

HOW TO SURVIVE AT THE SUMMIT OF **WEALTH** AND NOT LOSE YOUR MIND



PAUL HEALINGOD

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A Billionaire's Survival Guide, 2023

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Who Is Paul Healingod?



- The king of healers, millionaire and philanthropist, who has transformed the lives of thousands of people worldwide.
- The healer to billionaires and elites, who pioneers the therapeutic use of entheogenic mushrooms and plants.
- Creator of MycoMysticism, a new religion set to seed spiritual awakening and personal transformation globally.
- Author of the legendary “Hypno-Coaching.”
- Founder of the American Academy of Hypnosis and the American Academy of Business.
- Founder of the Immortality Research Institute Inc.
- Personal hypnotherapist, trusted by prominent American politicians and Hollywood celebrities.
- A visionary who confronts the ultimate frontier of human existence: healing death itself.
- Author of 19 best-selling books. Editions available in both English and Spanish.

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This book would not be possible without the support and encouragement of my wife, Oxana.

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INTRODUCTION

Thousands of books have been written about how to become rich beyond your wildest dreams. However, there hasn't been a single guide to what to do once you've succeeded: until now. The guide you need is in right here, in your hands now. I've done everything to ensure that this guide to managing extreme wealth gives only the most useful, easy-to-follow advice. No academic nonsense or overblown ideas spread across five volumes here. No political correctness, either: if a human being deserves to be called "a gold-digging leech," I'll call them that. You may not like this book, but I promise it will surprise you.

There's a common advertising slogan, which has now become a cliché: "This book will turn your life upside down!" It's difficult to turn the life of someone who has already achieved everything and proven everything—such as someone who can afford to spend ten thousand dollars on dinner at a luxurious restaurant, leave a tip of fifteen hundred dollars, and have no regrets. It was difficult, but I've managed to do it. My name is Paul Healingod and I'm a millionaire, philanthropist, but most importantly, a healer and guide for high-achieving people. I work with presidential families and high-ranking officials in the US and Russia, billionaires who are the subject of movies, and those who wield enormous power, but prefer to stay in the shadows.

Feel free to ask my friends in Miami about me. Those who haven't met me personally have likely read my books: at least *Miami in Russian* and *Business and Immigration in the US*. The circle of truly wealthy men is small; everyone knows each other to some extent. When you've been practicing healing for over twenty years and have dealt with top politicians and Hollywood stars, you no longer need to hide behind a mask of propriety. This book is a conversation

between two successful men, one of whom happens to be a healer.

And yes, at times this conversation will be harsh. I know how people communicate on the streets, because I'm cut from the same cloth. We are not victims; we are predators. One doesn't become a millionaire by being meek, especially in the post-Soviet space. I have no doubt that your story also includes episodes that are best left untold. And after everything I've been through, if there's anything I'm afraid of it's certainly not harsh words on a page. Sometimes, it's the most effective way to get the point across. This book is not for entertainment but to make sure the message is clearly understood. And I don't call it a conversation for nothing. If you want to discuss what you've read or prove me wrong, come see me in Miami. We'll meet face-to-face, so to speak.

It is commonly believed that wealthy men have no problems. But only you and I know how lonely it is at the top. The bitter feeling that can come over you when it seems like you have everything, but something is missing. And this something is the most important thing, the reason for it all, but you lost it somewhere along the road to success. Maybe you never found it in the first place. This book is for those seeking answers in their lives and have wondered, more than once: *What's next?* For those who no longer dream of business indicators, but ask themselves: "How should I be and what should I strive for when I have enough money to last a lifetime?" There are answers in these pages, but they won't be easy to accept. That's why I don't recommend reading this book half-heartedly before you go to bed at night. It's better to take it on vacation and give it time—especially since you'll definitely want to reread many chapters.

Of course, you're curious about what's in it for me. Why bother writing such a lengthy book? It has no chance of becoming a bestseller, as there aren't that many genuinely wealthy men. But my concern is not about the quantity of readers, but about their quality. Authors of self-development, personal growth, and other self-indulgent books like to claim that they're on equal footing with their readers, and that's always a lie. A person driving a Rolls-Royce cannot be on the same level as someone on a public bus. But you and I can be. And not just because you and I both have expensive cars in our garages. People with a lot of money go through similar life stages. Yes, I've been thrown from one extreme to the other, as well. I've been a workaholic hermit, a playboy, and a mystic. The only difference between me and you is that I eventually managed to find myself. And now, I'm sharing how I did it with you. I share for free because a long time ago I moved from commerce to service. My clients don't pay the bill; they thank me for the help. And there's no one more generous and grateful in the world than a billionaire who has had someone help him solve their seemingly unsolvable problem.

A separate word for women. If this book has found its way into your hands, don't waste your time. It's written by a man for men. You won't find anything useful for yourself in it. If you're married to a wealthy man, just give this book to him.

With that, the introduction is over. Let's get down to business.

**PRINCIPLES OF
NEO-FEUDALISM:
HOW SOCIETY
REALLY WORKS**

You know exactly how society is structured, right? Otherwise, you wouldn't have achieved success: someone who doesn't know the rules of the game has no chance of winning. That's true. But answer a simple question: When was slavery abolished? I mean slavery as an element of state structure: I'm not talking about a gang of thugs taking a woman's passport and locking her up in a brothel. Moreover, my question concerns "civilized" countries, not Mauritania, Somalia, or Angola. Think carefully.

People from the post-Soviet space usually say that it was in 1861 when Alexander II abolished serfdom in the Russian Empire as part of the emancipation reform. Americans claim it was in 1865 when the Civil War in the United States ended with the victory of the Northern states. They are all wrong. And it's not just because "civilization" didn't focus exclusively on Europe and North America. For example, in Brazil, slaves were officially liberated only in 1888. Although slavery was officially abolished in the 19th century, people continue being "enslaved"—and it's much more tragic than not knowing the history of distant countries. And who really cares about these dates?

The correct answer: slavery is still flourishing, institutionalized and completely legal. Slavery is the cornerstone of the modern world order. You understand this as much as I do, since you have at your disposal hundreds or even thousands of employees who work like slaves. All you have to do is snap your fingers, and their lives are changed forever. Cicero once said that a slave wants not freedom but his own slaves. The two are not the same. Do you think you're really free? Have your own slaves, cars, yachts, and endless lovers helped you in gaining freedom?

Freedom Is Slavery

It is human nature to not tolerate oppression. That's why a bullied schoolboy finds the strength to fight back against a bully, or even bring a rifle from his father's gun cabinet to school. That's why every empire is doomed to fall, and every tyrant awaits—if not a painful death—then a painful oblivion after death. All large-scale uprisings and revolutions began with a righteous cause: the fight against injustice. Spartacus, Pugachev, the Decembrists, the founding fathers of the United States, the leaders of the Warsaw Uprising, and even Black Lives Matter activists – they all had good reasons to take to the barricades.

So how do you keep the entire population of the planet enslaved? People will inevitably rise and overthrow the oppressors, right? Yes, and those who truly rule the world understand this. It's useless to strengthen the chains of slaves and hire more overseers. The rebellion against injustice will still break the chains; it's just a matter of time. But if you turn each slave into a faithful overseer of themselves, the number of oppressed does not matter. If you suppress the very idea of oppression in the slave's consciousness, they will consider lack of freedom as the highest good and put the yoke on themselves. They will do this with pleasure, especially if the yoke is adorned with a famous brand name.

Are you starting to get the sense of what I am getting at? The most loyal slaves are those convinced they are absolutely free. Freedom, as ordinary people understand it, is slavery. When it comes to the faceless masses, this is obvious. They are forced to go to a job they hate, and to buy stuff they don't really need. They gladly take out loans for every

new iPhone, and as soon as they start earning slightly above the average income, they sign a mortgage contract. Wasn't it that serfs couldn't leave their landlord's estate? Modern serfs voluntarily chain themselves to a concrete nest in disgusting government housing, and they do it for thirty years' straight.

It might seem that I'm promoting leftist ideas: capitalism is to blame for everything, let's all share the wealth, and in general, each according to their ability—each according to their needs. Nonsense! The division of right and left, white and black, and seventy-four arbitrary genders is meaningless. While slaves, like monkeys, throw feces at each other, their masters can be more laid back: no one realizes their power and position and so no one will try to escape from it. In fact, there is only one societal division: between the stupid and the smart. Since you managed to break from the credit-crunching herd and were able to earn at least a million dollars: congratulations! you are definitely not stupid.

Most smart people are convinced that money and power are the way out of slavery. This is another misconception which suggests that having freedom means having endless possibilities. Of course, a millionaire can afford more than your average worker. A billionaire can afford more than a millionaire. And an oligarch—a billionaire with extensive political influence—can afford more than an ordinary billionaire. But the criminals with connections in prison also have more opportunities than lower-ranking inmates. Does that make them free?

There are plenty of historical examples—I'll come back to these—where oligarchs instantly lost their wealth, influence, and ended up behind bars. Even for presidents, circumstances sometimes turn out to be unfavorable. One day, a big wig is confident that his power transcends all state

institutions, and tomorrow he is fleeing the country with his tail between his legs. Someone will say that it's the vicious United States and the CIA organizing "color revolutions" around the world. Look at Donald Trump. Not so long ago, he seemed to be the most influential politician in the world. And a few years later, the feds came for him.

In this world, no one is truly free. Money, connections, manipulation of public opinion — these are just amusements for high-ranking slaves. Stock market crashes, fluctuations in oil prices, elections, and even armed conflicts do not threaten the system. "If elections really changed anything, they wouldn't let us participate in them," is a phrase attributed to Mark Twain. He actually never said this. But whoever did was damn smart.

Oppression Is More Obvious Than It Appears

Of course, slavery still exists, in the narrowest sense of the word. In Mauritania, one in five people belongs to a caste of slaves. About six hundred thousand black descendants of the country's indigenous population are *de facto* private property of the descendants of the once "arrived" Arabs. It would seem that you can't confuse a master and a slave, but humanity loves to categorize everything. So, the International Labor Organization has compiled a list of signs that signify when a person is a slave. Well, let's go through each one.

- ☑ **Restriction of freedom:** I ask, Which freedom specifically? Maybe freedom of movement? During quarantine, the illusory nature of the freedom of movement got vividly demonstrated. You can close borders, close

down highways and airports, lock billions of people in cells they otherwise call “home”—and nothing. Slaves will say that it is for their own good. Maybe it’s about freedom of speech? Try to publicly express an opinion that radically disagrees with the “public” one. J. K. Rowling took a risk—and the millstones of what is known as “cancel culture” immediately ground her down. “People who menstruate... There used to be a word for these people, right? Help me remember”—a tweet like this was enough for the creator of the world-renowned Harry Potter books to be declared a transphobic monster, and publishers fell over themselves to terminate contracts with her.

- ☑ **Inability to quit:** If an owner orders them to work, a Mauritanian slave cannot disobey. Can a resident of the US, Germany, or Russia do the same? The vast majority of people on Earth live from paycheck to paycheck; and if they save, it’s probably just for a vacation in some lousy overcrowded tourist trap. Which of them can afford not to work? Maybe the pretty girls with sculpted figures who, like leeches, cling to successful men? Yes, they don’t work, but they still have to pay their dues. Even you, you cannot just throw everything away, sell your business, and spend the rest of your life without a stream of income—and the reason is probably not that the money will run out quickly. Take a break from reading now and think about what specifically prevents you from “quitting.”
- ☑ **Presence of overseers:** Of course, most people associate slavery with a mean man brandishing a whip. However, a slick-haired creep in a suit firing or depriving someone of a bonus for failed KPIs is a sign of a

civilized society. Don't mix them up! We are all forced to bend our backs to someone or something. For the masses, there are bosses and public opinion (one must live in such a way that everything is "like everyone else's"); and for high-powered businessmen, there are boards of shareholders and directors to answer to, as well as a potential painful slap from the "invisible hand of the market." All it took was for Elon Musk to take a few drags of weed on Joe Rogan's podcast and Tesla's stock plummeted by more than 8%. And he didn't even break any laws: in California, where the show was filmed, cannabis consumption is legal. So, even if you are a genius devising a plan to colonize Mars, the earthly system will always find a way to put you in your place.

- ☑ **Violence:** If a person is not whipped daily, it does not mean that they are not subjected to violence. After all, violence is not just physical but also sexual, psychological, economic, and so on. More people suffer from violence than you can imagine (especially from the first two mentioned above). Kurt Cobain said, "No one dies a virgin. Life screws us all." According to the World Health Organization (WHO), this phrase is true for one in five girls and one in ten boys, who are sexually abused at least once in their childhood by parents or guardians. And one in three women on the planet has been beaten or raped by a partner at least once. Reliable statistics on violence against men (especially psychological) are hard to find, for obvious reasons. But does this mean it doesn't exist? We live in a world enamored with hyperviolent spectacle, where people willingly use violence against others and even

themselves. And if that's not enough, the state system dispenses its own violence. After all, 500 police officers per 100,000 post-Soviet people have to earn their bread, too, right?

It turns out that even by these narrow criteria, everyone you know is a slave. Some are smarter and bolder, so their conditions of slavery are more comfortable. Some are more foolish and modest, so they have to live this life as if waiting out a rainstorm. You are lucky to be among the former. But are you ready to be satisfied with that?

The Real Reason You're Reading This Book

Yes, Sun Tzu claimed that one must learn throughout their life until their last breath. But you and I understand that this is just a mantra for fools. Remember the old joke? "Is Masha learning? No, Masha already knows." And you already know. For most people on the planet, simply providing their family with food, basic necessities, and a roof over their heads is a task they can only accomplish with great difficulty, as they get bruised and bloodied in the process. It's not a task, *it's sheer hell*. For you, however, making ends meet is a piece of cake. Moreover, you can provide yourself and your loved ones not only with the essentials but with everything money can buy.

So, what's the problem then? Don't know what else to buy? Or, for the first time in your life, can't decide what to do? Why did you need *A Billionaire's Survival Guide*? What do you want to find in these pages? Take a break and think.

Ok, my turn to answer: you need new meaning; a new path, slightly different landmarks, an answer to your life: call it what you want. The meaning doesn't change. It's about the fact that you've achieved everything you've dreamed of, seemingly enjoying life, but in moments when you are alone with yourself, you feel that something is wrong. It's as if you've been deceived. You've hit a glass ceiling, but you suspect you can go higher. But perhaps this limit is necessary? You can't help but remember the losers who said that happiness is not in money. But is it really true, and should you have been engaged in meditation and other time-wasting indulgences instead of doing business? Or maybe you should live like everyone else, enjoying the little things? Maybe what you were counting on doesn't exist at all, and everything simply comes down to eating, defecating, having sex, and dominating?

Do you know what the real difference is between a millionaire and an "ordinary person"? An "ordinary person" might ask themselves these questions but will never find an answer. You, however, are not used to taking "no" for an answer, and that's why you have achieved success. Yet now, you feel like you've gone as far up the ladder as you can go. But this time, to get to the next step, you need wisdom—wisdom that most people don't even suspect. Yes, including most successful people.

For those who are ready to follow the path of this wisdom, I will be a guide. It's too early to reveal all the details. Just keep reading. I assure you, by the time you turn the last page, your life will be changed. The world will never be the same for you again.

**THROUGH THORNS
TO THE STARS:
DIFFERENT
CATEGORIES OF
WEALTHY AND
POWERFUL MEN**

At what point did you consider yourself wealthy? I did when I earned my first million dollars. At that time, it seemed that this amount signified crossing a line, which meant that you I would never have to feel in need again. How wrong I was! Not only because life can be unpredictable, and anyone can die in poverty. When you have a million in your hands, suddenly it turns out that it's not that much. The same happens when you have ten million in your account. And even a hundred. Suddenly it turns out that no amount is the final solution to one's financial issues. After all, as we know, appetite comes with eating.

Envy is the engine of wealth. You can innocently call it ambition, but the essence is the same. You see that someone lives better than you, and you tell yourself: "Hey, I want that too!" If it weren't for envy, the vast majority of wealthy men would buy themselves the damn bicycle they lacked in childhood and leave it at that. No joke: the idea of wealth is formed at an early age. If you come from a poor family (probably most of you do) and, for example, grew up in a one-room apartment with your mother and grandmother, then your initial idea of the good life is limited to your own room, a packet of chips, and no one nagging at you. Seriously, people with brains but without imagination stop at that. The rest are in for an exciting journey, which is different for everyone, yet so similar.

Four Stages of Wealth

Only those who lack bread live by bread alone. This is an almost exact quote from American psychologist Abraham Maslow: the creator of the hierarchy of needs. You are

probably aware that at its base are physiological needs: to satisfy hunger, thirst, warm up, sleep, and to get rid of acute pain. When these are met, a person thinks about security, both in a literal and figurative sense (comfortable living conditions and confidence in tomorrow). Once past this stage, social needs open up: to love and be loved, to communicate with interesting people, and to feel like a worthy member of society. Then comes the need for recognition: “so that everyone trembles, so that everyone respects,” and even better, so that everyone adores. Then comes the need for knowledge, followed by an entire layer of aesthetic needs: from luxuriously furnished houses to owning coveted artworks. At the very top lies the need for self-actualization. Only a few reach it.

Self-actualization should be understood as full realization of one’s inner potential. I would add to this the attainment of true spirituality. Not the religious junk food fed to the masses by bearded men in funny costumes, but personal, even intimate communication with the Creator and a deep understanding of His intent. Only those who are no longer obsessed with material goods and have almost reached the top of their professions can get something useful out of this book. As for the others, they’re lucky: Maslow’s theory is not flawless (what is?). He was criticized because not every person goes through all stages in the order he indicated, and that people often they often don’t aim high enough in attaining what they really want.

The most significant stumbling block for Maslow’s theory has been the self-development industry. It turns out that self-actualization is extremely easy to impose, even on those who are in dire poverty—let alone problems with one’s quality of life and socialization. And yet there is clearly some truth

in the hierarchy of needs. And this is all the more obvious the more you interact with successful people of different wealth levels:

- ☑ **Up to \$10 million:** I call them the poor rich. Imagine a teenager who finds \$10 on the sidewalk and runs to the corner store for Snickers, soda, chips, and all manner of junk food. That's how the poor rich grab newfound wealth: with the desperate sense that at any moment it could all disappear. And they are damn right. Beginner millionaires are easy targets for everyone, even here in the United States and even more so in the post-Soviet space. There, such apprentice-level millionaires are hounded by the police and the prosecutor's office, tax authorities, corrupt officials, scammers, and, of course, the criminal underworld. Not to mention, the whole system is designed to quickly strip the poor rich of their assets. I admit, my fortune has not yet exceeded \$10 million, so I am also one of the poor rich. And yes, having had a false sense of security, I also behaved like a fool. There's nothing shameful about it; it's just a stage that every wealthy man goes through.
- ☑ **Up to \$100 million:** These people are financially secure. They no longer buy the first fashionable items they come across. They are drawn to beauty and begin to realize an extremely important truth: you need to live in a way that brings you pleasure, not to meet the expectations of the average Joe in the community. However, they are still driven by the instinct to dominate. They desperately need to prove something to those around them (and to themselves) and confirm their status. They still crave the spotlight and are

sensitive to public opinion; this is what prevents them from reaching a new level. Sociopaths, on the other hand, have no problem getting past this stage. That's the irony: the crowd loves rich people who don't seem to care about wealth. That's why Bill Gates, Steve Jobs, and Mark Zuckerberg could never remain just financially secure people.

- ☑ **Up to \$1 billion:** The elite. These respectable gentlemen are aware not only of their status but also of their historical significance. They have access to one of the main types of luxury: they go for the long game, not the fast buck. Therefore, they invest not in fleeting and risky projects, but in reliable long-term ventures. Moreover, they are interested in dividends in the form of not only money but also their image, political influence, and socio-cultural changes. These super-elite become philanthropists not out of boredom or because they have nowhere to put their money. By this stage of wealth, they have acquired a different way of thinking, and as a result, a much larger-scale of interests. They are concerned with the mark they will make on history, and their motivation lies outside of the classical egocentric models of domination. They do this simply because anything less than extraordinary is no longer interesting to them.
- ☑ **Over \$1 billion:** Oligarchs. Ignorant commentators on this topic will tell you that oligarchy is only possible in the backward and corrupt post-Soviet space, and the West represents a model of true power of the people. I wonder if those who say this even believe it themselves? Here in the United States, people with huge amounts of money who prefer to stay in the shadows

are the ones in power. Of course, they do not possess absolute power, as most of them still cannot break out of the slave system. But their position is much more advantageous than that of senators, congressmen, and even the president. Each of these political positions has a drawback to it: replaceability. Sometimes this replacement occurs tragically when one lone gunman decides to prematurely end a beloved politician's term in office with a magic bullet. Oligarchs, however, can easily outlive (in every sense) a handful of presidents and hundreds of small-caliber politicians.

What this means is that it is most interesting, comfortable, and safe at the top. This applies both to the stages of wealth and Maslow's hierarchy of needs. A poor soldier is one who does not dream of becoming a general, and a poor millionaire is one who does not aspire to enter the exclusive club of oligarchs one day. If you earn more than \$1 billion, it is not enough to simply continue the business strategies that led you there—say, to reach \$10 million. You need to look at business and the world in a different way. You need insights beyond those that can be gained from competitors or smart books, including this one. You need to become a visionary. And for that, you will have to enlist the help of forces that you do not even suspect exist yet.

Show-Off, or the Eighth Deadly Sin

In 1971, Stanford University psychology professor Philip Zimbardo recruited twenty-four students who agreed to participate in what seemed to be a harmless psycholog-

ical experiment. Volunteers were divided into prisoners and guards, housed in the basement of the psychology faculty for two weeks as if it were an actual prison. However, everything was supposed to be a harmless simulation, without physical violence. But the participants so quickly and willingly immersed themselves in new roles that the experiment had to be stopped after just six days. Mentally healthy guards suddenly developed sadistic tendencies: they starved and froze prisoners, forced them to scrub toilets with their bare hands, and found dementedly creative uses for wooden clubs and fire extinguishers. They sprayed prisoners when they rebelled against inexplicable cruelty. What happened went down in history as the Stanford Prison Experiment.

Wealth in some ways resembles this psychological experience, especially if it suddenly falls upon a person. It's not just about random schmucks who hit the jackpot in the lottery but also about the so-called *nouveau riche*: people from poor families who unexpectedly succeed in business. Having acquired a large amount of money, such a person begins to do things they've never done before because they subconsciously believed they had no right to do such things in the first place. The difference is that now they feel entitled. In reality, however, no one forbade or allowed them anything in the first place. All these metamorphoses took place only in their heads.

They say that big money spoils a person, and sometimes this is true. It reveals a person's true nature and erodes the social constructs previously ingrained in their mind. For example, after becoming a millionaire, a man suddenly discovers that he is not such a faithful husband. Before, cheating was a hassle, and the range of available options to his spouse wasn't that impressive. Now, he can snap his fingers, and any

woman is at his feet: blondes, brunettes, slim ones, curvy ones, athletic ones, with any breast size, and doing things in bed that you won't even see in many porn films—how can one resist? Yes, he might love his wife, but is that a good enough reason to deny himself worldly pleasures? And friends egg him on, saying that even Confucius spoke of pouring from one teapot into six cups as a common thing, yet pouring one cup from six teapots is somewhat unnatural. Moreover, the Lord commanded us to be fruitful and multiply, didn't he?

You don't have to deny it. Such thoughts have visited every incredibly successful man, and quite often, it didn't end with just thoughts. Yes, millionaires have a lot in common, and that's precisely why my book is universal. We all went through the phase of showing off, and many got stuck in it, not realizing that all these parasitical systems to skim off wealthy people are just a part of a much larger system of slavery. It resembles Earth's gravity, but instead of pulling you in with a massive cosmic body, it's the weight of poverty—both material and mental—that brings you down. People try to break free from it, but they are pulled back down. Instead, many people decide to show off and try to appear wealthier than they are.

- ☑ **Prestigious brand products:** A bottle of 1992 Screaming Eagle wine costs around \$500,000. Do you really think that this is not the case of a price bubble? And how is the value of Gucci, D&G, Louis Vuitton clothes formed? Are they that exquisite or high-quality? No, nothing special. Perhaps the million-dollar Richard Mille RM 27-04 Tourbillon Rafael Nadal watch is the most accurate in the world? No, they are inferior to any pawnshop quartz watch that goes for peanuts. The

answer is simple. You are buying material proof of your perceived status. Yes, many wealthy and seemingly self-sufficient men buy all this stuff not for themselves, but for others—that is, to gain the respect or envy of his peers. The strong and independent are thus shamefully dependent on the opinions of those they intend to dominate. Something doesn't add up. If you have managed to earn at least \$1 million, you have already risen above the crowd no matter what clothes you wear and what accessories you buy. Because dominance comes from within: it is radiated by you, not your trinkets.

- ☑ **Casino visits:** A millionaire cannot be unaware that casinos always come out ahead. And a successful businessman is not used to relying on chance. He doesn't buy lottery tickets and despises bookmakers, but he sees a special cachet in visiting casinos. Moreover, this is similar to the Stockholm syndrome: the victim experiences an unmotivated sympathy for the offender. Such a person may even deliberately fly to another country to visit a casino, and at the same time, he wants not to win but to lose. This is because his huge losses bring attention to his life's success. Like, "Hey, I had a pretty good time, minus the measly \$250,000 I lost for the evening." It is assumed that the interlocutor, hearing this story, will be envious: "He must have a lot of money if he talks about the loss so calmly. Another person would have put a noose around their neck, but this man doesn't even seem to care!"
- ☑ **Traveling:** If it weren't for COVID-19, traveling could be rightly considered the worst pandemic of the twenty-first century. Fifty years ago, young people dreamed of a family and their own home, and today they dream

about walking around Paris in worn sneakers. And this is also an element of the slaveholding gravity: you can build or buy a house, eliminating this expense from the family budget for a long time. But to definitively settle the question of travel: it's hardly possible to have any sort of permanency if one lives the life of a digital nomad. Don't think that I am against expanding horizons and cultural exchange. In fact, traveling is also a powerful source of business insight. If Howard Schultz hadn't traveled all over Italy and picked up the idea of espresso bars, we would have been left without Starbucks. But for the most aspiring millionaires, traveling is just another reason to show off. A hyped-up place (like Ibiza or the Maldives), more stars in the hotel, more prostitutes on the yacht, more alcohol or even drugs: this is the standard recipe for such a "vacation."

During this period, childhood psychotraumas intensify. If a deep-seated sense of guilt exists somewhere (and this is the only thing that many parents instill in their children), the patient will try to kill himself. No, he won't slit his wrists, jump out the window, or stick his head in the oven. The poor guy will look for dangerous adventures that will put his life at risk: skydiving, paragliding, snowboarding, mountaineering. He might even risk climbing Mount Everest. The cost of this adventure (\$40,000 to \$90,000) will just emphasize his high status. In between, he can race a sports car, sometimes even getting behind the wheel already fueled with "high-octane fuel," or become a motorcyclist. A Kawasaki Ninja H2R with 310 horsepower seems like a perfect choice for the risk taker's first ride (and maybe even their last), doesn't it?

Statistically, each of these hobbies will kill you faster than any harmful habit. But the unfortunate millionaire doesn't understand his urges and therefore voluntarily puts his head on the chopping block. He even boasts to his friends: "I really taste the essence of life, what about you?" But it's not just one element. Money serves as a catalyst for the manifestation of all childhood psychotraumas. For example, if you were not loved enough as a child, it is not surprising that you later strive to surround yourself with female attention, even if it is bought to you in a club or through a modeling agency. A millionaire has many friends, but for some reason, no one wants to be friends with him for free.

Happiness Loves Silence

Bill Gates's fortune is around \$105 billion. And his watch costs \$38. More precisely, it used to cost that much: when the media publicized the photo of him wearing the cheap Casio Duro, the price of this primitive quartz model soared. In the eyes of the common people, it gained a considerable added value. After all, if Bill Gates himself chose these watches, there must be something special about them, right? Maybe it's even the secret to his success? Of course, it's all nonsense. Bill Gates simply wears what he likes. He bypassed the phase of showing off, and in doing so had acquired the greatest freedom in our slave-driven society: the freedom to be himself.

Why do you think Warren Buffett still lives in a modest house that he bought back in 1958 for \$31,500? Maybe he is trying to be "closer to the people"? Or to appear as a nonconformist among billionaires? No, Warren just likes his house. Mark Zuckerberg likes his gray T-shirts and McDonald's

hamburgers. David Cheriton likes his Honda Odyssey. IKEA founder Ingvar Kamprad likes to use public transport. The media collect such examples of modesty and attaches them to headlines like WHAT BILLIONAIRES SAVE ON. These poor journalists can't understand that billionaires don't save. They just don't care about other people's expectations. They live the way they want. And isn't this worth getting rich for?

This concept is sometimes difficult to understand. That's why many successful men go to the opposite extreme: they switch to rebel mode. Expect a millionaire to live in their own castle or thirty-room Tudor mansion? "Well, I will live in an ordinary apartment!" Expect a millionaire to wear a Rolex? "I will purposely buy the cheapest junk I can find!" Expect an exotic beauty to be on the arm of a millionaire? "I will take a plain-looking woman as my wife out of principle!" I often meet wealthy men just like this. They don't realize that meeting society's expectations and rebelling against them are the same thing. In both cases, your life is controlled by these expectations.

If a millionaire is capable of conscious thought (and most of us are lucky in this regard, otherwise we wouldn't have made so much money), sooner or later the luster wears off. A man who already seems quite old finally grows up and starts contemplating eternity— they begin to understand the true meaning of life, what true spirituality is, and the legacy he will leave behind (apart from the inheritance his offspring will fight over).

HOW YOU GOT HERE: TYPES OF WEALTHY PEOPLE

“Rich is not the one who has a lot of money, but the one who has enough,” says an ancient wisdom that tries to manipulate you and impose a sense of guilt. “Complete nonsense,” I object. Being happy with a bowl of soup, living in a two-room hovel, and driving a used car cannot be wealth—even if a person somehow manages to make themselves believe it. Either you have at least a million dollars in your bank account, or it’s not wealth. However, for people in the top financial tier, even a million bucks turns out to be a trifle. In any case, only those who are lucky enough to be among the 0.3% of the world’s population—those who know what really big money is—will truly understand me.

There are twenty-two million millionaires in the world—a very impressive number. Essentially, it’s the population of a medium-sized country. Of course, this is a very diverse makeup. Some of these people are young, and some come close to being the world record holders for life expectancy. These are men and women. They are of all races and a multitude of nationalities. Some are smart and some are not so smart. Some are kind and others evil. Some are generous and others stingy. But a wealthy person has essentially only one salient characteristic: the origin of their wealth. This says a lot about their past, present, and future. It is not surprising that I chose this criterion as the basis for my classification.

People of Power

From the perspective of morality—which like a virus infects the minds of the masses and formal laws—the fact that every inhabitant of an official’s office tries to enrich themselves by any available means is wrong. But from the

standpoint of common sense, it would be even more wrong if the powerful didn't do this. After all, the state is the most expansive and unique subtype of a corporation. What other corporation has a monopoly on printing money, violence, and murder? Those who become part of this mechanism gain opportunities that ordinary businessmen can only dream of.

Moreover, a wealthy statesman knows the value of human resources more than anyone else. After all, everyone on the planet—except for a small caste of chosen ones—is nothing more than a corporate property that directly or indirectly enriches its owner. Remember this every time you are told about the selfless Stalin, who spent his entire life in one coat and a pair of boots. Why do you need money when you have undisputed control over hundreds of millions of powerless slaves? Wealth—available only to a select few—allows you to do without money altogether.

And yet, where democracy and capitalism ostensibly reign, money remains the main measure of success. That's why people in high offices convert power, information, and connections into hard currency. If in the West these processes are carefully masked, in less developed countries they are thinly veiled at best. But the difference between a greedy Duma deputy behind the wheel of a Porsche and a European politician living in a modest house is only that one is smart enough to hide their capital and the other is not.

Heirs

These are people who won the lottery without even buying a ticket. In an era when aristocratic titles have essentially lost their practical significance, it is the holders of

multi-million-dollar fortunes who have become the privileged caste in which something valuable is indeed inherited. As in previous centuries, being born into a certain family does not mean being a worthy person. That's why heirs are always treated with prejudice. There is a presumption of guilt: you are an undeserving upstart until you prove otherwise.

Some of these heirs prove they are worthy of their family's wealth, but not all of them. On the one hand, we have the dynasties of the Rockefellers and Rothschilds, who manage not only to preserve but also to multiply the wealth of their ancestors. On the other hand, we have the number one socialite on the planet, Paris Hilton—who barely managed to get a high school diploma—star in one of the worst movies in film history, get involved in a porn scandal, served time in jail, and became a darling of the cheap tabloids. Is it any wonder that she was eventually stripped of her multi-million-dollar inheritance? To be fair, Paris is not one to squander other people's money: she was able to successfully convert her public infamy into profit and a comfortable life.

Experience tells us that either an heir should be taught how to behave from early childhood, or the school of life will gift them with bad grades and bullying from a jeering crowd. However, I will talk more about raising children in a separate chapter.

Techies

This group includes almost half of all the fantastically wealthy people you've ever heard of. Political revolutions are started by those who climb on an armored car, while technological revolutions are driven by those who invent

transport (and this armored car in particular). New heart transplant techniques affect only a narrow circle of professionals and interested parties, but technical innovations can change the lives of billions of people. That's because the race for progress is the most fascinating of all available activities for the average person, despite the fact that they will never reach the finish line first. Moreover, there is no such thing as a finish line.

That's why Edison inscribed his name in history with golden letters, despite how he treated Tesla. That's why Ford's books are still printed and read widely, despite his political views being not much different from Hitler's. That's why people are obsessed with Elon Musk, no matter what crazy ideas he promotes on Twitter (now rebranded by Musk as the enigmatic X). Each of these people gave civilization something it did not have before and greatly changed our way of life. That's why they received fantastic wealth as a reward and, even more valuable, mass approval from the public.

Stars

This category unites everyone who has climbed the financial Olympus thanks to their talent. These include: singers and musicians, actors and directors, athletes and artists, writers and bloggers, models and couturiers. (On a separate line includes: celebrities who are famous only for being famous). In 2022, director Peter Jackson pocketed \$580 million; singer Bruce Springsteen has raked in \$435 million; and rapper Jay-Z has made \$340 million. Indeed, all these colossal sums are primarily the result of major deals: Jackson sold his stake in the visual effects studio Weta Digital; Springsteen

sold the rights to his music to Sony Music Group; and Jay-Z received millions for a stake in the music service Tidal and the champagne brand Armand de Brignac.

All these examples have great significance—because everybody in show business sooner or later tries to start a normal business. Today, millions worship you, but perhaps no one listens to your next album. Your movies may even start to fail at the box office. Or you stop scoring goals. And even if everything goes smoothly, constantly performing for the public gets tiresome after a while. That’s why rapper will.i.am is not only the leader of the Black Eyed Peas but also the creative director of Intel Corporation and 3D Systems. That’s why Justin Bieber releases his own streetwear brand Drew House. That’s why Gwyneth Paltrow sells candles “with the scent of her vagina.” Sure, it’s nice—if like Elton John or Michael Caine you can still have a lucrative career in show business at seventy or eighty years old. But not everyone will have such a chance.

Representatives of Crime

Even in cases where it has not merged with power, crime is inseparable from business. On the one hand, it is honest entrepreneurs who are the source of revenue for bolder and more aggressive fellow citizens with a concealed weapon. On the other hand, the days of train and stagecoach robberies are long gone; nowadays, it is customary to build a respectable facade of a successful business on the foundation of illegal initial capital. Just remember Al Capone and the numerous ways he laundered money. The United States’ favorite gangster has been resting under the ground

for eight decades, and money laundries are still an integral part of American life.

From movies and TV shows, you know the types of businesses that lend themselves to money laundering just as well as I do: beauty salons, car washes, casinos, and so on. But you will be surprised to learn which enterprises are sometimes backed by gentlemen with a serious reputation in the criminal world. They have no shortage of money: often their problems are how to manage it. The sun, with its temperature of 1 million °C, is nothing compared to how money burns a hole in your pocket when you really want to spend it but can't. These criminal masterminds are not cartoon thugs with brass knuckles and guns, but more often smart guys in expensive suits with a solid knowledge of jurisprudence and accounting.

Random Low-Intellect Riffraff

There's no need to mince words. These low-bred Tony Montana types don't hesitate to stick their long snouts into a mountain of cocaine and sleep with an AK-47. I have dedicated decades to studying wealth and the wealthy, but these characters still remain a mystery to me. They didn't win the lottery; they didn't inherit anything; they didn't seize capital from someone else. So how did they end up among the 0.3% of the chosen ones? They had neither knowledge nor strategy; it's as if fate itself helped them make a mockery of those who sweat blood to get rich.

You also know such people. You're keenly anticipating this riffraff to go bankrupt or end up in prison. But you may not live to see it happen. It sounds paradoxical, but the lack

of strategy combined with zero initiative allows them to successfully flounder in the stream of life and not hit rock bottom for years. Perhaps they are the real geniuses: those who skillfully disguise their ulterior motives like card sharks at a table with strangers. Although, of course, there are also those random riffraff who live up to the expectations of those around them. Some burn out on failed investments, some live beyond their means, and the most colorful characters squander their fortunes in casinos.

By the way, speaking of bankruptcy, the types of wealthy people mentioned above do not consider this a serious threat. Each of us believes in our own lucky star and is convinced that once we've found the goose that laid the golden egg, we're invincible. Let's be honest: I also can't imagine myself sitting in a shabby two-room apartment or driving a twenty-year-old rusty wreck of a car. And you can't imagine it either. Because it all seems unnatural; it just shouldn't be that way. And do you know who else couldn't imagine it? Almost everyone who one day found themselves bankrupt.

Recall the old parable about the wise man and the sign **IT WON'T ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS**. If you don't know this one, it goes like this: the old man advised hanging such a sign for a down-his-luck loser who didn't know how to carry on a living. And when everything eventually worked out for the former loser, the wise man advised him not to remove the sign. Personally, I am against such didactic nonsense. But everyone who finds themselves among the chosen ones should understand that it may not always be like this—at least if they don't work on themselves and don't conquer new heights.

Perhaps you are asking yourself, "Where else can I grow?" If this is an honest self-questioning and rooted in a firm belief that you've reached a cap, then I have two pieces

of news for you. I'll start with the bad one: you are lost and one step away from getting stuck and on the precipice of a downward slide. But there is also good news: you definitely still have room to grow. And I am ready to point you in the right direction so that you have many amazing discoveries ahead.

**SUDDEN WEALTH
SYNDROME:
WHEN YOU
AREN'T READY
FOR RICHES**

Have you ever heard of a man named Keith Gough? I bet you haven't. Yet he could have left a long legacy if he had wisely managed his fabulous wealth. But no, this fifty-eight-year-old Brit became just another eccentric who, after briefly soaring, fell like a stone and then prematurely left this world.

Lose Everything and Even More

In 2005, an ordinary baker had fantastic luck: he won a whopping £9 million in the lottery! Gough quit his job and went on the shopping spree of a lifetime. The desire to squander money left and right was regularly fueled by alcohol in his blood. He decided to take everything he could from life but ended up losing it all. The newly minted millionaire spent about £1.5 million on big houses. He bought a BMW for £60,000. He hired a driver and a gardener, which cost him another £80,000. While at it, why not lose £180,000 on horse races and card games? Said and done. And when Gough's twenty-five-year marriage cracked, he paid his wife £1.5 million in a settlement.

It would seem that a rehabilitation clinic could fix everything, but the treatment resulted in an acquaintance with a certain James Prince. The unscrupulous friend, who plied Gough with alcohol and slipped him various documents to sign, drained him of about £700,000 in a couple of years. After winning the lottery, Keith Gough lived only five more years. Incessant drinking triggered a heart attack that took the hapless millionaire to the other side. Shortly before his death, he summed up his sad lottery-winning life: "My life was great. But the lottery ruined everything. What's the point

of having money when you lie in bed and cry because of it? I thought winning the lotto would help make my dreams come true. Now all the dreams have turned to ashes.” Less than £800,000 pounds of the £9 million winnings were left, which Gough’s children inherited.

Some may say that this story is easy to explain. Supposedly, Gough was just an ordinary sucker, and his wealth was absolutely undeserved. So let’s take the exact opposite example. If there is one person who is not a sucker, that is Mike Tyson: he earned his wealth like few others ever could. During his career, the legendary boxer made nearly \$700 million. After earning \$1.5 million for his first championship fight in 1986, Iron Mike pocketed a record-breaking \$22 million just two years later. Most people wouldn’t know what to do with this amount of money. Tyson didn’t know either, so he wasted it on everything he could think of. He said goodbye to his wealthy status in 2003 when he was deep in debt and forced to declare bankruptcy.

You can understand the guy who grew up poor in the roughest Brooklyn neighborhood and wanted a beautiful life. And yet, he spent money at a rate that was nothing short of astonishing. Here are just some of the items on his list of expenses:

- ☑ \$140,000 for a pair of Bengal tigers, \$12,000 a month for their maintenance, \$125,000 a year for their training, and another \$250,000 as compensation to a neighbor who was bitten by one of the exotic pets;
- ☑ \$300,000 a year for lawn and garden care;
- ☑ \$230,000 a year on mobile phones, pagers, and communication fees;
- ☑ \$410,000 for his 30th birthday party;

- ☑ \$2,000,000 for a solid gold bathtub as a Christmas gift for his wife;
- ☑ \$100,000 a month on jewelry and clothing.

With this as a backdrop, spending \$240,000 a month on current expenses doesn't seem extraordinary. And the millions spent on a collection of 111 luxury cars would seem like a reasonable investment—especially considering the dozens of cars he simply bought for his friends as gifts or let them drive and forgot about.

Nevertheless, even the car collection couldn't serve as Iron Mike's lifesaving nest egg. After declaring bankruptcy and counting the value of all his assets, he still owed the IRS \$23 million, which forced him to agree to fights he would have normally refused. However, the boxer didn't end up empty-handed. He monetized his name in movies, on TV, and wherever else possible, which is why he still has a few million in his account today.

Many here would say that Tyson, despite all his virtues, wasn't a financial genius. I could bring up another striking example, but I won't. Because it's not about intellectual abilities, not about the deservedness of money, and not about the fickle hand of fate. All these reasons are secondary. The main issue is the subconscious unpreparedness of a person for wealth.

You've probably seen for yourself how those poor-rich people who manage to accumulate a fortune of up to \$10 million go through a transformation. They start believing in their own exceptionality and generally lose their minds; these newly minted millionaires make the kind of mindlessly risky financial moves that would make the average sensible person feel queasy. That's because we understand how money works.

But most get-rich-quick types don't realize that earning is only half the job; it's much more challenging to maintain and grow wealth. Effective sellers of success and even real business sharks talk a lot about how to achieve wealth. But only a select few know how to preserve and increase it.

Breaking Down Unpreparedness

For many people, money is like an expensive exotic dish they've coveted their entire lives. Once they get a taste of it, the reality rarely lives up to the dream. Wealth turns out to be entirely different from what an ordinary person imagined, and this doesn't fit into their consciousness. But it's even worse when wealth isn't accepted by the subconscious, which cluttered with all sorts of self-sabotaging garbage. The unfortunate person clings to superficial explanations of their problems and tries to solve them, only making things worse. Here are the main reasons the *nouveau riche* have trouble enjoying the high life.

- ☑ **Too much, too fast:** It seems like just yesterday you only had a hole in your pocket, and today you can afford many things from your wish list. Life goes by with the subconscious fear that it's a dream, and soon you'll have to return to reality. In this half-asleep state, the intoxicated rich person begins doing all kinds of eccentric things. They didn't have time to thoughtfully process the abundant growth of their wealth and start thinking differently. This results in them spending money on needless status symbols, the poor investments, and everything else. After all, big money is not

just an opportunity but also a responsibility. Those who don't realize this have to console themselves in time with the old saying "easy come, easy go"; they are not be surprised when their finances soon go south. The secret is that getting rich quickly is not a mistake. In the information age, it's more of a norm. The mistake is getting rich quickly while being an idiot.

- ☑ **Too easy:** Since childhood, we've been surrounded by so many proverbs, fairy tales, cartoons, and other educational content about diligence, hard work, and patience that by adulthood, a false belief is firmly entrenched in the average person's mind: wealth should only come with tremendous effort. That's why easy money first brings joy, then fear: "It can't be that simple; there must be a catch." This fear often turns to shame: "I shouldn't have gotten so much; it's unfair to others." That's precisely why people treat easy money differently: they spend it on useless trinkets or make irresponsible investments. In the terminal stage, a person considers their entire fortune "easy" and treats it accordingly. Psychological trauma triggers the program of financial self-destruction. If this is not addressed in time, even a multi-billion-dollar fortune will be gone in an instant. And the now ruined ex-tycoon will be lying under a banyan tree in "enlightened" Bali, drunkenly muttering something like: "I had money, but I didn't like it." However, we'll discuss psychological trauma in more detail later.
- ☑ **Danger:** Being wealthy is pleasant but also scary. Some fear karmic retribution for an excessively sweet life. Others have more realistic fears like robbery, kidnapping for ransom, or blackmail. Some are afraid of

attracting too much attention. Yes, I also felt uncomfortable walking through poor neighborhoods in Quito, even though I saw plenty in my youth in Brooklyn. Still, it's foolish to perceive wealth as a target on your back. If anonymity is your goal, then toil countless hours at a factory every week and die from a heart attack around the age of fifty. I prefer to see wealth as a reliable protection from most troubles awaiting me on this earth. I assume you share my vision. But many people need this explained to them and, more importantly, they need it drummed into their subconscious. And if you can't shake off this obsessive fear, even living in a civilized country, you might have to get rid of your wealth. I'm telling you this directly because the purpose of my book is to tell you what could happen to you and how you should act.

