# Chapter 5: 16

“Sixteen ain’t enough.” — André 3000

Sixteen ain’t enough.  
  
It never was.  
  
Sixteen bars can’t hold this heat. Sixteen minutes in a session can’t build a real player. Sixteen games can’t define a season. Sixteen years of life can’t prepare you for what the world might take from you without warning.  
  
Sixteen is too small.  
  
And I’ve lived too much to pretend it’s enough.  
  
When I say I’m building something different, it’s not a marketing pitch—it’s a response. A reaction to a system that gave me a stage but never a voice. A framework that taught me to execute but not to express. A world that rewards control and punishes clarity.  
  
And clarity is what I’ve got now.  
  
Not comfort. Not certainty.  
  
Clarity.  
  
Max’s relapse tore the last of my illusions away. That call, that message, that moment—we were ready to fly him to Texas in a private jet during a pandemic. That's how desperate we were. How clear we were. Nothing else mattered but saving him.  
  
We didn’t care about optics. About comfort. About cost.  
  
We wanted life.  
  
And when I coach now? That’s what I’m chasing. Life. Breath. Presence. Not polished plays or perfect form. I’m trying to reach kids before the system breaks them. Before they fade. Before they quit.  
  
Because I’ve been misunderstood.  
  
I’ve been called cold, intense, too different. They say I’ve changed. What they mean is: I stopped shrinking. I stopped shaping myself to fit their expectations. I stopped performing clarity through palatable language.  
  
Because Flipper didn’t hold his nose. So why should I hold my tongue?  
  
CLA, Ecological Dynamics—they didn’t make me who I am. They gave me the words. The framework. The science. But the fire? That was always there. I’ve always felt the dissonance. I just didn’t have the language. Now I do.  
  
And once you know?  
  
You can’t unknow.  
  
I’ve seen how players light up when you give them autonomy. I’ve seen how creativity blooms when you stop micromanaging. I’ve seen how resilience forms in chaos—not in choreography.  
  
And I’ve seen how it threatens people who are married to old systems.  
  
But I’m not trying to win an argument.  
  
I’m trying to save the kid.  
  
So no, I won’t play the branding game. I won’t simplify the message to go viral. I won’t trade truth for trendiness.  
  
Because I know what this is really about.  
  
This is about saving space for the kids who need freedom to find themselves. About building gyms that don’t just train bodies—but restore breath. About refusing to coach like it’s 2004 in a world that’s begging for something new.  
  
I’m still angry.  
  
But that anger is fire with direction.  
  
It’s not rage—it’s alignment.  
  
It’s knowing where the wounds are. And choosing to heal instead of hide.  
  
They might not feel me now. But they will.  
  
They’ll see the players who stayed in love with the game. Who found their identity not through roles—but through rhythm. Through trust. Through space.  
  
They’ll still feel me.  
  
Even if they don’t say it.  
  
Even if they never admit it.  
  
Because this build matters.  
  
Even if it’s messy. Even if it’s unfinished.  
  
Sixteen ain’t enough.  
  
But it’s a start.  
  
And I’m still spitting.