

# The Disappearance of Guilt



[Abraham Audu](#)

8 min read

·  
Jul 18, 2021

## The Indoctrination

I grew up in a quasi-orthodox home. We really just cared about being morally correct in the eyes of man and god. Of course there was belief in the supernatural, but more on the diabolical stuff — witchcraft and stuff. And then the fact that praying could stave off such things.

But I got to the university and then came these Christian communities with the whole ‘relationship with god’ and ‘holy spirit’ and ‘speaking in tongues’ thing.

I was fascinated by all those things and soon enough I got drawn deep into those communities and began to accept such ideas as normal and superior to the nominal orthodox way of practicing Christianity. I mean, the whole ‘being under the influence’ of ‘the holy ghost’ thing was cool and all.

Soon enough, I too began to ‘speak in tongues’ and do all of those ‘spiritual’ people things.



Photo by [Luan Cabral](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Functional Conscience

You see, it wasn't all delusional. I was fortunate to be drawn to the intellectual side of the 'spiritual people' camps. The entire process and how the message of the holy spirit and god and Jesus was packaged, made me want more of my life.

I wanted to be something, to be somebody. the message was crafted to say; "if you really want to be somebody, you've got to subscribe to this way genuinely". I believed this deeply and began to work on my excesses, to 'build a relationship with god'. I did this not as a means to an end honestly — I really loved how it made my life truly better.

I was more committed to things of deeper significance. It saved me from what probably would have been the wild teenage experimentations of early university days. The entire process built in me a functional conscience.

Its so deep, even on days I feel like flying off the handle, there are things I wouldn't let myself do, even to this very moment of writing this. Don't get it twisted, I do feel like I missed out on the crazies of university life.



Photo by [madison lavern](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Empty Motions

As time passed, I started to feel like there was something wrong — something insidious — about this whole ‘hyper Pentecostal’ Christianity. I had these feelings but I was still too awestruck to allow myself have the conversation with myself or anyone else.

The months and years passed and none of the people who spoke about these ‘promises’ were actually moving forward with their lives in any obvious way. But it wasn’t that deep, so no need to let it give me sleepless nights — maybe they weren’t gunning for those things themselves.

But over time, it became obvious that these proponents of the ‘relationship with god’ and ‘holy spirit’ and ‘rebranded Jesus’, really wanted to move forward with their lives too, but they were stuck. Sad stuff.

On another plane of emptiness, I found myself desperately trying to have ‘experiences’, to have transcendent episodes or something which would translate into real change in my life, but it simply wasn’t there. Once I had transcended the emotional awe of the new experiences I initially had, it all wasn’t so deep anymore.

Don’t get it twisted, to this day, I still get “emotional” or something on the few days when the gathering feels real and not forced or like a propagandist ploy.



Photo by [Sammy Williams](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Metamorphosis & Existential Crisis

As time passed and the people in these gatherings matured into life, the utopian belief in ‘the supernatural power of god’ began to palpably tone down. My guess is the economy had a lot to do with this.

You see, in the days when I initially joined these communities, the goal was much more on just having a ‘connection with god’. There were these amazing concerts which were sometimes very

'spiritual' and other times just harmless Christian fun. These times had the attention of the younger communities and the cool kids. It was amazing and really felt like what it should be; a cool alternative to the 'drugs, sex, alcohol' world.

Heck, those times saw a lot of hippies coming around and mostly fixing up and reorienting themselves.

But as time passed, there was a metamorphosis. The message slowly morphed into a need based approach to god. Always hoping for a 'financial miracle' or 'carryover reversal', coupled with 'testimonies' which sounded like Alcoholics Anonymous sessions. Basically, it felt like a place meant for the runts of society.

Sure enough, the need based message brought in need based people. So, if I don't have needs, I don't need to be here.

Notice how you've almost lost touch with the 'speaking in tongues' and 'connecting with god' narrative I started with?

The motions of 'worship' and 'prayer' were still on, but it was bland motion in my opinion.



Photo by [Maksym Kaharlytskyi](#) on [Unsplash](#)

In this same period, my personal life started to fall apart. I fell into existential crisis, I sought for answers to real everyday life problems, but all I heard was “have you prayed about it?”, “read this portion of scripture”. No, honestly, you don't have any answers? wow.

## The Lockdown

Weeks before the lockdown, I was already uninterested in being at Christian gatherings, but I couldn't stay away for long periods at a time because I felt some sort of guilt.

Then came the lockdown, the perfect reason to stay away from all of it, without it being of my choosing so to speak — I hardly streamed or consumed any Christian content, save for music.

I took out a significant portion of my time to study a lot of psychological and mythological content. I wanted to understand the meaning of life for myself since the lot were diverting my questions with the excuses I mentioned before.

I got angry, sad, depressed, lost. I couldn't dismiss the idea of the Christian god. I did however manage to get myself to function in spite of the hollowness. I figured out I could ‘live’ without the tenets of the indoctrinations.

I figured out I had to start to think through my problems. To work them out, to solve my problems rather than wish ‘god would take them away’. I realised I made mistakes and it was up to me to fix them.

The new understanding I developed by seeking out answers from literature and from introspection made me believe I could in fact figure it out and build my life and possibly without these lame constraints of the indoctrinations I bought into.

I also had conversations with a number of people close to this period of mental restructuring, and during the process; people who were also in the indoctrination system, who were also ‘coming to the light of things’.

It got more interesting when I started to read the bible for myself. I saw how propagandist some widespread notions were from the perspective of the messages preached in Christian community.

I'll take the classic story of how Abraham was a ‘man of faith’ because he endured so much existential crisis and was childless for scores of years. News flash, it was Sarah who was childless. Abraham had children besides Ishmael and Isaac. He had concubines who bore him children as was the tradition of the time. It's literally written in there.

So did Abraham have faith in god to have a child through Sarah? Yes. Was he childless and depressed with his life on hold all those years whilst he waited? I'd really doubt that. Go figure.

So I had a duality fighting in my head. This new truth, and the ‘truth’ of my ‘hyper Pentecostal’ indoctrinations.