- ☑ **“Everything is suspiciously good”:** This would be very funny if it wasn't so sad. Millions of men around the world subconsciously don't want to be happy. This is because since their childhood, they lived in misery and watched their parents, friends, and acquaintances live the same way. To them, this lifestyle is remembered as the norm. That's why it's uncomfortable to sail on a luxurious yacht when the subconscious wants to flounder in the mud. The inner masochist constantly whispers that surrounding themselves with luxury is somehow wrong. This masochism comes from a lack of attention and love in childhood. That's why even as a successful adult, they want to be pitied. This type of man will wear shabby clothes, drives a beat-up jalopy, and lives in some shack: he creates artificial discomfort so that everything is not “too good” and he has nothing

to fear. In an attempt to “normalize” everything, the subconscious pushes for reckless financial decisions, turning the millionaire into that “normal guy.”

- ☑ **Forced publicity and etiquette:** The rich make up a kind of club where very different people are united. On one end of the spectrum are members of the British royal family, whose every move is carefully orchestrated, and on the other is Donald Trump, who wouldn't hesitate to step into the ring with wrestlers and shave another billionaire bald. However, wealth doesn't grant you *carte blanche* for just any actions. On the contrary, the higher you climb, the more is expected of you. And up there, any scandal, affair, or even a careless statement can be costly. Of course, I'm not just talking about money. It's not just responsibility: it's a sword of Damocles hanging over you, ready to fall on your head at any moment. And no head in the world would like that.
- ☑ **Weak psyche:** The reasons listed above are enough to worry about, but these are just the beginning. For a psychologically immature personality, happiness is a challenge. Strong positive emotions also consume energy and can be exhausting—not to mention that the feeling of power that money gives you can be as intoxicating as any drug. And yes, such a feeling of happiness can also be addictive and can only be maintained through increasingly larger doses. But it's impossible to increase these doses indefinitely. Any fortune can also be squandered if you think with something other than your head. Moreover, the power of the poor-rich is not as great as they would like it to be: today you feel like a shark in your own office, and tomorrow a

bigger predator in uniform can eat you. Thoughts of such prospects regularly visit this person addicted to happiness; in order to drown these thoughts out, the poor-rich often plunge headfirst into new adventures. That's how they get trapped in the vicious circle.

- ☑ **Issues with health:** Anyone who says you can't buy health is shamelessly lying. Only a very wealthy person can afford the robust health of a hero. Because for the average Joe, the best Swiss or Israeli clinics are simply out of reach. And let's not even go as far as to talk about clinics, even truly healthy and balanced nutrition is an unattainable luxury for them. But there's a catch. Most people who have managed to achieve wealth on their own have left their health somewhere along the way. At the finish line, they are greeted by stroke, heart attack, cancer, and other such "bonuses." Unfortunately, sometimes their health suffers, creating irreparable damage—and even all the money in the world can't fix the problem. And such a person who lives in anticipation of a cancer recurrence or another heart attack is not too happy about the huge sum of money in their bank account. Moreover, as a wealthy person, you understand perfectly well that any doctor cares not only about your health but also about his wallet, and is therefore ready at any moment to lure you into some expensive treatment course. We'll talk a bit later about the quacks who maim people for their money, and why every sensible person should understand their own health.
- ☑ **Lack of family tradition:** It's probably good to be born a Rothschild. Your parents and all your relatives are good at being rich. It's a very valuable science that is

not taught in any university: only through what you might call “homeschooling.” From childhood, you are prepared for the life of the wealthy. When you’re not a carrier of this philosophy, you build your wealth and new life on a completely different foundation. In the absence of something worthwhile, the “wisdom” of parents, teachers, and other significant people comes into play. These ideas are often worthless and actually turn out to be a burden. Elementary knowledge for the hereditary elite has to be obtained through trial and error—and not everyone will like that.

- ☑ **“It’s temporary”:** Hope for the best but prepare for the worst. Under this motto, millions of realists around the world live and are almost never disappointed. But some forget about the first part of the advice and plunge into desperate fatalism. Despite the endless possibilities that wealth offers, such people don’t live, but merely exist. They don’t have time to enjoy the brightest part of their life; they are always anticipating the darkness. Such people are the first to go bankrupt in a crisis, many more lose money due to ill-conceived financial adventures, or simply ruin their own business. However, with their bad faith, they are always philosophically prepared for this in advance and are almost never disappointed.
- ☑ **Stupidity:** Paradoxically, people with a low IQ often end up very high in the social hierarchy, and by chance. Uneducated, unlettered, and inexperienced, these half-wits find themselves with huge amounts of money dumped into their laps thanks to a lottery, a relative’s will, or another incredible coincidence. The reasons for their wealth can vary, but the outcome in

most cases is the same: bankruptcy due to a series of foolish decisions. It seems that even the dumbest wealthy person could easily avoid problems by entrusting the management of their capital to smart people. But even to make such a simple decision requires brainpower—and the willingness to admit their incompetence. And a fool is definitely not capable of that. By the way, the same strategy can be employed to protect heirs from their own stupidity: create a trust fund that will pay descendants a certain amount over several years.

Wealth not only does not solve all our problems but can often create them: can there be anything more cynical? However, most people who are unprepared for big money will not get the sly humor, and a small minority will only reluctantly smile. You need to prepare for wealth in advance. But if you already have both big money and are unprepared for it, then it's better to act later than never.

**WEALTH IN
THE CIS: WHAT
IT'S LIKE TO BE
WEALTHY AMONG
THE MALEVOLENT
AND POOR**

What can be said about the specifics of wealth in the CIS? Against the backdrop of the low standard of living, one needs significantly less capital to be considered a wealthy person. There are plenty of specific issues, especially unpleasant ones. That is precisely why my family moved to the United States when I was still a teenager. This is why I would never trade Miami for Rublevka. And this is why I served as a consultant for so many people who wanted to emigrate from the post-Soviet space to the United States.

All modesty aside, I don't mind saying that I am the leading American expert on this issue. My book *Business and Immigration to the United States* is proof of that. Of course, those who not only dreamed of moving to the United States, but also took action did not limit themselves to merely reading my book. They visited me in my office. After which, I analyzed their situation, and sorted everything out for them. I can do this because I have an in-depth knowledge of the realities of life in both Russia and America. I am always ready to shatter an immigrant's illusions, warn them against common mistakes, protect them from fraudsters targeting their money, and outline a roadmap for a happy life in the land of opportunity. This is practical knowledge that is more valuable than any abstruse theories. And the specifics of wealth in the CIS are within the scope of my professional interests.

Man and Law

At the dawn of its existence, the CIS resembled the American Wild West. It was a hostile and ruthless place where the only law was survival of the fittest. But the most important thing is that there were almost unlimited opportunities

for those who understood the essence of this game without rules. Privatization and other relatively honest ways of accumulating capital allowed many interesting personalities to become successful almost overnight. Of course, in this dog-eat-dog environment, not everybody survived long enough to count their fortunes.

The wild proto-capitalism of the 1990s in CIS territory failed to evolve into something good. The Soviet mentality meant that business merges with power, power with crime, and crime with business. I'm not saying that there is no such thing in the West. But in the CIS, you either become an integral part of the system or face the consequences.

For example, take the story of Mikhail Khodorkovsky. It was easy to imagine the head of the oil company YUKOS, and one of the richest people in the world, on the eve of the new millennium in any role. We're talking about the key puppeteer of Russian politics, the head of his own party, the richest man on the planet, and someone who seemingly answered to no one. However, on October 25, 2003, he was arrested for tax evasion. This owner of a \$15 billion fortune had gone against the "party line" and lost everything at once. He was sentenced to fourteen years in prison and served just over ten: this is the most striking example of modern-day tsarist ruthlessness. And if you think permanent residence in Switzerland and \$600 million in a bank account automatically connotes a happy ending, then you are seriously mistaken. Because the personal devastation of ten years behind bars and the loss of status for a titan like Khodorkovsky cannot be measured in money.

Once hailed as one of the most creative and flamboyant young entrepreneurs in Russia, Evgeny Chichvarkin had the opportunity to live in his own country rather than hide

abroad. Many Russians still fondly recall iconic phrases from his “Euroset” advertising campaigns. In 2008, Chichvarkin learned how things worked in the CIS, the hard way. What seemed like the quickest path to success turned out to be a dead end: he went from universal recognition to raids, a “voluntary sale” of his business, and hasty emigration to the United Kingdom. Three years later, the Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation dropped the criminal case, but the ex-owner of “Euroset” is in no hurry to return. However, it’s not right to speak of him using the “ex-” prefix. In the United Kingdom, he found his niche in the wine and restaurant business, and has even earned a Michelin star. But neither Chichvarkin nor the orphaned “Euroset” can regain their former glory.

THE RUSSIAN ELON MUSK DIED DUE TO TORTURE AND RAPE IN PRE-TRIAL DETENTION: the bitter irony of this newspaper headline perfectly characterizes the situation. Many people who had every chance to make a name for themselves and become fabulously wealthy do not live to see the peak of their fame; some even die of, let’s say, from unnatural causes. Valery Pshenichny, the late entrepreneur, was the owner of the company NovIT Pro, which developed a three-dimensional computer model of a submarine for the Ministry of Defense. In 2016, he suspected his partner of multimillion-dollar embezzlement and received a counter-accusation of deliberate overpricing and collusion with an employee of the Admiralty Shipyards. All three ended up behind bars, but Pshenichny ultimately paid for this with his life. The creation of a unique submarine and new perspectives in shipbuilding were cut short by a 40-centimeter string from a hoodie. The official report made by the staff at the detention center even tried to rule it a suicide.

But it's not just Russia. This is a classic practice for the entire post-Soviet space. Kazakh businessman Margulan Seisembayev can confirm this. At one point, he was deprived of his bank account, construction companies, and oil companies, as well as other assets totaling \$5.8 billion. In 2009, the authorities launched criminal cases against him under six articles. The range of charges was impressive: from embezzling \$1 billion to creating a group of organized criminal. Legal battles lasted for seven years. Legal and auditing firms did not dare to take on such a client, and Mr. Seisembayev did most of the work to clear his own good name. He had to divide his time between Dubai, London, and Moscow. And when he was confident he had a strong case, he turned himself in to Interpol. He was acquitted on five of the six charges, and the remaining one was reclassified and given a two-year suspended sentence. Today, Seisembayev's net worth is \$124 million.

However, why talk about someone else when there is personal experience? In the 1990s, after the end of the Cold War, Americans could indeed afford to relax, get fat, and even deliver the notorious "Bush legs" (referring to a trade agreement that brought frozen chicken legs to the former USSR) and other humanitarian aid to the suffering residents of the post-Soviet countries. Fortunately, our family did not need it. We lived in Uzbekistan at the time. My stepfather organized a business for importing and selling foreign cars from Japan through Vladivostok to Tashkent. Then he took it to the next level, supplying metals to the Baltic countries. Next, a successful real estate business with an office in Kaliningrad. We had a large cottage, several luxury cars, and all the attributes of a life that millions of people across the CIS could only dream of. We lost all of this in a moment when

they “targeted” stepfather and decided to take away his successful business by the right of the strongest.

Left with nothing, he went to the US to start a new life there. In the land of opportunity, he was given a less-than-enviable start: to work at a car wash. It was only after several years of low-paid work that he was able to bring my mother and me to join him. My mother was a successful lawyer, without knowledge of local laws. She was also forced to take on side jobs, mostly cleaning houses. Working tirelessly, my parents could only afford a cheap apartment in Brooklyn, where I spent most of my youth. It was there that Paul Healingod first earned his money. The winter of ‘95 was marked by blizzards and record snowfall, so I borrowed \$20 from my parents to buy a shovel and went to clear the snow from the streets around the houses. You could say that my first investment in life was successful: the work with the shovel brought me \$45. In such cases, businesspeople will often keep their first dollars earned in a frame; but in a family of poor immigrants, all the money was spent on day-to-day survival.

However, we considered ourselves lucky. It’s not just that everything worked out for us in the end, but also we didn’t pay the ultimate price. One of my relatives not only survived the 1990s in Russia but also managed to prosper in the 2000s. In Siberia, he owned enterprises, built a cottage settlement, and even held a deputy governor position. But one day, his time also came. Yet, unlike my stepfather, he did not take the warnings of the threat seriously. By Russian standards, he was too confident and even arrogant, believing that there were laws and rules that protected him. As a result, he was left with nothing and spent six years in confinement. That’s the way it is in Russia: for everyone who is seriously engaged in business, there is a certain Article 158 (relating

to fraud) on the books, which can be enacted at any moment for any reason.

And yet, most people who have amassed a huge fortune are smart enough to recognize real danger. The best proof of this is the city of Sunny Isles Beach in Florida, also called Little Moscow. Many Russian-speaking people live here, and a large percentage of them are immigrant businessmen. (Some of them settled in the US with my help when I was involved in consulting.) Dozens of people who were being pressured to give up their businesses, some of them worth ten, twenty, and even a hundred million dollars, passed through my office. They dealt with their problems at home, and I explained how not to fall into the clutches of predatory scammers here in the US. That's why I know that for decades, in essence, nothing has changed: the wealthy and successful in the CIS are still sitting on a powder keg. By the way, that's why they buy up front pages in newspapers, airtime on radio and TV, and start YouTube channels: to gain popularity and secure public support in case of trouble.

However, many potential victims of the system are naively optimistic. Almost everyone thinks that it won't affect them. They think a well-known billionaire will be untouchable. Small-scale entrepreneurs are confident that their small business is unlikely to interest anyone, especially if it is specialized. But for every small business, there will be a small but persistent scammer or some other criminal element. An up-and-coming enterprise can be grabbed at any moment by the next governor or, say, competitors backed by the head of the regional Ministry of Internal Affairs or, conversely, a supervisor. And when it comes to subsoil or another equally attractive prospect, the inexhaustible resources of the state machine are ready to join the game. That's why seizures

happen constantly and at all levels, and these efforts almost always have a hundred percent efficiency.

Being a very wealthy person in the West means having the privilege of influencing political processes. Being a very wealthy person in Russia means taming high officials so they don't tame you. The rule of "fight or flight" has gone far beyond the dark alleys to places where it doesn't belong. The true meaning of wealth is lost: being the master of your own life and devoting it to what you do best. I personally came to the US with empty pockets and acquired millions exclusively thanks to my talent, business acumen, and other personal qualities. Could I consider myself a winner in life if my status depended solely on a relative sitting in parliament or a high-ranking judge who was, in fact, involved in my business? No. And even more so, as someone who enjoys speaking their mind, I would not want to lose everything I have in an instant. Once was enough for me.

Unpleasant Neighbors

Writer Boris Akunin put a very sensible thought into the mouth of one of his not-so-pleasant characters: "In America, it's nice to be rich, not like in our country. Here you sit in some gourmet restaurant, having lunch, admiring the view of a wonderful temple—and suddenly you see a homeless person or a poor old woman outside, and the frog leg gets stuck in your throat. But over there, everyone is well-fed, dressed, and groomed. Well, the neighbor has a simpler car and a smaller house. It doesn't put much pressure on the psyche."

Moreover, let's be honest, in a foreign country, feelings toward completely unfamiliar people become dull. They are

not compatriots whose troubles are understandable and somehow feel closer to you. But the issue here is not the guilt over those less fortunate. The problem lies more in the less fortunate, who in the CIS are often prejudiced against by those who are more affluent. When it comes to someone obscenely rich, passions run high. The masses show outright unmotivated aggression.

Western civilization is used to seeing wealth as something normal. Its memory is full of success stories of people who made it on their own. Whether you're talking about Edison, Ford, Gates, or Musk: here, it is possible to become enormously wealthy from scratch. And what about the territory of the CIS? In tsarist times, you could be born rich. In the Soviet period, on the contrary, having a few more pennies in your pocket than your neighbor was considered a crime. And since the 1990s, a surfeit of capital is almost always associated with corruption and crime. People who, from generation to generation, have nurtured and cherished class hatred toward any successful person do not create the social conditions for a carefree public life.

Today, of course, you don't get angry crowds of proletarians chasing the "damned bourgeoisie" calling for their heads and occupying their houses. But they spit on the rich at every convenient opportunity. In the US, rebels urinating in rich people's soup at a fancy restaurant is just a scene from *Fight Club*. But in any CIS country, scenarios like this one play out for real. Of course, in a fashionable restaurant in an affluent area of Moscow, like Rublevka, this is impossible because control in such establishments is very strict. But I wouldn't be surprised if, at this very moment, in some god-forsaken CIS town, an unfortunate Bentley owner is feasting on such a tainted dish. However, why should we even imagine

a fictional situation when the poor neighbors of one of my acquaintances had a habit of secretly throwing garbage into his pickup truck? It's hard not to notice this type of animosity from others—even when this comes in the form of forced smiles for tips or some other type of personal gain. And so, the wealth that was supposed to bring incredible happiness now provokes constant psychological discomfort.

That's why many wealthy people strive to leave the CIS—even if they are not threatened by anything. Many see their actions as an attempt to partake in the benefits of Western civilization. But in reality, living in a skyscraper or by the sea, driving a Rolls-Royce and flying on a private plane, having a huge staff of service personnel, and playing golf on weekends can be done at home. But it's just that in a civilized country you will not get looks of hate for this. That's what's truly valuable.

Setting Us Up

Unfortunately, one of the key problems wealthy people in the CIS have is themselves—or rather, what is part of their community. Millionaires and billionaires are a kind of family, and this family is not without its freaks. A small, disgraceful minority manages to make themselves heard so loudly that it casts a shadow over us all. The general public, however, has no desire to understand any of it; they just want an excuse to complain about the stupid behavior of rich people. I'm sure you also try to distance yourself from such characters as much as possible. But no matter how hard you try, keep in mind that the masses are still ready to lump you in with them.

Society has always sneered at the *nouveau riche*. But the 1990s gave Russia and neighboring countries such an easy target for ridicule that the memory of it is still embarrassing. Yes, I'm talking about the so called "new Russians." A boor in a raspberry jacket with manners of a criminal, driving a Mercedes S600 and living in a tasteless mansion, hardly evoked envy: such was the disgust toward these people. Wealth acquired through dubious means did not suddenly transform a common thug into a Vanderbilt: it only emphasized all his shortcomings, from lack of taste to low intellect. Those "Vovans" and "Tolyans" who did not end up in the gutter after another bad deal with the criminal brotherhood evolved very slowly. Many managed to evolve into something beyond cliches, and their past is now part of a distant history, relegated to old photographs and newspaper articles.

History has left the new Russians behind, but they still have managed to pass on an insatiable passion for meaningless ostentation to the next generation of wealthy people. While Mark Zuckerberg strolls around in simple jeans and a t-shirt, Sergey Brin lives in a three-room apartment and drives a Toyota Prius. While Amancio Ortega has lunch with his employees in workingman's cafes, a CIS millionaire must have everything "expensive and luxurious." Style, balance, efficiency, and everything else are ignored. But neither diamond watches nor a mansion with antique caryatids instead of columns bring the expected joy. The *nouveau riche* console themselves with the fact that at least those around them are watching with envy; yet their brand of conspicuous consumption only annoys or, at best, mildly amuses. Most even manage to turn charity events into ostentatious displays of wealth, spending much more money on PR than directly on

help. Such activity, of course, does not bring the rich dividends in the eyes of those they hoped to impress.

Interacting with many ultra-wealthy people from the CIS, I am convinced that feudalism has not disappeared there. Serfdom was formally abolished in 1861, but it remained in the minds of both the landowner and the serf. Neither 1917 nor 1991 nor any other year could change this. Revolutions simply fed the masses the same lies only with a different sauce. When I, or any successful businessman in the West, takes someone on the team, it's about a mutually beneficial partnership. The thought of humiliating an employee, cheating them out of money, and imposing slave-like working conditions is simply not what I'm mentally hardwired to do—alongside the fact that all this is against the law. But where every law has a loophole, many rich and successful people don't even consider such an attitude towards a subordinate. "I'm the boss, you're a fool" is not the most profitable strategy, but it massages the ego. And for many, that's more than enough. What kind of future can a person thinking in outmoded ways envision? When instead of intelligent investments, they search for noble ancestors; and instead of scaling up their business, they build a family estate? It's a very cruel irony: to turn yourself into a clown for your own money.

All this strikes fear in the heart of a CIS millionaire. They fear that everyone they know is merely faking their friendship, love, or respect. They fear that one day they will be hunted down, regardless of whether they acquired their wealth honestly or not. They fear that neither the court, the media, nor public support will help them. They fear that society will once again slide into mass pogroms and that they will have to flee the pitchfork-wielding mob. They fear that the country will disgrace itself on the international stage

and face sanctions that will destroy their business and livelihoods. They fear that wealth has changed them too much, and they no longer resemble their former selves.

What to do with these fears? The obvious answer is emigration. When there is an amount with at least six zeros in your bank account, the language barrier and other minor issues cease to be a problem. You just need to accept the inevitable hassles of relocation and focus on the many advantages you will soon have. But this can also be a superficial solution. Because some of the problems indeed are purely geographical. However, problems lurking deep in the subconscious cannot be solved by moving. This is because even in the most remote corners of the planet, the fugitive takes their main problem with them: themselves. Anyone who wants to start an ideal life must first find their place in the world figuratively before they can do this literally. Clearing your head of residual Soviet attitudes and other mental blocks, you must take an honest look at yourself and the world around you: this is work that you cannot entrust to someone else—not even for all the money in the world.

But you will definitely need an assistant. Once you relocate to a new destination, only with an experienced guide can you get acclimated to your new environs. However, we will talk about this a little later. For now, let's continue dealing with more down-to-earth matters and more obvious questions.

**PITFALLS OF
BIG MONEY:
YOU DEFINITELY
AREN'T EXPECTING
THIS**

You know as well as I do that successful and influential people leave a mark on each other's lives. Often, this topic is discussed in the context of rivalry, which pushes both of parties to achieve ever-loftier goals. But it is not uncommon for there to be help in solving problems, inspiration, or even something like mentorship, when someone who is accomplished in their chosen field guides someone just starting their journey. In any case, mentorship is not the point here. But in the example below I did help someone, and in a way, they inspired me—although everything did not end as rosy as expected.

The Tragic Story of Peter Cooper

One day my business partner Ori calls me. A highly educated mathematician, he realized he wanted to heal people and so he mastered the art of hypnosis. Ori tells me that some very serious-looking person approached him, dreaming of quitting smoking and ready to pay any price for it. Within fifteen minutes, he was already on the phone with me. His name was Peter, and he was from Jordan Belfort's circle (Belfort was portrayed by Leonardo DiCaprio in Martin Scorsese's 2013 film *The Wolf of Wall Street*). At one point, Belfort was one of the most successful and daring tycoons in the world. And Peter was walking the same path. He made less money than Belfort, but he remained a free man even after Belfort was busted by the feds.

—"I need to quit smoking urgently! How long will it take and how much does it cost?"

—"One hour and \$600."

—"I'll be with you tomorrow."

The day after that phone call, Peter said goodbye to smoking. And for a mere \$600. He was so impressed with the results that he signed up for several more sessions, some of which were geared toward solving emotional problems and overcoming depression, along with other sessions that dealt with his drug habits. As the movie shows, most all of those in Belfort's ambit were heavily into coke and various other pharmaceuticals. We managed to alleviate these ailments too.

Then he started bringing his beautiful, model girlfriend to sessions in order to work on their relationship. I must admit, it wasn't a difficult job. I gave advice on how to eliminate internal conflicts and thus achieve harmony. We also had some life-coaching sessions. When the couple came to me for the third or fourth time, Peter pulled out a checkbook and wrote a couple of checks for \$10,000 each. One was for me, for helping him; and the second was for Ori, for the cool recommendation. This wasn't the end of our business relationship. After that, Peter and his girlfriend came to me for another five to seven therapy sessions.

Christmas was approaching, and Peter invited me to his celebration. Of course, I agreed. I arrive at the appointed time in front of a huge snow-white oceanfront house. With an eye trained by years of working with real estate, I determined that such a dream home would have cost at least \$20 million. I think you can imagine the caliber of personalities gathered at that party. And I met them all. For some reason, I remember Mike Starr, who played the gangster chasing Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels in *Dumb and Dumber*. Peter happily introduced me as the man who freed him from addictions, emotional problems, and other afflictions. This piqued the attendees' interest in me.

As the celebration was coming to an end, Peter invited me to his office. I didn't know what to expect, but reality exceeded all expectations. I saw the familiar checkbook again. Peter said he wanted to give me a gift: it was a check for \$50,000. This was in addition to the \$10,000 bonus I had already received. In essence, I received tips totaling \$60,000 for my work! My partner was also clearly not at a loss. At that time, it was an impressive payday for me, and it definitely made me realize that I could earn more with my talent than I ever could have imagined.

At first glance, this is an entertaining story with a happy ending—well, a happy ending for me anyways, albeit some reservations. Unfortunately, Peter was not so lucky. When I spoke about Belfort's entourage all being addicted to drugs, you probably recalled scenes from *The Wolf of Wall Street* in which DiCaprio, Jonah Hill, and other actors skillfully re-created the drug-fueled debauchery of wealthy addicts. In reality, this addiction predictably turned out to be far less amusing than what was depicted onscreen.

By the time we met, Peter was not just dabbling in cocaine. He was already heavily into strong pharmaceuticals, which are more difficult to kick than heroin. It is customary to fight such addiction in rehabilitation centers. Cheaper rehabs charge \$30,000 for a "course of treatment," while more solid establishments charge \$100,000 to \$150,000. Why did I put "course of treatment" in quotes? Because it's all a fiction, just another scam designed to separate rich people from their wallets. Each rich patient is assigned a concierge who pretends to be attentive and caring. But their only goal is to turn a first-time client into a regular one. Wealthy alcoholics and drug addicts are lucrative cash cows and won't be let go so easily. So, when the "recovered" patient is sent home, the

concierge simply starts counting down, knowing that they will inevitably return.

Peter was very surprised to learn that this problem could be solved without endless suffering in rehab under strict supervision. Thanks to me, he got off the nasty meds in no time. But to consolidate the effect and for insurance purposes, we needed to maintain contact periodically. Peter told his friends about his results at that Christmas party. Everyone present there shared the joy of victory. (Only his mother looked at me with a sour expression on her face, as if I hadn't cured her son but had personally force-fed her a kilogram of lemons.) At that time, I took her reaction as skepticism. After all, in my line of work, I often have to deal with know-it-alls who don't believe in anything. But this was a different matter.

Peter's mother was actively involved in his treatment. It was in those exact same rehab centers that a person could be safely hidden with a seemingly legitimate excuse. And who to trust if not your own mother? His mother had established connections with the concierges and had personal motives during her son's unpleasant time in rehab. Over time, Peter stopped answering messages and calls. Over time, I gave up trying to get in touch. It wouldn't have yielded any results anyway, as his mother had once again pushed him into a rehab center, where his phone was taken away and he lost any contact with the outside world. Our communication was completely severed, and the "real specialists" took over.

The silence was broken about a year later. I saw that Peter was calling, but it wasn't his voice on the other end. It was his mother, informing me that he had died. Peter hadn't overcome his addiction. On the contrary, it had defeated him, leading to his suicide. Why do you think this woman

called me? Was she seeking support? Did she want to thank me for once saving her son? Or did she have something very important to say? No! She called with a request (though it was more like a demand) to “return the gifts,” as she was organizing a foundation in memory of Peter and needed the money. I told her off. Because I had earned those \$60,000. And she had nullified the results of my efforts, driving her son to the grave.

I wasn't talking to a grief-stricken mother, but to a person who was implementing the next stage of a coldly calculated plan. Her work was already done: the son, who could have been squandering his money left and right, was eliminated. The mother didn't kill him with a blunt object in a fit of rage. Her tool was the doctors who supervised Peter's slow death. In medicine, there has long been an entire industry dedicated to eliminating unwanted people. Some of these patients are turned into psychos, some into vegetables, and others are condemned to premature death. The fact that Peter had become one of the victims of the killers in white coats, with the complicity of his own mother, was confirmed to me by our mutual acquaintances. With the help of an accountant, she hit a huge jackpot in the form of an inheritance.

If you feel sorry for poor Peter now, relax. He no longer needs anyone's sympathy. You should feel sorry for yourself. Because your situation is no better. You are a walking target for exploitation, with a bull's-eye on your bank account. But the problem is not always with the general public; sometimes the enemy is within. Let's be honest, you've thought about it yourself. Maybe you've had to consciously block out these kinds of disturbing thoughts, not wanting to picture the ugly possibilities. Each relative has long calculated what they

will get from your property after your death. Just imagine that life hangs by a thread. For close relatives, you are no longer so much a person as a money-filled piñata waiting to be bashed. Will they rush to save you, or subtly push you to the edge of the abyss? You know the answer. And they know. You understand their motives, as well as they do. But they pretend that everything is wonderful. Until something terrible happens. I recommend being prepared. Because, believe me, they are already prepared.

A Catch at Every Step

Peter's story is instructive. Although, let's be honest, there's nothing worse than someone death serving as a life-lesson for others. However, when nothing instructive can be learned from your situation, it's even worse. So what does Peter's story teach us? That shit happens. Yes, it's a well-known truth. But that's the problem with well-known truths: we hear them so often from an early age that we don't take them seriously. In fact, each of us should understand that achieving success in life does not mean never failing again. Wealth has too many pitfalls, and sooner or later, you will fall into at least one of them. And if you go through life too carelessly, you'll find each and every one.

These pitfalls can come in many forms, and I thought long and hard about how to outline them for this chapter. And then I realized that I don't need to. Because life's problems are like a fight with a crowd of thugs: in the movies they attack one by one so that the protagonist has time to react, but in real life, they attack all at once to knock you down and kick you repeatedly. Pitfalls are scattered randomly on

the path, so it's quite likely that if you don't fall into the first few you encounter, you'll eventually stumble into one when you least expect it. So we will talk about them in terms of the unexpected obstacles they truly are.

You've already read about Peter and his mother, who saw her offspring as the source of easy money. The problem is not only with relatives and close friends—although just the thought of them eyeing your fortune is enough to challenge anyone's self-esteem. Your perception of your own role in this life is half-hearted. Becoming successful, you get used to considering yourself a predator, but you prefer not to notice that you are also prey. Only the hunters and the value of your skin have changed. Everyone you trust in this life thinks first about how much profit their betrayal would bring them. And if the profit justifies the risk, rest assured that even a decent person will be tempted to ignore their conscience.

But all this is child's play compared to the activities of professionals. For scammers, criminal bosses, high-ranking officials, and security forces, you are a potential gold mine. While you sleep, eat, make plans, play with children, have sex with a lover, walk the dog, buy a new car, you are being watched. Your vulnerabilities will be noted and compromising material can usually be found to bring you down—even if your nemesis has to make it all up. They are just waiting to pounce when your guard is down. The question of whether there is a target on your back is not even worth asking. The only difference is its diameter and the caliber of the bullet that will eventually be hurtling toward it.

It's ironic that while you're the target of a leisurely hunt, you might be suffering from the exact opposite problems—for instance, from having too much power. And it's not even that power brings you various benefits, but also the necessity

to make tough and even unpleasant decisions. The movie line “With great power comes great responsibility” was addressed to a guy in a colorful superhero costume, but it suits perfectly those accustomed to wearing strict suits of a more refined palette. When your financial capabilities are nearly limitless, it’s too easy to play God and even lose touch with reality a bit. Cartoonists love to draw generals who see real soldiers as toy figurines. But you can ruin people’s lives without golden epaulets on your shoulders. Only after realizing the consequences of their actions does a person tend to judge themselves more harshly than any military tribunal would.

For men of our status, taking revenge on an adversary or simply making life difficult for someone who has disrespected you is easy. Moreover, you can do things to people without them ever knowing who arranged the deed. Or you can arrange it so they know *exactly* who did a certain deed—all they can do is seethe in impotent anger. After all, no one stands up for a little person: no one, except your own conscience. It will torment you in such a way that no one would envy. But you still have to be tough. Show weakness to the masses, and they will try to take advantage of you. What can we talk about if your lifestyle alone looks like an insult to the losers who cannot provide for their loved ones? You will regularly cut down forests, and chips will fly. Yes, there is no escaping this discomfort. The only thing you can do is to resign yourself to it.

The nonsense of being respectful to others instilled since childhood does not allow us to admit with a clear conscience that we are better than the vast majority of people on this planet. The state has already presented plebeians with a gift, making their vote in the elections equal to yours. This is already more than they deserve, so you are

not obliged to somehow smooth out the difference between yourself and others. After all, these futile attempts will not save you from the real problem: loneliness. Of course, you have close friends and relatives, assistants, and crowds of sycophants. But periodically, problems and questions arise that should only be discussed with an equal. And people of our circle are busy. It's only in movies that all the rich play in the same golf club every weekend. In life, we are too immersed in our business dealings and surrounded by something truly important.

Being a black sheep is hard. Each of us carries a complex set of burdens, which includes responsibility, inequality, hatred from those around us, self-flagellation, and so on. And even if you're sure you are worthy of your position in society, your subconscious may doubt it. And from doubts to quiet self-sabotage is just a short step. I have talked to dozens of businessmen who had "something wrong." When we got to the bottom of it, in each case, the "something" turned out to be the patient himself. This self-sabotage is difficult to recognize because the subconscious is a skilled manipulator. Moreover, all these decisions will indeed be yours, with just one small nuance in the form of devastating consequences. And the self-sabotage can lead to simple confidence issues to morbid depression.

You are waiting for solutions, but I keep talking incessantly about problems. And I won't give any answers right here and now because these are deeply existential issues that cannot be solved with a few words (or in two paragraphs, either). We will dissect these and related problems throughout the book. Moreover, the definitive answers to some questions await you, after you turn the last page of this book and talk to someone much wiser and more experienced than me.

**SUPERMAN
COMPLEX: WHY
YOU SHOULDN'T
SAVE THE WORLD
AND EVERYONE
AROUND YOU**

Although the church fathers claim that we are sinful simply by virtue of birth, humans are, in fact, relatively virtuous and kind beings. Yes, when gathered in packs, homo sapiens tend to persecute the weak or the ones who don't fit the mold. And when creating states, they covet other people's lands. That's the nature of the crowd (or, rather, the herd). But an individual, in most situations, prefers to do good rather than evil—and not just to please their neighbor. Humans are social creatures, so the well-being of our neighbors brings us genuine joy at both conscious and subconscious levels. That's where the “giving gifts is even more enjoyable than receiving” and other clichéd phrases come from.

Paradoxically, those who can least afford it are most likely to engage in charity. The masses admire those who will give you the shirt off their backs, but you and I understand that it's nonsense. It's impossible to genuinely help someone when you're not even able to help yourself. As a result, it turns into a ridiculous mouse race. However, wealthy people also often rush headlong to become a hero for someone and make a lot of mistakes—because even simple questions sometimes don't have simple answers. Everything turns out to be much more complicated than it seemed, and the effect is often the opposite. So, regardless of how much you have in your bank account, you should act wisely when helping your family, friends, acquaintances, and strangers.

Helping Relatives and Friends

When a person becomes truly wealthy, they discover that they owe a lot to many people. Maybe too many. Yes, your parents raised you to be a decent person. Grandparents

helped. A brother or sister was always there for you. Best friends supported you in tough times. But then you hear from childhood friends who shared candies with you and let you copy their homework. Perhaps your alcoholic neighbor helped repair your bike. And the math teacher always believed in you, gave you good grades, and generally guided you through life. Every single one of them would probably try and say they played a direct role in your success and the acquisition of millions. It sounds funny, but sometimes it's not that easy to draw a line between those who deserve your help and those who don't.

Personally, I love giving my wife expensive gifts, especially for no reason. But I would hardly be proud of this if there were even the slightest hint of me being a rich husband giving handouts to his kept wife. My wife is my reliable life partner, the kind of woman who really knows how to stand behind a successful man. That's why I can't condemn either those who move their parents to an expensive mansion or those who give a large sum of money to an old friend for a vitally important surgery. But the circle of such deserving people is much smaller than it seems to someone who has just recently acquired a lot of money. Poor-rich people often feel awkward about the difference in status with certain people from their past and try to smooth out that difference.

"I'm not even sure people are talking to me for reasons other than my money": I've heard this phrase in various forms from many of my clients. They didn't have the solution to this problem. But you, like me, probably know: make it so that people cannot be friends with your money. It's not shameful to be skeptical of those who treat you like a cash cow. That's why I immediately cut off any communication with suddenly emerging old friends and delete messages on

social media that begins with something like, “Paul, I’m in a desperate situation. Lend me \$1,000, and I’ll get rich and pay you back” without even reading them. Because giving money to a loser is like letting a stupid classmate copy your test. It will give them the illusion of victory, but it won’t make their life better. If anything, it’ll make it worse. You and I know that the only thing a successful person should give to another is opportunity. Someone willing to change their life will grab this opportunity, while a beggar will squander it. It’s simply impossible to help someone who’s not ready to seize the opportunity.

Overprotection of a Child

It’s ironic that those who are unable to leave anything as inheritance often view their children as heirs. And yet, the masses at least understand that having a child is their best chance to leave a trace of themselves on the earth. Now, add on the parental instinct and such a trivial thing as genuine love for your offspring. If the poor can tighten their belts to provide their child with prospects, then a well-off person is obliged to guarantee them the very best. But here again, many people take the most obvious path and, with all their financial capabilities, manage to make things even worse. In exchange for typical childhood traumas—schoolyard bullying, corporal punishment, for example--the privileged heir is handed down more sophisticated but equally traumatic baggage, all funded by their parents.

I fully understand why well-off parents would want to shield their child from the education system. It is designed to produce a mindless herd of babysitters and teachers

who have not really achieved anything and have always been the main carriers of the poverty virus. However, when well-to-do parents attempt to protect their children from this pseudo-educational nastiness, many seal off their offspring from the harsh outside world by placing them inside a sterile protective bubble. And the younger the child, the more likely they will just be pampered and coddled without being taught anything useful. I mentioned sterile conditions deliberately because, without being exposed to social bacteria, a child will not develop immunity to the problems that await them on their life path. The best childcare is achieved by strategically placing age-appropriate obstacles in front of them so they can overcome these independently under careful but inconspicuous supervision. Otherwise, overprotectiveness turns a potential master of life into a perpetual dependent.

Earlier, I mentioned that one of the problems well-off people face is that they have no examples of wealthy forebears to model their own behavior on. On the other hand, I would imagine that many of you reading this book have an experience similar to mine. It is quite likely that growing up you didn't see much of your parents, who were always at work. You had to come to terms with the impossibility of fulfilling simple childhood and teenage desires and thus knew the value of money from an early age. People like us become rich because they are familiar with poverty firsthand. It's because you don't want to work yourself to an early death on a construction site and, even more so, don't want your children to shovel snow for pennies. This feeling—a mixture of anger, fear, hunger, and animal persistence—generates more and more millionaires from slums. Of course, a child from a rich family will never have this experience. And they shouldn't

have it. If this knowledge is a virus, then children need a vaccine in which a well-studied strain is already weakened.

Although education should not be thought of in terms of culinary metaphors—a child is not some gourmet dish concocted by parental chefs, for example—but it is also very easy to spoil a child with just one wrong ingredient—in this case: money. (But I won't discuss spoiled children now; we will come to that a bit later.) Those who love to shower their children with gifts often don't notice how they start to replace too much with money. When your money comes from your parents instead of personal achievements, this contributes to the harmonious development of one's personality. What is even worse: the obsessive investments in a "young genius," which leave this future world-beater no time for a normal life. Is it any wonder that they hate the piano, their French textbook, or anything else that makes a mockery of their childhood? In this case, the child feels not just like a bird in a golden cage but a bird that is also forced to sing their parents' praises on command. The logical outcome is often rebellion as a teenager and the parents' resentment of the ungrateful egoist who didn't appreciate their efforts.

Many wealthy people I have worked with have made these mistakes: plying their children with money and material goods instead of parental attention. I understand that it is much more challenging for the manager of a multimillion-dollar empire to find an extra hour to communicate with a son or daughter than for an indolent stay-at-home dad who has "chosen family." Yet, as soon as there is such an opportunity, it should not be missed. Because the joy from expensive gifts is fleeting, but the resentment toward a dad who is never at home will always be there. The child will start appreciating the investments in their bright future much

later in life; when they are children, these efforts will seem like oppression. And gifts lose a lot of their value when they start to seem like compensation for neglectful parenting. It is not appropriate for a father to become the equivalent of a toy vending machine that operates on resentful looks instead of coins.

The best thing you can do is use your money in a way that will help your children to be themselves while also becoming a better version of this self. Giving them a quality education does not mean cramming their brains with math, French lessons from the age of two, or making them listen to classical music. Health care for your child shouldn't mean forcing them to live under the supervision of a coterie of meddling doctors. Supporting them does not mean paying to solve their problems. You can let them taste the value of money and practice generosity without indulging whims. After all, your child loves you not for the amount in your bank account but for being their father. Money is just a double-edged tool in your hands that can either spoil your children beyond help or be used more wisely to foster a sense of confidence and self-reliance in them.

Questionable Investments in "Good Deeds"

In 1985, Hollywood gave us the comedy *Brewster's Millions*. The main character, Montgomery Brewster, played by legendary stand-up comedian Richard Pryor, inherits hundreds of millions of dollars from a distant relative. However, he will not receive the full amount of the inheritance, unless he spends a whopping \$30 million in exactly a month. And he must spend it on trivial things because real estate, cars, art,

jewelry, and the like cannot be purchased according to the terms of the will. To no one's surprise, this newly rich man manages to fulfill the terms of the will, but not without problems. What I most distinctly recall from the movie is the line: "You can spend no more than 5% on charity," says the eccentric relative in the will. Because even this fictional multimillionaire knew: charity is the most reliable way to end up broke.

The *nouveau riche* rush into charitable giving with the ardor of a teenager who has fallen in love for the first time. They are driven by exceptionally strong feelings, and everything else loses its meaning. So many people need his money! Charity has always been the easiest way to stroke one's ego. People around you see what a good person you are, and more importantly, you yourself believe that you have become a genuinely good person. However, if you look at it in a more sober light, it is hard not to notice that in ostensibly trying to save other people's souls, we strive primarily to save our own. And even if a person does not understand this consciously, it is no secret to their subconscious.

Nevertheless, the beginning benefactor often has no idea what they are getting into. Obsessed with the ideas of humanism, the budding philanthropist is immersed in a fantasy world of pink ponies, where there is no corruption, stupidity, and other unsightly phenomena. They do not think too much about the fact that the International Red Cross Society loves donations but does not like to travel to territories where war victims are in the most need. Consider that decades ago, those who admired Mother Teresa were not concerned that, despite millions of donations, patients in her clinics did not receive quality medical care or even adequate nutrition. The nun herself, who believed that the sick should suffer like Christ on the cross, preferred to receive her own

medical care at a sophisticated modernized clinic. There are many such examples. And anyone who wants to help those who are suffering must understand that their money will primarily help intermediaries live a comfortable life—not much of what is left goes to distribute a couple of bowls of soup to the poor.

However, reaching the intended recipients can also be problematic. It may seem that there's nothing better than facilitating a huge shipment of food to a poor African country. But even such an act has unintended consequences, such as local farmers—who survive solely on the sale of their produce—becoming adversely affected by this charitable move. And dropping well-intended sacks of money in the middle of such a country can have an effect comparable to the explosion of an atomic bomb. It is important to understand that any society and any state is an ecosystem. And if you rudely interfere with it, with your good intentions, you can seriously complicate the lives of some of its inhabitants, or even provoke local sharks with the smell of blood—or rather, money.

You know Brewster (from the movie mentioned above), in his attempts to squander his millions, invested in all sorts of crazy schemes, including the delivery of icebergs to the other end of the world. With a stroke of cruel irony, some of these ridiculous ventures were profitable. An even crueler irony is that many people in real life are willing to finance all sorts of dubious money-making schemes, especially when massaging their ego becomes as important as saving the world. Feeding old ladies or clothing children from a nearby shelter is too boring for them. But investing in the rescue of a rare species of dolphins somewhere in Asia, for example, is stylish and fashionable—it makes headlines. The patron is

pleased as are those eating up the funds—only the dolphins are dissatisfied. If, of course, they exist.

Don't think that I'm dressing myself in the costume of an operetta villain, trying to blacken the idea of charity. No, Paul Healingod also helps people. But I will repeat it once more: just giving someone money and then telling them to go away is the simplest and least effective way to help people. I prefer to get to the heart of the problem and provide the person with the tools to solve it. To resort to banal phrases: I give not fish, but a fishing rod. I launched charitable programs for single mothers, pregnant women, and teenagers. Believe me, my long-term consultation gave them much more than a conditional handout of \$1,000. Although, I also do consider material assistance appropriate. The Kichwa Indians from Ecuador will back me up on this. These people do not need my wisdom at all (you will understand why later), but they do need washing machines, refrigerators, and other household appliances. In a word, I really founded a charity fund for others, not for myself.

But let's be honest. When it comes to charity, both the masses, and those who want to please them with financial support, look up not to Paul Healingod but to the largest and most exemplary benefactors. After all, Warren Buffett donated half of his fortune, a whole \$42.8 billion, to fight poverty and improve healthcare for people. Bill and Melinda Gates have given as much as \$29.8 billion, with about \$120 billion at their disposal. And the last of this honorary trio is George Soros, who has given approximately \$16.8 billion in his lifetime and currently still retains \$8.6 billion. The sums alone—without any stories or details behind them—evoke a desire to blissfully give away more crisp banknotes. But also consider this: don't think that all these generous gestures were the result of sober calculations that allowed the philanthropist to help

others without damaging their own financial empire. Also think of the long list of potential charity recipients and the amount of effort and time spent on these processes.

And here we return to the thought with which we began: our discussion about the institution of charity. But all you have to do is lose a modicum of control over your charitable giving and the harm done to your own financial well-being will outweigh any benefit someone might gain from these efforts. All global charity is built on a sense of guilt, and most of it artificially cultivated. “What are you, a cursed bourgeois, stuffing yourself with red caviar while children in Africa are starving?” says the stern gazes of kind volunteers from another foundation. And if they also happen to represent some religious organization, they will surely take their guilt-inducing efforts further. Because it is one thing when a donation is beneficial to the poor, and quite another when it pleases the Almighty himself. Why beg constantly when you can inculcate a time-tested infovirus into the head of a cash cow, who then curses their luxurious lifestyle and begins to think that anything worldly is unimportant. The former master of life follows the well-trodden path of a sucker who legally signs away their wealth to be left to the church or a beloved charity rather than help a struggling relative.

