

# LIVE OR DIE. EAT OR GET EATEN

THE BRUTAL REALITY OF LIFE

A MANIFESTO FOR THOSE WHO REFUSE TO BE PREY



# WILLIAM OTAKWA

**LIVE OR DIE .**

***Eat or Get Eaten***

***The Brutal Reality Of Life***

**WILLIAM OTAKWA**

**© 2025 William Otakwa. All rights reserved.**

**No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means including electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without prior written permission from the author**

**ISBN: 978-9914-37-898-6**

**Registered with the Kenya Copyright Board**

**Copyright Registration Number: RZ75194**

**First published in Kenya by Archetype Publishing**

**Ebook Edition**

**This is a work of non-fiction. All facts presented are based on research and lived experience.**

**This Page was Intentionally Left Blank**



# **“Digital Predators: The Quiet War of Clicks and Chains”**

*(From: Live or Die. Eat or Get Eaten)*

You won't hear it coming. Not with drums or marching boots. Not with red flags waving in the wind or generals barking orders from podiums. No. This war hums. It pings. It scrolls. It lives in your pocket, in your WiFi router, in your eyes when they glaze over during yet another “quick scroll” that turns into a three-hour attention blackout. You don't even notice the hours disappearing. You don't realize your soul is slowly being auctioned off to the highest bidder behind some screen you'll never see.

And this is how it begins. Not with fire. But with dopamine.

You're not losing your focus. You're being robbed of it. You're not addicted to your phone. You've been made dependent. Engineered. Cooked low and slow like digital barbecue. Because in this new jungle we call reality, the rules have changed. Nobody's hunting you with spears anymore. They're using pixels. Notifications. Personalized content that hugs you with one arm while sliding the other into your wallet, your memory, your thoughts.

It's almost impressive. You think you're just checking a few memes or watching a funny dance. Meanwhile your preferences are being mapped, your fears collected, your impulses tested like lab rats in a billion-dollar experiment you never signed up for. You think you're in control. That's cute. That's part of the game.

Somewhere out there, a kid with a laptop and a Red Bull just made half a million dollars tweaking an app so that your thumb never stops. So that your mind never rests. So that your dreams die quietly in the background while you chase temporary pleasure disguised as connection. You didn't notice, did you? Of course not. They don't want you to. The best chains are the ones that feel like comfort.

This isn't science fiction. This isn't some angry conspiracy theorist's dream. This is Tuesday afternoon. This is that feeling of wanting to be productive but not knowing why you can't focus for more than twelve seconds. This is you opening your laptop with purpose and finding yourself drowning in ten open tabs and zero progress. This is reality now. And if you don't stop and see it for what it is, you will be eaten alive while thinking you're being entertained.

But let me say something before your brain hits the snooze button. Because I know you've heard versions of this before. I know you're tired of lectures. Tired of people yelling "you're being manipulated" while offering no way out. That's not what this is. I'm not here to scare you. I'm here to slap you gently. Wake you up without shame. Because this war isn't just about data. It's about your time. Your

energy. Your capacity to create, to love, to build, to rest. It's about your humanity. And slowly, piece by piece, that humanity is being digitized, monetized, and sold. You ever wonder why you're exhausted even when you've done nothing? Why your to-do list stays untouched while your screen time hits seven hours? That's not laziness. That's design. You're not unmotivated. You're being drained. Every second you spend mindlessly scrolling is another inch of yourself handed over to a machine that never sleeps. One that doesn't love you. Doesn't care if you're happy. Just wants your eyes, your clicks, your time. The new predators don't need teeth. They just need your consent. And they get it every day without asking.

But some people notice. Some people stop. They look around and realize they're not living. They're being lived through. Programmed. Consumed. People like Edward Snowden. Who ripped the curtain off the whole thing and paid the price. Or Malala. Who stood up in a war built on silence and refused to shut up. They're not just heroes. They're proof. Proof that resistance is possible. That rebellion still lives. That even in a world that wants you numb and quiet, some people choose to roar.

You don't have to be a whistleblower. You don't have to run off into the forest with a handmade spear and a tinfoil hat. But you do have to wake up. You have to reclaim the pieces of yourself that are being traded without your permission. You have to protect your attention like it's sacred because it is. The world runs on it

now. And if you don't guard it, someone else will use it to build their kingdom while you rot in the throne room thinking it's yours.

Maybe you're thinking none of this is new. That's fair. But let me ask you something real. When was the last time you finished a thought without being interrupted? When was the last time you created something just for the joy of it? When was the last time you sat in silence and didn't reach for a screen to fill it? Be honest. Not to me. To yourself.

Because here's the truth most won't say out loud. You are being stolen. Slowly. Beautifully. Every day. By a machine you don't even see. And if you don't claim your time, your mind, your presence, you'll wake up one day with success stories in your feed and none in your life. You'll be surrounded by content and empty of meaning. You'll be full of noise but starved for purpose.

You are not crazy for feeling this way. You are not broken. You are being broken. And the worst part is that they made you think it was your fault. That's the trick. That's the genius of it all.

But here's the secret. You can still fight. Not with rage. But with awareness. With boundaries. With focus. With creation. You can take back your brain. You can reclaim your days. You can wake up tomorrow and decide not to be food anymore.

You are not just a consumer. You are a creator. A builder. A thinker. A storm. And the world will try to keep you quiet because it's terrified of what you could become if you truly paid attention.

So read this again if you need to. Then put the phone down. Breathe. Think. Ask questions. Create something. Walk away from the noise and into the power that's been waiting for you to notice it.

You were not made to be swallowed. You were made to stand. And the world needs more people who refuse to be fed into the machine.

So I'll ask you only once. Are you living or just scrolling Are you eating or being eaten?

## **Will you read the whole Book and Find out for sure?**

If this chapter made you pause even for a second  
if it felt like someone finally said what you've been quietly feeling  
then don't ignore that

This book won't fix your life but it will show you exactly what's breaking it.  
It will name the things that steal your focus , bleed your energy and keep you stuck  
while the world eats. You're not lazy, You're not lost . You're just being distracted



on purpose . Click the link below to get the full book and start reclaiming the parts of you they don't want you to notice

1. [Read it on Amazon](#)
2. [Read it on Nuria Bookstore – Kenya](#)
3. [Read it on Selar – Africa](#)
4. [Read on Many other Bookstores of your choice around the World](#)

Thank you for the Love 