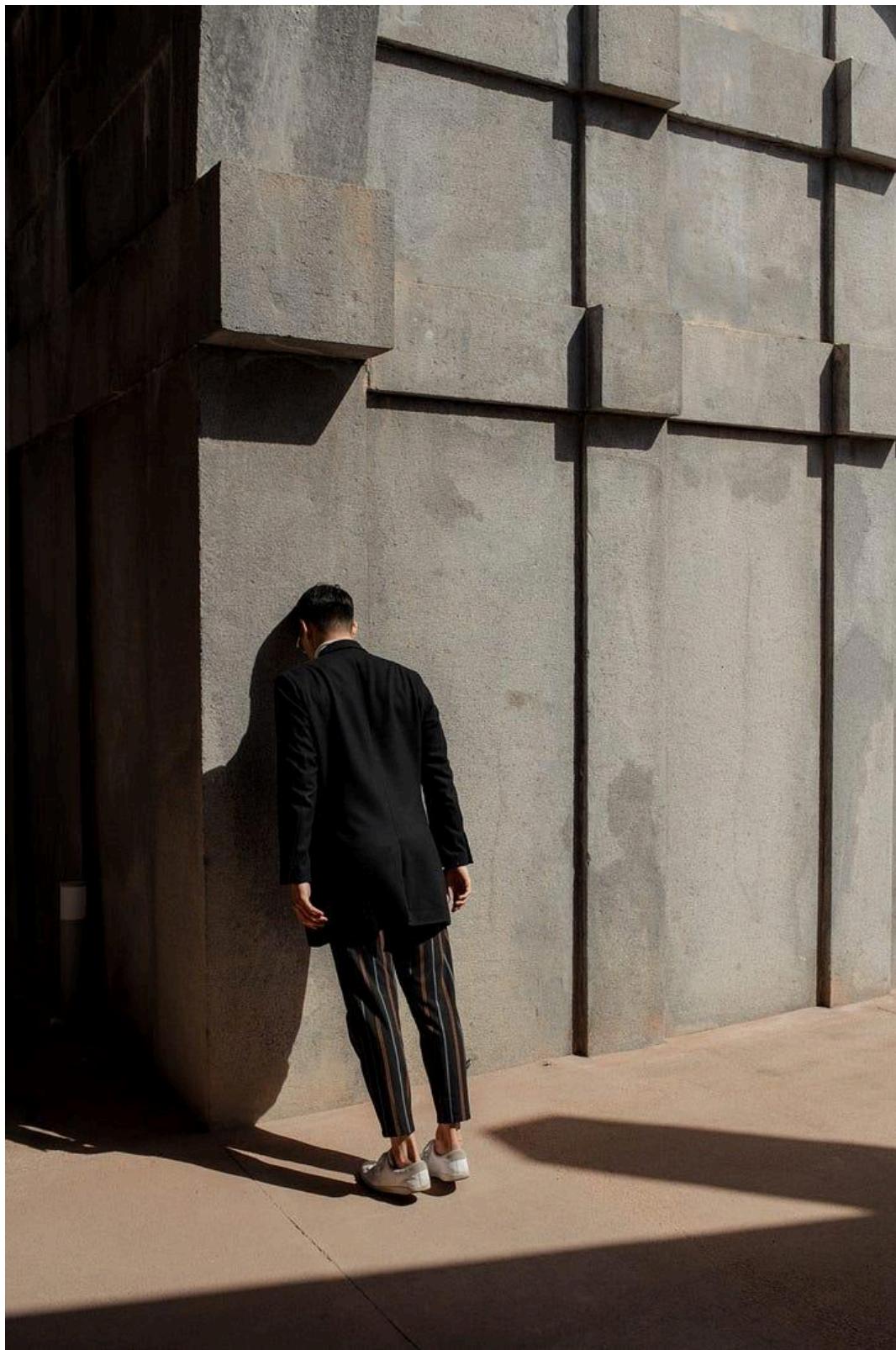


Photo by [Daniel Mingook Kim](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Guilt

The lockdown ended. I had to return to the Christian community. Although at this point I had already decided to tone down on it all. I was going to be the Sunday-to-Sunday guy. No more special programmes or any of that overzealousness I used to be about.

At the onset, I felt a lot of guilt. Not just because I wasn't as involved as I used to be, but because even when I did go, I found myself criticizing and even cringing at some of the things that were being said at these gatherings. Like, "you really believe this?" wow. It was all an attempt to bridge the gaps I saw between what I learnt from self-study and what I was hearing.

And then I started to be more vocal about my new beliefs to as many as were willing to have the conversation.

I also felt guilty because I was having reasons to want to be adventurous but my conscience wouldn't let me. so I let myself see myself as less of a person. But the more I observed, the more I saw that people within even the 'hyper Pentecostal' communities who were on some flex, weren't necessarily spell bound by some of the community 'dictums' so to speak.

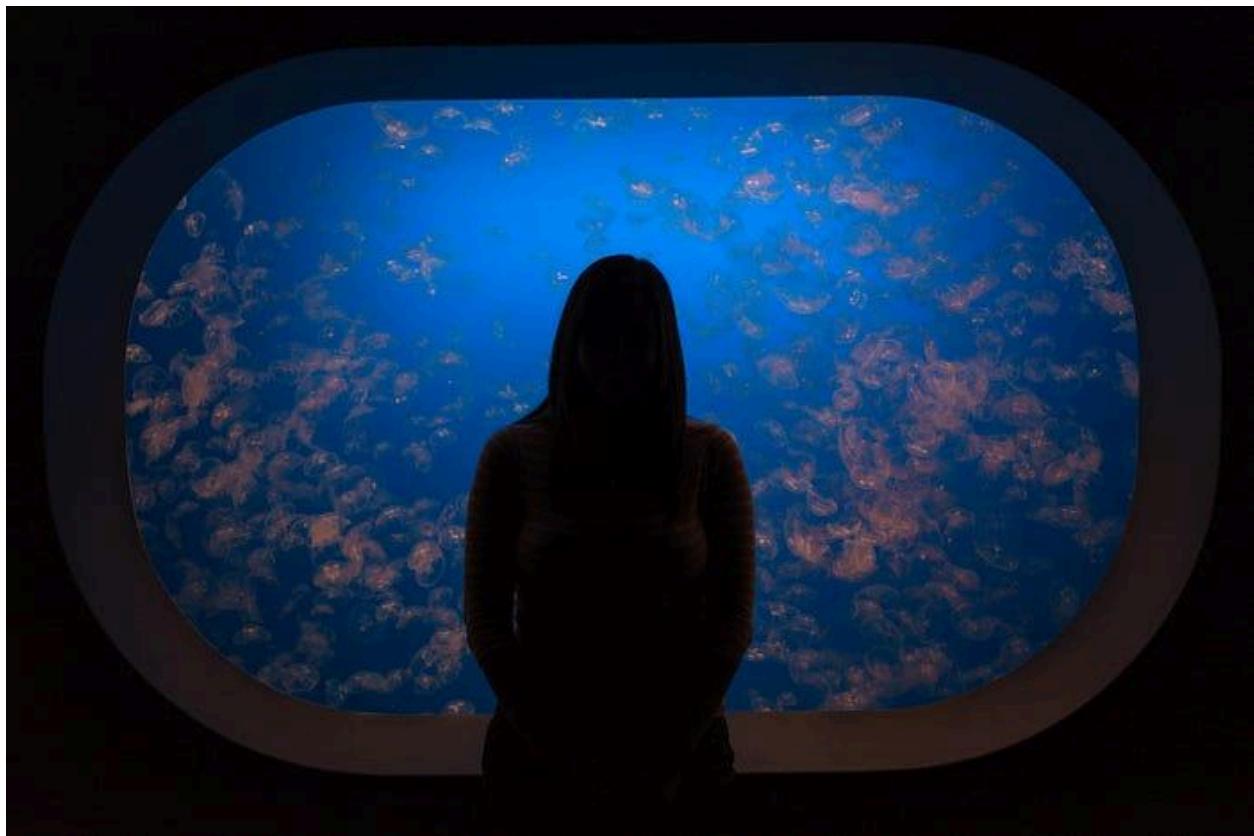


Photo by [Michal Pechardo](#) on [Unsplash](#)

# Disappearance of Guilt

With the passing of time, I realised I really just stopped caring. I still like god and the idea of god. I just don't unnecessarily want to shackle myself based on popular personal opinions which don't have any transcendent significance.

You live based on what you want to believe and I'll live based on what I choose to believe.

I recently went for a worship meeting put together by a friend. It started out great for me, I felt the escape I needed from myself at the time. It soon fell apart as the meeting progressed, but generally it was a good experience. Save for this, I haven't been to any corporate Christian gathering in recent weeks. And I can't even feel guilt. Weird, but true. I just feel so normal. I can't explain it.