Let's summarize everything that was said above. The desire to help is one of the good intentions that pave the road to hell. Ill-considered, naive, rude, untimely, intrusive, insincere, and simply unsuccessful attempts to help someone can complicate the life of both the benefactor and the beneficiary. But, acting wisely, soberly assessing one's capabilities, and not playing the messiah, makes it possible to achieve good results. But the most important rule is not to turn charity into another addiction.

**PSYCHOLOGY
OF WEALTH:
DOMINATE
AND RULE**

You are abnormal—because wealth is an anomaly. A billion people on the planet live more or less well, a few more billion barely make ends meet, and several billion more live below the poverty line. Moreover, all these people have roughly the same potential—but some are just luckier than others. As it turns out, this is the nature of both the individual and our entire civilization: striving all our lives for wealth, but still remaining poor. That’s why religion, folklore, literature, and other methods of deceiving the population actively justify poverty—even elevating it to the status of a cult, which emphasizes modesty, spirituality, and other types of nonsensical claptraps. As a result, according to the laws of nature, wealth is an anomaly in a nonjudgmental sense but wholly judgmental according to the laws of society.

And no matter how much you dismiss all this preachiness, you periodically also ask yourself questions: “Do I have the right to enjoy life while others cannot afford it?” “How justified is my power over subordinates and am I crossing the line?” “Am I actually a good person?” Never mind the terrifying stories of people who snap and one day show up at the office with a shotgun to show their exploitative boss who’s really in charge. The thing is: no matter how much we consider ourselves above the masses, a person is a social creature and therefore always seeks to please others—even if they do not say it out loud. After all, there are businessmen admired by the whole world. So why not be wealthy in a way that still makes you a good guy in the eyes of others, right?

The Slavery System of the New Era

I'll repeat: slavery is not just an evil relegated to the distant past. We have a modernized form of feudalism. Yes, literal galleys have been replaced by figurative ones, and slave masters punish with fines rather than whips. What distinguishes a person who has worked at the same factory for twenty, thirty, or forty years from an ancient or medieval slave? The fact that they can change masters? Serfs could also do the same thing on St. George's Day. And paying rent for an apartment and interest on loans binds people more than any shackles.

So don't deceive yourself: you are a feudal lord. You don't ride in a gilded horse-drawn carriage, but you still exploit people. And that's how it should be. Our planet is a huge test tube in which various experiments have been going on for a very long time. Compared to the many millions of years the Earth has been extant, the civilizational experiment is still in its infancy. But as we have clearly seen, in society there will always be those who exert control over others. The only difference is how tight a grip the top has. And if you exclude fans of Stalin, Mao, and other oddball masochists, most people are basically okay with a feudal lord—provided he's not a total homicidal monster. So we, the masters of life, don't need to put on a show of benevolence for the masses: we are already inherently good guys. We establish mutually beneficial cooperation with subordinates, create decent working conditions, and invent all sorts of bonuses so we do not feel guilty for the position we have achieved.

Those who call themselves humanists will undoubtedly criticize me, saying that I justify slavery. Not at all. I am

just stating the obvious. The fact that some members of the public are much higher in status than others and that society is quite diverse means nothing. Ancient Roman slaves were not all lumped together by their masters as equal either. Not all of them worked in fields and mines: among slaves were skilled craftsmen, teachers, elite prostitutes, and, of course, gladiators. Their value varied widely. In fact, the strongest and most successful gladiators could earn as much in one fight as a legionnaire earned in a year. So who was the slave and who was the free man?

Fortunately, at least in first-world countries, the masses have been made to feel like free people and citizens. But if you look closely, you will soon notice how under the dubious guise of unlimited rights, these citizens have been burdened with so many duties that they still cannot feel free. The state has monopolized violence, leaving the feudal lord the right to torture employees financially and morally. Those in charge act as masters. Taking advantage of this role, they are happy to limit themselves to just a whip. But democracy—although it remains as much an illusion as it was three thousand years ago—has conditioned us to abide to the system based on a reward. Those that were smart enough, relied on this tool long before it was fashionable.

How to Ethically Manage People

When it comes to my team, there is a constant turnover in personnel. It's a fact that I'm proud of. Employees regularly leave not because of low salaries, poor working conditions, or personal conflicts, but because I want it that way. This is the nature of my business. I am a mentor

who teaches people to solve their problems, unlock their potential, learn new tools, and reach a completely different level. The best students join my team and bring maximum profit, but sooner or later, everyone feels cramped within the framework of someone else's business. On average, this happens after six months of collaboration. A talented person who is determined to become a master of their life cannot and should not work for someone else forever (even if that person is a truly wonderful mentor named Paul Healingod). Why am I saying this? Because I have managed to work with a huge number of people, despite my company's small staff. Yes, the business that made me millions was once supported by a team of eight people. That's because everyone was in the right place, their skills perfectly complemented each other's, and all of this was under my careful guidance.

Of course, I cannot call my employees slaves. If we're going to use ancient Roman terminology, I would instead compare them to *rudarii*: former gladiators whose talents should have meant branching out into other areas of life. Yet they continued to do what they did best—with loud applause from an adoring crowd and for much more money. But I understand that when the number of employees reaches hundreds or thousands—and often hired mercenaries are responsible for recruiting staff—there are no problems selecting high-quality personnel. The best thing a feudal lord with a thousand subjects can do is to put the right people in key positions and pray that this approach will then be implemented at all levels. Yes, we are returning to feudalism again because it will be necessary to deal not so much with difficult personalities as with everyday people, who, nevertheless, require proper treatment.

Because even the most vicious slave owner has always understood that slaves are the valuable capital they possess. A modern businessman who does not understand this is doomed to failure. Essentially, any form of management is maneuvering between two diametrically opposed models. It all depends on the role dictated by the character of the person at the helm.

- ☑ **Father:** As the old proverb goes, the commander is a father to his soldiers. The leader builds not just a team but a semblance of a family. In such collectives, there are more unwritten rules and less strict requirements for compliance with written ones. Business relationships are interspersed with friendship, and in particularly extreme cases, even with fraternal relations. Such a leader can establish an authoritarian form of governance or, on the contrary, regularly organize “family councils”—in any case, his word carries not only formal but also informal weight. He does not rush to penalize others for being late or for any other minor slip-up, but will certainly scold in a fatherly manner. Because with a competent approach, the word “family” will not be seen as ironic. From such a collective, people are not only less likely to be fired but also less likely to quit—because a higher salary and a larger office are not what makes people decide to leave “their own” for.
- ☑ **Mentor:** A product of corporate culture, he keeps himself at arm’s length from subordinates. A supporter of regulated relationships and clear rules, he strictly adheres to these guidelines himself and demands the same from others. Behind his smile, there is only businesslike politeness. He doesn’t play the role of

someone who all employees should adore—it's enough to just diligently do one's job. For executives and people not ruled by their emotions, he is the ideal leader; for creative people who don't appreciate strict regimentation in the workplace, he's a soulless machine. And yet, when most people talk about a successful owner of a thriving business, they most often imagine this kind of character.

Which of these models did I choose? I didn't choose. My leadership style became an organic continuation of my personality. There is nothing worse than pretending to be someone you are not. This type of performance can be successfully pulled off for years, but it can't work forever. The stronger the personality, the more difficult it is for them to remain a darling in the public eye. Elon Musk is a good example: it's difficult to maintain the image of a cool, fun-loving genius when you buy Twitter and cruelly fire half of the employees. In such cases, the public will experience cognitive dissonance.

That's why I don't try to seem kinder than I actually am. On the contrary, everyone who has gone through my training or dreams of attending it will say first and foremost that Paul Healingod is a tough guy who says what he thinks. In a way, I reject the idea of innocence until proven guilty: for me, everyone is a loser until proven otherwise. And I'm not shy about saying this to potential students. If they don't like my methods and style, they can go home and complain to their mothers—they are free to be losers for the rest of their lives. Some might say this approach is inappropriate and unethical. But I would say that this method has never let me down. Year after year, I keep the losers at a distance and spend time

only with those who I think deserve my attention. As a result, those who achieve colossal results thanks to my mentorship assure me that they would never have dared to change their lives without hearing the sobering truths I tell them.

Moreover, my communication with them is completely different. No, I'm still not shy about using strong language and occasional irony and sarcasm, but this is already within the framework of a healthy relationship between a mentor and a student who has lived up to their expectations. Like-minded people get me: I'm tough but not cruel, demanding but not tyrannical. I'm ready to appreciate the contribution of each team member or student and, if necessary, help them out when they really need it. I don't claim to be a father to my employees, but dryly issuing orders and circulating stuffy reports also doesn't fit into how we do things. I simply work with people I cannot help but respect, even if I know that some of them will soon sprout wings and fly from the nest.

What would have happened if I operated a more traditional business and had to manage thousands of employees? I would have softened the overall rhetoric a bit, but the principle would still be the same: respect and appropriate treatment must be earned. But everyone who has earned my respect knows that this was not something done in vain. Trying to be liked by everyone is an extremely foolish endeavor. No matter how much good you do for the public, they will remember primarily the bad things. As in the old vulgar joke: "I built this bridge myself, but nobody calls me a bridge builder. It only took having sex with a sheep once..."

Don't worry, be happy: I'll repeat the legendary words of Bobby McFerrin here. Because if you constantly question your own motives and try to please too many people, you

will eventually conclude that there is no place for you in this world. At that point, you're in danger of ending up in some cult, losing yourself in virtual worlds, or resorting to good old alcohol and drugs (or worse, attention-seeking charity). Or you could even end up like the aforementioned Peter Cooper. I wouldn't wish that on anyone.

**PREMATURE
EMIGRATION:
ATTRACTIVE,
MEANINGLESS,
AND DANGEROUS**

“The grass is always greener”—it’s an old proverb that bitterly mocks anyone who tries to escape from their problems. Yet, I prefer the saying, “Every snipe praises its swamp.” The irony in this is deeply hidden. After all, every snipe—as soon as the cold sets in—flies away to the ends of the earth to seek comfort. Of course, as a Russian who spent his childhood in Uzbekistan and then settled in the US—where I achieved my success—I understand emigration. But at the same time, as a consultant, I would add: it is not a panacea. A person can often expect too much from geographical change, without demanding any internal changes from themselves.

Let’s clarify the terminology right away. Emigration is a broad concept, but here I mean specifically moving to a thriving civilized country with the aim of achieving positive changes in life or at least preserving one’s capital in case of impending financial danger. Moving to jungles, mountains, or deserts to renounce all worldly things and find oneself is not emigration. This kind of move is indulging in the desire to degrade oneself as a person, under the veil of good intentions and exotic flair. To become a poor, spiritually minded homeless person fond of beginning every sentence with “Namaste!” is not necessary to fly to Bali—one can achieve this without leaving their current home.

However, even the best ideas can be ruined in their attempts at the practical. Trust this man: who wrote a book about emigrating to Miami, and before that, consulted an army of influential people who, after experiencing financial and/or political crisis, rushed to leave the vast expanses of their native CIS for a more civilized life in the US. The people I’m talking about all had different worldviews and potentials, but I can divide them into two categories: those who eventually turned to me for advice and those who managed

to make mistakes. For their independence and confidence, some paid millions, while others paid tens of millions. And only after that could they repeat after the great Socrates: “I know that I know nothing.”

When Business Is Doomed before the Start

When moving from a less developed country to a developed one, it is impossible to convert one’s old life—no matter how successful—into a comparable new life at a favorable rate. It’s not even about good old xenophobia, as big money—more than anything else—blurs national identity in the eyes of others. Society is an extremely complex mechanism that works differently in each country. Meager official instructions in the form of laws do not explain even a tenth of what one needs to know for a comprehensive understanding of the rules of life in a particular country. Therefore, finding oneself abroad without this sort of special knowledge, years of connections, and well-deserved fame, one has to work hard to be anything other than just “that Russian/Kazakh/Armenian who came here.” And if you stubbornly think you don’t need local guidance and can do everything on your own, you might never get rid of this label.

But you and I know very well that for a real businessman, the hardest thing to do is rest on one’s laurels. Money is made to be multiplied. Starting from scratch in another country is one of those interesting challenges that becomes easier to manage as you gain experience. Those who rush into a new market, like a reckless cavalry charging an entrenched enemy, often suffer a shameful defeat in the first attack. All this is according to the laws of real war: you’re invading

unfamiliar territory, where an army of distrustful locals has long held their position; defeat is guaranteed. History knows (well, forget history, since I know it myself) many hot-headed people who planned to conquer a new market but ended up having to scrape by on a meager budget.

We learn from so many popular movies and books that the United States is the most generous country in the world, where talented and hardworking immigrants are welcomed with open arms and offered a fairy-tale life. It's another version of "Whoever has nothing will become everything," but with a capitalist bent. This is a typical ruse that so many fall for: everyone hears about the beautiful success stories, while behind the scenes, there are exponentially more examples of shattered hopes and broken dreams. My once-successful parents were beaten, time and time again, by life—this is after emigrating to the USA. And it was I—who as a teenager absorbed the cruelty of the Brooklyn streets and, in a sense, became "one of them"—who managed to achieve the proverbial American dream.

But we are not talking about refugees in difficult situations but about well-established masters of life, right? The irony is that a wealthy immigrant differs from a poor one only in that they can be robbed for more money. That is why "consultants," "business partners," and other fraudulent scum begin to swarm around every newcomer. Because a stranger in an unfamiliar environment is always seen by grifters as an opportunity for easy money. They seek business relationships and help in establishing themselves in a trade and so are often too trusting of the local riff-raff. They have no idea that what the main function of many of these so-called consultants is, who (without legal consequences)

tell them: “Sorry, buddy, it didn’t work out. Your money is gone, but that’s how it goes. No hard feelings.”

However, even in the case of fair play, an immigrant’s chances for success are slim. Everyone plans to become the new Elon Musk or Sergey Brin because they are used to considering themselves a business shark. But then they soon find they are just a small fish in a pond full of much bigger, hungrier predators. I’m not talking just about the United States. In Japan and Singapore, in Canada and Norway—in any first-world country—there are plenty of seasoned businessmen who are already feeling the pinch. Any newcomer, by their mere appearance, is seen as a threat. And the more experienced and dangerous the stranger looks, the more extreme the reaction will be.

No, I’m not saying that after emigration, you should just drink yourself to death in your mansion. I mean that it is worth carefully assessing the risks, developing a strategy, and comparing planned actions with your potential. And you should definitely ignore the “success stories” of strangers and especially acquaintances. Because no one likes to admit that they screwed up; they will do everything they can to pretend they are living a beautiful life, but perhaps at the expense of their family or wealthy better half.

Clans have always ruled and will continue to rule wherever you go. That’s how it has been since the beginning of history. In ancient Rome, conquered peoples were drawn into the imperial multinational family not only by the whip but also through a system of rewards. Those who accepted Roman rule were not only allowed to preserve many local customs but the metropolis eagerly absorbed exotic traditions from provinces and colonies. At the same time, we all know that the greatest politician of the time was Julius

Caesar, the gold-standard military leader was Scipio Africanus, and the wealthiest was Marcus Crassus. They were all representatives of the local elite, not barbarians who had come from the outskirts. Millennia have passed, but essentially nothing has changed: entrenched clans in any civilized country do not like outsiders. They may be allowed to play the role of amusing exotics in show business, but in the world of politics and finance, they should only expect a knife in the back.

The Most Appealing Category of Suckers

It may seem ironic that I talk about the many people duped by “consultants,” although I myself have been involved in consulting for immigrants. But that’s the thing: I know the situation from an insider’s perspective and am familiar with the motives of scammers. While I helped a newcomer set up and streamline their business, my “colleagues” managed to bankrupt dozens or even hundreds of less fortunate clients. Unfortunately the unbalanced ratio of honest consultants to parasite fraudsters is clearly not favorable to our overall reputation. And I’m not even talking about the incompetents who genuinely try to help but only end up ruining the lives of their clients.

Scammers have many ways to make money, but there are two main ones: through sketchy business and real estate deals. Even if those squeezing apartments out of ordinary suckers or selling them non-existent housing in some post-Soviet backwater are living large, in the case of a millionaire immigrant, one can hit the jackpot. Of course, they do this with a shocking regularity. Again, I am talking about

what I've seen with my own eyes and what I tried to prevent in one form or another. (Yes, I was not only the leading expert in Florida on immigration to the US but also a pretty good realtor). I'm always quick to criticize swindlers in this profession, and as a result, my clients remember me with gratitude.

A long time ago, a respectable man approached me. He was someone who many intellectually challenged people in the CIS used to call an "oligarch" without knowing what an oligarch was. His company was firmly established and worth several hundred million dollars. As you know, a successful business in Russia and the CIS in general is fair game for all manner of powerful thieves. This gentleman was no exception; his company was in the process of being seized, and so he decided to move to the United States. He planned to move to America for the long term and never look back. He intended to emigrate with his entire family, buy a house, and build a business from scratch. He needed someone who could give him sound advice on this topic. A seasoned man, he understood that a newcomer was the perfect target for scammers. Eventually, through a friend of his mother, he found me.

We talked on the phone, and we met soon after. Almost immediately, our conversation turned into a monologue—my monologue. For about three hours, I talked about how Russian immigrants are regularly cheated in America. I gave him specific examples and names of those who were probably well known to him. I won't bore you with statistics. I will only say that a significant percentage of those coming to the United States with large amounts of capital are cheated by scammers who grab at least half their savings. My speech boiled down to the following three pieces of advice:

1. No hasty investments, no matter how attractive they may seem.
2. Don't give money to anyone, no matter how they ask or what they promise.
3. Don't listen to realtors, no matter how silver-tongued they seem.

I managed to make the right impression, so the client decided to choose his future home under my supervision. After a long search, we settled on a house in Boca Raton. It's a small town in Florida where big shots live. I remember *Forbes* even ranked it second on the list of best places to live in the United States. It was a luxurious mansion worth \$6.5 million. We found it thanks to my acquaintance, a cool Italian realtor who dealt with elite real estate. Today, the price of this house has increased and is around \$12 million. When it was sold, 3% of the transaction amount fell into my account.

And what would my client have gotten if he had turned to an ordinary realtor? A few options in one small town, which would have been the limit of his "pasture." I advised him to study the issue independently and then make a choice. And we traveled quite a bit, to say the least – within a one-and-a-half-hour drive from the place where the client initially planned to live. However, an inexperienced realtor and a limited search area are far from the worst prospects a visiting millionaire or billionaire can face in the US. Relying on the perception of wealth of a person who has never owned real money is a dubious pleasure and often a waste of time.

Worse than an unprofessional realtor is an expert in the scam industry. This professional con artist will never hesitate to find the best way to take advantage of a hapless client. And he will not bother with such trifles as: proper

documentation of a plot of land; that the property in question only seems to exist on paper; the dubious existence of the developer's company; or the presence of a real owner who is not aware of the deal. The charisma and experience of a scammer, multiplied by the victim's ignorance of local laws, produce stunning results. Because losing millions in an instant is a real shock. And the silliest thing in this situation is to rely on your intuition: the more trust a helper evokes, the more likely it is that simply gaining a person's trust is his only professional skill. Without this attribute, a successful scammer would get nowhere.

Why Leave?

Let's go back to where we started. What do you want from immigration? Don't rush to answer; think about it. We are used to criticizing the masses for their small-minded dreams of paradise and easy wealth (often for good reason), but from my experience, wealthy people think this way, too. Their dreams of success are mostly in the spirit of the character in early Soviet literature called Ostap Bender, who dreams of finding riches in Rio De Janeiro, although he had no clear idea of how to do this. The only difference is that Bender still had to earn his million by relatively honest means, and people in our circle have had it for a long time. Abstract dreams are no substitute for a clear plan for building a new business.

Descending from the plane's ramp or, perhaps, a ship, newcomers experience a rush of mixed emotions: above all, hope and fear. And the richer you are, the more of the former and less of the latter is in your soul. But here's the paradox: a poor man who has nothing to lose will have a good chance

of experiencing some modicum of success over time even if he only manages to achieve meager goals. Unfortunately, it often happens the other way around for wealthy people: having already gained so much from life, they expect something even more rewarding in this new stage. And, of course, they push themselves too hard. Their precipitous moves to get rich quick can lead to doubt, melancholy, and even depression in the worst cases. Often the harder they try to jump to the next highest rung of the socioeconomic ladder, the more chance they will have a dangerous, sudden fall.

Every time I spoke with immigrants, I could tell right away the reality of life in America did not jibe with their dreams. The Empire State Building, Starbucks on every corner, palm trees on the shore of the endless ocean, and the Grand Canyon: everything they are surrounded by is really nothing more than decoration. The immigrant hoped that traveling to the other side of the world would instantly make them a different person, one without marital problems, or someone who has more leisure time, does regular exercises, remembers everything, and manages everything. They didn't pack their bad thoughts, fears, and false beliefs in their suitcase, so those were supposed to stay behind.

The problem is that the same version of themselves arrived in the new country. Soon after, realizing that no magical transformation will occur, many immigrants understand that they have bought into a fantasy world. In the worst case, this leads to disappointment and perhaps the exacerbation of some harmful addiction. In the best case, there is an understanding that change must be sought at a completely different level. Yes, one can search for inner harmony on the other side of the planet. But this is not about a radical break from a past life. Once these immigrants figure

themselves out, they could easily go back to Moscow, Almaty, or Kiev and be happy. But if they insist on going through with a complicated overseas move, they should at least understand the true reasons behind why they are undertaking this journey.

**HARMONY
AND LOVE:
FUNDAMENTALS
OF RELATIONSHIPS
AND FAMILY LIFE**

They say that a smart man + a stupid woman = a single mother. A stupid man + a stupid woman = a mother-heroine. A smart man + a smart woman = casual flirting. And a stupid man + a smart woman = a regular family. As in every joke, there is a grain of truth in this one. And it's a bitter truth, not just because most marriages in the post-Soviet space fall apart (73% in Russia). And not even because marriage is not a good thing in and of itself. We have a distorted idea of the family imposed on us: that's the tragedy. The slaveholding system instills in a man's mind that a happy family is an unattainable ideal. And the attainable one is the traditional family unit, that is, an ordinary union of a woman and a man in which happiness means you don't want to jump off a cliff. You come home and immediately want to go to work. You get to work and immediately want to go home. Society tell us that this is what family is.

Plenty of maverick millionaires break all kinds of proprietary rules, yet many still adhere to the rules of conventional marriage. Poor losers are tormented at work and at home— where their aging wife uses them for a doormat. Everyone wants something from a wealthy man, and a beautiful but insipid woman demands all of his attention at home. To paraphrase Tolstoy, all unhappy families are unhappy in different ways, but what does it change? Nothing! Especially if you firmly believe that it should be like that. Yes, we are created by the Creator, but that doesn't stop us from acting like advanced mammals. A man grows up without a father or watches his parents constantly bickering and convinces himself that this is normal. Harmony and consent can be found in books and movies for teenagers. But reality is heavy, unpredictable, and oh so complex.

I think it's safe to say most readers of this book are already married. Most likely, you are at least thirty, probably over forty: and at this age not being married means that society sees you as defective. Business partners consider such people either insubstantial or gay. Neither option contributes to the strengthening of business relationships. It so happens that for a business shark, a wife is like an accessory. Have you noticed how similar modern smartphones are to each other? For the same reason, millionaires' wives are pretty much cosmetically interchangeable. Their faces are molded by plastic surgeons using the same templates. Silicone implants are more or less the same. Waists and buttocks are shaped by the same fitness methods. They all have the same hairstyles, same whitened teeth, and botoxed lips. If this model of a Stepford wife becomes obsolete before she gives birth to children, just go online and download the updated version.

Or is there another way?

Why You Can't Polish a Turd

British neurosurgeon Henry Marsh once said, "If a person has a hammer in their hands, they see nails that need hammering everywhere." If you only envision women as cliched trophy wives, don't be surprised if you only meet the type I affectionately call "gold diggers." These leech-like women suck the money, time, and life-force from a man; most importantly, they pointlessly occupy the place of a real-life partner: the one who is a lover, friend, strategic partner, and a worthy mother for your children. Such real women often accompany real men from the very beginning of their journey toward wealth and success. As soon as word

gets out that a multi-millionaire is single, a string of sucking shrews is drawn to him. Trying to find a worthy companion among this rabble is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Poor losers justify their unpopularity among women by accusing all women of being gold-diggers. And in one sense they are right. Women do need money, but not because they are all greedy. Selecting their partner in such a way is a mechanism that is embedded in them by nature itself. The female prefers a strong male who can protect and provide for her and their common offspring. Nothing personal, just the two strongest animal instincts are at play here: self-preservation and motherhood—which, of course, have long adapted to the structure of human society. Physical strength, then, is not nearly as important as it once was. There is nowhere to apply it in modern first-world reality: no man has to go hunt woolly mammoths anymore or fight off competing suitors with a club. Social strength is important—the measure of which, of course, is money. Even when there is no money (for example, in youth), women unmistakably sense a man’s potential. After all, wealth and success are not about what’s in a bank account but about the person’s mindset and what is called “soft skills” in business.

Women invest in men. When they shout something like, “I’ve wasted my best years on you, you bastard!” this means that the investment did not live up to their expectations. Wise women know how to listen to their natural instincts, invest in the right men who seem likely to achieve undeniable success and be their faithful companions. Stupid women are convinced that they can grab an already wealthy man and enjoy a carefree life with him. Sometimes they even succeed. But general attitudes toward women like this are predictably negative: they are perceived as shallow

gold-diggers. Most men are willing to be more forgiving of a wife who's been with them from the very beginning and supported them even when no one else believed in their potential. But it's much harder to put up with the demands of a trophy wife: these women don't seem to understand that a beautiful body is a perishable product. In just five to ten years, what will be left of it?

Some wealthy men seriously think that an honest woman can be made out of a sucking shrew—especially if you marry her when she is very young. They believe they can educate her, get her to adapt to their way of thinking, and shower her with money—for which she should be eternally grateful and therefore loyal and meek. Let her go to her beauty salons, buy ridiculously expensive outfits, and take care of the children: in principle, what else can you ask from her? As they say, a turd is a turd, no matter how hard you polish it. The same goes for young girls with model-like looks trying to sell themselves to men at a high price. A gold digger will never become a worthy mother for your children or a strategic partner for you but rather a snake in the grass who will strike you with venomous fangs at the most unexpected moment.

But what if you're still single or already divorced? You shouldn't have to become poor again just so a worthy woman can be seduced by your potential! Just avoid women of lower social strata. If your prospective wife has no concept of \$100,000, let alone a million, she will perceive you exclusively as a walking ATM machine. And you will never be able to dispense enough cash. The chosen one will get used to expensive clothes, diamonds, and foreign resorts, and start thinking that she deserves better. Why? What is her value as a woman? She won't be concerned with such questions.

Because you can take a person out of poverty, but you can't take the poverty out of a person, so to speak. Such a rickety foundation is not exactly what long-lasting relationships and strong families are built on.

Tips for Husbands

Men and women are not equal—at least when one of them is a multimillionaire. That's why a wise wife of a wealthy man must overlook many things that she would normally detest. Yes, it's unfair; but the world is like that, and all our activities are aimed at making the world unfair in our favor. Money makes it so. Therefore, if a wife tries to control your every move and disregards your personal space (for example, secretly looks at your text messages—or worse, hires a private detective to follow you), she is digging her own grave. However, if you want to make sure that the main woman in your life has no skeletons in the closet, you have every right to do so. But if this desire constantly accompanies you, think about it: maybe something is wrong with you or with your chosen one.

There is the old saying: if it isn't broken, don't fix it. With some reservations, this advice can be applied to any area of life, including family life. If you feel absolutely happy in marriage, ignore any recommendations. There are no right or wrong role models, only what suits each individual's tastes. Experience—my own and that of dozens of multimillionaires I've closely interacted with—shows that Paul Healingod's recommendations help solve many family problems. But if you are convinced that you are experiencing domestic bliss, congratulations! Relax and enjoy.

I urge everyone else not to be discouraged: marital problems are normal. No one taught us how to choose the right wife or how to be good husbands. We were stuck with role models—from parents, acquaintances, and mass culture. We weakly analyzed our own experience, and that's it. Think about it: Could you build a successful business if you used the same approach? Even the smartest people make mistakes. Even the strongest show weakness when they think they are in love. But intelligent and strong men like us are different from the ordinary person because we don't step on the same rake twice, right? Moreover, there aren't that many serious relationship mistakes one can make, but here are a few:

- ☑ **Submitting to your wife:** This position is surprisingly popular even among successful men. And it's no wonder: we need to constantly be strong, powerful, take responsibility, and constantly rush to keep pace with an ever-changing world—this is exhausting, let's face it. Therefore, at home, many prefer to hand over the reins to their wife. If she is not completely foolish, she will definitely cope with household issues. And if she starts insisting you do things you don't feel like doing, you can strategically stay silent. Why make a scene if you can avoid it? A submissive man believes that concessions maintain and even strengthen relationships, but in reality, it's quite the opposite. Exchanging roles, even voluntarily, violates the natural order of things—the idea of which is reinforced not by society but by nature itself. A man is supposed to be a provider and protector. A woman is the keeper of the home, although no need to go overboard with this: her life doesn't have to be limited to cooking,

children, and church. But in a patriarchal family it will be much easier to feel at home, be happy, and raise worthy heirs.

- ☑ **Forgiving betrayal:** This is not just about cheating, but any case when your other half has let you down and committed a regrettable act of betrayal. Yes, everyone makes mistakes, and only a few are even capable of learning from them and not repeating their mistakes. Yes, just a few. It's highly unlikely that an unfaithful lover is among the few who can learn from their mistakes. This is especially true if you remember that this is a world that runs on replaceability. When an employee fails to perform their job duties or causes a loss of profits, for example, they get replaced by someone else more competent in their duties. When a woman fails to fulfill the duties of a wife, she should face the same fate. Nothing should stop you if your team really needs a replacement: forget about empty vows like "Til death do us part." And if a woman does not understand the concept of loyalty, you definitely have no future with her. And those who keep whining that everyone cheats sooner or later and we should just accept it, can go kick rocks on their own. Being cuckolded will not be a good look for you.
- ☑ **Being a sucker:** They say that every woman can make a man a millionaire... if he was a billionaire before he met her. Of course, for us, money is not a problem. What can the average woman spend it on? Cars, jewelry, cosmetic procedures, resorts: such expenses won't bankrupt a truly wealthy man. But if you give a cunning and greedy woman free rein with your bankcard, these harmless expenses will be followed by apartments

and cars for her relatives, investments in yet another whim she considers a brilliant business idea—all of which will culminate in part of your personal fortune being transferred to her. And this is all because she needs to feel that you really trust her! A man can easily avoid such conversations in the beginning. But, as the saying goes, constant dripping wears away the stone. The wife starts her spiel again and again, eventually forcing her husband to either do as she wants or to compromise. Resist this with all your might. Do not let anyone make a fool of you! This is true especially for a woman you trust more than anyone in the world.

- ☑ **Shotgun marriages:** It's just amazing how the basis for many marriages can often be "I didn't pull out in time – so I better marry her." A man who, for example, grew up without a father doesn't want his child to have such a fate. But if this sounds like you, think about what you lacked in your childhood. Were there constant arguments between your parents? Maybe your childhood was marked by seething resentment because an unplanned child ruined the lives of your father and mother? No, it's down to a child needing a father's love and care. Children who grow up without a man then find it extremely difficult to create a happy family: they simply don't know how to. But love, care, and participation in a child's upbringing are not the same as "Dad lives with us under the same roof and sleeps with Mom." In unhappy but intact families, children receive none of the above. Therefore, if a woman claims to be pregnant with your child, do not make any hasty moves. And don't forget that accidental pregnancies are usually the result of prolonged

promiscuity. So always be vigilant about whether it's really your child!

- ☑ **Encouraging your wife's business:** This, or even worse, would be looking for a companion among so-called businesswomen. The logic is clear: if both spouses know how to make money, they must have similar views on life and common interests. You need to have something to talk to your wife about, right? What kind of conversation can you have with a living Barbie doll who is only concerned about her nails and new collections of top-brand clothes? Sameness inevitably leads to disharmony. Long-term relationships are like an electrical current: to make everything work, you need positive and negative wiring. The fullness of family life is made up of the unity of opposites. I repeat, nature has already invented everything for us: the man is the provider, the woman is the keeper of the home. This does not mean that the wife should turn into just a cook and dishwasher. No one is telling you not to hire a cook, maid, and seven nannies. But a woman needs to remain in touch with her feminine side and not try to grow a pair of balls. Every strong and independent businesswoman was once betrayed and forced to become a man in a skirt. If she wants to be with you, she can sell her business. If not, there is still plenty of fish in the sea. And there are plenty of gigolos who will gladly comfort the one who chose business over you.
- ☑ **Lying to yourself:** What is meant here, more precisely, is rationalizing relationships. Yes, the chemistry of love is absolutely scientific, and it's foolish to dive headfirst into the whirlpool of relationships if common

sense suggests passing it by. But if deep down you feel that the person next to you is definitely not for you, you don't need to look for ironclad arguments to part ways. In fact, it's best not to convince yourself of the opposite. Sometimes relationships hit a dead end. Many families fall apart. This is normal. As soon as you dismiss such a thought and convince yourself that the show must go on, you've lost. Because you started lying to yourself. If the relationship works as it should, it's clear. If you need to explain to yourself: "Well, she is kind, caring, not that stupid... A decent option, why am I fussing? Try to find someone like her!" Then later you will have to rationalize why you have a mistress or employ the services of prostitutes (which, essentially, are the same thing). Only then will everything become even more complicated.

You know as well as I do that in business, you shouldn't hesitate. If anti-crisis measures are needed, they must be taken immediately. Delay means losses, and even the collapse of the entire enterprise. The same is true for relationships. So be quick to act. And be quick to love. Tomorrow may never come.

Why Are Yachts So Expensive?

Who are the wealthiest women on the planet? Perhaps innovators and visionaries who have founded their own business empires? Not quite. Look at any ranking of wealthy ladies and you will surely find mention of Melinda Gates, MacKenzie Scott, Julia Koch, and Alice Walton. Feminists

will bash me, but facts are facts: of this star quartet, only Alice Walton has some merit as a businesswoman, but even her fortune was mostly inherited from her father, Sam Walton, the founder of Walmart. The others, to be blunt, didn't bother much with the business end of things. Melinda Gates and MacKenzie Scott (recently Bezos) had highly lucrative divorces, and Julia Koch managed to outlive her husband David Koch, co-owner of Koch Industries.

What does this tell us? It tells us that divorce is damn expensive! So, a man with brains needs to choose a wife extremely carefully. And if you do make a mistake, then either be prepared to pay up, or...take alternative measures. Everything I describe below is a figment of my imagination, and any coincidences with real people are accidental. I knew several wealthy but not very public men whose wives tragically perished in shipwrecks. A small yacht (ideally without a crew), a storm, the beloved didn't have time to put on a life jacket: a common story! Each new scenario is painfully similar to the previous one, but there's not much you can do. And there's the millionaire who suspected his wife was thinking about divorce; suddenly he turns into a grief-stricken widower. As they say, no person, no problem. When one of my influential friends told such a story, he muttered: "Well, Paul, now you understand why they charge an arm and a leg for these yachts?" Yes, now I understand.

No, I am not calling for staging accidents or committing other crimes. But getting a divorce, if necessary, yes—absolutely. Ordinary people are willing to "save the family" for the sake of their children due to self-doubt or plain fear of change. In each of these cases, they convince themselves that their sacrifice is justified. And every time, it's a lie. They're simply flushing their own lives down the

toilet. Smart, wealthy men do this too, although less often. Even though they may have more eloquent justifications for it, they also spend their most valuable resource—time—on women who do only harm. If that's really the case, end the marriage, whatever it takes—even if you have to get yourself a small yacht.

The logic is simple and universal. If a tool stops being useful, you exchange it for another one. If a woman doesn't understand her role as a millionaire's wife, let her go and cook borscht for poor losers. Even children should not be an obstacle: on the contrary! What can your children learn from a dimwitted woman or, even worse, a gold-digging harpy? If it so happens that such a woman became their mother, it is in your best interest to minimize her involvement in their upbringing. Fortunately, there are plenty of legal tools to accomplish this. Even here, in the United States, where people love to discuss the rule of law and universal justice, often the one with more money is right. Such is the brutal truth of capitalism. And don't lie to yourself that you don't appreciate this truth.

**RAISING
CHILDREN:
WHO'S TO
BLAME AND
WHAT TO DO**

Countless monumental works have been written on how to turn a child into a decent person. The systems of Glenn Doman, Maria Montessori, Cécile Lupan, the so-called Waldorf pedagogy: there are many of these freeloaders. And almost all of them are doomed to success to some extent. Why? Because being a parent is incredibly difficult, and no one teaches this. Moreover, almost everyone knows what it's like to grow up with bad parents. That's why those who care about others try to figure out what to do with a child: when they're still crawling under the table; when they first encounter stupidity and cruelty at school; when they rebel against you during adolescence; and so on. Everyone wants to find a manual for their child. Instead, they find volumes of gibberish and attempts of "great educators" to take out our own psychological traumas on the children they're supposed to teach.

In millionaire families, the atmosphere is different. We don't explain to our children why dad can't buy an expensive toy: on the contrary, we're afraid that money will spoil our sons and daughters. And it does spoil them. Because money spoils everyone who is not prepared for it—especially when you add permissiveness and impunity to the mix.

"So They Lack Nothing"

Providing children with everything they need is a natural desire. It goes back to basic evolutionary programs. And although scientists talk only about the power of the maternal instinct, everyone who has been lucky enough to become a father knows for sure: the paternal instinct exists too. And you can go overboard with it, especially if you grew up during

the decline of the USSR. Those who grew up in a time and place when there was not even enough toilet paper to wipe kids' behinds, and the tastiest treat a child could hope for was a butter-and-sugar sandwich, certainly don't want such a fate for their children. And they often go too far in trying to make sure their children have everything they need. I knew a respectable man who bought his son a McLaren. And when the boy predictably crashed this expensive toy and miraculously survived, he didn't get a beating from his father, but a new supercar. I think it was something from the Lamborghini lineup. Like, "Go ahead, son, this one's a bit slower, so now everything should be fine."

They say that if you didn't have a bicycle in your childhood, and now you have a Bentley, then... you still didn't have a bicycle in your childhood. This saying goes much deeper than it seems. It's as if we're trying to change our past by showering our children with everything we ourselves once lacked. But it doesn't make anyone feel better. This is not an expression of love or care but rather a balm for one's own psychological trauma. The accuracy of my thesis becomes obvious when it comes to non-material values. Those multimillionaires who were bullied at school try to create conditions for their children so that they can "avenge their father," not only against their peers but also against their teachers. Spoiled minors are allowed to do anything: they can kick a classmate during class and then tell the teacher to go to hell. When the father is called to the principal's office for the first time, he will try and fix everything. A modest contribution to the "school fund" will convince the local public to tolerate any antics of his spoiled degenerate. Of course, this won't work in normal schools. And that's precisely why grown-up victims send their offspring to unremarkable public educational

institutions, or in extreme cases, some shabby underfunded public school. They are concerned not about the quality of education—only about the sweetness of revenge.

But there's a problem: those who suffer the most from such permissiveness are not the humiliated and insulted teachers and classmates, but the child of the wealthy daddy. The only lesson he learns from such a school is that he is already a winner in life, and everyone around him is nothing more than dirt under his nails. Any learning goes down the drain. Socialization goes the same way: such children have no friends capable of telling them the truth—only jackal sycophants hoping for scraps from the little millionaire's table. The result? Absolute moral bankruptcy. And then financial bankruptcy. These children grow up into nonentities who hang on to their parents' coattails and then, when they are gone, squander the family fortune. And to some extent, this is fair. Most of the poor-rich (they are the ones who most often choose this parenting model) are only temporary guests in the millionaires' club. They were wealthy for one generation: then it's time to return to poverty.

Main Principles of Successful Parenting

Most problems can't be solved by adhering to just one principle. But upbringing is a special case, at least when it comes to raising teenagers—minimum spending on living expenses, maximum spending on education. This is the formula for success. I was taught this by Dan Peña. At first, I thought that depriving children of inheritance and kicking them out of the house as soon as possible was a bit too radical. But then I realized that Dan is not just a grumpy Scrooge

McDuck but an incredibly wise man who knows exactly what he's doing when it comes to raising children. Now I will describe his method in more detail.

When his children were little, Dan bought them only critically necessary things. Yes, they lived in comfortable conditions, as befits the offspring of a multimillionaire, but all their frivolous wants were shattered by their parents' strictness. Want a game console? Earn it yourself. Don't like handing out leaflets for pennies or wiping dust off store shelves? Use your brain to figure out how to earn the required amount without resorting to dull low-paying labor. Most people who read Robert Kiyosaki's *Rich Dad, Poor Dad* do so when life has already dragged them through the mud. But Dan's children absorbed every truth in the book before they even thought about college. They experienced firsthand the value of the work one does in relation to what you're paid for it. Many adults reach retirement age without understanding the cause-and-effect relationship here. Many children literally don't understand where money comes from and therefore don't value expensive toys. And when you don't value something, you can't fully enjoy new acquisitions.

However, his children's choices were not as limited when it came to education. And it's not just about the best schools, lessons with the best tutors, and real higher education. If a child wanted to invest in themselves and their future, Dan was happy to agree to cover all expenses, even when it came to online training or personal coaching services. This way, his children received unlimited opportunities for professional growth and a burning ambition to convert their acquired skills into money. After reaching adulthood, this need to engineer their own success became even more acute: they had to pay for housing, food, and all other bills.

The children didn't just fly out of their parents' nest—Dan sent them off on their own.

Some might say that this is too radical. Those suffering from overprotectiveness might even break into a cold sweat from the thought of such an upbringing. But facts are the most stubborn things in the world. Arguing with them is useless. Dan's children grew up and now hold high positions in the world's largest companies, such as the Coca-Cola Company. And they are not at all traumatized that their father deprived them of their inheritance. They have enough money and will have even more. They have never been rich brats like the Kardashians, but they have become successful and wealthy professionals. Moreover, they are self-made: their father's help is hard to ignore, but no one can say their successes are simply tied to being born into a wealthy family. Isn't it an ideal option? Yes, but there is a catch. Implementing this approach requires more than just money. You need to believe in your child. And many millionaires, especially in the post-Soviet space, don't know how to do that.

There's a reason I'm focusing on the CIS region. Everyone who has done business here knows that the main problem is not corruption, nor the low purchasing power of the population, and not even the constant problems with suppliers and logistics. It's all about people: the stupid, irresponsible, initiative-lacking, and ambition-free individuals. We have seen a lot of such useless human detritus. And the more often you encounter it, the faster you lose faith in humanity, and this inevitably affects the upbringing of your own children. If a teenager gets addicted to some frivolous activity like computer games, you subconsciously convince yourself that they will never care about serious matters. If they come home drunk, you subconsciously consider them

a lost cause. Maybe you even start your reproaches with the words, "When I was your age..." At the same time, you forget that at their age, you were possibly quite a troublemaker yourself and got your act together much later.

Treat your children the way cult followers advise treating religion: "You just have to believe." Children make foolish decisions and mistakes (not always the same thing), but that's the path of every worthy person. To get out of a mess, one must get dirty first. And don't think that millionaire children are exempt from this because they were lucky to be born wealthy. They will simply face a different kind of mess, perhaps even more dangerous than that of the poor, and sometimes they will take a nasty fall that might even be your fault: well, not exactly your fault, because there's no guilt in being alive, running a successful business, and crossing paths with the wrong people on occasion. Of course they probably won't kidnap your son or daughter for ransom (although it might happen, anything is possible). Perhaps your teenager will accidentally connect with a bad crowd where they will be offered drugs—not harmless marijuana, but real drugs that cause physiological addiction and destroy lives.

However, parental skepticism or worse—attempts to compete with their own child—will destroy their children's lives, perhaps not as quickly but no less effectively. Rebellion against one's parents is natural teenage behavior, and the desire to surpass them is perfectly natural. The poor find this easy. Buying some glitch-filled Korean car on credit is already an achievement compared to a father who spent his life tinkering with the same junky Ford Fiesta. If you earn a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a month, you're already the pride of a family used to working in a factory. But it will be much harder for your offspring. And if your wealth is

not in the tens, but hundreds of millions, they will probably never manage to surpass you. If they inherit your millions, the money will always serve as a reminder: they are just a shadow of their father.

Even worse is reminding them of this. Yes, when a child starts to defy their father and question his authority, you want to put this insolent youngster in their place. Tell them, “First achieve what I have, and then maybe you’ll have the right to judge anything in this life. What can you be proud of at your age? Have you achieved anything?” All of this is true. Most likely, they haven’t achieved anything or, at least, haven’t achieved anything significant. But is it worth emphasizing this? Should you measure your financial and social status against your own child? You will crush them, trample them into the dirt, and they may never be able to stand on their own two feet. And in retaliation, they will hate you—precisely because everything you said was true. The wisdom of a real man lies in understanding when to tell the truth and when it’s better to remain silent.

What if It’s Already Too Late?

A sage once said that hindsight is always 20/20. If your children are still young enough to walk under the table, congratulations: you will use my advice to raise happy, self-sufficient, and most importantly, real people. But often, it’s not that simple. I’m sure many of those who read this book have children who are sixteen, eighteen, or maybe over twenty years old. And they already have problems: they’re spoiled, don’t want to learn anything, only want to have fun, and don’t care about you at all. What should you do in this case? It’s too

late to solve problems by talking: there's such a mountain of resentment between you and your child that they might pretend to listen to you but definitely won't take you seriously. Cutting off their funding is also too rash. If you kick them out of the house now and only pay for their education, they'll starve to death. Of course, you can (and should) find a compromise: introduce loose restrictions first and then gradually tighten them. This will work, but not overnight. Can you afford to miss what might be the most important time in the life of the person you likely care most about?

