania who spoke Bulgarian and was living there for a while. Another Czech person and so on, month, after month, after month. It was a diversity of nations. They all treat me well; a big reason for that was my cousin. He lived and worked here for three years and knew most of the people. He was a legend, actually. He was the fastest worker of hundreds.

The day I arrived was a cleaning day. Something was later to get out of control, and they would be big fights about this. We talked a little; they immediately told me about some rules and so on. It sounded like a prison, and it was at times. I arrived late in the evening, and everyone was about to go to work as 75% of the working time was giving night shifts. (and they were not overpaid.) I was soon alone and already unpacked and calling my friends, anything any average person would do. I sent some pictures of the rooms, of the view outside, and you get the idea. They said it looked pretty, friendly, and were happy for me, etc. That made me sad!

I was getting hungry, and I went outside to explore the area. I went to a local supermarket that was 5 minutes from the storage and 15-20 minutes walking from the house. It was a mini-mall, actually. During my walk to the small mall that was a couple of meters outside the city border, I wasn't anxious, frustrated, or sad, for that matter, for the first time.

Walking alone made me feel excited, seeing the old architecture houses. It was as if I was in a postcard and could walk in it. When I was inside the mall, the excitement ceased to rush true my vines. I was standing in a mall with shops no different from any other in every other country in the world. The most exciting part for the rest of the day was to convert local currency into Bulgarian levs on my phone to know what the price of a specific product is.

The following day I went to sign my contract and to see what the warehouse looked like. I was accompanied by the same person who waited for me at the bus stop when I first got here. Again, just like on the bus a couple of days ago, it shocked me!. Some people who were on the bus were here to start work, just like me. The feeling I was failing in life had rushed in me faster than a Formula 1 car on Monza. The boss came in; we shook hands. He spoke English, but still, it was difficult to have proper communication, not that there was any to follow. They gave me to watch a short video along with other people and fill a test on a language I didn't understand. They gave me the correct answers, and I went on a tour around the place. It was enormous inside. No way could you have done this job on afoot. These incredible machines called "Vozik" that everyone had to use to get any job done were our best friends at work.



People were putting a pallet on them and were driving from gate to gate and putting many foods and goods on it. It appeared they had a headset with a microphone, and they attached it to a small pocket device which they have told me speaks to them where to go. It was fascinating to me! I've never seen how this system works, and it was the only thing I was excited about. The pallets people were building had all kinds of things, and some ones were huge. Do the rapping folio wrong, ignore to put some, and the whole thing is going down with many upon many broken items. Something I was about to learn later in the process and to experience myself.

There was a diversity of people. Women were no less than men. They were people from Bulgaria, Romania, Moldova, Mongolia, Czech, and so on.

On my way out, someone told me I have to buy special boots if I were to be allowed to do the job and a written medical authentication that I can do the type of work. The same day I gave 80 percent of my remaining money to buy boots. I bought the cheapest I could get. As for the medical document, I had to wait 10 days before going to be examined and start my work.

Those days of freedom they gave me were against my will and budget, but they became the foundations of lessons I soon learned and fell. I had experienced in the past the situation of living at minimal costs. When I was a student, there were some years when I had to live (mainly during the winter) with just around \$200 per month. This should include my rent, utility bills, phone bills, internet bills, and food for the month. I was the king of it. Not that this is something one should be proud of, but it had me gain the discipline of the mind, and I was able to master this through the years. Now it was like an old habit. I didn't even see the problem of me being with almost no money. The prices here were the same as in my country and a little lower, to be honest. That's a little strange considering the minimum wage in Bulgaria was 240 euros/month and 550 euros/month in the Czech Republic.

I looked at the town's location and areas on Google maps, and I was on my way. Every day for the next ten days, I was exploring every corner of the city. One day, I noticed something really interesting. During my walks and while visiting new places every day, I was feeling weightless. It was as all my sorrow was locked in a box and put far away in my deep consciousness. They were some moments when the box popped up and unlocked itself, but I put it back in its place. When I got back to the house after each walk and a few minutes into reality, my body became stressed. Sadness and darkness were rising through my bloodstream.

I asked myself every time... Where the hell I ended up, and how I got here? I began to crave for the beginning of each new day. I wanted to be out, exploring the city. To be alone, to feel the winds on my body. I knew I had to go through the hassle of not waking up my roommates, but I knew there was a reward waiting for me outside the following day. I was enjoying the time outside. First because of all the new experience I gained every day but most of all, because I wasn't in vain while I was doing this. I was still angry at myself because I left my country in the name of money, but now I saw a glimpse of light. I did not know it was possible, but I could adopt the habit of my brain receiving rewards every time I went out, and I craved for it. It was like an addiction. I haven't had a time of my own for such a long time. I started to think and analyze the things from my past. One more thing, I finally understood the following:

"You can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something: your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever."— Steve Jobs.

I had the time to stop and think for the first time in my life. It was a new skill I had just learned, and it was a powerful one. I spend a lot of my free time in the past learning about life lessons, but now years later, I finally didn't have to go to work or rush to the university. For the first time, I could really take the time and think about existential matters and apply them. In the following days, something even more extraordinary happened. Instead of just analyzing my past, I could feel it. This was something that showed me how I was passing true life without feeling my experiences. I went home and cried after one of those days. It was so powerful!

