DESTINED FOR GREATNESS

From Millions of Dollars Lost to the Mindset of Millions

The True Story of One Man's Fall, Transformation, and Rise

A Journey Through Terror, Exile, and Resurrection

THE HIDDEN AUTHOR

Edited by Stuart Horwitz

In the spirit of Napoleon Hill, Earl Nightingale, Les Brown, Zig Ziglar, Tony Robbins, and Dale Carnegie

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DEDICATION

THE LINEAGE OF FAITH

This blueprint was not born in a vacuum. It was forged in the fire, but it was sustained by the giants who walked before me.

I write these words as a debt of honor to Les Brown, Zig Ziglar, and Earl Nightingale.

When my world turned to ash and I was paralyzed by shame, my greatest barrier was that I did not understand a single word of English. But the universe sent a bridge. I owe a profound debt of gratitude to Evan Carmichael and the Believe Nation community. Evan was my daily pipeline, translating the raw fire of these legendary giants into my native Hebrew. His relentless work became the mandatory "daily shower" my soul required to survive the mental siege. Without Evan making their wisdom accessible, the spark inside me would have been extinguished, and this book—destined to impact millions across the globe—would never have been born.

Through Evan's channel, I spent endless midnight hours listening to Les Brown scream into the microphone, standing in Georgia in front of 80,000 souls. His voice pierced through my darkness. He taught me that the wealthiest place on earth is the cemetery—because that is where unfulfilled dreams, unwritten books, and buried

empires go to die. He told me the story of his fight, and he made me realize that as long as I can look up, I can get up.

Through his voice, and the timeless wisdom of Zig and Earl, the Millionaire Seed inside me refused to die. This book is the continuation of their fire. I took their torch into hell, tested it against multi-million-dollar devastation, and I am handing it back to you.

You are not going to the grave with your seed buried inside you.

Read. Rebuild. Rise.

"Whatever the mind of man can conceive and believe, it can achieve."

— Napoleon Hill

"You have GREATNESS within you!"

— Les Brown

"We become what we think about most of the time."

— Earl Nightingale

"Failure is an event, not a person."

— Zig Ziglar

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Chapter 1

The Crushing

THE STORY

The phone vibrated. Not the familiar buzz of another closed deal—this vibration crawled through the mahogany desk like venom. Two words erased everything: *"It's over."*

All my money. Gone.

I stood suspended in empty space, watching my office walls transform into a mausoleum. The darkness didn't creep—it lunged, wrapping around my chest like a fist. I felt the world shoveling dirt onto my chest, grain by grain.

What I didn't know then was what looked like burial was actually planting.

The seed must break for the tree to grow. It must experience the death of its shell in black earth before bursting into light. But that September morning, I saw no tree. I saw a man who had believed he lost his identity, his money, and his soul.

THE PRINCIPLE: The Law of the Seed

Napoleon Hill taught that every adversity carries the seed of an equivalent or greater benefit. But he didn't tell the whole truth: *the seed must die before it can live*.

Every mighty oak began as a seed buried in darkness, its protective shell crushed, pushing through resistance toward light. When I lost it all, I wasn't experiencing failure, I was experiencing the necessary death that precedes resurrection.

The universe wasn't punishing me. It was preparing me.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Put your hand on your chest. Feel that heartbeat.

You think you're in a pit? They could seize the company, strip the offices, threaten me until my hands shook—but they couldn't reach inside my skull and take what I carried between my ears. My *why*. My potential.

They believed they were burying me. They didn't realize I was a seed.

Your action—TODAY:

Write these words and sign them:

"I am a seed. The darkness around me is not my grave—it is the soil of my transformation. The pressure crushing me is not destroying me, it is cracking open my shell of limitation. I am

not ending. I am beginning. This is not my death—this is my resurrection starting NOW."

Then take ONE action that proves you're still in the fight. One call.

One email.

One inch forward.

Because motion creates emotion, emotion creates momentum, and momentum transforms seeds into forests.

The seed of greatness lives within you. Now let the breaking open begin.

Chapter 2

When the Refrigerator Mirrors the Soul

THE STORY

The real fall isn't a red graph plummeting on a screen. It's physical. It penetrates your bones. It changes the smell of your home.

For me, it began just before our Jewish holidays.

The streets of my town in Israel overflowed with celebration—intoxicating aromas, bags loaded with abundance, joy bursting from windows. And me? I walked into the grocery store certain everyone could see it branded on my forehead: FAILURE.

Reality doesn't just knock on the door. It kicks it down.

My greatest humiliation didn't happen in a courtroom. It happened in the checkout line.

I entered the supermarket, back straight like a warrior, pretending my every second was worth thousands. I placed what I'd always known in the cart—the most expensive cereals, the highest quality chocolate.

The cashier began scanning. *Beep . . . beep*. Each sound was a hammer blow. The amount climbed: 50, 100, 150. The world saw an empire, but my pocket held credit cards that were worthless plastic.

I swiped the first card. DECLINED. The second. DENIED.

Planet Earth stopped rotating. I felt stares stabbing my back like arrows. The cashier's expression shifted from pity to contempt. I could hear their thoughts: *Look at him, the big millionaire. Today he can't buy milk for his children.*

"STOP!" I shouted in a strangled voice. "Take that off. And that. And that . . ."

I stood there—before the cashier, the neighbors, the entire world—forced to make the most impossible choice a father can make: basic bread or the treat my child loves? Milk for the baby or cheese for my wife?

My hands trembled as I peeled gleaming items from the cart and placed them in the returns basket. My ego—built over a decade of success—shattered into pieces on the dirty supermarket floor.

There's a lie everyone sells: "Money isn't everything." That's a loser's sentence. Money is freedom. Money is the protective wall around your children. Whoever tells you otherwise has never had tobetray their soul for a few miserable pounds for bread and milk.

This is when you're forced to ask the most terrifying question: *"Who am I without my money?"*

THE PRINCIPLE: The Law of Identity vs. Image

Zig Ziglar said: "Your greatest asset is not what you have in your pocket, but who you are."

In those dark days, I didn't believe him. I felt that without money at the grocery store, I had no right to exist. My identity had been erased along with my bank balance.

But here's the brutal truth that took years of agony to learn:

You are not your bank account. You are not your car. You are not your office.

These are costumes. When the universe rips them off—violently, publicly, mercilessly—it's not trying to destroy you. It's trying to show you what lies underneath, the indestructible core that exists independent of circumstance.

That emptiness in my refrigerator wasn't the end. It was the birth of my hunger. Not hunger for food that satisfies for an hour—hunger for transformation that burns forever.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Right now, you may be standing in your own dark kitchen. Your refrigerator—literal or metaphorical—may be illuminating your own emptiness.

Hear me: You are not your circumstances. You are your *response* to your circumstances.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: Go to the place representing your greatest lack. Stand there. Don't run from the pain.

Step 2: Ask out loud: *"Who am I when this is taken away?"*

Step 3: Write this ten times: *"When everything is gone, I still have_____."* Fill in each blank with what no bank can repossess: your mind, your determination, your love, your hunger, your refusal to quit.

Step 4: Declare until it reverberates in your bones:

"The emptiness I see is not my identity—it is my opportunity. I am not what I lost. I am what I am about to become. This refrigerator light illuminates not my defeat, but my determination."

Your empty refrigerator is not the end of your story. It's the beginning of your hunger.

And hunger—real, burning, unstoppable hunger—is the most powerful force in the universe.

Are you ready to transform this pain into power?

Chapter 3

Angels Without Faces

THE STORY

To become the rock you see before you now, I had to walk through the valley of distilled shame. I had to become the man who runs from his own shadow.

My neighborhood grocery store became a forbidden zone. That cashier had witnessed my credit card decline once . . . twice . . . three times. His gaze became a death sentence for my dignity.

So I began to wander.