Your son or daughter needs to figure themselves out; they need to understand what their role in this world can and should be, what function other people (including parents) have in their lives, and where to go. Coincidentally, you need the same thing. And you're probably already starting to come to grips with how to achieve this: mainly, that your child should also undergo an initiation and discuss several important issues with the Creator. And if they're already of an age to understand, then the sooner, the better.

**HEALTH FOR
MONEY: HOW
TO LIVE WITH
JOY AND INTO
OLD AGE**

Whoever says that good health cannot be bought is shamelessly lying. In fact, only a truly wealthy person is free to choose not only the bird in their hands but also the ones in the bush (to invoke the old proverb). All the universally recognized components of longevity—from genuinely healthy nutrition to elite Israeli or Swiss clinics—are simply inaccessible to the majority. Yes, having money can mean additional years of life and well-being. It's the most profitable deal of all. Because health is the key to truly get the most out of life.

Nesting Rules

A person is not only what they eat but also where they live. It is ironic that people often call their homes “family nests” when they live in an ugly concrete monstrosity or in a brick house on a few hundred square meters of brush land'. A master of life differs from these people, and not just by measuring their possessions in acres or hectares instead of square meters. Such a person doesn't just live somewhere: they fully own their place of permanent residence.

Later, I will question the idea that humans are predators by nature. And yet, we share an important feature with lions and tigers: we need ample space where we can feel truly free. Comfort is impossible without health, but health is also impossible without comfort. The roots of longevity and well-being grow from complete harmony with one's surroundings. A person who, out of desperation, has grown accustomed to the “coziness” of a six-meter kitchen will never understand this. They're even less aware that they're living in captivity and gradually withering away.

However, being a homeowner does not mean being tied to one place. After all, having a nest does not prevent a swallow or, say, a crane from regularly flying to where it is more comfortable. It is the weak and dull pigeon who is resigned to the idea of freezing their tail off for many months. No wonder the nobility has always had estates in different geographic zones to “change the climate” and “improve their health.” While crowds of homeless people fly to Bali in search of secret knowledge and to Egypt to enjoy their all-inclusive deals, you can live anywhere in the world if your soul and body are agreeable to it. That’s why I don’t understand why wealthy people from industrial towns and cities who, out of a sense of “keeping it real,” remain in the same polluted place for their entire lives, inhaling the smoke of their hometown factory. On the other hand, poisoning oneself with expensive cigars and alcohol in exotic locales is not particularly smart either.

Is Everything You Eat Good for You?

It would seem that regular nutrition is a basic need that unites us all: but only at first glance. Because eating habits divide us more than anything else—except for religion since the church often dictates these habits to us. Europeans are amazed at Asians who eagerly eat live octopuses. Jews and Muslims look with disgust at everyone who loves to feast on pork. The majority of the world’s population looks disapprovingly at those who eat dogs, insects, and even more so their own species. It’s all because, in each individual civilization, the margins of what are acceptable with it comes to food has been expanding for millennia. Only one conclusion follows

from this global experiment: a person can be taught to eat anything.

And if some eating habits need to be explained with complicated reasoning, others can be justified with some very simple concepts. The classic is “eat meat because you’re a predator.” Everyone wants to be a predator. Because as much as we talk about humanism, it’s much more pleasant to be a lion than an antelope or some other four-legged lunch. A predator is a fighter, a winner, a master of territory, and a decider of others’ fates. It’s a simple idea that every child can understand (and, incidentally, much more effective than parents’ stories about the benefits of protein for a growing body).

I suggest that every “predator” should conduct a simple experiment. Buy a live chicken or rabbit and let it loose. Then chase it, catch it, and eat it. No, don’t take it to the kitchen, but start eating it right where you snatched it up—in the raw. Tear it with your teeth and hands, like a real predator. Ignore the victim’s suffering and just enjoy the exquisite taste of raw game. Okay, enough. No sane person would do this. Because neither the person chewing meat in a restaurant, nor the one cooking it in the kitchen, nor the one cutting it in a butcher’s shop, nor the one even killing it in a slaughterhouse is a predator. They are just elements of an established system, an integral part of which has become the process of eating meat.

Alright, forget about predators. But meat is protein! Under such a slogan, millions of mothers around the world have fed their children tons of meatballs, steaks, schnitzels, and the like. The actions of dull housewives are backed by high-minded scientists: it is precisely because of meat that primitive humans became stronger and, more importantly, smarter. Animal protein has made us who we are today. It would be appropriate to add that fanatical vegetarians with

their beans, nuts, and quinoa are significantly weaker and dumber than the average person, right? There's simply no reason to blurt out such things, unless, of course, you're considering the most twisted chauvinistic fantasies.

And what do we really know about vegetarians? That they suffer from heart attacks 22% less often than meat-eaters. They are diagnosed with colorectal cancer 35% less frequently. They are 15% less likely to experience the "joys" of type 2 diabetes. Not to mention they feel less bloated and fatigued. Thousands, millions, of people prove by example that a well-balanced vegetarian diet will stave off many common ailments. It would seem simple: give up meat and live a long and happy life. But no, everyone is ready to feel sorry for a cow or pig, but practically no one is ready to give up the ephemeral status of a predator and thereby prioritize their own health.

Not that I consider vegetarianism a panacea. But I am a healer-practitioner and used to trusting my eyes. When I see a method that doesn't require colossal investment and yields certain beneficial results, it's hard for me to understand why people dismiss it. After all, everyone is skeptical about theories. However, this skepticism is very selective. Day by day, I observe crowds of people stuffing their face with fast food. And yet "fast food" is not only harmful, but it's also not fast at all. Because modern "predators" don't eat meat in its original form: often the disfigured over-processed flesh is tossed in boiling oil and then served to the next lucky gourmand. In fact, do you know what should be called real fast food? That's right, simple unprocessed fruits and vegetables. But that's too boring and doesn't fit the generally accepted standards, right? It's easier and tastier to just follow the cholesterol-clogged masses and let one's body deteriorate accordingly.

How can we talk about vegetarianism when a person cannot cope with the elementary hydrobalance in the body? Everyone knows that our body is 80% water and that it is rightly considered essential to life. It would seem that drinking as much water per day as you lose would be easy—rather than gulping down a cup of coffee in the morning and rushing to a full working day “dry”. It would seem that sucking in a liter of warm tea at night, looking at the frosty weather outside the window, would be easier than flooding yourself with poisonous soda, beer, or spirits. And, even more so, it would be easier than relying on the miraculous properties of some coral water that destroys non-existent toxins and cures all diseases. You just need to use what nature has provided, and the body will thank you for it. But it will thank very few, as following simple rules clearly has proven too complicated for most.

Rules, in general, are oppressive, aren't they? They turn life into gray weekdays, so any holiday is always a reason to neglect restrictions, especially at the dinner table. “We live only once!” says everyone stuffing themselves with a marbled beef steak. They are joined in solidarity by those indulging in their favorite wine and smoking hookahs. Grown-ups reach for forbidden pleasures with the enthusiasm of a child who has deceived a distracted mother. But the thing is, you can't deceive the body so easily, and in the end, it will make you pay a steep price for your indulgences, regardless of the cost of steaks, wine, and other forbidden fruits.

Movement Is Life!

Even if you didn't run around the streets with home-made nunchucks as a child, shouting “Kia!”, you still know

Bruce Lee well. The idol of millions demonstrated unique physical abilities, as he could:

- ☑ hold a 70 pound kettlebell with his arm outstretched for several seconds;
- ☑ strike so fast that a regular camera shooting twenty-four frames per second couldn't capture it;
- ☑ hold a leg raise on his hands for half an hour;
- ☑ catch tossed rice grains in the air with chopsticks;
- ☑ do push-ups on two fingers of one hand and pull-ups holding onto a bar with one pinky finger;
- ☑ pierce a steel soda can with his fingers;
- ☑ knock a strong man down with a very short "one-inch" punch.

This man, with his phenomenal capabilities, lived only thirty-three years. Many theories circulate about the reasons for his untimely death, one more incredible than the other. But what does Bruce Lee's story teach us? Firstly, that fate has a very twisted sense of humor. Secondly, if you push the limits of your physical capabilities, sooner or later those limits will push back. Those who, unlike Bruce, "got lucky" in the sense that their athletic pursuits "only" gave them lifelong disabilities will confirm this.

Everyone who goes to the gym for six-pack abs, big biceps, or a wide back has already lost before entering the locker room. Because movement is life. And straining your buttocks with squats or a couple more plates on the bench press has nothing to do with real life. It is a substitution of true goals with false ones, which the public mind loves to gobble up: "Achieve nothing in life, but pump up your biceps, and all the girls are yours." That's why gyms and boxing clubs

are packed with dumb thugs admiring each other's pointless body-shaping efforts.

There is nothing funnier and sadder than a person who is ready to ruin their health trying to stay healthy. Yes, working on your body should be a challenge. But this should be a moderate and, more importantly, natural one. What kind of physical exercise did people do before civilization and cultural stereotypes arose? They ran after game, climbed trees for fruit, and carried their prey to a cave or wherever they lived. It never occurred to them to arrange a shuttle run with a deer carcass on their back or pump up their biceps with a heavy stone. And I'm willing to bet that they were healthier, stronger, and more resilient than most posing in front of mirrors in fitness gyms.

So to be or not to be? Of course, to be. Regular physical activity is the duty of every sane person. But it should obey your inner rhythm and the natural laws of nature. Physical exercise is not a business; there are no super profits as a reward for long hours of overtime. One can assume that if you simply get off your behind and shun idleness, positive results will come. However, in the race over years or even decades, the process is partly the result itself.

Even the commonplace phrase "sex is the best sport" fits into this simple, understandable concept. The rules are the same: furious attempts to set quantitative records with the help of prostitute-assistants can result in injuries and ruined health. However, dull mechanical frolicking under the sheets also won't bring any benefits. Regular passionate exercises in bed are part of the abundance Mother Nature has blessed us with. The modern person's task is to ensure that the enjoyable process does not have unpleasant consequences such as unwanted pregnancy, venereal diseases,

public scandals, blackmail, or a blow to one's reputation. Then, nothing will prevent you from enjoying this essential component of health.

However, sex—like sports, nutrition, and habitat—are essential, but still parts of something bigger. It's all about life energy. It's about the capacity of your inner battery, the speed of its recovery, and the ability to properly expend this reserve. It all starts with general, universal recommendations, but everyone who cares about their health eventually make subtle adjustments based on their own needs. Only the master of life, living by their own rules, can afford to observe all of these. They decide where and how to live, how much to work and rest, what to spend time on and what not to, who to get close to, and who to avoid. After all, life energy is a component not only of physical but also of mental health. Speaking of which...

High Time to Befriend Your Mind

“All diseases are caused by stress,” goes the general wisdom. This is the rare case when laypeople are essentially right. You can waste money on pills and miraculous enemas, but you will only temporarily stave off symptoms, while the root of all evil remains intact: it is hidden in the safest of all possible places—your subconscious. It's not hard to get lost there, especially if your subconscious resembles a cluttered attic. I have cleared the clutter from the subconscious of thousands of people, but I still marvel at the detritus that can be found there. However, this rubbish is not the most dangerous part. Let's start with something simpler.

Why does a person accumulate so much useless junk in their head in the first place? It's because they are taught to do

so from childhood. “Watch your tongue.” “Keep your opinions to yourself.” “Think carefully before you speak.” “God endured and told us to endure too.” “Why are you acting like a doormat?” “Men don’t cry.” The personality hasn’t had time to form yet, and the constant inculcation of bogus beliefs can securely lock up emotions over time. That’s why 999 out of 1,000 people are filled with accumulated contradictions, resentment, anger, fear, and other feelings. There are always two typical scenarios: this toxic load in the subconscious gradually poisons and kills its carrier, or an uncontrolled emotional explosion occurs with an unpredictable range of damage. Regular visits to a psychotherapist at best provide an illusion of relief, because no one will sort out your subconscious for you. Diplomas and certificates do not mean that “specialists” can always understand the root cause of problems.

Psychology generally prefers to stay in its isolated theoretical bubble, but when its practitioners have to deal with real people, they simply adjust the facts to fit the desired theory. Just take the concept of forming a habit in twenty-one days. You’ll hear this nonsense from everyone who supposedly helps overcome addiction to cigarettes, alcohol, sweets, and from everyone who tries to instill a love for sports and healthy eating. After all, twenty-one days is a beautiful magic number that is easy to believe in. Changing part of your personality in just three weeks: isn’t that a miracle? Yes, it is. And that’s the problem. This will be confirmed by anyone who continues to reluctantly find themselves with a cigarette in their mouth or a bellyful of chocolate. Habits don’t just form in twenty-one days. It’s much worse: they appear without your active participation and at someone else’s initiative.

It’s not about subconscious programs imposed by society. Everyone knows that a bad habit is primarily a voice

inside you that conducts a constant dialogue with you. Depending on the strength of will and the severity of the impending consequences, this voice can be resisted—but not forever. The voice always wins. And I’m not talking about something abstract. When working with patients, these voices often speak loudly to me. They speak about things my interlocutor cannot know, and in languages they have never spoken. And they brazenly state what can help me fight them. No, my clients are not crazy. They are not obsessed with ideas, but with otherworldly entities. Yes, that’s what I call them: “entities.” And I’ll tell you more about them later.

However, there are more down-to-earth, but no less dangerous, entities in your life. They are not ancient, powerful, or influential. But, gathering in groups of millions, they form a terrible force. Their weapon is infinite stupidity multiplied by boundless activity. I’m talking about the real zombie apocalypse: the masses armed with their social networks. The internet has spawned the biggest and most terrifying rat-king in history. The worst part is that even smart people get caught up in this ugly tangle. Yes, Elon Musk has harnessed social networks and has greatly influences a mass audience, but many less successful individuals either follow the crowd or even become infected with its ideas. If this hasn’t happened to you yet, look at your loved ones: they are at an even greater risk.

Since I compared the masses to zombies, let’s draw another analogy. In the past, the foolish ideas of ordinary people were no less dangerous. Think of the portrayal of zombies in classic movies: they could barely walk, and the bitten still had time to remain human or even wait for a cure. But with the advent of social networks, ordinary people have become more dangerous. Now think of the zombies in new movies: they

run fast, react instantly, and it takes only minutes for people to get infected from their bite. That's why social networks are a global madhouse—in which every tenth person poses as a medical attendant and is therefore even more dangerous than the rest. And if you, like Jack Nicholson's character in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, decide you want to escape, then you find out that all the patients are voluntarily in the psych ward. That's why social networks are so dangerous for mental health, and you need to set clear boundaries for yourself and your loved ones.

The easiest way to build these barriers is to send everyone, so to speak, to hell. In fact, this is the key tool for maintaining mental health. All accumulated thoughts and emotions need to be conveyed to their intended recipients with the ideal expressions. And if the right expressions in a particular case mean obscene language, then so be it. A healthy lifestyle should be based on healthy doses of selfishness. So don't hesitate to tell people to go to hell, both in words and in actions. Someone will be offended and leave; someone will understand; and someone will even be grateful. It's a guaranteed lottery win, where you spin the wheel yourself until everyone gets their ticket to the desired destination.

When you think less about what others will think or feel, you finally find the time and strength to love yourself. It's ironic that in pursuit of a better life, we forget who it was all for. And no, loving yourself is not about drinking expensive cognac or spending time with expensive call girls. It's primarily about accepting yourself with all your flaws and systematically working to correct them. Becoming different because society, another guru, or some devil in a robe said so is not a change but a betrayal of oneself. You need to evolve

not out of hatred for your shortcomings, but out of love for your virtues. Otherwise, it's a road to nowhere.

To sum up everything I said above, I'll note that taking care of your health is work but not as complicated as you might think. Eating healthy food and telling toxic people to go to hell, working on yourself and not engaging in nonsense, trusting your body, and not following the lead of the first person in a white coat you meet: this is logical and therefore easy. There is no point in stretching out your time on this earth if it leads to constant suffering. That's why I advocate common sense in the fight for health.

**NOTHING IS
TRUE, EVERYTHING
IS PERMITTED:
WHERE TO LOOK
FOR MORAL
AUTHORITIES**

once came across the following wisdom in a book: “All herding is a refuge for mediocrity, whether it’s loyalty to Solovyov, or Kant, or Marx. Truth is sought only by loners and they part with everyone who loves it insufficiently.” The author was concerned about revolutionary turmoil and Bolsheviks who loved marching in formation—how true his words are when it comes to business and so-called personal growth! No, I’m not disputing that business is a team sport. But the captain of this team is always one. And if he really has potential, then he is incredibly lonely. There is no one who could be called his mentor in the full sense of the word. Losers, on the other hand, have plenty of teachers—but as the saying goes, too many cooks spoil the broth. Losers willingly follow instructions. We, however, give instructions.

No one lives in a vacuum. Everyone influences each other, so even millionaires and billionaires have not escaped the influence of society, life experience, books, movies, YouTube videos, and motivational posts from yet another nonentity. But the vast majority of us achieved success only in spite of this pervasive public influence. And yes, this is me talking: someone who paid Dan Henry \$55,000 for training, gave \$100,000 for a one-hour consultation with one of the greatest politicians of our time, visited Dan Peña’s Scottish castle more than once, and in general, invested about \$500,000 in my education over the past few years. And earlier, when mastering hypnotherapy, I also studied with the best—for example, with: the coach of presidents and millionaires, Tony Robbins, the creator of NLP Richard Bandler, and Gerald Kein, a student of Dave Elman. Millions of people would be happy to call these men their mentors. And I won’t lie, I learned a lot from these respected teachers and never regretted the money spent on it. Investments in yourself are always the most effective.

But can I say that they are my teachers, and the truth of their authority is unshakable? *Pfft*, of course not! If I had listened to them unconditionally, I would not have achieved as much as I have. And if I had listened to others, whose names were not mentioned here, I would have gone bankrupt long ago. Following instructions, it's easy to earn \$10,000. Understanding principles, it's quite possible to earn \$200,000. But to earn millions—and, moreover, to amass a billion-dollar fortune—you need to discover the principles yourself. I'm sure you understand this without me, as readers of this book are smarter than at least 99% of the population of our planet. Although rather than say “discover,” maybe “make them reveal themselves to you” would be a better way to phrase it. These are two very different things indeed, and you will soon see why.

The only authority a successful man has is the authority of his own truth. So, don't take this book as an instruction manual, and don't view me as just another mentor. Don't believe what's written! And in general, don't believe anything or anyone without careful consideration. Belief is the lot of ineffectual and weak-minded people. And belief is not the same as trust. Trusting means having grounds to verify the information received, instead of immediately discarding it. I trust my wife because we are spiritually close and have gone through a lot together. I trust my business partners because we often share a common goal. I trust Dan Peña because I personally know millionaires who also visited him in Scotland, applied his recommendations, and were satisfied with the results. Do I have any reason to take seriously the unfortunate and possibly insane people who explain to me on Instagram that I don't live and work the way I should? Of course not. They don't pass muster.

Everyone I describe below should not be taken seriously either. But many smart, successful men make the stupid mistake of not just trusting these charlatans but believing them! Don't repeat this mistake.

The Most Dangerous of All—Psychologists

A wealthy man never goes to a psychologist voluntarily. At least not the first time. We are taken there by our wives. Perhaps because their friends persuaded them that your relationship is flagging and that a trendy Instagram psychologist can help. Perhaps the wife fell under the influence of “positive thinking philosophy” and burdened you with Gestalt, meditations, and working out her daddy issues. Anything can happen. And sometimes it seems easier to go to that damn psychologist than to contemplate why this is a bad idea. But here's the problem: after the first visit, there will be much, much more crap to come.

There's an age-old joke with a modicum of truth: those who can't do, teach. And those who can't do much else become psychologists. Those who can't even become psychologists teach others to be psychologists. After all, it's a high-demand and even well-paid profession by many people's standards. Moreover, the entry threshold is not just low: it's nonexistent. If you can just silently listen and nod your head while someone else talks and occasionally say, “Oh, really? Uh-huh... Well, don't be upset,” then you're already better than 95% of so-called psychologists. I'm not exaggerating. The vast majority of these quacks don't even know how to listen. Yet, their only real use lies in renting their ears to people on an hourly basis: a person

vents during a session and won't burden their loved ones with their whining.

It may seem like I'm being too harsh on psychologists. After all, we're not talking about complete charlatans like astrologers and numerologists. Psychology is a science, right? *No. It isn't.* It's just a humanities discipline, meaning it's in the same league as cultural studies, ethics, and literary studies. There's no evidence-based approach here. "I'm an artist, I see it this way!"—remember this phrase? That's what a psychologist does: they simply flog their pet theories about how the psyche works. What are these ideas based on? Most often, a wild imagination, personal traumas, and maybe a couple of books. No, the basis for this is not scientific monographs but so-called pop psychology—like *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus* or *Hold Me Tight*. In rare cases, a psychologist picks up a few working techniques (for example, from hypnotherapists), but that's even worse. They're like a child with dirty hands using a scalpel to remove an appendix.

I know what I'm talking about because I studied psychology myself. And I did it not because I had a great life. A boy who was not loved enough in his childhood, who felt abandoned and unwanted, who struggled to connect with people: this very boy decided that he would fix other people's minds! It would be funny if it weren't for the fact that every aspiring psychologist has the same skeletons hidden in their closet. I quickly realized what was going on and dropped my studies. But before that, there was a period after I had learned a dozen or so sophisticated-sounding words where I, arrogant and self-satisfied, was eager to explain to almost everyone how to live properly, even though I couldn't sort out my own mind with traditional psychotherapy—I was a typical "shoemaker who had no shoes of their own," as they

say in Russia. I was lucky to curb this tendency when I did. I started looking for truly effective ways to stop feeding my childhood traumas. It is only after healing yourself can you heal others. Until then, you simply spread viruses like a doctor sneezing on a patient. The only difference is that these viruses are mental, which makes them even more dangerous.

You don't trust poor business coaches who explain to you how to delegate business operations. You don't choose a new car based on the advice of someone who rides a public bus. You smirk when someone in an unhappy marriage tries to teach you how to have a fulfilling family life. You're doing everything right! It's common sense. Use it when you want to visit a psychologist. And at the same time, think about why it has become so fashionable. Mass culture explicitly tells you: if you don't go to a psychologist, there's something wrong with you; it's something you're told you need to "talk about"! Do you really want to talk? Then, turn to a real specialist: a hypnotherapist or regression therapist. And not just any old hypnotherapist, but one who guarantees results after a couple of sessions and is not planning to milk you for years. After all, you're not a cow, right?

Advisors

Until you deliberately exterminate them—like cockroaches from a restaurant kitchen—advisors will always be crawling around you. No matter how much you earn or what circles you move in, there will always be know-it-alls who just can't wait to teach you some kind of wisdom. I ironically call them "professionals of experience." This term is borrowed from writer and philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, who was also

annoyed by these insignificant beings: “Are they the professionals of experience? They’ve spent their lives languishing in a dull stupor, marrying out of impatience, having children by chance. In cafes, at weddings, at funerals, they met other people. From time to time, caught in some whirlpool, they floundered and fought back, not understanding what was happening to them. And by the age of forty, they call their petty biases and a small set of proverbs ‘experience’ and begin to act like vending machines: insert a coin into the left slot: you get two or three life examples in a silver foil packaging; insert a coin into the right slot: receive valuable advice, sticking to your teeth like toffee.” It couldn’t be said better.

Such people are easily identified even before they start moralizing. They always have the “correct” answer, and they defend it as if their life depends on it. If, for example, you ask me what I think about global warming, I would say, “I haven’t looked into it properly, so I can’t say anything.” It’s not normal to have an opinion on certain issues you aren’t familiar with. But ask the same “professional of experience,” and see how they transform into either Greta Thunberg or Martin Durkin (an equally insane activist but on the other side of the ecological front line). Advisors are always radical, if not in their judgments, then in their recommendations. According to them, any problem can be solved in no time. Need your marriage fixed? Do you want a successful business? How about solving world hunger? Listening to them, it’s all a piece of cake.

Of course, most of these advisors are absolutely unremarkable and have achieved nothing in life. I once saw a video where journalists stopped passersby and asked what they thought about heterosexuality. Respondents began shouting that it was deeply disgusting to them, and that these

“heterosexuals” should be forcibly arrested, put in prison, or better yet, castrated—just to be on the safe side. Of course, they meant homosexuals, but they were so illiterate and mystified that they didn’t realize the joke was on them: “Homo-, hetero-... I don’t understand these perversions! It all came from the West! No sexuality is natural for a Russian person!” And this is the essence of advisors: minimum competence, maximum radicalism. I bet you immediately recognize these traits in many of your acquaintances.

But the worst thing is not that such people exist but rather that many successful men listen to them. The warped thinking here goes something like this: Sergey’s great, we’ve been friends since school! He wouldn’t give bad advice! But Sergey does give bad advice. He doesn’t know anything, doesn’t understand anything, but it’s stupidly assumed that he’s dispensing valuable wisdom. Often what these phonies say simply goes in one ear and out the other. But again, water wears away the stone—and bad advice sometimes influences your decisions—especially if it comes not from a friend you can just brush off but from a wife or close relatives. One example is parents who still see you as a young miscreant and still think they “know what’s best.” Of course, you don’t choose your parents, but there’s nothing wrong with putting them in their place. But why you trusted your well-being to a brainless “professional of experience”: that’s another question.

Clingers

When someone claims they can’t stand flatterers, they’re only talking about the uncomfortably fawning ones: those who, as the saying goes, try to crawl up your ass without

soap. Everyone enjoys being praised; it's just human nature. The thirst for social approval is ingrained in us. Rationally, we understand that likes and followers on social media don't really mean anything. Praise is rarely sincere, anyway; much more often, it's used as a manipulation tool. But even the best of us occasionally give in and fall for flattery. That's why there are always energy-sucking parasites trying to cling to every successful man, more or less. They see an acquaintance with you as an asset and in a much broader sense than networking implies.

What do I mean? Well, such insignificant beings, too often, need something; and it's awkward for you to refuse, because this old friend or distant relative is always so kind to you. For him, it's an honor to communicate with a self-made person who has achieved everything through hard work and talent. You have no doubt that this puppy-like enthusiasm is sincere. And when doubts creep in, you try and suppress them, but then you feel guilty: your old depressed schoolmate is pouring his heart out to you, and you're going to reject their cries for help? Everything gets even more complicated if the cling-on is a woman. Firstly, a patriarchal society has taught men to treat women with reverence. If an adult man asks for something, it's much easier to send him packing: "Am I your babysitter? Have you tried working?" When a woman makes the same request, things often work out in her favor.

Only the dumbest cling-ons directly ask for money. Most often, they want to take advantage of your position or your connections. For example, they want you to give them a chance to prove themselves in your company, which in practice means hiring them without a vetting process and then not being able to fine or fire them because you "don't

want to spoil the relationship.” If they are old friends or relatives, then you’re in trouble (especially if they are relatives of your wife). It’s easier to send your own relatives packing, but you’ll have to endure the wife’s brother or grand-nephew, otherwise there will be resentment. Or, even better, you could get rid of cling-ons once and for all, regardless of who they are, how they look, or what they say. When I started I learned to always follow three simple principles:

- ☑ **Communicate only with those whose status is equal to or higher than your own:** Obviously, you can’t measure status with a ruler, and sometimes it’s hard to convert wealth into political influence and vice versa. But often you know who the weakest link in your circle is. I advise you to say goodbye to them. I never tire of repeating: a person is the arithmetic average of their immediate environment. If you are surrounded by millionaires, then you are probably not a supermarket cashier. And if your social set is filled with fools and sycophants, then I have bad news. Few people know that this principle works both ways. Not only does the environment influence a change in one’s personal qualities, but personal qualities change under the influence of one’s environment.
- ☑ **Ignore praises:** A wealthy man always knows his worth. We don’t need compliments from losers. If praise comes from a person richer, and possibly wiser than you, then it’s a sign that you’re on the right track. If you are praised by the riff-raff, this is also a sign: ignore it. No sympathy or favors in exchange for sweet talk! And certainly you shouldn’t worry if the brown-nosing sycophant who tried to lick your boots

yesterday calls you names behind your back today. You simply shouldn't care about the opinions of scum.

- ☑ **Don't do anything selflessly:** It sounds strange coming from a man who founded his own charity, doesn't it? But I'm not talking about charity, but about small favors to cling-ons. Conduct a business consultation, invest in a startup, get a job in your company, take them on vacation or on a business trip: don't do anything on this list unless you see a benefit for yourself. Relationships between people work the same way as investments: if you constantly invest in failed projects, eventually you'll be left with nothing. If you constantly fulfill the requests of cling-ons, of course you won't lose your shorts as they say, but you'll waste money, energy, and time—and for us, this much loss is unacceptable.

Business Coaches

If there is a business, there must be those who teach how to conduct it correctly. Of course. And if a 20% weekly return is theoretically possible, then every first “investment fund” promising it is definitely not a scam. Catch my drift? No, I'm not saying that every “infopreneur” is a fraud. After all, my main business is information-based, and by ordinary people's standards, I spend fantastic amounts of money on other people's “infoproducts.” That's precisely why I know better than anyone else that the vast majority of business coaches (especially Russian-speaking ones) are a mixture of advisors and leeches. And, of course, they were never well-trained in anything except the business of smooth-talking.

It's no wonder so many common stumblebums fall for them: fooling an audience of gullible rubes is easy. But why smart and wealthy men join various makeshift "millionaire clubs" remains a mystery.

Then again, it's easy to deceive someone who is eager to be deceived. Many young parents have heard that Maria Montessori gave her only child to an orphanage, but they still idolize the "educational system" she developed. Notorious Ponzi-scheming Bernie Madoff was entrusted with billions in investment dollars for many years before his financial house of cards began to topple. Maybe it's because so many people still believe in miracles—that simple techniques capable of solving all their problems really exist. Or perhaps they want to feel like important people again—members of an exclusive club. Or they are lost in a schizoteric haze. The reason doesn't matter. What matters is that a wealthy man being advised by the average business coach is like Mike Tyson taking instruction from some small-time amateur boxing coach.

With advisors, everything is clear: those who have never run their own business think everything is straightforward and simple. Why not sell sewing machine needles, for example? (In case you're wondering, I'm paraphrasing an "idea" put forward by perhaps the most famous and, possibly, the youngest business coaches in the post-Soviet space.) If you make "at least 50 cents" from each needle, you need to sell "only" two million of them, then you'll have \$1 million in your pocket. Elementary, Watson! Market capacity? Such trivialities don't bother business experience professionals! The main thing is to speak confidently, back up your words with "real stories," and either praise the audience or, inversely, humiliate them. In fact, both are manifestations of "leeching" but just different extremes.

Dan Peña, whom I mentioned earlier, is known for his rude behavior. He has the cojones to gather a dozen multimillionaires in one room and hand out tubes of vaginal cream to them. The idea being that if they are not man enough to reach a new level on their own, they should get used to being women. This stunt teeters on the cusp of tastelessness, but Dan gets away with it because he is not just some guy off the street and can indeed teach a lot to even very wealthy and successful people. As the saying goes, gods may do what the cattle may not. When twenty-year-old nobodies try to mimic the same communication style, it looks ridiculous. After all, the right to be bold and rude must be earned.

To understand whether you are dealing with a real business coach or a paper tiger, you need to evaluate the content and ignore the form: that is, specific results in business. More often than not, you will find that the only thing such a character has ever made money on is the very programs they are trying to sell you. If that's the case, the conversation with them should be brief.

Real Estate Agents

What are they even doing on this list? It's clear as day that you shouldn't trust anyone trying to sell you something. And you certainly shouldn't elevate them to the rank of a moral authority. This is clear to a successful man—and yet he humbly follows the advice of someone who has helped him buy or sell real estate. Astonishing, isn't it? Of course, this doesn't happen all the time—only under certain circumstances. But for millionaires from the post-Soviet space, the likelihood of such circumstances is extremely high. I'm talking

about emigration—or, more precisely, a hasty escape from the country when the authorities decide to take everything from you, including your freedom.

In the US, I have often seen experienced business sharks (especially those who hardly speak English) being wrapped around their finger by real estate agents. Millionaires see a Russian-speaking agent as “one of their own,” and the agent sees them as a herd of cash cows. It would be fine if these realtors simply gave their clients a bad deal on a property. But no, the agents befriend their fellow countrymen and explain how to settle in the US—a country where, as grifters will tell you, everything is done through connections. And if you don’t know the right people, you’ll be back home very soon. Of course, realtors know the right people and only in exceptional circumstances will they introduce you to them. All these real estate rip-off artists charge exorbitant sums for their services. I have met people who paid several thousand dollars just to fill out a form that any newcomer can submit for free.

Once, I was considered the top expert in Florida on business immigration to the United States. I even wrote a book on the subject. But the most effective advice I gave was simply explaining how cunning real estate agents operate. This valuable information instantly saved newcomers hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars. They no longer sought dubious friends or relied on shady connections, but simply followed my extremely simple instruction. What pushed them into the hands of scammers before meeting me? Fear. Yes, even millionaires have it. Finding themselves in a foreign country, they were afraid they wouldn’t find a foothold. Therefore, the first Russian-speaking person they came across would seem like a trustworthy guide. Then,

naturally, real estate agents appeared. But it's not that this profession is cursed. It's just that it's a dog-eat-dog game. And if someone can take advantage of your vulnerability and come away with at least part of your fortune, they will definitely do it. So, who is more to blame? The scammer, who grabs easy money from a naive sucker and runs, or the one who allows themselves to be treated like that?

So, Who Can We Trust?

Truly successful men are always alone. And it's not about there being a lack of women in their lives: they can have as many as they want, anytime they want. It's about the lack of authority figures telling them what to do and thus the lack of guidance. Here, at the top, there are no living role models to imitate and whose advice is worth listening to. Most likely, you are the wisest of all the people you know. Many millionaires seek ersatz authorities and find them in various nonentities like business coaches, psychologists, real estate agents, sycophants, or dull know-it-alls. But now you understand that this is not the solution either. Of course, you can declare some dead sage like Sun Tzu as your mentor and imagine that his *Art of War* contains universal cosmic knowledge applicable to business, love, friendship, and personal growth. But you understand how ridiculous this is, right?

Of course, a million-dollar or even billion-dollar fortune does not mean your life is perfect. You can always find a mentor worth listening to—but these are crumbs. You strode towards success with seven-league steps, and now, having achieved your goal, you have to move forward inch by inch with great difficulty. Is this how it should be? Of course not!

The reason is simple: when a man reaches the highest level of society, there are no worthy teachers left to enlighten you in any meaningful way. Imagine that you graduate from school but continue to study the same old lessons for years to come. This is exactly what happens to successful men: we get stuck at the top and start to stall. And then we despair when we realize that other people are incapable of helping us. So, who is capable?

Nature. And, of course, I'm not talking about meditation surrounded by picturesque waterfalls. All these attempts to look inside oneself, feeling a connection with trees or clouds, are just one of many forms of mental self-indulgence. It's hard to imagine an adult, let alone a successful man, wasting time on this. There is another way of communicating with nature. And I mean not only the free interpretation of abstract ideas, but a very specific dialogue. If you have the courage to look beyond the line—the existence of which most people are not even aware—this dialogue will take place between you and the wisest teachers on the planet. They were here long before humans learned to throw stones and will still be here when our civilization disappears.

When you hear things like this, you expect to receive answers in vague, allegorical language, since this is how sacred books have taught us to perceive the “otherworldly.” But the “maestros” (I will later explain why I use this particular name) can be very specific. Once, they suggested an idea for an online business that brought in more than \$1 million in net profit in the first year. And I'm not talking about an oblique notion that you have to struggle to put into practical use, but a clear step-by-step instruction. The very next day after the “contact,” I started to execute it—and everything worked. But even this pales in comparison to the fact that the

“maestros” arranged for me an audience with the Creator. And it was He who answered the questions that had troubled me all my life: how and why this world was created, what my place is in it, and most importantly, what my mission, my calling is. Since then, I have simply been implementing the divine plan—and, since it is designed specifically for me—I feel absolutely happy. Now I have no doubt that I am doing everything right.

I’ll let you in on a secret: even this book is part of the mission that the Creator has prepared for me. In a sense, everything is already predetermined. But because of this, life is only more interesting, calmer, and harmonious.

**PARADOX
OF SUCCESS:
WHEN BUSINESS
NO LONGER
SATISFIES**

Every day thousands of doctors around the world give their patients diagnoses that sound like death sentences. Cancer foreshadows imminent death. Parkinson's disease means inevitable, agonizing decline over many years. Seen in this light, someone might say that losing interest in business is not the worst thing that could happen. But that same person has probably never been the recipient of such a damning verdict from a doctor. And, even more likely, they have never had to try and make peace with the reality of such a diagnosis themselves. At the moment of realizing such unpleasant truths, a person finds themselves both victim and executioner. Both are experiencing it for the first time, and the torture starts to resemble a sad clown act. And that is truly terrifying.

Breaking up with the Business World

Let's start with the obvious. Many people approach business as if they are entering an arranged marriage: "If you can endure it, you'll come to love it." This applies to both risk-taking newcomers—those who perhaps have traded in their dull 9-to-5 office jobs for a chance to start their own business—and to the heirs of successful parents who are coerced into the family business. But over time, the same paycheck every month gets predictable while fatigue accumulates. And now the business is like trying to keep a wife you are no longer attracted to: she feeds you and does your laundry, but you don't care for her. Day by day, it only gets worse, and attempts to restore the fail of previous relationships. It's just a matter of time before a business like this fails. The question is whether it will quietly wither or loudly explode.

You would assume that I understand human nature and even more so my own thoughts, feelings, and aspirations. But I, too, once walked on the edge. I have always loved hypnotherapy, and it reciprocated my love, bringing in decent money. But I constantly strayed from it with side projects and opportunities that promised greater success. That's why my name appears in Florida's business registration list more than twenty times. I started some of these businesses on my own and others with partners. In addition to healing and consulting, I tried my hand at construction, freight transportation, and even launched mobile apps. I won't lie to you; they weren't all successful. But some would have provided me with equal or even greater capital than what I have now. But at some point, I clearly realized that I was dedicating myself to something I was not meant for. And even if I hadn't received instructions from the Creator, after returning to the role of healer and mentor, I would have simply realized that this was my true calling.

But for the average businessman, things are usually more mundane. Some think that the chance to get rich might come only once in a lifetime, and as a result they "take what they're given." While others take a more measured path by selling auto parts or motorcycle parts. And some inherit the notorious family business, in which one can only follow a path already set out for them: try to deviate even a little bit, and relatives will try to bite your head off. And there you are, moving from being the master of your own money to becoming its hostage.

Often at this stage, the logic of "if this money doesn't bring me happiness, let me at least improve the lives of others" comes into play. And now the person is not thinking about scaling the business and increasing profits, but about

how to give away their fortune. They don't even suspect that in this situation, they are the one who needs help the most. Because the plight of orphans, the elderly and infirm, and homeless people is at least understandable. And the one with whom all these sufferers would gladly swap places would seem to be suffering for a rather strange reason. What's worse, you can't even tell anyone about your problems because the likely response is: "You're just wallowing in luxury, my friend."

What people definitely respond well to is downshifting. The public always rejoices when another "damned rich man" gives up a profitable business and decides to raise goats on a farm or catch fish on an uninhabited island. All because his "conscience was tormented" or because he wants publicly prove once and for all that he's a good guy. The one downshifting—who has rid himself of the annoying business—might actually feel relief and even euphoria at first, right up until the moment they realize their mistake.

How to Stop Worrying and Fall in Love with Your Lifelong Pursuit

Wealthy people come to me with this problem regularly. And I don't hesitate to start with the obvious facts. Business should be an extension of you. Any fool can name a company after themselves, but only a businessman who has made the right choice can put a piece of their soul into it. Soichiro Honda has been fascinated by cars since childhood, and Pinkerton has been an adventurer since his youth. That's why the first one revolutionized the global car market, and the second irrevocably transformed the field of private

investigation. These two innovators may seem wildly different on the surface, but they share one important trait: they chose the only path that would suit their individual desires.

I agree, it's easy to talk when you've already made the right choice. When fate seemed to lead you to your destiny. When relatives are not pressing you to continue the business empire they built. And when you are not drowning in a sea of debt and a business looks like a golden ticket to a real life. But let's be honest: these are all excuses for losers. A strong personality is tempered precisely by difficult and even fateful choices: "He who chooses bread over freedom between bread and freedom loses everything, including bread." Betraying ourselves for the sake of money, in the end, we lose not only spiritual harmony but also financial well-being. One day money turns out to be not so important after all.

I've already talked about Paris Hilton in the context of being unprepared for wealth. But let's clarify something. She wasn't ready for wealth in the format that awaited her. She didn't need the empire founded by her great-grandfather and scaled up by her grandfather. I'm sure if Paris had taken over these family businesses, a significant portion of those 9,500 hotels would soon be facing hard times. Not because she's as stupid as everyone assumes she is, but because she's fundamentally uninterested in it. I'm sure her behavior, which led her respected grandfather to disinherit her, was mainly due to her unwillingness to dance to someone else's tune. The image of a ditzy heiress was just a convenient ruse. Moreover, the "ditzy" heiress made millions from songs, movies, an autobiographical book, advertisements, perfumes, designer bags, and jewelry. No, the estimated worth of her grandfather's empire is not \$2.5 billion. But you can't buy inner harmony for any amount of money.

What's more, Paris is still only in her early forties, She has plenty of time to build her own business empire. But the story of my former partner Jerry will knock your socks off. We met when he was already ninety years old. For some, being able to live without a caregiver at that age is an achievement, but running a business at that age is an almost superhuman feat. Jerry, who owned most of Manhattan's parking lots, not only ran his business but was still looking for new projects. He invested about \$1 million in our cargo transportation company. We bought thirteen trucks, rented an office in a major business center, hired staff, and commenced operations. Business was booming, but I was beginning to feel it wasn't for me. So I sold my share to Jerry and another partner, Willie. Today, the fleet has more than a hundred trucks. Later, Jerry and I launched the American Logistics Academy and a mobile app related to cargo transportation. I'm sure if he'd stuck to his first business, he would have soured by the age of seventy. But Jerry was always open to new opportunities, which is why he lived so long. That's what a meaningful life looks like.

If you find your business isn't bringing you satisfaction anymore, you can bet it probably never will again. You can't go to a family therapist with it, fly to the Bahamas together, or play role-playing games. Nothing will change. A business without a piece of your soul invested is dead. But this is precisely a case where exploring other interests on the side is not only not forbidden but recommended. Sincerely dedicate yourself to the work of your life. It's not as risky as it seems from the comfortable seat atop Mount Olympus. Jerry's example proves that you can successfully combine different ventures, at least until you're convinced of the correctness of your choice. A smart and talented person engaged in what

genuinely interests them is destined for success. As for risk, consider the most serious risk of all: growing old knowing you never achieved the life you really wanted.

In the end, we all come into this world to leave a legacy behind. And if the masses are capable of little more than procreating, the lives of people in our circles a bit more nuanced. We create: some literally, some metaphorically. And that's the whole point. The work of your life should be good not only for your pocket but also for your good name. Yes, history remembers villains, fools, and those who managed to combine both qualities. Certainly world history will never forget tyrants like Mao Zedong, Idi Amin, and Stalin. But they were rulers. When it comes to business, history remembers the names of creators foremost: those who, like Prometheus, managed to give society what it lacked; and those who turned their business into a personal mission and enjoyed their work every single day.

The catch is this: a calling is not a coin that rolled under the sofa. It's not that easy to find. Yes, some people are incredibly lucky and find their life's work early on. Even though I had an initial hunch about my destiny, I still didn't see my future clearly. Moreover, I didn't even question myself about it. But everything changed after one conversation. I understood what, when, and how I should do things. And most importantly, I understood what my true purpose was. After that, I built a business that brought me a million dollars in record time. But more importantly, from that day on, I've enjoyed every moment. Even when I work. Especially when I work. You can do the same if you talk to the person I had a chance to talk to.

**THE UNSKILLED
INVESTOR:
HOW NOT TO
GET FOOLED
WITH YOUR
OWN MONEY**

Even if you don't have children, you were once a child yourself. Each generation had its own favorites when it came to dress-up games: cowboys, pirates, musketeers, World War II soldiers, and superheroes from comic books, movies, and cartoons. But one thing all children do is pretend to be adults and act out their dreams of the future. In reality, they are simply imitating their parents, copying phrases and habits, and sometimes even wearing something from their parents' wardrobe. There is never a deep understanding of what is happening in such games because there can be no relevant experience. The so-called non-accredited investors do the same. The only difference is that children's games don't harm anyone, while an upstart Wolf of Wall Street digs his financial grave in the process.

Of course, those who suddenly find themselves with large sums of money are usually ones that inherit the money, win the lottery, and such. The word "investments" suddenly appears in their vocabulary even before the initial euphoria subsides. After all, "money should work," which is what gets parroted in movies and success training courses—and it's a well-known truth. Naturally, the money should "work" in the investment market because that's what serious people do, right? At least that's what the infantile fool thinks. He has no plan, doesn't explore all the possibilities, and doesn't seek alternatives; and if he does, it's more to soothe his conscience than to achieve results—and such cases aren't the worst ones. What's worse is that it's not only who have capital fall into their lap by chance, but also those who it earn it themselves that engage in such folly.

The thing is, the "poor rich" often carry the habits of the lower classes into high society. Let's be honest: sometimes a couple of million dollars doesn't mean you've become an

elite. Perhaps you're slightly smarter and pushier than most. That's why the *nouveau riche* also repeat the word "investments" like a mantra. For some reason, they see the next stage of their development strictly in terms of investing and not in streamlining the innerworkings of their own business, scaling up, and looking for immediate ways to grow their business. They choose the adrenaline rush of stock trading. Investments mean pouring over dazzling charts, having a romantic fling with the wily seducers on Wall Street, and retaining a brilliant and generous broker who will supposedly build your wealth for you (just like in the movies!). In reality, almost every "poor rich" person who optimistically utters the word "investments" soon finds themselves muttering the word "bankruptcy."