I knew I was on the way to completely change the way I see and act on events in my life. For the first time, I clearly saw the mistakes I have made during my life, and I couldn't believe it. I was in a rat race without even knowing it. I worked 12 hours shifts, and with my spare time, I was trying to win "the girl." Every now and then, their names changed, but my habits and approach didn't. Every time I thought this time, it would be worth all my time and effort. As always,

something went south (not in any wrong and disrespectful way, of course) then left with nothing, just with a new beginning.

But I had to constantly try! After all: "Stay hungry, stay foolish!" you know!

I finally interpreted this one for me. I never did anything to improve myself, but I always started the same thing repeatedly. I was decided that from this day, I won't be hungry; I won't stay foolish. But now, the clock was ticking.

I soon realized that my liberation was soon to be ended as I had to go for my first day at work. It was a night shift from 17:30 until 05:00 in the morning as it was the standard night shift.

I put on my uniform, shoes, my equipment and went to the check-in area. A dozen people just like me were waiting in line to be checked in by the manager and start working. We were all given a card and a key with the number of the vehicle (vozik) that we will use during our work.

Those things were fun to drive, but it was hell to change the battery once it was drained. Sometimes it took me up to 15 minutes just to change the 200kg batteries. We all did that by kicking the battery off and pulling a new one in. Everybody was in a rush to start their work and to get more done. We were paid on a quantity of things packet, not by the hour or quality. In this place, almost every time, everybody was on their own, and everybody looked their own ass. I listen to the computer's commands and put beers, chocolates, macaroni, jars, and all others not related to each other things. They had to be ready and packed to be shipped to stores across Europe. I saw exhausted faces working hard but ignoring arrangement rules and not carrying for the next person behind or in front of him. I started to see another ugly side of humanity in this place within the first few hours. It was everything I didn't like. I was doing my job slowly as I expected it initially, trying to do the job with the best of quality. The others, however, were grabbing and throwing things and moving on. They couldn't care less how they were doing it as longest they moved faster down the lines.

During our 30 minute break at exactly 22:30, when we all go somewhere to eat, I noticed the only thing that was talked about was how many cartons (how many items) everyone has made. Put in other words, how much money they made before the break and how much they expect to make with the remaining six hours. This was about to go on until my last day. It was the main discussion 90% of the time. The other ten were about casino gambling, pointless games, and quote "did you see the red bikini of "girl's name."

This was my routine for the next couple of weeks, months. I got used to it! Do you see what I have done? There was no trace of the promise I made a few weeks earlier when I was free. Now all I did was work, sleep, and do some laundry and shopping for goods on the rare days I was off. Just did what I used to do in the past. Did the same thing without noticing and with no improvement or learned any lessons to apply. The sad thing is that I forgot. I did not understand that I had made a promise two weeks earlier. It was gone! I didn't have the time to think! I was in an endless loop and have adapted to the bad habit of constantly procrastinating in life and not noticing reality. Within weeks I was back to the rat race. My routine had gotten into me so deep I barely write or speak to any of my friends. While I was working, they were sleeping, and it goes both ways. There was plenty of work to be done, and almost every shift, we were to stay over hours.

I was getting better at work, but only because of my anger. I was blowing off steam while working; it was physical work, and I was so angry at myself that the only logical thing was to work faster so I could get more energy out of me. Deep down in me, I was convincing myself that I needed this break away from everyone, which was one of the many reasons I had to come here. So far, I wasn't feeling any better. There were constant fights about the most minor things and people coming in and going way too often at the house. It was hell at work and suffering at home. Week after week, and then I got an infection on my leg.

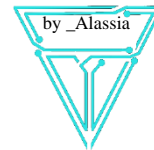


Health. The only thing we need in life is to chase goals and the only thing that we ignore. At one point, I could not walk for seven days, only five of which I stayed at home the others I was working. I was now doing something in three hours with my injured leg that generally would take up to 40 minutes. I had to ask several times for those five days at home. Nobody gives a damn about you at this place. What was the point of me doing less work and getting almost no money? There wasn't any point. The boss didn't give a rat's ass because he only pays you for what you have done. Long live the European Union. I hope that people will remember someday that it was not created for fair play. It was made to prevent World War III, and it's not the dream everybody dreams of.

When the workload dropped in December, and all major supermarkets were full for the Christmas holidays, we worked a lot fewer hours and fewer days, and the pay got down as well, but now, I had time on my hand again. I started again walking through the city and trying to feel my place on this earth and tried again to really fill what was holding me back in life. I was having deep talks with me. At one point in my conversations with myself, it reminded me of how I always wanted to visit Prague, Vienna. I was living 200km from Prague and 180km from Vienna. How it took me four months to realize that!

I got online and bought a ticket for the first non-working day on my schedule. This one full day in Prague is still one of the best life changes experiences in my life.

### Part III



It was near the end of my night shift, and there were another two days before we had to get back to work again, but I had a different feeling from any other shift. There was a 05:55 train for me to catch after work, and it was heading to Prague. I asked to leave one hour early that day. As it turns out, there was not so much work to be done, and we were all dismissed two hours earlier. Good for me, bad that I had to use my card for early leave. Nobody around cared if you were sick or dying; you had to come to work. If you ask for a legit reason to be absent or arrive late, they looked at you as just committed murder.

Those thoughts came and go through my head in a matter of seconds, but then I was rushing for the dressing room to change my work clothes, and I was heading straight home. I had already prepared my backpack with everything I needed. I had sandwiches, some snacks, chocolate, and some water. I always try to have something sweet in my backpack when I'm going somewhere. I have low blood pressure, and sometimes a bar of chocolate can do wonders with your body. I took a 5 minutes shower, and I was gone.

