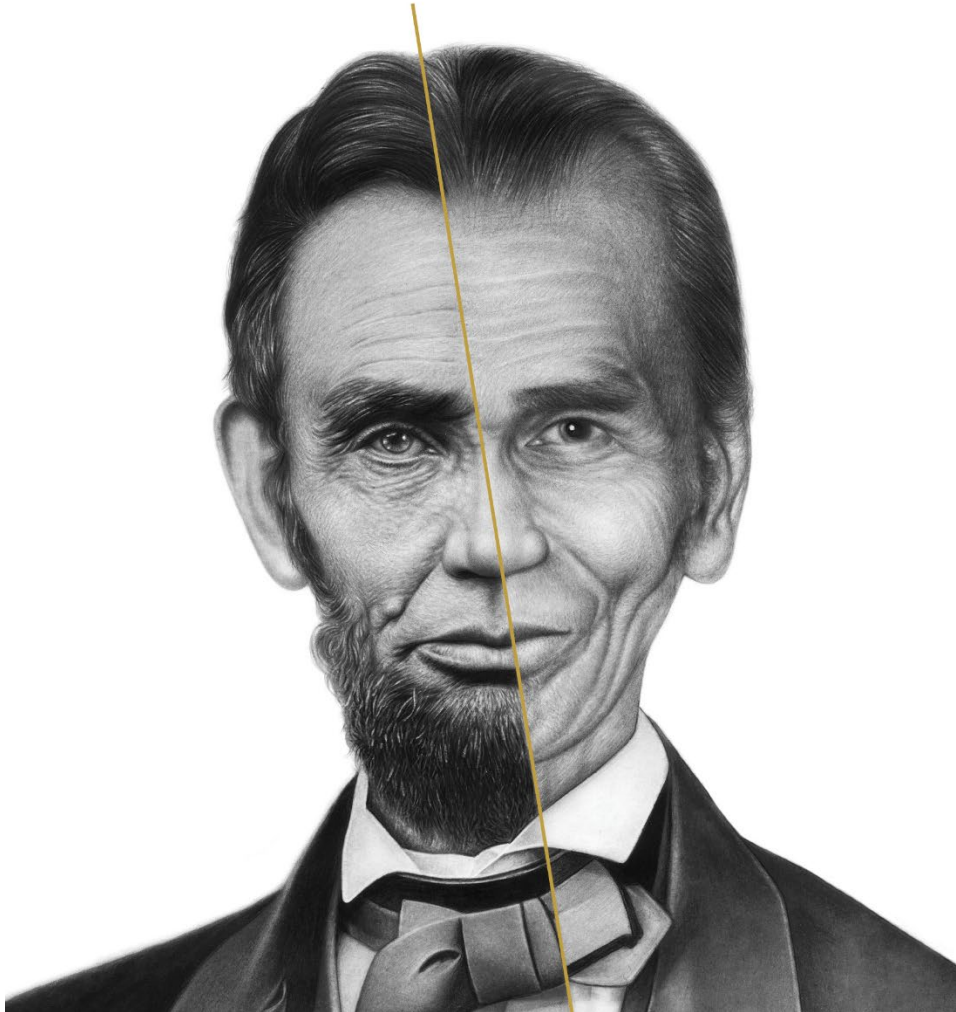


THE ABRAHAM
LINCOLN
GENE



Abraham Muhammad

NON-FICTION BOOK/MEMOIR/MY LIFE IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

2022

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INTRODUCTION

Abraham Lincoln was a great influential man whose actions changed the United States while he served as its 16th president. Many people are unaware that Lincoln was affected by multiple endocrine neoplasia type 2B (MEN2B) disease. People with MEN2B often have a body type defined by long arms, fingers, and legs.

James—a man who lives in a small country on the edge of Europe known as Lithuania—shares the same diagnosis as Lincoln. He grew up with this knowledge of being different from his classmates, and his childhood was lonely because friends would not accept his condition.

To complicate matters, James was diagnosed with thyroid cancer. He spent the majority of his childhood viewing life through a hospital window. Thankfully, he was able to overcome this setback and move forward with his life.

As a teenager, he watched as his brother was murdered before his eyes. This experience left him mentally and emotionally distraught, and as a teenager, he experimented with psychotropic substances. James eventually found a career working in a psychotropic business and lived a life of luxury as this venture turned profitable.

Ultimately, this carefree lifestyle landed him in a Norwegian prison. This experience changed his outlook on the world and is exactly what this book sets out to communicate. Learn how one man endured a life behind bars and the changes this brought to his being—and how this negative setback became an eye-opening experience that allowed him to see himself in a new light.

Acknowledgments

While sitting by the window and watching the snowflakes fall on frozen asphalt, I wonder if I am losing a particle of myself. It seems that I will save something if I just write it down. I will try to put together all my thoughts and experiences here, those moments I have fought for during every hour, minute, and second of my life.

Many thanks to my mother for allowing me to write this book: the woman who gave birth to me, who raised me. Without her, my life would not exist.

Everyone chooses his or her own path; everyone decides how to spend the time allotted to them. The course of our life and destiny will largely depend on our own choices, but the very beginning of why we exist is wrapped up in our mothers.

We are always children for our mothers—whether we are very young, already adults, or even older people. With our mothers still in our lives, we are not afraid of anything because we know we always have somewhere to return to, someone to hug and comfort us after any misfortune in our life. A mother will never push her child away, no matter how wrong he is, no matter how he stumbles.

To the readers of this book, please do not forget your mother. Remember her and thank her, as God brought you to life through her. It is only because of her that you can see the light and the sun and touch the earth with your feet.

The Legacy of Lincoln: A History Lesson

Abraham Lincoln was a great man. To this day, he is revered for abolishing slavery in the States. It was he who fought against slavery and human trafficking. He was a great humanist. I still remember Lincoln's words: "A house torn in half is destined to collapse." Lincoln stated that slavery and a free society could not exist in the United States at the same time. In other words, these two oppositions are incompatible. If a nation wants to have a free society, slavery cannot exist within it. Slavery remained in the United States, but it is in utterly different forms. However, one way or another, a huge blow was dealt to it.

There have been many important historical dates in American history, perhaps one of the most important being the American Civil War of 1861-1865. It began with disagreements between the country's northern and southern states and became the bloodiest war in US history.

In the eyes of a European, in the first half of the 19th century, the United States was a vast, emerging nation, characterized by an unstoppable population, territorial growth, and growing economic influence. In the 1790s, there were 4 million inhabitants in the United States, but by the 1860s, already over 30 million. This increase was primarily due to many reasons: firstly, the fertility of the young population and secondly, due to poverty and political persecution from 1815 to 1860, five million European immigrants fled to the United States. This influx of immigrants is also explained by the fact that cheap land awaited them in America. In the western US, according to a government resolution in 1819, a 32-hectare plot cost only \$100.

In 1783, the United States covered territory only up to the Mississippi River. Still, as early as 1803, a substantial Louisiana colony was bought from France, and in 1819, civil war-torn Spain ceded Florida. In 1818 and 1846, Americans negotiated with England over the northern border and eventually established this at the 49th parallel. The United States began a war with Mexico over the Republic of Texas, seeking admission to the Union. The victorious Americans won all of Mexico's territory north of the Rio Grande River, which includes three million square kilometers. Eventually, the United States extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Finally, the US economy grew, as did the area and population. To the east of the Mississippi, canal and rail networks expanded rapidly. The northeast became an industrial area where textiles and metalworks were produced. In addition to the extraction of grains, tobacco, and sugarcane, the south specialized in growing cotton, which black slaves processed. The west developed commercial agriculture, selling meat and grains in the northeastern cities.

The Civil War can be divided into two stages: the first from 1861 to 1862, and the second from 1863 to 1865. The Northern middle class—which for many decades was accustomed to solving controversial issues with slave owners by compromise—started the war in strict compliance with the Constitution. The army was led by conservative generals who pursued the federal policy's sole goal to restore the Union's integrity.

The Northern middle class did not initially consider the abolition of slavery, but it later became inevitable. Eventually, the government passed a law called the Homestead Act that freed slaves and led to radical action on the battlefield. After the Civil War, the Union's homogeneity was restored, and all government power was concentrated among the middle class.

However, the Civil War did not solve problems that went on to impact the post-war years. Resulting attempts were made from 1865-1877, during the Reconstruction period. Reconstruction played a crucial role in reforming the US economic and political system. Twelve years later, despite many challenges, this process elevated the United States to the forefront of the world.

These powerful changes and significant historical events also affected Abraham Lincoln's life, and he went on to become known as the first US president to be assassinated. To this day, Lincoln is considered one of the brightest and best commanders of this great country, having masterfully led the allied forces to Civil War victory.

These are but a few of the strokes used to paint a portrait of Lincoln's life, although he was not even included in the list of the 100 most honorable and influential people in history. Lincoln's most significant achievement in saving the States was unifying the American people at a time when individual states were separating. To this day, many political researchers, commentators, and critics still consider him one of the best and most influential presidents in American history: truly "the American who made his own image." He started from scratch and went on to shape not only the history of the United States but the world as well. After all, the States are a serious political player on the world stage, and the global political climate depends on the country's actions and decisions. When Abraham Lincoln's 200th birthday was celebrated in 2009, then-President Barack Obama said, "We will always be the United States." With the word "united," Obama encompassed all the work, achievements, and victories of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born into a poor family, but one that would go on to predetermine human destiny. In those days, those initial circumstances meant only one thing: you probably wouldn't achieve anything. You would remain a poor man unknown to anyone, somehow push through your miserable life, and perhaps leave some children behind who would continue living with limited means.

But Lincoln didn't buy into that. No, it was simply not for him. As a young man, he stubbornly yearned to become better than others and always pursued his goals. To this day, Lincoln's story is a great inspiration to many people, and his quotes and life details are presented as examples in various motivational workshops and books. Abraham Lincoln coined the legendary phrase that almost every citizen of the world knows and often repeats: "Keep your enemies close." This phrase originated when Lincoln formed his team and assigned several opponents to his administration so that he could watch them and not lose control. Another equally famous quote from Lincoln is to be open to change. Indeed, the majesty of this president was his ability to grow—and growth is only possible when change takes place. Not everyone supported Lincoln's relationship with slavery, but it was a change that altered US history nonetheless. There are a couple of other inspiring Lincoln quotes: "Don't give in to intimidation," and "Take the opportunity to be a leader." To this day, the whole world has almost

memorized the most famous Lincoln speech delivered in Gettysburg. When Lincoln's name is heard, fragments of him appear in the mind including his distinctive gait.

For many years, the stories of Lincoln's life and death were widely discussed in the press, but some facts remained only theories or hypotheses. So far, the question of which diseases afflicted the famous US president has not been answered. However, related public discussions after the president's death sparked much debate. For example, many scientists, doctors, and academics have tried for years to determine what exactly caused the president's strange and seemingly awkward walk.

In fact, Lincoln's awkward gait was due to a disease involving a particular combination of genes that didn't fall into the "correct" pattern. The assassinated US president was actually already on the verge of death, so it was guessed, but how true this is remains unknown. Scientists at the time argued, disagreeing about what exactly befell Lincoln.

However, James, our friend from the Baltic states—specifically, a small Lithuanian town—was already privy to this phenomenon because he had experienced it himself. Yes, this young man had "Lincoln syndrome." He was convinced that the hypothesis raised by John Sotos about Lincoln's MEN2B syndrome was correct.

Of course, if knowledge can be based only on the ideal correspondence between you and another person, it remains unknown in reality—even if experienced in different timelines and heard about only from various documents. James understood this perfectly because he had that unfortunate syndrome.

MEN2B involves not only walking defects or protruding jaws. People with MEN2B syndrome may also develop a malignant tumor of the thyroid C cells. So, such a diagnosis might explain other theories that Lincoln had suffered from cancer for more than a year. Such a diagnosis was made and discussed in the article "Was Lincoln Already Dying Before He was Shot?" by *The Atlantic* in May 2009. In this article, Abraham Verghese wrote that the theories that Lincoln had very little time left on Earth were not new. The author indeed accurately identified the diagnosis of MEN2B as a possible cause of death: "Abraham Lincoln suffered from a rare endocrine disorder called MEN2B (multiple endocrine neoplasia, type 2B). Patients with this disease usually die from thyroid cancer if the thyroid gland is not removed by then." The author suggested analyzing the changes in Lincoln's appearance to allow physicians to publish a clear sense of the diagnosis. He presented two photos of Lincoln taken in 1864, a year before he was killed.

The author of this text also raised the theory of Marfan syndrome: "Hundreds of books on Lincoln have already been published worldwide. So, if Lincoln was indeed suffering from a genetic disease that could have influenced the president's behavior and led to the early death of his mother and son, it is likely that all the biographies written so far are no longer accurate."

The Washington Post followed the same narrative and published the article "5 myths about Abraham Lincoln" in 2011. In this piece, Harold Helzer also discussed the fact that the president may have had MEN2B. "But if that's true, how has the president maintained his physical fitness and health for so long and unnoticed? Although he had one of the features of this syndrome, extremely long hands. How

was he able to demonstrate the strength of his body just a few days before his death by holding a heavy ax only between his fingers?” With this, the author invited readers to discuss.

More analysts later explored this version. In 2016, Michelle Poe’s article “Could Abraham Lincoln Have Had Genetic Mutations?” returned once again to these critical and still unanswered questions, also mentioning MEN2B syndrome. The author believed that Lincoln’s physical appearance suggested the president may have had a genetic disorder and that he may have suffered from an extremely rare disease. The author stated, “Scientists, historians, and physicians who have been researching Lincoln for many years unanimously believe that Lincoln’s excessively long limbs are indicative of genetic disorders. Some doctors thought Lincoln might have had the so-called Marfan syndrome.”

These diagnoses could only have been made many years after the president’s death, primarily because 19th century citizens, even in America, were not yet fully aware of genetic disorders.

With a similar sense of ignorance, James was only a child when his symptoms came to light. Now at the more mature age of 33, he has decided to share his story with the world—convinced that it is not only *his* story but also a story relevant to American history. In fact, doctors have only recently identified James as having the same genetic disorder scientists discussed in an attempt to answer questions surrounding Abraham Lincoln’s health.

Yet, history always puts everything in its place. James now knows that the Lincoln gene had been reborn in his family: with a mutation in the genes, the 13th genome to be exact, which had caused his MEN2B syndrome.

The Presidential Illness Hypothesis

Back in 2007, Dr. John Sotos hypothesized that Abraham Lincoln might have had MEN2B. He based his theory on the fact that Lincoln had congenital features of the disorder: an asymmetrical face, uneven lips, high jaws, and “depressed” eyelids. To date, however, the only challenge and inconsistency in this theory had been Lincoln’s longevity. But could it have been otherwise? Could a man so strong in spirit overcome such calamities?

MEN2B, like many other genetic disorders, can be passed down genetically, skipping every other generation—which is precisely what happened to James. At the age of 30, he took on a rather serious task: performing a fundamental analysis of Abraham Lincoln’s health history. What he found were indisputable matches in the evolution of his own family. For example, the resemblance of his grandfather to Lincoln cannot be overlooked (see Photos 1 to 2).

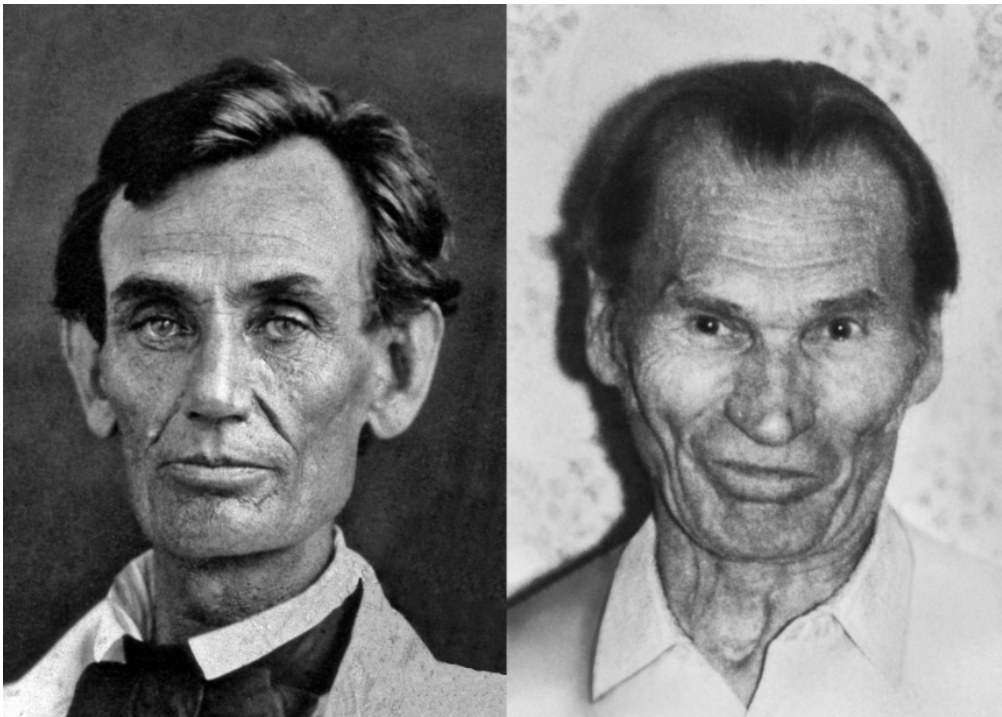


Photo 1: US President Abraham Lincoln (02/12/1809-04/14/1865)

Photo 2: James’s grandfather Afanasijus Spenser (02/14/1927–08/05/1999)

James Spenser discovered these incredible similarities when his own health was struck, and his whole life began to roll downhill. He lost as many as six jobs in half a year’s time, dropped fifteen pounds, and abandoned both his physical and spiritual strength. “Why me?” he, often wondered. “After all, I am a young guy, and I still have a life to live. I don’t even like myself and the way I look, and I’m angry at myself all the time, too. If I feel this way, what will women and girls think of me? After all, I still want

to live with all my being. How many more deeds must I do? How much love do I need to spread? I have no direct descendants on this earth yet, after all. Even if I don't die, as a frail and old version of a young guy, what will I be useful for?"

Yet, such thoughts were only a moment of weakness. James was a robust youth—perhaps not in body, but in soul. He knew firmly: he would not give up, no matter what. After all, this was his life, and he would not get another one.

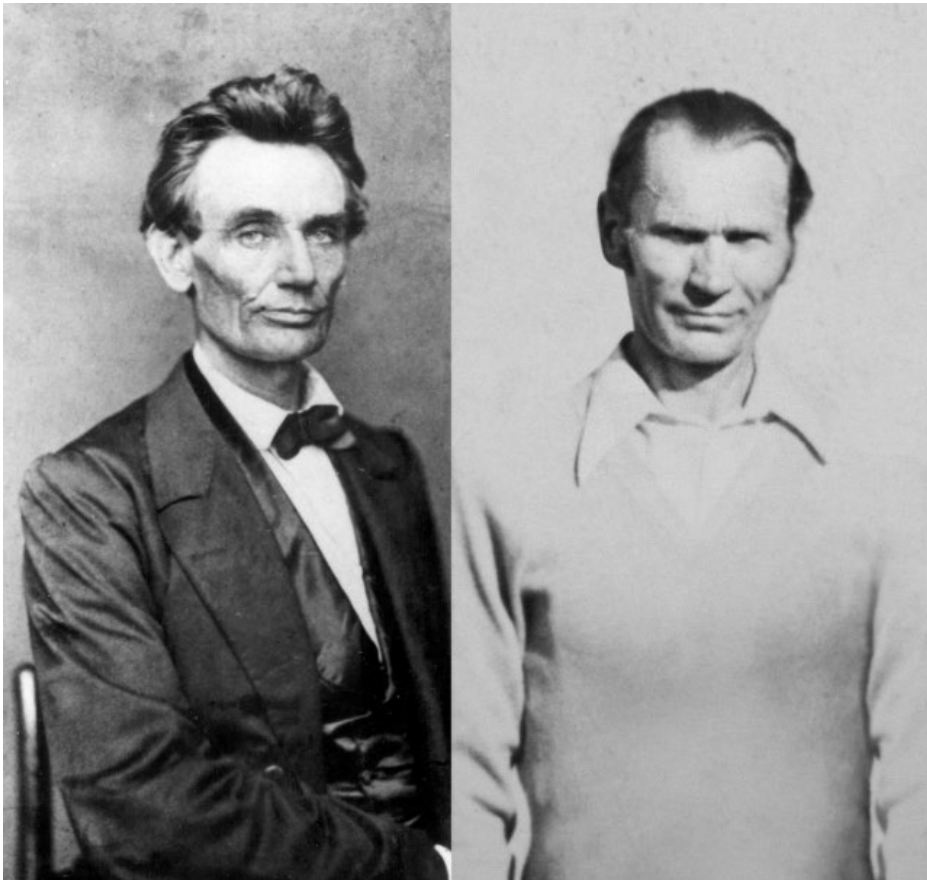
His falling weight and declining health forced James to look for causes and solutions. The daily sounds of drilling and hammering in his construction work served as the final straw. Eventually, it drove him crazy. James often wondered why he couldn't fit into any job, so eventually, while working in Norway, he turned to doctors in search of a reason why he was forced to stop working. What they said turned James's life upside down. He was diagnosed with a rare disease: MEN2B. The same illness Lincoln himself may have had.

Looking through family photo albums made James's resolve even stronger. If Lincoln had lived a long life, why couldn't *he* do the same? What made him not deserving of that?

Still, James didn't immediately realize that his genes might be similar to Lincoln's. First of all, it took a long time to gather information about the new disease. It is not easy to find out you have a rare disease, as this usually sows distrust in oneself and professionals. How is successful treatment possible if there are only a few cases of the disease worldwide?

But even more alarming for James, he could only find a tiny bit of knowledge about MEN2B when dissecting myriad sources. The prevalence of MEN2B is not well-established, but it is estimated to affect anywhere from 1 in 600,000 to 1 in 4,000,000 people—with about 4 out of 100 million people in the world currently afflicted. However, this statistic pales in comparison to the fact that MEN2B is often not even detected because these patients die relatively early, with a statistical mortality rate of 30 years old. That number was shocking to James, not because he believed every word he read in these publications, but because some of those facts had to be true. It's obviously discouraging to learn this when you're already in your thirties. James channeled his rage into studying genetic diseases, especially his own. He looked for its causes and additional information, which is how he discovered the MEN2B disease hypothesis for Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was always distinguished from others by his height; he was a tall man, a whole 6'4 inch. At first, James thought this was just a coincidence, but many visits to doctors and research centers proved otherwise. James's grandfather Afanasijus Spenser was also 6'4 inch tall. Moreover, their posture was surprisingly similar, although Lincoln was recognized for many years as a person of exceptional stature. James had only recently discovered his grandfather's photos, more than 15 years after his death.



Side-by-side pictures of Abraham Lincoln and James's grandfather, Afanasijus Spenser.

For a long time, James tried to embrace the illusion that some people in the world just happen to look exactly like other people due to general similarities. But when he began studying genetics, he quickly realized this is generally not a case of coincidence.

Genetics is a tough nut to crack. Genes determine what a person's offspring will look like and which traits are inherited from the father, mother, or even grandparents. They help determine your propensity for fullness in life and certain hobbies, your temperament and character. Your genes dictate whether you will be musical, creative, athletic, or smart. You can really say genes determine everything.

As for James, it was essential to know that heredity significantly impacts various diseases and disorders. Children often inherit conditions from their parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents—such as a predisposition for developing cancer. In many cases, when a family is struck by a genetically inherited disease, doctors advise screening anyone who may serve as a probable heir. These people are described as “at risk.” Disrupted genomes determine the heredity of diseases. However, inheriting a genetic disease is certainly not necessary to pronounce a verdict on yourself, as interventions of modern medicine produce varying outcomes.

The inherited condition of MEN2B syndrome is characterized by another disease that often develops in people with MEN2B: malignant thyroid C cells, or parathyroid gland tumors. As such, patients can be

diagnosed with both diseases, and MEN2B syndrome is considered a diagnosis when malignant thyroid C cells are present.

Publicly available information indicates that MEN2B is characterized by combinations of thyroid medullary carcinoma (100%) with pheochromocytoma (50%). Almost all patients with this syndrome also develop mucosal neuromas (small nodules on the lips, tongue, and eyelids) and may experience constipation in the gastrointestinal tract and a wide range of skeletal deformities (disproportionately long limbs, deformed chest, feet, and the like).

Unfortunately, untreated MEN2B patients die early—around age 30, as mentioned previously. Death can also occur in early childhood. It is unknown whether living with such a disease can truly be called a “success,” but considering oneself an exceptional personality is deservedly possible. James was therefore comforted when he learned about the discovery of MEN2B syndrome and sought out a medical diagnosis accordingly.

Soon thereafter, he was diagnosed with a hormonal imbalance. Doctors found excessive amounts of adrenaline in his adrenal glands it's same MEN2B. In fact, his hormone levels exceeded the norm by as much as a hundred times. This number is truly staggering, knowing how much hormones can affect your wellbeing. Although he initially did not know what adrenal glands were, James's first impression was that they were glands on the kidneys. Their function is to synthesize hormones, regulate metabolism, and also produce a hormone that helps people cope with stress. In an unexpected or stressful situation, the adrenal glands secrete vast amounts of the corresponding hormone. This allows a person to lift an incredible amount of weight and ignore pain, for example, to lift a car trapping a loved one.

Everything happened very quickly. Following his diagnosis, doctors removed James's adrenal glands and immediately told him he would have to take hormone supplements and avoid stress for the rest of his life! If he forget to take his medications for even three days, James could expect death. His body no longer knew how to fight stress, so when a stressful situation arose, he could go into shock—with death following.

James didn't take the doctor's words seriously at first because it all seemed like such a dream to him and much too unrealistic. How can you protect yourself from stress in modern life while working in construction? However, after he experienced several stressful situations and was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, reality took hold. In each such case, James received an emergency injection of the liquid hormone cortisol and was urged to avoid stress moving forward.

He could not have imagined such a life at that time. As a lively youth, he was accustomed to parties, adrenaline-fueled entertainment, and constant maneuvering between the law and its fringes. He also experienced constant tension. James enjoyed all the excitement in his life and could not fathom the need to give this up or say goodbye to life.

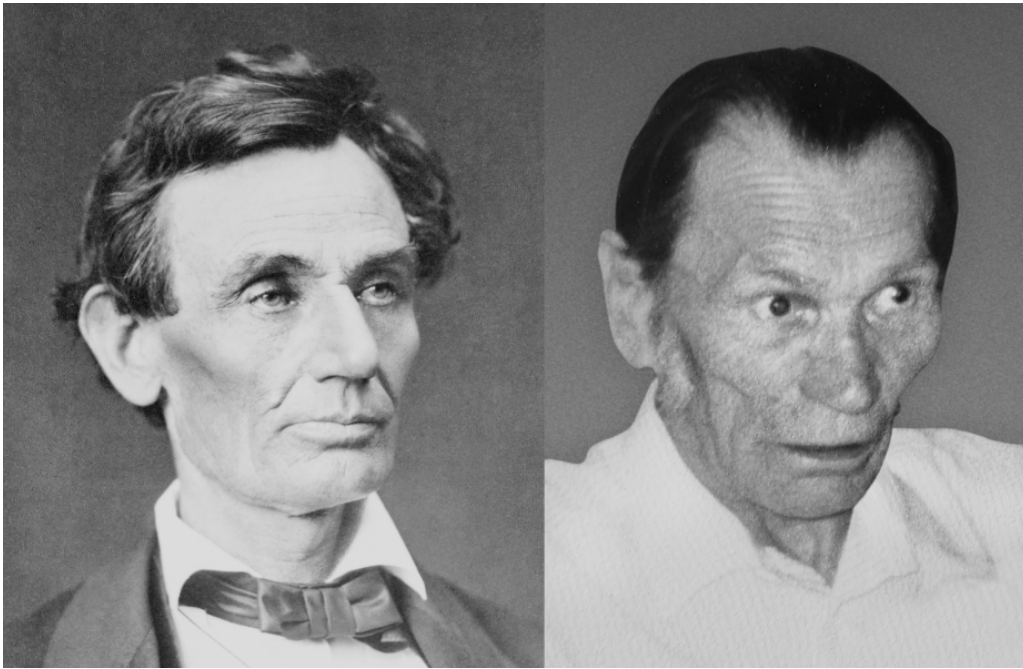
After his first confrontations with the new routine, James Spenser began to take an interest in genetics and medicine in the broadest sense. This helped him gain an increasingly clear understanding of what he had suffered from and what was yet to come. Ultimately, he wanted to know if it was possible to

outsmart genetics. After all, modern medicine has long challenged cancer and other deadly diseases that at one time had meant a death diagnosis. While some diseases can be directly inherited (as mentioned earlier), others occur when the genome is affected by environmental factors. For example, air pollution, radiation, various chemicals, psychological stress, or even medication can also cause some genetic diseases that are later passed down from generation to generation.

To this day, researchers are most concerned about genetic diseases that result from accidental gene mutations. Perhaps no one in the family has a specific inherited disease or carried its gene, yet, a random gene mutation causes a non-related disease to strike one of its members. These cases are rare and difficult to treat. According to official statistics, more than 10% of the world's population suffers from genetic diseases, and about 400,000 diseases are currently caused by genetic mutations. Gene disorders like cystic fibrosis, Huntington's disease, Duchenne muscular dystrophy, hemophilia, and Marfan syndrome are some of the most commonly diagnosed genetic diseases worldwide.

These are the facts that helped James Spenser answer the first questions that arose about his illness. However, when his grandfather was still alive, Lithuanian people knew little about genetic diseases, and sparse information was published. Today, James is convinced that his grandfather carried the MEN2B gene that he went on to inherit. In fact, he only realized upon exploring the history of Lincoln's health.

You could imagine that upon showing a stranger on the street pictures of these two people born and raised in different parts of the world, that person might claim they are twins. Their similarity in appearance is remarkable! The only difference is the way they left this world. President Lincoln was shot, although it is still speculated that he may have been in the last days of his life nevertheless. James's grandfather, according to his death certificate, died of disease. With so much new information at hand, James doubts whether his grandfather truly died of obstructive bronchitis at the age of 75, as doctors had then diagnosed. Rather, was he struck by a genetic, incurable disease? Fate intervened when James's grandfather died in his arms when James was fourteen. The memory of his beloved grandfather taking his last deep breath and slowly exhaling is fixed in James's memory. With his grandfather's head resting on his lap, the boy watched as the soul departed his body and then felt him turn cold. This experience profoundly affected the teenager due to his emotional immaturity, leaving a scar for life and ultimately setting him on a path to seek the truth: which James, in the end, managed to find.



James Spenser still remembers the stories his grandfather would tell of how in 1940-1941, his grandfather and a friend climbed to the treetops in the woods and observed the Germans, who had then occupied Lithuania. The Germans often led Jews into the woods there and shot them, killing such an immense number that it is difficult to truly grasp how many innocent people lost their lives in that forest of small city in Lithuania.

How many undisclosed veils of mystery are there in the history of the world? James often thinks. One such mystery is the story of James himself. Moreover, who can explain why such a disease—which only affects only a handful of people in the world—erupted in this young man's body?

Today, James states without hesitation that scientists who put forward theories that Lincoln had MEN2B are absolutely right—only he doubts whether the strictest prognosis of the disease, a life expectancy up to 30 years, is accurate. His grandfather died at the age of 75, a fact alone that is encouraging. Perhaps evolving medicine would soon provide a solution? After all, there is little pleasure in knowing you will be forced to depend on hormonal drugs for the rest of your life: or worse, face imminent death.

The Breaking Point?

Medication became the most significant difficulty for James. Primarily cortisol, which had to be taken daily to regenerate his hormones. The active substance in this medicine is a steroid hormone. Naturally, this substance is produced in the human body in the adrenal gland and is excreted in response to stress. Blood sugar also depends on this hormone. The metabolism of the human body also depends on this steroid hormone. However, cortisol, a vital medicine for James, was still not readily available in his home country of Lithuania. It was simply unavailable there and could only be obtained by order. It was not available because MEN2B disorder was uncommon, and very little was known about it—and not just in Lithuania. In Norway, professionals also still knew little about the illness with which James was trying to live. Only a few people were diagnosed with MEN2B in Lithuania and five in Norway. There were just over a hundred such people across Europe. They all wanted to live. And they deserved to continue living. However, although the disorder was rare—it still required specific medications to treat.

Scientists had already discovered a link between MEN2B disorder and thyroid cancer, testing whether this hypothesis would be confirmed. And James already knew—he had suffered himself: he was diagnosed with an oncological disease as a child, only he did not know for a long time that this was the first signal of a complex and rare genetic disorder.

James Spenser was agile and very active since he was a child. Many called him a hyperactive child. As a child, James got into a fight at school. The teachers were angered, but it was no surprise to his parents. James was very restless; he did not stand still, ever, and he constantly had all sorts of ideas. Due to his nature, he got into a fight more than once.