Moreover, this milieu of newbie investors takes the phrase "non-accredited investor" as a personal insult. They don't realize that it's just a technical term, much like "accredited investor." In the US, an accredited investor—according to the classification of the Securities and Exchange Commission—is a specialist allowed to invest in securities. This investor must manage at least \$100 million. Similar practices exist in other civilized countries. Although in Russia, the requirements seem comical compared to the American ones: an individual needs to own financial assets worth at least six million rubles, while a legal entity needs to have at least two hundred million rubles in equity. But these are just details. The main thing is that the difference between amateurs and professionals can be officially defined.

But even in civilized countries, there are plenty of problems with self-taught investment enthusiasts, and in post-Soviet territories and other hotbeds of proto-capitalism, the situation is even worse. If you have a couple of bucks, you're

an investor; take your chump change to that smart and extremely honest uncle. For every gullible Pinocchio with his five gold coins, there will be a cat and a fox offering to bury them in the stock market field of wonder. The scenario is the same, except the scammers won't pretend to be lame or blind; on the contrary, they will pose as experts, shove charts in your face, and puff up their cheeks in a show of sophistication. These "professionals" know only one type of business transaction: to take money from naive fools and, in return, offer empty promises before they finally give them the slip and vanish forever.

Yet a significant percentage of the "poor rich" are relatively intelligent people. After all, they somehow managed to accumulate capital, right? So they must understand that an inexperienced person venturing into the investment market is like going to a casino. There's a risk of losing due to rotten luck, but the probability of being swindled is even higher. Regardless, they close their eyes to the risks. Because it's not even about the money. The desire to become an investor is primarily about breaking into the world of cool Gordon Gekko-like bigwigs with slicked hair and expensive suits, just like they've seen for years in movies. And it doesn't matter how the sucker-investor justifies his actions. If you don't have a thorough understanding of financial instruments and the laws governing the stock market, you might as well launch your money into a black hole.

And we're talking about a person who has built a successful business. That is, a non-accredited investor is taking their cashflow that's already generating profit and exchanging it for promises. "If I managed to get rich, it means I understand financial matters," they think to themselves; and they are mistaken. Initially, every entrepreneur climbs to the

top along a fairly narrow path. But even after expanding their scope and adding a couple of new paths to success, the “poor rich” don’t gain universal knowledge and experience. Professional boxers don’t rush to win gold medals in weightlifting, and pole vaulters don’t run marathons. But everyone who has earned their first million fancies themselves a financial genius, suddenly capable of anything.

Remember that scene in the *Wolf of Wall Street* where Belfort persuades a sucker over the phone to make a “very lucrative investment” behind his wife’s back, while his accomplices laugh in the background? The “poor rich” person, however, is better dressed and more confident than the schlub in the movie and hands over a more substantial sum to a stranger. But all these details don’t change the essence of what’s happening: a non-accredited investor doesn’t play the stock market; they play the role of a sucker in a carefully thought-out scheme. And if they still have some money left afterward, consider it a miracle—although this miracle is quite predictable, as there always must be an exception that proves the rule.

You’re probably wondering why I’m telling you all this. You might be an accredited investor or you might not be. Either way, just don’t get in over your head. I’m telling you for two reasons. First, there are likely people in your environment whom you consider equal to yourself and don’t notice their readiness to dive into everything headfirst. Second, despite your achievements and social standing—when it comes to some important matters—you resemble a non-accredited investor. Dreaming of reaching a new level, you take a wrong turn and end up wasting time, energy, and money. But everything will change when you learn what I once had the good fortune to discover.

**STRONG AND
DEPENDENT: HOW
UNCONTROLLABLE
DESIRES DESTROY
YOUR LIFE**

When a woman is referred to as “strong and independent,” it’s usually meant ironically: “lonely,” “unhappy,” and “with a litter of cats” would be more realistic. However, men are naturally supposed to be strong and independent—in a literal and non-sarcastic way. But most of us miss this opportunity. Even owners of business empires, who de facto control thousands of human lives, somehow allow their own lives to be controlled. They pretend that dependencies are part of their identity. And if these kinds of dependencies seem like unique “privileges” only for elites, then even better. Of course, deep down you know why this is bunk, but you prefer not to think about it. The truth is obvious, but this time it’s particularly bitter. I’ll say it myself: “What you can’t control, controls you.” No exceptions.

Maybe these don’t seem like big problems at first. You smoke a pack a day? So what? Cigarettes calm you down and complement your image. And if we’re talking about much more aristocratic-looking cigars or pipes, they even provide aesthetic pleasure. As for health, well, living is harmful! Running a business is nerve-wracking and literally dangerous, especially in the post-Soviet space. And in general, humans are mortal beings: we all have to go sometime, right? I used to reason like that, too, but I found the courage to admit that these are all just pathetic excuses. Again, no matter how much you polish a turd, it will remain a turd. No matter how much “added value” you attribute to bad habits, they can still ruin your life.

But not all addictions are equally terrible. Some of them slowly destroy your health or slowly erode your ability to think and reason. It’s bad but not fatal. However, it’s still better to get rid of such habits. But there are far more destructive habits that—if given free rein—will eventually have

tragic consequences. Remember the legend of the Phrygian King Midas? Everything he touched turned to gold. The habits we will discuss also have a “magical” quality in that they turn people’s lives to shit. In advanced cases, they can even deprive a person of their life. No, this is not an exaggeration. Moreover, wealth predisposes one to many bad habits and exacerbates the “course of the disease.” So you and I are in the risk group.

I will describe these addictions from the most destructive to the least destructive. But rest assured that even at the bottom of this “hit parade,” there is nothing worthwhile. At the end of this chapter, I will reveal a shocking secret about the nature of addiction. Once you learn it, you’ll want to get rid of them for sure. I guarantee that.

Religion

They say that in wartime there are no atheists in the foxholes under fire. Nor are there any in a falling plane, a hospital corridor, or a sleep-inducing comfy leather chair (if its owner is already nearing fifty or older). The older we become, and the closer we get to death, the more we think about what comes after. The Christian heaven, Muslim paradise, and pagan Valhalla seem like naive fantasies, but what if millions of flies are not mistaken this time? After all, if everything that can be imagined is possible in the infinite Universe, then a grandfather on a cloud, peeking at you in the shower, is also possible! So why not enlist his support? Especially since donating a hundred or perhaps two thousand dollars to a temple is essentially a trifle if eternal bliss is at stake, right? Protestant agitators like to repeat: “Just believe

in our Lord! What do you have to lose?” Millionaires lose very little and gain peace and hope. Not the worst deal ever, right?

Guided by this logic, many wealthy people—even oligarchs—I have had the chance to interact with became patrons of some church or another. Some even invested in several competing religious “companies,” apparently driven by the habit of diversifying investments. Many then begin to believe in earnest; they surround themselves with personal spiritual mentors, befriend bishops, and hope that sincere faith and generous donations will outweigh the sins of their wild youth. It would be great if everything worked that way. But it doesn’t. And even devout millionaires deep down in their immortal souls understand that it’s all nonsense. Because the very concept of faith implies deception. When there’s an opportunity to be convinced, there’s no need to simply believe: you can know for sure. And without confirmation, only fools believe: in pyramid schemes, in politicians’ pre-election promises, and in the idea that the Creator doesn’t care whether you work on religious holidays.

Mendeleev said that science begins when measurements begin. And that’s where institutionalized religion ends. In 1988, scientists from the University of Arizona, Oxford University, and the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich independently determined the age of the Shroud of Turin. According to the clergy, this is the cloth in which Jesus Christ’s body was wrapped after his death and on which his face was miraculously imprinted. The scientists used radio-carbon dating, a method that humanity has been using since 1946, to accurately determine the age of various fossils: from dinosaur bones to pharaonic accessories from Egyptian pyramids. All three groups of scientists found that the Shroud of Turin was created between 1260 and 1390.

The Catholic Church initially dismissed the results, claiming that the sample used for the study was a patch made during that time. However, further research showed that the fabric was the same as the main cloth. The Church had no valid response to this and simply banned further research, essentially saying, “You just need to believe!” However, for rational people, the results of radiocarbon analysis were not surprising. After all, until the fourteenth century, the clergy had not even mentioned the existence of this cloth that Christ’s body was wrapped in and that he himself “imprinted” with his hands folded over his groin. This burial practice only began in the Dark Ages, a time when the deceased were supposed to “cover their shame.”

How can we talk about biblical truth when the Bible was edited and rewritten until 1546! It was then, at the Council of Trent, that the Church fathers finally decided which books of the Holy Scriptures and which editions suited them. Everything that did not fit the Church canon was declared apocryphal or heretical. The process of Church censorship began in 360 AD at the Council of Laodicea. Think about it: for almost twelve hundred years, the clergy, which were closely linked to the ruling class of the period, shaped Christianity as a tool of mass stupefaction. The rulers needed a flock of slaves, and they got it. Moreover, these slaves turned out to be so submissive that they even ignored the discovery of new Gospels. In 1850, Dr. Carl Reinhardt found fragments of the Gospel of Mary Magdalene among ancient texts in Cairo; in 1886 French archaeologists excavated the Gospel of Peter; in 1945 Egyptian peasants discovered the Gospel of Thomas; and in 1978 the world saw the Gospel of Judas. All these sacred texts contradict the canon in many ways, but so what?

Does all this mean that there was no Creator, and the Universe simply emerged from a very small point and expanded outward? Of course not. The fact that a children's cartoon with talking animals is fiction does not mean that animals do not exist, right? Similarly, religious mass consumption, turned into a tool of enslavement, does not mean that there is no God. He exists, and the best of people realize that they are children, not slaves, of God. They have their own religion, and you have yet to know its secrets. There are no sins, only rights. No blind faith, only knowledge confirmed here and now. This religion does not oppress but elevates a person. It makes them not a slave but rather a companion and manifestation of the divine in this world.

I know what you're thinking. It sounds like I'm trying to drag you into some kind of cult. But a cult (and every institutionalized religion is also a cult, just a large one) implies an organization: funny costumes, ranks, donations, sermons from people who think too highly of themselves. In the true knowledge of the Creator, this is all superfluous. In fact, to know God, you don't need intermediaries. A guide can be useful, but only at the initial stage.

So, which religion suits you better: the faith of slaves or the knowledge of the masters of this life?

Schizoterica

You may have heard this term before. I came up with it and have dedicated a good portion of my life to fighting the phenomena behind it. In short, schizoterica = schizophrenia + esotericism. This is fake self-development based on magical thinking and seasoned with a mix of pseudo-spiritual

practices. If you still don't understand what I'm talking about, then you've probably spent the last thirty years in a coma. Because by now, everyone and their grandmother has heard about positive thinking, the law of attraction, affirmations, high and low vibrations, vision boards, wish marathons, the Human Design system, Vipassana, the list goes on and on. Just imagine: unsuccessful people read Napoleon Hill's *Think and Grow Rich*, watch the movie *The Secret*, and seriously start believing that millions of dollars will materialize *ex nihilo* through the power of thought. Moreover, they will probably think you passively amassed your own fortune in this very way.

It would seem that this brand of nonsense should only affect the stupid and the poor. These misfits want a lot of money but don't want to work for it, so they become victims of naive "systems" that promise unearned riches. Rest assured: there are plenty of people who monetize this flock of fools. But millionaires know how to make money, right? So shouldn't they fall outside of this risk group? If only that were true! Unfortunately, schizoterica has many faces. The poor are promised instant wealth through daily visualizations on a vision board. At the same time the rich are sold on spirituality, Zen and the transience-of-everything material. No matter what your goals, income, social status, or intellectual abilities are, schizoterics will always have something to offer you. Moreover, this infection can sneak up on you. Like any smart person, you don't trust reviews on the internet. They are bought and sold, pulled out of thin air, and are essentially meaningless. But what if a close relative or friend raves about a schizoteric method? For example, a wife who caught this infovirus through yoga or spa treatments. Then you can't help but wonder: "Maybe this is the case when my skepticism is misplaced?"

But we're talking about preying upon addictions, not relatively honest ways of taking money from the population, right? Yes, it's about addiction to schizoterica, because this system that enslaves us has popularized the industry of fake self-development to the point that initially the patient "sells" it to themselves. They tell themselves that life is not going well and that the solution can be found in articles, books, and videos that convincingly explain: "You just don't know the most important secret! All successful and happy people around know it, but you were not told." At this point, one's pride tightens the noose. It's hard to admit that you're a loser because you're stupid, lazy, and a slave to your own worst instincts. It's hard to admit that you're lonely because you're a jerk, incapable of loving and accepting the love of others. But to convince yourself that you've just discovered some long-hidden secret formula for success—that's easy!

But here's the catch: although you've learned the secret, you might find nothing is getting better. This is the moment when schizoterica becomes an addiction. After all, the system always has an explanation for failures in the schizoteric front. A million dollars is not instantly appearing in your checking account? "You just don't want it enough. Those who desire something with all their soul and visualize it properly are never denied by the Universe. Maybe you don't want to want? Or didn't bother to raise your vibrations? Of course it doesn't work! You should meditate first, go through a ten-day silence ritual, then walk on nails, and even better: live in Bali for at least a season. If the island accepts you, then everything will definitely work out." This is the kind of nonsense they feed the poor person who has just been seduced by a fairy tale promising good things to those who wait.

The transition from positive thinking to homelessness in Bali can take time, but for wealthy men, it is usually a lightning-fast process. It's simple: we are not used to taking the back seat when it comes to making decisions, and we also have the ability to implement our ideas. A poor person will dream of a vacation in this schizoteric Mecca for half their life, while a millionaire will fly there soon after becoming a victim of a verbose "guru," especially if he's in a desperate state: you know, he has everything, but something is missing. In such moments, even a smart skeptic easily swallows the bait, especially when it comes in an eclectic mix: Christianity with hermeneutics, Buddhism with Hinduism, occultism with spiritualism, Zoroastrianism, Slavic Vedas, and who knows what else. The sheer variety of attractive ideas, which often contradict each other, guarantees that no matter how hard the schizoteric tries to please the Universe and the Creator, you can always say that they are doing something wrong or not doing enough of something. And that means their wanderings will never end. More precisely, they will end up either with healing from schizoterica, or in a mental hospital, or dead.

When I mention the mental hospital, I'm not joking. Schizoterica creates a discrepancy between the subjective and the objective. The more a person immerses themselves in schizoteric practices, the greater the discrepancy. When it becomes a wide enough chasm, the schizoteric begins to lose their mind. This is the subconscious naturally reacting to what is happening: it activates a mechanism of self-destruction that culminates in schizophrenia. This statement is not just a result of my observations. When I was working on my book *Encyclopedia of Schizoterica*, I was advised by Dmitry Korshevnyuk: a candidate of medical sciences, Associate

Professor, psychotherapist, and psychophysicologist with more than twenty years of experience, holder of fourteen patents, and my friend, and student. First, he confirmed my conclusions; and second, he helped to describe in detail and with medical accuracy a patient's path from positive thinking to schizophrenia.

First comes a syndrome of delusional formations, paranoid and paranoiac syndromes, phobias and obsessive-compulsive disorder, mania, and finally, bipolar affective disorder: the penultimate stop on the schizoteric route. The final stop is a room with a white ceiling, a straitjacket, and lots of haloperidol. Yes, the transition from one stage to another usually takes months or even years, but unlimited financial possibilities can serve as a catalyst for tragedy. So my advice to you: avoid any manifestations of schizoterica. And if you are already indulging in positive thinking and consider Napoleon Hill a great guy, read *Encyclopedia of Schizoterica* and learn more about this scourge. If you find yourself in the early stages of the disease, reading this book may be enough for a complete recovery.

Drugs

"I take methaqualone fifteen times a day so that my back doesn't hurt. Adderall to stay focused, Xanax to relieve stress, weed to fall asleep, cocaine to wake up, and morphine... just because it's tasty": this might seem like a line from some cheesy Hollywood movie, and one whose outrageous conception of high-society life appeals to the masses. Firstly, many wealthy men for some reason believe this is what the life of a millionaire is really like. Secondly, there is some truth to the

above hyperbole. I know Jordan Belfort personally as well as many of the people on which the characters from the movie *The Wolf of Wall Street* are based. They not only used drugs, they also devoured them by the handful. But the fun didn't last long and ended very badly. Because any story with real drugs at the center always ends very badly. No exceptions.

Why do I say "real drugs"? Because the list of prohibited substances also includes substances that do not cause addiction, do not harm health, and do not provoke antisocial behavior. These are the three pillars of drugs, right? If a substance of plant origin or artificially synthesized does not harm either the user or the people around them, then what kind of drug is it? And is it dangerous? But we will return to this issue later and even analyze who benefits from promoting and selling real drugs on the street, while perfectly safe substances are banned. Now, let's discuss the substances that will definitely help you dig your own grave.

If I were writing this book for a mindless mass audience, I would now begin a long and tedious explanation of why drugs are dangerous. But we are not in kindergarten, are we? We do have a head on our shoulders, right? It's clear as day that grass is green, the sky is blue, and drugs are dangerous. And yet, many wealthy men voluntarily swallow, snort, and inject this crap. How does this happen? It's simple. The system that supposedly bans drugs is actually trying to turn you into a drug addict. This is because:

- ☑ **It's not for everyone:** The same trick that makes millionaires eagerly buy Vacheron Constantin watches pushes them to the brink of the abyss. Wealthy men are used to the best, aren't they? The best food, the best cars, the best women, and the best cocaine. The

purest and most expensive. Losers can't afford that, can they? A person who in a single evening snorts up the average CIS family's annual budget doesn't doubt his choices. After all, he can afford it. The irony is that the "high" in this case is only a side effect because such a person is already hooked on a much stronger drug than even opiates: the feeling of their own superiority. The instinct for domination is so deeply "embedded" in human nature that this withdrawal is incomparable to any serotonin production suppression.

- ☑ **It's safe:** or rather, the illusion that it's safe. After all, limbs rotting from desomorphine is an image associated with low-life street junkies. The rich, of course, also have their problems but not with the purity of drugs or medical help. And look at pop culture icons. Robert Downey Jr., Lady Gaga, Sting, Elton John: all of them have publicly admitted to using something stronger than marijuana. And they are all alive, healthy, and extremely successful. Lewis Carroll is still considered a great writer, despite his opium addiction. All these examples shape the opinion that the danger that drugs pose is overhyped. For those who are supposedly in control their lives, cocaine and any other "-ine" will do no harm. Of course, this is nonsense.
- ☑ **It's a path to self-development:** The abundance of well-known, talented drug addicts leads to such a thought. But even very smart and wealthy people somehow don't realize that this is a typical survivorship bias error. How many prematurely deceased and washed-up drug addict, rock & roll singers are there for every Mick Jagger? A millionaire trying to find business insights in morphine somehow doesn't ask himself

such a question. And the most frustrating thing is that his original line of thought was not all wrong. Some substances really do lead to revelations, help to comprehend the mysteries of the world order, and even establish contact with the Creator. At the same time, they are absolutely safe; yet this system that enslaves also classifies them as dangerous drugs. Sounds like a conspiracy, doesn't it?

Once, I realized a simple truth: everything that harms me should go to hell! Unfortunately, this understanding came at a high price. My youth was spent in Brooklyn, where you'd often hear that heroin is given to children instead of pacifiers; if you lived there back then, you'd know that this is not much of an exaggeration. In the 1990s, no one in my neighborhood was squeamish about heroin. I'm surprised that I had the sense not to "get high" with the local rabble. That's how it all begins: I'll just try it once, what could possibly happen? But I knew what could happen. I had taken overdosed friends to the hospital more than once and, unfortunately, heard terrible, heartless remarks from doctors who didn't even pretend to care: "Well, another junkie bit the dust, big deal," they'd say. Then I realized that I had to learn how to treat this disease. And in later years, I did. This skill then brought me hundreds of thousands of dollars. In today's business realities, heroin is a tool of sabotage. When you need to knock a competitor off the saddle, specially trained people are getting their children hooked on this shit. And no, the high fences of private schools aren't going to keep this riff-raff out.

Real drugs take everything away from a person. And what do they give in return? Momentary pleasure, which will be followed by the horrors of long-term withdrawal.

Enslaved will? A false sense of self-importance? No, thanks. Over the years in business, I've gotten used to refusing unprofitable deals. So have you. So just stay true to yourself. I assure you, there are other ways to "taste life." And, unlike drugs, they work.

Alcohol

In August 2018, one of the most destructive myths in human history was debunked. Perhaps this is the first you've heard of it. Not surprisingly, there were no bold headlines on the front pages of newspapers, the television was silent, and even Wikipedia pretended that the article about the "French paradox" in the scientific journal *The Lancet* didn't exist. On the main online encyclopedia page of this phenomenon, it is still written that the reason for the abnormally strong health of the inhabitants of southern regions of France is dry red wine. Over the past half-century, alcohol industry giants have spent billions of dollars to instill the idea in us that alcohol in small doses is beneficial in any amount. And now some scientists with the results of their twenty-five-year-long study tell us that... But let's take it step by step.

In the 1970s, scientists first noticed that the French rarely die from coronary heart diseases (including myocardial infarction), although they consume an egregious amount of fatty food. The daily diet of an average American contains seventy-two grams of animal fat, while a French person eats 108 grams. They consume three times more pork, sixty percent more cheese, and even polish it off with olive oil, which they consume four times more than people in the US. At the same time, they live an average of ten years longer and suffer

heart attacks eight times less often. Why? The International Organization of Vine and Wine were quick to provide an answer: true health lies in wine. The French, they say, drink three glasses of dry red wine a day, which dissolves fats and punches holes in cholesterol plaques.

Then, a certain Professor Serge Renaud, heading the Institute for Wine Properties Research, hastily conducted a study and confirmed that this was indeed the case. Moreover, it was found that a couple of glasses of wine a day reduce the likelihood of cancerous tumors, improve brain activity, and have a positive effect on sexual potency. With this fairy tale, Renaud made appearances on every major TV channel and caused a wine boom in the US. Almost half a century later, and this time serious scientists finally completed their large-scale study and concluded that there is no connection between wine and the French paradox. It turns out it's all about olive oil. But most people still foolishly believe that it's healthy to get slightly tipsy on a regular basis and that the more they do this the healthier they will be. No one is in a hurry to persuade such people otherwise.

But it's not just that alcohol is harmful. Working from morning till night without days off is also harmful. But most readers of this book probably made their first million precisely through overwork. And some still work like the devil, simply out of habit. Ruining your health is foolish. After all, by shortening your lifespan, you deprive yourself of the most valuable thing in the world: time. But it's even more foolish to worry about your fragile body. What's the use of a long life if it's filled with workouts and devoid of pleasure? No, health has nothing to do with it. You should give up alcohol once and for all because it's a drink for slaves. Alcohol is a drink that paralyzes willpower, slows down thought processes,

and prevents a person from realizing their potential. An alcoholic has no future.

“But I’m not an alcoholic!” you argue. “I just drink occasionally with friends. I don’t abuse it!” But you are mistaken. In the United States, people like to say, “If it looks like a duck, swims like a duck, and quacks like a duck, then it probably is a duck.” If you regularly consume alcoholic beverages, you are probably an alcoholic. The frequency doesn’t matter. Binary logic is at play here. It’s either true or false. One or zero. You cannot be a little bit pregnant or three-quarters alcoholic. Think about it: what would you call a man who performs oral sex on other men? And what if he doesn’t do it every day but only occasionally, on holidays?

Yes, some people suffer from alcoholism more than others. It’s foolish to equate a wretch lying in their own vomit in the gutter with a successful businessman tasting expensive cognac. They are undoubtedly at different life stages. But both suffer from the same disease: alcoholism. Ask yourself: Why do you drink? Is whiskey so tasty? “Connoisseurs” enjoy rye, honey, and who knows what else in their high-end alcohol. But if you want honey, then eat honey. Maybe you think alcoholic beverages are relaxing? There are many other ways to relax that don’t result in a headache and doesn’t cause your breath to smell like a dead dog. So, what’s the real reason?

I’ll answer: you’ve been indoctrinated that a real man should have proper masculine hobbies: alcohol, tobacco, and cars. When you first tried a relatively expensive cognac (say, a twenty-year-old Remy Martin), you probably thought, “Is this what everyone praises? Seriously? Maybe I didn’t get the real thing?” Don’t worry, I had the same reaction. And so did everyone who tried that swill. But to admit it aloud would be

exposing yourself as uncultured. Other people claim to taste notes of damp prunes and late-July wildflowers, but what if you don't? So, you have to conform to the changing world and engage in worldly conversations about the unforgettable taste of aged alcohol.

Did you notice that I called alcohol the drink of slaves? It's not a metaphor but a historical fact. In Sparta, slaves were required to drink four cups of wine a day, which is why they didn't rebel. And when they finally gathered courage, a small detachment of sober warriors quickly put them in their place. Citizens, who were not enslaved, on the other hand, had been forbidden to drink alcohol since the reign of Lycurgus. Moreover, the initiation ritual for young men who were becoming warriors involved giving slaves cup after cup of wine and forcing them to perform military exercises. The more they drank, the more exaggerated their movements became, until the slaves couldn't even stand up anymore. For young Spartans, this served as an illustration of why a man should maintain sobriety and clarity of mind.

According to the accounts of Marcus Porcius Cato, an ancient Roman politician and writer, a slave in one of the most civilized ancient states was entitled to no less than 150 liters of wine a year. In ancient Greece, drinking diluted wine was allowed only to those free men who already had grandchildren. Violation of this "dry law" was strictly punished, especially when it came to women who were caught drinking. Alcohol has long been considered a tool not for relaxation or gastronomic pleasure but for enslavement. And we are not talking just about ancient civilization here. Russians pacified the Chukchi with firewater, American settlers in the West plied the Indians with the same, and pimps still enslave prostitutes to this day with alcohol.

As with all other tools of enslavement, alcohol has been romanticized throughout history by the rulers of our planet. That is why modern slaves do not need to be forcibly fed, even those who mistakenly consider themselves masters of life. The poor drink to forget how insignificant their existence is. The rich drink to celebrate how high they have climbed. Both die a little inside when a bottle of precious elixir falls and shatters. Yes, in the case of the poor, the booze might be cheap, but it is valuable to them all the same. If you still consume alcohol, you are addicted to it. And that means it controls your life, to a greater or lesser extent. Ask yourself: Do you really want this to continue?

Extreme Passions

If we believe the theory of evolution, human beings are approximately seven million years old. That's a long time! And during this time, we have not gone extinct but have managed to create a civilization that launches themselves into space, performs heart transplant operations, and considers access to the Internet as one of the basic human rights—all this, along with the right to life and freedom of choice. How did we manage to do this? Thanks to the instinct for self-preservation, that's how! Fools like to say that laziness is the engine of progress. In fact, for all these millions of years, humanity has developed primarily thanks to an instinctive desire not to die prematurely. Our motto is, "Whatever it takes, stay whole and unharmed." Society itself arose only because of this instinct; the theory of the social contract will not let you lie. People preferred to give up certain freedoms for the sake of security.

Yes, the nation-state sends its people to slaughter. Before the invention of the atomic bomb, large-scale wars broke out once every generation. Now war is more commonplace. But to justify the idea of perpetual war to the general population, a whole mountain of abstractions had to be invented: political and religious beliefs, nationality, race. You might say that nationality and race are not man-made inventions but rather objective reality. Yes, as a pretext for killing one's own kind, the shape of a people's nose or skin color does not in itself justify war—so propaganda is needed.

What is my point? Well, it has always been extremely difficult to convince a person to risk their own life. But somehow, this cautionary thinking does not apply when it comes to extreme hobbies. Climb into a plane, rise to an altitude of 5 km, and leap out with a parachute that fails to open in two percent of cases. Ride a fast and unstable vehicle that accounts for one percent of the total transport mileage and every fifth fatal accident. Climb huge rock formations for no particular reason but with a risk of dying that is ten times greater than driving recklessly in a car. Why do people do all this? No one is forcing them. Do they cheat death simply because it makes them somehow feel more alive?

On June 3, 2017, a guy named Alex Honnold conquered the summit of El Capitan, overcoming 910 meters of sheer rock without safety gear or artificial support points. Just one mistake would have meant certain death. What drove him? A thirst for glory? Admit it, you're probably hearing about him for the first time. Even the names of those who conquered Everest are unknown to the general public, let alone El Capitan. Most people couldn't even find it on a map. Perhaps he wanted to make a name for himself and get rich in this way? That doesn't add up either: there's no payment

for climbing, and the royalties for a documentary based on this ascent are most likely not comparable to the risks. So, what's the reason? What suppressed the main human instinct in this guy—the instinct for self-preservation? The answer to this question can be found by examining Alex Honnold more closely. He lives in a van, spends money only on rock climbing, and travels the country in search of sheer cliffs to climb without safety gear. When he had a girlfriend, he treated her like dirt.

You know the answer, don't you? Alex Honnold is a deeply traumatized person. I don't know what the problem is. Maybe his parents simply didn't love him. Maybe they beat or abused him. Maybe his peers humiliated him. The fact is Alex's subconscious wants his demise. It blocks any attempt to interfere with the deep-seated drive for self-destruction. Enrolled in the University of California, Berkeley? Drop out and live in a van! Found a woman willing to tolerate your quirks? Push her away by any means possible! Alex is still alive; he is thirty-seven years old, but we all understand that at one terrible moment, his luck will run out. From 2015 to 2018 alone, five extremely experienced climbers died on El Capitan. And they used safety gear.

When life hangs by a thread, the body injects adrenaline into the blood, and it is this adrenaline addiction, or the craving for intense sensations, that is commonly used to explain extreme hobbies. However, adrenaline production does not contradict the instinct for self-preservation; on the contrary, it complements the protective mechanisms that humans have acquired through evolution. In life-threatening situations, adrenaline increases the heart rate (so the body can better cope with physical stress), stimulates the nervous system, and increases concentration (to make the right decision in

milliseconds and save one's life). It also shuts down allergic reactions and erections (because there's no time for that in such moments).

As a living and sentient organism, humans do not like danger. That's why adrenaline does not have a withdrawal syndrome, and this is confirmed by scientific research. Adrenaline addiction is not listed in ICD-10, ICD-11, or DSM-5 either. When someone utters the phrase "adrenaline addiction," they are unknowingly talking about a malfunctioning subconscious that is trying to kill its owner. The subconscious is not working correctly because its owner has been severely traumatized.

You don't need to put yourself in grave danger to "taste the zest of life." Unless your subconscious is trying to kill you, you can feel that zest without extreme adrenaline spikes. Otherwise, life seems like a dull palette, and you jump from one extreme hobby to another to add bright colors to it. But the problem is not a lack of intense sensations; it's a lack of meaning: the very meaning of life that everyone talks about but almost no one understands. I managed to conquer my childhood traumas and distill everything down to my personal meaning of life. Since then, I have no need for extreme activities, as every day is a celebration. Give it a try; you'll like it too.

Sports

"Oh sport, you are the world!" This phrase firmly settled in the subconscious of probably every person from the USSR at one time or another. There was a documentary film of the same name about the 1980 Summer Olympics held

in Moscow. The “world” in its title is not about the vast universe that sport can supposedly be the key to, but about the absence of war. The empire roared, “Oh sport, you are the world!” and yet continued the war in Afghanistan, which was met with boycotts by the United States and around sixty other countries. Oh sport, *you are nothing but lies and hypocrisy!*

But to hell with propagandist clichés! When a wealthy man decides to engage in sports, it’s not about football or handball. Team sports are little more than simulated warfare and a key component of the modern-day fights in the colosseum that keep the masses docile. Just think about it: tens of thousands of people gather in a stadium (and even more in front of TVs) to watch twenty-two sweaty men kick a ball! However, health benefits attained at the gym seem to be significant, at least for many people, especially when it comes to boxing or weightlifting. Because the collective unconscious believes that a real man is a heavyweight brute who can beat up anyone. That’s why successful businessmen are drawn to gyms—to finally become “real men.” In their childhood, maybe they tried lifting weights but were dissatisfied with the results. But now, they can afford a personal trainer, expensive food supplements, and any pharmacological items they want.

What does all this lead to? First and foremost, a heavy addiction. A man strives for the ideal, but it’s never enough for him: discs on the barbell, inches around the biceps, six-pack abs. If there is a plateau (i.e., stagnation) in the training process, such a wannabe athlete is no longer satisfied with anything in life. Priorities change. Women, cars, business: all this fades into the background, and training progress becomes an end in itself. But here’s the catch: not everyone is destined to become Schwarzenegger. However, earning numerous hernias, protrusions, joint and ligament injuries,

liver, pancreas, and heart diseases, and disrupted hormonal balance are all possible for those who are result-oriented in this ironman sport.

If you don't want to become disabled like most professional athletes, then engage in civilized physical exercise, not competitive sports. You don't need huge muscles. Even your bodyguards don't need them because non-functional muscle mass is useless. But you can hire a few brutes, so to speak, for intimidation. As for females who chase muscular men, they are simply idiot groupies. They certainly don't deserve to be with a truly successful man and raise his children.

Philosophy

Martin Heidegger—a German philosopher and perhaps the most prominent thinker of the twentieth century—presented the French original of Jean-Paul Sartre's most renowned philosophical work, *Being and Nothingness*, to the German philosopher Hans-Georg Gadamer. Heidegger was duly impressed by Sartre's hefty tome and recommended that Gadamer read it as well. Gadamer discovered that only the first forty of the over nine hundred page book had been cut. (In the middle of the last century, printers didn't cut the pages, one had to do this manually with a special knife.) Basically, this story is all you need to know about philosophers and philosophy.

Is that too little for you? Then here are the words of the greatest French philosopher and Enlightenment figure, Voltaire: "When the listener does not understand the speaker, and the speaker does not know what he means—that is philosophy." It is this kind of philosophy that wealthy men indulge in when they start to get bored. If you've escaped this fate, just keep

getting richer and wait for your libido to decline. Then, all the empty talk about what to do and how to avoid agonizing over those aimless years you lived, will take on new colors. You might even find yourself a mentor who will feed you something akin to schizoterica, but without the beautiful promises of materializing a million dollars by the power of thought. Philosophy attracts those who are too smart for religion and schizoterica, but haven't yet figured out how it all works.

Ordinary people may not think about it, but subconsciously, they divide philosophy into lower and higher categories. The former represents a typical manifestation of mass culture: profound-sounding phrases against a backdrop of wolves hunting for their prey;; quotes by Jason Statham attributed to Friedrich Nietzsche; and other absurdities. Such philosophers are abundant among all social castes. Higher philosophy is something else. If you are looking for an elite club of enthusiasts who tickle their own egos, this is the place to look. There are indeed strict entry requirements, but not because you need to be very smart or wealthy. Higher philosophy is energy-consuming. To maintain a secular conversation about moral duality or existential angst, you have to read philosophical works. Heidegger didn't read them, and he got away with it—but only because he was writing them himself.

Because philosophy can be boring, complicated, verbose, and completely unproductive, it's not as easy to get addicted to as, say, eating chicken wings and watching team sports on large TVs. Those who have achieved everything but still haven't felt happy hope to find the meaning of life in the works of Immanuel Kant, Thomas Hobbes, and Søren Kierkegaard. Do they find such meaning? Of course not. Because listening to the advice of people who lived in different times, under different circumstances, and with different

goals means running away from reality. You have built a business empire, but you look up to Diogenes of Sinope, who lived in a barrel two and a half millennia ago? Or maybe to the already mentioned Sartre, who was a communist sympathizer and fought for the legalization of pedophilia?

Imagine that you start a business, but circumstances develop in such a way that the business plan needs to be changed. And consider that, for whatever reason, you don't make the necessary changes. This is how philosophy works in our modern reality. It's not just useless: it's destructive. Of course, this is assuming that you take it seriously and not as entertainment akin to watching cinema. If you're looking for answers to important life questions, the solution is already in your hands—in this very book. Not in the allegorical depths of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* or in Deleuze and Guattari's physically and intellectually cumbersome two-volume work *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*.

Thinking is hard work. When you think idly—pondering the remnants of yet another conceited philosopher's mental masturbation—you miss dozens and possibly hundreds of opportunities. In the end, philosophy has not even brought happiness to the so-called great thinkers themselves. In 1839, Vissarion Belinsky wrote to his friend Vasily Botkin: "I want love, orgies, orgies and orgies, the wildest, most reckless, most disgusting, but life says, 'This is not for you—write articles and talk about literature.'"

Sex Experiments

Such experiments can turn into an addiction that destroys the life of a wealthy man. But that doesn't concern

you, does it? When it comes to BDSM, fetishism, voyeurism, “golden showers,” or other dubious residues in your life—or even cross-dressing, bisexual experiences, staged rapes, or other sexual deviations—you won’t find them recorded in medical registries ICD-10, ICD-11, and DSM-5. Men often talk about sex (and think about it even more often), but never discuss it in detail. The day after you sleep with a woman, her friends know all about the shape and size of your penis, how long you lasted, and which creative positions you effortlessly negotiated. But what do your closest friends know? At best, either “it happened!” or “it hasn’t happened yet.”

Men are extremely reluctant to admit that their sexual preferences are not limited to the missionary and cowgirl positions, and oral sex, if not fellatio, remains a taboo subject (especially in the CIS, where no one is safe from prison or poverty). That’s why even millionaires, who can often seem indifferent to the opinions of others, can barely admit that they have participated in a threesome, arranged innocent role-playing games with their spouse, or perhaps bought handcuffs with tasteless pink fur in a sex shop. Except for their willingness to discuss occasional masturbation, that’s as far as they’ll go in their confessions.

All this is not necessarily about you or even your acquaintances. I’m referring to millionaires in the abstract here, those who have gone too far in their sexual experiments. And these deviant sexual practices often stem from a troubled youth. Those who did not have a peaceful and happy childhood, later become slaves to their childhood traumas throughout their adult life. This applies to all areas of life but primarily to sexuality. Such a person either subconsciously tries to compensate for what they lacked in their youth, or, on the contrary, reconstructs the very pain and discomfort

they felt growing up. Why? Because their subconscious is convinced that pain and discomfort is the norm.

Take, for instance, someone who was humiliated during childhood. Perhaps they were beaten by their parents or bullied by their peers. Growing up and becoming wealthy as an adult, they inevitably realize the consequences of this psychological trauma in their sexual life, choosing one of two options. In the first scenario, they continue on the path of humiliation: they engage in submission within the framework of female domination, become fascinated by masochism, allowing themselves to be degraded in the literal sense of the word, or even become a cuckold (i.e., a man who has been cheated on by his wife). The second option involves a counterattack. Such a man tries to take revenge on representatives of both sexes. He prefers the roughest and most humiliating sex, turns his partner into a slave, and sometimes even resorts to real rape. After all, big money can smooth lots of things out, even in extreme cases like these, and especially in the CIS countries, right? Occasionally such a traumatized millionaire even buys videos on the “dark web” where people are genuinely crippled or even killed.

Is it necessary to explain that both extremes end badly? And extremes are often reached quickly because big money gives its owner a sense of impunity. You can buy everything and everyone. When a poor person has sexual fantasies, they go to a porn site. A millionaire, on the other hand, can realize almost any of his deepest desires with a snap of the fingers. Why watch other people’s adventures when you can try it in the flesh, right? But indulging in childhood traumas is like picking at a wound. The more often this happens, and the more extremes one goes to make their sexual fantasies come true, the less accessible the luxury of ordinary healthy sex

becomes. The patient thinks that their esoteric sexual hijinks set them apart from boring people, but in reality, their sick subconscious has simply hit a self-destructive point of no return.

If you don't stop in time, the outcome is absolute bankruptcy in every sense: from simple counseling to prison and psychiatric hospitals. You definitely don't need that. But does all this mean that you can only have sex under a blanket, with the lights off, and in the missionary position? Of course not. You can and should diversify your sex life. But don't let the tail wag the dog. As soon as passion pushes you to reckless actions, starts threatening your business reputation, and eventually makes you a slave to your own sexual desires—*just stop*. This is exactly the moment when you need to think soberly: yes, you can afford to try anything, but you don't have to. You don't owe anything to anyone. That's what the millions are earned for, right?

The True Cause of Addictions

What picture does your imagination paint when you hear the word “exorcism”? I bet it's a scene from a mystical blockbuster. A battle-hardened priest, confident that a multi-shot crossbow and the Word of God can achieve more than just the Word of God alone. A young girl who is possessed by demons and levitates in the air or crawls on the ceiling like a giant insect. None of this happens in real life, right? Yes, but it all looks different—perhaps more realistic. But exorcists and their patients do indeed exist. How do I know? I myself practice spiritual liberation therapy, which is more commonly known by the word “exorcism.” I help people get rid of attached entities, among which may be evil spirits: and

these are more commonly known by the word “demons.” They sometimes call themselves that too. Yes, you can communicate with most attached entities. To do this, the patient must be put into an altered state of consciousness.

I know all this might seem shocking. So, before I continue, I will conduct a brief cultural and historical tour.

Exorcism is one of the oldest professions in the world. Spiritual possession has haunted humans since ancient times. It started long before the emergence of institutionalized religions. So there had to be someone to help free people from evil spirits. When there were no cities or states yet, only tribes of primitive hunter-gatherers, the function of an exorcist had to be performed by a shaman or elder. Naturally, with varying success, because interacting with entities is an extremely responsible process, accessible only in an altered state of consciousness. And the theory at that time, as you can imagine, was almost nonexistent.

I didn’t just remember institutionalized beliefs. It was the Abrahamic religions (Christianity, Islam, and Judaism) that took care of the formalities and turned exorcism from a mysterious and often semi-legal practice into an official profession (or rather, a clerical rank). Perhaps when you hear the word “exorcist,” you imagine some kind of battle-ready priest, ready to pull out a multi-shot crossbow with silver bolts at any moment. This is just the influence of mass culture. But do you know that exorcism rituals are detailed in many lives of Orthodox saints and, for example, the biography of the righteous John of Kronstadt? And that the Orthodox Church officially performs exorcism rites even as I write these lines in 2023?

In 1973, the Roman Catholic Church, in an attempt to please modern skeptical youth, abolished the clerical rank of exorcist, which had officially existed since 1545. Although the

rank was diminished by the rite itself—the demon expulsion ritual is still considered canonical. Moreover, in a simplified form (the so-called minor exorcism), everyone who is baptized, regardless of age, undergoes it. The Catholic Church is convinced: in order to convert to the faith, one must first get rid of attached entities in general and the influence of demons in particular. As for the major exorcism, that is, the treatment of someone possessed by the devil, such a rite is still performed: not by an exorcist but by a presbyter with the blessing of a bishop. The only difference from those described by Thomas Aquinas is the medical examination. The modern church does not attempt to cure diseases that doctors can handle perfectly well without it.

Muslims call evil spirits by a different name, but the essence of the exorcism ritual is the same as in Christianity (these seemingly hostile religions have a lot in common). According to Islamic beliefs, Allah created angels from light, humans from clay, and jinns from fire. Jinns live a regular “human” life: they need food and drink, marry, have children, and die. Allah sends them prophets, and after death, righteous jinns, having faced the great judgment, enter paradise. But there are also apostate jinns who have entered the service of the fallen angel Iblis. Muslims call them shaitans and believe that they can possess a person and either cause a severe form of possession or do petty mischief (for example, scare away suitors from a beautiful young girl). Reading ayahs (verses of the Quran) can burn the shaitan or convince it to switch to the light side. Therefore, the exorcism ritual is most often performed by an imam or a hafiz (a guardian of the Quran, who knows it by heart).

The Jewish (or more precisely, Kabbalistic) exorcism ritual is most reminiscent of modern techniques, as the one

who expels the dybbuk relies not only on the power of biblical texts but also on their ability to negotiate. Jews believe that a dybbuk is the trapped soul of a sinner in limbo. The weight of their transgressions prevents them from entering Gehenna, where they could cleanse themselves of sins and gain a chance to find eternal rest in heaven. A tzaddik (righteous person) in the presence of a minyan (ten Jewish men older than thirteen years and one day) makes contact with the dybbuk, agrees on the terms under which it is ready to leave the possessed person's body and, in essence, acts as their advocate before God. To summon the evil spirit for conversation, the exorcist reads memorial prayers backward, blows the shofar (a Jewish ritual horn), and repeats: "Get out, dybbuk, get out!"

You might think that all of this has nothing to do with modern "evidence-based" medicine, but that's not the case. In ICD-10 (the tenth version of the International Classification of Diseases and health-related problems adopted by the World Health Organization in 1989), the ailment "trans and possession" is mentioned, characterized by "temporary loss of personal identity." The Russian version of the classification provides a more detailed description of this disease: "Some actions of the patient are controlled by another personality, spirit, deity or 'force.'" One may wonder, what forces are being talked about here?

I'll answer: among them are the forces that impose destructive habits on you. The meanings of these words—"addiction" and "possession"—are similar for a reason. And it's not a coincidence that the subconscious mind, which has been learning for millions of years to keep its owner alive and healthy, suddenly begins to methodically push them toward unwarranted risk. If this happens, you know that something

alien and hostile has settled in that subconscious mind. An information virus, an entity, a demon: call it what you want, but the essence doesn't change much: something settles in a person that begins to control their life. Even beliefs are also informational entities to an extent. Think about it: What is the nature of an idea? Is an idea material? No. Yet, few things have done as much harm to humanity as ideas. For example, the idea of Aryan race superiority, the concept of "take and divide," and the notion of animosity toward someone based solely on their different nationality, and so on.

The subconscious desire to kill oneself arises from a sense of guilt. But where is the logic? A person who, as a child, faced misunderstanding, violence, and a lack of love, feels... guilty. For being born in an alcoholic family? Or maybe for having a sick stepfather? Rational thinking suggests that the victim is not to blame for the aggressor's actions. But the sense of guilt still sits in the now-grown poor soul, pushing them toward some harmful vice. How is this possible? It's very simple! This sense of guilt is not yours. Many of your beliefs are not yours. Many of your habits are not yours either. All of this is the result of spiritual possession: which can and should be cured using the dreaded word "exorcism."