I arrived at the train station 30 minutes early, although I have never been there before and thought I wouldn't be able to find the train. It was a typical train station, just like the one we had in Bulgaria. Ok, this was cleaner and functioned way better. What got me confused was that they were the same rude, drunk people you pray not to contact. It is, I guess, the same in every country. Train and bus stations are dangerous locations and not a place where you want to be alone. The security was just two 60+ years old men, whom I don't believe could have done much about it if anything was to happen. It all went quickly, and I was on my way to find my train. Ok, now it was nothing like the trains at home. Trains were coming and going every couple of minutes (I was used to one or two trains to arrive or departure every 1 hour) it was so occupied here. It was like a pit stop in Formula 1 when it just started to rain on the track.

There was no sign of my train anywhere in all the boards. A girl was looking at her online ticket on her phone and was confused as well. I asked if she was going to Prague, and she nodded and said yes. We got talking, and I learned that she

was from France and was an exchange student here. Time passed quickly and suddenly five minutes before our train was about to come we saw it on the board. We say goodbye, and we were on our way. I was excited and tired at the same time. I got on the train; it was clean and so comfy. It was like I was on an airplane. I set my alarm to wake me up in two hours, and I fell asleep.

I know in Japan, they have a Swiss clock timing, but it isn't far from that in the Czech Republic. My alarm woke me up, and my stop was 5 minutes away, just as predicted. I know I didn't have much sleep, but it suddenly filled me with adrenalin and excitement. My dopamine levels also skyrocketed. When I got off the train, I noticed the enormous station and all the western European class inside it, but I rushed to go out. It was a warm and sunny day in December, a lucky weather day, I guess.

I didn't realize it at that moment, but all my thoughts about me failing in: love, career, and life, in general, were blocked. It was only the here and now and giving my undivided 100 percent attention to the emotions and feelings going through my soul at the present moment. The only time I have ever been in that state was when I was with a girl. And they weren't as many. When I think of it now, connecting the dots backward, just two.

It is a blessing to be there for one person and give them your full concentration and time. Something I have learned after that day and I'm still doing has completely changed my life. I practiced giving myself and my thoughts the same attention I gave to others. It took months of practice, and it would surprise you to know how hard it is to appreciate yourself. One of the most challenging processes a person has to go through to succeed in life.

Ok, let's get back on track. I never loved checking the most famous places for tourists. Wherever I go, I am always a citizen of that place. I wasn't a tourist anywhere, never liked that word. I'm a traveler. Now, this is something that brings life into me. All I knew was that I would love to visit the wall of John Lennon, and I knew Carl's bridge is like the center of Prague. I looked once the map for some direction; I turned my phone to airplane mode and was on my way.

As I mentioned just a few moments ago, it was December, and there were a lot of small barracks that offer you warm wine, sweets, and all kinds of food. There was unbelievably beautiful Christmas decoration wherever you go. Holiday spirit, to sum it up. I was enjoying every bit of every step I was taking. I loved watching the people and the buildings' design; damn, I even enjoyed breathing the air into my lungs. I can't remember the last time I realized that breathing was such a pleasure.

It was early in the morning, and there weren't many people on the street, and I got pretty quickly to Carl's bridge even though I was stopping here and there. It was breathtaking! Standing on the bridge and everywhere you go, you see the old city's beauty. Small boats in the river and if someone would have asked me:

- If you have to move to one city, where would it be?

Prague! I would have shouted without a shadow of doubt!

This was before I got back on the bridge couple of hours later and realized that if I took 2 minutes to cross it in the morning, it took 10 minutes to cross it back now. Tourists and travelers from all over the world, they love it here too. I kept on walking and exploring the old town. I was checking every street I saw; I don't know how I didn't get lost, ok maybe confused sometimes, but I got to the wall of John Lennon. It wasn't as glorious as I expected it to be, but it was symbolic. There were many people there. The one thing that didn't disappoint me was that there were many street arts preaching for peace and images of John Lennon, words of wisdom, and lyrics from songs like Imagine.



Now, this is something important. There was one thing that stood out from all the above. Something that would make my body shiver in just a minute.

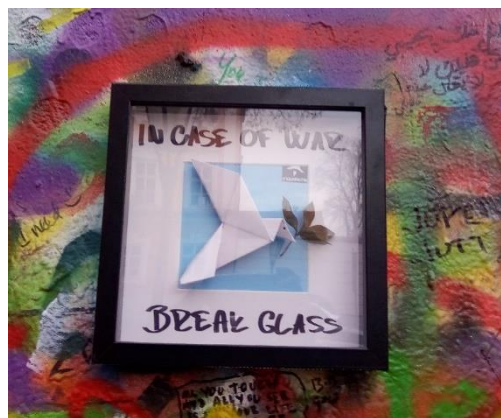
There was an origami in the shape of a white dove bringing an olive twig on the wall. It was in a glass box on the wall itself, and there was a small hammer next to it. Below the dove, a sign: "In case of war, Break glass." This made my body, every molecule in it to shiver.

This one moment of someone's art made me realize something. I kind of always knew, but I was never grateful for it. More accurately, I didn't appreciate it the way I had to. It is interesting how something small but symbolic like that dove behind that glass makes you think and perspective things. We are far from living in a fair and peaceful world, but what most of us are blessed with, myself included, is freedom! Some people never had the chance to enjoy it. It made me so sad and so grateful at the same time. It kept me for a while as I was just standing there, and later on, when I started to slowly walk away, I began to picture this in my mind... all the people who are suffering at this very moment. All the voices that will never get heard, all the violence around the world. A brief moment later that day, as I was exploring new places in Prague, I saw the dove again in my mind. It filled my soul with warmth and hope.

