



Golstra Gadgets

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Startup Business Plan

How we'll achieve success



Presented To
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Why do you exist?

You opened your eyes one day, without asking.
Thrown into a world already moving, already noisy.
You chase hours, fill days, distract yourself from silence.
But the silence always returns: Why am I here?

Existence is both gift and trap.
A stage without script.
A body wired for hunger, fear, desire.
You invent purposes, hoping they feel real.

Society whispers: *"You exist to be happy."*

Happiness is a leash.
A carrot dangled, forever out of reach.
If existence was only for comfort, extinction would be mercy.

No—

You do not exist to receive meaning.
You exist to **forge** it.
Not to be fulfilled, but to fill.
Not to be given purpose, but to hammer it from chaos.

Your breath is raw material.
Your will is the forge.
Your existence is the strike.

Why do you obey?

You were born free.

Then hands shaped you—parents, teachers, priests.

They fed you rules before you had words.

Stand in line. Raise your hand. Wait your turn.

Obedience became survival.

Approval became oxygen.

Every system you entered demanded your spine bent lower.

You confused submission with safety.

Society whispers: "Obedience makes you good."

Good for who?

Good for the machine, not for you.

The obedient child grows into the obedient worker.

The obedient worker dies with dreams untested.

Rebellion is not chaos.

Rebellion is reclaiming the right to decide.

Every law, every tradition, every command—

A cage you either accept or shatter.

You obey because it's easier.

But ease is the language of chains.

Your life is programmed.

Why are you weak?

Your body is fragile.

A fall, a fever, a wound—and you shatter.

Your mind is softer still.

An insult can cut deeper than a knife.

You crave comfort, not challenge.

You run toward pleasure, away from pain.

And every step away from struggle
is a step deeper into weakness.

Society whispers: *“Strength comes from ease, from security.”*

Lie.

Comfort breeds softness.

Security dulls the blade.

You grow weaker every time you choose the pillow over the
fight.

Strength is not gifted.

It is carved.

Every scar, every failure, every wound—
a blacksmith’s hammer striking you into form.

Weakness is default.

Strength is rebellion.

The body breaks.

The will decides if it stays broken.

Why do you seek approval?

You scan faces for signals.

A nod, a smile, a like.

Your worth held hostage by other people's eyes.

One disapproving glance can collapse your entire spine.

Approval was once survival.

The tribe kept you alive.

To be rejected was to die alone.

But now, the tribe is digital—and your leash is longer, tighter.

Society whispers: *"Being liked means you belong."*

Belong where?

In their cage, not your kingdom.

The more you chase approval, the more you surrender your edge.

The leash grows invisible, but it cuts deeper.

Indifference is liberation.

When you no longer beg to be seen,
you see yourself clearly.

When their applause is silence to you,
your freedom begins.

Approval is a leash.

Cut it, or stay owned.

Why do you fear death?

You carry it like a shadow.
Every tick of the clock is a countdown.
The thought alone makes your chest tighten.
You cling to life as if it were guaranteed.

Death is the mirror you refuse to face.
You imagine it as the end—
a void, a darkness, an erasure of self.
So you hide in distractions, pretend forever exists.

Society whispers: *"Death is the enemy."*

But what if it's not?
Without death, life would rot.
Without endings, beginnings mean nothing.
Death is the weight that makes every second sharp.

Your fear is misplaced.
You don't fear death.
You fear the unlived life.

Death is not the enemy.
It is the proof that time matters

Why do you lie to yourself ?

You know the truth.

But you bury it.

Layer after layer of excuses, stories, illusions.

A mask you wear so well, you forget it's there.

You lie because reality is heavy.

Because facing it would demand change.

And change is pain.

So you build soft prisons made of beautiful words.

Society whispers: *"Illusions protect you."*

Yes-protect you from growth.

Protect you from becoming dangerous.

Protect you until protection itself becomes a cage.

The lies feel safe.

But they drain you quietly, drop by drop.