But something different happened back in 1996, during a confrontation with a classmate. James was kicked in the neck during the fight. A small lump immediately appeared in the spot where he had been kicked. A few weeks passed, but the swelling did not lessen. His parents were alarmed; they were confused and scared. They didn't understand what it was and why it wasn't disappearing. All that was left was to contact the specialists. Doctors were also unable to respond immediately. A variety of tests were performed in several hospitals, and a biopsy, an interventional test method in which a piece of biological cells or tissue is taken to examine areas where the lesions are present. Chemical, biochemical and biological processes can test the sample. The tissue is taken using special tools and a thick needle. A biopsy is a quick and painless procedure.

After a month, the doctors scheduled a visit. A shocking diagnosis of malignant thyroid cancer finally emerged. The boy's life was utterly changed. It was a breaking point. He had to grow up instantly, and the challenge was significant; his future life would be a huge struggle. To this day, James remembers how in April 1996, in early spring, when he was just ten, he had to take a determined step into the adult world. A long, tedious, and highly complicated treatment process began, too heavy for a child's delicate shoulders: five courses of chemotherapy, surgery, and lying for long times in the endocrinology department, receiving treatment with radioactive iodine.

It looked like someone was very unsuccessfully joking with his life. After all, it could not be like that. Why me? Why me? Such questions did not cease to torment James. It is wrong and unfair that instead of enjoying a happy childhood, making innocent pranks, laughing with children in his backyard, James had to get sick and suffer the most challenging procedures, surgeries, and years of life between home and hospital. Home, hospital, hospital, home. Then repeat everything from the beginning. It was an exhausting struggle. The war. The war with cancer. With your illness. It is tough to fight an enemy who is inside of you and destroys you from the inside.

Cancer did not intend to give up; it did not recede for a long time until 2001. James underwent two surgeries, and his thyroid gland was removed entirely. What does this mean? It means the boy lost a vital organ that was responsible for the production of hormones. Losing his thyroid meant James would have to take medication for his life. After all, the thyroid gland does not grow back. Thus, living a life of constantly taking hormonal medications has remained familiar to James since childhood. If he did not drink a hefty L-Thyroxine dose, which takes over the thyroid gland function, he would feel unwell, start swelling, want to sleep, and become cold. Even then, James realized that fate had spared him some challenges; his life would never be the same as other people's.

Today, James knows that his disorder is the result of a poor combination of genes. According to David T. Lykken, a researcher at the University of Minnesota in the United States, 50% of happiness depends on our genes. James lost a high percentage of joy as a child. But he would not give up. Absolutely not! The youth was always looking for ways to strengthen himself. Therefore, today he claims to know a much better theory. Psychologists believe that the other side of happiness depends on our own disposition. Abraham Lincoln himself said that "Most people are as happy as they choose to be." James became convinced that genes are just genes, and happiness was about his self-determination.

A Difficult Childhood in the Hospital and Search for the Meaning of Life

As a child, James Spenser enjoyed studying philosophy and reflecting on the meaning of life. He had countless questions and searched for answers to these questions in books containing the opinions of famous people. He always looked for goodness in the world because his objective reality was unbearable. While this initially sounds distressing, it forced James to grow up and view life with a unique perspective that deviated from typical childish carelessness and naivety.

This painful cognition began in the third grade. One day, James got into a fight with a classmate who had kicked him in the neck. His mother was immediately called to the school, and when she arrived, appeared so strong to James. She hugged and reassured him before calling an ambulance. At the hospital, the doctors who performed an ultrasound did not know what exactly to tell to the worried woman but realized something was wrong. The boy was not allowed to return home and was soon transferred from the pediatric department to oncology: yes, he had cancer. There was no place for his mother to sleep, so she rested on the floor on a child-sized mattress next to her son's bed. She watched over him and kept him safe so that no one would hurt him again. A difficult period ensued, but James knew he could endure everything because he was not alone—there was a person who needed him. It was his mom. After all, he still had to grow up to be a strong man and protect his mother. Who else, if not him?

People who face oncological diseases often admit they change and value life with more maturity and gusto than they did before their diagnosis—as these conditions shock not only them but their entire world around them, sowing anxiety and grief while making them think not just about what they live for but also about the chance to be “normal” again. They realize and appreciate the power of the little things. James learned this very early on and in an extremely painful way. He was convinced that those people who talk about their illness as a burden and no longer see the point in living are wrong. Everyone in the world has value, and everyone is incredibly precious. Everyone is different, and everyone is essential. Some individuals become disappointed that life no longer makes sense. During these times, people tend to forget that the world does not revolve only around them; it is so much more than that.

However, these perceptions came much later. At first, James wasn't even privy to the painful diagnosis his parents—who up until then had raised a healthy 10-year-old—had just received. Thyroid cancer is a malignant disease that has spread rapidly around the world in recent decades and is typically of the well-differentiated carcinoma type: but not in James's case. Doctors were initially stumped, but eventually, the boy was diagnosed with an extremely rare condition called medullary carcinoma (a cancer within the thyroid gland's C-cell, found in only 5-10% of cases). As the most-inherited thyroid oncological disease, it develops from glandular cells that produce the hormone calcitonin. This hormone controls the amount of calcium in the blood, and this type of cancer may cause an increase in calcitonin and a unique protein called a carcinoembryonic antigen. It can metastasize to the lymph nodes, lungs, liver, and other organs, which often occurs before the tumor is even detected. Due to the current impossibility of diagnosing and treating this type of cancer with radioactive iodine, the prognosis remains unfavorable.

Sometimes it's easier to stick one's head in the sand and avoid learning about such a terrible diagnosis, especially when you're still young and innocent. James didn't realize how seriously sick he was. In an attempt to protect their son from adversity—which fell on the shoulders of the whole family—his parents sometimes brought James to school so he would not lag behind his classmates or abandon his studies. Perhaps the true reason was so that living in a hospital didn't devastate the young boy and separate him from friends, allowing him to at least sometimes feel like everyone else.

Because James's diagnosis was not promising, doctors leaned on several different treatment options. The most common thyroid cancer treatments are based on the tumor's development stage. These can include surgical treatment, radioiodine treatment, radiation therapy, hormone therapy, or chemotherapy. The child's doctors tried everything, with James enduring several scenarios.

The surgical option came first and was offered to the child's parents by competent doctors after the diagnosis was confirmed. Using surgery to remove a thyroid tumor is most common when the cancer is small and has not spread to other glands. In some cases, these operations are performed for diagnostic purposes if a biopsy does not provide reliable results.

The most common surgical treatment is a thyroidectomy, an operation that completely removes the thyroid gland. Post-surgery, the patient receives a daily hormonal medication, high doses of which must be taken for the remainder of his/her life—this is what happened to James. Lymph node removal is usually performed at the time of surgery as well. Complications and side effects may be prevalent as a result of surgical treatment. For example, the patient's voice may be temporarily or even permanently lowered, but it can also be lost entirely.

James Spenser also had to experience radiation therapy, in which cancer cells are exposed to high levels of intense radiation. This supplemental treatment method is used because post-surgery, due to the growth of the tumor above the thyroid gland, radiation can reduce the risk of cancer growth and slow down the spread of metastases to other organs. In other words, the aim is to minimize the risk of disease recurrence.

As a child, James was destined to learn things that were incomprehensible to his peers. For example, radiation therapy treatment courses take place over a few weeks, five days a week. Before initiating treatment, a healthcare professional measures the patient's anatomical structures and determines the required exposure angle and radiation dose. The irradiation session lasts a few minutes and is entirely painless. But the effects usually don't go away without a trace. Generally, after such therapies, side effects appear—for example, the surrounding tissues are damaged, the skin color changes, and the oral mucosa dries out.

Not only this, but James was also treated with radioactive iodine to destroy any remaining cancer cells and cure the thyroid cancer completely. Thyroxine plays a crucial role in this treatment as without this medicine, patients may experience symptoms of thyroid hormone deficiency such as tiredness or weakness.

Very often, patients treated with radioactive iodine compare it to radiotherapy. However, in this case, the patient may be radioactive for only four to five days after treatment. Gradually, radioactive iodine is

eliminated from the body in urine, saliva, and sweat. Thus, the patient must spend a few days in the hospital until his/her radioactivity level becomes safe and harmless to those around him.

Hospital staff may be irradiated during treatment with radioactive iodine until it has left the patient's body to guarantee the safety of the patient and other bystanders. Thus, specific safety rules are followed. The patient is treated and cared for in a ward away from the central unit and is typically isolated or placed with another patient receiving the same treatment (a lead partition separates their beds). For James, it was challenging to cope with the limited number of visitors, as he had always loved the company of others. Feelings of isolation and loneliness set in, but everything fell back into place following four to five days of treatment.

Today, James remembers these requirements and strict rules perfectly, most notably the lead partition and lack of visitors. Because he was very young, James didn't understand how and what he was being treated for, so related therapies felt like a horror movie. Consider how a child feels while locked up in a cold hospital room undergoing incomprehensible procedures with no support person around. James's mother wasn't there before bed to hug or reassure him that all would be alright. Would these young patients expect everything to just get fixed someday, that the nonsense would eventually end? James might say that his *greatest* horror was being separated from his mom, the most important person in his life. When your mother is close to you, things look different. You feel safe; when you are safe, you feel strong—unlike feelings of insecurity and disruption that are intensified in an austere hospital setting.

While all of this represents only a short phase of James's life, things look different in childhood. If the day is boring, it stretches like chewing gum and doesn't seem to end. As for James, his summers seemed to last for all eternity because while lying in his hospital bed, time seemed to stop.

During this trying time in his life, James had to endure a total of four unpleasant neck surgeries (taking place over the course of five years from 1996 to 2001) that doctors supplemented with irradiation, radiation, and other therapies and treatments. In fact, at the time, neither James nor his parents knew that gamma rays were in fact not needed to treat this disease. It wasn't until a good decade later that another physician pointed this out immediately while going through James's medical history.

Given the wide breadth of time required for these surgeries, James had to suffer many long, lonely evenings behind the lead partition. The second surgery in fact took place in 1999—the very same year his grandfather died. Yet, the boy did not give up: instead of crying, he looked for ways to help himself. Above all else, James discovered one notably reliable method that saved him from loneliness, encouraged and taught him, and even allowed his thoughts to drift to other times, to other lands, to wise people he could “talk” with: reading. He drank wisdom and gradually realized that the world is not so bad after all. Loneliness is a bad advisor. When you are isolated, bigger and scarier monsters start to fall into your head until you suffocate and fall asleep tormented by your thoughts.

It's for this reason that the boy decided not to be alone with himself. Books became his constant companion. Instead of analyzing the monsters created in his imagination, James began to listen to wise people's thoughts. On one such lonely evening in his hospital ward, he discovered a quote from Lance Armstrong that would inspire him with strength: “We must live life because it was given for us. Also,

how do we want to play cards if someone has given them to us? There may be problems, but we have to play. It's possible to win even with poor cards, and those who keep playing even when everyone gives up are the real winners." James knew he couldn't give up because he always wanted to be a winner.

Unfortunately, not everything went as smoothly as James and his parents had hoped for. During one of the four surgeries, the doctors damaged a nerve in James's neck that is linked to diaphragm activity and respiratory function. One seemingly small mistake led to consequences that would remain with James for the rest of life, as his diaphragm muscle was damaged and no longer worked at full capacity. In another such instance, a doctor's mistake resulted in James's neck muscles being incorrectly cut, resulting in a spine deformity that made one shoulder feel disproportionately higher than the other one. As a result of these experiences, he was forced to find the strength to come to terms with other people's mistakes. Forgive—even if those mistakes negatively affect your entire wellbeing.

Life in a Small Town

James Spenser grew up in a happy family and resided in a small Lithuanian town, but his household faced its own challenges just like any other family. Today, as a man in his thirties, he understands that every life lesson has helped him better understand the world around him—which is definitely not an easy task for a young person living in a small town. After all, he grew up in a city with a population of 20,000—its very stadium can accommodate two to three times as many people as this!

Everyone knows that community spirit can both make or break a small town. Doctor referrals are easy to come by, and the car mechanic who lives next door constantly reminds his neighbor when it's time for an oil change. After all, in a small community, it is common to take care of and keep an eye on each other. Yet, curiosity often rules the day as well.

After his operations, James spent a lot of time in sanatoriums, during which he was forced to skip many lessons at school and could not catch up with classmates. Yet these deficiencies were even less critical than the tension he faced at home, which forced James and his younger brother to grow up early, without any warning. From a young age, they learned to take responsibility for themselves and have a strong opinion. They knew no one else would fight for them, and as adults, were forced to defend their beloved mother. Given his close relationship with his mother, ever since childhood James was convinced that it was impossible to break this love—which could not be overcome by poverty, disease, evil words, or the mistakes of children.

There may have once been love between James's parents, but as their children grew up, love took a backseat to everyday problems. When his parents had met, they were both young idealists who dreamed of taking over the world and enjoying fruitful careers. God steered the young couple so that their first child was not born until they had been together for ten years: a long-awaited firstborn son. Maybe that's why, as soon as she saw James, his mother swore to herself that she would be the best mother in the world. Of course, that went on to be the case for both sons.

The young woman looked into James's dark eyes every day and enjoyed every moment next to him. The first year passed by extremely fast, and he grew from a tiny, helpless newborn into an infant who learned how to hold a spoon and take his first steps. When his mother bent down to kiss him before bed, the child would often grab her by the ear.

Her mother compensated for all the love that your father didn't know how to express and show. James's mother, dear, gentle and gentle woman, begged her husband, asked her to stop drinking with her heart. She was very clever, but she did not realize that just praying for alcoholism will not make you feel you can't use any words because alcohol is changing the brain to the wrong side. All human personality changes. And certainly not in the right direction. There's a change in the character of alcohol. A man is no longer able to control not only the quantities of alcoholic beverages he has taken, but also the decisions he has taken. As a result, James's father made a mistake. James' father was a harsh mother. No, no fighting, no fighting. He was just being angry, but never humiliated by either children or wives. Maybe that's why the mother was so humble? Maybe that's why my mother believed in her strange husband. The personality of a drinking person takes on the qualities of two

words: 'no problem' or 'no problem. There's no food at home. I think the mouse might hang out in the fridge. We have to get up, go to work, but after yesterday, you have a very heavy head, and you should be bragged. No problem, the job will wait, nothing will happen. Someone knows the phone, asking when the debt will be paid, then you can turn off the phone and you can keep it quiet - there's no problem. This was what James' Father did, and his mother could never understand that this was a trait of a changed alcoholic personality. Another characteristic of alcoholic personality is the growing egoism. It's that family is poor, but alcohol needs money, you can't get it for free. James mother could never understand that an alcoholic would always make money out of the drinks, but he couldn't get the money to the family. The personality of an alcoholic takes features such as twilight, lying. Alcoholic lies are becoming very resourceful, because there is something to be done to convince a neighbor to lend the bottle, somehow to talk the employer's teeth so he can cover the next time a senior official, somehow to make the wife "spend" his last money on something that he knows, and to rob him to hell. A good mother always had to hide from her father a certain amount of "inviolable" to keep her children from starving.

Alcohol is the biggest poison in the world. It's a pity that not everyone understands it... or perception comes only when it's too late. The mother of the children suffered so badly that her husband had chosen such a path, but had managed to give children a happy childhood, even when she was unhappy. James was then very young and had not yet assessed his mother's efforts to achieve the best childhood possible for his son. James has sometimes even been mad at me for not being at home or considering he has nothing to do with other peers. But the year ran, and James Mashed, he realized the things he didn't see when he was a child. A young man's mind becomes different, and you see the soul of every man, whatever it is, of course, never too late to change. The light is darkness.

She never left her husband's fate because she believed the day would come and he'd change. They created a family of great love. Two wonderful children were born from the same great love. But unfortunately, faith was not enough to get the alcoholic father to heal. It's taken years for him to finally get used to it. The greatest enemy was not even alcoholism. Drinking was just a cause. The big problem was a very serious and viscous disease.

This disease is a viscous rayon pulling you deep.

This disease changes your mind so that you don't have the strength, not just the desire to get out, you give up and you scratch down.

This disease makes a man's fridge, his eyes perish, and his desire to live.

This disease shades the human environment to gray and you cannot understand what is, because you see only shadows, you confuse day with night; you lose time and space.

This disease takes away any spiritual and physical forces of man, where it becomes an inhumane task to wake up in the morning and go to the shower.

It is not just the patient who has the disease, but the entire family is gradually getting sick.

This is a depression that is a very serious illness of the soul. She can lead you all your life and get heavier, drag your tire more and more before you finally lose yourself. With depression, only professional doctors and people's own diligence can help. You must say no to your own stupid beliefs. And they can be controlled if they have a strong character, an iron will. I mean, every single one of us, we make our own; we build our own convictions.

As fierce as a cat, James's mother fought for her children all her life. From an early age, she taught them to follow a righteous path—only the boys didn't always take these lessons to heart. How many times did she take responsibility for their youthful pranks? But as young boys who had their whole life before them, they weren't privy to the feelings their mother experienced every time she let her sons out the door, not knowing what news might come tomorrow.

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James Spenser never had a strong relationship with his father. James was very weak during childhood, often survived. James' father was very painful to survive every inability of his child, and he felt his son's pain as his own. Where do you put your heart? You're not going to rip it out of your chest, you will not take it out, and that heart is so cruel, and it doesn't leave day or night. No, James' father did not break immediately, but he was more and more calming in his cup - at least for that time. When the palate runs down with a warm slum, the souls seem to warm up.

These "moments of complacency" have grown over the cup, and the chances of drinking have increased. Your father has spent time with friends of his heart sometimes, but you won't say everything, even though you don't fully understand why his son is weak, why he still doesn't feel so hard, why did he have to have such a tough tear in the hospital? His father never had a chance. He was trying to wipe his mind off as a foul fly, a buzzing and unwavering effort and a rest minute. But the idea was much more persevering than that fly, and it never got to be done, and the more often it came to the head. "It's all your fault, Father, that your son is sick!" - "This idea has come out of subconsciousness more and more. Finally, the man surrendered: although logically he could explain that there was no fault of his own here, he still didn't believe he was innocent. A constant guilt and a shame you can't do anything, a feeling of ruin, a chimney. As a result, James's beloved father no longer heated his soul by either, gradually retracted it into a viscous alcoholic slum, and the point was not strong because depression devastated him. Yeah, he blamed himself. A father is not a weak person, but when you love your child, when you live his pain in the same way as you do, everyone can react and act inadequately and find the wrong ways of calming down. James's father did not think about the future, and therefore relieved himself of his alcohol pain. That grievous guilt never let him go. He kept blaming himself for the failure of his first son in life. But he's not guilty, it's really just fate.

Despite nothing, James father always loved his children. I tried to give everything you could, even though those possibilities were limited. Some of his income was just lost, not every day, even bread was on the table. Father thought a man needed little. He needs love. He actually gave his whole heart to his children. Children didn't appreciate it. When you're a teenager, it's more about the real good. Maybe my father didn't know how to show his concern to the children, maybe he couldn't show how much he loved his son, because he was a little closed and not everything he felt could spoke. And the

fucking alcohol. If children don't hear the words "I love you" every day, they find it hard to understand that unconditional love of their parents, and only later they realize that nothing really will protect them, neglect them and love them as parents. Words that have not been spoken or heard weaken the relationship between parents and children, and the foundation of the love of a family is falling apart.

James Spenser's father saw the loss of family ties and he realized his own guilt at heart. Whoever fell in love with alcohol is less capable of loving relatives. The heart that drowned in the vodka is coming. James' father knew fully that this choice was not appropriate for a real man, a family head. Is he supposed to do this? Family well-being should be the concern, not walking on the wrong knees. James' father realized very well that it was not enough just to love your children, but to care for them, to give the whole heart and to give it to the welfare of the victims. And especially when you know that one of your children often has an unidentified illness when every time's he goes powerless in the hospital ward. What do you think of your son? How does he feel that Father, instead of being around him and looking after him, sitting by the bed holding his hand, is somewhere in a party, is getting drunk? Of course, it was through the child's self-esteem, and he felt abandoned. His father needs it and he's not there. James father understands it, he understands it. How many times he has sworn to himself; it's all. This is the last time I've got the cup in my hand, but that terrible illness, alcoholism, was stronger than it was. And all that damn alcohol had a mess with both sons of bitches. Dad's like he's gone.

Disasters and Failures: Do They Make You Stronger or Weaker?

As a teenager, James realized that it was not his father but himself who was now the head of the family. Whenever his father got drunk, he was met by the fierce gaze of his oldest son. James frequently had to hold back his father to keep his mother safe from his wrath. At least six times, James's father was admitted to rehab. Yet, every time he managed to escape and resumed drinking again. Eventually, this routine began to drive his father crazy, and he would succumb to hallucinations, panic, and hysteria. Neighbors who heard the resulting commotion became angry as well. Unfortunately, the kind of lifestyle James's father chose isolated him from his children for life. Even an adult, if James wanted a hug, this was no longer possible due to his father's condition.

Consequently, for a young child, home never seemed like a safe place. James spent most of his teenage years on the street, and the street raised him. He became acquainted with street life early on, which, although not very hospitable, did help him forget his troubles at home.

Due to his poor health, James always stood out as a tall, slender young man. However, he knew how to overpower his peers and claim respect by force: lessons taught from the street. There, school was an afterthought, and James rarely attended. At the age of sixteen, he was eventually expelled from tenth grade, just before exams. Frankly, this was not due to all of his absences, but rather because he could never hold his tongue and stay silent. "I'll fuck you in the evening," he once said to his Lithuanian language teacher. She, in turn, made sure this uneducated student was removed from school. However, James was not so quick to forget his studies. After his expulsion, he entered night school and became an excellent student. After graduating from tenth grade, he enrolled in a vocational school and worked to become a salesperson. These studies were perhaps not the best idea for someone in his teens, as only a few boys sat among over thirty girls in class. As the hormones raged in their bodies, lessons were exchanged for frantic parties and first experiences.

Hormones pushed the boys to tease the girls in an effort to prove their growing male strength. Once, an insignificant detail caused a conflict between James and another classmate, who shoved one another forcefully. That classmate told his older brother about the incident, and James got a few kicks for his trouble. But James, who had grown up on the street among gangs in the criminal world, had his circle of friends, and the classmate eventually faced retribution. In a small town, large fights never escaped the eyes of onlookers, so police quickly appeared on the scene. James took the blame because he felt responsible for the situation, and the consequences did not come only from the law. After hearing about the incident, the school principal forced James to leave the vocational school as well. James continued his studies at an adult school, where lectures were taught in the evenings after work. The young man who had never worked anywhere before was struck with an idea to flee to England to earn some money.

Upon his arrival, James began work at a duty-free shop in London's Gatwick Airport. His coworkers quickly explained the system of how to add bonuses to his immigrant salary. Mainly, they stole various products to send back to their homeland, where they were quickly sold. James tried to do the same. He managed to steal some products, but he wasn't good at hiding them. Soon enough, he was caught and fired after working there for only three months. However, in that short amount of time, he managed to

earn a great deal of money for himself and his younger brother in Lithuania who had sold the items sent from England—specifically, large boxes of glasses, watches, MP3 players, jewelry, and other famous manufacturers' goods. He quickly realized that he had tried a business venture for the first time in his life, although not a legal one.

While living in England, James also stumbled upon products that very few people in his home country knew about. One evening, he and his friends accidentally found a shop that sold various pills, powders, incense, and even a kind of mushroom the locals called “magic mushrooms.” The store was trendy with long student queues every weekend. As soon as James and his friends discovered it, they knew such products would be beneficial for the Lithuanian market. Hence, James's second business went on to become highly profitable, representing a time when he could afford anything. As a young fellow with the fresh taste of money, he drank the experience of life in big sips each and every day. During this sublime time, he returned to his hometown, where he could now afford an apartment. Yet at that time, owning property was not even on his radar. Parties, entertainment, dancing, and having fun until sunrise were much more appealing. As he indulged in luxury drinks and expensive temptations, the wealth he had accumulated vanished by year's end, so he returned to England to find work once again.

He first worked in a large warehouse while living near the sea, but whistling breezes, sleeping in his clothes, and constant workplace drafts affected his motivation. He lasted only two days. Friends he stayed with found him a slightly cozier job in a bakery, but even there, James stayed for just a week due to the hurried pace of the work. James did not like working in England, which required him to work like a horse and face the oppression of his bosses. He was not accustomed to working for others, lowering his head, and following instructions. He liked to be the one in charge!

He returned to Lithuania, but a few months later, friends who had earned a lot of money working with solar panels all over Europe invited James to try out this work in England. Enthusiasm led him to agree, but even in this job, there was more work than money. Eight people living in a stuffy hotel room and the constant English rain did not fascinate him enough to stay there, searching for happiness. Physical demands of the job contributed to his depressed mood, as it was difficult to lift solar collectors (which he was forced to carry on his back).

And so, James moved to live near his friends in the north of England, near the Scottish border. He rented a house and planned to work in the parcel business. During this transition period, James received an offer to work in the Tesco shopping center warehouse. In the first few days of work, the young man did not understand why he could not match his colleagues' pace. Even the young, delicate girls worked twice as fast as he could. That job lasted only a week. James realized it was time to look for another direction in his life. He couldn't work as a servant or keep up with the pace of warehouse life. He would have to find something simpler and much more profitable, even if the new activity was illegal.

His first attempts to speculate on new opportunities did not go well for James. Dreams of having multiple accounts in various banks and grandiose plans for the future quickly evaporated when his new business quickly stopped turning a profit. James began to seek comfort in drugs and parties. However, this rebellious period did not last long.

After everyday life seemed to shine again and life finally returned, James Spenser was hit with a harsh reality—his brother was suddenly killed, one weekend at the disco, right in the middle of the street. On April 28, 2006, James's 16-year-old brother was stabbed in the back for no apparent reason by a hardened criminal. The felon had seven previous convictions and become toughened due to poor prison conditions—which is how the government of this Lithuania raised animals in prisons.

James's brother was not involved in any way but just happened to be in the criminal's way. Furthermore, the ambulance took twenty minutes to travel a mere two kilometers to provide first aid.

This experience crushed James. He was informed about the accident via telephone, and upon his arrival on scene, saw his younger brother lying in a puddle of blood without any signs of life. James took off his jacket and covered his brother's body, realizing that he was now facing an even more difficult task: telling his mother what had happened. His dad had already been called to his brother's school, though he didn't know why. Soon enough they both learned their devoted, polite, and kind-hearted son no longer existed on Earth. He had been known as an athletic, intelligent, and very purposeful young guy. Everyone's favorite, the teen, was the highlight of his class. James was assured that a bright and prosperous future awaited his brother, but a cold knife blade prevented that from becoming a reality.

James wanted nothing else but to cut out his killer's eyes and tongue and dismember his arms and legs. He'd open his head and scatter his rotten brains around the fields so that the beasts could eat them. But this is a brutal act that requires detached nerves. Perhaps it would be best to shoot a large caliber rifle and launch a bullet directly between his eyes, exploding his brain. Birds could nourish themselves if they ate such rot. Yet, that is illegal; the police are not stupid and would immediately suspect him. Besides, he would end up in prison for a long time and was only twenty years old. Prison conditions in Lithuania are poor, and he would probably face a good deal of ass fucking in the process. Instead, James hoped that karma would do its job, and as soon as the man left prison, something would happen to him. Maybe a brick, a scaffolding pole would fall on his head and kill him. James, of course, would be infinitely grateful. He knew that sometimes all sorts of surprises happen. You can be headed home from work, slip on a banana peel, and fall on a broken glass bottle—slicing through a major artery, and right in the middle of the street, like a slaughtered pig, simply bleed to death.

After his brother was killed, his parents could no longer sleep peacefully. Fifteen years have now passed, and to this day, his mother still feels drained; her soul locked as a butterfly in a cocoon. His father remained immersed in the swamp of alcoholism, compressing his pain almost every day by raising a glass. He didn't realize this was killing him, little by little. He was no longer the man he was while his son was alive. Of course, James could not reconcile his death either—after all, he only had one brother. One stab in the back, and his brother's lungs filled with blood, resulting in instant death. That day was unforgettable for all. The young, beautiful body of the boy was left lying next to his school. A large crowd of youngsters circled the body and cried. James will remember that black Friday night for a lifetime: an evening that destroyed the life of the whole family.

James's memories are not as bright as his other peers. Memories of the decayed father of alcoholism and depression and of the almost broken mother who pushed him back to normal life slowly fading away. But there are memories that any force can't fuse... and even a full time will not help. James hits his

brother every time. They say time heals. Not in this case. The more time James' brother gets, the longer he gets. He's waiting for his little brother back. James thinks the door will open, and he will come in. However, such hope is only a mirage, but a contrived illusion, when heartache seems to be no longer being lifted.

James Spenser knows well that his brother will not return. He won't cross the doorstep of his house, day or night, no matter how much you knock him. He won't see his brother's laughter and a face-glowing smile, unless in a dream. But in my dreams, my brother doesn't come in. Maybe because they won't hurt the rest of the living? Although visiting a dream just makes memories lighter. You can think for a while that nothing happened, that the world is just like that day. Oh, to turn the time back. On that day, James would not have spent his brother anywhere. If he wanted to leave, the force would have stopped. He's clamped and holding.

He won't return to his family, he won't visit his loved ones who loved him and loved him, but now he's just remembered.

All the family's expectations disappeared only overnight, or only in one second, when the heart of the loved brother and son stopped beating. There's nothing left but a void, a gray viscosity, despair and helplessness. When one left, the others were physically alive, but each one of them had a particle of heart torn and buried. No support for each other, no wonderful spring weather. And the sun's rays don't have any heat, and the pain is just flashing into the eyes, and tears accumulate. Maybe the crying would wash a lot of flowers for a little while. But just for a little while, when the tears dry, there's another great black void. Everyone panicked into depression because, after all the illusions that they created, he realized that whoever died once would never show up at home, would not open the door, would not enter his room. And no one will ever see him smile on his face, which has frozen in time and will always be young. No one knows how he's doing right now, where he's eternal. Only memories left.

Life is a strange thing. One time, he wrote porous wingers and the next time, especially when we least expect it, he takes everything away. What we enjoy, what we hope for, and what we create many plans can just vanish, die, flash, spin, blow. And only those people who have a greater sense of control tend to feel less pain, can get their hands together more. And this is necessary to keep you from breaking.

No one can change the circumstances, you can't turn the time and get the rumors behind. No one can erase the sadness of the heart and return to life harmony, give your white-gray-black environment color. No one can even think that a lot of things could happen to our loved ones until something happens before something happens that we never change. Then depression can eat us all the rest, so we make some bad choices, but we can't escape from a terrible decision, because it is everyone's perception of how it is better for him to live this day. Every choice has consequences, so it is better to choose the right solutions than the bad ones... But James was young and didn't understand what he was doing, and did not realize he was doing wrong. People choose their own way in person and make decisions as they think fit for the minute, whatever they may be. Choosing the wrong solution may not make your life the way you want it to turn, but nothing can ever change. We need to take off the pink glasses, give up self-deception, and go on.

James Spenser tried to suppress the pain of his loss by doing drugs and alcohol, which resulted in him forgetting about his new studies at Vilnius in the Lithuanian capital, where he hoped to acquire a specialty. Sometimes the substances seemed to erase everything he had experienced in his life. Amphetamines, cocaine, and ecstasy became daily companions, and when time somewhat suppressed the heartache, it was not easy to get rid of these vices. Eventually, James chose to become a bartender and went on to have great success studying.

The capital had opened up a path to nightlife and new acquaintances. James was a bartending intern at a nightclub where he worked on weekend nights. There, he experienced the fine points of providing service and learned the bartenders' unwritten rules. Among these practices was how to cheat the customer, save a few products for the bar, prepare a cocktail with a deceptive amount of alcohol, secure extra tips, and never refuse a cocktail ordered by a hospitable customer.

Working in a club was like living in show business. The workers behind the bar felt like they were on stage with a crowd of fans gathering every weekend to chat with them and take pictures. Then there were the young, drunk girls who did not spare their comments or caresses.

These young women hung on James, caressed him, and provoked him with half-nakedness. It was hard for him to resist when his eyes were eager to see their enormous breasts, as he watched them dance seductively and move their curved buttocks in rhythm to the music. They ordered cocktails for James, which intensified his excitement, and were seemingly asking him to peel off their scant clothing.

James Spenser remembered how a dark-haired girl had invited him to dance then pushed him into a darkened corner where she took his hand and placed it under her miniskirt. There his fingers did not find any panties, and James immediately found himself between her puffy labia. The couple danced with their faces indifferent while his fingers grabbed her clitoris and played with her vagina. She pretended to be apathetic and calm, but only he could feel that she was trembling and shivering as James's hand slowly hugged her waist while the other enjoyed the open depths of the woman. While James found no barriers under her skirt, there was no one else to pass his work to, and he had to get back to the bar. Nonetheless, his real work that evening was under the dark-haired girl's skirt.

The fame and lustful pleasures of the nightclub did not last long. One evening, colleagues with more work experience decided to "baptize" the young bartender and force him to organize the garbage that had accumulated for a month. It seemed underhanded to James, and a week later, due to his inappropriate attitude and the stamp of "disobedient employee," he was escorted from that place of business that had become a kind of paradise.