That artist was an absolute genius. Art is about bringing the best in people, all the good vibes and energy. That origami dove made me remember that. The people here appreciated what they have and the freedom to experience the most out of life. Why are we struggling to live a happy life when no one is pointing a gun in our head? It is something that most of us know but we tend to forget or ignore. Freedom! This is the word I will shout out if someone asks me...

– What are you most grateful for?

- Freedom!



Many people might say that for them, it will not be freedom. It will be health, family; If someone asked me two hours ago, I would have stated the previous two, but from that moment on, I knew I would always say my freedom as a number one. From this day onwards, I took nearly half a year to make it a habit, but every time I was angry about something, mainly at work, to be honest, I was getting back in my mind to that place, at that wall, and I would breathe twice and let my brain calm down. I am free, not a slave or someone's belonging. It works like magic. It takes time to even think of it, then to get used to it. When you master it, however, you will see the world more gratefully and colorfully. Our job might suck, our income might be low, and our significant other might be angry at us or left us. You know what you can say to yourself. It will take me time to fix that and put myself together, but I HAVE A CHOICE TO DO SO! BECAUSE I AM FREE!

When I got back, further back in time, I laughed at myself. That was a lie I was living in. Before I "met" the dove on the wall. I pity myself; Why and how the bloody hell I was working 5 years in a place where I was giving 14 hours long shifts, 5-6 days a week for a salary of 13 USD per day (it is not a typo) 13 USD per day! (11 EUR). That origami changed my limited mind to an ever-expanding Universe.

When I was doing this job, I had no money, and I was in a University, paying rent, bills, mobile, and a laptop loan. I had no choice, I told myself. We were paid by the week, and if I was to quit, I would

literally have no money in two to three weeks, maybe a month if I ate once a day.

You know what? If I knew what I learned that day in Prague, I would quit this hell, and I would make it work somehow! I would have found a way. Because I had a choice, and I had my freedom.

I paid for my mistakes with five years of my life! One of my best years were gone, just like that. Because I was ignorant about what choices I had. It is unrealistic now when I think of it. How a perspective of how one looks at life, just one aspect of life, can make the difference between living and existing.

"Just living is not enough... one must have sunshine, freedom, and a little flower." - Hans Christian Andersen.

When I found myself far away from John Lennon's wall, I suddenly needed to feel free. When I was younger, around fifteen-sixteen years old, I was feeling lost. There was a small mountain hill, a few kilometers outside the town I was living in. I used to go there with my bike every time I felt like I was suffocating from something. It was my Nirvana, riding my bike and going to that hill. It was challenging going there, and it was always a reward I would enjoy when I achieved both my journey and destination. I felt free and weightless every time I looked at the city from far away. I had this urge now, but I was in Prague. Thousands of kilometers away from my Neverland.

I don't believe in fate, but...

While I was walking, I saw a small street leading to stairs surrounded by some trees. It looked nothing like a place a tourist would go, so I went straight to it. I believe little in a coincidence, but a little further was a hill. If I were to go to the top, I would have an amazing view of the city. I walked up the small hill and taking in all the air I could collect in my lungs. I never liked to turn my head and see how far I had gone, so I just kept on walking. The thrill of the successful climb to the top made the turning around even more beautiful and rewarding. As I was going up the hill, they were tears coming out of my eyes. I was happy and grateful that I was free, and I saw this hill I needed so much. I was also sad; in vain, I saw things so late. I was sad because time had gone by; I was in a lot of pain. I wasn't with the person I wanted to be, all the wasted years in slavery work conditions. All those emotions together... No better definition of the word, bittersweet.

Suddenly, there was no more of the hill to be climbed, and with so many emotions going in me, I went to the highest point, took a deep breath, and turned around...

I have seen many breathtaking views through different experiences in my life. I have to be honest with myself; I don't know was it because of all the emotions going on in my soul, or it was really that beautiful. It was as climbing a stairway to heaven, and when I turned around and there it was... A masterpiece of nature and people combined in one symbiotic life form.

This moment also reminded me of something I have already known, but I realize it just now, like many other things. I had some people I knew now and then throughout different jobs, schools, University. A significant number of them were always obsessed with finding the most paid and long-hour shift jobs to make some money in the summer. They worked 6-7 days a week for up to 13-15 hour shifts. (As I was in the past with my life) The reason I am giving those details is that they would miss all the beauty of the warm sunny days, the beautiful and friendly breeze, and the deep, meaningful nights with meeting new people or going out for an empowering conversation in the summer's charm with your closest friend or gentle lover.

Okay, maybe they needed the money for college, a favorite artist show, or a band concert. Maybe they need to enter an expensive course to improve themselves. That wasn't the case, however!

All the time invested in work, all the missed memories... all of that replaced at the end of every month with the latest iPhone or a powerful gaming laptop, a car that needed repairs twice the amount they spent to buy it, or the saddest of all... to purchase clothes for hundreds and hundreds of dollars because I quote: "I bust my ass off all day, at least to know what I do it for."

Is that what giving up your time is worth? They price a piece of fabric that cost \$20 for \$150!