I don't know how this will pan out into the future, but until I see the utility of it all, I don't know that I will be drawn to any of it.



Photo by [Uta Scholl](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Religion](#)

[Existentialism](#)

[Existential Crises](#)  
[Lifestyle](#)  
[Christianity](#)

# Monster Within



[Abraham Audu](#)

5 min read

Jul 26, 2021

## Innocence

The world is in a perfect balance — that's the truth. I immediately do not believe the first statement, but I probably did at some point in my life.

The world as a utopian place is such a comforting idea to believe. Parents, and the larger society, in most cases would do all in their power to ensure that we really do believe this. Think back to when five minus seven was mathematically impossible, I-o-I.

It's this innocence which drives curiosity. Maybe this curiosity is actually a pointer. Could it be that deep down I know something's not right? Like, nope, this is too good to be true — I need to wake up from this stasis.

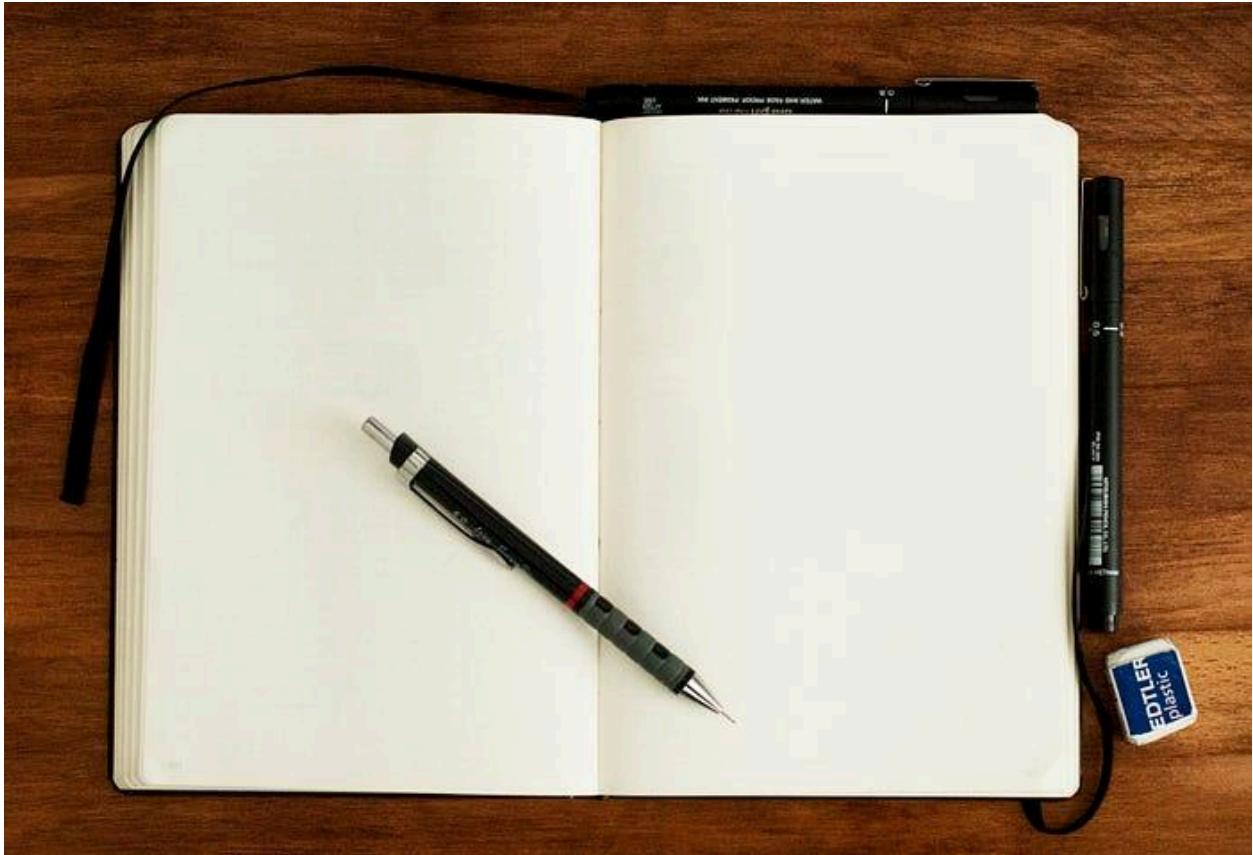


Photo by [Mike Tinnion](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Can Never Be Me

As I grew up, and began to be ‘awake’ to reality, I started to see the inconsistencies in others, and painfully, in myself too. But really, I noticed more on the part of others.

As would anyone, I thought to myself “I’d never let myself slip this far”. I had ideals. The perfect story can exist, and I will be the perfect story. It doesn’t matter what happens, I will keep the pillars up. I will keep the pillars up because you know, if I pay attention at all times, I won’t slip.

No, I wasn’t the perfect child. I just felt like you know, on the things which really define a person as good or bad, I wouldn’t slip. So there was that touch of self-righteousness.