I drove to a supermarket on the other side of town. A distant place where no one knew my name and I wasn't "the rich man who fell"—I was just another anonymous face. I walked inside, grabbed a cart, and placed cheese, bread, even a small treat for my children inside.

Then came the reckoning. Not at checkout—inside my own skull.

I stopped in the middle of the aisle and pulled out my phone. Opened the calculator, adding every penny with paralyzing anxiety. *Bread – 4.20, milk –*

5.10 . . .

The screen revealed the bitter truth: I was short a few dollars. A few cursed dollars.

My shame wouldn't permit me to confess at checkout, so I turned around. I walked back toward the shelves with my head bowed, feeling utterly transparent. My hand trembled—*trembled*—as I lifted my child's chocolate bar and placed it back on the cold metal shelf.

And suddenly, in the absolute darkness, I felt a hand. A warm hand on my shoulder.

A person I'd never met. He didn't ask "What happened?" He didn't demand explanations. He simply saw a broken human being and decided to become my bridge over the abyss.

He looked the cashier in the eyes and spoke quietly but with authority: *"Don't return anything. Ring everything up. I'm paying."*

He swiped his card with casual indifference, as though purchasing a morning newspaper. For him? 150 dollars. For me? It was the entire world. Oxygen for my starving lungs. The message from the universe that I still existed. That I was not merely a number in a bank—I was a human being.

This wasn't a close friend who pitied me. This wasn't a family member supporting me from obligation. This was a complete stranger. Someone I'd never encountered before and likely will never encounter again.

Tony Robbins always recounts the story that shaped his entire life: When he was a child, on Christmas Day, they had not a single crumb of food in the house. His father was broken, proud, desperate. Suddenly—a knock. A complete stranger with an enormous basket overflowing with every good thing. His father refused, humiliated

to his core. But the stranger looked him in the heart and said: *"This isn't from me, sir. This is from someone who just wants you to know there's hope in the world."*

Tony declares that in that moment he decided that he would never permit another human being to feel hopeless.

That's exactly what happened to me in that grocery store. In that moment, the seed of the millionaire within me received water. Not water of money—water of humanity.

THE PRINCIPLE: The Mechanics of Grace

Here's what business schools don't teach, what MBA programs omit, what success gurus often miss:

Every time you give, you prove to the universe that you are a channel of abundance. Every time you receive, you learn humility—and without humility, you can never become a true leader.

Consider this: If that stranger hadn't brought food to Tony's family, there would be no Tony Robbins as we know him. No *Awaken the Giant Within*. No millions of lives transformed. One anonymous act literally altered the trajectory of human consciousness.

That's the multiplication effect of anonymous grace. One act doesn't merely impact one moment—it creates a cascade flowing through decades and touching millions.

Zig Ziglar declared: "You can have everything in life you want if you just help enough other people get what they want." But the corollary he didn't emphasize enough is that you can become

everything you're meant to be if you're willing to *let* other people help you get what you need.

Pride says: "I don't need help." Ego says: "I'll figure it out alone." Shame says: "I don't deserve help."

But grace says: "You're human. And humans need each other. Accept the help. Pay it forward. This is how the world heals."

Let me tell you what happened physiologically when that stranger paid:

My heart rate dropped from 140 to 90. My shallow, panicked breathing deepened into my belly. My trembling hands steadied. My tunneled vision widened and brightened.

One act of kindness literally altered my biochemistry.

That moment might be the difference between someone surrendering and someone fighting one more day.

THE CALL TO ACTION

To those in the pit: I'm begging you—don't let shame kill you. Shame is your cursed ego disguised as false humility. When you receive grace from a stranger, don't feel small. Understand that God is speaking through their hands. Accept this grace as a loan from the universe—a loan that one day, when you're on top, you'll repay at compound interest of millions of percent.

To those who have succeeded: When you see someone deliberating before a shelf for five minutes, someone returning a product in a whisper, someone whose eyes have gone dark—be their

angel. You're not merely paying for milk. You're paying for the divine right to rescue a soul from the claws of despair.

Your action—THIS WEEK:

Step 1: Set Aside "Angel Money." Right now, decide on an amount—fifty dollars, one hundred, whatever you can afford. Label it "Angel Fund."

Step 2: Go on an Angel Hunt. Place yourself where you might encounter someone in need, places where people sometimes fall short. Most people avert their eyes from suffering. Train yourself to look toward it.

Step 3: When You See Someone Struggling . . . Don't wait. Don't overthink. When you see need and have means, act. The window is small, but the impact is massive. Approach them or the cashier and say: *"I'm covering this."* If they protest: *"Someone did this for me once. Let me pass it forward."*

Step 4: Give Anonymously. Don't make it about you. Don't ask for their story. Don't present your business card. Simply give and disappear.

Anonymous giving is the purest form—no ego attached, no expectation, no social benefit.

Step 5: Give Enough to Matter. If someone's card declines for 150 dollars, don't offer ten. Cover it all. Small gestures are better than nothing, but significant gestures change lives.

Step 6: The Receiving Practice. If you're in the pit, practice receiving help with grace. When someone offers assistance, don't

reject it out of pride. Look them in the eyes. Say “Thank you” and mean it. Let them be human. Letyourself be human.

Step 7: Declare this:

“I am either currently receiving grace or positioned to give it. Grace received makes me humble. Grace given makes me powerful. The combination makes me unstoppable.”

Be the proof that grace exists.

Chapter 4

Doors of Fear

THE STORY

If you see a calm person before you now, remember that this calm is not accidental. It was forged inside the hell of noise. Les Brown said: "If you don't control your mind, someone else will control it for you." In my dark days, my mind was a battlefield brutally conquered by voices of pure evil.

Home. That word is supposed to symbolize protection. Refuge. The place where you lock the door and the cruel world remains outside. But for me, home became a prison of paranoia.

But the enemy didn't stand outside with tanks. The enemy sat in my pocket. My cell phone would scream—not ring—*scream* with the shrieks of an executioner. You finish an exhausting fifteen-minute call with a bloodthirsty lawyer wanting to tear living flesh from your bones, still wiping cold sweat from your forehead, heart still struggling to return to rhythm . . . and a second later—BOOM. The next number appears like a demon emerging from darkness.

"Hello, this is the collection company . . ." "Hello, this is enforcement . . ." "Hello, this is regarding the debt that's growing . . ."

Every ring was a small heart attack. I had to grab the device frantically, sprint to the bathroom like a hunted criminal, speak in a broken whisper, and beg for my life: *"It will be . . . just give me one more moment to breathe!"*

Then one day, the phone rang. But this was not a banker with forms. This was a rough, cold voice crawling from the deepest abyss: *"I know exactly where you are. I'm standing right now outside your door. Brown door, right? With the gold handle? I'm waiting. And I'm not going anywhere until I have the money. I don't know what I'm going to do to you—but you better open up."*

I looked at my door. The brown color, the gold handle I'd once chosen with pride—it suddenly seemed thin as paper.

THE PRINCIPLE: The Mental Warfare of Financial Collapse

Tony Robbins declares: "Where focus goes, energy flows!" And my focus was locked on paranoia, terrified that at any moment someone would seize the last thing I had: the hope that this nightmare would end.

Here's what I discovered in that hell: The real battle isn't against the creditors. It isn't against the debt collectors. The real battle is against the voice inside your head whispering: *"You're finished. You're done. Give up."*

That voice weaponizes the phone calls, the letters, the threats as its ammunition.

In those days, I thought about debts. About threats. About failure. My brain was flooded with pure poison.

But from this abyss, from the darkness of night, I remembered Les Brown's echoing scream: "You've got to be hungry!"

My fear was enormous. It filled the entire house. But inside my empty belly, inside my crushed soul, I began to feel a different hunger. Not for money—hunger for *life*. Hunger to prove to all the voices on the phone, to all the red letters, and especially to the cowardly voice inside my own head—that they were wrong. I wanted to make sure my story wouldn't end with a creditor knocking, but with a shout of absolute victory before millions.