I hope you get where I'm going with this. I didn't have much money, but by doing quick research online that took me only 40 minutes of my time, and I bought a ticket to visit one of the most amazing places I have ever been in. I had my time; I made my trip cost \$20, not \$200, and I was learning and experiencing emotions and filling up my soul like no other car or a piece of clothing could ever do. I wasn't using a \$999 phone. I was using a \$99 second-hand phone that took decent photos, it was of great use for me, and you know what... My battery lasted for 3 days with one charge. I wanted to say with this example that the most precious thing we all have are not things... It's time. We can sell it to gain absolutely nothing in value, just like the phone and clothes mentioned, or we can realize as early as possible we can embrace it, live it and be truly satisfied with it. We have a choice. I mentioned I am a big admirer of Richard Branson and of his accomplishments. Virgin Group is by far the best private company on this planet, at least based on my view. I read many books about him, the company, and there wasn't a single time when I was...well, that's too good to be true. I was always fascinated and was soaking every word and experience I could get from it. Here is something great from Sir Richard: "As soon as something stops being fun, I think it's time to move on. Life is too short to be unhappy. Waking up stressed and miserable is not a good way to live."

Life is too short indeed. Why wasting 13 hours of your day just so you can buy the new 999\$ phone, so you can do the same in 2 years for the new 999\$ phone? All I'm trying to do here is to make a point. It was a blessing for me standing on that hill, watching the occasional sunlight trying to come true through the clouds, breathing the air, and my eyes and soul absorbing all the energy that was all around me.

Invest your money in bettering yourself, or invest them in exploring the world if you can't do that. You know what... those people who did that are now some of the most successful people we see. I believe that this example has to stand for something. The funny thing is that they still have \$99 phones, drive a not very expensive car, and they have visited almost every single different place and culture on this planet. Ooh, and I almost forgot, there is one more thing... They are happy! They have an amazing job that they really enjoy. They make a good amount of money, they love, and they are being loved.

On the opposite pole, I occasionally bump into some people who used to spend their time on... how to adequately express myself... gadgets, clothes and bars. I keep in touch with one or two of them occasionally, even if it's once every couple of months.

All of them, with no exception, have two things in common.

They still invest a significant portion of their time just to make more money. They now spend their money on gas, repairs, rents, and surprise... for the latest \$999 phone or the most expensive clubs where the bottle of beer is \$10. It is \$2 at the next club, but they are cool, and status is essential. They can't just go to any club. And I don't think it will surprise you but, when I asked them... have there been visiting some places lately, no one told me: I'm pleased you asked me. I was in...(fill in the blank), and I had the most fantastic experience ever; I love to tell you more about this beautiful piece of heaven. Sadly, this wasn't the case. The reply was almost the same, as it was a template they all had and were just copy-pasting it to me. It was something like:

- No men, where could I have gone? I'm working six days a week, this piece of shit (car) costs me every month, and have you seen the prices of gas lately? I'm just staying at home after work and watch some TV, no power men, no time.

It might not seem like anything important when you are young but invest in yourself. If you can't do that, at the very least, explore your freedom. It might not guarantee you 100% success, but it will make the difference between "I hate life" and "I'm so grateful, I visited this mountain, old town, etc."

Life is beautiful; our planet is indeed a little gift from the Universe. It is incredible what our thoughts, memories, and lessons can do to us just in one minute. Take a deep breath and absorb the surrounding beauty. Have you ever read or listened to Michael Jackson's poem "Planet Earth"? If you haven't, I strongly recommend it from the bottom of my heart.

While I was in Prague on that hill, I wanted to think more about the thoughts coming to my mind, but I was eager to explore more of the city. I would definitely be back at them as soon as I was home and having the time.

I have spent the next couple of hours walking and taking in as much as possible from the daylight it gave me. At around 16:00, I was back in the center parts of the city, and I was getting hungry. My snacks and sandwiches were gone by midday. I wanted to buy something, but everything was expensive for me. I don't know how, but I found a small, fast food place that was far from the local "big brands." The prices were reasonable, and I bought a Vegetarian Falafel Doner. It was just two euros, and it was delicious. My train was to departure around 20:00, and the day was starting to give in to the night, as it was getting darker and darker.

Nevertheless, I kept on walking to the far more northern parts of the city. I walked on the longest boulevard ever! It was also a constant uphill. To this date, I think it is the longest I have ever walked. It was something like those roads you see in San Francisco but a lot longer. It was an experience. I had no idea where I was going; I knew I could miss my train because I had no idea where I was supposed to get on it exactly. It was something that small that made the adrenalin rushed into my veins again. I realized then that we need so little to make ourselves feel alive. Yet again, it takes so little to make ourselves feel dead inside. It's a "Fine line" as the song with the same name goes by Paul McCartney. The same effort, for a completely different result.

It was my exploring spirit that gave me that extra satisfaction. While I was walking in: "In the middle of freedom," as I like to refer to everything that charges me, I saw another hill, a much bigger one. It was made as a rest park, but it was high over the city as well. Just a couple of hours ago I saw one of the best views in my life. Now that would definitely have to stand on the podium as number two. I remember I was so happy and full of energy back then and walked up on top of it as quick as possible, not turning my head at any point. I remember making a short clip while I was singing "Holliday" by Scorpions. I can't remember the last time I used that word... happy; I was pleased. I didn't have money, no career at that point in front of me, and no girl by my side. I had absolutely nothing. Still, I felt something I taught I couldn't experience without one of the things mentioned above. Yet, there it was. The daylight now gave in to the dark entirely, and I went back to the center. I was cold and eager for a hot beverage, and as I was thinking of hot cocoa or a cappuccino, there it was in front of me, Starbucks.