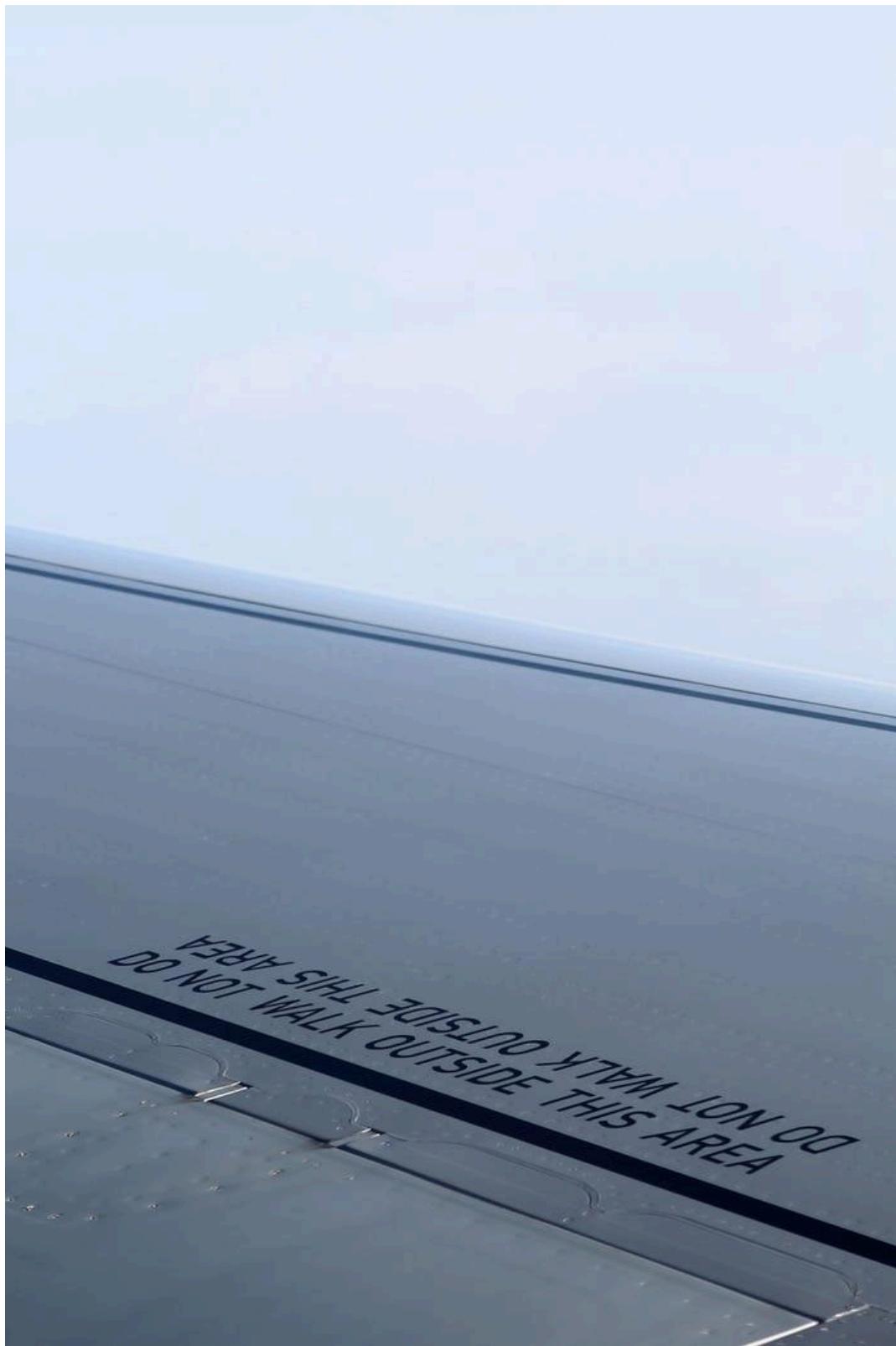


Photo by [Anne Nygård](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Emergence

"Wait, what? Oh my God I just did that." The shock on my face when it hit me. I wasn't really as good as I thought I was. Neither are you. Parts of me come alive when it comes time for them to play their part, and I'm deeply shocked at myself. You must have experienced it too at some point in your life.

Maybe this difficult situation comes at you and, really, a lie would come in handy. Damn, this girl is lit, it'd be a shame not to get some doings done. In that moment, it's like, wait wait wait, I thought sincerity was something I'd never trade. I thought breast had nothing on me. wow...

It's those moments that hit and then I begin to realise "can never be me" can be me.



Photo by [Mahdi Bafande](#) on Unsplash

## Dissolution

The very foundations of my identity — of who I thought I was — began to wobble. Who am I really? What are these inconsistencies I see in myself?

No! I'm better than this. But where's the evidence? I used to think a lot of people didn't really know me. Soon, it became obvious I was also like them — I too did not know me.

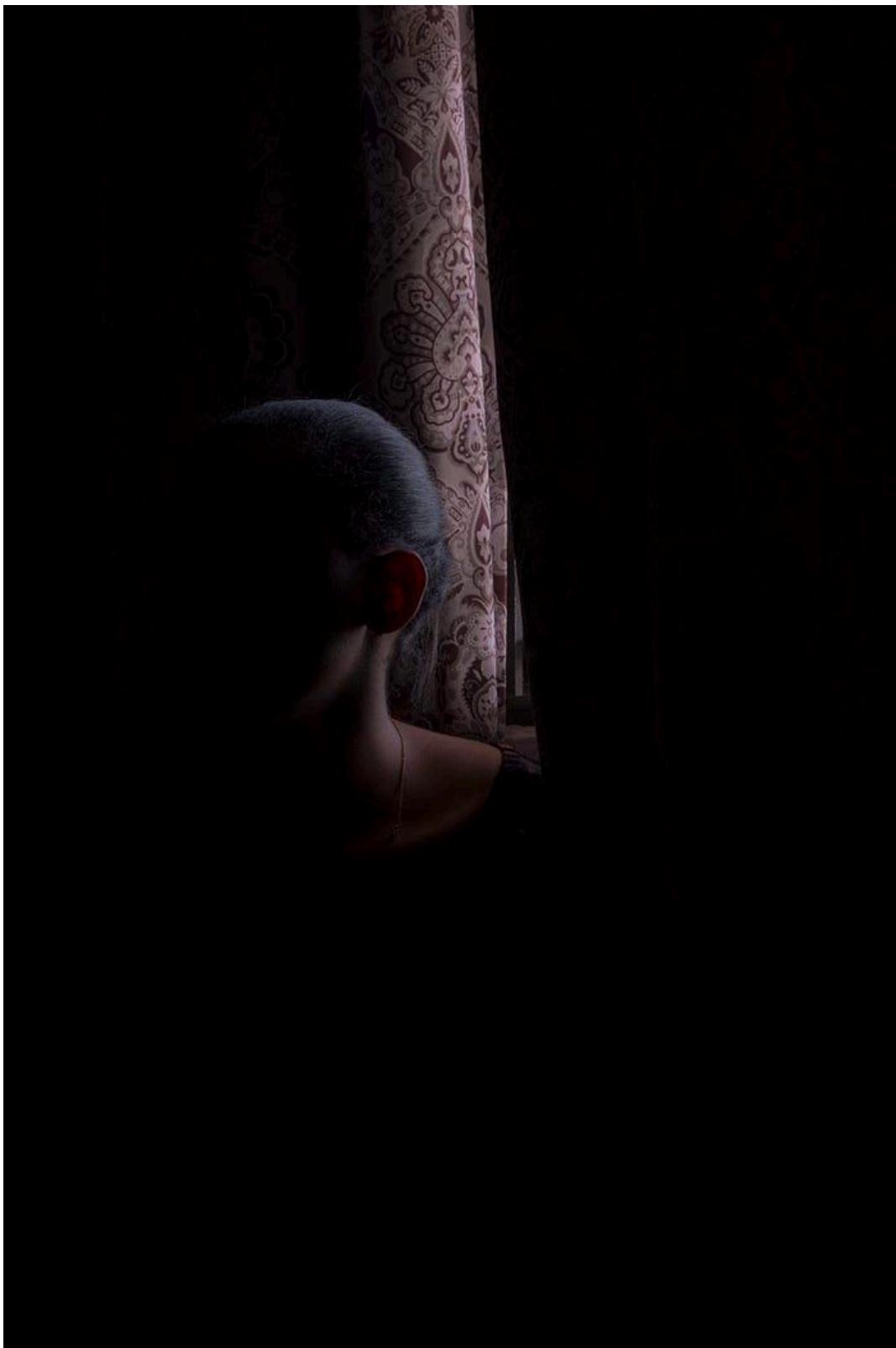


Photo by [Yeffry Liz](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Abyss

It's dark. It's the deep darkness. Nothing can save me. Nothing can save you. Crying without cause. Maybe because everything has come down into a deep nothingness.

It's very difficult to think about getting ahead or doing stuff to get ahead. I just want to be alive. I'm fighting for survival.

In the midst of this identity crisis, I came up with a philosophy; 'better lost and alive than dead. The lost can be found, the dead cannot be brought back'

Truth be told, only seemingly difficult situations like deadlines or thinking about getting ahead make me want to disappear. Honestly, I don't want to die — I just want to exist with some promise.

What's the guarantee that anything will be of meaning? Why do anything? Why be?

But at the same time, I want to be something. Last month, I said "f\*ck suicide, I'm going to fight". I still am not suicidal at the moment, but I'm lost.

If you've been paying attention, you'd realize you can't really pin point the source of my pain; Is it the confrontation of who I am v. who I thought I was? Or is it my inability to get ahead?

Those questions seem different, but they are the same. Getting ahead is a function of believing in who you are.



Photo by [Dzmitry Dudov \(Dead\\_Angel\\_\)](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Reconstitution

I really want to put myself together. But I want to be *really* put together, not as a façade. I want to be really integrated; to take this knowledge I have now gained about myself, and to form a foundation with it.