THE CALL TO ACTION

If you're afraid of the next knock on the door, listen to me:

They can threaten the walls, but they cannot enter your soul unless you open the door. Lock fear outside. Your resurrection doesn't start at the bank, it starts the moment you decide fear will no longer govern you.

If your phone is screaming with threats right now, listen carefully: They can scare you, they can threaten you, but they can never kill the seed of greatness within you.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: Accept the Reality. Stop pretending the threat isn't real. Write down exactly what you fear: *"I'm afraid of [specific threat]. This fear is real because [reason]. But I am still here. Still breathing. Still capable of choosing my response."*

Step 2: Separate Fear from Reality. Most threats are designed to terrify, not execute. Write down what they're actually threatening, what they're legally permitted to do, and what they're likely to do. Fear amplifies everything. Reality is usually less extreme.

Step 3: Create a Phone Response Script. Stop improvising—improvisation leads to panic. Memorize this:

"I understand you need payment. I'm currently unable to provide what you're asking. I'm working on a solution. I'll contact you when I have an update."

Then hang up. Don't engage in arguments. Don't make promises you can't keep. State facts. End call. Move on.

Step 4: Create Physical Safety. If threats are real, take action: document everything, notify authorities if necessary, create safety protocols for your family. Their safety matters more than any debt.

Step 5: The Door Meditation. Stand at your door. Touch it. Say out loud:

"This door is just wood. But I am not just flesh. They can knock on my door, but they cannot knock down my soul. They can threaten my home, but they cannot enter my heart unless I open it. I choose to lock fear out. I choose to let only strength in."

You've touched bottom. You've felt the fear. And you're still here. That's not weakness. That's the beginning of unbreakable strength.

Chapter 5

The Forced Exile

THE STORY

Amidst all the pain—the bleeding refrigerator, the mental terror, the threatened doors—suddenly the "saviors" appeared. In my community, when everything collapses, there are always those who arrive with a rescue rope.

But hear me well: Sometimes that rescue rope is actually chains of eternal slavery.

I had a plan. Inside my starving mind burned the spark of the entrepreneur that nothing could extinguish. I knew—*knew*—that whoever possessed the knowledge to build an empire once, possesses the knowledge to do it again. I wanted to labor day and night, return every penny with the dignity of manual labor. Be the man who rises by his own merit.

But then came the "good" people. People who applied psychological pressure impossible to describe. They didn't come to help me rise—they came to sentence me to exile. They didn't want to see me build—they wanted to see me beg.

"You have to travel to America," they said in the tone of an executioner. *"Go there, sit in synagogues, knock on doors of strangers, tell everyone your blood is flowing. Be the most pitiful there is. Beg for donations until someone has mercy. Don't come back until you have what you owe."*

I tried to fight. I screamed: *"I have a wife! Children going through difficulty! How can I leave them? I'm an entrepreneur! A leader! Not a beggar!"*

They didn't listen. They wanted to erase my self-image as an entrepreneur and replace it with a self-image as a beggar. Transform my tragedy into a charity show where they were heroes and I was broken scenery.

The psychological pressure only increased. *"If you don't go,"* they hinted like destroying angels, *"no one will take care of your family here. The responsibility for what happens is on you."*

They purchased my plane ticket. Not a ticket to freedom—a ticket to prison without bars, thousands of miles from children who needed me as a father and hero.

THE PRINCIPLE: When Helpers Become Handlers

Here's the brutal truth about community "help" nobody discusses:

Sometimes people who offer help don't want you to succeed. They want you to survive—barely—in a way that validates their role as helpers and keeps you permanently dependent on their mercy.

They don't want you to build. They want you to beg. They don't want you to rise. They want you to be grateful. They don't want independence. They want you as their project.

This isn't help. This is human trafficking dressed in charitable clothing.

What they said: "We're sending you to America to raise money."

What they meant: "We're removing you from the equation, controlling your narrative, turning your tragedy into our charity case, ensuring you remain forever grateful and forever small."

Les Brown teaches: "Accept responsibility for your life. Know that it is you who will get you where you want to go, no one else." But what happens when people are actively seizing responsibility *for* you—not to empower, but to control?

What they didn't know—what I didn't know yet—is that God wasn't sending me to America to collect donations. He was sending me to meet my greatness. They dispatched me as a humiliated victim. Me? I was traveling to be born again as a warrior with nothing to lose.

THE CALL TO ACTION

If everyone around you is trying to diminish you, telling you you're "finished," that you need to "surrender your dignity" to survive—don't listen.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: Identify the Controllers. Write down who offers "help" that actually diminishes you. Who makes you feel smaller when they "help?" Who needs you to stay down to validate their role?

Step 2: Assess the Agenda. For each "helper," ask:

- Does this help empower me or keep me dependent?
- Does this advice lead to my independence or their control?
- Do they celebrate my small wins or only acknowledge my continued need?

If help creates dependence, it's not help—it's control.

Step 3: Reframe the Situation.

Their frame: *"You're finished."* → Your reframe: *"I'm at rock bottom—nowhere to go but up."*

Their frame: *"Humble yourself and beg."* → Your reframe: *"Strategically position myself where opportunity exists."*

Their frame: *"Be grateful for our help."* → Your reframe: *"Grateful for the lesson in who NOT to become when I have power."*

Step 4: The Sovereignty Declaration. Write and read daily:

"I am not your project. I am not your charity case. I am a human being with inherent dignity and unlimited potential. You may control my circumstances temporarily, but you will NEVER control my spirit, my mind, or my comeback. I accept help on MY terms, or I reject it entirely. I am going where I'm going not as a beggar—but as a strategist. Not as a victim—but as a warrior."

Chapter 6

Days of Silence

THE STORY

When you look at me now, please remember:

My straight back wasn't born when I had everything. It was born at JFK Airport in New York the moment I exited into the frigid American cold with fifty crumpled dollars in my pocket and one suitcase full of shame and ashes.

Zig Ziglar said: "You don't have to be great to start, but you have to start to be great."

I started from absolute zero.

I'm standing in the heart of New York—the city of unlimited possibilities—and I'm the man who lost everything. Fifty dollars. That's the entire capital of the new me.

Then it happened. God sent an angel in flesh and blood before I even left the terminal.

On the flight, a person sitting next to me—an ordinary man with a face radiating pure kindness—heard part of my story. He didn't judge or ask nosy questions about the millions I'd lost. He just listened.

At baggage claim, he approached me, looked me straight in the eyes, put a powerful hand on my shoulder, and said with simplicity that shook me to my soul:

"Don't worry about where you're going tonight. You're not alone in New York. I'm taking you with me. You have a place to sleep in my house."

After a few days, when he understood the insane complexity—all those millions evaporated, violent threats, cruel exile—he arranged for me to stay with a wonderful family who received me as if I were their son returned from battle.

Suddenly, the terror of knocks on the door and psychological threats—everything that previously disrupted my life and livelihood—was replaced with divine quiet and distilled human warmth.

I sat in the room my hosts gave me. Clean bed. Hot food. And the most precious thing for a broken person: silence. Finally I could start the real work—what Zig Ziglar called "the hardest work in the world"—the work on what happens inside my head.

THE PRINCIPLE: Strategic Disconnection as Consciousness Reset

Earl Nightingale said our mind is the most powerful device in the universe. But my device was broken—tuned to only one frequency: primitive survival. It broadcasted only fear, shame, and the strategies of a hunted animal.

In those days—without the screeching ring of the phone, without threats—the frequency changed. The silence created a mighty vacuum, and into that vacuum my original greatness began to flow.

Here's what Nightingale's "Strangest Secret" means in practice:

If you think about survival 24/7, you become a survivor—barely alive. If you think about threats 24/7, you become a victim—perpetually attacked. If you think about shame 24/7, you become shameful—identity of failure.