I looked at the time; my train was set to leave in about one hour from now. I know I didn't have much money left on me. I bought some small souvenirs for my friends in Bulgaria, but I bought nothing for myself, and I was thirsty and cold, as I mentioned. December finally dropped to its average temperature. It was warm wine or a cappuccino from Starbucks. I have to say I wanted the wine, but I haven't been drinking alcohol in three months. I have never entered a

Starbucks in my life as well. To be honest, I have never seen Starbucks in my life. There were only two stores in Bulgaria, and neither one of them was in my city. It was a good day; I was pleased with everything I have seen and experienced many emotions, and I rewarded myself with a cappuccino from Starbucks. I was happy when they asked for my name. They misspelled my name, so it had to be the real deal.

There was a concert just outside of the coffee shop, and I stayed for a little while. It was a bit weird. It was an odd show.

I have put my now empty cup in my backpack, and I turned around to glimpse one last time the beauty of Prague. It was now dimmed by the shadows of the night; it was breathtaking. At this moment, after a full day of sunshine... snow. It could not have gotten any better than that; it was peaceful and warm. I have seen spring, autumn, and now winter in just 12 hours. I stared for a couple of minutes, took a deep breath, exhale the air from my lungs, and I walked to the train as I remembered a day I haven't had in a long time. I got on the train, closed my eyes, and fell asleep for the next two hours. I was an early shift the next day, so I got home and fall asleep.

Much like the Sunday blues, I quickly replaced the lovely dizzy feeling of the trip with the negativity of people from work, and to be honest, it was my mistake to let this happen. I just couldn't believe where I was! Suddenly, I have realized, I found out that if I were to stay any longer at this place, my future might take a quick turn south. It was so easy to begin my long journey to a stairway to hell. I knew I wasn't happy with my situation from the beginning, but it was only now, after the trip to Prague and my experience there, that I was questioning every aspect of my current situation.

The happiness I felt, and most of all the white dove in the glass with the sign: "In case of war, break glass" was the push that gave me the courage just two days later to go to one of the managers.

First, I asked if he had a little time for me, and after he nodded, I genuinely thanked him and told them that: They took me to work for them without even seeing me or knowing my name. I literally came from another country and started a job without an interview or any experience. I then told him that this is not the right place for me, that I wasn't feeling happy, made myself miserable, and asked to be released from my contract within the three months' notice period. I remembered at the back of my mind that everyone told me that nobody would care for me telling those things to any of the managers. That they will laugh and don't give a damn about me. You know what... 99% of the time, that was the case. But, I can reassure you that every person who left the workplace always got in with a kick of the front door and yelled at the stupid equipment, shitty system, poor management, and long hours. To that behavior, what could they have expected in return? (Not that I blame the workers as well, all of that was 100% true)

Back to my story... The managers were warm towards me, but they completely understood me and didn't treat me with any disrespect. I did it; I have given my 3 months notice period.

I will skip ahead a little. Even when I had no more mental or willpower, the managers were softer towards me. They even let me go early. I asked them again if I could leave at the end of my second month's notices, and they said yes. Nobody was getting early off their contracts unless they stole something and were caught later and fired. They asked me when I wanted to be released from my duties; I replied that the first day of February was my final day. They said ok again. We shook hands, and we were both pleased and had no negative feelings towards each other. Being kind, doing the right thing for you, and being honest can get you far in life. You might not see the result immediately, but when you turn around, you will know without a doubt it was those small things that helped you through your journey.

Now that I'm writing this, I cannot remember exactly what book I have read. I believe the book was called Making friends and influencing people by Dale Carnegie. 2017 was the year I started reading a lot. I had a flashback about something I have read from the book. It was about an employee who wasn't satisfied or had any more interest in the company he was working in. His results also showed that. The director of the company, however, did something remarkable. He didn't call the man in his office and gave him 30 days' notice. He instead kindly explains to him it would be better if he is in a place where he could be happy and productive, and this wasn't the place for him. He helped the

guy find a job after he made a few phone calls, and they assigned him to a new position in a different company within just 18 days. When the author of the book I mentioned asked the director how he came down to this decision to handle the problem, the director responded.

- It is our job to make the people who work here happy and be of use for themselves and the company. It is also our responsibility to admit that we made the mistake of hiring a person who didn't have our views and values. A true leader must know that. He didn't fail; we did.

The world is full of examples like mine. We just need the right pair of eyes to see it and build the right attitude to deserve it.

The days left until my last working day here suddenly passed by as a summer vacation. During the breaks at work, they were some nights that I stood outside, and I was watching the dark sky. Almost every time, I was thinking about how fast life changes.

I still remember the feeling of my last working day in Olomouc. It was a night shift, and I was working only eight hours. When the clock hit 2 am, I went to the managers and gave them my keys for my locker, Vozik, uniform, etc., and I shook hands with them. I found some people from the house and told them goodbye. I left the gate checking point for the last time and walked as fast as possible on the empty road. After a couple of minutes, I turned back, looked at the storage, took a deep breath, and shouted as loud as I could. Yeaahh, yeaahhh, freedom!

I got to the house, grabbed my bags, got on a bus, then on a train, then a bus again. In two days, I was in Bulgaria. I took another train and headed straight home.



by \_Alassia

#### Part IV

I love trains! I always have. They are a fantastic piece of work. Safer than cars and buses, ECO-friendly, cheap, you can view some amazing things along the way, and above all, they bring you that retro feeling of fulfillment, adventure, and exploration. This train was more special for me; it was taking me home. I went for two hours to see my mom, then headed straight to the bus station to get on my way to Varna. Less than two hours and I arrived, an extraordinary person waited for me. I stepped outside and looked around. My phone rang, I answered, and then the other side hanged on me. I turned, and I saw her running towards me. I dropped my bag and hugged her. It was a warm, peaceful, storming feeling I could not describe, let alone put it in words. It was as for a minute, my mind was experiencing past, present, and future at the same time. It was the same person I said goodbye to just before I left for the Czech Republic.