Sometimes I feel like it will probably not happen anytime soon. But I think I'm wrong. I think deep down I truly believe in myself and that's the reason I'm even fighting. Fighting only happens when there's something to be fought over. I feel the fight. The pull back to the centre each time I'm tempted to throw in the towel.

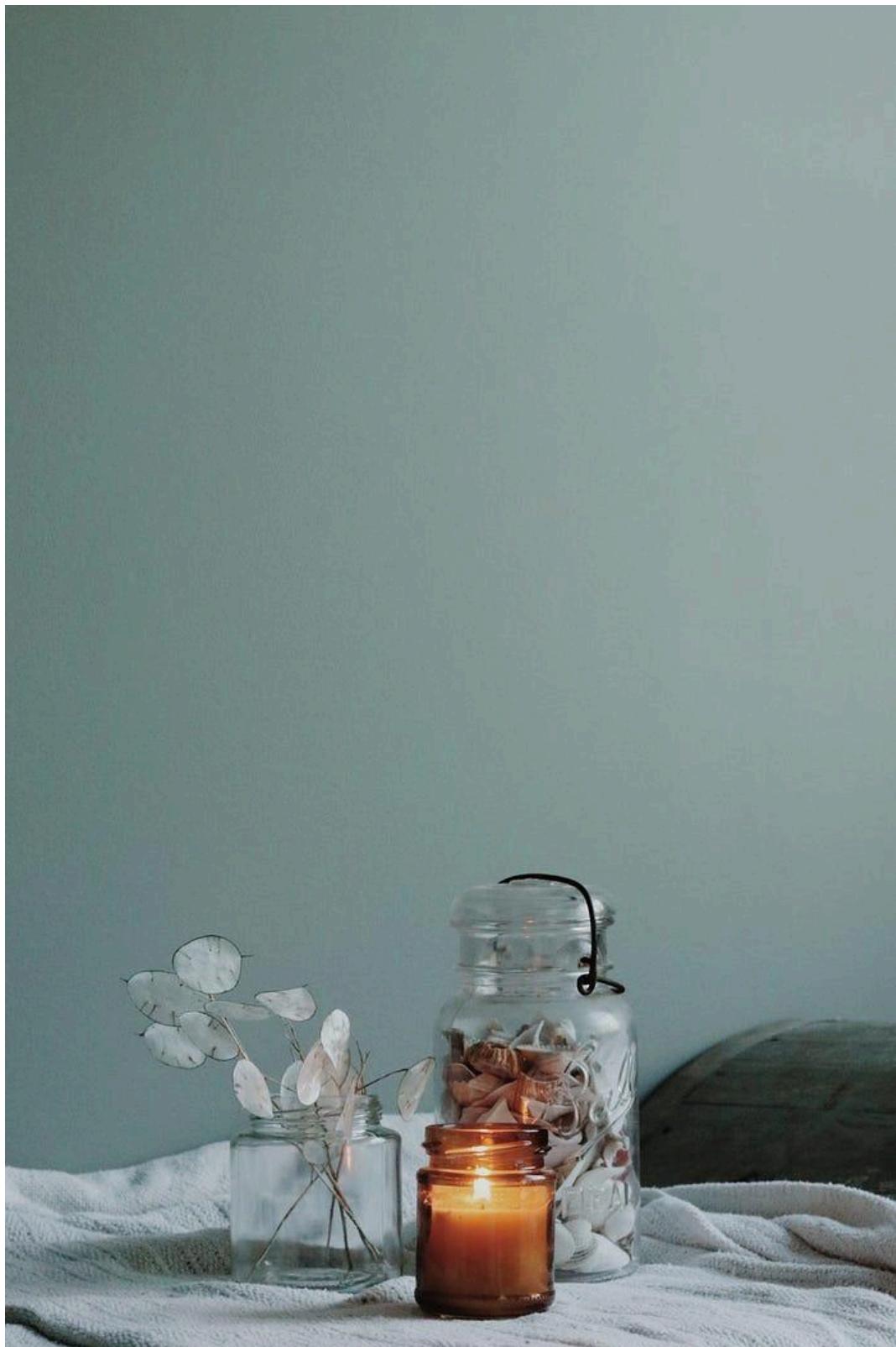


Photo by [Jessica Delp](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Hero

For every fight, there is something to be won. Why did I tell this story? First, if you look at who you are, and you're willing to see, you will discover you're not as ideal as you think you are. Second, if you're willing to fight the fight, you will come out more complete, more oriented to your true north star.

I no longer think "can never be me." The real question is "What would make me do this?" "How can I avoid becoming this?"

Being aware of who you really are, the monster within, and being awake to the fact that you need to watch yourself, is the only way to keep the monster at bay.

I haven't won the war with this monster, but I will. And I look forward to the victory.