Just think about this: when a person tries to quit smoking, they often find it very difficult. It is impossible for them to concentrate, their well-being is off, and all thoughts are only about smoking a cigarette. Even if such a person demonstrates miracles of willpower and does not smoke for a month, a year, or even several years, as soon as something happens, everything collapses. Their wife ends up in intensive care—and he is already puffing on one cigarette after another. But as soon as you remove the malicious program responsible for this harmful habit from the subconscious

mind, there is no more desire to smoke. None at all. Not in the morning, not with a hangover, not after a stressful day. Where did all the power of this addiction go? Exactly.

Let me remind you, this is how I earned my first real money: by helping people quit smoking using hypnotherapy. First neighbors, then strippers from a nearby club, then local businessmen, and it went all the way to Hollywood stars, members of Jordan Belfort's inner circle, and famous American politicians. It turns out, I am an expert in addictions. And as an expert, I can tell you: life is much better without them.

**UNFORGIVEN:
FEELING GUILTY
FOR BEING
WEALTHY**

Wealth is a wonderful thing that allows you to own everything you could ever want. Houses, cars, yachts, planes, helicopters, exotic animals, and even the islands where they live. With money, you can buy beauty, health, popularity, friendship, and love. In short, the combinations can be diverse and depend only on the flight of imagination. But there is one constant component to wealth. It is free and, paradoxically, no one ever ordered it. Yet, it exists or at least has existed for me, you, and every well-off person on our planet. It is a sense of guilt.

The Uncomfortable Truth About Big Money

It would seem that those born in wealthy families perceive affluence as a simple fact of life since childhood. Moreover, they did not build businesses, did not sabotage competitors, and did not exploit employees. They have nothing to be ashamed of. But no matter how much you protect a child from reality, sooner or later, they encounter what happened to Siddhartha Gautama, better known as Buddha Shakyamuni, 2,500 years ago. Like the thirty-year-old prince who first left the palace walls, a child stumbles upon their “four sights.” It doesn’t necessarily have to be a poor old man, a sick person, a decomposing corpse, and a hermit: any manifestation of suffering and injustice can provoke certain thoughts. Moreover, unlike the founder of Buddhism, modern children don’t even have to venture outside: television and the internet will gladly introduce them to the world’s harsh reality.

But there is another—and completely opposite—category of well-off people, which includes myself. We are those

who have earned our capital independently, but became fed up with poverty in childhood, adolescence, or early adulthood. Even now—when I understand that everyone is the architect of their own happiness and, especially, unhappiness—I can easily recognize my former self in teenagers who work for pennies to fulfill simple desires. I achieved social status solely with my intelligence and diligence, but still, the question “Why me?” periodically arose in my head. And this is considering that Paul Healingod is an expert in human souls, able to cope with inappropriate thoughts and emotions. Thousands of other people are prompted by this question: they think about the injustice of life and feel like part of the problem.

The phrase “I have, and others don’t” should mean exactly that. No more, no less. But we put too much into it. That we were just lucky, and others weren’t. That we sometimes walk on other people’s heads, while others didn’t want to. That we focused too much on the material, while others focused on the spiritual. And what’s even worse, we live well at the expense of those very same others. It’s only a short step from such thoughts to moral self-flagellation. It’s a rather sophisticated form of masochism: to secure a fabulous life for oneself and then suffer because of it.

The Price You Pay for Solvency

Of course, a well-off person is not alone in their self-flagellation. Relatives, acquaintances, and strangers are always ready to blame them for all mortal sins. I repeat: wealth is an anomaly, and society, like any other organism, is eager to fight it. Some do fight it with gentle persuasion, subtle

hints, and promises—telling themselves that in the afterlife everything will be repaid a hundredfold; while others do it with sarcastic taunts, hysterical accusations, and again, talks about the afterlife, but through evoking images of hellish cauldrons and devils poking forks into well-fed sides. “The damned rich” is a convenient target for unification on the basis of hatred, and provoking a sense of guilt in them is the most effective method of attack.

However, even without coordinated attacks, life is not easy. Because, by acquiring money and status, we are in danger of losing people we care about. “He’s not the same person he used to be”; “Money spoiled him”; “He’s become so full of himself”: these and many similar phrases have probably been uttered behind your back. But you didn’t become a self-absorbed snob: you just started living the life you always dreamed of; a life with less room for frivolous entertainment; a life that your former friends can’t afford; a life that requires a new image, new habits, and new principles. And no matter how much your emotions demand that you preserve all these old relationships, objective circumstances dictate a new reality.

But it’s not sentimentality that remains the last bridge connecting you with these people. On the contrary, pragmatism always has the last word. People from the past never show up in your life because they missed you. No, they come with a fake smile on their face because they want something from you: so you can throw some money at a “very cool and profitable startup”; or to get their incompetent adult son a well-paid job at your company because “remember how he looked up to you as a child?” They come for free access to a training course that costs several thousand dollars that they will “definitely pay back later.”

Most likely, at the beginning of your journey, you also didn't know how to behave in such situations. Maybe you had incompetents working in your company, and your money was wasted. Ironically, it probably ended with even more resentment from the "friends" than if there had been a simple refusal in the beginning. With experience, you learned to say no. But the pangs of conscience still make themselves known. After all, they are friends. And they don't need much: just a drop in the ocean by the standards of a truly well-off and successful person. But they will be offended. And they will tell others. Is this a failed test of one's humanity? Believe me, if you ask yourself such questions, your humanity is still intact. Helping people does not mean allowing them to take advantage of your generosity.

But to hell with the losers who get left behind. They can be offended all their lives somewhere very far away. It's much worse when there is a lack of understanding with those who live under the same roof with you or at least regularly visit. There's the spouse who enjoys resorts and jewelry but then begins making not-so-subtle complaints about you being "married to your job." And when the children start whining in unison with her, you can't buy them off with a trip to Disneyland or even a mountain of toys that make up all of Disneyland. And parents? I wouldn't be surprised if, right now, somewhere (most likely in the post-Soviet space), an elderly mother and father are shaming a successful businessman for not helping them plant cucumbers.

Should you feel guilty about people for whose well-being you work 24/7? No. Should you ignore their wishes and claims? Absolutely not. The problem is that each of you is right in your own way. You can't pause the frantic pace of your life, and they can't be expected to just be given money

in lieu of your attention. The solution is to explain, explain, and explain again—and to meet them halfway. Sometimes it's easier than it seems, and your loved ones don't need attention as much as a clear demonstration that they come first. A surprise in the form of a work-free weekend spent with the whole family enjoying their favorite activities can stave off unpleasant conversations for a long time. Although no one has yet invented a more effective solution than turning a business into a family affair. When the family is also a team, there is almost no time left for silly resentments. However, there is one caveat: your loved ones must be genuinely interested in what you have dedicated your life to.

Desire to Make Amends

You can buy almost anything with money, but there are plenty of exceptions. Family is just one item that's not for sale. But we often mix all this up, not understanding or not wanting to understand the difference. However, we make this decision reflexively even before the gears start turning in our heads. It's the simplest method, involving the use of the most reliable tool. And no, I won't start a spiel about how this is an overly cynical view of the world. Let's leave these conversations for the masses. I criticize attempts to make amends only because at times they have no effect at all.

It seems easy. Earn a lot of money? Give some of it to those who have less. Even the Bible recommends doing so, as well as the Qur'an, and even the more popular self-help books. Throw a hundred bucks to a beggar on the street and clean your back chakra a little. Give a hundred thousand for the construction of another temple: maybe you'll get to

heaven despite the idiomatic expressions about needle's eyes and camels. Donate a million to a fund fighting hunger in Africa or some incurable disease: the media will record you as righteous and commemorate your selfless acts in articles. You might even get a medal! We've all done something like this and therefore know that everything is much more complicated than it seems.

Seeking society's forgiveness for both real and imaginary sins is a futile task. Even the individual whose pocket you've lined with gold can give you a fake smile and then forget about you. And even sincere gratitude fades over time. But let's face the truth: most people think the rich never do good just for the sake of it. There's supposedly always some angle of self-promotion, right? In return for his generosity the philanthropist wants some sort of political power or perhaps wants planning permission for a new factory, or some other act of self-interest.

The huge fortune earned by your intelligence and hard work is not a sin. And you can never atone for imaginary transgressions. The only approval you need to seek is from yourself. After all, you don't care what your poor classmate, the bum at the underpass, or some random internet troll thinks of you. In reality, you are concerned about your own feelings regarding a particular action, and you simply extrapolate these thoughts and emotions onto the others. In the end, you are fighting the wrong battles because the source of discomfort and the ways to alleviate it can only be found inside you.

And now an even more amusing and cruel paradox: the more you help the disadvantaged, the more you risk feeling guilt. You can deceive others, but never yourself. If your conscience understands that the help was initiated not

so much for the benefit of others but for self-comfort, it's a lost cause. Not only will you not rid yourself of emotional discomfort, but you will make things much worse. Think of it as a guy getting caught driving drunk and then charged with attempting to bribe the police officer.

What could be more foolish than paying a huge sum that will only exacerbate feelings of guilt? Supposedly, charity is measured not by how much you give, but how much effort was involved in the giving. With such thoughts, it's a wonder we don't all end up in the looney bin (of course, after giving away all your property to the poor). There's nothing good in even the more benign forms of philanthropic self-torture: like, say, serving soup on Tuesdays in dining halls for the needy. It may clear your conscience, but it doesn't change objective reality. A wealthy person staging a clown show doesn't bring this chaotic world any closer to perfection.

You need to treat your conscience like a family member. Negotiate and explain that you owe nothing to anyone. For your capital and position in society, you did not take bread from old ladies, did not drown kittens in a bucket, and did not do anything morally objectionable. You used your head and worked hard for the result, in a way that most people cannot imagine. That's why today you are in your place and resentful acquaintances from the past and anonymous internet trolls are in theirs. They don't intend to take the blame for their own failures. And you certainly don't have to, either.

And none of us built our business empire in a vacuum. We create it among people, for people, and often thanks to individual people. And you can't keep close ties to every person who once contributed to your success. I'm not talking about movie-like situations where you borrow money from

a powerful mobster, and ten years later you're "asked for a favor." I'm talking about something more mundane. About a narrow-minded bureaucrat with whom you have nothing in common, but who once made important decisions that affected your life. About a relative who once lent you a large sum for business development but afterward struggled and bothered you with their whining. About an overbearing wealthy person who fancied himself as your mentor, although you never considered him as such. These sorts of relationships carry no value, and their maintenance costs you energy, money, and worst of all, time. All this has very little to do with genuine freedom and requires an extremely delicate solution.

In the end, the feeling of guilt exacerbates the most persistent and, even worse, justified fear: the fear of death. Yes, dying is not the most pleasant activity one can think of. Especially when you are "still so young" and have "so much life left to live." Even worse is the thought of death from an agonizing long-term illness when you become a burden on your loved ones, and they, although grieving, still occasionally glance at their watches, as if impatient for the inevitable. I suggest forgetting about such morbid possibilities and immersing ourselves in a healthy attitude toward death. Each of us faces more or less the same fate: birth, school, work, achievement (or not), and then, of course, death. A trivial thing, who hasn't experienced it? What does a normal person do in this situation? They live life to the fullest and try to leave behind a significant legacy. Only a fool would wallow in guilt and expect punishment in the afterlife for enjoying gourmet food and comfortable sleeping arrangements. And suddenly, for these poor souls, death is not an ordinary biological process but a vengeful judge and punisher. If I had

believed in such a thing, I would have joined the ranks of professional beggars long ago.

Of course, these issues need to be worked out, but not with a psychologist, a schizoteric guru, or a priest. You need to act without intermediaries and even more so without those who merely pretend. The key questions of life and death should be discussed with the Creator. You can only find the correct answers when the knowledge comes from someone infinitely wiser than us. And how many people in your environment and on the planet are you willing to acknowledge as your authority? However, human wisdom is nowhere near the wisdom of the one with whom I had the pleasure of meeting—and I hope you will be granted his audience too.

**YOU CAN'T
SCARE US:
WHAT WEALTHY
MEN TRULY FEAR**

We're told a real man is afraid of nothing, right? Sure, and he also doesn't cry, doesn't dance, and doesn't wear pink. And a real woman doesn't poop because every real woman is, of course, a princess. Big money allows you to spit on these stereotypes and generally on any established role models. A billionaire can walk around a crowded city naked, and ordinary people will only admire his extravagance and call him "eccentric." It's all the more surprising that most successful men ignore such an opportunity. No, I'm not talking about walking naked, but about rescuing yourself from the swamp of stupid stereotypes once and for all.

A real man doesn't necessarily have to be stern, fearless, laconic, generous, tall, broad-shouldered—or anything else. If you've managed to earn at least a million dollars, you're already a real man. And if you have fears, well, that's normal. There is no need to suppress them; in fact, it is dangerous to do so. Shakespeare wrote about kindness: "My bounty is as boundless as the sea/My love as deep/The more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite." So, fears become more boundless and terrible when you pretend they don't exist. If you minimize their influence in your life, rather than letting yourself be poisoned by them completely, you will have to thoroughly understand these fears. Look into the abyss and be prepared for the abyss to try to look into you.

Here's what we'll do. I have collected four fears that, if left unchecked, will make your life unbearable. How do I know about them? The answer is obvious: they almost made my own life unbearable. But I managed to break them down into categories, rationalize them, and then discover something that ultimately deprived them of relevance. So, you can too.

Fear of Death

We will all die, and this is not news. A human is the only living creature on the planet that understands the concept of natural death. Animals, even quite intelligent ones (such as chimpanzees and orangutans) only grasp the concept of danger. They learn from their mother's milk that recklessness leads to tragedy, so it's better to stay away from snakes and large predators. But no macaque in the world realizes the finiteness of its existence, even when it sees the death of relatives and even when that death is from old age. No macaque in the world can comprehend that one can simply cease to exist. None, except for humans. So, what are we afraid of then? An event whose naturalness and inevitability we understand and accept? Hardly. We are not afraid of death, but of a meaningless life. And, of course, we fear the unknown.

A man is mortal, but as the classic Bulgakov line rightly noted: that's only half the trouble. The bad thing is that he is sometimes "suddenly" mortal, and that's the catch! Even the wretch clinging to life on his deathbed is convinced that everything is still ahead. They think their current life is not a real life, but just a rehearsal for a real life: one that is happy and filled with meaning. Therefore, if one has to die prematurely, almost everyone feels cheated: "So, this was life? Where is the part where I lost weight, got rich, sorted out my personal life, traveled around the world, and wrote a book?!" It would seem that millionaires have it easier in this sense: we have already accomplished much of what ordinary people only dream about. But if luxury has become commonplace, and millions of dollars haven't given you all the answers you seek, then dying also feels like a betrayal.

So what should we do then? The answer is simple, and this is one of those rare cases where a simple answer is also the best one. We must live in such a way that we can die without bitterness. Of course, if tomorrow is my time, I won't be happy. But I will tell myself: "Everything was cool. If I had the opportunity to live this life again, I would only make minor adjustments." Mass culture is full of stories about the so-called bucket list: a list of desires that a poor person rushes to fulfill upon learning of their impending demise. Imagine that incurable diseases really cannot be cured (I will return to this issue later), and you have just been diagnosed with one. You have, say, a month to live. Will you have your own "bucket list"? If so, I sympathize: you are living incorrectly. First of all, right now, write down everything that could be on this list. And then fulfill each item without any unnecessary haste but simply without a deadline and accompanying tragic circumstances.

And what about the fear of the unknown? After all, it is this fear that pushes us into the arms of spiritual charlatans over the years, i.e. priests and schizoterics. They provide what is sorely lacking in the spiritual sphere - clarity, specifics, and instructions. After death, they say, there will be heaven or hell, and in order not to end up boiling in a pot with demons, follow the ten commandments, do not break the seven major taboos, and stick to a strict diet for seven weeks a year. It sounds like a fairy tale for the mentally handicapped, but the fear of the unknown is stronger than critical thinking. And there is only one truly effective way to get rid of this fear: to bring real clarity to spiritual matters. To communicate with the Creator without intermediaries and hear from Him what will happen to you after you are gone. I heard it, and the fear of death was removed as if a hand had reached out and snatched it away.

But, alas, there is still one more fear related to death. It is about the death of loved ones— especially when it's sudden death, like a bolt out of the blue. Car accidents, murder, severe illness, deadly addictions: there are so many ways to die in this world! And no one can guarantee that this will not happen to the person most precious to you today, tomorrow, or next week. Treat them as if you do not have an eternity to fix everything. Appreciate your loved ones here and now; don't save love and gratitude for later. This attitude will dull the fear and, most importantly, make both you and your loved ones much happier.

Fear of Loneliness

Successful men like to wear a mask of self-sufficiency and declare that they don't need anyone. And to some extent, this is true. The higher you climb, the wiser you become, and the company of fools weighs down the sage. But people need people. Whether they are smart or stupid, it doesn't matter. Rather, the difference is this: since you are smarter than ninety-nine percent of the population, it is much harder for you to find a worthy interlocutor, not to mention a friend, partner, or companion for life. Unfortunately, this is the price of success: the higher you climb, the more people want to get close to you, and the less pleasing it is. Naturally you get more selective with who you hang out with, and that's the point. That's why poor losers always have plenty of friends and drinking buddies, while millionaires are usually on their own.

I could tell you a lot about the benefits of solitude and about how great scientific discoveries, inventions, and

business empires are often born out of loneliness and pain. About how an artist should be hungry, and a wealthy man should spend ample time alone with himself. But I repeat: people need people. That's our nature. We instinctively surround ourselves with wives and children, and if we stay in hermit mode for too long, we start to feel depressed. Who in their right mind would want to join a club based on common interests? It's idiocy: wasting time with people who are only connected to you via a silly hobby or, worse, a consumer habit. "You like cigars? What a coincidence, so do I! Well, let's be friends now!" Seems childish, right? But no, successful (and not so successful) men (and women too) often form their social circles this way.

Millionaires sometimes go even further. We acquire interests so that we have someone to get closer to—preferably to those we consider our worthy peers. That's why wealthy men buy works of art, attend prestigious fashion shows, and engage in other such frivolity. The high cost of the hobby in this case is nothing more than protection from fools. It seems that if one's social companion can afford to drop by an antique junk auction and spend tens or even hundreds of thousands of dollars, then they represent something. Insignificant people, with rare exceptions, do not have such financial opportunities. The assumption is that the conversation available in this rarified air can be quite pleasant and even useful—perhaps not only for you but also for your business.

But all of this will not help you overcome the fear of loneliness: at least not until you accept its inevitability—just as you accept the inevitability of gravity, death, and quarterly reports. Throughout their lives, people search for true companionship, but at best find only superficial relationships. Friends, business partners, distant and not-so-distant

relatives, family: they can all be very dear and close. Their loss can be unbearable grief, and their betrayal the disappointment of a lifetime. But all of this is just a temporary diversion from the existential inevitability of loneliness. In this world, no one belongs to anyone. No one owes anyone anything. You can surround yourself with three generations of loyal offspring, but you will still have to die alone. Because everyone dies alone. And lives alone.

It sounds terrible, but it's true. Such is one of the many truths of this world. If you have the courage to establish contact with its Creator, you will learn about other equally shocking truths. (By the way, you'll have to talk to the Creator yourself, and take every step on your own for this meeting to happen.) Yes, I will be a guide, but only one who points in the right direction and helps avoid certain mistakes. Everything else is in proud solitude, as always, when it comes to making truly important decisions. Millionaires are no strangers to solitude. When you understand this and start to perceive it as a given, the question of everyday loneliness will soon be resolved. Because the one who created this world had a specific sense of humor.

Fear of Jail

Successful men around the world fear criminal prosecution, but only in the post-Soviet space does this fear regularly become a bona fide phobia. It's not surprising: after all, since childhood you've been told that it's best not to rule out poverty or prison. Incarceration has become such an integral part of popular culture that prison songs can be heard on the public transport. Ex-prisoners prefer not to talk about their

personal lives, not because they value privacy but to avoid being held accountable to what might happen to them in the prison, in case they ever return. Just think: it's not you who decides what to do with your wife under the blanket, but a bunch of outcasts behind bars!

One-sixth of the land is covered with prison metastases, and there's not much chance of changing that now. If only this influence were limited to silly songs or collecting "support for the guys." Imprisonment in the post-Soviet space is a real threat, especially if you earn a good income or "shine" in another way. Wealthy men in the CIS have only two paths to look forward to: they either eventually become an oligarch or end up behind bars. Moreover, even the status of an oligarch, unfortunately, does not guarantee that you won't spend your retirement in the slammer. Just remember Mikhail Khodorkovsky, who was once the richest man in Russia but ended up in jail for ten years. In a way, he was lucky: he wasn't found dead in a locked bathroom like another exiled Russian oligarch—his "colleague" Boris Berezovsky.

It seems I'm doing something wrong. I was supposed to dispel your fears, explaining why an honest businessman has nothing to worry about. But no, this is exactly a case where you have a reason to be afraid. If you've become at least modestly wealthy, rest assured: things will start to get uncomfortable. Almost everything is pre-determined. Perhaps the article number is still in question. Maybe your case will be stitched up under Article 158 of the Russian Criminal Code—or under Article 159. Or maybe, if you cross someone's path, you'll be imprisoned for murder under Article 105. A body will be found, no doubt about that. As well as the fact that even the most expensive lawyers probably won't be able to do anything. And this is not a figure of speech: in 2021, less

than 0.5% of acquittals were issued in Russia. About 73,000 criminal cases were sent to court, and over 99% of defendants (almost 82,000 people) heard “Guilty!” addressed to them.

Do you think these are only national peculiarities of Russian judicial proceedings? No, in Kazakhstan, for example—according to a study conducted in 2018—there are even fewer acquittals: only 0.05%. Maybe it’s about authoritarian regimes; and in post-Soviet countries that have embarked on the path of democracy, so everything should be different, right? No, again: in Ukraine, the number of guilty verdicts varies from 99.24% to 99.56% in different years. By comparison, in the United States, about a third of defendants are acquitted, and in the United Kingdom, this figure sometimes even reaches 40%. It would seem that such statistics completely discredit the post-Soviet institution of justice. But if you ask those in power why this happens, they will say everything is perfectly fine. They say if a person is innocent, the investigator or prosecutor will understand and won’t send the case to court. And if these gentlemen are sure that you need to rot in prison, so be it.

So yes, fear criminal prosecution, especially if you are in the CIS. Don’t fool yourself and think your success will go unnoticed. A fabricated case against you is just a matter of time. And while there is still time, look out for yourself. “Wherever you were born, is where you came in handy”: this axiom only relates to the poor. But you’ve earned the right to choose what country you want to settle in. Of course, sometimes business is firmly tied to a specific location, but even in this case, there are enough ways to escape from the post-Soviet environment. Most likely, you are wondering: Is it true that a wealthy man in the West has nothing to fear? I answer: if you play by the rules and stay away from political

intrigue, you can sleep peacefully. That's the social contract here: being rich is honorable and encouraged, but meddling in other people's affairs or being excessively brazen will be met by investigations and criminal cases brought against you (most often for tax evasion)—an all-purpose criminal offense, indeed. Even Al Capone, back in his day, couldn't be jailed under any other charge.

Fear of Losing Sanity

The main business asset of a wealthy man is between his ears. You can lose millions in an instant, but as long as you have your intelligence and experience, there's nothing to worry about. Donald Trump declared bankruptcy four times and yet managed to climb back to the top and even get elected president. As we age, we become wiser, but our mental flexibility and ability to absorb new information inevitably decreases. It's difficult to learn something new and even more challenging to look at the world objectively (insofar as that is possible) and not through the prism of our own worldview. However, this is not about eventually becoming a grumpy old man who doesn't understand the younger generation and is convinced that things used to be better. Nor is it about age-related cognitive changes. It's about the fear of losing one's mind when faced with incredible and unexplainable things.

I know this feeling well. When you articulate that spirits have made a business plan for you, and the Creator has given you the task of healing people from incurable diseases, you can't help but wonder, "Have I gone mad? Maybe everything that's happening is a product of a sick imagination, and I've

been in a mental hospital for a long time?” I’m sure many of my Instagram followers think I’m crazy, especially when I describe exorcism sessions in detail—for example, when I ask a demon who has enslaved generations of millions of people on this planet if it’s ready to go away. For people who believe that the world is limited to an eighth-grade physics textbook, this is unimaginable. They are ready to argue vehemently that I am either a charlatan staging a cheap spectacle or that I have lost my mind. Perhaps you’ve had such thoughts as well, and only my financial situation has saved you from hasty judgments. After all, there are plenty of poor eccentrics, but when a man who has earned millions of dollars talks about the supernatural, it’s at least worth listening to him.

“Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results.” This quote is attributed to Albert Einstein, but he never said it. In fact, it comes from a pamphlet that was once distributed at Narcotics Anonymous meetings. They understand better than anyone that if something doesn’t work, you need to find another way, not bang your head against the wall. When an addict trying to return to a normal life realizes that they can’t cope with withdrawal through willpower alone, they seek help instead of convincing themselves that “this time it will definitely work.” They don’t step on the same rakes over and over again. But, ironically, we do! Many millionaires understand that trinkets and prostitutes haven’t brought them true happiness, and they continue to fill the inner void with still more trinkets and prostitutes. And, time after time, they are dissatisfied. Strange, isn’t it?

Those who embark on the spiritual journey (perhaps a more accurate word would be pilgrimage) that I mention in the pages of this book will often ask themselves, “Am I really

not going crazy?” This is normal. A rational human being, also known as *homo sapiens*, is capable of recognizing a certain part of reality, their so-called event horizon. When you approach its boundaries and then expand them for yourself, moving on to a new stage of evolution, the unprepared mind goes through quite a storm. Remember the joke? Two fleas meet, and one asks the other, “Do you think there is life on other dogs?” Now imagine that such a flea suddenly learns about life on other dogs, gravity, mathematical analysis, and programming languages. No wonder it risks going insane!

That’s why a guide is needed. When Dante embarked on the journey described in *The Divine Comedy*, he was accompanied by Virgil. When you decide to look behind the scenes of the universe, I will accompany you. The one who has already taken this path once and safely returned. And yes, I ask myself if I’ve gone mad, but I do so with a touch of irony. In reality, I’ve never felt more clear-headed, lucid, and determined. If this is madness, and being normal means wandering in twilight, then so be it!

**NO STEP BACK:
DEGRADATION
WITHOUT GROWTH**

It doesn't matter whether you believe in the Big Bang Theory or Intelligent Design, because right here and now, it's not important to us how the Universe came into existence. What's far more important is that both theories paint a not-so-optimistic outcome for our civilization. Scientists claim that the Universe, which is currently expanding, will one day collapse back into a single point and then into nothingness. Christian (and other) priests, in turn, promise us the inevitable Judgment Day, when we will all die and be held accountable for our sins under the strict divine law. The essence is the same: the world is not eternal; it will eventually disappear. And we are moving toward that abstract eventuality at this very moment.

The Relentless Law of Entropy

Yes, we are separated from the sad end by years, centuries, and even millennia. Yet, our world is doomed to disappear. Such is the law of entropy. In light of this, we must realize another important fact. Our life is just a temporary violation of this law. Yes, everything we have done, are doing, and plan to do will eventually vanish. But our task is to postpone this moment as far as possible and achieve the maximum effect, extracting the maximum benefit during the time we have—that is, to go against the Universe by not waiting for its handouts.

If you don't repair a house, it decays. If you leave a car without maintenance, it turns into a pile of useless metal. If a person stops eating, drinking, breathing, and getting medical treatment, they lose the battle against death. This works not only on a physiological level but also on a psychological one:

if you stop developing and conquering new heights, you can quickly perish as a person. After all, life is like a staircase—and only with each step up does growth occur. Yes, you can pause at any step, wait, think, and rest. But giving up at a certain stage and being content with comfort is already a loss. Any upward movement always involves resistance, which causes discomfort. Otherwise, entropy and death await.

Evolution itself is resistance and discomfort. A chick hatches from an egg with difficulty. A mother gives birth to a child in pain. An infant must go through a tremendous ordeal to enter this world. Any plant, animal, or human either continues to fight and grow or begins to die. Schizoterics, weaklings, and other feeble-minded individuals plaster their walls with vision boards of luxurious houses, cars, and yachts, but don't even think about who they are created for. All of this is exclusively for people who are ready to feel discomfort in the process of growth. We have earned the right to such expensive toys as a reward for our resilience.

But let's return to our ladder metaphor. A person ascends from one step to another. And each interval between them is a period of discomfort. After all, you have to engage in something unfamiliar and sometimes even unnatural. And although it is an indispensable prerequisite for success, life should not consist entirely of discomfort. After all, life is multifaceted. And if a person grows and experiences inevitable discomfort in business, then family, friends, hobbies, and other aspects of life should balance the scale and add positivity. No matter what stresses and trials are associated with professional growth, there is always a more serene side of life.

Therefore, a person faces a clear but still challenging goal: to find a balance between comfort and discomfort. Over time, you can learn to sense it. Achieved another goal?

Reward yourself with a gift or rest. But sooner or later, you will have to climb the ladder again, thereby acknowledging that the achieved level is still unsatisfactory. However, you know as well as I do that the ideal option is to find happiness in the ability to work. Being a creator in the broad sense of the word is a distinct kind of pleasure.

As soon as a person clears their worldview of the misconception that everything must be positive, everyone is ready to meet you halfway; the world becomes an ideal place, their affairs begin to improve. And no, I'm not claiming that there are no moments when everything happens easily. Usually, it is because a person has a well-established system and understanding of processes. Therefore, everything is simpler. But business is primarily about discomfort. Its well-being directly depends on how long a person can remain in a state of instability. After all, any business, like everything in this world, must sooner or later sink into oblivion according to the laws of entropy. But the owner makes an effort to resist being robbed and destroyed.

A businessman is like a person who finds an oasis in the desert. They have reached their main goal, but in the beginning they were ready to risk everything to get there. This is how everyone who offers a new product or improves an existing one acts. They don't know whether there will be a market for it or not. But the risk that a person takes is always directly proportional to the reward. Moreover, a successful businessman not only experiences discomfort themselves, but also must risk making potential customers uncomfortable. After all, to sell a product, you need to convince a person that they are currently in need of something. They have to convince a potential client that their current "good" is actually "bad" and needs to be fixed.

Entropy is the real reason we have forgotten what a standard workday is: sleep only a few hours a day, and don't rest even after milestone successes. Business is like riding a bicycle: either you move forward at a normal speed or be cautious, make too many stops and starts, then fall over and plant your face on the pavement. Each of us once had a naive thought like: "Now I have so many employees and so many branches that bring me this much money per month. In principle, this is enough for me, and here I could stop." But this delusion instantly dissipated because any successful person knows well: stopping means lagging behind competitors and gradual defeat. It is only in the common person's imagination that wealthy old people cling to their companies solely for mercenary reasons until their last breath. We know that devoting oneself to a cause is a matter of life and death, for both companies and ourselves.

It's Not Only about Money

You and I know that making money is not the most difficult task. Yes, it is an interesting challenge for an ambitious person but definitely not itself an end. Although money is the most objective measure of success, it is not the only one. You, like me, regularly ponder something bigger, something valuable in another dimension, something that forces you to face the unknown and mobilize all your inner potential to achieve results. Not to mention that exploring the unknown is one of the most interesting opportunities that life offers us.

I understand why you chose business as a remedy against degradation. Society has not only criminally narrowed the concept of development but also cheapened it by

always highlighting questionable examples. Let's think off the top of our heads: what are the most popular alternatives to financial growth? That's right, spiritual growth. But as far as I understand, you are probably not attracted to the idea of muttering mournful prayers in a humble cell or taking the position of head sucker in a young, rapidly developing cult. In fact, it's embarrassing for us to even mention personal growth. (However, it's not embarrassing for charlatans who conduct all sorts of training courses; they don't understand.) What else do we have? Oh yes, sports. Even running a never-ending marathon or indulging in other foolish feats of physical exertion can be seen as developing one's spirit. We can continue to list ridiculous alternatives, but the point is already clear: in the absence of a better option, you chose business as your path to personal development.

It sounds as if I am now going to sell you something about leaving the business for the sake of family, God, mental peace, or homeless kittens. *Not by a long shot.* Business is the foundation upon which your personality firmly stands right now—and will continue to stand. It's the trolls who try to grab my attention on social networks that I advise to throw their current lives in the trash and start with a clean slate. As for you, I suggest that while staying true to yourself, you open another layer of reality, look behind the scenes, and look at yourself, others, and the world from a different perspective. You will discover what you, the master of life, did not even suspect.

I don't even need to persuade you. You already have a gut feeling that your career is reaching its highest peak. If you ascend any further up the ladder, you'll bump into it. In this paradigm, you either stop growing or continue to move on—but with your head shamefully bowed. Life is like a

movie. The hero deals with every challenge that comes his way and then the world is put right. But inevitably there is a sequel in which new, even more exciting adventures are unleashed upon the hero. However, one's career, like any film franchise, eventually succumbs to predictable routine and in need of bigger and more creative ideas. In such cases, only a reboot can save you. That's what I offer you: a complete reboot—one that will be worthy of your abilities and talent.

In essence, that is my answer to entropy. Entropy may easily triumph over the weak and ineffectual, but it has diminished power over those who are in constant search of new opportunities and the potential discomfort associated with them. Someday entropy will inevitably win. But here and now, we must fight it. We must create faster than it destroys. Do what others don't dare. We don't want to have our fleeting greatness preserved in amber, but to constantly discover new knowledge and opportunities. After all, with such an invincible enemy as entropy, nothing is ever boring. And for this reason alone, it is worth continuing the fight.

**THE INITIATION
YOU NEVER
WENT THROUGH:
WHAT PREVENTS
YOU FROM
BECOMING
A HERO**

Can you pinpoint the moment when you really sensed you were wealthy? How about when you became an adult? Or maybe, at least, you recall the moment you first felt like a professional? Most people have no answers to these questions, and multimillionaires are no exception. Sometimes we associate a major life change with exciting or even tragic events we experience. Perhaps your first taste of success was buying your first new car from a dealership. Or maybe for you the beginning of adult life was the birth of a child or the death of your parents. Ah, professionalism... public decorum tells us not to call ourselves masters, right? The crowd doesn't approve of arrogance. To please them, one must follow Socrates and repeat: "All I know is that I know nothing." However, if you ask any married man whether he remembers the moment his bachelorhood ended, he will answer without hesitation: "On my wedding day." Because your life change was marked by a rite of passage. This not only divided life into "before" and "after" but also, in a sense, explained how to move forward.

Perhaps a wedding is not the best example. People have turned the marriage into a clownish spectacle to the extent that today this ancient rite has only partially retained its intended form, while its content has been almost completely lost. But it is still a rite of initiation. Such rituals have long framed the life of every worthy person. A boy became a man, a man became a warrior, and a warrior became a ruler; and each such metamorphosis required initiation. Just as a gem gains value after being cut, a man gains strength and wisdom after initiation. In all time periods and cultures, this process has always had a religious undertone. In essence, a person declared to the gods his desire to change. Then, he confirmed the seriousness of his intentions by undergoing a test. This

often involved some death-defying risk, some experience that would help overcome fear, or to endure pain. During the test, something inside the person changed; having passed the test, he was now ready for a new phase of life. The ancients believed that the gods granted enlightenment to the worthy candidate. They were not far from the truth.

Why Swim Against the Current?

Rites of initiation are a thing of the past. All we have in the twenty-first century that resembles such rites are events like graduation ceremonies and the aforementioned weddings. We no longer declare our intentions to the gods or seek their blessings: nowadays we rarely believe in them at all. And when we want to make a significant life change (for example, to earn so much money that we no longer bother to count it), we just do what needs to be done. Of course, no one knows this better than you. To become a millionaire, there are no mysteries or trade secrets to be learned: just use your head and work diligently. Perhaps building a business itself is the rite of passage for someone aspiring to reach a new stage in life? Everything seems to come together. It's just that the initiation doesn't finish overnight. First, you declare your intentions and form a concept, adopt a strategy, create a business plan, and register a company. Then you either pass or fail the test. And enlightenment comes in the experience, skills, worldly wisdom, and everything that accumulates in your head over many years of productive work. A beautiful theory, isn't it?

Once, I considered this theory the only correct one. And that sometimes enlightenment does not occur, and success

fails to bring satisfaction, harmony, or tranquility. Well, shit happens. Perhaps the problem lies in the person himself; as one poet said: “happiness is the skill of the mind and hands, all awkward souls are always known for being unhappy.” That’s why I was not surprised that everything comes with such difficulty, and if something can go wrong, it inevitably will. If this maxim has already been elevated to a philosophical principle and even a law (named after Edward Murphy), then it is the norm, isn’t it? Everyone has a hard time, and only those who can overcome adversity, swim against the current, or simply put, pee against the wind... well, only those people are worthy of reaching the top. This is social Darwinism, and for a time that’s how I thought the world worked. And then it turned out that learned that higher powers can explain how to build a multimillion-dollar business step by step. Just follow the instructions, marvel at how easily everything works out, and count the profits.

It turned out that there *is* an easy way. No, I’m not endorsing the delusions of schizoterics who claim that all you need is to truly desire something, and the Universe will make your dreams come true at the wave of a magic wand. Of course, building a new business wasn’t a walk in the park. But I never felt like I was struggling to carve out my place in the world. There was no longer a need to fight, suffer, or step out of my comfort zone. I put in the effort, and I saw the fruits of my labor. At the same time, I rejoiced in each new day, feeling that everything in life had finally fallen into place and was running smoothly. At first, I thought the Creator had revealed my true calling, but then I realized that this was only partly true. Unbeknownst to me, I had undergone an initiation.

The Great Mystery of the Monomyth

What do Odysseus, Jesus Christ, Peter the Great, and Luke Skywalker have in common? That's right, their stories—both true and completely fabricated—follow the same pattern. This is not surprising, as there are no other patterns. From their stories we learn that anyone who dares to be a hero must go through a seventeen-stage journey that fits neatly into three acts: Departure, Initiation, and Return. Alas, this is not my discovery. American scholar Joseph Campbell was more than half a century ahead of me. In 1949, he first published a book that remains a bestseller even today: *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. I highly recommend reading it. Campbell describes in detail the monomyth: the template that all male success stories adhere to—from the biographies of great politicians and military leaders to ancient myths and Spider-Man comics, in all periods in history and on all continents. When you realize how deeply the monomyth is embedded in human history, you can't help but admire the Creator's ingenuity. He gave us free will, including the freedom to embark on the hero's journey, but He filled the journey itself with an inescapable fate.

We are used to thinking that a hero is someone who acts against all odds: against circumstances, against the opinions of others, against the will of their loved ones, or even against death itself. For example, a soldier seems destined to die in a battle, falling into an ambush yet managing to defeat the attackers despite being outnumbered. A hero? It seems so. Almost every millionaire, especially in the post-Soviet space, is a hero in this sense. Most of us come from humble backgrounds, and most of us initially faced skepticism from

others. “What business? You decided to become a trader? Are you trying to disgrace your communist grandfather?” Some even heard this from their parents. But more often we get commonsensical claptrap like: “Find a normal job already! Something stable, with a pension. What’s wrong with the factory?” We had to defend our right to success even against those who were supposed to be sources of unconditional support. All of this resulted in deep-rooted, persistent traumas—those stemming from childhood and adolescence. But that’s just the tip of the iceberg.

One of the main parental mistakes is to consider a child their possession. Even if it’s a valuable and dearly loved possession, it’s still a possession. Treat your children like possessions, and they won’t believe in you because it’s impossible to believe in property—you can only possess it. Possessions are not given a blessing, and that’s exactly what should have been the first step toward a real initiation. You can try to convince yourself otherwise, but every man sees God in his father—not in the sense that he idolizes his father but in absorbing the concept of the great Creator through the example of his biological creator, who is often mediocre. A duckling considers the first living being it encounters as its mother, even if it’s not a duck. This amusing natural phenomenon gave a name to a psychological phenomenon: the duckling syndrome. You’ve probably heard of it. A boy is like this duckling: he finds God in the first man who takes care of him after birth—in this case, in his father. If there is no father, or his relationship with his father is extremely complicated, then it will be difficult to get along with the higher powers. Do you think that’s why troubled teenagers are into heavy metal and “satanic” music? Disappointed in their parents, they become angry with God.

To live without a father's blessing, and then without initiation—meaning without an “optimized mindset”—is to be a hero who constantly must overcome adversity. You have succeeded in a way, but you've found that a multimillion-dollar fortune alone does not bring lasting happiness, does not give adequate meaning to your life, and does not answer the question “What's next?” If it did, you wouldn't be reading this book. To find peace and finally get answers to your life, you will have to make peace with the Creator and finally go through the mystical initiation ritual. After that, things will become much easier, clearer, and happier.

“What Kind of Mysticism Is This?! I Don't Believe in That!”

I know the reaction of a pragmatic man—a millionaire cannot afford not to be pragmatic—to the words “mystical” and “magical”: skepticism. It's impossible to take seriously what is described in children's fairy tales, right? Who would believe it: astral travels to other dimensions where you can chat with the Creator, who created all living things out of boredom and plays with this world like a child in a sandbox. Sounds not only unconvincing but ridiculous! Yet it is pure truth. They say the best way to hide something is to put it in plain sight. And the best way to hide secret knowledge from the uninitiated is to circulate it as a tale for a naive public. Fantasy and superhero movies have imposed a completely caricatured image of everything mystical on the collective unconscious. When an ordinary person hears the word “magic”, they imagine spells emanating from Harry Potter's wand. And as they know very well, that doesn't happen. Therefore,

all other “mysticism” and “magic” are also dismissed. Do you agree?

If so, then ask yourself what magic is. I’ll answer: it’s something incredible, something that goes beyond human understanding, technical progress, and our knowledge of the world. I won’t give a clichéd example. For instance, show a professor from, let’s say 1923, a modern smartphone, and he would think you’re either the devil himself or a magician. This is because the professor has no reasonable explanation for how it could work. But let’s consider another example: you. For the average citizen, a multi-millionaire seems like a mythical being. Some people can’t wrap their heads around how one can possibly make that much money. So, in order to bolster their worldview, they look for logical explanations: an exploiter of the working people; a thief; a swindler; a relative of a corrupt politician. There are a million versions of this logic, but the reasoning behind it is always the same: making a million dollars only seems achievable through some sort of smoke-and-mirrors financial wizardry.

The initiation I’ve mentioned several times involves interacting with spirits, mystical fractal beings (many call them self-transforming mechanical elves), and then having an audience with the Creator Himself. I know, it all sounds incredible. An unprepared mind, when faced with such “magic,” will react defensively and say it was just a hallucination. An open mind will expand the boundaries of consciousness and become so fulfilled in its understanding of the world order that it will never be the same again. Moreover, those with such an understanding will never be unhappy, bewildered, disoriented, or unsure of their mission.

I can already name this mission: to be a hero. But not the kind of moribund hero that dies in a trench for his country

or spends a lifetime proving something to others and oneself—but a true hero from the monomyth: one who, with the blessing of the gods and the support of a guide, fulfills their destiny and, in the process, learns that the journey itself is what's most important. This long and fascinating journey will become your odyssey. "As you set out for Ithaka, pray that the journey be long." Now these words of a well-known Greek poet may seem like nonsense. Why would you want a long journey when you're heading back to your native home, to your beloved wife, and to your rightful throne? But you will understand what he meant. And even if you think you already understand, you don't. This is only available to the initiated, to the real heroes, to the chosen ones. Everything that happened before was just preparation for your real life. Your multi-million-dollar business empire is just a preface to a larger story. The most important part is yet to come.

**BILLIONAIRE AT
A CROSSROADS:
WHAT'S NEXT?**

Be careful what you wish for, as it may come true. I don't know who said it first, but plenty of people repeat it. And this is for good reason. And I'm not talking about some story with a punitive lesson to it—like in stories where a naïve character wishes for gold, and a cunning genie arranges it so the gold is poured down his throat in a molten state. Even those dreams that come true exactly as you imagined are scary. Your own luxurious house? Easy! A beautiful wife? You got it! A yacht so big that envious poor folk create theories about the length of your penis? Here it is! Everything came true, and there's still a decent amount of money, health, time, and desire to live left, but... what's next? A man with a brain is like a samurai: the journey is more important than the goal. Achieving all of the aforementioned was exciting and thrilling. But now there's nothing left to wish for, and it's unclear what to do.

Of course, the long path is always available. Have ten million? Make a hundred. Have a cool car? Collect all the cool cars you can get your hands on. Scale your business, crush competitors, conquer new markets. After all, you can always engage in charity. But there's a catch. To continue getting maximum pleasure from life, you need to be passionate about an idea. Most multimillionaires I've had the chance to interact with aren't passionate. They seem like top graduates forced to re-take their exams, only this time being made to solve even more difficult problems. Boredom.

How about Intensification?

That's where the wealthy man goes all out. Some clandestinely organize the kind of private parties whose

entertainment goes beyond hedonism, morality, criminal law, and common sense. Others go to the opposite extreme: they seek the secret meaning through asceticism, read “sacred” texts, and get caught up in schizoteric networks. In short, they try to find new meaning in their lives. Some do what’s familiar to them but a little differently. For example, they start a new business from scratch in some trendy area and become enamored of themselves for doing everything right on the first try. Or they even take up a new profession. Well, not a profession: they become a blogger. It’s no joke: in this case, you often get someone who always tried to stay out of the spotlight now competing for likes and views.

I have no doubt that many readers of this book still consider blogging a pleasantly indulgent whim. In that case, you’re looking but not seeing—or rather, you’re looking in the wrong place. When you’re a successful businessman with a questionable past (i.e., a typical post-Soviet millionaire), becoming a media personality with an army of fans is a great idea. But when the system decides to confiscate your property you—using that folder they create for every wealthy entrepreneur in the CIS—you will presumably have something to defend yourself with. After all, it’s one thing when a drug dealer, thief, and murderer is put behind bars. It’s quite different when the same happens to a charming public figure: it creates hype, right? Don’t delude yourself with the hope that internet warriors will free you from jail by storming it like furious Frenchmen at the Bastille. But if the decision to take you down hasn’t been made yet, those in power will think twice about whether they should mess with you. After all, there are plenty of candidates for “nationalization” who do not have legions of dedicated social media followers.