If I had to put the emotions, it would sound like these:

Your laugh was like an angel's drops from heaven.

Your body moved like it was made from out of space

I feel you passing like a summer breeze.

Fell the music feel the blues, my body coming closer

Gentle touch and now spinning on the dance floor.

The room is getting hotter, eyes are crossing in the dark,

Your emotions, girl, I feel them on my body!

(entire book with 30 poems, could be found here...)

At this moment, I realized how much I had missed when I went away. Coming back was the best decision about my life I had made in years.

It was real and not an illusion, but a quote from Orson Welles came to my mind. "We're born alone, we live alone, we die alone. Only through our love and friendship can we create the illusion for the moment that we're not alone."

For some time, a person I worked with told me that "Love is what we put in our head, friendship is what we put in our head, and success is what we put in our head." Well, it was all in my head, but I didn't put it there; it came by itself. Will I tell myself that I put in my head this sentence? Confusing the path of understanding is... I am still a young padawan.

The month that followed was full of ups and more ups. At least that was my blinded point of view. I really enjoyed my life for a month. Sure, I was sharing a small room with my sister before we moved into an apartment. I had no job, but I was searching for the desired one that would fulfill my soul. I had my fair share of being with my friends and desires.

I promised myself that I would never be forced to work a job that made me hang myself 10 minutes after the workday started. I searched, searched, and some jobs got my eye that I would love doing. But how can you survive with a job that pays you \$300 per month?

It was the first mistake I made! Giving up and not looking for every alternative there is out on the field. There was freelance and so on. I didn't dig into it; Instead, I started a job for \$400/month. Everyone there was angry, hating their jobs and the work environment... Well more modern and computerized spirit demolition piece of hell. I felt the anger in me towards myself, them, and everything. I knew it would be the end of me if I stayed. When the knife is to your skin, we all get really concentrated and frightful. I found a job that paid much more; It was 100% less stressful, and it gave me the security and time of my own. I remembered how I felt when I saw the white dove on the wall; I remembered the emotion. I will not be another faceless man; I will swim out of the whirlpools of life and fight my way to the endless sea, where I will see the horizon and the future that it holds.

In the period of the new job, I also started reading a lot of eBooks and audiobooks. In two months, I've got through more books than the past ten years combined. I enjoyed every single minute. While I was working out, I was listening to a book, while I was making dinner or lunch, while I was riding my bike, while I was cleaning, I was listening to a book. There were books on how to improve yourself, start a business, and hold a conversation. This "book" you are reading now won't tell you how to behave, talk, and create a business. It's something short I shared after my travel and begun to make something with my life. In the text to follow, I will share what doing something with my life meant.

I absorbed a lot of books, and I was eager to use that knowledge. There was something, however. I never took under advice one thing. I enjoyed every single book, but I overloaded myself. I didn't give myself any personal time. It is like having all this money and not knowing how to use them wisely, and it makes you anxious, and you spent a significant amount just to unburden yourself. It was the same with books. I had way too many, way too fast, and I wasn't prepared for it. There was only one thing I could think of that would have helped me. I used to practice meditation a couple of years ago, and it was a blessing. I made myself a schedule to follow. When to wake up, when to meditate, when to clean, eat, etc. In less than two weeks, I found some peace of mind. Not all I wanted, but it was something. I didn't think about how much time I actually had to do all the things I wanted. My heart rate became normal, my vision became more precise and with realistic time manners.

I always envisioned thinking of new business ideas, writing poems, or venture into a field I was excited about. I never had the discipline to do much about it, but now I had patience because of the meditation and order because of my schedule. I had more knowledge thanks to all the books that went through my eyes and ears.

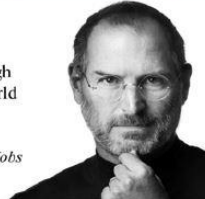



I have always been keen on Richard Branson, and I always admired how he manages his business, life, and people. To start hundreds of companies, give jobs to many people, and be kind and a great leader at the same time. Maybe I would never make it even with one company, but I'm sure as hell will give all of me. Remember this word "all of me." It will have a significant matter in how things turned out.

So, I always loved writing short poems, even when I was little. I had an idea about a website that would be GDPR compliant and a data website. I said to myself, this will be one, that was two. I started a drop-shipping business for outdoor and indoor items that were most desirable to people who enjoyed camping and minimalistic or bohemian lifestyle, and that was three. I'm sure you already see the flow in my ventures.

I made myself a new schedule. It was around all three different types of work I had to have the discipline for, plus my eight hours, five days a week job. Hard, not impossible, but hard.