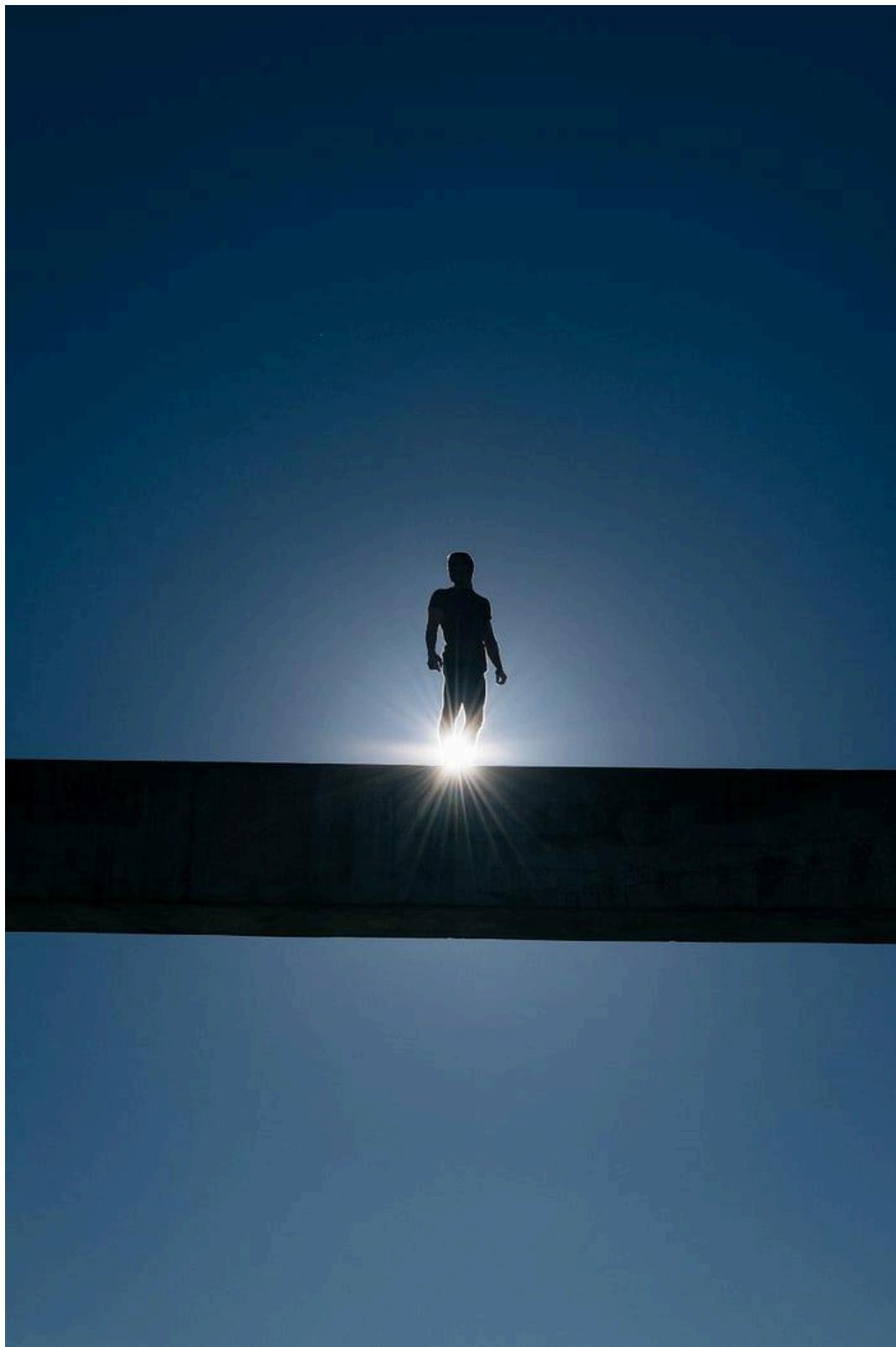


Photo by [Javier García](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Identity Crisis](#)

[Depression](#)

[Suicide](#)  
[Existential Crises](#)  
[Growth](#)

# Business Lessons from Four Years in Business



[Abraham Audu](#)

15 min read

Jul 31, 2021

## Public Service Announcement

In the evening hours of Sunday, the 11th of July, I made the decision to shut down Periva Energy Systems, my business of four years. I called my brother, told him about my decision, and few hours later, made the announcement public across my social media accounts.

In the wake of this announcement, a number of people I respect in business and entrepreneurship reached out to me to figure out what went wrong.

So, what went wrong?

Before I answer that, let's run through the story and some lessons I got to learn.



Photo by [Qdomness R3alm](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Inception

For those close to me, you've probably heard this story before. It all started as a conversation with my brother — Mike — in our living room back at home. My sister had just given birth and we were heating water non-stop everyday; so, I thought "isn't there a better way to do this?". I picked up my phone, searched on google, and discovered solar water heaters. But from what I saw, the existing designs weren't efficient and couldn't possibly be used to meet daily hot water needs.

Fast-forward a few weeks, and in church back in school, came this weird announcement for people with business ideas to return later in the evening to be briefed on a grant opportunity. I was much younger, naïve and hadn't even read any business books although I was starting to pick interest in personal development. This was my second year in university. Anyway, I heard the announcement, the weird solar water heater idea flashed in my head, and I thought "Why not? I'll be back in the evening".

That's how I got to meet Mr Mene Blessing, who took me by the hand, and helped me secure funding for the weird solar water heater idea. I never thought it would actually get funded, but it did, and so began my entrepreneurial journey in earnest.



Photo by [Florian Olivo](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## **Oops! Innovation is Expensive**

By November of 2017, I received the grant funds and started work with building the solar water heater prototype. The process had me doing so many things I had never done before — meeting people I wouldn't normally meet otherwise, and having to travel, not knowing who I was going to meet, or where exactly I needed to go, but having to make the trip nonetheless. This process taught me something profound; people are remarkably more attuned to helping than you'd generally want to think. Ready to help even total strangers and put themselves in uncomfortable situations for the weirdest of reasons.

Being naïve, I had to learn how to navigate the world of working with older adults, without being neither too timid nor disrespectful — a very blurry line with Nigerian older adults (you really don't know what they want from you). But I'd like to think that that worked out well, because literally all the relationships built in the process are still functional till this day. I had a misconception that with older Nigerian adults, being young already disqualifies your potential to be 'useful' in their eyes. But then I realised this; if you prove your worth, they light up like "wow, I really like this kid", then go over and beyond over and over to help you with your goals.



Periva Solar Water Heater. Photo by Abraham Audu



Periva Solar Water Heater. Photo by Abraham Audu

Months into building the prototype, I kept being blown away by the fact that something which lived in my head was taking shape in reality and actually working, but something was consistent; plenty expense, and only a little bit of improvement in the product and its design. I realised that at the rate things were moving, I'd end up with an incomplete product and an empty bank account.



Photo by [Hayfield L](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Pivot

I realised it was time to switch the focus of the business to something which could generate income, and then subsequently enough income to fund the research and development of the solar water heater. That was the motive behind rebranding as a solar inverter installation business in late 2018. It wasn't all too difficult to wrap my head around the technical side of things, thanks to my on-going engineering background.

The move was welcomed by my immediate community and I garnered support from family and friends. At some point, I connected with Mr Mubarak Muhammad, who used to and still runs a thriving brick and mortar solar inverter business and I interned with him for about six weeks. The experience opened my eyes up, not only to the technical side of things, but the business side of solar. After then, the relationship continued and he remained my major supplier for products whenever I had a client.

Periva Energy Systems was an online business.



Photo by [Filip Mroz](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Lavish Advertising Isn't Sales

At the onset of the pivot strategy, the business invested significant sums (relatively) into branding and visibility — banners, flyers, t-shirts, video ads — to get the business in front of people, it created a lot of ‘hype’ — at least in my own sight — but it didn’t exactly translate into sales and contracts. So, I thought about the 1% rule (usually only 1% of impressions will convert to sales), and then further increased the marketing budget by investing in online ads to reach a wider audience within the locale of the business. This too garnered attention and created leads, but the sales still weren’t pouring in.

In this period, I then looked into the pricing. The target market based on the initial pricing was for those interested in premium products only — because I liked premium products only. I soon realised the market wasn’t interested in what I liked. They wanted what they wanted; the sweet spot between cheap and acceptably effective (I didn’t quite hit the pricing sweet spot until late 2019).

After burning through a good chunk of funds, I realised cold ads weren’t the answer.



Photo by [Ashley Jurius](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Warm Connections Win

Something then began to happen in late 2019 — after the visibility campaign and hitting the pricing sweet spot. I think people started believing in the business and started referring the business to people they knew who needed our services. I got a client, we did the job, and ten months later we did another (repeat customers are proof of satisfaction). Then I got another client, and 12 month later, we worked again. Then I got another client, and six months later, our warranty programme was tested. Mr Mubarak came through for me, the client was satisfied.

All these clients came through warm connections. During this period, all I did was minimal posts across social media platforms to remind close acquaintances on these platforms that the business was still in existence. I made more meaningful progress in this phase via warm connections than with cold ads. No, they weren't high ticket jobs, and they didn't close the nice loss gap from over-advertising.

Nonetheless, warm connections get it done.



Photo by [Fabian Gieske](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Trust is Key

In my opinion, the primary reason the cold ads didn't quite work out was because people simply couldn't trust the business model. A business offering physical services where they potentially have to pay hundreds of thousands or millions without first seeing the products on ground? No office? And the scam trends weren't helping matters either.

Little wonder the warm connections were the only ones willing to trust the business. And it wasn't that deep either, contracts worth sums which could really affect the client's life if things went burst, didn't come my way. Probably because the business didn't look like it could bear the brunt of a major crisis if it came to that.

The trust level was low.