With a credited internship and diploma in hand, James repeatedly tried to find one job or another to make a living. After setting out to be a furniture carrier, he was hired as a furniture salesman. However, on the first day, the boss ordered him to go to the warehouse and assemble the furniture, wanting to see how a young and inexperienced youth would orient himself to such work; but it was just the first day! James didn't like this at all. It was difficult and boring to assemble furniture in a dark and dusty warehouse. He did well, but the day stretched on. Miraculously, he didn't get into a fight with anyone.

Still, the second day of work came, and the boss ordered he take the furniture to a designated place on the fifth floor. He gave James a helper. Both were young and slight of build. A large bed became quite a challenge as they could barely lift it, but it still needed to be brought upstairs! The house was built during the times of Brezhnev with a narrow staircase. The stairs were crumbling, and it was dark. James Spenser soon realized that trying to get the heavy bed up the stairs was pointless. He called his boss and explained the situation. The experienced “helper” began to fool around. His back hurt, and he refused to help carry furniture. So, James turned around and left, quitting this job without a second thought.

James Spenser also had a chance to be a gas station manager. He cheated there. Or maybe he was merely a modern Robin Hood? James gave all customers enormous discounts, didn’t charge for car washes at checkout, and applied a personal employee discount to everyone who bought something. He was bothered by the monotony and worked like a robot. He was expected to always smile at everyone. *It’s all just so stupid*, James thought. Besides, working different shifts required not sleeping at night and all of that for a minimal salary. James sensed he would no longer be able to pass his health check successfully. After all, such work’s daily life meant contact with chemicals, lubricants, and gasoline. A few weeks later, his employer required a health certificate. Of course, the doctor would not sign it. James went on sick leave and did not return to the gas station. He had lasted only a few weeks there, which was the longest he had worked anywhere in his homeland.

James was later hired as a painter, which he thought would be an easy job. The manager said the walls required preparation and plastering. Nothing seemed complicated about that, and it was an excellent opportunity to gain new skills. That makes sense while you are still young. James came to work with a smile on his face, but it was soon replaced by disappointment. The workplace was more reminiscent of a construction site than a finished building. The walls were under construction, so the contractor told James to carry bricks and clear the area. Other staff installed the walls and eventually allowed James to prepare them for painting. James hauled bricks for half a day and went home early. During the evening, he concluded that such a job was definitely not for him. He could not continue to bend his back and carry bricks with his bare hands to all the different floors. Although the apartment building was only four stories, they could build an elevator instead of exploiting the youth.

No job pleased James; it was as if he was allergic to his bosses and managers. After all, they were not genuine leaders. They were assholes who looked at the employee as slaves. This was probably the same problem all over the world: most managers tended to lead, explain, and point things out. Meanwhile, they also did this without knowing many things themselves. After all, work requires teamwork with members who are happy working with and for their leader. Yet for some reason, most people in the world always call their boss an idiot or label him/her a tough person to work for. Think for yourself: is this worth it? Is it worth working for that kind of person? If your boss is demanding and your team filled with nasty people, is it worth continuing to work together? If you feel your team is worthless, it’s easy to assume that others feel the same about you as well. Go wherever you will be valued! All you need is desire and perseverance. Yet, James did not enjoy the luxury of these opportunities. There was no Internet or other modern technologies that allow even teenagers to make some easy money today.

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One weekend, James Spenser and his friends decided to have fun in neighboring Ukraine when Crimea was still free from Putin. They gorged themselves on drinks and food and set out to look for some adventure. They didn't forget the drugs, of course, just to be sure they would have a lot of fun that night. But after driving 1,000 kilometers, they had to turn around because some of their passports were invalid. A few days later, after sorting out their documents, the adolescents set off again and finally reached Crimea.

The men wanted to see the "Kazantip" Festival on the seashore in Crimea with their own eyes. Tens of thousands of spectators gathered there every year during the middle of summer, and the festival lasted a whole month. After watching it on the Internet, the young men wanted to join in the party themselves. Moreover, in Crimea, a great deal of fun awaited the guys—with beer costing as much as a bottle of vodka and not the most honest bartenders.

First, they visited Kiev, a massive, powerful, and scenic city with new cars on the streets. But Ukraine itself was terrible. The vehicles were outdated and driven without lights. Horses pulled carriages, a sight seen nowhere else in Europe. Yet, Yalta was impressive. The climate was enjoyable, the food was cheap, and it seemed like their holiday would be successful! The ultimate goal was to entertain themselves and dance the nights away while seducing girls.

Finally, they reached the "Kazantip" Festival. The weather was fabulous and balmy, and they managed to see the official opening. There were very few people, maybe only 100 walking around, because the main party was scheduled for a week later. So, the guys decided to visit the town where they had stayed. After buying few souvenirs from the festival, they returned to Yalta and rented a decent, inexpensive house with a large pool in the yard for a week.

The Lithuanians became extremely popular here. There were slender, gorgeous, and tanned girls all around them, willing to try intoxicating substances from abroad. Apparently, the locals did not like wealthy tourists. While heading home from a party before sunrise, the group was stopped by a jeep with tinted windows and police officers, who introduced themselves in Russian and commanded the youths to sit inside the car. The guys started to run for their lives as fast as they could. Still, one friend got caught by the police and regretted trying to escape. It turns out this was common here. Their friend's passport was taken away, and he had to pay several hundred euros to redeem it. Back then in Ukraine, a policeman's salary was just about this, so it was huge money for them. Yet, they were probably not the actual police at all and just some Ukrainians with a nice Jeep and fake police badges, as no protocol was recorded at the scene, and no one was taken to the police department. These Ukrainians set off for the rented house to collect the money, as the youths had spent everything they had in their wallets that evening.

James Spenser managed to run away from these so-called "police," never forgetting scaling Ukraine roofs and running on crossroads to do so. It felt like his heart was going to jump out of his chest. He hid under cars parked along the street, as he had seen in the movies, laying there until his heart beat normally again. Finally convinced no one was looking for him, James reached the house but saw the

same Jeep. After explaining to the taxi driver why he didn't want to leave the car, he finally jumped out when the Jeep left 10 minutes later. Back in his room, he breathed a sigh of relief as the others returned as well, looking like they had returned from war—one smeared with blood, another with a black eye, and a third with torn clothes. Yet, it could've been worse, and they concluded that life in Ukraine was tough.

Climbing the Entrepreneurial Ladder

Back in Lithuania, James's first acquaintance with a different sort of world began at a young age when he tasted his first regular, "official" job. In a somewhat paradoxical fashion, this was also the first to be outlawed: a job at an exotic goods store named Amsterdam, where customers could buy incense, smoking goods, bongos, and various "party tablets." Here, James worked as a quality manager, using scales to weigh incense all day. The job was not hard, but it was quite philosophical. He soon fell into a bohemian lifestyle, and in the evenings, did not miss the opportunity to taste the goods of the store or experiment with friends.

James's boss diligently followed the law and was constantly interested in market news, as he didn't want to risk landing behind bars. The police regularly searched the shop and gathered materials for investigation. However, this did not scare the business owners nor James. However, these fortunes would not last long, as the government wasted no time in assigning strict regulations to drugs. Soon enough, such business owners in Lithuania shuttered their stores due to fear of criminal liability and wars with law enforcement. Back then, punishments for doing drugs were much crueler than for murdering someone. You could get eight years for murder but ten or even fifteen years for a weed packet: it's simply mind-blowing. A guy attempts to rape a girl, but when she refuses, he beats her up so badly that she barely survives. And what does he get? No prison sentence, just a fine for moral compensation and parole. Yet, 0.36 grams of weed can land someone in jail. Such injustice and corruption in Lithuania's law system, and all because the Johnson Bacon's mother is a politician.

James Spenser never understood why one had to spend so many years in prison for a simple desire: to make money. Police officers, judges, or well-known people and business owners who had hidden connections in the drug world never seemed to go to jail. James knew this business was thriving in every country, shaken by no economic crisis or government reform. Many times, he attended parties fueled by drugs that were hosted by celebrities and pop stars, without a single debate about legality. More than once, he delivered cocaine to TV stars who had publicly boasted about their success.

Yet, about 10 years ago one of James's friends was sentenced for having fifteen grams of cannabinoids. He will probably leave jail no longer the man he used to be. The police regime broke him, and one can only imagine how prison will have changed him. Back then, he could have avoided punishment if Lithuanian law enforcement was at least somewhat interested in the details of his case and did not fail to investigate the chemical composition of the substance (PB22 cannabinoids). Only traces of a previously banned substance, JWH018, were found, and the two materials are structurally very similar. Yet, this was enough for the police. A good chemist might even consider them two different substances, albeit very similar in their chemical formulas. The judges ignored the fact that this material was sold legally in the United Kingdom, where James's friend had purchased it. Ten years in prison for possessing drugs is a severe sentence compared to murderers who in fact receive less punishment.

Today, it is well-known that synthetic cannabinoids are widely used in medicine, including in the treatment of oncological diseases. During chemotherapy, they reduce side effects. Synthetic cannabinoids bind to receptors in the body in a different way than those found in cannabis plants, with many products sold as recreational drugs. In the Baltic states, users either face imprisonment or are

sometimes not even charged, but in Europe, selling these chemical substances is in fact not banned. When synthetic cannabinoid blends first circulated in the early 2000s, they were thought to contain a blend of natural herbs. Yet, a 2008 laboratory analysis showed this was in fact not the case.

Although recreational synthetic cannabinoids are widely used today, many have been developed for research to glean more information about their therapeutic effects. Compared to cannabis, these artificial blends are less expensive and readily available in various tobacco stores. As a result, many different chemicals known as “synthetic cannabinoids” are regulated by various laws in other countries or sometimes not banned at all.

James learned more about these substances that dance on the verge of legality while working in 2010 Latvia. At that time, many manufacturers and resellers were not widely known in the world. He was able to get a closer look at incense, which was initially referred to as an “Herbal High.” Also named “Spice,” it arrived from the overflowing market in Germany. Locals could buy it at any newsstand, and people of all ages were familiar with herbal highs—without realizing they were in fact synthetic cannabinoids.

Manufacturers sometimes claim synthetic cannabis contains blends of traditionally used herbs—each designed to be mildly understood—but in combination designed to impart a feeling similar to cannabis intoxication. When “Spice” (referred to by various other names as well) was investigated in German laboratories and elsewhere, it was found that the packaging misled consumers about product ingredients as many synthetic tocopherols were discovered as well—suggesting that the fundamental elements did not match those listed on the package. Still, in November 2008, the German government carried out a risk assessment of the products' performance, concluding that it was unclear what the actual plant ingredients were. Everything was then sprayed with the synthetic cannabinoids, making someone out there billions of dollars.

According to the *Psychonaut Web Mapping Research Project*, synthetic cannabinoids sold under the Spice brand first appeared in Europe in 2004, launched by the now-defunct London company The Psyche Deli. This brand became very popular by 2006, and according to *The Financial Times*, The Psyche Deli's assets during 2006-2007 increased from £65,000 to £899,000. Furthermore, in 2009, the European Monitoring Center for Drugs and Drug Addiction reported that 21 of 30 countries monitored sold Spice-branded products. Competitors quickly arrived, trading various herbal mixtures and synthetic cannabinoids along the way.

James, an adventurous youth, was already aware of these market developments and worked with several of his friends with Spice products in Latvia. Today, such an enterprise is more like speculation than business, but at the time it seemed like a great way for young people to make money. After purchasing genuine Spice products, the friends mixed their contents with tea and then packaged this as a brand-new product—giving rise to innovative “trends” that were more expensive than the well-known Spice products. James realized that people craved something new. Quality or testing didn't even matter; the most important thing was that it provided a novel experience.

He remembers perfectly the mountains of incense that were used to make their new products. It wasn't easy income, and sometimes the guys even had to mix products with shovels. Nevertheless, the hard and patient work always paid off, and they began to get the taste for big money that made them shun morality—especially since these practices were transparent and legal at the time.

The friends worked in the very center of Riga, where they rented expensive premises for business development. Because the product was expensive, they even hired security to oversee the office and ensure not a single gram amongst hundreds of kilograms was taken. As the price per gram was €10, one can only imagine the monetary payoff. This period was one of the more fun times, and the vast quantities of money somewhat silenced the fear in their hearts that it was only temporary. Everyone assumed the days for such businesses were already numbered, as the government merely had to pass the relevant laws and extend the list of prohibited substances for the company to disappear without a trace.

Knowing the pressures exerted on James, one might think that he would become a believer and devote his life to a healthy lifestyle, avoid alcohol and drugs, etc. Others might feel that a person who knows he or she may only ever reach thirty candles on a birthday cake should dive headlong into the joys of life, spending the days among his loved ones and seeking an answer to the question of *Why did this happen to me?* Yet, James was not like that. Neither moral nor physical adversities stopped him, a guy who had never been willing to open up about his health and spent most of his life building a business. Having gained a great deal of experience with drugs and substances, he decided to start a new business using intoxicating powder.

First, a credible business plan was required. James persuaded three trustworthy friends who were looking for easy earnings to join him in his venture. After buying some legal powder, everyone agreed that the business would be a temporary gig—and would fold after everyone could afford a luxury Jeep. Then, they decided that the best place for such a business was in the capital of Latvia in Riga, where nonstop nightlife attracted their target market.

The four business partners rented an apartment in the center of the city—on the top floor of a skyscraper, to be exact—where they could watch the city come alive at night. After stylish people fled home after work and the nightlife scene heated up, the four partners poured out into the darkest streets to seek the remains of unfulfilled dreams. Working in a legal manner, they created a website and began advertising. In the beginning, everything was unknown and complicated, and they had to sort everything out for themselves—divvying up design, writing, and website maintenance responsibilities.

Soon enough, they attracted not only the attention of customers but also the media. More vigilant journalists wrote articles warning the public about this new market player that was not selling bath salts—as publicly claimed—but psychotropic substances. This was in fact not true, as James indeed bought bath salts containing substances were not included in the Lithuanian list of prohibited substances at the time. There was no way anyone could discredit them, and everything was legal.

Nevertheless, local police officers worked to sniff out potential illegalities. They followed every step of the young entrepreneurs, anticipating their stumble. When eating in a cafe, the young businessmen

watched as investigators sat nearby, sometimes only drinking coffee. Their plainclothes appearance did nothing to hide them, even in sports clubs, where they even stalked them out in the shower. Palpable tension was in the air, but James didn't flinch—knowing that what they were doing was legal.

Despite these efforts to intimidate the young entrepreneurs, the partners swam in the joy of media attention. This included a television show that produced an extensive report on the group's e-shop and substances sold there. It was probably a study commissioned by the government or officials, but it only worked to boost their publicity. It was a dream come true.

At the time, this four-person company was not the first to launch such a business in Lithuania, as another e-shop selling the same goods already operated within the country. At the time, James was unsure if it was competitors or the company's police contacts who transmitted information from inside the business to the outside. However, in the long run, institutions and unauthorized forces began to interfere in their activities. Sales fell to extreme lows, and it became difficult to work—although the whole of Lithuania was already widely acquainted with their business. Eventually, James was forced to leave his three business partners, spread his wings, and head to the Czech Republic.

The Business and Beauty of Prague

After arriving in the Czech Republic, James stayed in the country's capital, Prague, and rented a massive, three-story house with a garage, spacious yard, and sauna—always only the best! It was on the outskirts of the city, away from public eyes and the unwanted stares of neighbors. He spent his days at the computer and learned everything there was to know about starting a business (again) and, most importantly, about legal substances that have unique effects on the human body.

He was interested not only in the origin of the materials and the principles of operation, but also in the ingredients, mixtures, and their relationships. After studying this theory, James set out to put his acquired knowledge into practice. Practical training took place in the garage of the house, and after mastering his skills, he produced up to 50 kg in a few days. James chose a simple but effective preparation method. He dissolved cannabinoids, sprayed them onto herbs, and dried them. Everything was ready. The only thing left to do was to buy and consume his products!

Of course, his recipe was not successful right away. The first time James tried to dissolve cannabinoids in absinthe, the herbs developed an off-putting green color. The alcohol tended to evaporate quickly, and after such procedures, there was a pungent odor in the garage and throughout the house. Luckily, there were no neighbors around to smell any residual outdoor odors. To improve his results, James tried mixing in a variety of legal, store-bought alcoholic beverages. Cannabinoids, by the way, were also purchased legally. They arrived via international shipments. At the time, all of this was legal in the Czech Republic because the laws were extremely liberal. Several local businesspeople earned money by offering goods to tourists from more conservative countries so they could have some fun while visiting.

Over time, the experiments diversified, and he eventually selected only herbs with psychoactive ingredients. It turned out that these were the herbs shamans used to smoke in ancient times. Soon James became a walking herbal encyclopedia. What did the old shamans use to fill their souls and brains? Most often, it was different types of lotus herbs. James memorized their principles of operation. For example, the blue Egyptian lotus *Nymphaea caerulea* was known in ancient Egyptian civilization for its psychoactive substances and used in perfumes and aromatherapy. It was like a gentle sedative. In his collection of goods, James sold these herbs extensively, in addition to *Artemisia absinthium* and the infamous marshmallow leaf.

For those who have had no experience with these substances, it is worth knowing that different herbs work in different manners. The effects of some may be more potent and abrupt. Others are more moderate and work slowly. James had engaged in many experiments with herbs and cannabinoids over an extended period of time to know precisely how their effects differed. After all, a good trader must know which products are best suited for each individual customer.

Upon launching his business, James received many emails from people with cancer. Marijuana was known in some countries as medicine used to cope with cancer, but it was far from accepted or legal in many places. Given James's own personal experience, buyers who found him in their search for hope were greeted with extra compassion. Many letters from desperate people simply asked for his help to

overcome their suffering. He did not remain indifferent to such requests, sending goods to buyers and ensuring they tried newer, perhaps more effective substances—never forgetting the advice from his own experience on keeping the motivation to live.

Such treatment methods were criticized in some countries, which carries through to this day. In James's homeland of Lithuania, cannabis was permitted only for medicinal purposes at the end of 2018. However, James had always held the view that whatever helped a person should be allowed. In addition to letters asking for help, he also received thank you notes. Cancer patients who had all but lost hope told James they felt better, had more energy, and no longer considered themselves merely vegetables stuck in bed after using his products. James knew these thank you notes expressed the sincerest gratitude and were proof that patients should not be ignored. If traditional medicine could not help them, there were other solutions to explore.

Ultimately, James began to think more about those customers for whom his merchandise had become a lifesaver rather than a Friday night pastime. He dove into literature, looking for side effects from the substances he was selling, but found none. Many researchers claimed psychoactive substances were nothing but dreadful. James disagreed. It didn't take long for him to memorize entire lists of the cannabinoids he knew. He could talk about each one quite extensively: their effects and how long they last. Some substances make you laugh or activate thinking, while others just slow you down and make you calm. The effects of cannabinoids usually last from twenty minutes to an hour. James noticed that his goods induced almost no side effects, with not one case of shaking, fear, or anxiety seizures. He was convinced such concerns were just fiction, widely discussed in the media to instill fear.

James Spenser found no notable scientific research that proved otherwise, such as studies involving animal testing to determine if these highly demonized products actually harmed living organisms. He eventually realized that substances considered drugs in various parts of the world were an excellent tool for governments to manipulate their citizens. It is a business that costs and produces enormous amounts of money, the vast majority settling in government pockets.

But how does it work? First of all, there is an active and widespread policy to constantly remind the public about the consequences of consumption. It is often said that such substances cause irreversible changes within the body: although these remain unexplained. Drug trafficking is a highly successful business formula. Per various sources, the most significant drug trafficking networks—often including civil servants and police officers—come to light sooner or later in almost every state. Negative public opinions inject fear into society, from which the relevant structures profit. This makes it much easier to manage said society, as a person who is afraid is more vulnerable.

Some countries did eventually begin to abandon such logic. In 2015, some drugs were decriminalized, and special drug rooms opened in Ireland. States that make such decisions care about the health and well-being of their citizens. Users are provided with substances and a suitable environment, with safety measures taken. These communities also solve the issue of crimes committed by so-called drug addicts, as people no longer gather around drug dealers looking for someone to rob to buy another dose.

Yet, critics of safe drug use policies argue that states that participate only acknowledge their defeat in the fight against drugs without considering other mechanisms. In the small country where James grew up, for many years, there was a dearth of information about how some drugs could help people heal or make pain more manageable. Morphine had enjoyed wide use but was also a harmful substance. It makes a person apathetic and unable to function and think properly. Yes, users are in less pain, but can they live a full life? On the other hand, marijuana products free people from pain but also make them feel like full-fledged members of society. Shouldn't every self-respecting state strive for that?

While working in the Czech Republic, James established this mindset and thus never believed he was outside the law—especially since his work was legal. He ordered over a hundred different scents made from flower extracts. In some places, these were used to make perfume, but James's product was for a completely different use. In this way, he sought to make herbal high incense delicious while maintaining the possibility of smoking it. He still believes this was an invaluable experience, and his continued interests in this area fascinate him. Maybe he was a chemist by nature, or at least a physicist? This immense curiosity pushed James forward, leaving no room for fear or anxiety.

Soon enough, his business produced no shortage of buyers and in turn, more money than he could spend. One day of work in Prague produced the same amount his friends in Lithuania made in a month. James liked this, knowing he could afford more than mediocrity—while it was mediocrity and those who could not defend their opinions he did not like so much. Life in the Czech Republic was not only interesting, but fun. After he experimented at work—if it could even be called that—nightclub parties in the VIP suite awaited him. James enjoyed first-class service and luxury drinks. He was well-known among city bartenders and nightclub administrators who wanted to provide their customers with fragrant smoking incense. Every big party or gathering of famous people included James. He was welcomed and loved.

James Spenser eventually became acquainted with twin sisters and spent all his free time with them. It was a hot summer, so they enjoyed swimming and sunbathing in addition to the nightclub scene. One Friday night, they went to the club to dance as usual. The champagne poured freely, and they drank bottle after bottle. The twins were wild that evening, wanting to make love. This had never occurred before, as they had all just been friends, plain and simple. Yet, when you are intoxicated, you behave impulsively.

One twin asked for a massage. James obliged, and his hands slid lower and lower—massaging her vagina and clitoris. Rather than stop his hand, the girl began to moan with pleasure before deciding to suck on his lip. When the other twin saw this, she moved toward them and flung off her bra, revealing youthfully tight breasts. Grabbing his hand, she commanded him to caress her and placed a hot, sizeable breast into the palm of his hand—ratcheting up his passion. He tore off the first twin's bra before both girls dropped their panties as if in agreement, and two beautiful, completely naked bodies moved sexily in front of his eyes. *Don't just soak this in with your eyes. Give a job to your hands*, James thought. The sisters couldn't share him equally and wanted to tear him up. They spread and raised their legs, enticing James—who had never been presented with two vaginas simultaneously before. He stroked their breasts, swollen with lust, fanning their flames and clenching their nipples with his nails—he knew that women almost fainted from this and wanted it more than anything. He then

dove into their wetness, one by one, as the other girl climaxed from his fingers on her clitoris. Roles were exchanged—as he had enough strength to please both—and he filled their flaming ravines with his fountain. Making love with two identical girls was a brand-new experience that made for an unbelievable night. Perhaps a little *too* unbelievable, as that escapade marked the end of their friendship. James never heard from the twins again, though he did enjoy revisiting this hot memory on a frequent basis. After all, he realized that it's important to live with feelings, no matter how strong those experiences were.

The success of James's business was soon noticed by other like-minded entrepreneurs. At the other end of town, another location opened that followed a similar scheme as James's business: clients ordered substances online, and a parcel service delivered them. Most of the goods came from China or India, countries that launched dozens of new, similar products every year. When buying in larger quantities, the supplier would offer a discount, and the seller need only take care of distributing the goods. Various types of material were ordered, usually in powder form.

Several choices gained quick popularity. One such option, MDPV, was a stimulant first created in the 1960s that raised a lot of discussion and questions until about 2004. Since then, it's been marketed as a bath salt or leisure drug. It was available at gas stations or other stores at the time, but only in the United States.

Another substance that young people, especially, loved was Flephedrone powder. At first, it was just a product of the latest fashion craze, as the brand name came from a designer's last name. Because of its stimulating qualities, it was a favorite of people who already knew what mephedrone was—which was known for effects similar to cocaine and MDMA. However, mephedrone also had side effects including grinding of the teeth, which was the only downside of the world-famous mephedrone that has been around since 1929. In a survey of users from England, many respondents indicated that its effects last longer than cocaine or amphetamines but were addictive. Several deaths due to mephedrone overdoses have been reported in the press.

A little-known psychotropic substance was 5-MeO-Dalt powder, which had a psychedelic effect. It was first synthesized by Alexander Shulgin back in 2004. He informed researchers, and the material he prepared was distributed online before his powder was quickly added to online retail store shelves. Buyers liked this product for its uplifting effects: conceptual thinking, memory suppression, accelerated thoughts, and an increase in feelings, sexual desire, and love of music. It was the perfect party drug.

It's inconceivable how many hundreds of legal substances sold on the world market are not considered drugs. Just like James in the Czech Republic, it's difficult to imagine that various countries still trade in a similar way today. In search of innovations, people in the Czech Republic were also offered a legal MDPV stimulant that has similar effects to amphetamine and methamphetamine.

Another stimulant and psychiatric drug is methylone, which is an analog of MDMA. It was first synthesized in 1996, then recommended for use as an antidepressant that acted as a relaxant. Its potency was almost the same as MDMA, so the effects could last for several hours. It was often said to act as “pleasant and cozy magic.”

Another popular commodity at that time, butylone, is a drug of the chemical class of phenylethylamine. According to Dr. Michael Lebowitz of the New York Institute of Psychiatry, phenylethylamine causes a condition similar to that experienced by lovers, as “love causes dizziness.” Butylone was mentioned in documents in 1967 and until 2005, was only known well in academic circles. Formal testing of this substance was first performed in 2009, and it was shown to be metabolized in a similar way to other drugs analogous to methylone. The effects of butylone were also very similar to those of MDMA.

Yet another chemical similar in effect to mephedrone was 4-MEC, a substance then-thought to act as a stimulant similar to cocaine and amphetamine. It was initially marketed as an antidepressant, but due to its effects in some countries (e.g., New Zealand), is sometimes sold as ecstasy—a drug that isn’t known to be addictive.

On that very same topic, it’s important to note that addiction is often the main fear governments manipulate to shape public opinion about drugs. But what really is addiction? *Physical* dependence is a condition in which the body adapts to psychoactive substances, and when you stop using them, you show signs of abstinence. *Psychological* dependence occurs when a person feels a relentless desire to use a psychoactive substance, despite potential harm, and it becomes the center of the user’s thoughts, feelings, and activities—making it difficult to stop.

However, *which* substances are genuinely addictive is still debated around the world. Although drugs have been discussed for many years, there is still a lack of research proving the actual harm caused by substances governments deem “illegal drugs.” In fact, it’s already known that addiction comes from *any* chemical that stimulates the brain and nervous system. Drug addiction is a big problem, but it needs to be tackled differently than how the world is currently fighting it. Drugs have been and will continue to exist, but the farther they are from sight, the greater the global flow. There is demand; there is supply.

Once sold legally, many of the substances discussed earlier are now banned and only a business memory for those who managed to take advantage of that convenient period. However, drug trafficking remains a huge money-making business. The vast majority of these goods that are legally bought and sold were made in China. Chemists and biochemists living here work to preserve their market—as soon as a product is banned somewhere else, Chinese laboratories immediately synthesize a new one.

Governments worldwide take all sorts of measures to weaponize drugs. In 2012, *NBC News* reported that officials broke into the Miami headquarters of a competitor in James’s industry and confiscated 5 million sachets of synthetic cannabinoids: primarily substances known in the market as “Scooby-Doo.” At the time, this was a legally traded commodity. However, more than 300 kilograms of powders and 1.5 tons of herbal high incense were seized. That would be enough for all the people in one state to enjoy a three-day party. Over \$60 million was also confiscated during the raid, which was legally earned money logged in transparent accounts. Yet, everything fell into official hands. The state has no power against such entrepreneurs who are well versed in the law. This retail network was widely known and spread across all states. Substances needed for a party or daily relaxation after work could even be purchased at gas stations, thus reducing the product’s price. Buying such a product online costs ten times more.

Perhaps because of this, and possibly for fear of police attention, only a few people decided at that time to take up such an online business as James did in the Czech Republic. It is estimated that there were just about a hundred such brave comrades in Europe, at best about a thousand in the world. However, such traders are valued not only by colleagues but also by buyers. And most importantly, there is little attention from officials. When using advertising your wares, you need to be sure that everything is clean. As long as you maneuver at the edge of the law, no one will put you in prison. But you need to be well prepared and have solid knowledge of the substances sold. You should hire lawyers who know the field well and sell only a quality product.

While living in the Czech Republic, a successful business and satisfied customers allowed James to enjoy his experience and relax a bit while enjoying his well-earned money. He pampered himself with luxury goods and enjoyed the attention of girls.

One of his first luxury purchases took shape as a BMW. Looking to feel the adrenaline, James could often be seen cruising the city's narrow streets with no attention paid to any speed limits. On one such occasion, he nearly collided with another car but was able to quickly turn the wheel and avoid a crash. While no one was seriously injured, the BMW was damaged beyond repair. James considered this a potential blessing in disguise. After selling the wrecked car and receiving insurance benefits, he purchased a more subtle yet luxurious Mercedes-Benz. In the Czech Republic, this brand did not escape the eyes of the women—although many cared more about the car than the man driving it. Realizing this, James stashed a liter of Jack Daniels therein for any potential visitors.

One weekend evening, James went to a party in the town center and parked his new car by the door. He enjoyed a fun evening with a girl and some friends, but the alcohol was more potent than James. Before dawn, he was shaken awake by a furious bus driver, unsure of how he ended up there. An arduous trip home and half-day of sleep awaited. After sobering up, James went to the club to collect his car, but it was no longer there. He called the police, who as it turns out were also looking for the Mercedes. Why? The day prior, that very same vehicle had hit an officer. James swore up and down this was not the case until he saw the nightclub's video surveillance footage, clearly showing him sitting in the passenger seat with a stranger seated at the wheel. Suddenly, the car accelerated wildly through the parking lot and struck an officer trying to stop the suspected drunk from hitting passers-by. It was all in vain. After that night, it took police three days to find the car. The incident was broadcast on television, written about in newspapers, and spoken about by locals. Only after seeing these images did James realize that he would probably need to say goodbye to the Mercedes—not because police would confiscate it, but because a wild night left too many “autographs” on the car's body. In the videos, James saw a car that plowed through meadows, fields, and forests, getting crushed more and more at every turn. Possibly, away from police, the stranger simply ditched the drunk car owner and disappeared in a blink of an eye.

In the end, police managed to find the stranger, but the young, speed-loving guy did not have enough money or insurance to cover the damage. The thief's father signed over some of his land to James, but its value was only a few thousand dollars. James sold the property for a tiny amount but couldn't pay off the car—easily gained, easily lost. After this experience, James said goodbye to luxurious, eye-catching cars because he realized the jealousy of others led to no good. Besides, he didn't want to be in

the police spotlight. He bought an unpretentious car, but that also meant an immediate drop in the number of women he served bedside coffee to in the morning.

His immediate concerns did not prevent James from daydreaming about a future Ferrari, Bugatti, Bentley, private yacht, or private plane. He thought about a future big business that would attract world-famous people and well-known business tycoons.

This experience taught him a few essential things that went on to benefit him later in life. First of all, one must always thoroughly know the country's laws where you live and work—especially if you want to make a lot of money. Secondly, always understand exactly what you are doing, avoiding fear and enjoying the ability to sleep peacefully at night. Lastly, know that loopholes were created not by people on the street but by politicians prepared for their eventuality. In most cases, they know perfectly well where a loophole exists and for whom it's intended.

Popular Products and a Brush with the Law

It is well known that medical marijuana can be used to treat diseases or reduce symptoms; however, there is still disagreement over this process. To date, some federal laws hamper medicinal cannabis research, although evidence exists that this can minimize nausea and vomiting during chemotherapy, improve appetite in people living with HIV/AIDS, and help with chronic pain and muscle spasms.

In Lithuania, you can sit behind bars for two years for simply possessing a joint. Yet, in some other countries, marijuana is not demonized and easily bought from a variety of distributors. It's sometimes even promoted by older adults, who spend afternoons drinking tea with a joint in their hands.

While James's home country most often views marijuana as a smoking drug, other nations recognize that marijuana can be ingested via steam, used in food production, or applied as an extract.

Cannabis is valued for its effects, which contribute to a wide variety of psychological and physiological phenomena. The onset of action is usually 30 to 60 minutes, but this may differ each time. Some experience euphoria, drowsiness, apathy, or increased fear. The effects last from 2 to 6 hours, can dry out the mouth and cause short-term memory loss, impaired motor skills, and eye redness. However, long-term side effects such as addiction can also occur, which usually develops when weed is used from a very early age in adolescence or even childhood.