But when you create silence—real, complete, total silence—you get to

choose what to think about. And that choice determines everything.

I rediscovered who I am:

NOT my bank balance. NOT my creditors' opinions. NOT my past failures.

I AM a creator of value. A solver of problems. A builder of systems. A leader of people. A force of nature.

These truths don't change based on external circumstances. They exist independent of money, status, or approval.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Disconnection isn't escape—it's counterattack.

Sometimes the biggest strategic step you can take is simply to silence that cursed device in your pocket, go to a place where no one knows your name, and let your soul remember who it really is.

Your action — CREATE YOUR THREE DAYS:

Step 1: Schedule the Blackout. Block seventy-two hours where you're completely unreachable. Phone OFF—not silent, OFF. No email. No social media. Tell only essential people.

Step 2: Change Your Geography. Go somewhere you've never been. A different city if possible, and a different neighborhood if not. No familiar faces. No familiar triggers.

Step 3: The Silence Immersion. For seventy-two hours, your ONLY jobs: Walk. Think. Write. Sleep. NO productive work. NO problem-solving. Just *being*.

Step 4: The Identity Questions. Spend hours answering:

- Who am I without my circumstances?
- What would I do if I knew I couldn't fail?
- Who is the REAL me underneath all the noise?

Step 5: The Return Ritual. Before turning the phone back on, declare:

"I am returning to the world, but I am not the same person who left it. I have remembered who I am. The circumstances may be the same, but I am different. And because I am different, everything will be different. I AM THE ONE."

Then—and only then—turn it on from a position of power, not weakness.

Chapter 7

The Sacred Hour

THE STORY

When you look at someone you admire, what do you see?

A sharp person? A person who doesn't let go? You must understand that my mind wasn't born in a seminar with champagne. It was forged inside the fire of crisis, in absolute solitude, far from everyone who once believed in me and far from everyone who wanted to bury me.

I decided to dedicate one sacred hour every day—ONE HOUR—to training my mind like an Olympic athlete trains their body.

Not reading newspapers. Not drowning in social media. Not speaking with anyone who might pour cold water on my burning ember. One hour of vision-building. One hour of mental construction. One hour of training my consciousness to believe that I am still number one—even when every external indicator screamed "you're zero!"

Tony Robbins declares: "Change doesn't happen because you know what to do—it happens because you change your mental state."

And in my first weeks in America, my mental state underwent live surgery for a transplant of a winner's personality.

I found a quiet corner—in the host family's house, in a public library, in a park when weather permitted—and I closed my eyes. I started dreaming. Not dreams of a pitiful person collecting donations. But dreams of an astronomical entrepreneur conquering a new continent.

I imagined with closed eyes how I would return from this journey not as a humiliated victim, but as a mighty victor who rehabilitated his family from the foundation. I saw my wife and children no longer pitiful, but living in security, abundance, and royal splendor.

THE PRINCIPLE: Mental Training as the Foundation of Physical Reality

The moment you train your mind to focus on the solution instead of the problem, it changes its frequency physically. It starts identifying golden opportunities that were there all the time—but you were blind to them because of the fog of fear.

Your mind transforms from a magnet for troubles to a magnet for astronomical power.

Zig Ziglar said: "You have to 'be' before you can 'do.'" And in this hour—I was already the millionaire. Not in my bank account, but in my consciousness. And consciousness always—ALWAYS—precedes manifestation.

THE CALL TO ACTION

I'm telling you here and now, without filters: You owe yourself this hour.

Don't dare tell me "I don't have time." If you don't have one hour a day to train your mind, you're sentencing yourself to remain a slave to your current reality until the day you die.

Your action—THE SACRED HOUR PROTOCOL—for the next 30 days:

STEP 1: The Physical Setup. Find a space where you CANNOT be interrupted for sixty minutes. Phone OFF—not silent, OFF. This hour is more important than any creditor call, any emergency, any distraction.

STEP 2: The Detox Phase (First 10 Minutes). Acknowledge every fear, debt, and problem. Then say out loud: *"I acknowledge these exist. But for the next fifty minutes, they do NOT exist in my consciousness. I am entering the sacred time where I am not my circumstances—I am my potential."*

STEP 3: The Identity Declaration (5 Minutes). Stand up, before a mirror if you have one. Declare: *"I am not my bank balance. I am not my debts. I AM a creator. I AM a force of nature temporarily experiencing resistance. I AM already successful in consciousness—now I'm manifesting it in the physical realm."*

STEP 4: The Vision Construction (30 Minutes). Close your eyes. With *incredible* detail:

- See your bank account with the balance you want. Feel the relief. Hear yourself telling your spouse, "We're free."
- See yourself as the person who overcame this. Feel the confidence. See how others look at you with respect.
- See yourself helping others climb from their pits. Connect to a purpose bigger than yourself.

STEP 5: The Strategy Download (10 Minutes). In the victory state, ask: *"What's one step I can take today? Who do I need to become? Which beliefs are blocking me?"* Let the answers come.

STEP 6: The Re-Entry (5 Minutes). Choose a physical gesture, like a

fist pump or deep breath. When you make it, say: *"I AM THE ONE."*

This creates a neural pathway you can access instantly later.

After 30 Days: Look back at who you were on Day 1. You'll barely recognize that person—not because circumstances changed, but because your relationship to circumstances changed.

Chapter 8

Cold Water For a Weary Soul

THE STORY

Pride wasn't something I was born with.

It was reborn on the day I entered a giant synagogue in New York, with only fifty dollars in my pocket and an empire of fifty million dollars in my head.

I found a palace of abysmal contrasts that only New York can produce. On one side—titans. Millionaires closing world-spanning deals with a handshake between afternoon and evening prayers. On the other side—an army of shadows. People who surrendered their dream.

Then, inside the darkness of uncertainty, it happened. They say the most powerful words in the universe aren't those spoken in ear-deafening screams, but those whispered in sacred quiet directly into the abyss of your soul.

On that day, in the synagogue in New York, a man didn't just speak to me—he performed open-heart resuscitation on me.

I was convinced that my identity as a success, as a leader died and was buried under millions of dollars of bleeding debt. I thought the grave wassealed.

Then he started bombarding me with questions. Each question was like a surgeon's scalpel peeling away contaminated layers of shame and guilt.

When I answered about the sophisticated business models I built, when I described the management of the empire, when I explained my uncompromising vision—I felt something fluttering inside me. The spark of the entrepreneur. The DNA of the millionaire I thought had burned in hellfire.

Suddenly, I discovered that it had only been dormant. Just waiting for cold water to wake it up.

Then came the shock, the moment the universe stopped moving.

He looked at me with a penetrating gaze—a gaze that didn't count the miserable fifty dollars in my pocket. He saw the DNA of royalty flowing in my veins. This man told me:

"I see it in you. You won't stay here, you will reach much, much further than you ever were!"

A million volts straight into my heart.

At that moment, all the poisoned lies I had been feeding myself simply shattered on the floor. That I'm a failure. That I'm zero. That the end has arrived. Shattered. All of it.

I discovered he too had passed through the valley of the shadow of death. He too knew what it means to lose everything. His power

came from his scars. He recognized the warrior in me because he himself was a warrior who had passed through war.

Here was a man who didn't see what I LOST. He saw what I KNOW. That shift—from loss-focused to knowledge-focused—changed everything.

I was no longer "the man who lost millions." I was "the man who knew how to build a multi-million-dollar business—and who today is a thousand times wiser."

THE PRINCIPLE: The Power of Recognition

Earl Nightingale repeated the absolute truth: "Everything begins and ends with your self-image."

This man—the angel sent from heaven—in five minutes of distilled truth, built me a new self-image. He didn't just talk to me. He returned to me the ownership of my kingdom. He returned to me the greatness that belongs to me by right, not by grace.