Every illusion you cling to is another chain around your will.

You can live in comfort, or you can live in truth.

Never both.

Why do you want success?

You dress it up with pretty words-
"freedom," "security," "happiness."
But strip it down,
and it's hunger wearing a suit.

You want to be seen.
You want to dominate.
You want to stand on the mountain
and look down on the ones still climbing.

Society whispers: *"Success is money, fame, status."*

That's the bait.
A finish line that moves every time you reach it.
A treadmill disguised as a throne.
Chasing their definition means you never arrive.

Success is not wealth.
Not applause.
Not medals hung on walls.

Success is a weapon.
A tool to bend reality to your will.
It's not about what you have-
it's about what you can command.

Strip the word. Keep the power.

Why do you love?

You call it pure.

You call it eternal.

But beneath the poetry, it is instinct.

A survival algorithm dressed as magic.

Love binds you.

To partners, to family, to tribe.

It keeps you from drifting into the void.

Attachment disguised as destiny.

Society whispers: *"Love is transcendence."*

No-

Love is dependence with perfume sprayed on it.

It feeds ego as much as it feeds the heart.

You love because you fear being nothing alone.

Yet in love lies both chain and fire.

It can enslave you to another's shadow.

Or it can sharpen you, strip you, remake you.

Understand this:

Love is not salvation.

It is a mirror, showing you your hunger.

Why do you worship?

You kneel.

You bow.

You raise your hands to the sky,
begging for what you already hold inside.

Worship is outsourcing responsibility.
You hand your will to an altar,
your choices to a book,
your freedom to an invisible judge.

Society whispers: *"Worship brings salvation."*

Salvation from what?
From thinking.
From standing alone.
From carrying the weight of your own existence.

Gods, idols, leaders-
they thrive on your surrender.
The moment you worship,
you admit you are powerless.

But here is the fracture:
You were born with the same spark you kneel before.
You do not need to beg for fire.
You are fire.

Worship is not devotion.
It is abdication.
Stand. Do not bow.

Why do you compare yourself ?

You glance sideways.

Measuring yourself against strangers, friends, ghosts online.
Your worth rises and falls with numbers you do not control.
A scoreboard that never ends, yet always rules you.

Comparison is ancient.

In tribes, it meant survival.

To be stronger, faster, higher ranked-
was to eat first, live longer.

Society whispers: *"Comparison motivates you."*

Lie.

Comparison corrodes.

It makes you a slave to metrics that aren't yours.

Your victories shrink when someone else shines brighter.

There is no finish line in a race against everyone.

Only exhaustion.

Only envy.

Measure yourself not against others,
but against what you were yesterday.
That is the only duel that matters.

Comparison is slavery.

Self-conquest is freedom.

Why do you hate?

It burns hot in your chest.
A face, a voice, a memory-
and suddenly your blood is fire.
Hatred makes you feel alive, powerful, certain.

But hate is rarely about them.
It is a mirror of your own wounds.
You project your weakness outward,
then swing at the reflection.

Society whispers: *"Hate is bad, destructive."*

Not always.
Blind hate poisons.
But sharpened hate?
It can carve mountains.

Hate is raw energy.
Left wild, it consumes you.
Directed, it fuels you.
The difference is whether you are its master or its meal.

Do not pretend you don't hate.
Everyone does.

The question is:
will you choke on it-
or weaponize it?

Why do you run from pain?

You flinch at it.

A sting, a loss, a wound-

and your first instinct is escape.

You hide in comfort, in pleasure, in numbness.

Pain feels like the enemy.

But it is the only teacher that never lies.

It carves lessons into your bones

that comfort could never whisper.

Society whispers: *"Pain is danger. Avoid it."*

That lie keeps you soft.

It keeps you tame.

Every step away from pain is a step away from power.

The fire you refuse is the fire that could forge you.

Pain is not punishment.

It is the crucible.

You either endure it,

or remain unshaped, forever dull.

Run from pain, you remain fragile.

Run into it, you become unbreakable.