I will share my schedule with you.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
07:30 - 09:00 Wix.com 09:00 - 09:50 Eat, shower, prepare for work 09:50-18:30 Work 18:30-20:30 Eat, rest, cook, etc. 20:30-23:30 Shopify 23:30 - 07:30 Me time, Sleep time	07:30 - 09:00 Train, Me time 09:00 - 09:50 Eat, shower, prepare for work 09:50-18:30 Work 18:30-20:30 Eat, rest, cook, etc. 20:30-23:30 Shopify 23:30 - 07:30 Me time, Sleep time	07:30 - 09:00 Wix.com 09:00 - 09:50 Eat, shower, prepare for work 09:50-18:30 Work 18:30-20:30 Eat, rest, cook, etc. 20:30-23:30 Shopify + eBook 23:30 - 07:30 Me time, Sleep time
Thursday	Friday	Saturday
07:30 - 09:00 Train, Me time 09:00 - 09:50 Eat, shower, prepare for work 09:50-18:30 Work 18:30-20:30 Eat, rest, cook, etc. 20:30-23:30 Shopify + eBook 23:30 - 07:30 Me time, Sleep time	07:30 - 09:00 Wix.com 09:00 - 09:50 Eat, shower, prepare for work 09:50-18:30 Work 18:30-20:30 Eat, rest, cook, etc. (if no plans) 20:30-23:30 Shopify + eBook (if no plans) 23:30 - 07:30 Me time, Sleep time	07:30 - 08:00 Breakfast 08:00 - 11:00 Wix.com 11:00 - 12:00 Rest, Me time, lunch 12:00 - 16:00 eBook 16:00 - 00:00 Free time, go out (Shopify if free)
Saturday	 <p>The people who are crazy enough to think they can change the world are the ones who do.</p> <p><i>Steve Jobs</i></p>	
08:00 - 10:00 Train, Breakfast, Me Time 10:00 - 13:00 eBook 13:00 - 14:00 Lunch, Me time 14:00 - 17:00 eBook 17:00 - 18:30 Shopify 18:30 - 23:30 Me time, Relax, Movies 23:30 - 07:30 Sleep	<p>“ If today were the last day of your life, would you want to do what you are about to do today? ”</p>  <p><b>Steve Jobs</b> 1955 - 2011</p>	

"Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans." - John Lennon

I created the website, creating my drop-shipping business, creating my poems, all from scratch. I was doing this for six months until I was ready with the website for the GDPR and the drop-shipping site. So far, so good. I was prepared to go online. I had to pay for the hosts, domains, and advertising. I was paying in dollars and euros, but I was working for Bulgarian lev. I was redirecting my money from food and basic needs to my ideas. The month after I started, I had no sales, no money for marketing, and after six months of hard work and two months with no success, my body shut down, and I didn't have the strength to go on. I paid the monthly fees again to keep on using the platforms, and I was broke. No sales, no energy in my body, and no money. The worst combination of all. You might think it was the couple of ventures I started at the same time that got me to this lack of success; YES! My job was to close all the doors and go into the one. But there was one more flaw. Do you remember what I said earlier? I would give "all of me." That was my mistake. All of me, and not all of us.

A person can do many things. Become the CEO of the most outstanding company, be the best-selling author, be the greatest dad, mom, and become an influential leader, politician, conquer the world. But there is one thing he could not do. He can not do it alone!

Think of some of the most significant companies.

Apple—Jobs and Wozniak, Google—Page and Brin. Go to music even... Lennon—McCartney. It was something I knew, and however, I disregarded it.

There was something to take from this venture, nevertheless. It occupied me from early in the morning until late at night. I wasn't making money yet, but I was building something of my own. It is the single most grateful power you can embrace. When you put your energy into something, something of your own. You see the world from a different perspective. You become motivated, enlightened, and above all, happy. You enjoy every single second, even the complex and messy stuff. It took me one month to properly connect the payment methods of my website and the other as well. It was calls and emails back and forward until it was all working correctly. I was anxious about it, but I enjoyed every second. They are those small moments in life when you realize that you can be happy when creating something. The feeling is almost the same as falling in love. You don't know if it will work; you don't understand why you love what you do, but your heart tells you that this makes you happy. Go for it. Now I fully understand what Steve Jobs was explaining while he was in between Apple and NeXT:" The minute you understand that you can poke life, and that if you push something in, something will pop out the other side. That you can change it and you can mould it... that's maybe the most important thing... Embrace it, change it, improve it, make your mark upon it."

All I know is that my next goal is to open my own website, platform and to give all my best to give it a good start. After that, I know I will chase my dream to open my own company someday in the next 10 years. That I would give filed for other people to embrace their life true their work. I will need more resources and people, but now I know that hard work... no, no scratch this! Now I know that persistence, commitment, momentum, and enjoying the ride are the key to feeling happy and succeeding. On the way, you might even accomplish a dream. It's a win-win situation. Just remember one thing. The struggle is guaranteed; success is not, so you might as well struggle in something you enjoy.

## CREDITS



&

Monika Stoyanova a.k.a. [Alassia](#) for providing all of the original designed drawings.

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Hello :) I'm Elon's sister and I'm a freelancing self-taught artist with a passion for painting portraits. Enjoy a selection of styles that you can choose from. I work with love and high attention to details.

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*One short story of how one decision can have multiple changes in your life. The compound effect can be seen in everything. This is not a book about making millions of dollars or how to win in life. No! This journey led me to start MySkyPet, Elon Reeves and writhing my first ever poetry book called "A Day in the Life" - Poetry of Love & Life. The goal in life is how you feel about yourself when you are by yourself and your journey to getting there.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Stoyan Stoyanov, a.k.a. Elon Reeves, is the traveler in life who put together feelings in lessons in a short and new wave sound. He is the owner of MySkyPet, a place designed for pet lovers and expressing your style.*

*Born in 1991 in Bulgaria, he is a Vegetarian since 2008, with a dream to help ease the lives of stray animals in his home county. Being able to support animal shelters in the future is a dream in progress.*



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