What happened physiologically:

BEFORE: Nervous system locked in shame-survival mode. Breathing shallow. Posture collapsed. Mental state: victim identification.

AFTER: Nervous system activated in possibility mode. Breathing deep. Posture powerful. Mental state: warrior identification.

This was literal neurological rewiring through someone else's certainty about me.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Sometimes the greatness has been so buried by trauma that you need someone external to excavate it—to remind you it's still there.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: The Scalpel Questions. Ask yourself:

- "What did you build at your peak?"
- "What skills do you have that haven't disappeared?"
- "What's the DNA that can't be bankrupted?"

Step 2: The Identity Declaration. Stand up. Say with full conviction:

"I am not my circumstances. I am not my bank balance. I AM the person who built [what you built]. I AM the entrepreneur. I AM the warrior. The external empire fell—but the internal empire is indestructible. I was born again TODAY."

Step 3: Find Your Mirror-Holder. Identify ONE person who sees your capabilities, not your circumstances. Someone who asks about your strengths, not your struggles.

Step 4: Become the Mirror-Holder. When you see someone in their pit, don't focus on the fifty dollars in their pocket. Recognize the DNA in their veins. Remind them who they really are.

Step 5: Declare this:

"Sometimes you need someone else to shout 'You are the ONE!' at you until you remember it's true. I am no longer the failure

they labeled me. I am the giant awakening from sleep. The lion is starting to ROAR."

IT'S POSSIBLE. Not because I declared it alone, but because someone who had been through the fire looked at me and declared it *with* me. And that shared declaration had the power to resurrect the dead.

Chapter 9

The Taxi to Destiny

THE STORY

The man in the synagogue didn't merely restore my pulse. He handed me a mission—an assignment that would alter the historical trajectory of my entire family.

"There's a friend of mine you must meet," he said, eyes sparkling with the light of people who see the future. *"He's from your community. He has a heart of pure gold. Take his number. Now. Not tomorrow—now."*

He sent his friend a message: *"I'm sending you a true warrior. Listen to him."*

I stepped onto the teeming streets of New York. Manhattan's frozen air struck my face like a slap of reality.

Then I reached into my pocket. Twenty dollars.

That was all that remained of the meager fifty I'd had when I landed. Twenty solitary dollars separated me from hunger, from utter helplessness in a foreign country.

To reach that potential mentor, I would have to take a taxi. And I knew with painful clarity: this ride would consume nearly everything I had left in the world.

A brutal internal battle erupted—a war between the old me and the new.

Should I save these twenty dollars for food? Should I be "careful" and "frightened," as expected of someone who lost everything?

Or should I wager everything for the chance to rise again?

Tony Robbins says: "In moments of decision, your destiny is shaped."

At that moment, I raised my hand. Not to beg for charity, but to hail the taxi that would carry me to victory.

I decided not to invest these twenty dollars in food that will keep me alive one more day as a slave. I decided to invest them in a ride that will restore my crown as a millionaire.

I threw fear into New York's gutter and climbed into that taxi with my head held high.

The yellow cab swallowed me into the belly of a whale, like the prophet who was swallowed and taken toward his mission. Seventeen dollars and sixty cents were on the meter. I exited with a few pathetic coins in my pocket—but a nuclear reactor of belief in my heart.

I stood before that wooden door. I knocked—not the trembling knock of a beggar, but the powerful knock of destiny arriving.

THE PRINCIPLE: Investment, Not Expense

Les Brown roars: "Jump, and grow your wings on the way down!"

Before spending my final twenty dollars on the cab ride, I looked at that crumpled note and understood the essential truth: It was not money for food—it was my admission ticket to a new life.

If I kept it in my pocket out of fear, I was signing my own verdict as a beggar trembling before tomorrow. But if I spent it on this taxi, I was investing in the most precious asset in the universe: myself.

I was declaring to the universe: *"I believe in my own value far more than I believe in this piece of paper."*

THE CALL TO ACTION

Don't hoard your resources—instead, hurl them into the fire of your resurrection.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: The Binary Assessment. Write down the "safe" choice and the "bold" choice. Ask: Which leads to comeback? Which leads to slow death?

Step 2: The Investment Frame. Reframe your last resources—not as "survival money" but as "investment capital for resurrection." Your last dollar in the right opportunity is worth more than a thousand spent on mere survival.

Step 3: The Identity Declaration. Before making the bold choice, declare:

"I am not a person who clings to safety while watching opportunity pass. I believe in my value more than I believe in this money. I am willing to be hungry for a day to be fed for a lifetime. I choose bold. I choose opportunity. I choose DESTINY."

Step 4: Declare this:

"The fearful preserve their pennies and lose their futures. The bold invest their last dollar and seize their destiny. I hurl my resources into the fire of my resurrection. This is not expense—this is investment in my inevitable victory."

Chapter 10

Into the Palace of Royalty

THE STORY

Look at me waiting outside the closed door.

I stood outside in New York's cold, with only two heartbeats separating me from collapse. I knocked on that door with everything left in me—the absolute bet of a person who cast his last twenty dollars on the altar of hope.

Then the door opened.

And the moment it opened, my universe underwent a Big Bang for the second time on American soil.

This wasn't just an office—don't be mistaken. This was a palace of royalty.

The splendor and magnificence struck me with the force of a tsunami. The smell alone—the intoxicating smell of fine leather, of expensive mahogany wood, of gourmet coffee that landed straight from the peaks of the world—this smell was like a ringing slap to the face of the shame and fear I had grown accustomed to during those months of hell.

But what truly shook the doorposts of my soul was the scene around him—titans of action, sharp managers, strategic advisors. An entire team of professionals waiting for his word. Their eyes full of reverent respect.

Just a few days earlier, I sat among shadows in soup kitchens. And now? Now I'm sitting inside the nerve center of a living, breathing empire.

Yet this man didn't rush. Neither did he throw me crumbs of pity. Instead, he demanded to hear everything.

He bombarded me with questions for hours—penetrating like a surgeon's scalpel, deep as the ocean. He investigated every detail about the empire that collapsed, about the management, about every mistake and wound.

Inside my head echoed one question: *"Why would a titan of New York waste precious seconds on a crushed bankrupt like me?"*

The man who stood there didn't look at me as a refugee. He received me with a wide smile, with a heart open wide, as if I were the king himself in all my glory.

Then, when he felt I had painted the full picture of destruction, he went silent. A silence in which you can hear fate being rewritten.

He fixed me with a gaze that penetrated through my eyes, bypassed my mind, and went straight to burning my heart.

"You know why I asked you all of this?" he asked quietly—but with power that shook Manhattan's buildings. *"Because I was exactly—EXACTLY—in the place where you are now."*

The world stopped moving. Time froze. Only the two of us remained—two warriors in one room.

"I SEE you. You have the head of an entrepreneur and the DNA of a conqueror. You have the seed of true greatness. You will get out of this, and you will be much greater than you ever were. I'm telling you—you're going to reach the highest possible."

He repeated it again. And again. He worked on me like a blacksmith shaping steel in fire. He saw the cursed shame still trying to bend my head—so he increased the volume of his belief in me.

There I understood what the man in the synagogue whispered: *"He has a heart of gold."* But he forgot to mention—he also has an empire of steel.

He didn't see the debts—he saw capabilities. He didn't see the fall—he saw resurrection.

I exited his office and walked on the streets of New York. I was no longer the frightened man who rode in a taxi with his last twenty dollars. I was a person with divine purpose.

My goal isn't for you to fly to New York with twenty dollars in your pocket. My goal is that at this very moment—as you sit in your brokenness, as you look at the foreclosed apartment, the empty refrigerator, or the debts choking your breath—that you will understand what I understood in that office.

My mentor didn't take out a checkbook. He gave me something a billion times more powerful: He gave me a shock that changed my DNA forever.