Beyond its medicinal benefits, marijuana is increasingly used for entertainment and leisure purposes. Research in the United States shows that cannabis use is gaining popularity in the country every year. According to official data, in 2013, cannabis was used by 128-232 million people worldwide (27% of the total population aged 15 to 65 years). In 2015, this number jumped to 43% and then 51% one year later. Figures show that cannabis remains by far the most popular substance used, not only in the United States but worldwide. Possession, use, and even sale of cannabis is in fact a legal activity in many parts of the world. It has long been used in medicine in Canada, Belgium, Australia, the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, and more than 20 US states—becoming trendy back in the 1970s when legalized cannabis and medical cannabis were legalized in some states, and there was widespread debate about nationwide legalization.

James, while engaging in this profitable business, once received an interesting shipment. It was mephedrone, which at the time was called “crystal” by the whole of Europe. Mephedrone is a synthetic stimulant in the amphetamine and cathinone class that is produced in China and distributed in the form of tablets or powder. It can be swallowed, sniffed, or injected, and is also known as “meow-meow” or MCAT. Its effects are similar to those of MDMA, cocaine, and amphetamine.

This new shipment ultimately revitalized the business as users fell in love with this powerful stimulant. It caused elusive euphoria, enjoyment of music, elevated mood, and less hostility: also improving mental function and reducing sexual sensitivity. Latvian amateurs received this miracle directly from James's hands, and he, straight from China. His largest supplier, Eric, claimed to have shipped a few tons of the substance to England each week, sailing in international waters.

Trade was fast, and the product was extremely clean with no impurities. No one wanted to risk reducing its strength or causing side effects. Unfortunately, the Latvian government quickly changed the law and added mephedrone (and all incense and synthetic cannabinoids) to its banned substances list—forcing the young people to abandon their warehouse supplies and return to their homeland.

Given that James was in the “drug business,” he was intimately familiar with the highs—literally—and lows of cocaine. At one time, consumers could buy this illegal drug in every American shopping center. Until 1903, one bottle of Coca-Cola contained the equivalent of 60 mg of cocaine. That drink, known worldwide today, was once advertised as a cure for headaches, impotence, and morphine addiction. Cocaine was removed from the product in 1929, but the word “Coca” remains to this day.

Cocaine is usually sniffed but sometimes injected. After taking it, you feel increased energy and alertness. It is often said that the effect is similar to amphetamine, but in fact, it is much stronger and shorter—lasting about 30-60 minutes. Mixing cocaine with alcohol or heroin significantly increases the risk of overdose and death due to heart failure. High-acting cocaine can quickly lead to psychological dependence. Researchers acknowledge that cocaine causes feelings of euphoria unmatched by any other sensation in the world. As a result, regular use leads to long-term changes in the nervous system and often to depression. Loss of appetite, weight loss, constipation, difficulty urinating, and impotence are some effects of long-term cocaine use.

Hundreds of tons of cocaine are seized every year, but its breadth of use is only speculated on by the experts. Cocaine is still considered a privilege of wealthy people, but to reduce the price of cocaine for less affluent markets, resellers in many countries mix it with impurities—thus reducing its impact. Therefore, reliable sellers who offer a “clean product” do not need any advertising.

Year after year, cocaine—which runs rampant at parties attended by wealthy teenagers—for some reason fails to kill young people at the rate rats died during experiments designed to examine the dangers of the drug. Nor did it kill the people who drank cocaine-laced Coca-Cola for ten years more than a century ago. Just some food for thought!

Since many people can’t afford the steep price of cocaine, some turn to crime to feed their habit but then end up in jail. Others risk abandoning their family and friends, or vice versa—a side effect of not just cocaine use, but all narcotics and psychotropic drugs across the board.

Nevertheless, these unpleasant ramifications related to his craft did not deter James from earning money in a job where he could serve as his own boss and enjoy simple, straightforward work. His business eventually dictated that he straddle the lines of legality and cross paths with thieves, purposeless people, and criminals. He never pushed anyone away and tried to find common ground and a helpful connection with everyone.

After becoming accustomed to the business's intricacies, earning nice money, and learning the subtleties of the job, James returned to his native country to continue toiling in the new business niche he loved, working for himself. It didn’t take long for him—sniffing a need in the market—to search for cocaine substitutes that were less harmful than the actual drug. Upon finding the right supplier, he gradually bought 4 kilograms of goods, piece by piece. However, such activities were not overlooked

by officials. One such shipment was stopped by Customs, and for half a year, the powers that be worked to prosecute the recipient of a €10,000 4MEC delivery. Pre-trial investigations predicted that a proven case of drug trafficking could land James in prison for 10 years. He didn't know what exactly the Chinese had sent him, but he had ordered a chemical substance that was legal throughout Europe.

This kicked off a turbulent and challenging time, each day filled with fear and tension. James's lawyer was afraid to predict how the investigation of these notably ambitious officials would end and if it would be possible to prove the evidence was falsified if the authorities decided to do so. Long months of anxiety and an inability to engage in his customary activities meant the days passed exceptionally slowly for James.

Finally, a chemist acknowledged in court that the kilogram of 4MEC powder sent to the defendant was in fact a legal commodity: James had won! However, the trial lasted a couple of years, and the once-legal substance was banned six months into it. A long struggle still ensued for him to avoid a decade behind bars, as the prosecutor tried to prove that when James had ordered the substance, it was already illegal. Although James had not broken the law, someone was out to get him and he had to fight accordingly.

Now a free man, James bought a ticket to England and said goodbye to his home country again, even more serious about doing business in Western Europe. He was convinced he would experience a golden age in England because now, with enough experience, he could take on a business that would bring in millions—or one, perhaps, at the very least. James set out to make this happen, one bit at a time. He launched herbal highs, party powders, and party pills, initiated marketing and advertising campaigns, made YouTube videos, and formed a Facebook group called “Legal High” with 50,000 followers. Of course, the product was key, so James ordered 100,000 packages from China, took photos, and created a website with a solid search engine optimization (SEO) strategy.

Worldwide trade had begun, and the same people bought many times. Unfortunately, not everyone enjoyed the fruits of his labor. Officials became angry and disrupted his business. They deleted his profiles, removed videos from the Internet, blocked ads and the sites themselves. This severely affected his empire, and business suffered. Costs were twice as high as profits, after apartments, warehouses, offices, salaries, and living expenses were factored in. It was simply not easy to trade online when officials continuously blocked and removed advertising material, records, and photos from the Internet. James's ads could only reach a few customers as possible. Yet, there was no way to punish him; everything was legal.

It was a time when James felt like a real criminal. After trying to shed himself of a similar life in Lithuania, he was tracked nonetheless in England. Officials listened to his conversations, knew his daily routes, his favorite lunch locations, and the clubs he visited in the evenings. Police cars were on duty at night, always watching, and drones flew overhead. James and his team didn't last long. Faced with a considerable loss and many debts, he left the business. Nevertheless, he held his head high and had gained a boatload of knowledge. Those lessons were expensive. You can never cry for money; it comes and goes, so you need to have other priorities. After all, the most important things are family and health. Money is good, but you can't let it turn you into a slave.

Business never sleeps

James, as an entrepreneur, did not learn from the best teachers, he took small steps towards Olympus himself. James was not going to take responsibility, but we all know it is necessary because it is an important quality of leadership.

What else is important, you ask?

Never blame other people, but help them solve problems. It may be that you are wrong; it may be that people just didn't understand you. Be benevolent to the environment around you.

Always formulate your goals purposefully, use the right words. After all, every personality is different, all people see a different image.

Always think that you are already rich because you are living! Turn on your imagination, mark everything that seems relevant to you. The clearer you see the image and the goal, the easier it will be to reach it.

Always act like a successful personality, try to put worries aside. Always be positive.

Successful people also feel fear, but they still keep moving forward and are not stopping. Therefore, they are successful. Do not hesitate to achieve your goals too. The most important thing is the result, and inner fears are just an obstacle to success.

If in doubt about your abilities, find a mentor who is more experienced than you. He will teach you wonderful things, and with them, you will reach unprecedented heights. Dream boldly, work hard. A mentor can change your life fundamentally.

Unfortunately, you will have to forget your ego, you will have to be grounded. Always be energetic, improve every day, successful people are always prone to continuous improvement. So never stop, because there are no limits to perfection.

Every day you will be getting a better and better version of yourself by achieving your goals. Knowledge is very important in life, so keep learning. Successful people always strive for heights no matter what happens because they are determined.

Everyone dreams of their first million. But it is not enough just to dream, you have to work. Just hoping to win the lottery is not enough. There is a very simple formula:

Sell anything that you will be left with \$ 1.

You will sell to a million people and already have \$ 1 million.

Sell anything that you will be left with \$ 10.

You will sell to 100,000 people and already have \$ 1 million.

Sell anything that you will be left with \$ 100.

You will sell to 10,000 people and already have \$ 1 million.

Sell anything that you will be left with \$ 1000.

You will sell to 1,000 people and already have the dream of \$ 1 million.

Do not rest on your laurels, always pursue your goals. Everything is within reach. After all, you are no worse than others: than your neighbor, an acquaintance who lives well, and you only dream about it. So, take action and work hard, everything is within reach. After all, we live in a wonderful age of technology.

Everyone knows the saying, "show your friends, I'll show you your future". Try not to be in company with unsuccessful people, because you will become one yourself. Share your thoughts with friends, exchange experiences. When you do not work effectively, your brain becomes depressed, which makes you unhappy. There is no need to look for guilt because everyone creates their own personal life. That is how the world is created. Never be around toxic people. Distance yourself from them, make this decision, it's not worth procrastinating because it can go on forever.

Wealthy people only love themselves, not all people. Rich and successful people do not notice unsuccessful and poor people. And the poor, in turn, think they are smart and condemn the rich for living well. But after all, everyone can achieve the fulfillment of their dreams. Think before talking.

Poor people often do not study, some are lazy, others simply do not have the time to do so because they are working for somebody else and complain about how bad the job is, how bad the manager is. Why don't they become leaders? Maybe it's better not to do anything and live with only negative thoughts? In doing so, they harm those around them without realizing it. And most of all – they harm themselves.

Knowledge is the way towards what, where, and when to do, so it's better to replace your negative thoughts with positive ones and see how the world starts to change around you.

Most people's characters are complex. Some can boldly lie, deceive, steal, or slander. Others are trying to survive differently. Don't trust such people. They can disappoint you at any time, so beware in advance to avoid any surprises.

The habits of the poor are different from those of the rich. These people are usually slow like to postpone everything for the next time. They like alcohol, drugs, smoking, gambling. Keep away from such people. Wealthy people have other habits. You have to understand that. Want a better life for yourself and your family? Or do you just dream about it while going to bed? Do not postpone it and take action rather sooner than later.

Poor people have a negative attitude towards everything. They absorb your energy and leave you exhausted, empty and tired. This is what life is. We create our own destiny.

The financial situation of the poor is unenviable. They don't know how to make money cause they don't think it's relevant.

Each of you can succeed if you change your mindset and habits. If you think like a successful and rich person, you will become one sooner or later.

Wealthy people have good habits, they do not use drugs, do not drink alcohol, do not smoke, have a sharp mind. They get up early in the morning, meditate, read books, do exercises. What are your habits? Answer yourself honestly.

Every rich person purposefully leads himself towards good results because he knows that he is responsible for his actions. Such people have quick reactions, they always do what they think, they don't procrastinate because they remember that time is money.

To succeed, you have to believe in yourself that you can do everything yourself: not just in thoughts or words, but in actions. The rich communicate intelligently, articulate ideas, write e-mails, communicate well in the social space, speak boldly in public. If you have fears, you can always start learning how to get rid of them. No one was born knowing everything, it is learned gradually, step by step.

Successful people always study, read books, listen to audiobooks, look for other sources for improvement. The more information you have, the better you use that information in your life. And you also have to learn to take responsibility for your mistakes.

Do you always think positively about the future? Do you learn from your mistakes?

Successful people have a high EQ (not an IQ, these are different things). At the same time, they don't have the highest IQ, they're not the smartest in the world, but the interesting thing is that successful people are surrounded by the smartest, with the highest IQ.

IQ is a coefficient of intelligence that measures a person's level of intellectual ability compared to the average group of people of the same age.

EQ is emotional intelligence, a person's ability to know their emotions and understand other people's emotions. It is the ability to distinguish between different feelings, to name them properly, and to use one's emotional information to control one's thinking and actions.

Successful people are conscious, and what do you think about that? What are your thoughts and habits?

The thoughts of rich people are different, for money is not the main motivation. They can teach you how to invest wisely and how to make money. They are surrounded by the same successful people. A good environment, positive thoughts, living not only for themselves - it is the key to success.

It is a pity that James has not been surrounded by a circle of rich people since he was young, he did not have such friends because they did not live in such a small town as he did. But James did not give up and improved.

Rich people understand other people perfectly. They can invest their time in friendships and building new relationships. So, don't be with fake friends or acquaintances who just want to benefit from you. Millionaires or billionaires will certainly not benefit from you. But they can help you see the world with different eyes.

The rich see the vision of the future very clearly. They are thinking about a long business strategy and opportunities. They think right away about the global business environment because thinking is their powerful weapon. They are powerful because they are rich and vice versa.

Lifelong Learning?

James studied the intricacies of business for years, but not in a college or university. He learned independently using books and online resources. Nowadays, all pertinent content can be found on the Internet. Google, specifically, helps you gather information and store it in your personal intellectual luggage—your brain—without ever needing to leave home. James learned from his mistakes by considering what had gone wrong with his business that collapsed. He studied for many years and tried to apply his acquired knowledge by taking on all sorts of projects.

He focused on SEO first. What is it, and how does it work? As a process that aims to promote a specific website based on targeted keywords, a great SEO strategy is a crucial component of business success. It is important to emphasize that SEO is not a program, nor a miracle. It is the targeted execution of specific actions that helps consumers find sellers of goods or services that best meet their expectations.

Let's look at it all through the eyes of Google. Google ensures that queries (keywords) return the most accurate search results (web pages). Subsequently, an SEO specialist convinces Google with specific actions that the website he manages is most worthy of occupying the top of a particular search engine result. Google isn't a stupid invention, so there's no point in cheating on it. As a result, a good SEO specialist works so that the website he maintains earns its status at the top, fully meeting client expectations. Sites that satisfy both Google and visitors remain at the pinnacle of search results for as long as they remain most relevant.

After grasping these concepts, James noticed that the vast majority of websites in Lithuania were not suitably designed. He called company executives, attended meetings to communicate about such matters, and offered his services to improve and enhance their existing corporate websites. Many didn't want to invest in a new website and SEO because they didn't know anything about it and were wary about throwing their money away.

Noticing these holes in the market, James founded his own Internet Group Ltd company in the heart of London, located close to famous companies like Breitling. He ordered business cards and hired a professional team of industry experts comprised of several IT professionals who were knowledgeable about SEO and website design and implementation, along with marketing specialists and a manager. Salaries were paid for the work done: some receiving less, others more. Employees did their jobs quickly and pinpointed problems, after which the manager worked toward resolutions and was replaced in the event of failure.

Some companies bought and launched the template, later regretting the lack of a trade. The team explained all the subtleties, as Google spiders occasionally checked the site and dictated wisely written articles along with blogs, paid advertising, and the like.

James did not like to deceive people, so he maintained a good relationship with his buyers but earned little in return. He found that being 100% honest and transparent with his clients flew in the face of other companies that thrived while fooling ignorant customers. James did not like such a model. One of

his clients sold gold and diamonds, paying tens of thousands of euros for her friend's company to launch the company website. James got suspicious, so he looked into it and discovered a cheaply bought template with zero SEO—neither internal nor external—along with inefficient programming and absolutely no E-commerce activity. The owner was paying a great deal of money for Google AdWords, so she did get some traffic. James tried to explain how to optimize her site analytics, as her investment hadn't paid off. Yet, his words ultimately fell on deaf ears and represent the moment he decided to abandon his business—seeing more and more plainly that his ethics would need to take a hit if he wanted to succeed financially in the SEO business. James didn't like that.

Next, he set out to design computer games in a self-admitted attempt to make money easily and quickly. In many parts of the world, smartphone poker games with real bets and money were still popular. Scores of people were addicted to gambling, and even free games were an incredible gold mine to lure regular players. Therein, they built their lives, bought weapons and additional game features, discovered new rooms, and paid for subscriptions. James's first attempts to program the game were also quite successful, as he was very active and constantly sought new solutions. Eventually, technology surpassed him, and there was no chance to catch up without starting all over again. Besides, James was still young and attracted to new experiments, unfamiliar countries, people, and new jobs. Only exploring one topic or updating one game idea wouldn't have provided nearly enough of a challenge.

He dreamed of producing something new, something no one else had brought to the global market. He wanted to help people with their everyday problems. There was, for example, a distinct issue with laptops losing their battery power in electricity-starved locations—a particular concern while users are out exploring nature in the countryside or woods, or perhaps on other trips. What could be done to fix this? James thought it might be possible to create either a small device or a high-capacity battery. This device would charge through a power outlet and go on to become a portable, reliable source of energy.

Of course, this invention would require a considerable financial investment, and intelligent engineers were needed to produce a product prototype and launch it on the global market. James believed this would be a successful and popular discovery. After all, such a small device would go on to solve myriad power challenges. Yet, James had nothing: no financing to invest in such a project, no contacts, and no qualified team. Therefore, he could only write his idea down on paper and dream about its future inception. He hoped fate would draw the interests of key stakeholders and help make it a reality, after which he would receive a fair reward for his brilliant idea.

Now done with his London business, 2008 years James returned to his homeland and decided to make money by increasing the potency of substances. After a well-known pharmacist told him people often buy Viagra in pharmacies, James soon learned that its medicinal ingredient was sildenafil citrate. After finding and speaking to the necessary contacts in China, he received chemical price lists and ordered the powder for a few hundred euros—which DHL couriers delivered directly to his home. He also ordered empty capsules and a primitive but efficient drug machine through the eBay platform.

Within a few days, James's house was bursting with thousands of pills. He offered them to friends and sold them through ads. After all, Viagra is legal all over the world, including in his country. Could

there be any better way to make money quickly and efficiently when a potency-boosting drug was in such demand?

One such pill contained 150 milligrams of red powder—with some curious users even cracking it open to view its magical contents. It worked flawlessly, helping men maintain an erection (and please women) for hours. Yet, trade restrictions for such medications soon arose, with marketing authorizations granted only to pharmacies. Drug arrests ensued, and since James had no desire for such consequences, he was forced to give up the business in spite of the significant financial downside.

James was fascinated by everything, which is what he enjoyed most about life. His next idea was a next-generation smart app. Its contents could not be traced—even by the Special Service—as all server information was deleted every few seconds. Messages also had to be well-encrypted. After all, nowadays, it's easy to hack one's phone and gain access to all correspondence. Hence, the app was grounded in security and privacy. Sent messages would be visible and accessible for just an hour or two, and after some time, all data would be deleted. James knew the world was ripe for such an app, especially during times of omnipotent technology that dictate maximum privacy. Prominent and influential entrepreneurs or companies often became hacker targets simply because they lack this type of program to ensure absolute confidentiality within the digital space. Current similar apps include Telegram and Wickr Me. Still, at that time, a millionaire's biggest nightmare could be a single email saying his entire data system would be used against him because it had been left vulnerable.

First, though, James decided to take a break. Reflect on his values. Rest. Summer had just begun, the perfect time to calm down, relax, and think about everything when you stop doing anything. James traveled, enjoyed the sun, and pampered himself in the company of friends. In thinking about his next steps, James knew he wasn't the type to bow down to anyone. Plus, he knew working for himself provided more income-earning opportunities than working for someone else. Most people say money won't buy happiness, but is this really true? Money can make you feel free, calm, and a little safer. Without it, you can't do much. Without it, friction can arise between loved ones.

Basking in the remaining summer sun while traveling, James saw many tanned bodies set amidst beautiful seas and oceans. Everyone looked the part. Some wore plain T-shirts, others famous brands like Gucci, Versace, Armani, Prada, and Hugo Boss. Yet, knockoffs made in Turkey, China, and India blended into the crowd. James wanted to look different from everyone else. One day, he saw a beautiful T-shirt he wanted to get his hands on. Scouring the Internet for a long time, he simply couldn't find it. However, he stumbled upon companies that make custom T-shirts for customers who send them logos. James placed an order but did not like the quality of either the design or the fabric. Nevertheless, he liked this idea and began considering entering the business himself.

Soon enough, he bought his hardware—a Polyprint TexJet—that prints the drawings on cotton. He noticed that many similar products were available on Amazon, wherein custom orders are placed and ship out in a few days—squashing the need for a T-shirt warehouse. During that year, designers produced about 10,000 different logos for James. Everyone was unique. James sought out to cover as large a T-shirt market as possible, ranging from skulls and hearts to cars, animals, cities, country

names, all sorts of photos, and abstract drawings. A good friend financially supported James's idea, so he founded a private limited company and named it "Billion."

Upon launching his business, James prepared himself for not a million but a billion-dollar company. He had four designers working for him, and James had to pay for each logo created. Retail companies asked for large sums up front, and he simply could not invest hundreds of thousands of dollars. After all, he had no idea how many goods he would sell. James had several managers who uploaded the products on Amazon and wrote product descriptions. Five Amazon accounts were ultimately created, with Amazon earning 15% commission—well worth it, as the VAT in his country was 21%.

With branches in all major countries, Amazon product catalogs were uploaded everywhere to attract the broadest possible audience. Unfortunately, Amazon allows sellers to create only one account with a single IP address; therefore, only one can be managed per office. It is also necessary to connect every twelve hours to avoid being pushed down by the algorithm: thus losing your customer flow and receiving fewer orders. Sellers can't list all products at once, so small amounts must be added each time. James was determined to outsmart the Amazon algorithms that divide prospective buyers' traffic equally for each account. Not wanting to wait, he opened four more companies in England—creating different brands and registering the accounts accordingly. He and his IT specialist then developed workarounds to ultimately launch five accounts. It took time, but it was well worth it. Creating different names and different keywords for products, they developed a new program that soon resulted in significant sales.

Yet, it was difficult for James to work alone, as it was necessary to communicate with customers and designers. Seeking ideas for logos, he gave the IT specialists instructions for the program's structure to make the process as seamless as possible. James sent the orders through the post office himself and worked the queues. A friend from Sweden provided moral and financial support, but James was overwhelmed. One-hundred T-shirts were shipped out every two days, and expenditures included shipping, paint, basic T-shirts to be printed, and staff salaries.

Amazon paid fourteen days after each item sold. Competitors began blocking James's accounts by assigning them low ratings, negatively impacting merchandise rankings. There were many struggles. Sales had risen, but blockades affected the business.

On top of that, the government ordered the company to pay several years' worth of back taxes. James was losing patience, especially after investing so much to launch the business. He eventually called it quits. Thankfully, a friend offered him a managerial position in Norway to supervise builders that paid an excellent salary and included free accommodations; hence, James set off to search for happiness in another country yet again.

Norwegian Curves

James packed his suitcase, bought a plane ticket, and flew to Norway. He had no wife or children, so he was not attached to anything. Still so young, he assumed he could afford whatever he wanted.

Having just experienced a painful breakup, he left with an unhealed wound after leaving a girl he had been with for over a year. Their time together was astonishing, but she had gotten pregnant and had an abortion, which was like a knife stab through James's heart. He couldn't bear to look at her anymore even though they had planned a future together, never quarreled, and always made passionate love—even inventing their own Kama Sutra poses. She was different than other girls he had dated but had a body as beautiful as any other.

James was drawn not only by her outer beauty, but her sexual prowess as well. She had large, beautiful breasts that were soft and luscious, plus small, hard nipples that he had caressed with his passionate hands. Every woman tasted different, each attractive in her own way, but she had been a particularly sensitive violin that he enjoyed playing very much. She trembled whenever he stroked her secret string, responding with bursts of orgasms. When his mighty manhood slid into her vagina, she moaned with pleasure, her wet cavity devouring every inch. She quaked from her orgasms, then let go again—one, two, three, four times—a true miracle for a man craving lust! Yet even when he finished, she couldn't let him go, needing to be played until the end. James found the mysterious G spot, his woman trembling from ejaculation, only able to experience such an orgasm with his techniques. He appreciated her extraordinary gifts of sexuality and rejoiced that she had appeared in his life.

Women very rarely experience multiple orgasms, but this girl had done so with James. It made him feel so good that he could satisfy his woman. Watching her in the shower afterwards, he would think to himself, *Could a man have a better woman?!* She was indeed the woman of his dreams: in the bedroom and in life.

In reality, she had suffered a lot in her lifetime. Now twenty-five, she began taking sedatives after her one-time DJ boyfriend from London came to Lithuania and, unbeknownst to her, gave her "oxy" or GBL. She used to drink a glass of wine with him and then not wake up until morning, finding her body covered in bruises and her legs and arms in pain—probably her vagina and breasts too, but she didn't tell that to James. She had even attempted suicide. The girl's nerves were impaired, her immunity weakened. A famous DJ from England had raped her. She learned about GBL from James after sharing her story, finding it unimaginable that a friend could rape her using a rapist's drug.

And so, she fell in love with James. He desperately wanted a child and would have been a good father, but the dream fell apart. Her mother had influenced her, and she repeated from the beginning that their relationship wouldn't last.

Isolation is one of the most serious and dramatic experiences of life. Separation is like cutting your own particle out of your heart: the bleeding wound stays in the mouth, not only seems to be emotionally hurting the soul, but even physical pain. But slowly, even the deepest wounds, the person is slowly

living with a loss; the soul is becoming serious, but not always the same size of scars. And those scars have an impact on the life of the man.

Separation can have a very cardinal impact on your future because you have a different attitude, otherwise, you look at girls. Separation can also break human self-esteem, but it still needs to go on. You must forget the past and accept all the things that the extraction brought you. You accept that you have divorced and even with the will and effort to throw away all the memories of a love subject from your head, because the longer you carry the visual image of the girl you love in your heart and in your head, the harder it will be for you to live in the future. You don't need to torture yourself. Not worth it.

James also survived the migration. The kid had the courage to leave her. Too much of a bunch of evil, too much negative emotion, when she got cleaned up. Abortion is disgusting, despicable, ungivable. It can be treated as a murder, because the human soul is involved in fertilization, and the fruit is not just a stockpile of cells, as amoral women are trying to prove, and the characters that were compromised by extreme feminism. A woman who "cleans" her inside to get rid of a man's child can be sure you were not a loved man. James's heart made her hate as much as she loved before this painful event. He said hatred to be bad that you cannot hate a man, but in this case, hatred was like bitter medication that helped to cure a painful soul and a torn heart.

It is better not to suffer than to nurture silly illusions and try to renew relations. Never plan to return your EX. You will fight again, just once again - again, once again - to trick your soul. Once again, we will have to survive the same pain that will prevent us from moving forward with all our strength towards our goals. No matter how bad the feelings are in the chest, you must breathe fresh air, stand up and go forward. You always have to move on because it's your life, because only you have a responsibility for yourself. You must love yourself. You must be proud.

Perhaps hatred will lead you to avenge - to reward your pain even more. Forget it, not worth it. Never be revenge, have pride, because it was good for you to be together until your release. You must remain honorable. Never talk about the past second half to anyone, not to friends or family or to yourself. May your memories of the good hours you have spent together remain with you. Just block poor memories - the mind of a man is a great thing. He can sort the information and of dumping all 'waste' out of his memory as unnecessary spam. Even if the woman had any problems, you were together, and you were happy to live together. Vengeance will not help, perhaps for a moment, but you will ruin the lives of both your own and the former side of the other side, so no need, because life goes on and it is beautiful. Do not embarrass your tire.

And only when you're ready will a new love come into your life. If you finally found your second half after the painful relationship, be honest. Tell to James how you felt, how you felt, whether she was just one in your mind. Because relationships are a laborious process. Do not compare your former with the woman you're building your current relationship, do not organize your plus and minus in your thoughts or your words about the person, because he doesn't deserve it. And, above all, such "calculations" and "deductions" will only make your thoughts even more uncomfortable and will not be as happy as you deserve. Compare clothes, not people, and they're just saying something funny.

Your thoughts may turn into the dumbest thoughts: maybe the ex was better, maybe she did something better, farther, prettier? Such stupid considerations will not allow you to open your heart and love the new man who has come into your life. Never look back, always look forward and live on this day, this particular moment, which is so good to be with a new person and to foster new relationships. If you're not yet able to let go of the past, it's probably too early for you to start a new relationship with a new person, to give up on a new love. This is a sign that you have not yet fully recovered from the isolation and it is still time for you to be alone in your own development, your work to achieve your goals.

When you meet a new man and fall in love with him, look only inside a man, into his soul, because that's all that matters. Love the man himself, not what he can give. Look at the material, because they're temporary. External beauty. It drops. In the meantime, a beautiful man will always be beautiful, even if it spells out or faces a wrinkle. The man you love will always be the most beautiful.

If you sometimes remember, dream or dream of your EX, do not calm down, do not puff or shake yourself. It's perfectly normal, because memories always remain, that excitement, that passion you felt. It's all subconscious, and it tells James you have to change something yourself in a new relationship and don't feel guilty about these images coming up in your memories. Not everything you can forget.

Or maybe these memories just come back because you don't have someone you love? If so, it's time to fall in love again. Only a new heavy blizzard can blow up the traces of the past. Love as you've never loved, because you all deserve it.

*

Once in Norway, James had to go to prison involuntarily after a cunning Spaniard named Manuel falsely charged James with beating him. James told the girl he would only be in jail for a short time, but the mother persuaded her daughter to move ahead with the abortion—despite the girl's wishes for a child as well. As quickly as the miracle had arrived in their lives, it was gone soon after. Perhaps miracles are like big bright stars—enlightening and illuminating the world before burning up. Every time he saw her, he wondered if he had just dreamed of his time with her. Maybe it would have been an extraordinary, highly talented child. After all, rarely is fruit born out of such passionate feelings. He mourned their unborn baby painfully, hoping it would be easier to forget in a foreign country.

In Norway, he was met by a stranger, taken to the city of Drammen, and shown where he would live. He shuddered! The living conditions were terrible. The windows were impossible to open, the bed did not look like a bed, and the walls were dark. Ten people lived in the house, and it was clear from their faces that the residents were harmed by fate, loving to drink—a negative first impression, to say the least.

The following day, James was given a brush and told to paint. The next day, he was instructed to help the workers with interior decorations. He hated these chores, but a bit of luck arose on the third day; James was offered the chance to buy a ticket and return to his homeland. Instead, he called friends living in Norway. They came to pick him up, found him a new place to live, and a few days later, he started a new job at a large company where he worked as a painter.

The job started off well. James worked ten hours a day with a companion from India named Zately, which was interesting for James since he did not know anyone from India. He talked to Zately for hours about Indian culture, life, and their love of women. The Indian guy was always cheerful and content. A couple of hours a day, James sunbathed in the warm summer sun. The Norwegian landscape was stunning, with impressive hills, and his work blended perfectly with rest. He worked like this for two whole months and painted six houses!

Friends offered James a place to stay in Oslo so that he would not have to drive fifty kilometers to work every day and miss out on the nightlife. Without thinking, he agreed.

On the first day, a Spaniard they had attended a party with clung to James while walking around Oslo's center, taking in the sights. He touched James obsessively, as if to grab something from his pocket or just deceive him. For young people visiting a foreign country on the first day, this image was unusual.

“What does this shorty want?” James’s friend Dom asked angrily.

“He looks like a poor person,” his other friend Thom chimed in.

James, walking between his two buddies, didn’t understand what this clingy guy wanted. At first glance, he didn’t resemble a homeless person or a drug addict. However, it did look like the guy had deliberately chosen James’s company. “Do you need money?” James asked the stranger.

But the man did not answer. The group walked farther down the city's main street, the Spaniard not wanting to let the guys out of his sight. Eventually, he began to shout in a language the group did not understand. James’s friends soon realized that the Spaniard was looking to initiate a conflict and complained that the guys were pushing him.

“It would be good not to cause problems on the first day in the city,” Thom said as if predicting events.

“But this moron is begging to be beaten.” James was already losing his patience.

Eventually, the Spaniard fell hard on the asphalt and pretended to be dead. James’s friend kicked him so that he would stay away from them, and some witnesses saw the whole scene. They confirmed the court's facts as well, but James decided to lie about the events—not wanting to betray his friend. At the time, he didn’t know that this seemingly innocent incident would turn into a more significant event. James couldn’t predict the long court marathon that would eventually ensue, and it ultimately cost James not only money but also his health.

On that particular day, the guys hadn’t understood the meaning and threat of this incident. Yet, the news caught up with James the very next day. While the boys enjoyed luxury drinks and cigars at home, local officials rapped on the door of their rented apartment. A friend who opened it did not understand Norwegian, but the officers pointed their fingers at James, whom they had a picture of. James, who introduced himself, also did not understand the officers, but when he saw the document with his name in their hands, he accepted the paper without argument. The guys quickly found a

translation agency to decipher what had been written in the secret document. No one expected it, but it announced the start of a pre-trial investigation. There was a victim.