Photo by [Cristofer Jeschke](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Create a Filter

Another mistake I made, which cost me a lot in wasted work hours and mental energy was not creating a filter. When you run a business that borders on luxury and costs significant amounts, you might want to create a system to filter the posers from the real clients. I got a hint on how to solve for this from Mr Rere Obaisi, the CEO of Reohob Nig Ltd, when I was feeling the heat and

asked him for advice. He said to create a filter, I failed to properly implement the strategy and it cost me in time, effort and emotion.

I got bitter and resentful when posers got me to put in so much effort to research and design systems to meet their energy needs, in the hopes of securing a potentially sweet deal, only for them to weasel out after I've put in so much work. This was a very common occurrence and was a major contributor to the reasons I shut down the business — I felt I was being used.

Days after shutting down the business, Mr Mene Blessing reiterated the fact that I should have created a filter, and this time, I got the message. I guess I needed pain to erode my altruistic view of potential clients (even warm connections).



Photo by [Yuyeung Lau](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Systems and Structures

An alternative to the direct filter which I implemented was to create a system to reduce the number of times I had to design solar inverter systems for clients by creating a catalogue with the most common ranges of solar inverter systems which clients would usually need. It did two things; it showed what the system would do, and how much it would cost off the bat.

This was only slightly effective as it only filtered those who were not willing to stress once they realised this wasn't going to be possible for them at the time. By failing to implement the system completely with filters, I only succeeded in ensuring that those who demanded for custom designs were those who were interested in stressing me unnecessarily.

Systems are a great way to reduce burdens, but without proper implementation, this system didn't do much to stave off the real harm.

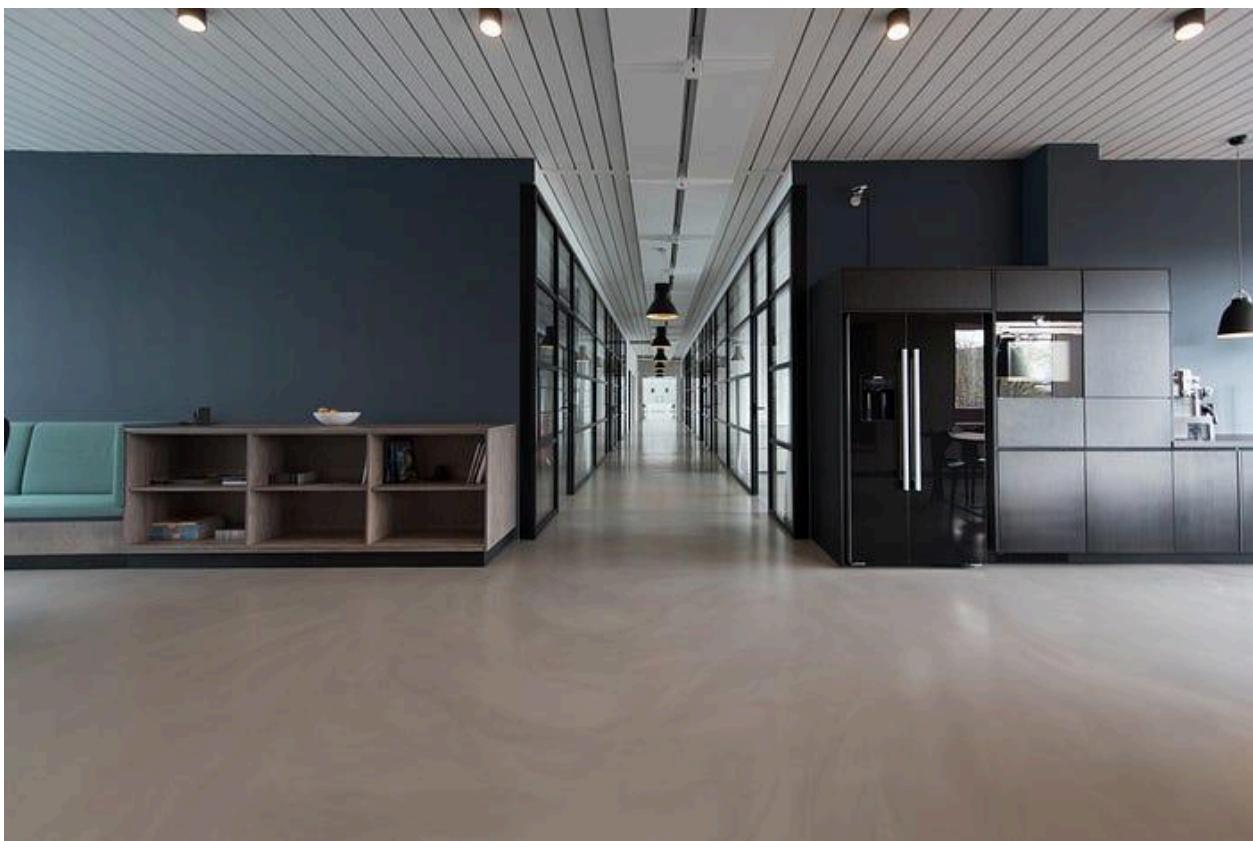


Photo by [Nastuh Abootalebi](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Take-Aways

On the journey of building the business, I had to transform myself from the naïve timid teenager to the collected and confident adult.



Photo by Bobs Concepts

On a **personal level**, I had to learn:

- *Coachability*: To become better at anything, it takes someone willing to learn. I learnt fund raising from Mr Mene Blessing, who took me by the hand and walked me through the process of applying for grant opportunities. I learnt the hands-on and business side of the solar business from Mr Mubarak who graciously took me into his business to show me how it's done. On the nitty gritty of PV system designs, I bugged Mr Samuel Idoko on a regular, who was always willing to listen to, and answer my questions. Mr Olufukeji Adegbeye taught me to structure the business, which led to the creation of information products around the physical and service-based arms of the business. And by watching closely and engaging in strategic conversations, I learnt how to position the business online from Mr Rere Obaisi.
- *Communication*: Because I had to work with people across different areas to make plans work, I had to learn how to communicate with people in an effective manner to reduce back-and-forth situations which cost time and money.
- *Planning*: The success of any idea, no matter how beautiful it plays out in the mind, requires conscientious and detailed planning to have efficient and effective execution. I had to learn how

to plan my time as a person, and the sequence and timelines of projects I embarked on during the process of running the business. I learnt from experience that every plan is only a way to minimize uncertainty; when it comes time to execute, there will always be alterations to the plan. It takes the ability to think on your feet to make anything work once the execution phase has been set in motion. In essence, the perfect plan does not exist, but a well thought out plan, will make situations which will eventually arise manageable.

- *Collaboration*: You might know it all, but almost certainly, you can't do it all by yourself. In running the business, I learnt first-hand, the power of collaboration. I had my focus more on managing the business brand, securing leads and designing PV systems for clients whilst I relied on trusted personnel to carry out installations where the job would stretch me, and I also depended on a third party for the supply of products. Because of established relationships, I could trust that installation jobs were in safe hands, and the quality of products was not to be worried about. Also, in the expansion of our training program to not only cover theoretical knowledge, but also hands-on training, collaboration was a key driver. Being an online business, we didn't have such facilities for physical training, so we partnered with a business which could cover where we lacked.
- *Problem-Solving*: In this line of business, it is expected that the clients would normally not have the know-how to fix issues on their own due to the technical nature of things. Complaints would come in and it would be my responsibility to ensure that the client feels that the issue is under control, and then go on to fix the issue with minimal expenditure of time, effort or money. I had to learn this skill on the job; to gain clarity as to the nature of the issue, create a checklist of possible issues, seek help from other professionals where needed, and then begin to troubleshoot based on information provided and previous experience, to pinpoint and resolve issues.
- *Integrity*: When working with people, it's hard to keep up with what you said or what you didn't, so it's always important to state your truth clearly and precisely. Whether its marketing or in stating the terms and conditions of a contract, integrity saves a lot of headache and makes life simple for everyone.
- *Work Ethic*: In the process of building the business and getting jobs done, I had to figure out how to set in place, and maintain a sustainable work ethic, especially as I had to balance between business and academics. Balancing both gives little room for being inefficient if either was going to work at an acceptable level. I had to learn how to channel my focus to get work done even when I wasn't in the mood, because deadlines are real, and in my case, missing deadlines meant losing a client's trust, valuable time, or grades in school.