I didn't have a single additional dollar in my pocket from the moment I entered. But when I left, I was the strongest millionaire in the world.

THE PRINCIPLE: Environment Shapes Destiny

Les Brown roars the truth that determines whether you crawl on the ground or fly to the sun: "You become the average of the five people you spend the most time with!"

At that second, when I breathed the air of success in that room, I understood I had changed my destiny.

I left behind the five people who talked about debts, failure, and despair—and joined those who live, breathe, and create success of billions.

In that room, surrounded by titans, I couldn't think small even if I tried. The environment itself was reprogramming my mental operating system.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Don't stay in environments that suffocate your seed—transplant yourself into the greenhouse where giants grow.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: The Environment Audit. Write down the five people you spend the most time with. For each, ask: Do they talk about

problems or possibilities? Do they live in scarcity or abundance? Are they climbing or settling?

Step 2: The Proximity Principle. Identify ONE person who is living the life you want to live. Find a way—any way—to get in their physical presence. Not email. Not phone. PRESENCE. The smell of success does what no book can do.

Step 3: The Contrast Experience. Deliberately expose yourself to environments of excellence:

- Walk through the lobby of a five-star hotel.
- Attend a high-level business event.
- Visit the office of someone successful.
- Let the contrast rebuild your vision of what's possible.

Step 4: The Five People Upgrade. Make a commitment: Within the next 90 days, I will add ONE person to my inner circle who is where I want to be. I will spend less time with those who keep me small and more time with those who call me higher.

Step 5: The Environment Declaration. Declare:

"I am not a product of my past environment—I am a creator of my future environment. I choose to surround myself with eagles, not chickens. I choose to breathe the air of success, not the fog of mediocrity. The distance between where I am and where I'm going is measured by the people I walk with."

Step 6: Declare this:

"From this moment, I upgrade my environment. I leave the five people who talk about debts and join those who build empires. I leave the soup kitchen and enter the boardroom. Not because

I've arrived—but because proximity to greatness accelerates my becoming."

Chapter 11

Into the Unknown

THE STORY

In New York, no one knew who I was. No one judged me for the fall of millions of dollars. My mind, which in Israel was under a twenty-four-seven pressure machine, suddenly started running wild with ideas.

I understood the bitter, burning truth: A quick return to Israel at that point wasn't returning home—it was returning to prison. Voluntary entry into the detention cell of fear.

I was torn between the man who wants to return and hug his wife, and the leader who knows that returning now is collective suicide.

On one side there was freedom—the atomic cleansing of the mind. My breathing was deep and clean. No terrifying rings from creditors. No threats. My mind started healing, inventing, initiating anew.

Within a few days, fate was sealed: We would be moving to America. We would open a company in the heart of New York. We would start everything from zero, from rock bottom, but with the head of giants.

And this time, it won't be to "raise funds" for hungry creditors—it will be to build an invincible empire for my family.

I made the most extreme decision of my career. I bet the entire pot, throwing all my weight onto the wings of the airplane.

I felt the fear crawling under my skin. I felt the uncertainty choking my breath. But this time, fear wasn't driving me.

I knew I was going to start my life from absolute zero. And "zero" abroad screams at me from the streets. To arrive without a job, without a roof, without business connections, when only the last five hundred dollars separates me from the abyss—this was the purest madness I ever dared to dream.

But on the night before the launch, my two angels did a final review—cold and sober. They told me what was hard to hear: *"If you land in America without a dollar in your pocket, with a whole family looking up at you, you'll crash again! Manhattan's costs will swallow you alive!"*

And suddenly, in the silence of the night, everything connected in an explosion of insight.

We're English in our DNA. My father made aliyah to Israel forty-five years ago, but our roots are planted deep in English soil. My grandfather, eighty-five years

old, still lives there. Uncles, aunts, and a large, embracing family waiting with open arms.

My angels screamed: *"Go to England! There, a safety net awaits you! There, you have rights! There you have a family backbone of steel!"*

On that historic day, I adjusted the sails of my life at a sharp and bold angle. From the land of unlimited possibilities, we moved to the land of fathers and roots.

THE PRINCIPLE: Adjusting Sails, Not Abandoning Destination

Zig Ziglar roared: "You can't change the direction of the wind, but you can always readjust your saild to reach your destination."

THE AMERICAN DREAM (Beautiful but Dangerous): No family support network. Astronomical costs. No legal right to work initially. Starting from absolute zero among strangers. High risk of crash landing.

THE ENGLISH RETURN (Practical and Powerful): Family network exists. Support system available. Legal rights as citizen. Starting from zero but with backing. Solid launch pad for an empire.

The empire would still be built, just from a different launch pad.

THE FIRST EXIT (To America, Alone): Running *from* something. Leaving family behind. Victim energy. Survival mode.

THIS EXIT (To England, Together): Running *to* something. Bringing family along. Victor energy. Conquest mode.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Don't run from something. Run toward something. Don't escape. Conquer.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: Accept the Twist. When God redirects, don't fight the change. Look for the wisdom. Adjust sails, not destination. The empire is still coming—just from a different harbor.

Step 2: The Fear Negotiation. Speak to fear directly: *"You can exist. You cannot drive. I hear you. I override you. You're a passenger. I'm the pilot."*

Step 3: The First Step Focus. Zig Ziglar said: "You don't have to see

the whole staircase, you just need to take the first step!" That flight ticket wasthe first step toward the staircase.

Step 4: The Network Activation. Leap toward support, not into a void. Who can catch you if you fall? What resources exist?

Step 5: Declare this:

"This is not the end—this is the BEGINNING. I leave behind the cage, the judgment, the suffocation. I carry with me my family, my faith, my fire. The destination changed but the destiny remains. I am the warrior leading my people to freedom. The land I leave behind will remember me as the one who escaped. The land I'm entering will know me as the one who CONQUERED."

Chapter 12

Between Metropolis and Roots

THE STORY

The landing in London wasn't just a flight—it was an entry into a bubble of pure oxygen in the heart of the ocean.

After the burning hell in Israel, and after the refining loneliness of America, suddenly we were all together. The angels of the universe provided us shelter. A real home.

We were in euphoria impossible to explain in words. The children laughed with sounds of freedom. My wife breathed for the first time in an eternity.

And I felt as if invisible jailers had removed my shackles. I felt the blood flowing back into the arteries of the leader within me.

Every step I took on London's sidewalks was a declaration of victory. My mind made an atomic "switch" and started calculating: *"How do I build my empire here?"*

But inside the euphoria, one question trembled in the air like lightning: Where is *home*?

We had glittering London, and we had the supportive, rooted community in Manchester. Everything was ready for settling in London—my heart had already been set on living there.

But when my feet stepped on Manchester soil, something deep inside my DNA trembled—this was a feeling of *belonging*.

The air in Manchester was different. It was soaked in love. In unconditional family embrace. In doors of uncles that opened wide as if we were kings returning from exile.

Suddenly, inside this silence, I felt my insane running stop. The ground beneath me was stable enough to hold the weight of the empire I was about to build.

THE PRINCIPLE: Where the Light Shines

Les Brown roared: "You must find the place where your light can shine!"

In London, I was just a drop in an ocean of millions. But in Manchester? Here I felt I was returning home. Here is where my grandparents are from and where my father grew up.

LONDON (The Obvious Choice): Big city, big opportunities. Anonymity and a fresh start. Business hub. Exciting energy. **But:** Expensive, isolating, competitive.

MANCHESTER (The Hidden Option): Family network. Community support. Lower costs. Roots and belonging. **But:** Smaller pond, less glamorous.

The mind said London. But something deeper was calling toward Manchester.

THE CALL TO ACTION

The most obvious choice isn't always the right choice. Sometimes God redirects you to a "smaller" place because that's where your "bigger" purpose can actually grow.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: The Two-Option Test. What does the EGO want—to be impressed and excited? What does the SOUL need—to be supported and stabilized? Sometimes these are different. Listen to the soul.