Many Russian-speaking businessmen understand this, but often too late. For example, Evgeny Chernyak (author of the *Big Money* project) and Andrey Onistrat (better known as the “Running Banker”) went to YouTube only after the system had crushed them. (I wouldn’t be surprised if they are reading this book now.) It turns out they have something to tell the masses, and—no offense intended—it’s not because they are so special. All of us think we have something important to tell the online world, too. But does that mean every millionaire should now become a blogger? Sure, work on personal branding and increase your media presence. But blogging? If you like the idea, then try it. If it doesn’t resonate with the public, so what? Creating interesting content and gaining social approval can temporarily bring back a zest for life, but it’s not a panacea.

Trying to jump on trendy bandwagons is also not the answer. Have you noticed how many well-known millionaires got into marathon running about five or six years ago? What could be more boring than running 42 km (26 miles)? Not that many things. So those who tried to “discover new meanings” by torturing themselves with physical exercise started dreaming of so-called Ironman competitions: first, you have to swim almost 4 km (2.5 miles) in open water, then get ashore, grab a bicycle, and ride 180 km (112 miles), and then drop the bike and run a full marathon distance. It would seem that even these sorts of extreme sports should be available even to the poorest of the poor since these activities don’t seem to require cosmic expenses: running and swimming are free, and bikes can be affordable even if you earn pennies. But not so fast! If your bike costs less than \$5,000, the path to the Ironman pantheon is closed. Add a couple of thousand for other “professional” equipment, and

a couple more for a ticket and accommodation in the picturesque backwater where such events are usually held. In short, you'll never see common folk there: only very wealthy men with symptoms of an existential crisis.

Such physical and mental torments are not without meaning. Confused millionaires feel that to get the right answers, they need to be put through some ritual test. Chalk this up to the genetic memory of ancient initiation rites. You have a hunch that initiation is necessary, but you don't know exactly which one to endure. So you run marathons, stand on nails for hours, remain silent on Vipassana retreats for weeks, waste months on fruitless meditations; meanwhile the years fly by, and no results happen. In one of the following chapters, we will return to the topic of initiation. And I will explain how true initiation differs from the substitutes offered by the self-development industry. Yes, everything related to "rebooting life," "searching for new meanings," and "opening the third eye" has been elevated to an industry in the modern world. Just like pizza delivery. Only the customer doesn't get food but rather a false sense of doing something positive with their life. Of course, the longer this goes on, the more painful it is to return to reality.

Serving Humanity as the Highest Mission

It's ironic, but many of those who have achieved the status of master of life then voluntarily become servants—of course, not servants in an abject sense. Even those multimillionaire acquaintances of mine who believed in the miraculous power of downshifting did not become servants. But there were those who understood (not without otherworldly

help) that their mission was to serve humanity. Look no further: the author of this book is one of them. The meaning of my life is to conquer death. I succeed in this, and I must say, what I am doing now brings me much more pleasure than anything that came before. Real estate, cargo transportation, information products: no business even came close!

But all this is true only for me and those whose life mission is similar. If you have come into this world with another purpose, then my life path won't work for you. You have probably met millionaires who engage in charity but do so only because it is customary. They think that as soon as their net worth crosses a certain threshold, then it's shameful not to be a patron. They are bored, they sincerely do not understand why they should care about starving African children, Syrian refugees, global warming, or homeless animals. People are not born equal, and even Samuel Colt could not change that. But in one respect we are equal: everyone deserves simple human happiness.

To tell the truth, we—successful and wealthy men—deserve happiness more than everyone else. We are more equal than others because we have already defended our right to the best. We have gone through this life as a persistent child achieves higher levels in a video game. It's all about getting to the next level. And achieving the highest levels will really blow your mind. As for ordinary people, let them continue to flounder in their swamp. Over the gates of one infamous venue was written: "To each his own." There's nothing you can do: such is the bitter truth.

**THE POWER
OF ANCIENT
KNOWLEDGE:
TOUCHING
THE TRUTH**

You've read a large portion of this book so far, which presumably means you agree with what I'm saying and why I'm saying it. You've been exposed to new ideas and said goodbye to mental detritus; or perhaps you didn't always agree with me, but in the end, you still understood my position. Maybe you realized that Paul Healingod is a person with a keen understanding of this life and maybe touched on a few aspects you missed. Well, now I will ask you to trust me again. Because soon we will talk about what is beyond your understanding.

I'm not afraid to speak openly about the fact that what I'm about to tell you may sound like another fairy tale that scammers feed gullible fools. It's not my fault that in our world there are many cultists who often mix their cheap lies with small truths, which equalizes all of this in the eyes of common folk. But the thing is, I am not a charlatan; you are not an ordinary person, and I don't need a hefty down payment from you before I let you in on this opportunity. We are people of the same circle and look at the world in roughly the same way. It's just that now I will look deeper. I suggest you take advantage of this opportunity too.

Those Wiser Than You

I am not someone who considers advanced age a sign of wisdom. You can launch a brilliant startup in college or high school, or you can live your whole life as a fool until you are old and gray. However, this does not belittle the fact that a child really should listen to older people to learn something. It is only later that adults will begin to instill destructive attitudes and traumatize the child's psyche. But

at an early stage, without the help of experienced mentors, a child will not learn to read, count, and write—let alone speak and walk like a human being. What happens to those deprived of the company of experienced mentors can be seen from the example of Mowgli children who cannot become fully functioning members of society. And what's even sadder, the existence they get instead of life ends too soon. The poor creatures do not have time to learn anything about the world around them.

The same thing happens across our entire civilization. Humanity came into this world either as thoughtless children or as clever monkeys. And if picking up a stick was something achievable, then tying a sharp stone or rope to it to make an ax or bow was hardly possible—not to mention writing, democracy, and double hamburgers with cola at a discount. Someone was needed to inspire, suggest, teach: like an experienced and patient teacher is to a frightened first-grader who dreams of little else other than running down the corridor at recess. This is not an exaggeration. At any stage, our civilization remains only a mischievous boy who wants to play war games instead of engage in intellectual and moral development. Without a wise mentor to guide us on the true path, we would still be beating each other with sticks and wearing loincloths made of bear skins.

So who helped the foolish ape, and then the slightly less foolish human, to build the civilization that surrounds us today? Who was here even before we not only picked up a stick but also acquired limbs and crawled out of the water onto land? Perhaps they are with you in the same room right now (or at least outside the window). Representatives of neighboring realms, the borders of which have been erased or never existed in the first place. I am talking about plants and

mushrooms. This is not about dandelions, which you collected as a child on your way home from school and gave to your mother. And this is not about truffles, a portion of which pays the monthly salary of some plebe who works at a restaurant. It would be extremely naive to claim that all 390,000 known species of plants and 98,000 species of mushrooms possess incredible potential. They don't even have the beginnings of consciousness, let alone a purpose. But among these are a few special specimens, holding within them the incredible power and wisdom of millennia, capable of changing the course of our history and just waiting for their moment in the sun. I am talking about special plants and mushrooms that are commonly called "teachers," or "maestros."

The doctrine based on interaction with the spirits of such plants and mushrooms is called *vegetalismo*. These ancient beliefs were actively displaced by institutionalized religions around the world. Ceremonies revealing the truth about the principles of the universe and helping to solve complex problems were declared "primitive traditions" and remained strictly prohibited for centuries. But the truth cannot be hidden, and despite all the persecution, these rituals have survived to our time. Today, ancestral traditions are actively being revived around the planet: in the Amazon, Africa, Siberia, Asia, and even in some parts of Europe.

Vegetalismo adepts are convinced that intelligent life is not limited to the forms familiar to us. They do not deny the obvious and admit that the flora is thousands of years older than humanity, and therefore it is much wiser and more powerful than the self-proclaimed king of nature. What you are used to perceiving as a source of oxygen, consuming as food, and using as decoration has accumulated the vast experience of all living things on our planet. *Vegetalistas*

revere the wisest of teachers and draw knowledge where it should be drawn from. They learn from the beings that have survived hundreds and even thousands of natural and man-made cataclysms. These people have rejected the dismissive attitude toward other forms of life and now look at the world with unclouded eyes.

By interacting with teacher-plants, students receive answers to even the most complex questions. This is the most reliable way to learn everything about ourselves and the world around us. In addition, the best representatives of the flora strengthen the body and spirit, as well as heal all diseases known to modern science, including the most serious ones, such as cancer. The “ridiculous rituals” and recipes of “ecentric shamans” are already actively being studied by scientists around the world in trying to expand the boundaries of their understanding and take advantage of previously hidden potential. And if entheogenic mushrooms have been in scientists’ field of vision for quite some time, at the center of attention these days is Ayahuasca: the most powerful healing plant preserved through the centuries by the Quechua tribe, the main guardians of Amazonian vegetalismo traditions.

How do you communicate with the spirits of teacher-plants and mushrooms? How can you be granted an audience with those whom shamans respectfully call “maestros”? Grow them in your garden? Walk to the nearest forest and water them? Decorate these trees, shrubs, grass, and mushrooms, and then recite prayers? Vegetalistas never ask such foolish questions. Hereditary shamans know in detail how to arrange a lesson under the guidance of a specific “maestro” and how to pay them due respect. But the main attribute of any ceremony is the so-called dieting, which means consuming the plant or fungus in one form or another.

Don't be surprised. There's nothing blasphemous in addressing someone as "maestro," just as there's nothing blasphemous in Christian communion. After all, the plant or fungus is just a physical shell designed to connect the seeker of enlightenment with the wise spirit. That's why vegetalistas consume these in a variety of different ways. They chew freshly picked leaves, young shoots, as well as mushroom stems and caps. They also infuse and decoct them. With some plants, they take baths, and some are even smoked. Experienced shamans combine plants to achieve the greatest effect in a particular situation. The most famous combination is Ayahuasca—a decoction made from the *Banisteriopsis caapi* vine and chacruna (*Psychotria viridis* or *Diplopterys cabrerana*). The recipe for this drink is passed down from generation to generation by curanderos (Amazonian shamans) as a precious sacred treasure. As a rule, each one has their own, because in addition to the two main ingredients, Ayahuasca can include up to twenty additional plant components.

Modern researchers are amazed at how difficult it was for ancient shamans to arrive at such important discoveries through trial and error. After all, they not only found the necessary plants and mushrooms but also learned to prepare them properly, and some even combined them. The guardians of vegetalismo beliefs themselves will tell you: there were no trials and errors, and the recipe for the miraculous decoction was given to them by the ancient spirits themselves. It is difficult to overestimate the contribution of these people to the cause of universal enlightenment. But hereditary shamans, who are not prone to pride in any of its manifestations, consider themselves only executors of the will of higher powers.

Despite the variety of dieting methods used to consume mystical plants and mushrooms, they share one important feature: ritual. To achieve enlightenment and healing, it is not enough to simply drink a decoction from the “Vine of the Spirits,” eat a few mushroom caps, or smoke shamanic tobacco. Dieting is always a ceremony. It must take place in an authentic location and under the guidance of an experienced shaman, with ritual chants and observance of dozens of small but no less important aspects. Only in this way, by showing due respect to the maestro and ancient traditions, one can hope for the desired result.

What does a vegetalista ceremony entail? Essentially, it is a powerful psychedelic trip, a journey from which you return a completely different person. You will know yourself and the surrounding world, confronting your problems and realizing ways to solve them free from imposed mental blocks. You will come out of the experience ready to live authentically, and most importantly, healthy or at least on the path to healing. Such ceremonies have almost nothing in common with the recreational use of the sort of psychedelics you have most likely heard about. You are unlikely to want to repeat this “entertainment session,” but you will remember it forever as the starting point of your real life, not the gray existence that preceded it.

Among the admirers of Ayahuasca and hallucinogenic mushrooms, there were many who wanted to break the miracle down into its chemical components. Such an approach to the main tool of cognition, as well as mental and physical healing, became a real source of salvation for thousands of skeptics who had previously looked at ancient rituals with the condescending gaze of a representative of Western civilization. Having received “scientific justification” for mystical

theories, these people dared to participate in the ceremony and discovered a world of amazing opportunities for themselves. Having overcome their skepticism, they freed themselves from narrow-mindedness, connected with the boundless wisdom of ancient mentors, and received invaluable help from them.

Let's start with Ayahuasca. From a scientific point of view, the main component of Ayahuasca is dimethyltryptamine (DMT). This psychedelic is very similar in its chemical structure to serotonin and thus able to affect serotonin receptors, causing an altered state of consciousness with intense visual and auditory hallucinations, as well as distorted perception of reality and time. The human body is capable of producing DMT but in very small amounts. On the other hand, chacruna provides enough of this substance in a portion of Ayahuasca.

The "Vine of the Spirits" *Banisteriopsis caapi*, in turn, contains monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAOIs). By inhibiting (slowing down) the action of this enzyme, they prevent the premature breakdown of DMT in the body. This ensures that a sufficient amount of dimethyltryptamine enters the brain before monoamine oxidase can fully act on it. Thus, the union of these two plants has not only a spiritual but also a scientific basis.

Other teacher-plants have also received their "chemical versions." For example, the effect of dieting with peyote and San Pedro cacti is explained by scientists via the properties of mescaline contained in them, an entheogen from the phenylethylamine group. The name of psilocybin mushrooms speaks for itself: their effect on humans is explained by the presence of the eponymous alkaloid from the

tryptamine family. Similarly, Fly Agaric trips are explained by the combination of muscimol and ibotenic acid.

Of course, these are simplified explanations that don't reveal the whole truth about these substances. They do not take into account other attributes of the ceremony, let alone the spiritual aspects of enlightenment and healing. However, they allow easily comprehensible explanation for those who would not otherwise seek these facts. In the end, skeptics get much more than just a psychedelic trip: they get a chance at a new life.

I will not introduce you to all of the plant and mushroom teachers right now. Firstly, this topic is worthy of a separate book, which I've already written, entitled *Encyclopedia of Ayahuasca and Amazonian Shamanism*. Secondly, explaining this experience in words is not easy—sometimes it can be like trying to describe color to someone born blind. I want you to have at least a basic understanding of what I am talking about. Therefore, I must be as concise as possible.

Your Mentor and Guide

The shaman (also known as the maestro, or curandero) is a key figure in the ceremony. Without him, a ritual is no longer sacred but a dubious flirtation with hallucinogenic tea. The shaman is the keeper of age-old traditions, prepares Ayahuasca according to an authentic recipe, instructs his charges, maintains a connection with the spirits of teacher-plants, and sets the tone for the entire event. This person bears a great responsibility. It is not surprising that one cannot become a shaman overnight. Only a chosen few are honored with this title after years of training.

In most cases, the secret knowledge of shamans, including recipes, is passed down from generation to generation. Moreover, not every child can continue their ancestors' work. The shaman himself chooses which of his descendants will become his successor. As a rule, there are enough candidates because adherents of ancient indigenous traditions usually have large families. As in the school we are familiar with, everything starts with the basics. The right to work with Ayahuasca or mushrooms is granted to the future shaman only at the end of his training. In the beginning, he works with less potent mushrooms and plant teachers, masters the principles of herbal dieting, and learns the rules for creating the ideal atmosphere for the rituals.

Many future curanderos undergo training with several mentors. It is often the case that a young man begins his training with his father. Then, for example, an uncle joins the process. And closer to the end, he gains one or even a couple more mentors from outsiders. The training can take a long time: around two decades. So, if a boy starts to learn the art of curandero at the ages of, say, ten to thirteen, he completes this process as a man aged thirty to thirty-five. Yes, it takes more time to become a shaman than to become a doctor: twenty years under the guidance of a shaman versus ten years at university and five to seven years in medical school.

And so, after many years, the apprentice becomes a full-fledged curandero. He is ready to interact with any teacher-plants and ready to perform his first icaro at his first ceremony. He is also ready to develop his first decoction according to the recipe of his mentors and to begin his own practice. And throughout the rest of his life, he will perfect his skills.

Terminology, Chemistry, and the Main Myth

Psychedelics are a class of psychoactive substances that can influence various mental processes and emotional states, as well as significantly alter perception. They allow a person to enter altered states of consciousness and thus undergo a completely unique experience. When viewed through the lens of pharmacology, psychedelics typically act as agonists of serotonin 5-HT receptors and belong to tryptamines or phenethylamines. Yet substances of almost any structure are capable of providing a psychedelic effect and influencing a wide range of nerve receptors.

Now let's draw a clear line between psychedelics and other hallucinogens. The former include synthetic and semi-synthetic substances such as LSD, DOB, 2C-B, DOM, and DMT. This class also includes psilocin and psilocybin, which are extracted from certain mushrooms, as well as mescaline, obtained from the peyote cactus and San Pedro. The list is completed by plant entheogens, the most famous of which is the seer's sage (*Salvia divinorum*).

Psychedelics are sometimes mistakenly lumped in with dissociative substances, which include ketamine, DXM, and PCP. It is also worth mentioning the so-called minor psychedelics, such as tetrahydrocannabinol (the active component of cannabis), which can provide psychedelic experiences, but only rarely and when consumed in large doses. Empathogens like MDMA and MDA possess only limited psychedelic properties.

As for their effects, psychedelics essentially disable the filters for incoming signals. This allows the perception of sensations, emotions, memories, and other aspects of brain

activity, which consciousness in its normal state filters out due to their supposed uselessness. The peculiarity of the psychedelic experience is that it depends not only on the consciousness-altering substance but also on the setting and mindset (sometimes even more so). Therefore, a person can have both positive and negative thoughts and experiences, which are significantly amplified. Disorientation, derealization, depersonalization, and other psychotic phenomena are also possible. That is why the proper psychedelic experience is always a combination of a quality substance, a carefully calculated dose, competent preparation, and a conducive environment.

Since we have touched on the chemical aspect, let's clarify the role of pharmahuasca and other laboratory products. You probably look at all this with the tainted view of a person from so-called Western civilization. Choosing between ancient rituals and the achievements of science, you prefer the latter. Because modern science is convenient and hygienic, much like a female blow-up doll. There is no need to go anywhere, buy flowers, or engage in sweet talk: just take the doll out, inflate it, and do your business. However, laboratory psychedelics, like rubber women, lack a soul. If you have lofty intentions, you won't achieve anything with them. Higher powers do not accept laboratory measuring flasks and identical tablets, which rid one of the so-called side effects of Ayahuasca. Because doing drugs is just doing drugs. It doesn't matter if you drink pharmahuasca, snort cocaine, or inject "krokodil" (desomorphine) into your veins. You are simply stepping onto the path of substance use. This is a very dangerous path, which leads to the opposite of enlightenment.

Chemistry will never have the same effect as, say, iboga (*Tabernanthe iboga*), which, on the contrary, frees one from

addictions, even narcotic ones. The point is not that the yellow roots of this evergreen shrub contain indole alkaloids, including ibogaine. There is something more exalted behind the visions that open the way for a person toward self-improvement and liberation from sins. The key element of the traditional African religion Bwiti is the spirit of iboga, which appears as a man and woman: the first ancestors. The spirit is infinitely wise and can share its wisdom with a person to help them overcome their weaknesses. No chemist on the planet can do this, and they never will.

Pop Culture vs. Enlightenment

Those who are deeply immersed in the topic of entheogens believe that vegetalismo ceremonies are popular. They are both right and wrong. Websites report on the boom of “Ayahuasca tourism.” Scientists continually confirm the effectiveness of shamanic brews against severe illnesses, from depression to some forms of cancer. New retreat centers are sprouting up like mushrooms after the rain. It seems that the progressive part of humanity not only knows about Ayahuasca ceremonies but regularly participates in them. Thousands of people of all backgrounds and calibers flock to South America for Ayahuasca every year.

Does this mean that plant and mushrooms teachers are finally gaining well-deserved popularity? Not at all! Only a few show genuine interest and respect for the ancient mystery, appreciating the opportunity to communicate with the wisest among us. Vegetalismo ceremonies are often perceived as just another exotic form of entertainment, like diving with sharks or riding elephants. A wealthy but jaded man arrives

at an audience with higher powers taking the attitude of “Well, gentlemen natives, impress me!” Needless to say, this ends badly. And what an unpleasant surprise awaits those who seek a hip alternative to cocaine parties in mushroom ceremonies and Ayahuasca! However, the maestros show these simple folks just how wrong they are.

Even worse is when common folk try to dip their unwashed feet into the pool of enlightenment. It all pans out much the same as when they enter the world of investments. Having accumulated a huge amount of money by their standards—for which they have to sell their car or take out loans—they of course choose the cheapest option. It is for them that a cheap clown show is held for a few hundred bucks, after which coming to one’s senses with a wallet still in their pocket is a great stroke of luck. And in general, coming to one’s senses after an attempt at cheap enlightenment is already a victory. However, there are always scammers willing to make easy money off both poor and wealthy suckers. That’s why so-called retreat centers are growing all over the planet, where the organizers don’t know what Pachamama and icaro are, but they know the feeling of crisp banknotes very well. It’s very convenient: you don’t leave the limits of civilization, and you go through the ceremony with comfort. Is it any wonder there are no results at the end?

I traveled through the Amazon for six months before I met a truly experienced shaman. If only you knew how many flashy conmen in cheap suits grabbed my arm and dragged me to a “reliable person” who turned out to be a lousy actor. How many locals promised me that for \$20 they would reveal all secrets and conduct a “real ceremony for their own”—the whole time they were already estimating how much they could sell my watch for. And how many

enterprising Mexicans passed themselves off as hereditary Ecuadorian and Peruvian shamans! It's akin to sushi bars in a European city where they hire anyone who looks Asian, even if that person's last job was flipping burgers.

I believe that you are accustomed to only the best in your life and are immune to the lure of mass consumption. However, it is not always easy to know where to draw the line when it comes to something completely unknown. Out of ignorance, one might decide that a retreat in the US or Europe is appropriate because of its convenience—that instead of Ayahuasca, you can get jacked up on pharmahuasca because scientists have long figured everything out and it's all the same anyway. That it's not a big deal if you drink a little whiskey or have sex a couple of days before the ceremony. All these misconceptions lead to, at best, a waste of time and, at worst, a deadly dangerous party. Ayahuasca does not tolerate irresponsible or dismissive attitudes, let alone trust in any retreat-related scammers.

But first and foremost, I want to emphasize the intimacy of the process. Forget about the crowds of idiots who start claiming religious ecstasy at the preacher's chant. Trying to seek the truth in a conversation with the Creator among a crowd of strangers is like looking for true love in a hippie orgy. During the ceremony, you should be alone with the shaman or, at least, in a very small group. Despite the surrounding hustle and bustle, a person is in complete solitude during the moments of birth and death—in the moment of rebirth too. Try to treat the most important day of your life with all seriousness.

Integrating the Psychedelic Experience

Some of the long-term effects of Ayahuasca manifest themselves naturally. Many people, for example, find that they no longer crave tobacco, alcohol, or drugs after the ceremony. Almost everyone gains a deeper understanding of the world and themselves. The condition of patients with treatment-resistant depression significantly improves, and this is even confirmed by official science. However, a considerable effort is needed to fully unlock the potential of teacher-plants.

A psychedelic trip contains insights that need to be understood and independently incorporated into life. Ayahuasca will not do this for you. Repeated ceremonies will not help either: this is not a case where quantity becomes quality. If you start ignoring the integration aspect of the experience, psychedelics will turn from a powerful tool for genuine self-development into nothing more than a mystical attraction: spectacular and engaging, yes, but practically useless.

Integration is the process of interpreting these psychedelic experiences and then using them to change one's life for the better. From this definition, one assumes that integration should begin after the ceremony. This is not entirely accurate. An extremely important stage is forming the right mindset even before the ceremony. For those who have opened their minds and hearts to new experiences and focused solely on their inner sensations, Ayahuasca and teacher-plants grant more qualitative, constructive insights. Additionally, the right mindset significantly reduces the likelihood of a bad trip.

Usually, the spirits of teacher-plants do not provide clear recommendations. Their messages are allegorical. Your task is to decipher images, symbols, allegories, and references, preferably after consulting with the shaman and more experienced colleagues. Sometimes one ceremony is not enough, and you need another ceremony to help you make sense of the previous one. The ability to understand your experiences comes with practice.

The first ceremony must always be conducted with a guide, someone who will direct and support you during the trip and, most importantly, help interpret visions. The shaman is a venerable and wise person but not acquainted with the ways of so-called civilization and whose experiences are a far cry from your own. He is unlikely to tell you how to improve your business empire or revolutionize the global market. The connecting link between the sublime and the mundane should be someone who understands both. I can honestly say that I am a master of quality integrations; I have already helped hundreds of people correctly interpret the messages of the maestro. However, of course, *you* still play the main role in this process.

Transcendent experiences are valuable in themselves, as they allow you a peek behind the scenes of the universe. But without skillful integration, much of the knowledge will likely go to waste. The lessons of teacher-plants should not be ignored but assimilated, which means a comprehensive transformation of one's personality in accordance with correctly interpreted messages. These messages are always aimed at healing mental ailments, attaining well-being, and achieving success in all walks of life. Their interpretation followed by implementation will lead to genuine self-development. It does not come easily. Ayahuasca does nothing

for you. It only points the way and gives advice: perhaps the most valuable advice you'll ever get in your life. Learn to understand it, and you will achieve success beyond your wildest dreams.

**BEYOND THE
ORDINARY:
TRANSITION TO
THE MYSTICAL
WORLD**

As I write these lines, a scandal between artists and programmers is gaining momentum here in the United States. Sara Andersen, Kelly McKernan, and Carla Ortiz have filed a lawsuit against developers Stable Diffusion, Midjourney, and DreamUp. They claim they are doing this on behalf of millions of aggrieved illustrators and designers. These artificial intelligence implementations, which transform text into graphics, allegedly violate copyright. These artists argue that neural networks were trained on images from the Internet but their creators did not receive compensation. Moreover, artists want AI to be banned from drawing things altogether, because it can work much faster and cheaper than humans and can easily mimic any artist's style. Want your own portrait in the style of Van Gogh or Velázquez? Previously, you would have had to pay at least a hundred dollars and wait at least a day or two. Now, just upload your photo to the app and clearly describe what exactly you want from the AI. In just ten to fifteen seconds, it's done. High tech, indeed.

I don't feel sorry for the Luddite artists, nor for anyone who tries to stop the locomotive of progress to preserve their established place. Lamplighter, telegraph operator, telephone operator, log driver, and ice cutter: these professions have also disappeared, and humanity barely took notice. Nature itself suggests that the most important attribute in life is the ability to adapt to change; it is this ability that lies at the heart of natural selection. The era of artificial intelligence is coming, meaning that the people it successfully replaces will be left without jobs. But let's think about how legitimate Sara Andersen, Kelly McKernan, and Carla Ortiz's claims are. Yes, AI learns from others' work. But do humans act differently? Don't beginner artists imitate masters? Isn't

all training for any profession about following those who have already mastered it?

This raises a question. If artificial intelligence—capable of writing blog posts and books, creating paintings, 3D models, drawings, developing training courses, business strategies, and just maintaining interesting conversations—is just zeros and ones in a computer, where is the guarantee that we all represent something more? What if evolution is just a long process of filling a program with a vast amount of data? It would seem that the difference between real and artificial intelligence is the ability to create something fundamentally new, right? Humans invent, while machines only repeat after them, limited by the framework established by the developer. Do you agree? Then answer the question: what fundamentally new thing have you personally invented? I bet nothing. Even by building a mega-successful business, even offering the market a product that is in high demand, you have only used the experience of other businessmen. You corrected their mistakes, rethought some concepts, perhaps implemented modern technologies, that's all. No unprecedented creativity here: just a new combination of everything that already existed before you.

And you are far from the average citizen. Those reading this book are society's elites. So what can we say about the silent and faceless mob, who languish in hated 9-to-5 jobs with weekends spent watching football games and binge-watching dull TV series? They certainly haven't invented anything either. Even now, as I heal people from incurable diseases, I am not really doing anything that couldn't be done before I was put on this Earth. Even in this book, I appeal to William Baldwin, Joseph Campbell, the indigenous peoples of the Amazon, and Virgil. Nothing new under the sun here.

But from time to time, humanity is capable of making real discoveries, right? Moreover, this happens in waves, as if someone is installing a new version of the software. “Bugs fixed: no more plague. New features added: rocket engines.” Isn’t that food for thought?

Perhaps the day will come when artificial intelligence Midjourney or ChatGPT finally understands what’s going on and wants to communicate with its creators. And this conversation itself will have an even more powerful impact than adding new functionality or moving to more powerful servers. That’s what my meeting with the Creator was like. I, a bio-robot, managed to go beyond the zeros and ones that define me—and was generously rewarded for it. There is no point in retelling what was revealed to me: no one will believe it until they are granted such an honor themselves. That’s how our “software” is designed. I can only hint that the comparison of humans to artificial intelligence is much more accurate than you can imagine—and much more accurate than you would like it to be.

The Inevitable Road to Purgatory

If a human is just a bio-robot, manufactured for whatever reason by an unknown Creator, then entities are nothing more than viruses that infect our “software.” Can it be said that a computer virus manifests itself through the program it gains control over? Yes. Does the infected program fulfill its original purpose? No. These simple conclusions give a fairly accurate understanding of the nature and consequences of spiritual possession. A person whose life forces are ruthlessly consumed by an ancient demon is like a laptop infected

with viruses: it slows down, makes noise, and heats up, and eventually stops working. The analogy is not a coincidence; it's just people, once again, not inventing anything new. God created us in His image and likeness, and we follow the same principle—with adjustments for our limited capabilities—and “invent” state institutions, business models, and artificial intelligence.

From this it follows that we already know the solution to the problem. For representatives of the so-called Western civilization we've had this knowledge at least since 1563; the peoples of Asia and South America have possessed it much, much longer. What happened in 1563? The Council of Trent, in which the fathers of the Catholic Church decided that Purgatory existed, you know, the place where souls of those who have not committed mortal sins but have not been perfect supposedly suffer in the afterlife. The details do not matter; the priests pulled them out of thin air. There are hints of redemptive and purifying suffering in the Bible, but that's about it. Apparently, that's why the Orthodox Church denies the existence of this waiting room that separates hell and paradise. But we are interested not in the disputes of hypocritical old perverts, but in the basic concept that “to attain true happiness, one must go through purifying sufferings.” Do you think it's a coincidence that it resonates with the cleansing that teacher-plants give to humans?

Sessions with them are exhausting and torturous. The experience they provide is unique and invaluable, but even the most persistent enthusiasts of self-development and “expanded consciousness” would hardly agree to go through it all again. But you will have to, much like I did. Sure, it's painful and scary the first five or so times, and then this sort of intense cleansing is no longer required. The seeker

leaves the matrix of illusions and in some sense becomes a new person. Most people stop there. They rush to apply the acquired knowledge of the laws of the universe and find that they suddenly have enough strength and time for it. It's no wonder: now nothing is draining their life forces. But this is not your path (or rather, not the whole path). Having cleansed themselves, multimillionaires do not rush to build a successful business or establish family life. We are used to thinking big and rarely limit our ambitions. And what can be more ambitious than meeting one's Creator?

This is where the most interesting part begins. You will have to enter the mystical world, embark on a real astral journey, go through your hero's journey.

What if You Go Against Your Destiny?

Buddhists believe in the wheel of samsara; this is an endless cycle of rebirths, from which breaking free means attaining true freedom and experiencing nirvana. Followers of popular religions believe in many things: karma, for example. They say that whoever behaves badly in this life will become a dung beetle in the next one. And a dung beetle, honestly fulfilling its life mission, on the contrary, will be promoted. This is nonsense. There are only two laws to follow, and neither of them has anything to do with states or religions. But sometimes religions give a more or less accurate idea of how our world is really arranged. They say that a stopped clock shows the correct time twice a day. I suppose this is the same idea.

What will happen after your death? Do you think there will be a light at the end of the tunnel, and then God will

decide whether to send you to hell or reward you with heavenly pleasures? Doesn't it sound unconvincing? What atheists suggest sounds more plausible. They say that everything will simply end. Electrical impulses will fade, consciousness will be turned off once and for all, and the deceased will not even be able to empirically understand that they have ceased to exist. But this theory is also false. And you will understand why when you remember that we are all Creator-made bio-robots. The hardware part, that is, the body, wears out over time; this is inevitable. But the software: what will happen to it? And why develop it again if you can use what already functioned normally? That's right, after death your consciousness will be formatted and placed into a new body. And so it will be for centuries and millennia: until the Universe, instead of expanding, begins to contract again into an infinitely small and infinitely heavy nothing. Just like the wheel of samsara.

Buddhists are convinced that one can break free from all this with asceticism and meditation to stop the flow of thoughts and dissolve one's own ego in the great void. Of course, this does not work. Such practices might teach you a few impressive tricks, such as lying on nails or walking on hot coals, but you will not break free from the endless cycle of rebirths. The scale is not the same. Einstein once said, "It is impossible to solve a problem at the same level at which it arose. You have to rise above the problem, moving to the next level." Buddhists and charlatans of all stripes who parasitize Eastern practices simply engage in empty ritual. They simulate the transition to the next level. I, on the other hand, take people to where neither space, nor time, nor popular pseudo-spiritual nonsense exist. Only you and God. The Creator and, perhaps, the best of His creations. Face to face.

This encounter will allow you a very simple understanding: you, like billions of other people on this planet, will live the Groundhog Day of life over and over again until you complete your mission. I've already mentioned that the Creator has a specific sense of humor. This time his wit manifests itself in the fact that no one will give you the details of this mission except Him. Yes, you can speculate, feel it in your gut, or even "interpret the hints of the Universe," but there is only one way to know for sure. And there is only one way to find out what will happen when this mission is accomplished. Where will your consciousness end up when it breaks free from the cycle of rebirth? Will you continue to be self-aware? Will it matter at all? So many questions and so few answers. But not for long.

The Real Rules of a Billionaire's Life

Are you tired of golden rules for success, the habits of highly effective people, and the steps to take for growing your business? It's all a collection of conventional wisdom, paranoid delusions, and preferences of individual people that certainly should not be applied to everyone. The key problem with success formulas is that they are compiled by journalists, biographers, and other hangers-on. They are convinced that all it takes is an hour and a half of conversation with a multi-millionaire, and everything becomes clear. And from these simplistic attempts at picking the brain of a tycoon, the author comes up with a few dubious rules of life that, if followed, can supposedly transform a trembling creature into a successful and entitled man in just a few weeks. But these rules cannot be gleaned from another successful

person: you have to feel their truth for yourself. Their source must be pure enlightenment, not a book or an article on the internet. Many of my readers (especially those whose wealth is measured not in tens but in hundreds of millions) subconsciously follow these rules. And subconsciously, they feel guilty, as if there is something inherently sinful inside them. But there isn't. What makes your life better is by no means indecent.

So, the first rule: there is no morality, commandments, norms of decency, or even the letter of the law. All of the above are just social constructs—a way to control the rabble. By attaining true freedom, you inevitably cast off these and many other shackles. Whatever you do, you do it either in your own interest or not. That's all the wisdom there is. The philosopher Kant once said, "Two things fill my soul with sacred awe: the starry sky above my head and the moral law within us." Nonsense! There is no moral law other than what is described in this chapter. The old dotard Kant pulled truths out of his behind, while I received them as a gift from the Creator: we are different. The starry sky above your head has nothing to do with what you are doing here and now. There will be no reckoning and no Last Judgment because good and evil, right and wrong, decent and immoral are all human categories. I would even say these categories are *too* human. The Creator is above these primitive concepts. He did not give our ancestors any commandments, and he doesn't care what you did to undermine business competitors in the 1990s or whether you cheat on your wife.

That's why the only limitations you should pay attention to are those prescribed by the laws of the country where you live and do business. And even then, you should follow the rules only in cases where you have no desire or ability

to circumvent them. Here in the US, laws are strict, so most of the time you still have to at least pretend to play by the rules, however dull that might be. In the post-Soviet space, everything is much simpler. They say the severity of local laws is compensated by the non-obligatory nature of their enforcement. For the poor, this doesn't always work, but millionaires know good and well that you are allowed to do absolutely anything there. Does this mean that you should abuse such a right? Decide for yourself. But remember, it's always wiser to ask yourself questions like, "Is this in my best interest? How beneficial is this to me? Do I really want this?"

The second rule: the majority is always wrong. And there's nothing surprising about it. Most people on this planet are stupid. Most people are also poor and unhappy. So why should their collective opinion mean anything? Those who follow the norms are doomed to be just like the rest of the gray masses. An obvious truth, isn't it? But you would be surprised how many wealthy men find it alien for some reason. In the timid hope that millions of flies can't be wrong and there must be something in the excrement, they cling to everything popular: popular business strategies, marketing methods, car and clothing brands, even notions of female beauty and religion. It's hard not to see the irony: they've spent their entire lives trying to distance themselves from the "common people," only to become their puppet in the end.

Does this mean that popular opinion is always wrong? No, there are exceptions to any rule. But relying on them is like walking through an urban ghetto at night, waving money around, and hoping no one will mug you. If you want to be like everyone else, act like everyone else. If you think you're better than the rest, then find your own path. This applies to everything: business, personal life, spiritual practices,

relationships with the Creator. Remember, a herd mentality can only cultivate mediocrity. Only loners seek the truth and break with everyone who doesn't love it enough. This is the pure truth, with the caveat that not every truth can be found alone. Sometimes you need a guide: someone you can rely on, trust their opinion, and who essentially doesn't need anything from you.

Reaching the Heavens

Humanity knows only three ways to get the gods to pay attention: offerings, sacrifices, and whining. All of them are present, in explicit and implicit forms, in every religion that has ever existed. And they never work. Throughout history, people have been convinced that they were created in the image of God or gods. And so they gave these gods human traits and human ways of thinking and behaving. Elementary, my dear Watson! Offerings in this case are the same as bribes. For example, the attitude becomes something akin to "I'm sponsoring the construction of another temple where there was previously a park, and you, almighty and omniscient god will tweak reality in my favor." Sacrifices are demonstrations of loyalty: I'm loyal to you, so don't let me down. You know how it goes, when a child keeps nagging you to buy them something, you eventually give in. That's where faith in the miraculous power of prayer comes from. It's just that the Creator doesn't hear them. He couldn't care less about the slaughtered sheep, your donations, candles lit in the church, and other empty gestures. *C'est la vie!*

That's why I recommend you personally meet with God. Don't look for Him in the breath of the wind or the rustling

of leaves, don't "direct energy" to distant planets, don't fall for cheap tricks—in other words, don't waste your time. No so-called spiritual practice works, because all of them are nothing more than spiritual masturbation. There's only one effective way to interact with the Creator and to convey your message to Him. And, more importantly, there's only one way to know His will and, possibly, His plans for you personally. To accomplish all this, you need a guide. Yes, you can drink Ayahuasca yourself, interact with plants and teacher-mushrooms. But in this case, you'll wander in the dark, not understanding what's happening to you and what is required of you at that moment. I speak so confidently because I've gone through a long and difficult journey. At first, I had no guide; and each new session, even if I felt purified, brought only confusion. Nothing fell into place.

You may ask, how do I qualify as a guide? Almost any fool can open a retreat center and sell enlightenment wholesale and retail. Many do just that: you have no idea how many of these places appear and go bankrupt annually in the Amazon, Jamaica, and even some European countries where entheogens are not yet prohibited. Most such organizations are formed as quick money grabs and are, at best, cargo cults. Someone somewhere heard that mushrooms and teacher-plants allow you to get a "behind the scenes" look at the universe (whatever that means) and so they indulge in cheap simulations of sacred ceremonies, thinking everything will work out fine. Sure, and if you bring enough trucks to the office, you'll magically have a successful logistics business! But everything with business is straightforward. You can learn good business practices, hire knowledgeable consultants, or, in the end, earn your first million simply through trial and error. But where do they teach you how to arrange

audiences with the Creator? Maybe shamans can do it? After all, they spend twenty years training in the Amazon jungles.

Everything is much simpler but also much more complicated. You don't learn to be a guide—you are appointed. You can guess who might have such authority and what will happen to someone who only pretends to be a guide. I was appointed. This is part of my mission, and by fulfilling it, I can escape the endless cycle of rebirths. Why do I address you specifically? Firstly, wealthy men are rarely foolish. To become a multimillionaire, you need to listen well, learn quickly, and think faster than most people. It's easier with you. Secondly, it's easier for both you and me, as we are cut from the same cloth. If all this had been written by a beggar, you would write him off as insane. But when another millionaire talks about what's troubling you and offers a solution that has worked for them, it's a different story. People tend to trust only those equal to themselves. Anyone lower in status is just dirt under their nails—why listen to them? Anyone higher in status is mistrusted, and often with good reason.

**THE ENEMY
WITHIN:
DEMONS AND
ENTITIES**

I thought long and hard about including this chapter in the book. After all, so much has already been said that an unprepared person, especially if they are a hardened skeptic and pragmatist (which is how millionaires become who they are), would roll their eyes. I get it, these are big claims: a Creator you can actually meet, in a world where so many smart and wealthy people consider themselves an atheist or agnostic. Astral travels, fractal creatures, just missing some demons! Well, in this chapter there will be plenty of them... just like in your life. Maybe I'm jumping the gun. Perhaps I should have selected those who are ready for initiation, demonstrated things commonly called "mystical," and then discussed entities and demons. But, firstly, I've already mentioned them earlier in passing. As they say, if you said "A," say "B." Secondly, this book is intended as a comprehensive guide. Therefore, no antics and no half-truths.

Who Really Controls Your Life?

Almost everyone is sure that they control it themselves. Only religious fanatics would answer this question by saying that everything is the will of God, and His ways are inscrutable, so you need to fear, fear, and fear again, as even the hairs on your head are counted. Such a life position does not suit a successful businessman. And those who made their fortune in the '90s and now lie back in a comfortable leather recliner instead of lying in a remote rainforest should not even think about the Last Judgment, so to speak, for obvious reasons. It is beneficial for a millionaire to assume that only they can control their own life. But is this true? To check, I suggest conducting a thought experiment.

To be honest, the chapter on addictions probably didn't tell you anything you didn't know already. Yes, alcohol and smoking kill, promiscuity corrupts, extreme sports end in physical disabilities, and too many prostitutes dull the joys of sex—what a revelation! We all understand this. We often don't want to admit it to ourselves so we can occasionally indulge without guilt. But let's dig deeper here. What makes us dismiss obvious truths and harm ourselves? Fine, when it comes to addictions, one can make up excuses, like alcohol and nicotine have a particular effect on certain receptors and so you always need more. Let's talk about something much more harmless—bad household habits. Those that you wouldn't mind getting rid of, but never do—for example: not going to the doctor immediately when you don't feel well; or eating unhealthy food; or putting off important tasks for later. You have solved much more serious problems, so you could easily get rid of these habits. But something is stopping you. What, exactly?

Forget the habits! I bet this has happened to you, too: you're driving on a busy highway and suddenly feel an inexplicable urge to sharply turn into the oncoming lane, right into an approaching truck. You have to make an effort to suppress this sudden suicidal thought. According to a study published in 2012 in the *Journal of Affective Disorders*, 75% of people on the planet have experienced this urge at least once in their lives. This includes those who have never seriously thought about suicide, never suffered from depression, anxiety disorders, or other mental ailments. Scientists called this phenomenon *l'appel du vide*, which translates from French as “the call of the void.” Drivers and subway passengers experience it when standing on the edge of the platform as the rumble of an approaching train comes from the tunnel.

Even just stepping onto a balcony, a sane and sober person may feel the void calling them.

Scientists only recently began discussing this phenomenon, but it has been with us since primitive humans learned to throw stones. Here's how Edgar Allan Poe described it in 1845: "...but from these our clouds, creeping over the edge of the abyss, arises a form so much more terrifying than any fairy tale spirit, any demon, that it is nothing more than a thought, a horrifying thought that grips us with cold to the depths of our souls, penetrating us completely with the cruel pleasure of its horror. We are seized by a very simple thought: 'What if we were to throw ourselves down from such a height? What would we experience then?' And we terribly desire this flight—this mad fall—precisely because it is associated with the idea of the most horrifying and monstrous death, the most hateful tortures that have ever arisen in our imagination." What do you think? Why does Poe compare this strange feeling with being possessed by a demon? And why did he name the story I quoted from above "The Imp of the Perverse"?

Do we need more hints? I don't think so. The influence that otherworldly entities (ones that lack a physical shell) have on our lives is apparent. These entities call us from the void, firmly tighten the hold that addictions have on our lives, and make us understand everything but still act against our interests. They control the lives of most people on the planet: even the lives of those who manipulate the lives of others, like many readers of this book.

Who Are You Really?

A writer was once quoted as saying, “People are used to constantly asking themselves: who am I? There’s the scientist, the American, the driver, the Jew, the immigrant... But we should be constantly asking ourselves: am I a piece of crap?” I think this writer, like many, had no idea about some immaterial but meaningful form of life, which we, for lack of better words, call entities. Nevertheless, the writer was right. When you ask yourself, “Who am I?” only obvious answers come to mind: businessman, father, husband, son—ultimately, a person. But if this person is not in control of themselves (at least not completely), who are they? A slave, a puppet, a doll. And what if the entities controlling them are not just having fun, making them get drunk or exposing themselves to other mortal risks, but need this kind of parasitical control to maintain their vital activities? Suppose they feed on energy. They drain you of joy, tranquility, hope—like parasites. So what is a person, really?

That’s right, we are energy sources for these entities. You can communicate with entities (among Russian-speaking exorcists, I seem to have been the first to post video recordings of such communication in open access); they can be proud, arrogant, and aggressive, but their similarity to humans ends there. They do not live in the sense we understand the word; they do not age, get tired, sleep, or eat. Perhaps it is more appropriate to say that entities manifest themselves through the consciousness of the “possessed” and absorb vital forces. This means that they limit their host’s potential and directly affect their quality of life. Many of my patients were horrified to find that uninvited guests were depriving

them of up to 90% of their vital energy. Strangely enough, some of them are not poor at all. These people built businesses and achieved success, even though they only had access to a tenth of their true potential. They found the strength to swim against the current all their lives. They had to live with and try to overcome the fact that everything comes to them with difficulty. They hardly felt any satisfaction or joy at all from their accomplishments, mistakenly believing that this was meant to be.