It turns out the Spaniard immediately provided a statement to police, kicking off a year-long investigation. The court sentenced James to one year in prison, but his sentence was adjourned due to an appeals process. All this time, the Spaniard walked into the courtroom as if he had sold his soul to the devil: bent over, barely walking, constantly crying and trembling. One would imagine upon seeing him that this person who had fallen to the ground was injured not only physically, but also spiritually.

This incident seemingly marred James's biography, as five trials were launched in court against him. One such trial was for reckless driving and fleeing the scene—after James had unexpectedly borrowed a friend's car not equipped with winter tires. He hit a nearby vehicle and drove away without reporting the incident.

After various similar experiences, it became clear that Norway was not a country with very smart laws. While battling the Spaniard in a Norwegian court, James watched as the man received about 300,000 kroner from the state budget during the first year. He was allowed to rehabilitate for another two years, after which the state allocated an additional 400,000 kroner. Following such an escapade, the Spaniard probably bought a first-class villa on the seashore in his country—all because he had found a way to take advantage of a reckless Norwegian system.

At the same time, James was almost sentenced to prison for three years! All for one out-of-place and untimely hit to the Spaniard. Throughout the process, the victim cried that he did not understand what was happening to him because he did not speak the local language—or perhaps he was feigning ignorance. James ultimately avoided a three-year incarceration due to his health. At that time, doctors had already banned him from performing stressful work, and of course prison would have been worse.

During the process, James struggled to see how the Spaniard—who had studied a bit to familiarize himself with Norwegian laws—could not only deceive the Norwegian state and legal system but also put an innocent passer-by behind bars. At the end of the trial, James made an impassioned speech: “Pardon me, prosecutor, but I completely disagree with your proposed three-year prison sentence. First of all, I would like to remind you that almost three years have passed since the trial began; therefore, after all this time, imprisoning me for the same number of years would be a simply inhumane solution. Secondly, I do not want to challenge the competence of either the court or yourself, the prosecutor, but do I alone see that the victim is no longer injured after such a long time? Can't you see that he merely wants to earn lifelong disability to stop working and avoid paying taxes, going on to live and laugh at all of you? Thirdly, this case contains all the data about my health, medical records, and recommendations. If this victim's pre-conceived plan to profit from your state budget puts me in jail where I will die, I want to declare that my death will be your fault, honorary prosecutor.”

Although the judge quickly put an end to this already short speech, James said everything he sought out to. Even knowing it was very likely that he would have to sit in a Norwegian prison for at least a year, he tried not to think much about this. He was already well-acquainted with the judicial system and planned his appeal as soon as proceedings began. During the trial, James also replaced his old

attorney—a Lithuanian lawyer who knew more about women's issues than legal issues—with one who specialized in criminal proceedings. While communicating with his former attorney, James had invited her to dinner, gifted her perfume, and ultimately seduced her. Every time he was with her, his blood flowed to his body's most masculine parts. He didn't dare take her to bed, although perhaps he should have to add fuel that could power more successful court appearances. Instead, during the trial, she trembled like an ephemeral leaf and negatively impacted the court's confidence.

“Why are you trembling? The judges see everything!” a young lawyer shouted at her during a break. She was only thirty years old. She didn't answer but just clasped her documents and stared longingly at the meeting room door. James was convinced he had been convicted due to the lawyer's unsteadiness. But what could he expect from such a green attorney? He now wonders if she is still in the business. Maybe she finally found herself and her confidence during court proceedings.

More Travels, Studies, and Collisions with Law Enforcement

Following the end of his Norwegian nightmare—or so he thought at the time—James decided to travel. Coming from a small town, he always appreciated these opportunities. It can be said that movement truly drove him during one period of his life. By the time he was thirty, James had already visited the largest and most beautiful cities in Europe: romantic Paris, rainy London, dreamy Barcelona, and intense Brussels. He had also repeatedly visited Berlin, which was more reminiscent of a depressing ghetto than one of Europe's finest cities. James also visited Egypt, Turkey, and, of course, Rome. When asked which city was the most memorable, James would always ponder, unable to choose, each one stuck in his memory in its own way for either its people, gourmet dishes, untraditional culinary experiments, etc.

Milan left a significant impression on James. During his first day observing the city's architecture from the towers of Cathedral Basilica of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, James realized there was no doubt why tourists so often fall in love with Italy. Magnificent views, romantic architecture, seductive scents, and smiling Italian chefs were reminiscent of old movies. Gradually, Italy began to arouse his feelings as well.

Italians are relaxed and good-natured, yet picky, people. Amongst the grand avenues, you will find apparel with prices that would appall the average shopper. In fact, as an Italian fashionista passes by, it is sometimes hard to tell if her outfit is worth \$100 or \$70,000—perhaps luxurious crocodile or python leather pants and a jacket. Near the Cathedral of Milan, there is a dome-covered avenue that tourists dare not enter. Shops and restaurants entice visitors with exclusive architecture and impeccable cleanliness, and the street is distinguished by a lack of prices. After all, these customers care not about budgeting; if they like something, they buy it. Arriving in Italy on the first day, James contacted a charming lady he had found online before the holidays. At her request, he had brought her medicine for stomachaches. The two met for coffee, had a friendly chat, and agreed to meet again later that evening.

James went to his hotel close the city center, the photos of which had enticed him with cozy, yet luxurious, accommodations. Unfortunately, his room fell well short of these expectations: a tiny space with closed curtains and a suspicious odor. James tried to ignore these shortcomings and looked forward to the evening ahead with Emma. They had agreed to meet at the restaurant door. When her taxi arrived, James was shocked. The tall and extremely slender girl wore black flared satin pants with a long tight-fitting jacket, under which appeared only a bra. Topped with a sleek bun, she looked stunningly elegant. James held out his hand and escorted her through the door into the restaurant.

The evening went smoothly, dinner was delicious, and the waitresses could barely manage to bring fresh cocktails to their table as they sipped the night away. The conversation turned to James's hotel.

“Have you settled in?” Emma asked.

“If you can call it that. I dropped off my suitcase but didn't unpack because I was afraid that hungry mice lurked nearby,” James tried to joke.

“Is it really that bad?” the girl chuckled.

“The bridge I crossed earlier today looked more comfortable for the homeless than my hotel room seems,” James continued.

“How horrible that you must endure these conditions during your first visit to Milan.” She began to flirt.

“Of course, I would have a different impression if I could stay with a beautiful tall brunette...” James continued.

“You think? Maybe you should give it a try,” Emma replied.

And so it was. It seemed that a lovely relationship was beginning to blossom. The first few days were like in a movie. Emma showed James Milan and undiscovered places even guides forget. One evening, the young couple decided to have fun at a famous local club after visiting an authentic Italian pizza restaurant. They were joined by several friends, and the whole group headed to a cocktail bar. Cocktail after cocktail, James felt super relaxed. The group went outside to smoke, and he began talking to one of Emma’s friends.

“So, you are from Lithuania?” the young man inquired.

“Yes, our country is by the Baltic Sea,” James replied.

“Julia mentioned that you are staying at her place?” The young man brought up more questions.

“So far. The hotel turned out to be a real disaster. How could I refuse this offer from a beautiful girl?” James continued.

“Is she trying her best to make you happy?” The friend continued to interrogate.

“She is trying, but she could use more practice,” James tried to joke.

James had no idea that this joke would go on to turn his Italian holiday upside down. Emma had overheard the conversation, so offended that she demanded James immediately move out. However, James would not give up and flat-out refused to adhere to her wishes. Emma then called the police, who kicked the guy straight into the street with his suitcase.

James Spenser found no vacancies in nearby hotels that night, so like an actual homeless person, he walked from one street to another, dragging his heavy suitcase. At the train station, he was offered cocaine. With nothing to lose and the night still young, James did not refuse. Both he and the stranger smoked weed and talked about life as a few prostitutes passed on by. Later on, James rolled back towards Emma’s house, but she refused to open the door—so he camped out for the night by the staircase.

At dawn, James set out to find another hotel. However, he decided to rent an apartment with a window overlooking the Milan Cathedral. While showering, he began to feel dizzy. The cocaine still in his system, he sought out a girl who performed massages. An hour later, she was already in his room. James, intoxicated by drugs, quickly fell on the bed and fucked her furiously. He was full of energy! The girl screamed, squealing and moaning alternately. It drove James crazy as he skillfully thrust into her with his energetic cock, drenched in sweat. The girl even forgot to ask James to pay—probably because she had enjoyed herself. This was so much better than sex with Emma. She had neither the passion nor the skills to please a man in bed, her stylish pants deceiving with a touch of ice under them.

Never living a quiet life, James always had exciting experiences whenever he left his country. Once, he had visited Holland with friends and decided to travel to Amsterdam, home of the world-famous red-light district. In search of extra entertainment, the guys stopped to enjoy a joint, but they could not find their car upon returning to the parking lot. They wandered around the unfamiliar city all night until they finally located their vehicle near a luxury hotel. The guys thought unlocking the car would be more than easy by just breaking the glass. However, even that did not help, as it was too stubborn. Although they *looked* like luxury hotel customers, James and his friends lacked the means to rent a room for the night and squeezed between the outside and inner lobby door to retreat from the cold, covered by a blanket provided by the staff. That night, they realized what the coziness of home truly meant.

Although James was grateful for his destiny, he was often forced to stay in many countries' detention centers for a day or two during his travels. Today, he deems this an exciting and unique experience that afforded him the ability to judge the culture of other countries first-hand.

For example, he once had to visit a Norwegian detention center after his friend left a store without paying for a kilogram of meat. The saleswoman quickly called the police, who arrived and took the criminal into custody. James, who was interrogated for a long time, did not betray the guy and instead eventually took the blame himself. His liability was €300 and a day in detention without food and water. These are the conditions of the world-famous Scandinavian detention center.

Another peculiar event happened in Norway as well. Accompanying a friend to the airport, James descended the stairs down to the high-speed train station, where his eyes caught on two fine-looking girls who appeared to be Japanese. He immediately offered to help them load their suitcases onto the train. He grabbed one bag in each hand but accidentally touched that of one of the girls, who accidentally dropped her phone—which fell underneath the parked train. James unhesitatingly took off his jacket and climbed down to rescue the lady's phone. She was incredibly grateful, but suddenly, a whole regiment of security guards swarmed James. They looked frightened, as such a gesture could have been life-threatening. "I'm sorry," James said, smiling at the charming Japanese woman who had benefitted from his courageous act. They exchanged numbers and went their separate ways. James waited impatiently—assuming the girl would call or send a message.

When evening came, he received an SMS from Junh Klyn, which was the girl's name. She wanted to meet again. James invited her to a restaurant in the heart of the old town where they enjoyed champagne and the air of intoxication. Conversation came easily; she chatted about life in Japan while her eyes greedily followed his before landing on his lips. Midnight came too soon, after which they

wound up back at her hotel. Her eyes drank him in, and he had undressed her with his eyes a long time ago. Still in the elevator, they rushed to kiss each other passionately—enjoying the long ride to the top floor while he reached under her skirt, his hand finding only a thong—heavenly pleasure! He inserted his fingers, her bikini area bush hiding a special island.

James now realized that it was well worth slipping under the train—the girl was passionate, a rarity in life. After all, most girls become stiff in bed, and lying next to a prudish girl is boring.

More than once, James had been arrested in the London city, England as well—mainly for distributing psychotropic substances and committing several petty thefts. Once during a car ride, officers stopped him and found 10 grams of hashish in the cabin. James assured them that this amount was small and for personal use, but such words did not persuade the officials. He was quickly arrested, interrogated, and released a few hours later. Officials wondered where his hashish originated. Naturally, it was England; every tenth house there grew weed.

On another occasion, James and his friends learned that their plane to England was delayed for an hour due to a mechanical problem—so they decided to down some drinks to pass the time. Thereafter, their mood on the flight was filled with laughter, jokes, and fun. Alcohol had awakened the spirit of these gentlemen, who rewarded women on the plane (including the flight attendants) with roses twisted from napkins. Unfortunately, the fun was cut short when one angry woman stated that James had touched her and accused him of sexual harassment. She quickly called a flight attendant, who led James to the front of the plane as if he were a prisoner. However, James refused to obey and returned to his seat.

The trip was short, and the guys didn't even notice when the plane landed at Stansted Airport. As the passengers stood to grab their luggage, a loudspeaker announcement told everyone to stay put due to police activity. The plane door opened, and two UK officials entered into deadly silence. The flight attendant reported what had happened and offers spoke with both James and other passengers, who all testified that no sexual harassment had taken place.

While departing the plane with the officers, hundreds of doubts and fears circulated in James's mind. A new city, no friends, and no money, and this was how the trip started! James was sure he would end up stuck here and concerned about the value of his suitcase contents: fifteen blocks of cigarettes. He formed scripts in his mind about how to explain the cigarettes to officials but soon learned this wouldn't be necessary. They escorted him several hundred meters before releasing him, failing to check either the suitcase or James's documents.

Yes, his Western Europe trips were filled with many surprises indeed. During one particular car trip—as he had to transport a friend who was not allowed to “officially” visit due to being sought by law enforcement—he and his friends set out to journey from England to France with their troubled companion in the trunk. Yet, perhaps this wasn't the best idea as the trunk was rather airtight.

“If anyone asks, we will say the group traveled to a nearby foreign country for the weekend. No one will bother to check the trunk,” James's friend Paul had plotted.

“Yeah, they only carefully inspect cars with one or two passengers,” Aron agreed.

“I don’t know. It seems that we might burn out,” said the companion who was set to occupy the trunk.

“Anyhow, be aware that there are almost no checks at the entrance to the ferry. Those days are gone. Let’s stop overthinking, plan the route, and start packing.” With this, James ended the discussion.

It was set. The guys opened a bottle of good whiskey that evening, toasting to their plan and the long adventurous journey ahead.

At the border the next day, inspection officials approached the luxury BMW.

“Good afternoon,” a patrolman said. “Please provide your documents.”

“Of course, thank you,” the driver responded politely.

“How many of you are traveling?”

“As you can see, four.”

“What is the purpose of your journey?”

“To enjoy our weekend and celebrate this guy’s birthday,” Aron said, pointing to his buddy in the back and trying to ease the tension.

“I’ll look inside the car.”

The officer examined each passenger and carefully inspected the car and panels before handing over the documents and wishing the guys a good trip. They could breathe more easily now with the most challenging part of the journey behind them.

Now past the post, the car waited in line at the entrance. It was at this very moment that their friend began to run out of air. Unable to stifle his suffering, he began to scream and pound inside the trunk, wanting to get out. The guys looked at each other—not the best time for such a performance—as customs officers hovered nearby. Their friend suddenly jumped out of the trunk, opened the door, and slipped inside the car.

“Holy shit, what are you doing here?” Paul said, taken aback.

“Sorry guys, but there’s no oxygen left in that coffin,” the breathless friend said to justify his actions.

“Now they will surely catch us,” Paul yelled into his face as their friend squatted on his knees inside the car. From the side, they looked like children. The overall image was quite funny, and James and the driver began to laugh. It took a few seconds for them to realize that there was no going back now. Gazing through the rear window, Paul saw two customs officers suddenly turn towards the BMW.

“Accelerate and drive!!!” he yelled.

They quickly reached the ferry and set off on their water journey with hearts pounding. As soon as the vessel started to move, it seemed like all the trouble was behind them.

The guys breathed a sigh of relief, deemed the plan a great success, and decided it was time to celebrate. While sipping their beverages in the ferry bar, they heard a message broadcast over the PA system that the driver and passenger of a particular car needed to present themselves to the ferry administration department—before hearing their BMW license plate read aloud. Their trip now temporarily doomed, police officers picked up their “illegal” friend whom the group had tried to transport from England to France. Not detained for long, he was eventually released and reached Paris on his own, where the remaining group was already waiting for him.

Upon recalling the story, James and his friends now joke that the only lesson learned is to never choose a car with a tight-fitting trunk. Yet, their adventures in Paris had only just begun.

Paris is an expensive city, so young people seeking an easy life must discover innovative ways to make money in the city. One such example is window shopping theft—such as buying cheap glasses, replacing them in a luxury store, and selling the new catch for a reasonable price.

After James and his friends implemented a similar scheme and fled from a pharmacy, they were targeted by three armed men during an encounter that resembled the tense plot of a thriller. The boys were told to keep their hands on the hood of the car, spread their legs, and remain silent—not to mention the firearms aimed at their heads. Although they initially seemed like robbers, these were in fact police officers.

The guys were taken into custody, fingerprinted, photographed, and locked up in solitary confinement. Today, James understands this as a demonstration by French officials to make clear to young people that this was not a country where even petty theft was tolerated. In France, even minor crimes could lead to a daunting prison experience. They didn’t stay for long and were freed the next day, able to meet up with their friend from England. They looked hard for a source of livelihood, knowing that they were already in the police spotlight, but came up empty. And so, James decided to return to Lithuania.

Back in his native country, he was detained more than once as police officers constantly suspected him of carrying a weapon, smuggling, or drug trafficking. He once found himself in solitary confinement after police discovered something in his furniture. They thought it was cocaine and charged him accordingly. Not even trying to find additional evidence, they took him into custody and then to a cell. Knowing that police were looking for something to charge him with, even his lawyer could not predict the investigation's outcome. Something impregnated into furniture—what could it be?

On this occasion, he managed to avoid any charges. Yet, this period was certainly not one of the most enjoyable experiences in his life. After all, it’s hard to imagine what it must feel like to have the chance of eating prison bread for five to ten years breathing down your neck.

Nevertheless, while awaiting his trial, James entered the College of International Business. With lots of practice under his belt, he now sought out to garner helpful information. But the college trained people to become managers, not entrepreneurs. After studying for almost a year and finding the knowledge

useless, he dropped out of school to avoid paying the monthly tuition. Though the Japanese billionaire Soichiro Honda—the founder of Honda—once studied for expertise rather than a diploma, this was not the case for James.

James Has to Choose

Soon after dropping out of school, James decided to start a brand-new career as a product distributor after realizing that the Baltics are a leading supplier of goods. Given that his friends in England had worked in a supermarket that sold food from this region, he used these connections to gather data and secure a catalog of company products.

From early morning to evening, he called producers and wrote emails, setting out to distribute these products in Europe with a 0% VAT. James received his nationwide producer's price catalogs within a month, which included special discounts given international shipping. He was able to negotiate a 20-30% discount for some goods after deducting the VAT from the price, as this did not apply to exports.

He then began exporting food to England. In the beginning, quantities were minimal—which drove James crazy because profits were slim. Warehouses were rented, contracts were signed, purchases started, and cargo delayed. Delivered pallets were reloaded into a truck and reached England within a few days. But a few months later, an English store owner decided it was better to buy directly from the Baltics than worry about these products shipped across Europe. The English saved tens of thousands of pounds, but everyone else wanted to benefit from those savings as well. James worked with the team, but they didn't have their own stores to make good money. In the end, James was forced to stop this activity as well.

James didn't wait long before launching another business idea after deliberating about how to enjoy handsome pay without serving a boss. He finally realized there are many different obstacles in the food industry. You must first get quality products before maintaining proper storage conditions so that everything meets health and safety requirements. He quickly explored different goods—clothes!

In a modern era dominated by the cult of fashion and body, even inhabitants of developing countries invest in clothing. Therefore, this line of business already smelled of money and good earnings for James. He traveled to almost all Lithuanian manufacturers and introduced himself as a consultant who could elevate their business. Soon adopted within this sphere thereafter, he managed to reconcile excellent commodity prices and launched his online clothing trade. Buyers located products quickly because James was already familiar with management, knew how to attract and advertise to customers, and understood how to make his product desirable. Unfortunately, he quickly realized that his earnings fell well short of expectations. James believed that by putting in so much work, he should get more returns from his activities. As a result, he set out again to explore the market.

His new target was food supplements for athletes. At that 2010 there was a massive boom in healthy living in Lithuania, and almost a third of the youth population took supplements. James Spenser assumed this was pretty much guaranteed to pan out better than clothing. The food supplements market was quite broad and readily churned out supply. However, with this trend came many competitors. After hoping for easy money, James quickly faced disappointment and left the industry.

Thinking about business from a young age, James imagined that an entrepreneur was a person who was very successful in life and had made a pile of money with his own hands. With his country at the dawn

of independence, he felt that businesses were quickly evolving and gaining lots of profits—breeding exceptional people who were well-known in society. He had always been impressed by entrepreneurs who made huge sums of money and built business empires. Additionally, James enjoyed jobs that required working with one's head rather than being exploited.

James had always been an unbreakable and highly active man. After setting a goal, he gave all his energy and time to make his idea a reality—outstanding personality traits when it comes to building a business. As such, he did not give up and continued to try and try again.

Next up was the gold and diamond trade. Herein, James knew he could take advantage of tempting discounts while earning profits. After visiting many manufacturers, he scored some offers and got to work. James, who loved luxury and splendor, really enjoyed this line of business and did very well—enjoying his work with both manufacturers and customers. He also blew new marketing winds into the jewelry business. After all, in collaborating with manufacturers, he quickly noticed their products led them to forget about advertising or publicity as they believed the jewelry could speak for itself.

James took action by really believing in himself. The products he resold were afforded the best advertising space on the Internet, and goods were trendy and visible. James's success, of course, alarmed competitors. In the gold and diamonds market at the time, the “rules” meant that manufacturers would win by selling exclusive products. And for jewelers who cherished their craft, advertising was something unnatural and therefore unacceptable. James worked to change this mindset. Having devoted much time to marketing and SEO, he popularized the products he worked with. This brought nice money and, in turn, life satisfaction. Sometimes, large orders disappeared in the hands of couriers. As insurance did not pay sums for gold jewelry with diamonds, he had to declare bankruptcy. Since he paid the manufacturer for the product, and shipping was his responsibility, he knew that serious global logistics companies did not handle shipments with gold and diamonds.

One key benefit of working with gold products—as well as less-than-legal substances—was that James learned a good amount about psychology and body language. Not all manufacturers could be trusted, and not all buyers were genuine. Such work often led to unpleasant situations wherein he needed to stay cool while making rational decisions. As such, James could share not only the subtleties of business but also the basics of body language, the knowledge of which allowed him to stay steady while facing challenging situations and distinguish when a person was unreliable or lying.

As a diamond seller, working with luxury items taught James the intricacies of business and the many properties of diamonds. To this day, he can easily distinguish between counterfeit and original products. He is also fully convinced that everyone can create a job for him or herself, as his practice has shown that it is possible to make money with effort. Many manufacturers are looking to sell as many products as possible, which allows sellers to reduce prices. As the Internet provides the ability to reach any corner of the world, anyone can run a small business—with a good supplier, attractive prices, and convenient delivery. Most importantly, don't expect money to just flow in automatically.

Our moments are filled with constant choices. Every day, whether an ordinary day at work, a day off at home, or during an unexpected outing, an abundance of choices abounds. With every second, we create

our own reality. Every time something happens to us that we don't like, we can make a choice. We find ourselves at a quantum intersection, and if we get angry, it means we've wandered from the right path—but we can always get back. When we sincerely enjoy any experience, our problems can resolve on their own. It is even somehow unusual to lack struggle, and if we feel we haven't fought hard enough, we keep fighting. Unless you like peace and quiet, let's share our unity with life experiences to make life more fun and more manageable. Some people say to rejoice in failures and be grateful for the knowledge gained.

Most people respond to unpleasantness in a standard way: with annoyance, aggression, and negativity. The person begins to struggle with the situation while feeling resistance inside. It is a mistake to believe that resentment will help improve the situation, as negativity serves no purpose.

On the contrary, it only brings annoyance and aggression—creating a vicious cycle of negativity. Scientists who study the quantum world say the whole world is energy, as all particles are everywhere at once. This law is called quantum uncertainty, which of course sounds like a paradox. Yet, this is a scientific fact. All elementary particles change their state simply through observation—human expectations always affect the results. Simply put, we always believe in something first and then seek out an explanation for our beliefs.

For example, what happens if we chose a Mercedes-Benz after originally planning to buy a BMW? At first, we feared the Mercedes might be a poor choice. But after learning more about it and discovering its advantages and positives, we didn't even want to think about the BMW anymore. Why is that? Was the second option really better all along? No, it's just that the brain wants to protect us from negative experiences and thereby forces us to make excuses for our choice so we feel satisfied with our decision. Ask anyone whether they are happy with their vehicle, a new home appliance, or a mobile phone, and which one they would recommend to an acquaintance. They're likely to say the very same one they are using themselves! Here again, the same law applies. These are not merely philosophical reflections; these are scientifically proven facts.

Perhaps we believe we need more money or that it's impossible to find an excellent job in the city where we live—all while the people living next to us have plenty of money and a great job. Why? Are they lucky? No. Rather, it's the law of quantum physics that states without exception, in life, we get the result we hope for! We could say this is nonsense and be absolutely right. Yet, does such an opinion give us peace, clarity, or joy? Does it help us easily overcome obstacles? James's experience taught him to take initiative and mold his life in the way he desired.

Scheming for Money

While seeking ways to make money, James experimented with varied schemes—which were not always on the up and up. For example, in some rich countries, theft is known as a source of livelihood and draws the attraction of tourists looking to make a quick buck. Unique machines can in fact be used to cheat the system with magnetic product labels, and in some countries—such as Italy, England, and Germany—little attention is paid to store security systems and anti-theft devices. This is a profitable activity wherein it is effortless to resell new, stolen items.

Of course, stealing is a great sin even when money is desperately needed. Laws prevent theft in many countries throughout the world, but consequences differ. Perhaps if one tries to steal in Dubai, he will have his fingers cut off or face another great punishment, maybe a life sentence in jail. Therefore, it is always important to think before engaging in such activities. James claims that his life experience has repeatedly taught him to always know the laws where he resides. He admits that while he is not proud to have had certain life experience, they always teach him important life truths. People often steal not only because they lack means but also because they feel disrespected by their state. Perhaps no democratic state exists in the world whose people do not feel robbed by the very government they placed their trust in. “Ordinary people” break their back at work all year round to pay taxes, maintain the state and all its bureaucratic apparatus, and contribute to the population's social well-being.

Unfortunately, these workers sometimes receive only mockery and bullying from the state in return. In the event of a disaster, public authorities are sometimes useless—as was the case in Lithuania, James’s home country. Therefore, economists and sociologists constantly remind the government that those who hide taxes or make illegal profits are nothing but citizens who are frustrated with their country. Disappointed with public service systems and daily corruption scandals, people are determined to break the law and feel they have a right to do so. Public services and society as a whole suffer from these citizens' unpaid taxes, representing a vicious circle that is very common in countries with massive income inequality. However, this circle must be broken by the state, an idea shared by analysts and scholars who often justify the actions of offending citizens and condemn irresponsible people in power who continue to deceive the voters who elect them.

Over the years, James has realized one fundamental truth in life: many people do not achieve their potential simply because they remain inert or spend too much time on their work. How many people in the world get up every morning, spend at least eight hours of their day working, and then return home before the cycle continues again? In performing this honest work over time, they earn just a fraction of the head of state’s salary—and pennies compared to dishonest businessmen or criminal thieves.

Nowadays, people who steal are often not judged categorically, especially if they do so in a way that the state seems to allow. Even car thieves are sometimes not recidivists; they are just people who want to make a living. Even sadder are those who are forced to steal in developing countries or nations with high income inequality levels. Consider the security guard at your local store catching a stealing grandmother whose pension is barely enough to cover utility bills and critical medicines. Did this grandmother deserve to be detained, judged, and punished because she worked all her life for a state

that failed to pay her properly, even in her old age? Such images taught James not to follow preconceived notions or condemn people whose stories you do not know.

Having met many people and heard hundreds of stories, James only condemns those who steal from their family and loved ones. In the country where he grew up, such people are called “rats.” Because James has always considered people worthy of respect first and foremost, honesty and responsibility to others has circulated in his blood since his youth. Betrayal is something that cannot be justified, and he who steals from his own circle is trash. When faced with duplicity, he had to say goodbye to such people for life. There are no excuses and no chance to make amends.

James grew up on the streets amongst older peers. Everyone was cool, and nobody worked. Several city gangs often justified their relationship with guns, asserting their dominance and testing those who would give up and run to the police to make a statement. There were many bloody fights, shootings in the woods on weekends, and the gangs did not share anything with one other. No one was afraid of the officers. James believed that if you don’t have a brain, go work for €200 a month, which was the national minimum wage while he was growing up. It’s hard to survive on that amount, but most people did. However, James was fond of the finer things in life—specifically, parties bursting with champagne, hotels, and restaurants—which require substantial amounts of money.

At one point during his younger years, he ordered foreign bank cards and flew around Europe, shopping with blank cards. It went pretty well. He bought cigarettes in blocks, alcohol, and perfumes. Round-trip tickets cost €50, then he bought and sold 20 blocks of cigarettes and received €1000 a day!

Whenever he went out on a date, he always had something for the girls. They really loved it and immediately relaxed, behaved lovingly, and spoke tender words. Not only did they melt from sweet words whispered in their ears, but also from swooning over delicious aromas wafting from the bottle. Many willingly agreed to drink champagne and extend the evening at their place—which James was always ready for. After all, pleased girls needed little coercion. These orgies of love were as sweet as their perfumes, and they would make love several times a night. In the morning, James would take them again and then bring them coffee in bed. He was surprised that they submitted so willingly, the attention making him eager to continue his risky money-making schemes.

After all, perfume is expensive; if your earnings are modest, you can afford to buy this only on your birthday or enjoy as a Valentine’s Day gift, perhaps. Not only did he fly and buy, but he really liked the adrenaline rush provided by stealing. He was pretty successful and had no fears. Good clothes cost a lot as well. If you work, you still have to save for a few months to buy something beautiful, as decent outfits cost around €100–200. If you look bad, girls won’t even look at you. Of course, an attractive hairstyle and white, shining teeth are important as well.

James had bought a magnet and key on the Internet to remove security tags, so he was always flush with clothes. Sure, his actions were wrong, but the young man didn’t think about the consequences. He never stole within his own country and did not want his relatives to know about his illegal activity. Flying all over Europe while looking decent and nicely dressed meant no one paid attention to him. He would take new clothes to the bathroom, try them on, and simply remove the security device before

putting them on over his existing outfit—returning the others as needed. No one ever suspected him. He felt the most significant adrenaline influx while walking out of the store gates and hearing a beep, as security stickers are glued to labels placed into pockets. In this instance, the police are called to sort through all sorts of unnecessary inconveniences, but James wised up and realized this was avoidable.

While engaging in these activities, James was caught several times in England. The authorities held him for twelve hours before letting him go, and a lawyer would advise him on what to say. Once, however, the outcome was different. Usually, James stayed with his friends. They introduced him to some German neighbors, who produced all kinds of documents. After taking a picture of James, they made a fake ID card for him. They laundered money in this way, and James was tempted by the thought of easy money. He downloaded a document with his phony name to pay his water bill. With a document proving his place of residence, he went to the bank and easily opened a bank account. The German neighbors put £10,000 to £20,000 into the new bank account and gave him 30% for cashing this money out. In this way, he had to visit the bank and draw money from the account, and in Internet banking, could only check the account balance. This often went very smoothly. There was no trouble or any issues in the bank, such as people asking where the money originated.

Now flush with lots of money, James came up with an idea to score new clothes. He went to the store, brought loads of items into the dressing room, removed security tags, put back the unwanted clothes, and then left. One time, James noticed that several guards were chasing him! He started to run but was eventually detained. Police officers arrived and brought him to the police station.

As per usual, they checked him for unauthorized items. James had managed to throw the security tool away, but he still had his fake ID card. At first, officials were unaware of his real name because the face in both photos was the same, but the details were different. He admitted to stealing but could not think up an explanation for the fake document. A few hours later, a lawyer and interpreter were called in to translate everything, word by word. Before talking to officials, his lawyer advised him to always say “No comment” upon questioning. After all, he could not tell the truth about using the fake ID to cash out someone else’s money. With no answers or evidence, the police released him. Upon returning to his friends, James destroyed the bank cards to get rid of the evidence.

The Power of Knowledge and Prostitution

Have you ever considered the power of thought? Scientists have studied this very notion, proving that our thoughts constantly saturate the universe and eventually boomerang back to ourselves. To live well, we must program ourselves to think only in a positive manner. By letting go of negative and dark thoughts, we will become free and reach our goals more quickly. By wishing good for others, positivity returns in force, and the universe gives thanks.

When doctors suspected James had Marfan syndrome, he became interested in the power of thought and how the human brain works—changing his outlook on life. In the past, James had devalued all the books out there with loud headlines about self-development and positive thinking, not withholding negative comments about them while browsing the shelves at bookstores. Following his diagnosis, however, he was convinced that we are the masters of our own lives; and, subsequently, those who don't build their lives in this manner are puppets of others. Turning a puppet into a person who takes responsibility for him or herself is not that difficult and simply means relying on your intuition. Many people within modern society write themselves off and lack self-trust, thus blocking themselves from success and victory. In essence, we will never get rich if we don't envision a luxurious life for ourselves. In thinking like entrepreneurs and imagining our lives as millionaires, we can program our goals and fulfill our thoughts.