Step 2: The "Visit" Strategy. Before committing, go for "just a few days." Feel the energy. Notice your body's response. Your body knows before your mind decides.

Step 3: The Support Network Assessment. For each potential location, ask: Who do I know here? Who will support me unconditionally? Who will catch me if I fall? Building is easier with scaffolding.

Step 4: The Root Recognition. Ask yourself: Where do I BELONG? Where does my soul feel HOME? Where can I be fully myself? Roots make trees strong.

Step 5: Declare this:

"I have found my soil. Not the most glamorous, perhaps. Not the most obvious. But the soil where MY seed will grow best. Here I have roots. Here I have support. Here I have belonging. Here I will build—not alone, but surrounded by love. The empire doesn't

require the fanciest address. It requires the RIGHT address. And I have found it."

Chapter 13

Escaping the Rat Race

THE STORY

Manchester. The city of my father and my grandfather. I understood why the universe brought me here. Here, the community wraps around you like armor. And the air smelled like a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

I stood in Manchester—free as an eagle, but with pockets as empty as a desert.

This contrast could have crushed a weak person to pieces. On one side was a burning vision to build an empire that will shake the world, and on the other side was the refrigerator that started to scream again in its void.

I had to bring money. And I had to bring it NOW.

But exactly there, at the highest pressure point, I made the most important decision of my life:

I decided to NOT enter what Robert Kiyosaki calls “the rat race.”

Hear me clearly: I didn’t go through the hell of Israel and didn’t fly to the other side of the world to exchange the persecution of activists for chasing my own tail as a frustrated employee.

I knew that if I sold my soul to work six days a week just to "survive," my mind would die. The routine would strangle the seed of greatness within me.

My strategy was simple, sharp, and ruthless: I worked as an employee only two days a week. Hard, physical, exhausting work that drains the body. Those were the two days I brought bread home.

But the remaining five days? They belonged to the EMPIRE. They were sacred for the work on the head. They were the time when I built the first floors of the building no one else could see yet.

THE PRINCIPLE: Time Warfare

This wasn't time management. This was *time warfare*. A battle for the hours that would determine my destiny.

OPTION A (The Rat Race): Work six days for immediate money. "Survive" week to week. No time for mind work. Slow death of the dream.

OPTION B (The Lion's Strategy): Work two days for immediate money. Five days for mind work and empire. Less money now, more later. The dream stays ALIVE.

I chose Option B. It was risky and unconventional, but it was the only option that led to freedom.

THE DAILY SIEGE PROTOCOL:

MORNING (6-8 AM): Listen to motivational content. Visualize the empire. Declare identity. Set the frequency for the day.

DAYTIME (8 AM-6 PM): Work on business plans. Study, learn, grow. Make connections. Build the invisible empire.

EVENING (6-10 PM): Review the day. More content absorption. Family time. Rest the warrior for tomorrow.

Every day of my five "free" days, I placed an absolute siege on my consciousness. I listened to Les Brown, Zig Ziglar, and Earl Nightingale again, and again, and again—until their voices became *my* internal voice. In 2024, my mind wasn't an organ—it was the *headquarters* of the empire.

THE CALL TO ACTION

FROM: "How do I get money?" TO: "How do I give value?" FROM: "What can I take?" TO: "What can I create?"

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: The Time Audit. How many days do I NEED to work for survival? How many days am I working out of FEAR? Find the minimum—protect the rest.

Step 2: The Sacred Time Declaration. Protect time for mind work. These hours are NON-NEGOTIABLE. This is empire time. Guard it with your life.

Step 3: The Daily Siege. Feed the mind with content and learning. Weed the garden—remove doubt and fear. Water the seeds—visualize and believe. Make it as essential as eating.

Step 4: The Value Question. Ask daily: "How can I bring value to others? What problem can I solve? Who can I serve?" The answer leads to wealth.

Step 5: The Identity Split. BODY: Employee, temporarily. MIND:

CEO, permanently. Never let the temporary define the permanent.

Step 6: Declare this:

"I refuse the rat race. I will work for bread, but I will not sell my soul for survival. My body may be an employee, but my mind is the CEO. The world sees a worker, but I know I'm a builder. The two days fund the five days. The five days build the empire. This is not laziness—this is STRATEGY. The millionaire exists in my head before he exists in my bank. I am conducting a siege on my consciousness—and I will NOT lift it until victory is complete."

Your mind is the only asset no bank can foreclose and no activist can steal. Don't sell all of it for a pathetic salary.

The moment you're a millionaire in your head, the peak is already waiting for you with open arms. It just hasn't received the update from the bank yet, but it's already registered in your name in the universe's deed registry.

IT'S POSSIBLE. Not by selling every hour for survival, but by protecting the hours that build the empire that will make survival irrelevant.

Chapter 14

The Recovery Room In Salford

THE STORY

The first six weeks in Manchester, inside the green and calming landscape of Salford, were much more than just accommodation.

This was the recovery room of an elite unit.

A beautiful house. A wide yard stretching toward the horizon. And this green of Salford, oh this green. For me, this wasn't just a color, it was the color of distilled redemption.

Every time I stepped out onto the grass, I felt like I was reaching out and touching the heavens themselves.

After the burning hell of threats, after the violent physical pressure that paralyzed my body, after the wolves who wanted to erase my identity—the quiet of Manchester was heavenly music of victory.

The distilled mental healing that began in America's fire, here in Salford became physical healing in every cell of my body.

Every morning I felt like I was removing layers of poison from myself. I removed the trauma. I removed the memories of the persecutions. I removed the shadows of the small people who tried to take over my soul.

While the world saw a refugee, I already saw my empire being rebuilt.

But then . . . the hour arrived when the sun sets, the shadows lengthen, and the bitter, cold truth surfaces:

The house is indeed beautiful and the yard is blooming, but the pocket? The pocket was EMPTY. Empty, empty, empty. Absolute zero.

Understand the picture: I stood there, a free man in a foreign land, with a family looking up at me needing to eat, in a house that needs maintenance, and without any income in sight. No salary. No active business. No financial safety net.

Just me, my thoughts, and the void of the bank account. The contrast in January 2024 was simply insane:

On one side—a supreme feeling of freedom, healing of the soul, clean air that expands the lungs.

On the other side—existential urgency, fire burning the feet. *"Right now, at this moment, I must bring results!"*

THE PRINCIPLE: The Dual Reality

Earl Nightingale whispered: "Success is not the result of money! Money is the result of success—and success is who you BECOME!"

I knew I was already "success." I felt it in every breath. But now came the moment of truth: I had to translate this mental success into bread on the table. I had to turn the energy into gold.

THE INTERNAL STATE: Peaceful. Certain. Transformed. Healed. King in consciousness.

THE EXTERNAL STATE: Urgent. Pressured. Empty wallet. Hungry family. Beggar in circumstances.

Both were true. Both were real. The question was: Which one would I let

lead?

I didn't go through the hell of Israel and the loneliness of America to be a frustrated employee in England. I came here to establish an empire that will shake the market. I came here to REIGN.

THE BALANCE:

THE IMMEDIATE NEED: Money for food. Money for bills. Survival this week. Can't be ignored.

THE LONG-TERM VISION: Building an empire. Creating lasting wealth. Establishing legacy. Can't be forgotten.

BOTH had to be pursued SIMULTANEOUSLY. Survival AND empire. Today AND tomorrow.

THE CALL TO ACTION

It's possible. Not despite the empty pocket, but because the empty pocket creates the urgency that lights the fire of action.

Your action—TODAY:

Step 1: Acknowledge Both Realities. "My pocket is empty"—TRUE. "My mind is full"—ALSO TRUE. "I need money NOW"—URGENT. "I'm building something big"—ALSO TRUE. Both can coexist.