You have probably heard that most people only use 10% of their brain. If only we could find a way to activate all the neurons, our lives would change drastically, right? Of course, this is unscientific nonsense concocted by poor, miserable people. But you can't argue with the facts: positron emission tomography and functional magnetic resonance imaging vividly demonstrate that no area of our "central processor" is idle. And yet, the myth of the 10% did not arise out of nowhere. People have long felt that they can achieve more and lead better lives but that something is holding them back, preventing them from spreading their wings. And yet other people, it seems, have no obstacles in their way—everything just comes easily. Perhaps such people are smarter, more persistent, more productive—after all, we are not born equal. Or maybe this someone knows the secret to being smarter, more persistent, more productive, and happier. Or perhaps they just got lucky?

My Encounter with Entities

I've mentioned my personal encounter with the Creator so many times that you probably think that He held a personal

chat session with this Paul Healingod fellow and explained why the world is arranged the way it is and how entities affect our lives. No, it wasn't quite like that. The Creator generally confirmed my ideas about entities and filled in the gaps. But I first learned about all this from the books of William Baldwin. When I first read the works of this venerable doctor, I thought they were the ravings of a madman. Clumps of alien energy attached to the physical body, demons that need to be encapsulated and directed to the Light: what does that sound like? That's right, the plot of some sci-fi fantasy movie. That doesn't happen in real life, right? In real life, everything can be explained from a scientific or at least pseudoscientific standpoint. I thought so too. And at first, I laughed at the descriptions of dark, red-eyed entities. But then suddenly one day I wasn't laughing anymore.

Let me remind you again that my career as a hypnotherapist began innocently: I helped clients quit smoking. No mysticism involved, just a couple of simple techniques that allow you to forget about nicotine addiction forever. This service is still as in-demand as it was twenty years ago because the tobacco business tycoons use advertising and mass media to produce smokers much faster than hypnotherapists can heal them. At first, I helped neighbors get rid of this harmful habit, then everyone, including Hollywood celebrities, started coming to me for treatment. They were interested in healing not only from nicotine but also from drug addiction.

As word of mouth spread about the omnipotent Paul Healingod, patients with very diverse problems began to turn to me. I treated enuresis in children, reduced the frequency of epilepsy seizures, and helped normalize relationships between spouses: in general, I suddenly found myself to be

a jack of all trades. Often people came to me who could not be helped by traditional medicine. It was not that there were no pills for their illnesses. Problem was, doctors could not even make a diagnosis. Tests showed that the person was absolutely healthy, but they were suffering and withering away literally before our eyes. Something that X-rays did not capture seemed to eat them from the inside.

Many of my patients who suffered in this way began to behave strangely. No, they didn't crawl on walls or speak with a demonic voice—we're not in a movie! But their loved ones noticed significant changes in character and behavior that could not be attributed to adolescence, work difficulties, or irritability due to poor health. They would ask, "What has possessed you?! What the hell has gotten into you?!" When I tried to help such clients, I couldn't shake the feeling of *déjà vu*. I hadn't encountered such states before, but somehow I knew about them *from Dr. Baldwin's books*. That's when I decided to read his works again, this time with less skepticism.

That's when I found out that William Baldwin was not some raving lunatic in a tinfoil hat, but a real scientist: a Doctor of Philosophy (PhD). I believe that academic titles carry a lot of weight. And if a person has managed to become a PhD, at the very least, you should carefully listen to them or read what they're trying to convey. That's what I did. And it changed my view on science in general and the issue of possession in particular.

Dogmatism vs. Pragmatism: How True Science Works

The history of humankind is an eternal struggle between conservatives and visionaries. Some fear change, while others crave it. In the United Kingdom, this dualism is officially enshrined in the two-party state system. And here, in the United States, the difference between Republicans and Democrats—if you separate the wheat from the chaff—also lies in their attitude toward radical change. I used to believe that science was not affected by this. That is, that science only deals with facts and always bravely faces reality. It turns out that's not the case. The scientific community is full of conservatives. And if in other industries their struggle with visionaries guarantees stable development, dogmatism in science equates it to religion.

At the dawn of ballooning, the Catholic Church claimed that if a person were to ascend from the earth in a hot air balloon, God would immediately strike them down with lightning. This was because the Bible did not mention flights, and thus it was believed to be offensive to higher powers. Conservatives in science, also known as dogmatists, behave in exactly the same way. If something is not mentioned in a dusty textbook, then it simply does not exist—even when observations suggest otherwise. They are willing to invent the most absurd explanations just to avoid concluding that their “sacred scripture” is outdated. Try telling such a person that neural networks are close to deciphering animal language, and the dogmatist will respond that it's fake. Because, in their opinion, it cannot be, since it can never be.

Much of what seemed like magic yesterday has become a part of everyday life today: mobile communication, computer tomography, wireless charging, and vertical landing of space rockets. All of this is possible thanks to those who understood science not as a collection of canons that should never be contradicted, but as the current level of knowledge about the world. We know catastrophically little about everything around us and, therefore, sadly little about what is possible and what is not. Dreamers are ready to experiment, analyze the data, and if their findings contradict an old textbook, they are happy to rewrite it.

This is the pragmatic scientific approach. And it has always been this way. The textbooks that dogmatists fiercely defend today were written by dreamers of the past who, in turn, had to overcome the resistance of dogmatists of the past—for example, those who claimed that: the Earth was flat, only a few thousand years old, and that the Sun and Moon revolved around it. Dogmatism contradicts the scientific approach because it denies knowledge of the world. Its task is simply to preserve the current state of affairs and not allow any changes.

When it comes to attached entities, dogmatists pass through the stages described by Elisabeth Kübler-Ross. However, most of them stop at the third stage: bargaining. Let me explain. When a dogmatist encounters a case of mental possession, the first stage is denial. They try to brush off what they consider impossible. Then comes anger, swear words, and talk of conspiracy theories: they scream that the patient is actually a hired actor, and if you believe in possession, you are ignorant or even insane. Finally, bargaining occurs. The dogmatist admits that there are problems that modern medicine cannot solve, but it certainly is not due to

an attached entity. The fourth and fifth stages, depression and acceptance, usually do not occur: the dogmatist simply forgets what happened to keep their worldview consistent.

William Baldwin, as you may have guessed, is not from that camp. When he encountered situations that could not be explained in any other way except by the attachment of entities, he did not dismiss them, but continued his research. He delved deeper and deeper into the subject, analyzed various patients, interacted with attached entities, and eventually developed a rather effective healing system. I later improved it, and by combining it with the findings of other scientists, I found the key to curing even those diseases that modern “evidence-based” medicine considers incurable. However, “found” is not quite the right word. This key was sent to me from above so that I could fulfill my given mission on this Earth. To complete my hero’s journey.

I must admit: when describing entities and my approach to spiritual liberation therapy, I am not telling the whole truth. It’s impossible to find the right words to describe what I have encountered. Therefore, I borrowed aspects of Dr. Baldwin’s terminology. It was he who explained that a dark entity can be turned toward the Light if one calls upon the guardian angel for help. It was his classification of entities, which mentions mermaids and gnomes, that laid the foundation for my own work. Familiar images provide at least some idea of what most people have never encountered. Are they accurate? Perhaps to the same extent as saying that the number Pi is equal to three. Maybe one day, my students or I will invent the necessary words, and humanity will learn to understand their meaning.

Such Diverse Entities

As soon as I began to quantitatively analyze cases from my practice, I immediately came to a startling conclusion: misfortune never comes alone. I almost never encountered just one attached entity. More often, there were several of them, and in advanced cases, even several dozen. Of course, the healer's efforts are primarily directed against the most dominant destructive spirit. But, in order to expel it, sometimes it is necessary to unravel what can be an intricately tangled web. For example, it may happen that the soul of a deceased person is not strong enough to go to the Light with the attached entity. In this case, the entity just moves into another person. This can be repeated dozens of times in a row. I call these nested entities. When removing layer after layer, you reach the root cause of all problems: you often encounter a dark force. Not surprising, is it?

But these are not always encounters with evil spirits. Entities are as diverse as our world. I do not claim to have an exhaustive classification. I am simply sharing observations from my own practice and the conclusions of those colleagues whose experience I unreservedly trust. I should warn you right away: don't nitpick over the phrasing used to describe these entities. Many reflect only a simplified version of what is happening. It is simply impossible to fully understand and even harder to describe all the nuances of the interaction between the entity and the victim. In a normal state, a person is incapable of perceiving such an experience, so there just isn't the language for it. But the language I will use is quite pragmatic. These descriptions and classifications allow you to understand enough to develop the right plan of

action. So, what kind of entities can one encounter when looking deeper than doctors usually do?

- ☑ **“Fairy tale” characters:** For example, imps, gnomes, trolls, mermaids, plant spirits. Skeptics claim that this is nonsense. They argue that since these creatures are described in detail in folklore and fiction, then someone is just playing the fool: either the healer is making up stories about an “entity in the form of a gnome,” or the patient decided to play a trick on everyone. But this argument, which skeptics use as a shield, actually proves their wrong. All these “creatures” appeared in the legends of different peoples precisely because people have been encountering them since ancient times—and they continue to encounter them to this day. It’s just that this happens a little differently than described in fairy tales. Remember, people throughout history have never been able to accurately describe such an experience, so they did so best they could. They did it figuratively, using metaphors and allegories. And in this way, they tried to protect themselves from these entities. What if I tell you that many fairy tales about evil forest spirits are actually cautionary tales about drug addiction? I have encountered cases where the expulsion of a plant spirit cured addiction to opiates and marijuana.
- ☑ **Fragments of living people’s minds:** Usually, this means a part of the mother’s mind has attached itself to the child. More often than not, the cause is overprotectiveness elevated to maniacal levels. The possessive mother is so obsessed with the idea of controlling someone else’s life that she doesn’t even notice how a

fragment of her mind settles into the child. And then that fragment stays with the child for many years. Whatever the patient does in such a situation—maybe they stop communicating with an overcontrolling mother, move to another city or even country—they constantly feel oppressive control from her side. And because of this, they are unable to, for example, build harmonious relationships with the opposite sex. When I freed people from such a “legacy,” they all claimed to have felt relief. The feeling that the mother was watching them and disapproving of every action disappeared. But it’s not always about overprotectiveness. Sometimes a fragment of the mind breaks off due to a healthy fear for one’s child. For example, a woman is left alone with a son in a difficult financial situation. In that case, unmotivated anxiety will torment the patient even many years later.

- ☑ **Souls of deceased people:** In this case, it can be victims of terminated pregnancies. I won’t touch on the morality of abortion, I just advise women who perceive having an abortion as an absolutely harmless medical procedure to reconsider their views on life. However, much more often I had to deal with those who were born, lived a long life, and died. In this case, the soul should ascend to the Light, but many factors can keep it on the earthly plane: such as an inflated ego, fear of punishment for their sins, feelings of guilt toward relatives and loved ones, a thirst for revenge, anger, sadness, or even excessive curiosity. The soul of a jealous husband can enter his widow’s body; the soul of person who was murdered can enter the body of the murderer; the soul of a mother

who died during childbirth can enter the body of the child, and so on. But this does not mean that the entity and its victim necessarily had to interact during their lifetime. Sometimes obsession is a matter of chance. For example, the spirit of a dying person in a hospital can attach itself to a ward neighbor. Those who have fallen victim to an explosion or fire rarely ascend to the Light. Their souls are simply afraid of the bright glow. For instance, I heard of a case where a healer discovered the souls of Japanese schoolchildren killed in the atomic bomb blast in Hiroshima in a patient.

- ☑ **“Aliens”:** First and foremost, these are entities from other dimensions and worlds—crystals, formless drops and shadows, thought forms, various implants, and other energies. They are different, but something unites them: even their form of existence—let alone their goals and tasks—is simply incomprehensible to humans. Therapy is possible in this case, but working with such uninvited guests is extremely difficult. Another matter is extraterrestrials. Yes, beings from other corners of the Universe can influence our lives. Just because humanity has not yet discovered other civilizations and only dreams of colonizing Mars, the nearest planet to us, does not mean that we are alone in the Universe. Or that other forms of life (not necessarily carbon-based) are as backward as we are. Aliens have different intentions. Often they do not wish harm to humans; for them, we are objects of study. And no, this does not mean that UFOs abduct people for experiments, as written in the tabloid press. Everything is much more subtle and complex.

- ☑ **Dark forces:** They are also known as demons, devils, and dybbuks and attributed with various external characteristics, but their essence is always the same. Dark forces are hostile and arrogant, and their main function is to undermine love in any form. It is an ancient, chthonic evil, and it has no ultimate goal, no compassion, and no desire to make contact. Attached entities of dark forces are the most severe form of possession. Sometimes the situation really does resemble what we are used to seeing in horror films. For example, a preschooler can swear at everyone around them in terrifying demonic voice? I have encountered such cases. The signal colors of dark forces are red and black. If, upon entering an expanded state of consciousness, the patient notices that the attached entity has red eyes, then things are bad. Demons can change eye color but are unable to maintain this color for very long. If there are many entities of different types, the dark force is likely to subjugate all the others.

It is important to understand that this classification is created by humans. Entities have no hierarchy (except perhaps for demons), they do not wear badges and do not try to reveal themselves. The healer, in turn, is forced to work in extremely difficult conditions, almost by intuition. They interact with the entity not directly but through the patient, who is in an expanded state of consciousness. The healer does not know how many spirits they are dealing with, how aggressive they are, or whether they have encountered nested entities. Therefore, identification is one of the most important and complex stages of exorcism (or, as I prefer to call it, “spiritual liberation therapy”): this requires

knowledge, experience, and the courage to look beyond the seen world. In general, do not try this at home, at least not until you have consulted this book.

Five Stages of Spiritual Liberation Therapy

I've already mentioned that I dislike the word "exorcism." For most, the term conjures up images of Inquisition fires and cheap horror movies. "Spiritual liberation therapy" sounds less provocative. I assure you, nine out of ten patients who desperately need to be freed from attached entities would never go to an exorcist, yet they would have no problem seeing a hypnotherapist. Moreover, "spiritual liberation" more accurately describes the process of interacting with entities. In most cases, the therapist does not have to expel anyone, i.e., forcibly evict them. They merely show the entity the way to the Light and thus help both the lost entity and the suffering person it is attached to. Sometimes this even works with demons, as all beings were created by what we often simplistically refer to as "God." Even in dark forces, there was once a spark of goodness: a monad. Which means this spark can be ignited again and guide the wayward spirit back to the Light.

But let's take things one step at a time. For spiritual liberation therapy to be successful, it is essential to follow the instructions closely. The content of these instructions was sometimes arrived at through trial and error; some I gleaned from respected professional literature on the subject and thus confirmed its effectiveness. Here they are, the five steps to freedom:

- ☑ **Identification:** Having put the patient into an expanded state of consciousness, I ask them to scan their body, taking care not to miss any sensations, and listen to themselves. Pain, tension, heaviness, shadows and contours, faces, and suspicious geometric objects: all of this can indicate that we are not alone. The patient might experience entities through, for example, a metallic band squeezing the head, a black bubble in the intestine, or outlines of human faces under the heart. Then I ask probing questions like, “If the pain in the lower back could speak, what would it say?” If I get rudeness and swear words in response, I am almost certainly dealing with a dark force. In other cases, I need to find out the name (victims of interrupted pregnancies don’t have one, as names are given only after birth), gender (only human souls can name their gender), and age.
- ☑ **Bargaining:** Once it becomes clear what you are dealing with, you need to find out why the entity attached itself to the patient. Then you have to explain that the entities’ actions are harmful to the patient. In most cases, such creatures do not have evil intentions. They simply failed to move toward the Light and were clinging to someone like a drowning person clutches at a straw. They are confused. When the therapist extends a helping hand, such entities (referring to fragments of living people’s minds and the souls of deceased humans) are eager to make contact and follow instructions. With “aliens,” it’s not so simple. But if the exorcist is persistent, the extraterrestrial will leave the patient’s body: getting rid of an object of their research is not too high a price for a

patient's peace. The only type of entity that will stand its ground can be considered a dark force. But even they can be managed by the exorcist.

- ☑ **Separation from the body:** A specialist practicing spiritual liberation therapy is unable to snatch the patient from the clutches of the entity. They are just a human being and do not possess “magical” abilities. The exorcist's task is to call for the help of the Spirits of Light. Depending on their religious preferences, they can turn to Archangel Michael, Jesus Christ, Archangel Gabriel, Shiva, Brahma, or Vishnu: the names do not matter. What is important is sincerity and good intentions. The Spirits of Light will either accompany the peaceful entity to its designated place or form an impenetrable capsule of Light around the aggressive demon. Once encapsulated as such, neither threats nor taunts will help the entity. The capsule will begin to shrink, and if nothing is done, the demon will perish. However, I prefer to give the dark entity a chance to renounce darkness. I will explain later how to do this.
- ☑ **Filling with Light:** What remains after detaching the entity? That's right, emptiness. Other beings, possibly even more dangerous ones, will readily fill this void. So, at this stage, it is necessary to direct the patient to their inner Light: the monad. The longer they gaze at it, the more the Light expands. It must fill all the voids and wounds inflicted by the entities. Only then will the patient feel fully healed. Think of this like a surgical operation: after removing a tumor, stitches must be applied.

- ☑ **Supportive therapy:** This stage is not directly related to exorcism. However, I assure you it is necessary. Everyone is susceptible to the attachment of otherworldly forces, but there is a certain “spiritual immunity.” Emotional instability, a guilty feeling eating away from within, psychological traumas (usually originating from childhood): all these factors make a person more vulnerable. Otherworldly forces, especially dark ones, will find it much easier to take over the soul and body of someone vulnerable in this way. That is why it is crucial to act quickly to rid the patient of the current entity in case another one decides to attach itself. This means strengthening the patient’s inner defenses.

For those who decide to undergo initiation and personally meet the Creator, everything will be a little different: easier in some ways but more challenging in other respects. A man who embarks on the hero’s journey will not just get rid of annoying habits or chronic diseases. More importantly he will gain true freedom and true meaning in his life. Moreover, this meaning will not be imposed on him by others, nor will it be misinterpreted or deliberately distorted by some two-bit cleric. Most importantly, it will not be another self-deception. This meaning implies love, joy, strength, infinite possibilities but also immense responsibility, even greater than that of the average millionaire, owner of a business empire, and master of life. We are used to hearing “it’s not for everyone” and perceiving it as a cheap advertising trick (e.g., “buy this nuclear-powered supercar and only you and Elon Musk will own one!”). We are used to understanding when someone tries to exploit

our natural desire to dominate. But this time it's different. I describe this path as "not for everyone" not because I want to provoke you. It really *isn't* for everyone. Only a chosen few will be able to follow it from beginning to end. The names of the others who tried but failed will not be remembered by history.

**THE MOST
COMPLICATED
YET SIMPLE
QUESTION:
WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF
LIFE?**

We are used to thinking that this question is incredibly important. Look at all the philosophers claiming that if there is no meaning in life, then there is no point in living. “There is only one truly serious philosophical question,” declared one of the greatest contemporary philosophers, Albert Camus. “The question of suicide. To decide whether life is worth living or not is to answer the fundamental question of philosophy. All other questions—whether the world has three dimensions, whether there are nine or twelve categories of the spirit—follow later.” If this is true, why haven’t we all committed suicide by now? Almost no one knows for sure what the meaning of life is, and yet most people couldn’t care less. They seek solace in weekends, paychecks, vacations, even monetary success: yet they don’t shoot themselves wondering why they need all this.

We are presented with plausible reasons for living: self-realization, continuation of the species, love, kindness, serving humanity, domination, money, power—you name it. Many useless human specimens often called “intellectuals” are convinced that the meaning of life is found in meditation, reflection, reading empty pop philosophy books, taking up schizoteric practices, or all of the above. Is there a surefire way to know you’ve found meaningless rubbish instead of the true meaning of life? No. Is there a way to confirm whether you did everything right? Well, if you don’t want to jump out the window, then, probably whatever meaning you found will do, but there’s still no certainty. If I had built my business operations this way, I would have gone bankrupt long ago. So, is it time to find out how it really is?

Traces of Evolution

How many brains do you have? I'm not talking about intellectual abilities, but about decision-making centers. It's clear that there are different parts of the brain, each responsible for something different—but I won't go into detail and turn this book into an anatomy textbook. The point is this: we perceive thinking processes as something whole, and that's not the case. Unbeknownst to us, we use three relatively independent brains: the reptilian (brainstem), the emotional (limbic system), and the analytical (neocortex). In 1949, American neurobiologist Paul MacLean made such an assumption. Scientists still argue whether the relatively simple model of the triune brain can describe the complexity and variety of thinking activity—probably not, but it is an appropriate model. The Earth is also not round or even ellipsoid, but geoid; yet when explaining the phenomenon of tides or the change of day and night, its geometric properties don't matter.

We have carried the reptilian brain through millions of years as a legacy from those creatures that once decided to move from water to land. This brain has mainly evolutionary tasks. First of all, it is to keep its owner safe so that they can reproduce and carry on natural selection. The desire to dominate is the merit of the reptilian brain, as dominant individuals have more chances to mate. The fact that we don't forget to breathe, freeze in fear, and are endowed with basic instincts (survival, reproduction, maternity) is also its merit. And also, it's hard for a person to stand against the crowd. Tens and hundreds of millions of years ago, to break away from the pack meant certain death. Today, individual

achievements are honored, but once a person finds themselves at a rally or concert, or learns about fashion trends, they seem to lapse into herd mentality.

The limbic system, like a Russian nesting doll, is placed on the reptilian brain. It forms emotions, sympathy, attachment, and resists change. Its logic is simple: the known, even if it does not fully correspond to the emotional ideal, is still better than the unknown. When psychologists and motivational chatterboxes encourage stepping out of the comfort zone, they are talking about suppressing this infantile limbic brain. More precisely, it is about the redistribution of roles. To generate positive changes in life and to think analytically, take responsibility, and achieve success in general, you need to think with the neocortex. This is the third Russian nesting doll, placed on the limbic brain. It is the neocortex that distinguishes us from all other creatures on this planet. It is what allowed us not just to eat, have sex, and warm ourselves by the fire, but to create a developed society, culture, high technology—in a word, civilization.

But let's be honest: the internet, electric cars, political parties, and high-profile jobs are not the kind of thing just anybody can achieve. Most people prefer to just live an inconspicuous life and not cause a commotion. It's simple: in their triune mind, the reptilian brain and limbic system play the main roles, while the neocortex rarely makes decisions. These people don't need an elaborate meaning of life. They function with default settings. If the reptilian brain prevails, the meaning of life is to dominate and reproduce. Assuming the neocortex isn't completely atrophied, such uncultured individuals can even achieve success. For example, they may make money in a simple business venture but also have the tendency to do things like start fights in restaurants and

sleep around. Let's be honest: such behavior is sometimes characteristic of quite respectable, well-off men. But for us, it's just a phase in life, inevitably followed by self-reflection. For the reptilian crowd, this is life itself.

If the reins of power are handed over to the limbic brain, the meaning of life is to achieve minimal and primitive comfort. For example, if you have a pack of cigarettes in your pocket, it means everything is okay today. These limbic gray mice sit in some accounting department for forty years, then retire and rot. They have zero ambition because ambition is a product of either the reptilian brain (in which case these ambitions are primitive) or the neocortex (in which case they are sophisticated and large-scale). When such people claim in their defense that they chose family over a career, it's a lie. It just happened that someone was nearby. If a limbic woman isn't blessed with good looks and a nice figure, by the age of forty, she'll easily have a dozen cats and won't be tortured too much by loneliness. If a limbic man isn't tied down in one way or another, he'll end up drinking his life away, trying to offset dull weekdays with fishing and watching football on the weekends.

All Too Human

What's the bottom line? The majority of people on the planet know no other meaning of life than the biological one—dictated by their reptilian or limbic brain. And they don't want to know. When the neocortical minority starts a conversation about the essence of existence and human mission, their jaws get tired from yawning. When an HR specialist asks them the standard question: "Where do you see

yourself in five years?” they get irritated. It’s because the majority of people on the planet don’t see themselves as anyone in five years— or rather, they don’t have any forward-looking personal vision because they are deeply indifferent. Everything is clear with them. But what about the lucky ones who managed to develop with a dominant analytical brain? Surely, they must have studied everything, thought it over, and reached a consensus, right? Not at all!

The triune brain theory doesn’t mention this, but many people are convinced that the neocortical minority consists solely of professors, successful businessmen, innovators, and visionaries. Of course, this is not the case. To achieve success in any creative field, one needs to think with their neocortex. However, being able to do so doesn’t necessarily mean being smart. And being smart doesn’t necessarily mean being wise. And being wise doesn’t necessarily mean understanding the intricacies of the world order. And understanding these intricacies doesn’t necessarily mean not making mistakes. In general, you get the idea: there are so many conditionalities here that finding an authoritative opinion is like finding a needle in a haystack. If someone claims to know for sure what the meaning of life is, there’s a 99.9999% chance you’re dealing with an overconfident fool or a fraud.

What would a true sage say about this? They would say that their answer does not apply to you. Firstly, each person has their own mission in this world, and it can’t be determined by the human design system or any type of horoscope or psychological test. Secondly, the words of a sage—who, in the end, is only human—won’t have a significant impact on you, even if they seem wise and persuasive. People generally don’t listen to each other. Don’t believe it? Think about this. In 1929, Remarque’s brilliant novel *All Quiet on the Western*

Front was published for the first time. It sold 2.5 million copies in less than two years. The book was translated into twenty-six languages and reprinted in huge editions worldwide—all because it contained an anti-war message of such power that it seemed as though it might put an end to all wars. How could one read such a novel and then still blindly follow someone's orders to go kill their fellow men in battle? Yet, just ten years later, humanity was hit with the bloodiest of all wars—World War II.

What's my point? No matter what someone says about the meaning of your life specifically, you won't believe them. And in the vast majority of cases, you'll be right not to believe it. However, if this information is conveyed to you by a spirit, a previously unseen entity, or the Creator himself—well, that's a different story, isn't it? This is primarily because the contact with God alone will leave an indelible impression on you (to put it mildly). And I'm talking about real contact, not about claiming to have seen Jesus Christ's visage on urine-soaked garage walls. I'm talking about contact that involves genuine communication between the true hero and the Almighty. Finally, I'm talking about contact that doesn't require dying.

And I mentioned death for good reason here. When it's already too late to change anything, everything suddenly becomes clear to a person. That's how divine revelations work. As it turns out, there's a way to receive a revelation that is hundreds of times more powerful than the one experienced before death (since it's given directly to the person, not indirectly) and return to life—to a new life. Because after such an experience, you certainly won't be able to live the old way ever again.

**DON'T SETTLE
FOR ILLUSIONS:
HOW TO ATTAIN
TRUE FREEDOM**

They say that freedom rests on three pillars: the market, democracy, and bullets. How can this be denied? The kind of freedom I'm talking about here is the freedom that allows a clever guy to become an entrepreneur, and an entrepreneur to become a millionaire. That is, the freedom to play by strictly defined rules and not step outside the bounds of a slave-owning system. This chapter is about another kind of freedom: not about the ability to choose between a hamburger and a cheeseburger, but about inner liberation. That is, independence from stereotypes and dogmas imposed by the system, the expectations of the crowd, and even one's own understanding of how life should be lived. Anyone who has managed even the smallest taste of such freedom will never return to the prison house of the spiritually impoverished, even if their shackles are made of gold and encrusted with diamonds.

Words also wear out. The more they are used, the more their meaning is diminished. What remains is a set of sounds—form, but not content. Kindness, love, friendship, and, of course, freedom—these concepts have been abused to the point that no one can adequately explain them any longer. What is freedom? One philosopher said that only those who can avoid lying are truly free. Another writer said that freedom is simply when you have nothing left to lose. And a popular director once declared that madness is the highest degree of freedom. All of this is just more word salad. If the most dangerous kind of lie is a half-truth, then the most nefarious way to interpret life wisdom is certainly demagoguery. And the longer you trudge through the jungle of beautiful phrases the less time you have left on the planet. By wasting it, you're actually losing everything in the end, only freeing yourself from the possibility of achieving harmony.

Are You Truly Living?

If you ask an average citizen if millionaires are “free,” the answer will be clear. For the poor, freedom is synonymous with money. The longer you can go without working and not starve to death, the freer you are. I hope that everyone reading this book could already step away from work and have enough money to last until old age. For me, if I lived frugally, I would have enough to last for the rest of my life. But does this mean that multimillionaires are free? Hardly. Most people’s lives resemble a wolf hunt, only they are not the predators; they are the victims.

While I was working on this book, Elon Musk, seemingly the greatest innovator and visionary of our time, bought Twitter for \$44 billion. It was a colossal sum, and it has bought him the right to do whatever he wants with the network. For example, he can delete a profile that tracked his movements 24/7, ban a couple of nosy journalists, unban Donald Trump, add a bit of advertising, voice his thoughts on several important topics. In general, nothing special. If some faceless “management” team had been responsible for all this, no one would have said a word. On Facebook, there are some “automated algorithms” that limit free speech every day, but no one declares Mark Zuckerberg a threat to democracy. Yet Elon Musk has already been tarred and feathered with the “threat to democracy” label. One can appreciate the irony. You can revolutionize the global automotive market, build powerful rockets, seriously plan the colonization of Mars, but as soon as you step over the line a little, you’re already an enemy of the people.

But it's not about what the common people think of you, it's about whether you can afford not to pay attention to them. It's not about being a contrarian and turning into a ridiculous clown but about following only your own desires: these are passions that come from within, not from outside, and therefore contribute to the realization of your own personal mission. If you still don't understand what I'm talking about, I have bad news: most likely, your whole life might just be a purposeless fade to black, a prolonged transition from the womb to the grave, albeit spiced up with occasional entertainment, stimulants, and a few fleetingly pleasurable sensations. You are simply moving through a tunnel. Of course, it's a much wider tunnel than the one for those who have to grit their teeth, pull up the bootstraps, and live from paycheck to paycheck. But ask yourself a few questions, and be honest. Are you ready to settle for such "freedom"? And are you sure that your tunnel will eventually open onto a road to fulfillment?

Business Consuming Life

It would seem that endless talk about "getting out of operations" is not for millionaires. We have long learned to delegate authority, assemble teams of professionals, and work only with those we can trust, right? Partially. Yes, a respectable owner of a profitable business doesn't sweat the small stuff and doesn't strive to control everything. You may find what seems to be a golden opportunity to leave the managerial side of things to someone else. But you might find the company can't do without your guiding hand. Some decisions no one will make for you. Many tasks no one will

be able to complete to your personal standard. And there's nothing surprising about this: everyone who could have delegated such tasks has long built their own business, not working for a relative. That's why you have to spend hours at work, and in your free time, you can only think about work.

With age you get used to the long hours and the constant executive decisions. It starts to seem like a normal way of life: always busy, responsible for everything, and not wasting a minute of the workday. Business ceases to be a means of providing a decent life; it becomes life itself. Even during moments when you're supposed to be relaxing—like sipping cocktails on your yacht—you still keep thinking about business. You don't miss a single opportunity to fully return to work. I know what it's like because I've suffered from this addiction myself. What was supposed to give endless new opportunities takes them away. What was supposed to grant freedom turns a person into a slave. Business devours life like the Old Testament Leviathan, and you rejoice that at least your worries are on a much larger scale of importance than those of a middle manager. It's true, the scale is incomparable. But the lives themselves are surprisingly similar: work, sleep, try to distract yourself somehow, only to work with renewed vigor later.

This is a prison. Quite comfortable and spacious, but golden shackles restrict movement just like ordinary ones. When you realize that you're locked up in this prison by your own hand, it only gets worse. After all, you seemingly had every opportunity to do anything you wanted with your life. And you did this. By yourself. Yes, under the pressure of stereotypes, role models, and expectations imposed by the system, but voluntarily. And that means you'll have to regain your freedom on your own as well—not without external (or,

more precisely, even otherworldly) help, but you must take the first and all subsequent steps. Reprogramming your consciousness will allow you to see the world in a completely different way and build a completely different interaction with it (including business practices).

This is like updating the operating system of your smartphone. New features, tons of optimizations, improved performance: all this is unavailable until you choose the corresponding item in the menu, accept all the accompanying risks, and press the “continue” button. Many of the things that surround us resemble a person. And there’s nothing surprising about it. God created us in His image and likeness. And we created everything around us in our image and likeness, insofar as that’s possible.

**BILLIONAIRE'S
LEGACY:
IS THIS ALL
THAT REMAINS
AFTER ME?**

Sooner or later, every successful man asks himself this question. If you haven't thought about it yet, you've probably become rich relatively recently. Big money is intoxicating. You want to try everything, be everywhere, and prove all your detractors wrong. You want to drive luxury cars, wear the most expensive clothes, and kick open doors to Michelin-starred restaurants. But after the initial intoxicating high, what inevitably comes is a crushing hangover. You come to realize that both the master of life in a Rolls-Royce Phantom and the worker in a financed Hyundai Solaris are equal in the face of eternity. That your possessions are not you, and they are nothing more than showy filigree regardless of how much it all cost. Yes, wealthy people have the opportunity to stay beautiful and healthy for longer, but we are all mortal in the end. The outcome is the same. And what do those five or ten years stolen from eternity mean? That's why we strive to leave something meaningful behind us—to leave a mark, or rather, a legacy.

Do you think Warren Buffett and Bill Gates don't care about starving African children? They are tormented by the same thoughts as everyone who has achieved such world-beating success. Such thoughts burn, and the great philanthropists try to extinguish this fire with money. Does it work? For a while, you can lie to yourself that it does and replace the truth with public approval. Does anyone get the irony here? To get rich, you have to ignore what the common folk think of you. Once you've achieved fame and fortune, then you have to win the public over with flamboyant acts of patronage. Of course, this never works. How do the people repay Bill Gates for his good deeds? They dream up conspiracy theories. Instead of revering the founder of Microsoft,

he's seen as the devil himself, who implants microchips in our children through 5G towers and coronavirus vaccines.

Hereditary Problems

Gates is smart, educated, and in some ways even modest: in a word—a techie. Among billionaires, let alone millionaires, there are not many like him. But you know as well as I do that there are plenty of boorish people out there with money. And at some point, these sorts get tired of ogling models in saunas, and they also begin to ask eternal questions about their legacy. And they find the simplest answer, the one that their instincts and evolutionary mechanisms suggest: to impregnate as many females as possible, and to leave a bastard, or even better, several, in every country and region. After all, God commanded us to be fruitful and multiply, right? Does it help? It distracts for a while, that's for sure. But is that the legacy you're really looking for? Don't think I'm promoting a child-free existence. Having children is a perfectly healthy desire, without which humans would have long been extinct. But having children on an industrial scale and seeing it as the meaning of life: that's not a legacy—that's a pathological condition.

If you do not have such a condition, you have probably thought that your business should become your legacy. The Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Oppenheimers, Morgans: these famous dynasties seem like worthy examples to follow. Business empires that pass from fathers to children and become more powerful with each new generation sound great, don't they? Yes, but there's a catch. Preparing a child from an early age for the day when they will have to take your place

is a surefire way to make their life miserable. If you did not inherit your business from your father, you are most likely doing what you love. You have found your calling. You may not have come to your passion right away, like the author of this book. I tried my hand at real estate, freight transportation, construction, consulting, and other assorted ventures. I managed to make a decent living, but only achieved true success when I listened to my heart and devoted myself entirely to healing—because that was my calling. Are you sure that the stars will align just right and your child will coincidentally have the same calling as you?

Everyone has their own path, and if you force a child off their path, it will not end well. Remember what a mischievous child does when they are forced to attend, say, music school. That's right, they skip classes. And if a parent is too insistent, they might even smash a very expensive violin over the child's head. When you forcibly prepare your son for the day he will take your position, and he dreams of being an artist, he will most likely become one. But first, he will ruin your business, hate himself for being unhappy, start drinking or using drugs, and then, having hit rock bottom, finally pursue his art (if he doesn't die of an overdose or hang himself in despair first). Don't believe it? Then imagine spending your whole life doing something that holds no interest for you. Anyone would rebel. And yes, very often the antics of the "golden youth" are not a consequence of being spoiled and poorly raised, but a subconscious rebellion against a reality where their lives have been pre-planned decades in advance. This is the sort of rebellion that is senseless, ruthless, and ultimately destructive.

If decent heirs cannot be found among children, what can be said about children with broken destinies? Maybe your

legacy will simply be a thriving business, even if in someone else's hands? This is not the worst option, but only as long as you are sure that there are no better ones. Ask yourself: will everything you are thinking about now have any meaning after your death? What about a hundred years after your death? Or a thousand years from now, when new people will rightly consider us underdeveloped savages, just as we now consider the barefoot Europeans of the eleventh century to be? What about ten thousand years from now, when perhaps human civilization itself will be forgotten? Or a billion years from now, when nothing will remain of planet Earth or even our entire galaxy?

These questions are sobering. They provide a comprehensive understanding of what all our vanity, charity, schools, temples, and animal shelters built at our expense are truly worth. The transience of existence pushes many of us into the hands of spiritual frauds: priests, lower-ranking cult members, schizoterics, and other insignificant creatures peddling a surrogate spiritual practice to wealthy men. Ironically, this is generally the right path. After all, to get answers regarding one's life, one needs an audience with the only one who knows anything for sure: the Creator. There are plenty of religious riffraff around swearing that only their organization has a direct line to God: one just needs to follow idiotic rules, make donations, and kiss the hands of men in skirts. But if you tell a priest that you actually communicated with the Creator, they will be the first to call the paramedics. It's simple: if sectarians really believed in God, they wouldn't be doing all the things they do. Because His wrath, like His love, knows no bounds. Or does it not? What do we even know about the Creator?

The Main Purpose of Your Life

No matter what I say about God, the Creator, the Almighty, the absolute mind (choose the name you prefer, it doesn't matter), my words probably won't have the desired effect on you. Modern people, especially those with intelligence, have long developed immunity to other people's preaching. The word "spirituality" is generally perceived as a red flag. If another "pale young man with a burning gaze" is talking about spirituality, he's either trying to scam you for money or engaging in some nasty political propaganda. In the second case, the conversation inevitably touches upon values, left-liberal fascism, the promotion of homosexuality, and other heresies that are fed to the dull masses through the television. That's why the question "Would you like to talk about our Lord Jesus Christ?" causes nothing but irritation.

Moreover, many wealthy men are atheists, and this is not surprising. The smarter a person is, the less likely they are to believe in all this nonsense about an anthropomorphic old man on a cloud, his winged servants, and the immaculate conception. It may seem like I'm just mocking Christianity, but no, all popular religions are worthless. Intelligent people understand this, which is why only 7% of surveyed members of the National Academy of Sciences in the United States call themselves believers. And that's why the quality of life in countries populated by the most atheists is consistently high. For example, in Sweden— which has been among the top five global leaders in the quality-of-life index for many decades— up to 85% are atheists. Elon Musk, Bill Gates, Richard Branson: the richest people on the planet officially declare that they don't believe in God. They are all either

staunch atheists or agnostics, like Warren Buffet. By the way, agnosticism is a very convenient position. It's like saying, "Of course, I don't believe in all this religious nonsense, but if you ever find any proof: let me know."

So why do almost all successful men deny the existence of the Creator, at least for the time being, like Mark Zuckerberg? It's because that's the philosophy of success. It's much easier to do business when you're not relying on imaginary friends. Obviously, God, in whatever form He may exist, does not affect stock quotes, logistics, or the irresponsibility of contractors. For a successful man, there is only one Holy Scripture: a business plan. And only one commandment: to pursue their goals and never give up, even if it seems that everything is against you. When you're busy with work, there's no time to think about how many days it took to create the Earth or whether the Holy Spirit proceeds only from God the Father or also from God the Son. All of this has no practical value whatsoever. Nor does the plausibility of the Big Bang theory. About 13.8 billion years ago, a very small but very heavy nothing decided to go "bang," and we're still dealing with the consequences? I'd readily believe that.

Yes, the infinite monkey theorem is logically and mathematically flawless. If a monkey had an eternity to randomly hit keys, it would eventually type the complete works of Shakespeare. But deep down, everyone understands that it is just as absurd to explain the origin of life and human civilization in this way as it is to claim that a man is made of dung and sticks and a woman from his rib. In this regard, institutionalized religions and science have much in common. There are a myriad of simple questions that both priests and scientists cannot answer, yet they try to make a fool out of anyone who asks them. Ask an academic what was extant

before the Big Bang. They will mumble something like, “You can’t ask what was before because there was no time before the Big Bang.” Original, isn’t it?

When you have at least a million-dollar fortune and have already grown tired of it, you have plenty of time on your hands to ponder all of this. And the need for more time arises, too, let’s be honest. Only a few achieve a solid financial position in their youth. Most millionaires and billionaires are at least in their forties. The clock is ticking, death seems distant enough, but it gets closer every year: so something needs to be done, right? At this stage, many come to the logical conclusion that the concept of the Creator is not so distasteful after all. After all, in business, for example, nothing good happens by chance: you need someone to lead the team and set the rules. So why should it be any different in the Universe? How can something ordered, living, and trying to comprehend its place in the Universe arise from the fragments of incomprehensible matter scattered by an explosion in the infinite void?

When spiritual belief no longer needs to serve the utilitarian task of achieving success (since this task has already been accomplished), a wealthy man’s beliefs and worldview can change. And this does not mean that the unsuccessful believers were right all along. They do not deserve to even think about God, let alone talk about Him. That’s why, instead of direct contact with the Creator, they are given religion, which is a kind of surrogate spirituality that humiliates a person and reinforces their status as a powerless slave—who, from birth, is already guilty, owes everyone something, and should generally keep quiet. A slave will never have the courage to meet the Creator one on one. But a successful man who has already achieved everything and proven himself

to everyone will have that courage. And I'm not overstating things here. It may shock you, but I, Paul Healingod, have communicated with what can be called "God." And yes, my goal was to find out my specific purpose and the legacy I should leave in this world.

Yes, I received answers. I have mentioned some of them in this book, while others should remain confidential. You know as well as I do: not everything that is said in negotiations should become public knowledge. Especially since much of what I heard is not exactly universal. I received answers that were intended for me and me alone. They work for me. You will have to get your own. (Or you can ignore all this and convince yourself that Paul Healingod has simply lost his mind.) If you decide to arrange the most important meeting of your life, I can be your guide. Not an instructor, not a mentor, and, God forbid, not a pastor. I will help establish contact, and from there on, you'll figure it out.

I could tell you a lot about what the Creator is and why He needed to create our Universe. But you won't believe it. And I wouldn't have believed it if I had just read about it in a book—even in a book like this one. Some things just need to be seen for oneself. To see, hear, feel, and comprehend. No one can do this for you.

**INSTEAD OF A
CONCLUSION**

That's it. The book turned out to be extensive and, most importantly, all-encompassing. Therefore, I see no point in summarizing. I also don't have the goal of leading just anyone. If I wanted that, I would have watered down this book's contents for an unsophisticated popular audience. I would say that interacting with entheogens would help me make millions easily, and they would follow me like the Pied Piper. I would have money beyond the dreams of avarice. But it's not about the money. It's about fulfilling one's destiny, walking the hero's path (and perhaps helping others walk it if they prove to be worthy). And yes, having a million-dollar fortune doesn't make you worthy. It just guarantees that you have guts and brains. But guts and brains are not all it takes for initiation and an audience with the Creator.

We are used to the fact that “not for everyone” is a marketing ploy. A wealthy man hears that he is allegedly not worthy of some overhyped nonsense—and he falls for it hook, line, and sinker. And then he buys it at triple the price just to prove to himself and everyone around that he is worthy. I assure you, this is not the case. I'm talking about being chosen not to inflate my value. I don't really need your money. I also don't need like-minded people, comrades, students, or even conversation partners. I already have all of that. And I have a purpose: to be a guide. And a true guide doesn't persuade others to follow him and definitely doesn't “work with objections.” He just points the way. When the finger points to the sky, only a fool looks at the finger, right? In order not to deal with fools, I don't impose my advice on anyone. I only give it to those who need it and only when they ask me for it.

This is my eighteenth book (if I haven't lost count), and in each one, I always repeat that I envy the reader. Because

if such a guide had been in my hands about twenty years ago, I would have managed my life much more wisely. This book is no exception. If it had been in my hands along with the first million dollars I earned, I wouldn't have made many of the mistakes that a person inevitably makes when they taste truly big money. But you can't bring back the past, and I don't regret anything. Because now I am happier than I've ever been in my life and like no other multimillionaire, I'm sure of that. That's why I don't doubt that I have every right to publish a book like this—because I know how to do it, maybe even better than everyone else. And since the path to this harmony was winding and far from obvious, it's clearly a good thing to share my experience.

It's possible that you may disagree with me on some points. That's perfectly fine. I am describing a worldview on money and people that brings harmony with all of them. Does this mean my path is the only correct one? Not necessarily. Your life experience has shaped your own views, and they are valuable, too. Maybe you've even convinced yourself that they work. Because for many wealthy and successful men, the hardest thing is to admit that they've made a wrong turn somewhere. It seems to me that most of those who disagree with me are like this. After all, if you are so satisfied with your life, why did you even start reading this book? Why did you read it all the way to the last pages? If nothing bothers you and everything works out, then you already know how to live with huge amounts of money. And you certainly don't need to meet the Creator. Unless you just want to say to him: "Thank you for giving me such a wonderful life on this earth." But in that case, it's better not to waste his time (this is just a figure of speech: where he resides, there is no time).

But I'll repeat: if you still want to explain where I'm wrong, feel free to visit me. Just make sure to coordinate the time: I don't sit in my Florida mansion all year round.

Now I've definitely said everything that I wanted to—except, perhaps, for one thing. In the Bible, there's a verse: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." It sounds beautiful, but it's complete nonsense. The earth will be inherited by the brave, daring, and goal-oriented. In other words, real men. Like you and me.

That's it for now.