Such approaches and activities afforded James this experience not only in business but also in his interactions with others. In working as a business consultant for many years, he sought to teach as many people as possible the simple truths of life and the basics to help their businesses succeed. Now understanding how easy it was to become the master of his own life, James wished the same for others—wanting as many people as possible to wake up and understand who controls their world as they hand over their destiny to the media, government, or evil neighbors.

Having tried many businesses with both positive and negative outcomes, James believed he could help anyone in a similar position. Working as a business consultant, he saw how many entrepreneurs didn't properly delve into their business to reach ideal utility and profitability. Anything in this world is possible and achievable, but goals must be simple, straightforward, logical, and defined in time. It is imperative to know one's exact vision or purpose, and goals must be consistently kept in mind.

Of course, intensive work also requires some distractions and relaxation—often in the company of women, for most men out there. James was no exception, finding that all work and no play made his head explode. This may sound like a joke, but it was true. When fate separated James from the woman of his dreams, he enjoyed their less spiritual, more physical love.

James was always crazy about feminine beauty, often accompanied by a beautiful girl when attending social gatherings and parties. Friends often joked that he cast a spell over girls, who quickly fell in love and gave in to their feelings. Some quickly, others more slowly. However, James was always very persistent. One such girl, Alice, was incredibly charming but at first completely unimpressed by James. 2012 after returning from the Czech Republic, he bought a Mercedes, and a few days later, the very same girl began inviting James for cocktails, or perhaps even sex. He always said yes. After all, what

rational man would refuse such an evening? Their relationship persisted, filled with incredible lovemaking and overnight stays at both of their homes.

At one point, Alice introduced him to her mother—who, it must be said, was notably attractive and youthful. Following an alcohol-infused party one evening and the departure of his girlfriend, James went to the store and returned with a bottle of cognac. Whether it was the cognac or chemistry that overcame him, James began passionately kissing Alice's mother. Incredibly thirsty for love, the pair soon found themselves in bed, caressing under the influence of alcohol. Consumed by heat, they tore off their clothes, and the older woman's ample breasts fell out of her shirt. Excited by this image, he grabbed her in a ferocious manner. The experience was new and unusual and different from previous girls, as he had yet to taste the delicacy of a mature woman.

The next morning, he could not believe his eyes upon awakening beside her. How did he get here? They agreed that the affair would be their little secret, but their plan quickly unraveled. After returning home from abroad, Alice confronted and cursed at James. "Which one of us fucks better?" she shouted furiously. This farewell evening was indeed a farewell to *both* great women.

Friends, seeing so many females cling to him, often asked James how he attracted their interests and joked that James could teach them everything there was to know about women. He claimed this was effortless and boiled down to simple body language. When the listener's body leans towards you, she is interested in what you're saying or you, yourself, as a person. Likewise, leaning sideways shows a sense of friendliness. However, if a person does not like you or you cause them discomfort, they will withdraw. You often see this situation play out in photos of two or more people standing together.

Despite his appeal among women, James often paid for sex. Many men say that while you cannot buy love, it *is* possible to buy a great time in bed. It is essential to understand that prostitutes are a different breed of women. No matter which country you live in, you can find entertainment for money in every major city. In fact, women who trade their bodies represent an entire business line in many parts of the world, attracting the likes of men seeking adventure or new experiences.

James never shunned female attention of any kind, and he sought out paid services more than once and enjoyed the company of many high-level escort girls. These types of women immediately stand out from other girls engaged in the body trade. Female escorts always have good posture, wear branded clothes, smell nice, and usually wear evening makeup. They are always ready to enjoy your company, even during a charity event, and are often independent entrepreneurs. In this way, they are free to travel the world and earn a great deal of money, unlike prostitutes working for pimps.

In many countries, places boasting such services are widely known. One of the *most* famous is located in the Netherlands—the Red-Light District in Amsterdam, specifically. Occupying more than 6.5 thousand square meters, this part of the city enjoys worldwide fame. With their own eyes, many tourists set out to see the ladies showing their bodies in the red glow of light, offering their services. Prostitution was legalized in the country back in 2000, yet the Netherlands still receives related criticism. Herein, you can find service girls between the ages of 18 and almost 80 tailored to customer needs. The standard service duration here is 20 minutes with a price of €50. The most industrious

workers can serve several dozen tourists a day, for whom visiting the Red-Light District is a dream come true.

A significant portion of Red-Light District customers are not only tourists but also just lonely men. Some have lost their wives while others are looking for something new and/or are inexperienced. On the other side of the window, they find not only great sex but also understanding, a pleasant conversation, or an opportunity to talk—of course, for money. Everyone wins.

The great Red-Light District romance ends early in the morning when the lights go out, the red color glowing from just one or two windows where a lady is perhaps still hoping to attract her last customers. Many others walk home slowly, some squirming and suffering from physical pain, tangled hair, and apathetic eyes. Yet, a few years of work in this prestigious place provides these women with the means to afford luxury cars, visit plastic surgeons, and enjoy a well-appointed life that eliminates all discomfort after working for two prosperous days.

Holidays in Holland were memorable for James and his friends, who relaxed while living in a five-star hotel. Every day, the guys enjoyed delicious food, luxury alcohol, and the attention of girls. Most importantly, even the most expensive entertainment was now free as one friend had provided stolen bank cards with the necessary data. Every night, the friends raised their glasses to toast the good life—and one only lived once. They realized that in fact, everything is very simple. On the Internet, within the international network's vast waters, you can find everything your heart desires. Perhaps this includes receiving personal data or stolen credit card details. Such things can be bought for a fairly small price. A card printer is also handy and easily purchased.

Thus, these devices purchased online are not very expensive yet help guarantee excellent leisure time in any country throughout the world. James and his friends programmed these devices to imprint purchased personal data on their cards, placing an excellent financial guarantee right in their hands that allowed them to buy anything they wanted, rent a vehicle, or just finance a stormy party at a nightclub. These are, of course, beginner's games. Later, some might look for other ways to bypass the system.

It is enough to understand how the global banking system works in order to profit from it. It's a bit reminiscent of poker, wherein one learns how to correctly calculate a dealer's moves and those of his/her opponents. Everything is just a calculation, and the same goes for banks that provide credit. You apply, open a credit account, and not just in one bank—but in many scattered throughout the world.

It's a straightforward system: keep track of your money transfers and how much of the balance goes into your pocket. Sure, it's not the best way to make money, but by now James had realized that such youthful experiments had taught him a critical rule—whining about life's disappointments is fruitless. No matter where you are or what you do, success depends on you and you only. If you try once and fail, do not lose hope. Keep going until you succeed! In modern society, many people are simply unaware of the opportunities available to them, which wind up being swiped away by others.

Unfortunately, it was not possible to pay by credit card in the brothels. Yet, James and his friends knew that entertainment and new experiences awaited them. They quickly got their hands on cocaine and sought out to look for sexual entertainment, at one point finding themselves in a high-end brothel.

When the boys arrived, the boss appeared—a very sympathetic woman. “Hello, welcome. Come in and make yourselves at home.”

An older woman whistled, signaling the girls. They gathered from different corners, everyone beautiful, dressed in seductive T-shirts with lovely makeup and hair.

“All our girls are in a great mood today. We’ll make sure your stay with us is memorable and, of course, very pleasant,” the boss continued in a seductive voice.

James immediately noticed a young lady with good posture and long wavy chestnut hair, dressed in a cherry dress. Her legs reminded James of the silhouette of a deer—her muscles tense, she gracefully stretched in her pointed high heels. Brightly marked lips invited him to taste this woman’s flavor. James didn’t hesitate.

“I’d love to put myself in the hands of this lady in the red dress,” James said.

“Great choice! Sophia, accompany our client and make sure he doesn’t get bored this afternoon.” The boss commandingly glanced at the owner of the red dress and motioned her hand toward the exit. The girl immediately introduced herself to James, who rose from the couch occupied by his friends. She turned around and gracefully meandered with her wide hips towards the corridor. James followed, hypnotized.

Unlocking the door, Sophia instructed him, “Come in and settle down.” She accessed the wooden chest of drawers in the corner and pulled out a plate of powder—cocaine. “Want to immerse yourself in some deeper sensations before a shower?”

“Of course,” James replied without hesitation.

This scenario is often the standard in such places. The chosen desired companion accompanies the guy to a room, all tidy and clean. Here, the client is first offered cocaine and a shower, after which the girl takes a shower and then initiates the fun!

When Sophia emerged from the shower, a mixture of lavender and rose scents prevailed throughout the room. James, who was lying on the bed by the window, did not particularly enjoy the chosen aromas but politely kept quiet. Sophia approached and was about to undress, but quickly changed her mind. After caressing her breasts, she assigned this task to James.

Her lace-up underwear was impressive. She had a solid body and a fine little butt. The girl began to dance seductively, gracefully swaying like a snake. James, now hot, watched this naked beauty sway before his eyes. He opened up her bra with one hand, seeing plump, round breasts. She removed a thin strip of panties with two fingers. Swaying naked, Sophia pulled a condom out of her handbag—blue,

with bumps and ribs—and placed it on his penis with her teeth. Gently pushing him on the bed, she licked and caressed his cavities while he caressed her tits with his eyes and hands.

After a while, she told him to fuck her “doggy style.” James did as she requested, grabbing her firmly by the hips. He was probably her first client today, so the girl was full of energy. Eventually, both libidos were satisfied, so they arose and went to shower away all the sweat.

In such a place, the girl devotes one hour to the client, or perhaps another for a fee—€100! The time passed quickly, and James enjoyed himself; she clearly knew how to do her job. Eventually, his allotted time ran out, and the girl left the room to seek out her next customer.

His group of friends was waiting his arrival at the bar across the street, enjoying beer and whiskey while they joked and laughed. Everyone was particularly cheerful following the brothel fun.

“Did you see the size of those black-haired tits?” David laughed, chomping on a piece of blue cheese.

“Maybe she pumped up her boobs to divert attention away from her flat ass,” Mark replied in agreement.

The guys were in a good mood, so they didn’t pay too much attention to their speech or the gaze of those around them.

James Spenser also flirted with prostitution while visiting Norway. He often had fun at clubs and luxury parties with friends, and there was always someone around who offered cocaine. The fun-loving young man never refused. Cocaine not only gives you joy, but also energy—providing the ability to dance the night away until 3:00 a.m. At one such party, James met a young girl who, at first glance, seemed to be a young student from Germany.

Slim, with beautiful eyes, puffy lips, and a stunning face, the girl seemed young and unspoiled. At the nightclub, she caught James’s eye. Her dark brown hair glowed a pinkish tinge in the club lights. Leaning over the bar, she stroked her cocktail glass with a delicate hand, not yet touching its contents. She looked around, not wanting to give herself away. James was excited, her body language calling out to him. Her sleek, exposed legs and miniskirt made her look like a teenager, yet filled with seduction.

“Good evening, beautiful,” he said boldly as he approached.

“Good evening,” replied the girl without much admiration.

“Are you looking for something today?” James asked with a slightly thinned voice.

“I’m looking for those who are looking,” the girl replied.

James quickly realized his intuition was spot on—she *was* a girl offering her services for money. The conversation developed further. “What’s your name?”

“Anna.”

“Beautiful name, Anna. I’m James.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“You too.”

“Did you come to talk?” The tender creature suddenly appeared nervous.

“I thought you might want to dance.”

“Let’s do it.”

Taking Anna by the hand, James found her palms damp from sweat and her fingertips cold. They blended into the dance floor and swayed their hips to the sound of Latin music. James, with his hands on her waist, felt every curve and even surprising trembling within her. However, after a couple of songs, the girl seemed to relax.

Sensing her newfound comfort, James suggested, “Maybe let’s extend the fun somewhere more private?”

“Of course. But you can pay me in advance,” the girl replied without hiding anything.

“How much?”

“€200 per hour.”

James turned his hand around Anna’s waist again and let her know the price was right.

They left the club and ascended to the hotel in the same building. James gently opened the door to the room. Anna looked around a bit like a frightened beast seeking escape from its cage. She stumbled next to a chest of drawers, her purse slipping from her hands and hitting the parquet floor, a few lipsticks and a tiny bottle of perfume spilling out.

“I’m sorry,” Anna whispered. But James ignored her, turning on the shower and then returning to the bedroom.

“You can go first.”

Anna took small steps towards the shower without saying anything. Afterwards, James approached and hugged her tightly to make her feel safe. Placing his hand under her bathrobe, he was met with soft, velvety skin. Minimal makeup, shiny white teeth, open lips, perhaps a little Botox. Her eyes looked at him expressively but timidly.

“Maybe this is your first night?” James asked.

Anna just shook her head and pressed herself closer to him. Her hard breasts found themselves under his chest—the girl was short. She sought to incessantly hide her discomfort.

James pulled off her bathrobe, exposed her naked beauty. She felt uncomfortable, trying to shield her nudity with her hands. James scooped her up and took her to bed.

The foreplay was short. The two caressed and touched, and the girl became less constrained. Taking his penis in her hand, she put on a condom and took him deeply into her mouth. The girl was clearly not a professional, her tongue working awkwardly. Nevertheless, the feeling was blissful!

James pushed his penis into a small, tight vagina. She began to tremble, her nipples tightened, and those innocent eyes couldn't stop gazing into James's. He moved rhythmically, pounding her wet vagina until their bodies quickly became hot. Anna began screaming, digging her long nails into James's back. Her legs began to tremble, and her vaginal contractions gave away her orgasm. How fantastic to summon such animated pleasure from the shy girl! She wanted more but would not allow James to finish. Massaging her clitoris, ripe as a pea, she moved like a snake on the bed.

Eventually, James sprayed his sperm onto the girl's belly. Maintaining an innocent look and not saying a word, Anna just gazed out the window as her shyness seemed to return. She dressed quickly and left the hotel room, almost running out, after saying goodbye.

James jumped in the shower, smiling from ear to ear—after all, he had made the whore orgasm, and the girl even thanked him for the sex. Perhaps he was her first customer? What a good start. Next time she might be bolder.

After this quick session with the shy girl, James went to look for a professional. Taking to the streets, his eyes closed in on a charming black woman who, for him—a white guy—was most exotic. After they negotiated a price, a taxi took them to the charming lady's house. After the first hour of pure entertainment, James set out to negotiate a second hour of fun. She asked for the money in advance, which he didn't have. When the girl turned away, he grabbed money from her stash that he had spied earlier and "paid" a second time.

On another occasion, he was forced to pay a whore by giving away a cowhide rug from Ikea. A few days after buying the rug, James gathered with a group of friends for a party at his house, and in the heat of the booze and drug-fueled bash, decided to invite some ladies to join them. Unfortunately, they had no money left in their wallets, and Norwegian ATMs allow you to withdraw no more than €1,000 a week. However, the inability to pay for services was seemingly not a problem.

After they reached out to agency, a handsome 27-year-old Russian with long hair and even longer legs finally knocked on the door at about 4:00 a.m. James invited her to his room and watched as she promptly removed her raincoat, shoes, and a shiny dress. "Money in advance," the girl said unexpectedly.

James groped the back pocket of his pants for his wallet but found it empty. He checked his other pockets, his jacket, and his bedroom drawers in a panic, but came up short. "I'll bring it right away," he said and ran to look for some money in the living room.

Threatened with the end of the evening, a desperate thought suddenly hit James's head. He grabbed the cowhide rug from the living room wall and returned with it to the bedroom, noting the cackles of his friends in the background.

"Here, this carpet is worth at least €500. It's completely new. Do you want it? I can pay you with it."

"I like it quite a lot," the girl said.

The evening was saved! Pleased with the rug, the girl tore open the condom and used her mouth to wrap it around his dick; she was a real professional. As she got to work, saliva poured out of her mouth, and she choked. Nevertheless, her large, shiny eyes begged for a good fuck. James moved her head rhythmically, enjoying every second. Her tongue was fast, and after a while, she got tired. James grabbed her by the hips and slowly pushed his penis into her wet vagina, slapping her ass.

Always with a condom and never kissing—this is how you fuck a whore. It's just sex. No deep feelings, no loving caresses, no extensive introductions. The girl taught him several poses. Of course, he enjoyed this; every man likes what's new and nice.

After she showered and dressed, the girl told James to call her any time before walking out the door.

Somewhat exhausted, James headed to the living room, where the remaining participants were still listening to music.

"Did you seriously pay her with that rug?" David couldn't believe it.

James gained an infinite amount of experience with escorts, and not only such high-class ladies. Yet, accustomed to luxury and great entertainment, he was particularly fond of escorts perhaps because such business is banned and considered illegal in his country—even though it exists all over the world! In major European capitals, one can easily use the Internet to access such services.

Some people may be surprised to learn that it is not only in the Netherlands that a woman can be selected from a shop window. In fact, many famous politicians enjoy spending their free time in Brussels. Why? Right next to the European Parliament exists a district where beautiful girls await customers in shop windows, attracting the likes of elected politicians and businessmen in suits. A traditional hourly session costs €100: seemingly pennies for high-ranking politicians. Just 20 minutes allows them to forget the troubles that oppress their citizens. Yet, women are not just whores bought and fucked for money. These are people who deserve love and respect, relationships and fidelity: invaluable necessities.

Things Money Cannot Buy

It's well-known that orgasms are one of the most enjoyable things in life—particularly for men, who in turn seek out a partner to afford them this pleasure on a habitual basis. Lacking the time needed to look for new companions, they sometimes look for cheap alternatives who take their money and work for it before moving on to the next one. A man needs sex, and quite often, to let off steam and suppress anxiety. That is life. While sometimes it's better to break up, find another partner, and continue living, finding a suitable option can sometimes take a lot of time.

After all, James had many girls in his life, each one a beautiful and charming personality with her pros and cons as well. All such girls deserve respect! For a long period of time, he chose many ladies, interacted with many girls, and appreciated what they thought and what their priorities were. Upon realizing they were not a match; they would go their separate ways. Yet, he never uttered a bad word about any girl he was with.

James was deeply in love once. Unfortunately, destiny seemed to pre-determine the fate of those two young people. He was taught to be a strong man who cared for his family and did not suppress his childhood interests. There were various people along his path. Some came and went like passersby, some like wanderers, and others remained. Some exist only in memory. And only one stayed in his heart.

2018 in Oslo although James experienced many women, his one true love makes his heart race to this day. Her name was Olivia. A simple clothing saleswoman, she caught his gaze from the first moment he saw her at the counter. Petite with long, curly, chestnut-brown hair, her long lashes graced big brown eyes. Catching James's gaze with them, she reminded him of a beautiful, mysterious princess. Seeing him watching her, she quickly turned and went towards the measuring booths. James enjoyed her sudden movements, feminine walk, slender waistline, and beautiful legs.

One day when there were almost no shoppers in the store, James finally approached the girl.

"Hello!" he greeted her, casually and with great confidence.

"Good afternoon," the girl replied politely, treating him like a customer.

"What's your name, beautiful lady?" James continued the conversation.

"Olivia. Why does it matter?" she answered boldly.

"Well, I'd like to know what my future wife's name will be." James smiled. He seemed to have enslaved Olivia with this sentence, who coquettishly twisted a lock of brown curly hair between her fingers.

A beautiful, pure friendship was born. James, who had held many women in his arms, thanked the fates every time he hugged Olivia. It was love at first sight—and eternal. James was not lying; he wanted to

marry Olivia on the very first day of their acquaintance. The two spent their free time walking in the park, skating, and enjoying movies, concerts, delicious dinners, and, of course, each other's bodies.

James soon realized that he no longer cared about friends or business plans because all he wanted at that time was Olivia's heart. During one holiday in Malta, they fell on the dunes after swimming in the azure sea and gazed into each other's eyes as the blazing sun set around them.

"Do you think there are two other people in the world just like us?" Olivia asked.

"You mean, like us in love?" James replied.

"No, I mean our duplicates. The same. People who appear just like us, lying down after a swim on the beach."

"There are many people in the world," James replied, seemingly uninterested in this discussion.

"Or maybe not just in our world? Maybe on a different planet there is a small island where two young people in love are looking at the sky. That would mean we are not alone in this world..." Olivia continued.

"Hmm now that you say that, I can imagine it. And if so, that changes a lot..." James was now interested in Olivia's philosophy, his thoughts flying in space.

"You fool, that's an excerpt from *Armageddon*!" Olivia shouted suddenly, bursting out laughing. Rolling on top of James, she began sucking on his lips as if hungry. Unbuttoning her shirt, he released two tanned melons, kissing them and crunching her nipples. Olivia adored this gesture of his love. She was a very skinny girl, and her full breasts protruding above such a slender waist looked very impressive. Hormones raging, he removed his shorts, and they made love until the sun went down.

Their relationship lasted for an incredible few years' time, but neither James nor his beloved could anticipate how—in the face of travel, kisses, and everyday life—the butterflies eventually fluttered in their bellies and fell asleep. One day he realized that the charming girl he first noticed in the store five years earlier was now somehow different. Olivia had understood this much earlier, and maybe that's why she didn't object when James eventually initiated a discussion about related expectations. Was it still worth being together when their initial feelings had subsided long ago, and neither of them yearned to look for them again? They both decided to go their separate ways.

Long lonely nights began, during which James pondered many things in his life and the lives of those around him. Looking for a way to understand those genuine feelings of love and whether they could be eternal, James finally fell back on what he had always believed in—his business ideas. From the depths of his drawers, he pulled out some projects he had yet to implement, took on new activities, and returned to the company of his friends in the absence of luxury drinks and female company.

James ultimately realized that his relationship with Olivia was not as perfect as it perhaps first seemed. Over the course of their relationship, they did not avoid events that weakened their alliance. The two

young people had liked to spend time more often in the company of friends rather than together romantically. On one occasion, at a chaotic party at a house by the sea, Olivia drank too much and found herself in bed with another guy. Enveloped in rage, James cared not for explanations about this occurring by accident or whether alcohol had obscured his loved one's mind. In the depths of James's heart, the belief that this woman was different from most was shattered.

"All they care about are strangers' penises," said Mark, an acquaintance who comforted James that evening amongst a chorus of other similar comments from his friends.

James remained silent and only thought that when it came to Olivia, he would never be the same again. No matter how painful this experience was at that time, life had to go on, but James left her the next day. Yet, his failures with girls didn't end there.

One day while walking in the capital city in Lithuania, James's path crossed that of an old acquaintance. At the time, Megan was "taken" and supposedly in a serious relationship, although she didn't shy away from winking at James as he walked down the hall. They had both studied goods management, often passing each other in the school corridor.

At that time, the Tinder dating app had quickly gained popularity and was in fact how he originally met Megan after she left her home country to work in the UK. Now meeting once again, it quickly became clear that James and Megan had not forgotten their familiarity.

James: Hi! Long time, no see.

Megan: Definitely, it's been a long time.

James: How's the girl from Group B?

Megan: Wow, what a memory. I'm doing great, thanks. So much has happened in the ten years since we last saw each other, but I really can't complain. I work, and life flows as it will.

James: Are you still in a relationship with that curly-haired guy?

Megan: You're joking. No, I broke up with William a few years ago. It looks like he's already married, and his wife is expecting twins.

James: He didn't wait long. Is it perhaps now appropriate to invite you for a cup of coffee?

Megan: Maybe so, if you live in London, where I currently do.

James: There are no insurmountable distances given the chance to enjoy the company of a beautiful girl.

Megan: I'll be back home in Lithuania in three weeks to visit my parents. I could see you then, and you wouldn't have to fly to another country.

They exchanged phone numbers and communicated via text message for a few more days. She was not the love of James's life, but pleasant feelings soon flowed along with a tinge of excitement as the day of their meeting approached.

Upon Megan's return to Lithuania, she promised to dedicate the following evening to James. He booked a table at a romantic restaurant and was anticipating a cozy evening with this acquaintance of his youth—perhaps conversations, laughter, and memories from the days when they thought about each other. However, a few hours before the meeting, James's phone rang. It was Megan.

"Hello, listen, for that date today...you know, it turns out, a friend came to visit me unexpectedly. This evening, as I will be busy, I will have to cancel our get-together."

"Will she stay for that long? A late dinner is also suitable for me." He did not give up.

"She is going stay overnight. You know, we haven't seen each other for a long time..." Megan replied.

"I see," James concluded.

He had already realized who would be visiting Megan—probably not a childhood friend at all, but another guy who would enrich her evening not only with dinner but also with physical entertainment. The girl was lonely, probably not wanting to miss the opportunity if sex was guaranteed.

The next day, Megan texted James.

Megan: Hi! What are you doing?

James: Hello. I just ordered coffee.

Megan: Maybe you need company?

James: And yesterday's boyfriend has already left?

Megan: Who? I said a friend visited unexpectedly.

James: Girls, it seems to me, don't visit their friends late at night.

Megan: My friends do. So, would you like to meet again?

James: Dinner?

Megan: That would be great!

James: Just make sure your girlfriend doesn't come today.

They met at a local restaurant that James loved because the dishes were made from high-quality beef and prepared by a chef from France. Dinner went as if no 10-year gap had existed. They shared

memories, laughs, and jokes. With each cocktail, Megan more often took James by the hand, and he didn't resist.

"Maybe more whiskey?" he asked after a few cocktails.

"I am thinking; maybe we could end the evening somewhere more fun?" She smiled.

"Want entertainment?" James asked, glad the evening was possibly just beginning.

"I mean—dancing, music. There is probably no nightclub nearby..." she said as if offering something.

"It's not here, but the capital is nearby," James suggested cheerfully.

"Well, a hundred kilometers away, and you can't drive anymore," the girl hesitated.

"There's a taxi service, your naive girl," James said.

"Not too expensive to take a taxi for hundreds of kilometers?" Megan didn't give up.

"You are so funny," James retorted, calling the car.

Although the evening was well underway, the journey to the capital did not take long—James had brought a bottle of whiskey from the restaurant and made out with Megan in the back seat.

"We've arrived," the driver said, the car suddenly stopping. "That will be €126."

James gave him €150 with no change.

Megan had already managed to jump out of the car and, swinging her hips, went to the club door. A crowd was gathered at the entrance with a queue for those who wanted to enter. Security guards performed careful checks. Megan was let in, but there were still a few guys in line before James. He didn't feel too confident about his chances of getting through the door, and sure enough, the guards asked all the guys to leave.

James rushed to dial Megan's number several times, but the girl never picked up the phone. Not immediately realizing that the evening might have ended here, James waited for her at the club door for over an hour. Eventually, he decided he had waited long enough and headed to the nearest bar. After drinking a few glasses of beer, he called a taxi and returned home—not before texting Megan to tell her off.

At dawn, James received a call from Mark.

"Are you at home?" Mark asked.

"Well, yes," said James without much enthusiasm.

"Let's go to the river. We'll check out the girls and cook some steaks," Mark suggested.

“Let’s do it,” James agreed.

“Wait outside; I’ll be right there.” His friend ended the conversation.

As soon as he got into Mark’s car, his friend began to ask him about yesterday’s date. “Well, how was that blonde yesterday? Did you relive your old days of friendship?”

“Maybe she did, but not me,” James answered casually.

“How come not you?” Mark didn’t understand.

“I don’t know. We drove to the city together, and I returned alone. She was let into a club, but I wasn’t. She went inside, and I was left standing outside,” he explained briefly.

“She didn’t come back and stayed in the club without you?” Mark clarified.

“Well, yes.” James wanted to end this unpleasant conversation.

Mark no longer asked questions, turned up the car’s music, and focused on the road. When they reached the beach, Charles and Daniel were already there, sitting on benches. The guys greeted each other. James joined them and opened a beer.

“Guess who was left out in the cold yesterday?” Mark began to talk with a wide smile, adding, “Ms. Megan from England lured our Don Juan to the capital after dinner and left him outside the club door.”

“Jovita called me and asked if we had seen that girl. Her parents and friends have been searching for her all day long. Amelia said she went to the restaurant with James and did not return,” Daniel recalled.

“And she hasn’t answered her phone?” Charles asked.

“They say no,” Daniel explained.

“She has not answered since she went through the club door, and I’ve gotten no updates.” James added.

“Well, the girl didn’t stop. Drunk and not in her home city—just looking for problems. Some psychos could have poured GBL into a cocktail and fucked her with five friends,” Charles surmised.

“That’s fine. Next time she’ll think about whom to spend time with,” James concluded.

The day was sunny and, in a few hours, many people came to the river. Some swam, others fried meat, and some just sunbathed. The guys feasted on roasted meat, sipped beer, and played cards. Daniel’s phone beeped.

“Well, the wanderer has appeared. Jovita texted that Megan is already back. Some guy brought her home after yesterday’s fun. Alive and well.” Daniel read the text aloud.

“Alive and well, just probably a little tired,” Mark tried to joke.

“Yeah, after that guy probably fucked her,” said James.

“Don’t worry about her. She knew what she was doing—eating for free at the restaurant with you, drinking, and then going to the club where men surely bought her drinks before bringing her back to a warm bed for the night and then taking her home the next day. Even escort ladies are not that lucky. Hopefully your feelings are over after such an evening, aren’t they?” Charles agreed with Mark.

“I’d still fuck her; and the princess would choke for sure,” James finally laughed for the first time that day.

In the Grip of Death; Prison Awaits

2019 summer, James Spenser decided to visit some friends in Oslo. After noshing on what had seemed like an innocent chicken sandwich on the plane, he began to feel very hot. His body temperature rose to 39.5 degrees Celsius and remained high for a few days despite medication. He received antibiotics, but his health didn't improve. On the third day, his fever rose to 40 degrees. He awoke during the night with labored breathing and was hit with vomiting and diarrhea. He ran to the toilet dozens of times over the next three days, losing a lot of weight due to the lack of food and constant trips to the bathroom.

In the morning, he could not lift his head due to the pain; his joints were on fire and cramps pulled at his legs. Friends took him to AHUS Hospital, where James had recently undergone adrenal surgery. Attended to by numerous doctors, James was quarantined and attached to a drip. They prescribed drugs, antibiotics, cortisol, and vitamins. After a few days in the hospital, he could think straight and walk. Eventually, they determined that he was afflicted with a disease called campylobacteriosis.

Campylobacter is one of the most common causes of intestinal infectious diseases in humans. In many parts of the world, these types of infections are more common than Salmonellosis or Shigellosis. In economically developing countries, related diarrhea is most common among young children.

The doctors told James it was necessary to drink more, and since the cortisol increased his fluid needs beyond his current intake, his health deteriorated significantly. Kidney failure was suspected, and half of his organs no longer functioned normally—all due to that chicken sandwich on the plane.

Doctors and nurses swarmed James in their protective gear as to not become infected with the bacterium. He could not leave his ward, and nurses brought him juice, yogurt, sandwiches, and soups every hour or two. James was highly grateful for the staff of AHUS Oslo University Hospital, knowing he might have died in his own country due to a lack of cortisol injections given economic limitations.

The doctors got James back on his feet within a week. Eventually, he could enjoy the summer again—that is until he was forced to go to jail for his run-in with the Spaniard: a crime he did not commit. He wrote to prison and explained his health condition, asking them to postpone his sentence. After all, one must prepare for prison both physically and mentally, not straight out of the hospital after facing potential death. The date was set, but James did not go voluntarily. Instead, he sought a full recovery from the illness and returned to his homeland, ignoring how his actions might affect things.

James had transported all documents from Norway, translated them, and walked through everything with the doctors to review his medical records. The associate professor in the capital shared that he should rejoice, having returned from another world after having one foot in the grave. Given that the origin of the bacterium was typically warmer climates, he was asked if he had visited Thailand or the Philippines. And yet, as for James, this “gift” came out of thin air.

James Spenser knew well that he would have to go to jail and that Norwegian police were looking for him.

One beautiful, sunny summer day, he drove around Oslo with friends from Lithuania. It was already evening when the police stopped their car for inspection because the vehicle had British plates. James immediately realized he would be sent straight to jail. Officials checked their ID cards, and it didn't take long for James to come up in their search. They handcuffed him and brought him to the police station in Groland, Oslo. They kept him all night, removing his shoes in the detention center and cutting cords from his pants and sweater so he could not hang himself. In fact, there were no sharp corners in this place that prisoners could use to hurt themselves; everything was round. There was a toilet, sink, mattress, window, clock, and one dim light in the corner. James reconciled everything and kept a sober and calm mind. He knew he would need to serve his sentence, though he did not agree with it. He'd only set out to enjoy a fun summer with friends. In Norway, the average person is powerless against strict laws, much less immigrants.

In the morning, the officers gave James coffee and told him to prepare. A convoy arrived to bring him to the Indre Østfold prison. After more than an hour navigating winding roads, they approached the town of Mysen, and large spiked fences appeared through the windows. It squeezed James's heart to see that prison set amongst such beautiful weather. He feared it. After all, in various films, one can see what transpires there: robberies, fights, and rapes. All sorts of thoughts now swirled in James's head as the car stopped, and the door opened. Four officers told him to get out. Most prison wardens are women. They're sexy and probably craved by all the prisoners. Oddly enough, they don't even have guns.