Step 2: The Immediate Survival Plan. What can I do TODAY for income? What skills do I have RIGHT NOW? Who can I help THIS WEEK? Survival first—but not survival ONLY.

Step 3: The Empire Blueprint. Even while surviving, sketch the BIGGER vision: What business am I building? Don't lose the vision in the scramble.

Step 4: The Millionaire-in-Renovations Mindset. Declare: "I'm not poor—I'm temporarily liquid-constrained. I'm not desperate—I'm in start-up phase. I'm not begging—I'm building."

Step 5: The Dual-Track Action. Every day, do something for IMMEDIATE money. Do something for FUTURE empire. Never sacrifice one for the other.

Step 6: Declare this:

"My pocket is empty but my mind is FULL. My bank account shows zero but my potential is INFINITE. I will bring the first penny TODAY while planning the first MILLION. The empty refrigerator doesn't empty my vision. The pressure doesn't crush my purpose. I am a millionaire in renovation phase. The scaffolding is temporary. The empire is PERMANENT. Today I survive.

Tomorrow I THRIVE. Both are happening NOW."

I looked at Salford's green yard and said to myself with an iron decision: *"Today I bring the first penny, but inside my thought—I'm already building the first million!"*

The healing and building went hand in hand, intertwined like the roots of an ancient oak tree. Inside this Manchester quiet, the strongest drive I ever had in my life was born.

I was ready to go out to the streets and conquer this city. One step at a time. One victory at a time.

Chapter 15

The Holy of Holies

THE STORY

I stand here today, on the soil of Salford in Manchester, and I want you to hear me clearly: I'm not yet at my final peak. Absolutely not. I still have mountains to conquer, markets to shake, and empires to build.

But I hold in my hand an asset no bank can foreclose and no activist can steal: I *know* I'm on the way.

And this knowledge, my warriors, *is* the distilled success. The moment you're on the way, the peak is already a done deal.

I published this book and tore my soul onto these pages for only one moment:

The moment when YOU—who sits now on the floor, who feels the world trampling you—will understand the divine truth:

You are not the problem. You are the SOLUTION.

Listen to me carefully, warrior: For me it took two years. But my purpose in this life is that YOU won't waste two years of your life. I'm here to shorten your path. I want you to get up NOW. At this very moment. Shake off the dust and look UP.

Napoleon Hill wrote *Think and Grow Rich* to condense decades of research into actionable wisdom. I wrote this book to condense two years of hell into transformative power you can use TODAY.

This book is my gift to you—the shortcut I wish I had.

THE PRINCIPLE: The Magnet of Solutions

Zig Ziglar roared: "Positive thinking won't let you do everything, but it will let you do everything better than negative thinking!"

When you choose positive thinking, your mind undergoes an atomic transformation. It transforms from a magnet of troubles to a magnet of solutions.

Don't waste even a nanosecond on the small people who wanted to destroy you—they're simply not relevant. Focus on the good, focus on what *is*, focus on the tremendous value you were destined to bring to this world.

NEGATIVE THINKING (Magnet of Problems): Attracts more problems. Sees obstacles everywhere. Finds reasons why NOT. Drains energy.

POSITIVE THINKING (Magnet of Solutions): Attracts solutions. Sees opportunities. Finds ways HOW. Generates energy.

Same reality. Different focus. Completely different results.

Earl Nightingale taught the golden law: Don't chase money. Money is a shadow, and you don't chase shadows. Chase how to bring VALUE. Money will chase YOU like crazy the moment you become a person who solves problems for others.

The moment you decide, here and now, that you were destined for greatness, that the millionaire seed pulses inside your consciousness, physical reality will start bowing before you. The walls will move. The doors will open. And the peak will start approaching you at the speed of light.

THE CALL TO ACTION

Think about the PEAK. Think about VICTORY. Think about who you're BECOMING.

Your action—TODAY:

The Peak Protocol

Step 1: The Mirror Declaration. Go to a mirror. NOW. Say: "I am not the problem—I am the SOLUTION. Failure is an event—not my identity. I am walking success. I am THE ONE." Say it until you BELIEVE it.

Step 2: The Shortcut Acceptance. Declare: "I accept this book as my shortcut. I won't waste two years—I'll rise NOW. What took him years, I'll compress into months." The path is already carved—WALK IT.

Step 3: The Army Enrollment. Declare: "I am not alone—I am part of an army. When I rise, I'll pull others with me. This isn't just my victory—it's our MOVEMENT."

WE'LL MEET AT THE PEAK.

Because there *is* in you the seed of greatness. Because you *were* destined for royalty. And because the path to the peak doesn't start at the bank—it starts at THIS second, at THIS moment, when you decided you're already THERE.

Earl Nightingale's "Strangest Secret" is this: "We become what we think about most of the time."

And from this moment forward? IT'S POSSIBLE.

THE SEED COVENANT

Do NOT read this page unless your heart is racing at 200 BPM right now!

You have just received this book for free, but do not mistake my generosity for weakness. This blueprint was paid for in pure blood, sweat, and tears! It was forged in the absolute jaws of hell, while my multi-million-dollar empire was burning to ash and my children's refrigerator was screaming in emptiness.

By reaching this final page, you have officially bypassed the comfortable crowd. You have felt the raw vibration of my voice. And you have just signed a blood-contract with me!
Here is what you are bound to execute starting this very second:

YOU WILL GET UP!

You will stand straight like a warrior, fight through the suffocating smoke of your crisis, implement the Sacred Hour, and refuse the rat race!

YOU WILL LEAN ON MY BELIEF!

If your world is collapsing, do not even try to believe in yourself right now—it is too heavy. Lean on MY fire until your own flame catches!

🔄 PASS THE TORCH TO ACCELERATE YOUR FAITH!

Listen to me carefully: Your own faith will never fully lock until you lock it for someone else. By transferring your belief to others, you ignite the ultimate fire within yourself. When you rescue another soul from hopelessness, you prove to your own subconscious that you are a leader, a savior, and a warrior!

You are commanded right now to pass this free blueprint to exactly 10 people who are currently drowning in their own storm. Wake them up to strengthen your own spirit!

👉 CLICK HERE TO SEND THIS FREE BOOK TO 10 PEOPLE NOW

THE STEP TO YOUR DESTINY IS HERE

Do not break the momentum!

The 15 chapters you just read are just the first steps of the staircase. You are now ready for the full forensic execution. You are ready to see how a warrior dances with millions in debt and wins!

You are ready to upgrade your weapons.

Upgrade to the complete, expanded 22-chapter masterwork, **"THE SEED OF GREATNESS,"** for just **$6.99!**

It is your tactical escape hatch from financial hell.

"The wealthiest place on earth is the cemetery, because that is where unfulfilled empires go to die. You are NOT going to the grave with your seed buried inside you!"

👉 https://geni.us/SeedOfGreatness

CLICK HERE TO CLAIM YOUR 22-CHAPTER MASTERWORK FOR $6.99

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

THE AUTHOR is an entrepreneur and transformation coach who turned the greatest failure of his life into his greatest purpose.

His story has inspired thousands across the world to rise from their own ashes and reclaim their destiny.

After losing a multimillion-dollar business empire and facing persecution that forced him into exile, THE AUTHOR discovered the psychological laws that govern success and failure. His journey from rock bottom to rebuilding has become a roadmap for transformation that transcends cultural and economic boundaries.

Today, THE AUTHOR lives in Manchester, England with his wife and children. He is dedicated to building an army of two million warriors who refuse to let circumstances define their destiny.

Through his coaching and writing, he continues to prove that transformation is not only possible—it's inevitable for those willing to make the switch.

His message is simple yet revolutionary:

You are not the problem—you are the solution.

Failure is an event, not an identity.

And no matter how far you've fallen, the peak is still within reach.

IT'S POSSIBLE.