The prison was newly built and well equipped. James passed through a metal detector. Officers collected all his items and gave him new bright red shoes and clothing designed for a prisoner. He also received a pack of Marlboro cigarettes—for a fee, of course—along with white bread, butter, cheese, sausage, and a whole pack of coffee for breakfast and dinnertime. Now officially known as Prisoner No. 195827, James was brought to Section 2B, which was a temporary department. They would keep him for a few days and see how he adapted to other convicts. There were twelve people in the section, though rooms were designed for sole occupants. The room was large, bright, tidy, and clean. There was a table, chair, bed, TV with thirty channels, shower, and a separate toilet. There weren't even bars on the windows. Prisoners could enjoy an hour outside, once a day, along with a gym and facilities for football, basketball, volleyball.

The first day passed quietly. The only pity was that there was no Internet, no phones, and no sex. The wardens were kind and helpful. It was even strange that in such an institution, everyone was happy, smiling, joking. James immediately got to know the prisoners from Peru, India, Italy, Portugal, and Poland—an infinite number of men from all over the world in one place. All were simple criminals, no mobsters or gangsters among them. Everyone was locked up like him for all kinds of nonsense.

After officials saw how he behaved within this strict prison regime for a week, he could potentially move to a freer setting. Although he was initially scared, James found the facility to be more like a sanatorium rather than US prisons. Here, money was paid, of course, if you went to work, but James did not want to participate. Cooking for other prisoners would not bring him honor, which he knew from unwritten rules of the street.

At eight o'clock in the evening, correctional officers closed the doors and wished everyone a good night. The blinds immediately descended on the windows, and James could no longer see anything on the inside or the outside. It was during this time that he enjoyed watching TV. In the morning, at seven-thirty, all were awoken and windows opened once again.

On Fridays, everyone went shopping at the local store. James could not go because cash was not accepted—only prison account funds, which he did not have. Seeing that James could not buy anything, one prisoner from Peru offered James fried chicken. For this, he was grateful and didn't expect these strangers to be so friendly and share their food. Prisoners cooked their food in the prison kitchen, where large knives were tied with a metal rope, but small ones could leave the premises. The kitchen was comprised of a large room with a well-sized TV on the wall. While others decided to go outside and play sports, James decided to stay inside and play chess because of the bad weather, which is how he passed his first day in prison before watching TV in his room until he fell asleep.

When the weekend arrived, everyone was allowed to sleep longer with no need to attend work or school. On this particular day, the warden came and took James to register to receive parcels from the outside world. Then, he was sent to a free ward within only two days of incarceration. Here he was allowed to walk outside for two hours, the door open almost all day. New faces represented Albanians, Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, and prisoners from other countries. Some played cards; others cooked. The Albanians offered him lasagna, while others dished out cake with chocolate glaze. Everyone was friendly, shared, washed the dishes, took care of themselves, and took out the rubbish. They smiled, joked, and communicated freely. Aside from his restricted freedoms, James felt like he was in a hotel. At seven o'clock, the door closed and everyone scattered to their rooms with snacks prior to that time.

Everyone enjoyed watching the *Power* series, which started at 9 p.m. For a couple of hours, they could exercise and train their muscles before trying to sleep in a small, narrow bed after the movie. The bedding smelled of washing powder, strange sounds emanated from the vents, and James had no idea how he would fall asleep. Yet, he quickly dozed off.

On Sunday, the cycle repeated itself. James had become accustomed to this new stage of life. The other prisoners still fed him various foods, and he most notably enjoyed the company of Muslims. These days, we often hear only bad things about this specific group of people: things in newspapers and on all kinds of programs that are often not true. Of course, there are also bad people among them and across all ethnicities and religions as well.

Monday came. The warden opened the door, invited James to drink coffee, and told him to go to work. Yet, he wanted to study, but for some reason was not given this option. He also wanted to eat. James called the warden to check his prison account because after he was detained on the first day, friends immediately sent money for food and cigarettes. Although four days had passed, this money still had not reached the prison. Of course, prisoners who worked all day could earn 70 kroner (€7), but two days of work were required to buy a pack of cigarettes or top up your phone bill to call friends and family.

The officers were helpful and let James make calls to investigate the missing money. How good it was to hear a friend's voice! She said she had sent money to the prison account on the first day he was there, also reporting that his mother was very upset about his current state. James provided reassurance, saying all was well and that he was healthy.

All day, James felt like he was on tenterhooks. You want to eat, you want to smoke, but you are confined. However, James remained positive and tread cautiously around others, not trying to make friends with everyone.

Complainers existed here, as in everywhere, especially given the varied circumstances that landed them in prison—mostly for petty crimes. One had sold cocaine, another hashish. Here, in prison, these folks rested and recovered before resuming their business once again with existing customers. Oslo has a million inhabitants, and drug sales were high from people seeking easy money. Moreover, Norwegian laws were strange, as drugs were not severely punished. In James's country, a couple of grams of weed could land you in prison for two years. Though he did not agree with his sentence, it gratified James that everyone there was his brother, sharing food and cigarettes and respecting all who were human—even in inhumane situations.

One morning, James learned that money had finally landed into his account. He filled up a bag with goods at the store but was only allowed to spend up to 1,000 Norwegian kroner at a time. As such, he had to take something out of the bag and put it back on the shelf, but he was still able to score a few boxes of tuna, peas, sugar, rice, pasta, a burger, and a pack of tobacco. Shopping weekly was now a possibility, and James was happy that he could finally drink tea with sugar. Between working out and now afforded with the ability to enjoy a steady diet, James worked hard to get himself right for the girls he'd set out to seduce upon his release from prison.

One evening, an officer came and told James he would be deported to Lithuania after serving his sentence. James was frightened and began to explain that he had undergone surgery in Oslo to remove his adrenal glands. Given his rare genetic disease MEN2B, he needed to consult with the doctors who regulated his medication doses. The officer ordered him to contact a lawyer and file an appeal within two weeks. James nervously returned to his cell, where a sleepless night awaited him.

Faced again with the warden's usual question one morning, "Are you going to work?" James continued to express frustration at his inability to study. Yet, they claimed a lack of space prevented him from doing so. After a typical day, James called his family. Though he wanted to speak Lithuanian, callers were only allowed to converse in Norwegian or English. However, an understanding warden allowed him to talk to his mother. His family, of course, already knew the situation he was facing, but he wanted to hear a familiar voice. He spoke to his mother and grandmother, which ultimately saddened him, before returning to his room and succumbing to fatigue.

One day, James was told that he wouldn't be allowed to buy food if he didn't work. He would not give in to such propaganda! He never worked for anyone in freedom, nor would he agree to bend his back to the officials here. James was already missing love and sex after only a week in prison, thoughts of fucking a beautiful black girl stuck in his head from a few weeks prior. He remembered that tight,

round butt. Unfortunately, only a wife or girlfriend could come to prison for a long-term date, and he didn't have either.

When James was finally afforded the chance to speak with a lawyer, she relayed that she would file a claim with police and possibly not deport him because he was already "tied" to Norway due to his severe and incurable illness. Deportation documents were sent to the lawyer, and a request for a transfer to another prison was written. Urine tests—which were compulsory for everyone—were given to determine if James was using drugs in jail. He still refused to go to work, and the officer explained that he would not allow James to study if he did not work.

James spent the next series of days playing football, engaging in yoga classes, and playing cards and dominoes. He contacted his lawyer, as the deadline was fast approaching when he would no longer be able to write to police about his deportation.

It was around this time that James considered becoming a Muslim, after reading about Islam and gaining a vast interest in the subject—most notably with respect to the rules of the religion. Since James's parents had baptized him as a child, he was currently a Christian at this time. James believed that Muslims were good people who believed in one only God: Allah. Muslims respected other religions, and James had not believed in Jesus for 15 years after his younger brother was killed: a great injustice when the life of a 16-year-old was extinguished for no good reason.

The Draw of Islam

The weekend was over. After not being allowed to call his family, James finally received documents that permitted him to do so. He contacted a lawyer, and she took over handling the deportation paperwork. James still hoped that he wouldn't be deported from Norway and wrote a request to learn Norwegian. In a Norwegian prison, all prisoners live better than most people in James's home country. In Lithuania, some collected bottles and asked for alms to buy food. Others slept outside by garbage containers or even looked for food in these containers and were happy if they managed to find anything. James was still relentless, locked up in captivity between four walls.

A new prisoner who had been caught at the border transporting 100kg of hashish was brought to the unit. There was a trial with 4.5 years' prison time on the table, but he awaited a court response. Yet, the convict already knew that he would be deported to his country in three years. Meanwhile, James was sent to work as a carpenter for the first time and would spend half a day scrubbing ten boxes with sandpaper. Another prisoner filled the holes, and James was responsible for the putty. The day passed quickly, and he stayed inside because it was raining heavily. In the evening, everyone cooked, ate, played cards for an hour, and went to their rooms for the night.

A few days later, James bought goods for 1,500 kroner in the store and hid half a kilogram of meat under his sweater after exceeding the 1,000 kroner limit. A few hours later, officers came and confronted James about the theft, as a witness had observed his actions. They pulled out a shopping receipt, and James confessed. At the time, he had only wished to make a tasty soup filled with extra meat for his prison friends. The official's report said, "You were the first person so brave as to steal in prison. Well, you want to live better, whether you are in freedom or prison." Officials took the meat away. There would be no consequences for James; he wouldn't steal anymore.

After lunch, all Muslims were invited to a prayer meeting before which they had to wash various areas of their body three times, brush their teeth, and put on clean clothes. Twenty people gathered, and everyone listened to what the Imam said. He told several stories, and the message of one in particular stuck with James right away: love each other and your family. Now, most love money and the ability to buy cars, clothes, houses, and other material things. Yet, it's just money. After all, you can't buy health and family and happiness with money.

The story went like this: There was a family that worked a lot. The husband bought a new car, brought it home, parked it in the yard, and his wife was happy with the purchase. They had a little son who would act naughty at times. One day, he took a key and scratched up the new vehicle—making his father furious—who in return dragged the key over his son's hand to depict how the car was hurt. A little blood was spilled, and his mother washed the wound. Yet, the child then experienced a sore arm that became swollen and forced a trip to the doctor. Tests showed a severe infection as car paint, varnish, and other chemicals mixed with the boy's blood, causing blood contamination. An amputation was needed to prevent the infection from spreading all over his body and possibly killing the boy. The father hadn't thought this was even in the realm of possibility, resulting in the ultimate lesson shared by the Imam: Which is more important to you in life? Money or family and health? Think about this in everything you do!

After the story, everyone prayed. The Imam asked James if he wanted to choose another name. Of course, nobody forced or pushed him to change his faith, and he joined in voluntarily, but he had not yet made vows or took the Koran in his hands. The Imam promised to find James the book in his native language to help better understand the truths of the Qur'an. After a week had passed, all the Muslims would meet again, then James would talk to the Imam.

James had formed his own opinions about various religions and was sickened by pedophile priests who abuse children and young people. *These men are supposed to be God's messengers?* he thought. He would not go to church voluntarily, only when there was a mass for the deceased—which seemed blasphemous because holding these ceremonies required money.

Perhaps his decision to convert to Islam would change his life. He would find a Muslim wife. After all, Muslim women could only marry another Muslim, but a Muslim man could have a wife of a different and more than one wife if he could support them. James was old-fashioned, and he knew that he would have one wife whom he would love and respect forever, no matter the circumstances. He was privy to the fact that Muslims cannot make love with whomever they want, while Christians seem to fuck whenever and whomever they want and change partners frequently. Muslims cannot even sleep in one room until they are married. So, James decided to become a Muslim and look for his only love.

Muslims have their own rules. They are all brothers and sisters. For example, a third of African countries are home to Muslims. If a pedophile arrives in their midst, he gets killed. When they go to school, the children pick up sticks and beat pedophiles tied up in the middle of the street. This occurs on their return home from school as well, after which he is taken by police, and no one ever sees him again. Kids are taught about what's good and what's evil. In some cases, they are told to shoot a rapist in his middle eye. Therefore, men are taught not to rape simply because they are afraid of losing their lives.

From an early age, Muslims are educated to avoid perversion, cruelty, evil, and criminality. After all, Islam is a religion of peace. The Qur'an only writes about good things: loyalty, forgiveness, positive thinking, avoiding evil deeds, always helping each other, etc. Muslims also follow many rules. The Qur'an also states that the Almighty God Allah is all-seeing and hearing; he is omniscient and omnipotent, and evil deeds will earn his wrath. All Muslims sincerely believe this and avoid the disgusting and terrible things the rest of the world engages in. In African Muslim countries, no one knows what pederasty pedophilia is. After all, if you are "normal" and have enough money to support your family, you can have more than one wife who will love you and want to look their best, cook your delicious food, and serve you well in bed. A man will not have to think about other women because he is happily married. And of course, he won't think about children.

Still in prison, James continued engaging in his familiar activities and felt pretty good now that he had been eating well and exercising. His workdays passed quickly, and he was eventually sent to study. Yet, he was still not able to learn languages due to a lack of vacancies. Going to school at eight o'clock in the morning, he would head downstairs and greet the other convicts in his customary manner. One day he learned that a man he detested had been sent to another prison, one much worse than the one in

Oslo. James was pleased; perhaps karma did exist. Nobody likes complainers in prison, which that man certainly was.

One day, police arrived with the unsettling news that a new case had been opened because James had not arrived at prison on time—only doing so after his detainment. Yet, James was not stupid. He consulted with his lawyer and stated his case regarding his hospitalization and subsequent trips back and forth from Norway to Lithuania. He didn't sign anything and mentioned that all further communication should flow through his lawyer.

Yet, his interest in Islam only strengthened. There was a meeting with the Imam every Friday at noon. All Muslims gathered to pray. An hour later, the warden came and invited James. He quickly washed as he should, three times, and went downstairs. This was the day he would change his faith. It all started as usual. They sat on the mats. The Imam came and began to tell stories. Then everyone prayed. James acknowledged that he had come voluntarily and prayed in Arabic before everyone.

James chose the name Muhammad among Muslims. The Imam told him not to follow any Muslim, be himself, and believe in Allah. He had not yet found the Qur'an in Lithuanian but promised to work hard to find one before the next meeting. James made vows by saying the Shahada, a clearly defined procedure.

For Muslims, every action begins with an intention to embrace Islam as their faith, saying the following with clarity of purpose: "Ash-hadu an la ilaha ill Allah." (I bear witness that there was no deity but Allah.) "Wa ash-hadu ana Muhammad ar-Rasulullah." (And I bear witness that Muhammad was the Messenger of Allah.) They then take a shower to symbolically cleanse themselves of their past life, though some people prefer to shower beforehand (which is also acceptable).

Everyone greeted James with a hug. He was now a Muslim. Imam had shared during the same sermon that some terrible people like Osama bin Laden kill many innocent people under the guise of Islam. Yet, the Qur'an teaches everyone to love and respect, not to harm and kill. After the 9/11 attacks, most people believed all Muslims were evil, which wasn't true. There are billions of believers, many of whom live their lives earnestly and take care to support their family. Of course, there are evil people everywhere. To understand Islam, one must read and analyze the Qur'an, which contains many wise thoughts written thousands of years ago. James felt like he had been born a second time. He was a new person, like a baby. If he committed any sin, he would ask Allah for forgiveness and receive it.

In the evening when James was alone, he concentrated and began to feel relief, as if a guardian angel was watching over him. The future was unknown, but there were still a few certainties. He would no longer eat pork, as Muslims avoid it. He would circumcise his penis upon his release from prison. Girls like it, but he would do it for himself, not for anyone else.

James always found it weird to see a warden sitting at the same table with prisoners, eating the same food, joking together, and talking about life—which is not the case in other countries. Greeting or shaking hands with a Lithuanian officer did not happen in or out of confinement, much less eating at the same table and from the same pot.

James Spenser began to set a weekly schedule for himself: work on Monday, study on Tuesday, play sports on Wednesday, and do yoga on Thursday. On Friday, he would study, clean his room, and go shopping. Every other day, he would go to the gym to play sports or play football until it started to snow. It felt like autumn was approaching, suddenly cool, but there was no snow yet.

No new people were added, and no one was released. Everyday life was the same: playing poker, cooking, watching TV, and sleeping. There was no time even to read a book. James was respected in prison and called “The First Number” because he was crazy, not afraid of anything. He would say anything, never holding his tongue. In prison, he knew he needed to maintain his character and never give in to anyone.

James was perplexed by bizarre laws in Norway. There were many perverts and pedophiles who would rape young boys and girls and receive only two years in carefree prisons where detainees could go into town during the day and return at night. Children’s rights were also protected strangely in Norway. If you hit a child with a belt or scolded him, did not allow him to watch TV, or took away his phone, the inspector would come and take the child away without trying to find out what happened. Other citizens very quickly adopted these children.

One day at the end of autumn, James became ill and assumed he was lacking cortisol; a recent experience that he had barely survived. When the senior warden called the hospital, James was whisked away and eventually injected with cortisol—which turned out to be the very remedy he needed. The warden said he was lucky because prisoners were typically not taken to the hospital under any circumstances unless they showed few signs of life. For the next few days, James didn’t do anything or go anywhere; he just ate a lot and drank all kinds of tea to aid his recovery.

James Spenser desired to live so greedily that, suppressing his ambitions, he learned from his own mistakes. As soon as he recovered, he immediately called his family so they would not be worried. His family was probably afraid that someone might kill their son because they knew his character and that he was tall and thin. He was not strong, but he had lots of wisdom. One evening, he called his mother and found out that his beloved grandmother was very ill. She was hospitalized, but they were bringing her home. She was frail and could not walk by herself. She was non-religious and believed in herself, in nothing else. She was already 93 years old, but James was very hopeful that she would wait for him to come back from prison. She had helped his mother raise him and loved him very much. His grandmother also loved James as an adult because he lived next door and would bring her food and medicine.

James felt a powerful connection with her. When he heard that she was sick, he did not watch TV but instead cried like a small child, remembering how she had taken care of him during his entire childhood. Of course, she didn’t know that her grandson was in jail; she assumed he was working. If she found out, her weak heart would not be able to withstand the truth. James, in tears, asked Allah for help for the first time after converting from Christianity to Islam just a month earlier.

He had a dream that night that he was at someone’s house; it felt like someone he knew, like a friend. He noticed a stand on the wall with photos, one of which was a picture of his murdered younger brother

but as an adult, beautiful with bright facial features. Next to him was another photo of a beautiful woman with features similar to those James's mother; only she was much younger with smooth rather than curly hair. James was confused.

He awoke before dawn, covered in a cold sweat. He sat down, thought about the dream, but went back to sleep until his alarm chimed. He arose to shower and eat, thinking of the dream the entire day. In the evening, he asked Allah for his grandmother to get better so he could see her once again. At the Muslim meeting, he asked the Imam what that dream meant and was told it was a positive sign that meant his brother would be alright and his grandmother would be well when she left this world. James was relieved, yet still weepy. He felt that his grandmother would not live long, even though she promised to wait for her grandson. That night was very difficult for James, full of reflections.

The weekend came again, their day was long, and there was nothing to do, just playing cards and cooking. You could make whatever you want because you had the time to do so, so most baked cakes. James exercised and went to sleep. Of course, there was some drama among the entire prison population. James liked to order someone to wash the dishes and the floor. Some younger prisoners were listening to older ones. Serious prisoners didn't have to wash the dishes or the floor; they watched movies instead. Since they had hundreds of movies at the local library, you could watch what you wanted to watch during the day or what to listen to.

After school one day, James inquired about another prison for which he had submitted a request a month prior—an open prison where you could go to town to work, run your affairs, and come back at night. In the evening, officials let him use a phone. He talked to his friends and later called his family to ask how they were and about his grandmother's health. His mom answered. "Son, we don't have your grandmother anymore," she said, crying. James was only able to offer quick condolences before hanging up in tears and going for a smoke.

He dreamed that night that he was connected to the hospital apparatus. A memory-erasing procedure was taking place while medication was injected. He was floating from drugs, as if intoxicated with some psychotropic, narcotic substances. Then, through bright red headphones, he heard a strange sound, like a roar. It erased his memory, took away the soul, and he was suddenly disconnected. He fell off the operating table to the floor, lying unconscious like a piece of meat. James awoke wet with sweat, numb and unable to move. The dream was infinitely realistic. He wrote it down on a piece of paper. Since it was a weekend and he was not at school, he couldn't search online to learn what such a dream means in an Islamic dream book. While most web pages were blocked in prison, HTTP-written pages were open.

Yes, one of James's most challenging times was when his beloved, one-of-a-kind grandmother passed away while he sat in a fucking prison. Upon eventually returning to his country, he would light a candle and shed a tear at her grave. James believed she was now living in a better world, meeting her only love, her husband, Afanasijus. She might also meet her beloved grandson who was murdered 15 years ago, all three of them there together in a mysterious place no one knew anything about.

James became angry and irritable after his grandmother's death, and many things began to oppress and annoy him in prison. The Albanians baked pizza, and he asked to taste it but they instead decided to share it with the wardens—an unthinkable act, given the unwritten rules among convicts.

Two men named Andi and Artin—Albanian gang members—played cards and chess together. One day, James pushed one of them, but the other prisoners separated them. James avoided fighting, not wanting to extend his sentence. A few days later, a 20-year-old Iraqi bothered him and James immediately ordered him to shut up, after which he began to threaten James. James was not afraid and told him to go to hell. James was finding it hard to get along with many of the convicts who would smile one day and fight the next, wanting to stay away and pretend they didn't exist. He communicated with the more “ordinary” prisoners because some great men had ended up in jail and were now learning from their mistakes—yet still only acquaintances, of course.

New Environs

At his next Muslim meeting, James enjoyed the Imam's sermon and learned some valuable lessons: principally, that one must cheat others as little as possible. Of course, it would be best not to cheat anyone at all, but we all know very well that this is not the case. James learned that there were three basic rules for Muslims:

1. Never lie; always tell the truth, whatever it may be.
2. Never deceive people. Always be good and remain human.
3. Treat your neighbor as a brother. Neighbors must be your best friends.

It's ironic that fresh off of these lessons, James would go on to face challenging days and weeks ahead.

One day, after buying some packs of hamburger, he found one missing from his refrigerator but could not identify the thief. The following week came, and James agreed to cook lasagna with friends. When he opened the freezer to take the hamburger out to defrost, he saw that one packet was missing but nobody would admit to taking it. He asked the warden to check the cameras for the thief, who did so but would not reveal who it was. Everyone got angry and supported James. Finally, one Albanian man spoke up and said he had used the beef the previous day because he thought it was his, seemingly placed in his area of the freezer. He even accused James of putting his meat in the wrong place before leaving the area in a huff.

After working out in the gym, he handed James a new pack of meat. Yet, it didn't matter: his reputation was now ruined as he had stolen from his fellow inmates. Maybe he had hoped James wouldn't escalate the situation and find out who took the meat, in which case he would have remained innocent.

The weekend came, just days after the meat incident. No one was communicating with the Albanian anymore. James was making dinner. There was quietness; it was peaceful, no one was watching TV, and prisoners were playing cards. James turned on the music channel and continued cooking. All of a sudden, the Albanian who had taken the meat from James ran over, saying he needed silence. Then he grabbed James by the throat. James immediately hit him in the arms. The Albanian's eyes gleamed, and he slapped James, but James did not hesitate and punched him right on his nose. The Albanian then began to attack in earnest, exchanging more punches. Several officers ran in, but the Albanian could not be overpowered. A siren sounded, and about ten more officers ran in to quell the fighting—along with those who had been playing cards.

Everyone was immediately shut in their rooms but released an hour later—except for James and the Albanian. James figured there was nothing to worry about, as there were cameras everywhere, and the prison wardens would learn the truth. The only problem was that if he found himself in trouble, he would not get released early. Both men received reports, and the wardens would decide the next day what to do with them. James felt he was not to blame for this situation, as who knows what would have happened if he hadn't defended himself.

They kept James locked in his room for 24 hours, after which officers came and told him to prepare to go to another wing of the prison. James did not want to go and argued that he was innocent. He asked to speak to the manager, but no one listened. A Lithuanian officer, Zana, came by. She had helped get James to the hospital earlier on when he had needed cortisol. She explained: “If you don’t do as you are asked and are taken to the next department by the police, you will no longer get the chance to serve 2/3 of your sentence because a report will be written. Besides, management has decided already.”

The Albanian was locked up in solitary for a week, so the two would not return to the same unit. James was nervous to meet new people and get to know everyone again, as here he was already friends with and respected by everyone.

James reconciled with the orders and moved out. Everyone in his new place already knew about the fights. It was at this time that he wished he could go to a stricter prison because he no longer liked the open prison concept. After all, there were also some good strict regime prisons out there. James didn’t want to be monitored by officials. He wanted to go to “Halden”, a strict regime prison, because the open one was full of young men. The prison was dirty—a big mess—and there were only a few wardens. Even the rooms were filled with two people, so it was difficult to rest. Twenty-eight people in the section shared three showers and three toilets. If one got sick, then the whole ward got infected. You had to cover the toilet with newspaper before sitting down, shower with slippers, and walk down a long corridor to use the bathroom at night. There were no TVs in each individual room and only one large one for everyone.

A few days later, he settled into the new place, but James missed the days when he was able to introduce himself to newcomers in his old place by proclaiming: “I am the boss.” He hadn’t heard from his friends (who gave strange, childish excuses over the phone for not coming to visit him) and had to adapt to new rules and intervals for going outside, to the gym, etc. One day while exercising outside, James’s new friend began speaking with an inmate named Jim from Belgium. They exchanged their stories. Jim was awaiting trial because he had been caught with a large amount of drugs: 50 kg of marijuana, 20 kg of cocaine, and 10 kg of amphetamine. He had flown around Europe with small quantities of drugs, and everything was fine. It was only on the day he was caught that he was unlucky, as his own personal plane was checked at a military airport, and the drugs were found.

After this encounter, friends in the ward advised James not to interact with Jim because they knew he was bisexual. Most of these inmates hated bisexuals.

James’s days in prison dragged on monotonously. Everything was the same, day after day. One day, officers brought James to the hospital for bloodwork. On the way home, he had to go to the bathroom, so they stopped off at a gas station. One went into the store, while the other escorted him to the toilet. James thought about trying to escape for a moment, but if he got caught, another year would be added to his sentence—which was already halfway over—so he decided against it.

Over the days and weeks, people swapped in and out of the prison. Some were convicted, others were awaiting trial. A man from Kazakhstan found himself in James’s section. The man had come on holiday to Norway for a company that sent 50 people there to engage in illegal operations. None of

them worked, and everyone else was deported. The police thought he was a bad guy, a criminal, so the man had to serve almost three months while waiting for the police to investigate. There was no evidence, but if the police suspected something was wrong, they had the right to keep you locked up. Sure, the Kazakh got a lawyer, but if he didn't pay the lawyer handsomely, the lawyer could collaborate with police. Many lawyers also in fact take money from the state, so James advised him to change his lawyer.

Following his request, a new lawyer arrived a few days later, and the Kazakh was quickly released thereafter. He had spent three months in prison unnecessarily because police thought he had committed a crime, even though they had no evidence. A good lawyer can set you free, while a poor one can lead to unfair time spent in prison.

A week after the Kazakh was released, a 50-year-old man arrived. He was pretty athletic, with long hair and glasses. James asked what he was imprisoned for. He said he was afraid of the police. James immediately got in his face and interrogated him, but the man would not say why he was serving time. Everyone immediately suspected pedophilia and asked him directly whether he was a pedophile. The new inmate did not defend himself, only looked at the others with an impassive face. The man was told to show his papers, and yet showed nothing. Therefore, everyone ignored him, spat on him, and called him a pedophile. They couldn't beat him up because cameras were everywhere, and a new case for fighting could extend their imprisonment. James Spenser actively wrote requests to get the man out of his unit because he was a suspicious, likely pedophile and one of the few who didn't talk about his case. James did not like it, and it was difficult to ignore the man because he was always nearby. Yet, James was not moved because he had the conflict with the Albanian in Section B and therefore had to remain in Section C.

James talked to the officers every day about moving away from the pedophile. After all, how could one serve with a person who had raped children? His case was classified, and no one disclosed such cases. Officials had no right to say who was or was not a pedophile. The days went by, and nothing changed.

James's birthday arrived, and he turned 33. His parents sent the Qur'an, written in James's native language, but his friends were too lazy to even send a postcard. It sucked to occupy the same compartment as a pedophile. The man constantly looked at everyone furtively as if scanning them, and James made his feelings known that the man was extremely disliked.

One day, just before Christmas, James received many unfortunate letters. "Halden" prison wrote that they had no vacancies, so James would not be moved anywhere. He also received a negative response on a requested half-sentence; instead, he should've written a request for a 2/3 sentence. The third letter was about deportation, though James really didn't expect to get deported—after all, he believed he was innocent. The shrewd Spaniard had played the trial cleverly just to get the money. Thus, James would not be able to come back to Norway for five years, despite the need for his doctors' visits every six months to check his health. After all, Oslo, Norway, is where he had undergone adrenal surgery and been diagnosed with MEN2B.

One day, James Spenser found himself in a skirmish with the pedophile in the laundry room—one of few rooms containing no cameras. He was furious that day, so he lost his temper and hit the pedophile on the nose, breaking his cheap-looking glasses. The wardens swarmed, immediately closing the entire area and taking James to his room, where he was isolated from everyone.

Morning came, but no one opened his door. Around noon, the authorities came to find out what had happened. James soon told them that he was frustrated the pedophile was still in their midst. The authorities listened and wrote a reprimand, a so-called report, which they always compose to address circumstances like these. James was moved to the next ward, but he wasn't afraid of his new environs; he pretty much knew all the prisoners. He greeted and communicated with everyone he knew from his classes and others during coffee breaks and while playing sports, doing yoga, or working.

It was now Christmastime, and the prison authorities and kitchen staff acknowledged this accordingly. Although the Muslims did not celebrate Christmas, everyone sat down at a shared table filled with food. The dishes were varied and reflected a diverse spread of salmon, salads, hams, meat dishes, fish and meat rolls, various fruits, and desserts. Everyone stuffed their bellies till there was no space left. James, like everyone else, piled the remaining food onto plates and brought it to his room to load a refrigerator, so there was no need to cook anything in the three days that followed. Everyone awaited the New Year, believing that the year ahead would outrank the previous one.

The New Year came, but it was no different from a typical day. Everyone was friendly and cooked salmon and baked a cake for the evening. Evening came, and everyone retired to their rooms. No one had even bothered making alcohol because they had been warned that the officers would look for it. When the clock struck midnight, the inmates admired the fireworks. Fifteen minutes of beauty seemed like an eternity. Of course, it was unfortunate that such a celebration would be welcomed in the absence of family, friends, or a loved one.

Officials had thought James was guilty of fighting the Spaniard, but he was not a snitch and did not blame any of his friends. It was better to spend a holiday in prison than be labeled a snitch. At least it didn't stink in this prison, and the conditions were good. James remembered celebrating the New Year in Lithuania five years ago when he found himself in custody for a month. The detention place resembled something you might see in the scariest Russian films about prisons. There were no windows, nearby toilets, showers, nor TVs. The smell was terrible, and two people occupied each cell. The food was awful.

But what had happened to land James in these awful conditions? One evening, while sitting in a café with friends, he saw uniformed officers drinking brandy with a priest. Upon leaving the café more than an hour later, an officer got in his car and drove away. James called the general emergency number and reported that a drunken officer was behind the wheel, relaying the state car number. Meanwhile, he continued to have fun in the same café and then decided to go dance at the nightclub. As he and his friends approached the club, the same officer approached the group and then suddenly struck James in the face. James fell onto the cold concrete pavement. Not allowing him to stand up, the officer summoned other patrolling officers, who took James into custody.

It didn't end there. The officer went to the hospital, was attached to an IV, and had no alcohol in his blood a few hours later. He penned a statement saying that James had cursed him out, and an administrative court was appointed a good month later. James, of course, was smiling from ear to ear because he was innocent. He hoped that everything would be fine. After all, the city police commissioner himself had come to James's house to talk. James told him everything as it had happened. Therefore, he went to court without a lawyer, thinking he didn't really need one. At the trial, the judge said: "You tried to sue the officer and cursed him, so you will get a month of detention." James tried to speak but was not even allowed to say a word. An officer already waiting outside the door took James directly into custody.

James contacted a lawyer and appealed the verdict. Ultimately, it came out that the judge had imprisoned James illegally due to the harshness of the sentence for the crime, but not until many days had passed since it was the holidays. Now, James found it easier to avoid conflicts with cops because they seem to do whatever they want, wherever they are in the world. Corruption runs rampant among officials in James's country, and as a result, he has zero trust in law enforcement.

In prison, the days went on—studies, sports, and new acquaintances from all over the world. There were no more fights in his section, and James got along with everyone. The rest of the prison quickly found out about the attack on the pedophile and praised James accordingly. Not only that, but officials finally sent the most-loathed convict to another prison before deciding to release James early after he served 2/3 of his time. He would be deported to his country and assumed the prison administration probably spared him due to his health—or perhaps the COVID-19 pandemic, which began around the same time.

Finally, his last day in prison dawned. At 5 a.m. in the morning, the wardens woke James up to prepare for the trip to the airport. When he walked out the prison doors, it was quiet and calm with feeble light—the first and last time James saw prison in such a state. Two officers took him to the police station near the airport and transferred him to another car. They would accompany James to his country. The transfer flight was to Copenhagen, Denmark. The officials were kind, although they immediately explained that James should listen to them and stick together because all documents were with them. There were lunch and drinks on each flight, and it goes without saying that James was beyond ecstatic to be returning home after his trying time in prison.

In addition to meeting many different people in prison, James also discovered a new direction in his life: Islam! James had always been a curious person. He was interested in the world around him, looking and wider than many. Returning from the Norwegian prison, he fell into the pages of the Qur'an and became more interested in politics and various events that took place in the world. Both happy and tragic, James had an entirely new perspective. The world as a whole seemed to have changed, and those months spent in prison changed him. He realized that Islam was not evil and had a lot of questions.

Islam

Every person in the world is born in his own family, in his own country, among his traditions. No one chooses where to be born. Family ideology is paramount for young children. You are implanted with one religion or another from an early age, but you cannot choose when you are young. As a teenager, you already have a fully implanted faith; you study at school or home.

Only when you are mature and an adult do you have the choice. Every personality on the planet has their personal preference. Most begin to question their own beliefs when confronted with other faith truths; all religions encourage them to do only good. A new religion was adopted in the Norwegian prison, which led James to take an interest in Islam, study the Qur'an, and delve into this direction of the Middle Eastern faith. Islam is a religion of peace. James was happy to have chosen a new way of life.

Muslims believe that Islam is a complete and universal version of the original faith. They believe that the teachings of Adam, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus are only part of a whole, universal version of the faith. According to Muslims, the Qur'an, written in Arabic, is indisputable, irreparable, and the final revelation of Allah. The Qur'an was passed from the angel Gabriel to the Prophet Muhammad. His reliable scribes wrote the Qur'an perfectly because Muhammad could not write.

As in other similar religions, Muslims believe that righteous people will go to paradise and sinners to hell. The cities of Mecca and Medina are home to the holiest places in Islam. Muslims and pilgrims worldwide travel to the Forbidden Mosque (Arab-Masid-Haram) in Mecca, Saudi Arabia.

Historically, Islam originated in the early 7th century on the Arabian Peninsula, Mecca. As early as the 8th century, the religion expanded to the west and east. The golden age of Islam is considered the period from the 8th to the 13th century when much of the Muslim world experienced a scientific, economic and cultural flourishing.

In the Islamic tradition, Muhammad (570-632) is known as a prophet who is a messenger of God and is for all mankind. As evidenced by the earliest surviving biographies, in his last 23 years, at the age of 40, in 610, Muhammad, meditating in a cave near the city of Mecca, received the first revelation through the angel Gabriel from Allah. Muhammad's comrades ("sahaba" in Arabic) memorized and recorded the content of the revelation called the Qur'an. The Qur'an is the holiest book of Islam.

While in Mecca, Muhammad taught the people to abandon polytheism and worship only one God. Although some people adopted Islam, the local government of Mecca began to persecute Muhammad and his comrades. As a result, some Muslims migrated to the Empire of Aksum, Abyssinia. Islam was primarily professed by the poor, foreigners, and slaves in the early days, including Bilal ibn Rahan al-Habashi, who was black. Mecca's elite felt that Muhammad, speaking of one God Allah and racial equality, was trying to destroy their social order and thus paved the way for other ideas in the minds of the poor and slaves.

In Western and Northern European countries, Islam spread rapidly due to Arab migration in recent decades, although most Muslims in Europe arrived around 1960 and later in the 1990s. In Europe, Islam is the second-largest religious group after Christianity. It is a pity that some are very eager to split these two religions and divide the world in half.

Islam teaches you to take responsibility for your actions and your situation without blaming others. Blaming others is so often used as an excuse to avoid responsibility, to get rid of guilt. Evil, of course, exists because of people's choices. There are no perfect people.

We mourn a lot about Muslims' situation in many parts of the world, but everyone quickly forgets all the external factors. It remains to be seen when the outside world will be convinced that ISIS does not represent Islam. The name of this terrorist organization is also very confusing. It twists the brains of the rest of the outside world.

Muslims believe in Jesus and recognize other religions. They are taught to love and respect all living beings, to be sincere and merciful. Islam is social equality, education, the elimination of corrupt practices, respect for others. Of course, James had new feelings in his heart that he had not felt before; he was happy to have chosen the new religion, Islam.

Gambling, prostitution, drugs, alcohol, pork, and sexual relations with minors, called Haram in Arabic, are prohibited in Islam. Haram is a word that means "sin." It is an action that God Allah forbids. Islam protects the mind and creativity, so Muslims are conscious and far from the addictions that obscure the sober mind.

No one wants or ever wanted wars in the world. All people merely need some more awareness and to divert themselves as far away from manipulation as possible. It's just fucking politics. Religions are being pitted against each other year after year—why is that? Everyone needs to live peacefully, no matter your skin color or your build, whether you are short or tall, have money in your pocket or not—we are all human beings; we need to start changing, and of course, everyone needs to start from themselves.

You will see how it will be easier for all of you in your hearts: you will not get angry with anyone, you will start appreciating everything around you, and material things will not bring happiness. Life is just a game. Before blaming others, we should try to evaluate ourselves. James now has a goal, to go on a pilgrim journey "Hajj." The Hajj is an annual Islamic pilgrimage to Makkah in Saudi Arabia, and see life with your own eyes. Kaaba is a building at the center of Islam's most important mosque al-Haram in Mecca, Saudi Arabia. It is the most sacred site in Islam.

Life continues

Strangely enough, James' life did not stop even after he returned from a Norwegian prison. His life flowed similarly as before. But life does not standstill. His entire town knew he was innocently imprisoned in a Norwegian prison. He was framed by a Spaniard who made a lot of money from the Norwegian state. So, a relative of James named Rocky, who lives in the same town as James, thought of making good money by creating a similar situation.

So, don't trust everyone because anyone can sell you for some cash. Even relatives can make money out of you – there is nothing sacred to some people. You have to understand for yourself what kind of people are surrounding you these days.

December 5th, 2020 was a cold day with a lot of snow. The guy Rocky had beaten a girl named Isabella who was a friend of James. So Isabella called her husband Robert and told him what had happened. Robert and James were together at that time, so they quickly drove to the scene. They listened to Isabella telling why she was beaten by Rocky. She just cried and kept repeating that she didn't understand why she was beaten up. Then the guys went to talk to Rocky. When they came to his house, they called him and asked him to step outside. When Rocky came, he immediately started behaving aggressively, talking rudely and screaming at the guys. James couldn't stand the nerves and he hit him in the ear with his palm. Rocky then clashed with Robert, who, of course, fought for his wife. They fell and rolled on the freshly snowed snow, exchanging a few punches with their hands.

After the fight, Rocky returned to his home, called his brother, who advised him to write a statement to police and claim damages. Without waiting for anything, he was already at the police station for a good half hour and wrote a statement that James and Robert had beaten him out of hooligan incentives, although that was not true. After all, no one would beat him in the middle of the day anyway. Otherwise, the guys would have lingered in the evening at the stairwell, with masks and sticks, and would have and would have taken revenge. And after all, they just wanted to talk and find out why Isabella had been beaten and especially in front of young children.

Visits to police officers have started as a result of a pre-trial investigation. James saw and realized that the case was being manufactured, so he quickly called the top officials in the capital, the Immunity police. These, in response to James' call, arrived and began to explain the details. The investigator who investigated the case then gathered witnesses, took expert reports, telephone records, and further investigated the case. Turns out Rocky was lying all the way through. But the case still reached the court. All in all, James and Robert were accused of beating a relative.

The trial went on all year, Rocky even lied in court, talked nonsense, said he didn't remember anything except that he was beaten. He asked for 5,000 euros. At present, salaries in Lithuania have also increased, so it would be possible to save 5,000 euros a year if you do not eat anything or spend it on other needs.

Rocky has a relative with the same last name. And she is a judge of the Supreme Court of Lithuania. So, all James' town officials, prosecutors, lawyers, and judges know her, no one wants to be in trouble with her because she has power in government structures.

The kid himself was calm because he knew he hadn't done anything wrong by slapping him. After all, Rocky probably wasn't thought by his parents that women couldn't be beaten. At first, Rocky complained that he had a broken nose, but experts found it broken a few years ago, but not on that fateful December 5th, when he clashed in the snow with James' friend Robert.

Thus, the beaten girl wrote a statement on Rocky the same day. An investigation was also held here, witnesses were called, and beat marks were found. The fact that Rocky beat the girl in front of young children out of hooligan incentives was confirmed. But the case did not reach court. Judge Bielska rejected it. It was ordered to send again, the girl took it to court again, but it was rejected a second time by the same judge Bielska. Finally, it was accepted for the third time. A year has passed, but not a single court has been held as if a woman can be beaten, and law enforcement in Lithuania allows it to happen. You think it's absurd, but no, it's happening everywhere and always, just no one is talking about it out loud.

The same judge from, Bielska, who dismissed the girl's case twice, came up with revenge on James, so she filed a lawsuit with the prosecutor that James was selling drugs. The prosecutor is the son of the principal of the same school. James was illegally expelled from this school when he was 16 years old. The fabricated case was serious as he faced 2 to 8 years in prison. Prison conditions are very poor, similar to those in Russia. Lithuania is not Norway, after all. Although he was never sentenced to Lithuanian prison, the whole situation is well known.

Just before James' 35th birthday, that is, November 23rd, 2021, was cold, there was little snow, but big beautiful snowflakes were still falling from the sky. Police officers conducted an unauthorized search of James' house, so he felt as if he had fallen into a movie with no actors, and everything is happening now, in real-time. 10 police officers conducted the operation, and it appeared that the entire police station had come to check on the kid's life. Although the search was carried out in a fairly orderly manner, nothing was broken or knocked out, but it was very strange why an ordinary police officer had signed the documents to search.

None of the police officers recorded the search with a camera, although James insisted to do so. He feared the officers would not put in any powder as they could. Not even the police dog was brought in, who would have immediately smelled drugs if it was somewhere in the house. The search was carried out by ordinary officers who issue fine receipts for speeding. Oddly enough, not even the criminal police were present during the search. The search was carried out with no factual evidence and, oddly enough, no one cared. And James still doesn't sleep at night, dreams of nightmares and it's all because of this terrible situation.

The allegations were made to James, alleging he was selling drugs. Police officers didn't even care that James accepted Islam and certainly didn't do anything like that. After all, drugs are the greatest evil on earth, in Islam it is Haram. Haram means bans in the Muslim world.

Drugs ruin lives and the kid knows it well because he has studied all the substances, so he can safely say that all drugs are terrible poison, although sometimes it is good, you relax, forget all the misfortunes and worries, but nothing disappears, you only deceive yourself for a short time like a real fool.

A strange thing happened that day, because before that James had written a letter to the intelligent people of Lithuania who had not sold themselves to the government. Those people are spreading the truth about the corrupt and money-hungry Lithuanian government and many other facts - they are public figures. James just wanted to get an answer – thank you – because he wrote about the work of the algorithms, at that time the police were following calls, correspondence, so it is strange that a search was carried out after writing simple messages to the public figures. What's even worse is that he was charged with things he didn't do and was made a town drug dealer. Although James knows how to sell Legal High by circumventing the law, he doesn't need it. He doesn't touch the poison and advises everyone else not to do so so that neither their lives nor those of others are ruined.

James didn't understand why he hadn't been so lucky so far because he was still very often happened to be in the wrong place, at the wrong time. He still remembers one sexy girl from Old Mumbai, Kenya, when they met in Oslo, Norway. Before entering the Norwegian prison, they had seen each other several times at gatherings and parties of mutual friends. They had fun as per usual, but after one party, at night, on the way home in a subway, she was mumbling something under her nose and gesticulating with her hands. James didn't believe in any magic, neither black nor anything else. He just didn't understand and thought the girl was acting foolish after drinking some alcohol. But 3 years later, James found her on Facebook and asked what had happened to him in his life. He kept remembering her, that night on a subway.

The girl regretted that James had been affected by the spread of African magic, but she could not change anything, so he has to go to Africa himself and remove the spell there. Sure, James asked her to remove those spells, but the girl replied she couldn't do it. He started searching for information online and saw that it was no joke that women in Kenya knew how to cast a spell. A smart person could certainly make fun of such a situation, but when faced with it personally, the laughter quickly disappears.

As the Covid-19 virus spread around the world, James watched it with great fear. Although he had comorbidities, the media had frightened everyone that they would die. Therefore, during the first wave of the pandemic, time was spent in the woods with friends, without going to gatherings. Everyone was massively afraid to even see each other. But after a while, seeing that it was just an inflated bubble, he started to go everywhere, not being afraid of the virus at all. But one day, he caught that terrible Covid-19 virus – he was sick all week. For several days, the body temperature was high, the bones were rickety, and the joints were sore. Later, after 5 days, he couldn't smell anything, and after a day – the taste has gone too. Strange feeling, nose looked as if it was numb. After a good week, James was

already well, although he still lost some weight and felt exhausted. The virus had weakened his immunity.

After some time, the miraculous, advertised by the government, vaccines were invented but James did not need to get vaccinated because he was infected before and had antibodies. He understood the manipulations of the government. After the world summit, everyone started vaccinating, first with one dose, then with the second one. People started massively getting sick even with the invention of vaccines. Vaccinated people also died, although they had to be protected by vaccines. There were third and the fourth dose of vaccines, people went and asked for those vaccines to be injected to have protection from this deadly virus. People believed in government, although vaccines' clinical testing was not done yet. Absurd marketing, but similar things have happened all over the world. If you don't get vaccinated, the officials, blessed by the authorities, can beat you. So, what kind of virus is that? Thousands of people gathered at rallies, no one was afraid to get sick and no one became sick. After all, you all know what means "brainwashed,". The whole media has been manipulating the story because it generates huge money. Several companies made billions every year. The people of the government received extra money, so that's why vaccination was for the welfare of everyone. After all, you have all noticed that the positions of the whole world government have changed every month – one was said and another was made. There were no logical explanations for these decisions. For most, only money was important, not people's well-being.

Everyone has to think for themselves and don't let to become the victims of media manipulation. Government articles are commissioned but someday the truth will be revealed. But of course, no one will admit the truth. Now, 20 years after Christians became angry at all Muslims over the September 11th terrorist attack in America, the world was divided into two parts. At the moment, everyone is fighting each other over vaccines. If you don't vaccinate and admit your natural immunity, it's already bad, you don't fit in with the ones that are easier to control. So, do not be a sheep, be a lion. It is very easy to manipulate people's minds through television, the press, and the internet. The whole world as agreed writes the same thing. How much of that is truth - unclear. After all, even fact-checkers, it turns out, only express their personal opinion. Even Facebook, after launching a new campaign, blocked everyone, erased messages when someone spoke negatively about vaccines. I don't know if it got and how much money for it, apparently like everyone else. But we will never know the truth because the truth is quickly denied.

James Spenser had antibodies all year, didn't need a single vaccine, although most are already waiting for the fourth shot. The other 3 vaccinations did not help - everyone is massively sick. And as strange as it may seem, the antibodies disappear quickly after vaccination. After all, it was only with the advent of vaccines that it was said that their effectiveness was as high as 96%, but it turns out to be just a sweet lie. Sure, James believes in science and medicine, but there is no trust in these vaccines at all.

James prayed for a week, asking Allah to solve his troubles with the police as soon as possible. At the same time as he prayed and asked for help, he had a strange dream which repeated a few nights in a row. He is in a small house looking through a window, sees yellow sand like a desert, and a wonderful blue sky, and at the same time armed men running quickly towards the house. In his dream James was a little boy, he quickly hides under the bed, but the men enter the house and immediately find him. A

weapon was pointed to his forehead and he hears - a lesson to Embargo. James woke up frightened, sweaty, the dream was very real, he felt strange and didn't understand what the dream meant and why it was repeating a few nights in a row. He began to look up the Embargo and why in a dream the men with weapons told him to study it. Maybe it was dead spirits, he thought to himself. James began to take an interest and discovered very interesting things about the Embargo.

The embargo, you probably all know what it is, is a serious ban to the country importing and exporting certain products from certain countries. Limitation of international relations. It is a countermeasure to the actions of another state, and you are all well aware of that.

The main examples of the world Embargo of today are known as the one for Iraq during the reign of Saddam Hussein. But why? Doesn't anyone question it? After all, there were no weapons of mass destruction as claimed, it was just a pretext for coping and plundering Saddam Hussein. After the invasion, the hijacking of property, and the destruction of the country, no weapons of mass destruction were found. So, who gave such orders? Why did so many innocent civilians die? Big money and power mess with people's heads, so there is no exception.

After all, someone has to take responsibility, but even international law was silent at this point. They probably were afraid to do the right actions as well.

The next Embargo was announced to Libya. Everyone also knows very well what happened to this state. Of course, it is best to blame others, but where is the truth?

There was an Embargo in Cuba which was only recently removed. Do you know the main reasons for issuing the Embargo to other states?

The main ones are the arms trade in conflict zones. As well as, military aggression or support for terrorism, and drug trafficking.

So, do you realize everything that is going on in our world? Oddly enough, the international law was loud and public about the surrender of weapons to the Taliban, after all, they fought against alleged global terrorists for 20 years, every day the media said it was the evil of the world, spent trillion US dollars. Do you know what a trillion is? It is not a billion. All the other countries in the world have spent many billions to fight against alleged terrorism. If not for the media, probably no one would know that war was going on. And how much is being invested in killing innocent people? Some have heard, others have not heard about the remittances to the wrong people during the presidency of Barack Obama. It wasn't spoken about very loudly too. Serious things are being silenced.

Moreover, what is happening now in Afghanistan, which is ruled by the Taliban? USA has frozen 10 billion US dollars in reserve but has left the most intelligent American military equipment costing billions of US dollars. After all, America and a large part of the world called them terrorists. How can this be understood? Now, perhaps, the strongest state in the Middle East, which can produce a ton of heroin every year, and no one would stop them. Helicopters, tankers, rifles, SUVs, drones, night vision equipment, pistols of all kinds, after all, are all paid from the American taxpayers' money. And there is

no one to be blamed? Who benefits from all of that? Why the president needs advisors if it's hard to think for himself. How many people are starving every day?

Wasn't that just a well-thought-out plan? Nothing happens without a reason. President Joe Biden himself decided to abandon, leaving the entire military arsenal to alleged American enemies.

Why do the whole world and international law not impose Embargo for such actions? After all, someone has to take responsibility, because these are the facts. It is not the same as the idea that Iraq has a weapon of mass destruction. Everything happened just because it was fabricated by the bribed secret services. It is a pity that no one pays attention to the real facts. We are living in a strange age where politicians are allowed to do everything – to destroy other peoples' lives, cities, and states, and no one is responsible for it. But maybe this is America's strategic plan? What do you all think - are these just coincidences?

Coming back to James' country, all sexual minorities are trying to exalt, and pedophilia will soon be legalized. It is just a matter of time. In the Netherlands, one party is already speaking out about that in public.

Unfortunately, there are gays and lesbians in power – they hold very serious positions, even ministers. Money is spent in all directions because it belongs to the state, and if fools are in power, it happens everywhere. Lithuania has already managed to get into conflict with half of the world's most powerful states and only because of those who sit in power. They accumulate wealth and try to make the whole nation poor.

The same elected people want to decriminalize drugs in Lithuania. James has written more than once publicly that drugs are evil and should be forbidden. He feared the government wanted to destroy him. No one explains what heroin and crack are, and what the possible consequences are. But the Lithuanian government wants everyone to have access to drugs and go unpunished. The world seems to be collapsing, so Lithuania is no exception.

James had proceedings initiated and is facing several years in prison. It's a really serious case, even though they didn't find anything during the search, just picked up his cell phone, held it for a week at the police station, and no suspicious call or message came through. Although his phone number has been public for 10 years already. He is known in his city and anyone could confirm that he is not a drug dealer. Police officers could find this information easily before prosecuting and conducting the search. But everything was manufactured.

It didn't end there - after the search, police officers left with disappointment applied no sanctions, and released James. In his city, cases are easily fabricated by prosecutors, judges, and police officers.

How did the drug dealer not receive a single call from customers? Meanwhile, police officers had already opened the case out of the blue, and the prosecutor with judge blessed it.

Throughout the month, James was followed, filmed, his conversations were recorded and every step of his didn't go unnoticed. James is not a fool himself. He saw what the police did and recorded

everything himself because he knew he could expect anything from corrupt police officers. The helicopter was up in the sky one day – they thought James was growing marijuana. He saw a large number of police officers attached to the operation, many of whom replaced several cars throughout the month of the persecution. A lot of money from the state budget was spent in vain because James is a good man, he has changed even though he had done a lot in his youth.

James Spenser felt he could be framed by police officers. There was also an unknown woman in the men's company asking who to give the money to, and such a record would already be like proof, even though she was only asking for a whiskey for a friend. This raised suspicions immediately. Undeterred James quickly texted to everyone that a girl, who might be a police officer, was talking about giving money. He did not talk to police investigators for a month, so they dropped the case against him. When the search was done, they said there was factual evidence. And after a month of silence, the facts suddenly disappeared. James shouted to everyone that he would invite reporters to the prosecutor's office to find out what was going on here. The less you talk, the better, remember that. It is better to pretend to be a fool and wait for what will happen because if you start talking, you might get yourself in trouble.

On December 4th, 2021 in Indonesia, the volcano Semeru erupted. It has been exactly a year since a relative came up with the idea to profit from James, who has the Islamic name, Mohammad. Maybe it's just a coincidence, but James believed it was Allah that was expressing his anger.

A childhood friend from Lithuania lives in Indonesia, not far from the Semeru volcano. He started a family in Indonesia and has embraced Islam. James recently sent a manuscript of his book to a friend to read with his family. So, he got the manuscript first.

We all know that Allah sees and hears all, but no one knows the power and fury of Allah, he sees that wrong things are happening all over the world, so he is furious.

Anyone who has read the Quran knows Surah 44 Ad-Dukhan / verse 10-13.

44:10 So watch for the Day when the sky will bring a visible smoke.

44:11 That will envelop people. This is a painful punishment.

44:12 (Then they will say,)” O our Lord, remove from us the punishment; we will truly believe.”

44:13 How will they take a lesson, while there has already come to them a messenger making things clear?

James knows the need to watch the signs all the time because there is an infinity around them, nothing happens in vain. The whole world needs to know the truth, no matter how painful that truth may be.

Unlucky for Love

James's error was too arrogance. Yes, it was arrogance that was a guy's weapon... helping to feel as much better in the world... that hurts, that doesn't change. Arrogance was his self-deception, his pink glasses. By acting arrogantly, James came up with an illusion of power, which made him feel stronger, which seemed to give him control. Under this mask, he felt just safer.

Unfortunately, everything has its own price. The arrogant half of James began to dominate and raised a wide range of law enforcement problems. Of course, he always thought it was good that his motives were the most noble. Well, the worst part was the guy forgot what love is. The heart was ringing, and James simply couldn't fall into love with a smart, admirable, sexy woman named Mia, who had a beautiful little daughter. A woman really liked the kid, maybe not just liked him, it was like he was in love. Mia was sincere about her feelings. She sent gentle and full messages of love, but James ignored it.

Why would he do that? Because he didn't like a woman?

You're not going to be cute when you're raped?

No. That's not the option.

Some stupid stubbornness. Torture a woman, run after me. I'm worth running after me.

But is it?

Probably not.

The kid didn't know why he was doing what he did. He didn't know, because he didn't even think about it. He didn't hesitate, and the arrogant side of his soul hung up on it. As soon as the deep heart gets a gentle feeling, as James's eyes see a woman's beauty, the arrogance says STOP, kid, don't feel, you deserve more.

And only now that it has been a while, James Spenser has recognized his mistakes. A few months of silence. A few months of no message from Mia. A few months of ignorance was like hell. The kid was just thinking about her. And he realized that his heart wasn't so close, he realized it had a little spark of love. And I think it takes so little, maybe just a little, fresh air to get through the flame. Of course, the kid didn't get the idea that could be the true love of his life. He wanted to raise her daughter, to love a woman as he never loved anyone. But that distance. Mia lived far away from James, and it was cruelly compromised. When a man is not around, when you don't see him, you don't hear him when you can't take a heartbeat and smell the breathing; you turn on imagination. So, the kid had a little idea. She saw her in a society of other men, and she had long forgotten James. It was not true. Mia continued to have warm feelings.

However, like every mother, it was not her own well-being that she thought about the partnership, but she preferred motherhood. It was no exception - most women see themselves as moms first and then as

loved ones. James had made a mistake. Even though he loved Mia's daughter, even though he saw how clever she was, he was even mysterious that the girl was going to school, but never talked about it out loud. On the contrary, the arrogant half of James has dominated, and he has spoken quite harshly. The kid didn't confess to anyone, even to himself, that he was in love.

Why not accept it?

Why ignored his feelings?

Why would he want to push it out, or at least hide it somewhere deep in the most corner of the soul?

Maybe he was afraid to disappoint himself again.

Never questioned his little girlfriend about the past because he knew: you can't do that because you can hear something you don't want to know, what you want to know in the end, and you don't need to know. Too much knowledge can damage new relationships. If you hear too much, you can be disappointed, and the whole fairy-tale castle will fall as if it were made from sand. The feelings that have just come together are very fragile, shallow, like a flower buddy. The smallest frost, that's all. Nothing's left, no secret. Mia and his ex-husband had to communicate because they had a child. After all, James knew perfectly well that children did not come from the sacred beginning. They were not brought by rumors and they were not found in cabbages. James had no idea what to think, or whether to believe in a woman's love confession. Women are very mysterious creatures - like cats - you do not know what they really think, they do not know what their real intentions are. Although doubt had torn the kid's heart, he felt that this woman was more and more in control.

Time is running fast. Here comes Christmas in 2021. James does not celebrate them because he is not a Christian. She made up her own mother and her daughter, and they were sitting at home. That's what the kid thought. And when he enthusiastically offered to join the festivals, she wetted: "My daughter and I are loading bags and we are going to the spa this morning." James never suspected anyone: what's the problem? Let them drive, rest, relax, and see you in a day or two. Then the kid didn't even know Mia was going to come in by a former husband, a child's father, and that the SPA was a lie, a twist. It's okay that your father will visit the kid, but why lie?

Or is that a holy lie to make everyone feel better?

Maybe she just didn't want to hurt James?

Maybe she was torturing him, she was forced to lie.

Isn't it that bad?

No matter how reassuring the kid, he couldn't ignore the smile on the kid's face that Dad would be together on Christmas. He couldn't overlook the sneaky eye of a loved woman. James did not see it as much as he felt that Mia was not shitting himself, as he was waiting for his ex-husband. It was like she drowned in some dreamy dust, and she came back with her memories of how she and her ex used to

talk to you till the dawn, how she tasted her own cooking together, how she used to drink luxury wine and talk to you till the dawn. Of course he did. Hot, passionate. A daughter of amazing beauty was born of that love.

Now, on St. Christmas Day, they sit together, as they used to be in the “good old” days, drink hot wine, treat treats. It’s late. Mia and she says to her ex: “Wherever you go, stay, sleep.” And the idea is how good it would be to have a family full and balanced again. Her body was made of that mystery and thrill. She was thinking, she was thinking, thinking about a variety of variations, and she worked out there-buffers, and she made plans. How would it be again if it were...

Hot wine made its own. He drugged his head, and the women gave up for a moment of silence, fell into each other’s arms and spent a hot night. But tomorrow, more smart than night: only after the night’s insurgency, the wine out of the body came out of a woman who made a big mistake. She’s a fool with her family... You’re not gonna crush a broken pot once. The man just used her. During the holidays, he didn’t want to sit alone and find random people. His ex-wife, of course, was no longer interesting. But in the evening, it was a good meal, sleeping in a warm cone at night. He just loved again, like in the old days - maybe from pity, maybe he thought it was a Christmas gift, or maybe it was from an old habit. She felt crushed. She was wearing tears. She closed inside her. How could she do that? James felt warm. No matter how sorry it was a painful slice in the path of life.

No longer had to go to the spa, alone went to the spa, where James Spenser, while on the floor, wrote about their wicked behavior. It’s done, whatever it is. At that time, it seemed wonderful, but the reality was quite different. The girl had a lot of heart. As he knew that James would not be able to apologize directly, he was trying to do so through his own production lines. They rhymed, they wrote. She’s relieved. And James? No, James is not a shaver, he’s got principles and he can’t take a woman back, because you’ll never get dry once you fall. Once you have committed treason, you can’t expect this to happen again. James’ heart is good, merciful, but very sensitive, and yet another treason is no longer necessary. It is better not to be tempted to accept something that cannot be regarded as true, but to uphold its principles and see the reality as it is - without any illusions, without any justification, because otherwise we will have to regret and suffer on a permanent basis. You have to leave everything behind, because a close man must love you, respect you and think about you in any situation, not break you. Alone needs to have the courage. It’s not easy, but now it makes you stronger. Being alone, you can focus on future plans, because love is the thing: it’s the kind of thing that makes sense. Love can also overthrow mountains, so it’s true. If you’re happy as a person yourself, you’ll have more faith in yourself, more success and more. You’ll be lucky. Just head up and go ahead. And love? It’s still in the future.

New Year

James Spenser has become an invisible friend in his life. When everyone celebrated the new year in 2022, James came quietly to Him. It was like a brother. No, not the lost younger one, but the other one, the older one with a great experience. He's very smart. He's very strong, and he has some unimaginable power. I wish no one could see his face. No, no, no, no, no, he's not a mystic creature, he's not a magical fairy tale character - James has been a long time since a child, and the fairy-tale kingdom can't come back even if he wanted to. But he is, he is sure; he is the most realistic and lives here with us, and helps James in every situation in his life. It's like a finger pointing out who people are evil, angry, and who can be harmed. He also brings a child together with good people who can help and trust. He's like the angel that landed from above, but no angel can ever stand for His power.

It shows who real and fake friends are. He's known for the very first moment at first glance and all the untidy, tough and greedy girls James Spenser communicates with, and he's warned. He protects the kid from the bad people who are trying to trick and shows who people are right. It's a friend with a great power that it's hard to predict and even measure to a simple man, but that's the truth. Maybe one day you'll meet a friend like this, and you'll recognize it, but you don't know what it will be, how it will treat you, the way it will show you. I guess you're going to meet a friend you're going to be worth, or maybe one you choose, the one you don't know.

An invisible friend taught James a lot of wonderful things he wouldn't even have dreamed of. I wish he had a name. Or do you have, or did you not say it yet? Or they'll tell you. But he's not named yet, because he's just an invisible friend and nobody knows his name. James knows that whoever knows and says his name will rule the world. But what do you need? Do you want to rule the world? So, you don't have to know the name.

Whatever it is, he lives above us; he watches us from the high, watching us, helping. But only if you want it, then he'll give you some help. Only if you protect yourself. Only then will you be strong, if you're positive yourself, trying to live in good faith, not a double. You can trick any man, but you can't fool him.

And then when you agree with a friend like James, you will recognize him immediately. If only you accept him, you will be happy because you will feel the power he breathes.

The Abraham Lincoln Genes

NON-FICTION BOOK/MEMOIR/MY LIFE IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

Tragedies can lead to a more precise focus of what's essential in life

This nonfiction book about James memoir, he grew up in a small Lithuanian town in a low-income family from Europe. His childhood was one where he experienced much pain and sadness. He had a loving mother. James tried not to let his father's shortcomings damper his childhood. Instead, he tried to live a carefree existence by seeking to act like an average child.

At the age of ten, James' world went spinning out of control the day he was diagnosed with thyroid cancer. Overnight, he was taken from the comfort of his friends and home and placed in a hospital. While other children enjoyed their youth, he had to endure surgery to remove his thyroid and countless radiation treatments.

As a teenager, news of his younger brother's death devastated him and his family. He became the head of the family and provided comfort and support to his heartbroken mother. He tried to alleviate his mother's spiritual suffering after the death of her son. Often, to escape the sadness of his home, he found himself living his life on the street. Although his grades suffered in school, he was able to graduate.

James held a variety of jobs, but none lasted long. He found that he was a free spirit that didn't want to serve anyone. An opportunity came where James obtained a position at an international legal drug company. His interest was piqued, and he finally was able to find a job that he enjoyed.

James' success at this job enabled him to start his own chemical company. In his company, profit was the motivating factor, and he found himself caught up in a web of illegal affairs. His name became known in the business world, and James was offered the opportunity to work with Jeff Bezos, CEO of Amazon, known as one of the world's richest men.

While James was living a life of luxury, he traveled to Norway. He noticed that he was losing weight at a rapid pace and felt tired and exhausted. Concerned about his health, he consulted a doctor. He was diagnosed with MEN2B disease. He felt as though he had received a death sentence.

James wanted to learn all he could about his disease. His research led him to a theory that Abraham Lincoln had also suffered from this condition, and James had inherited MEN2B from his Grandfather.