Photo by Abraham Audu

At the level of **running the business**, I had to learn:

- *Financial management*: I had to learn how to cut costs without sacrificing product quality, prioritize business operations to ensure maximum return on expenditure, and to reduce overall loss and unnecessary expenditure. This was a critical skill developed especially when the business was trying to develop the solar water heater product from scratch. Decisions needed to be made not just on how they would affect the product, but also on the financial implications based on available resources at the time.
- *Negotiations*: Let's face it, every client wants the best bang for their buck. I had to learn to work with clients without having turn them off by being overbearing with what I felt was right for them, versus what they felt they needed. Also, I had to navigate the murky waters of over-promising clients just to close the deal; it's a real temptation, because being a technical business, clients don't know what to expect and I could have easily told them what they wanted to hear. In

negotiating, I had to find a way to get clients to understand the facts, and still be willing to go through with the deal, whilst maintaining decent profit margins and smiles on their faces.

- *Marketing:* During the course of the business, I relied heavily on social media marketing — organic and paid — to reach out to prospective clients using text-based ad copies, flyers and videos. Over the course of the business, I used a lifetime budget of \$312 to reach over 240,000 people with over 350,000 impressions. This led to hundreds of conversations with potential clients and built brand awareness within the locale of the business. During the process, I had to learn how to set up ads using the Facebook ads platform, write compelling ad copies and manage the feedback loop of inquiries which the ads generated.
- *Project Management & Planning:* In the course of running the business, I had to learn how to plan and implement projects such as ad campaigns, setting up the business page, developing product bundles and catalogues, and client job implementation plans.
- *Networking:* I learnt to interact with key individuals and potential clients at personal development events and online using social media platforms so as to create business opportunities and useful relationships to gain insights on how to improve the business and business processes.
- *Decision Making:* In critical times, after weighing options and consulting with knowledgeable persons, the final decisions always came down to me. I had to weigh options and make decisions on what direction the business would have to go. One of such times was the period when the business had to make a pivot from innovating from scratch, to building a business around a more established product line.



Photo by Abraham Audu

Also, **technical skills** had to come to play:

- *Grant Writing*: I learnt how to write in a compelling manner to raise funds, which was critical to secure funds needed to setup the business.
- *Solar PV System Design*: I learnt how to audit client energy needs, design systems to meet said needs and implement the solar PV system design.
- *Business Writing*: I developed business writing skills to develop business plans, business proposals, invoices, amongst other business documents required to communicate the vision of the business for business development, to reach out to clients, and professionally process business deals.
- *Basic Graphic Design*: I learnt how to use free web apps to develop simple and professional flyers and banners to reach out to clients when it wasn't necessary or cost effective to employ the services of a professional graphic designer.
- *Course Creation*: I developed the content, pipeline (landing page & e-payment system) and delivery structure for the solar engineering course which we offered.

- *Facebook Ads Setup and Management:* I employed the Facebook for Business platform to set up and manage ad campaigns, optimising to ensure maximum and quality reach on a minimal budget.

- *Basic Video Creation & Editing:* I learnt how to use mobile and PC apps to create and edit video ads to reach out to potential clients on social media platforms.



Photo by Anonymous

## Conclusion

How do you get someone to believe in you when you don't believe in yourself?

I had to build self-confidence beyond the keypad. Negotiating with people (Nigerian older adults) one-on-one and wading the communication waters, meeting an actual billionaire in Naira and not pissing my pants, making video ads, trying to get things done with other individuals at an institutional level, preparing business plans and business proposals to win clients, drafting ad copies for social media, dealing with emotional highs and lows without going bust.

These experiences have made me who I am today. They drove me to want to understand human motivations across different strata, to read books, to develop my spoken and written communication skills, exposed me to working conditions I would never have experienced if not for the business.

I may have failed to build the business to the degree I wanted to, but dare I say I failed effectively, I failed forward. Looking back, I would have loved for it to work out better, but I cannot say that I would wish it all away. Running Periva Energy Systems has built me into the thinking and developed person that I am today and for that, I am truly grateful.



Photo by Adinoyi Studio

*Article inspired by a conversation with Mr Mene Blessing, the CEO at Vetsark, international award winning Social Entrepreneur, Business Author, Educator, Farmer and Visionary Leader.*

[Business](#)  
[Entrepreneurship](#)  
[Innovation](#)  
[Renewable Energy](#)  
[Growth](#)

# On Being A God



[Abraham Audu](#)

6 min read

Aug 9, 2021

## Blasphemy!

I AM A GOD. I AM A GOD. I AM A GOD.

I had a conversation with myself a few days back, and came to the realization of those four words. Now, for something I don't really believe, it would irk me to even think the thought, but this stayed. It not only stayed, it made me feel empowered. I felt empowered to keep putting up a fight.

I decided to represent this new empowering paradigm visually, and I did. I love to express my thoughts, so I took to social media with my new found reality.

The religious mob came for me. Now, from the comments, I'm not entirely sure if the root cause of the uproar was from a fault in my theology, or their understanding of basic English, but I'd rather not go into details.

Basically, the majority assumed I equated myself with God, a rather interesting interpretation of "I AM A GOD"; emphasis on "A".



Photo by [Maan Limburg](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## **Who Do You Think You Are?**

In the words of Kanye West "...I just told you who I think I am — A GOD".

It has always been a part of human community to want to have a unified identity. This explains tribalism, nepotism, conservative stances, amongst other social phenomena. You and I are drawn to what we can identify with. We will fight whatever does not look like what we believe — sometimes without thought.

The constructs of society are necessary. These constructs keep order in place and help you and I know what to expect from the next person standing by; to trust they probably won't flip and stab you because they feel like it.

I saw this play out when I declared my god status. The average person doesn't feel like a god, so "Who dares say he is a god?" "What audacity?" "Are you saying you're more superior than I am?"

I basically think the uproar had more to do with individual ego, self-perception and self-judgement, than what I declared to be what I thought of myself. At the most basic level, my personal beliefs toward myself have little to zero effect on you, if you're okay with yourself. But if you're not, then "Who does he think he is?"

For effect, I AM A GOD.



Photo by [Ehimetalor Akhere Unuabona](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## My Six Days of Work

You know, God made what we know as reality within six days and rested on the seventh.

As a god, I have to play my part. I too have to create my sub reality in six days of work, and then rest on the seventh. You see, I'm actually quite a powerful god.

How?

With just the words of my mouth, I have the power to make people feel disturbed on the inside — as my declaration of god status has demonstrated. With my written words, I have the power to alter your world view, no matter how subtle it may seem — as my blog posts have demonstrated.

I AM A GOD, because however I choose to do my six-day god work, the earth will not remain the same. In my six days of work, I can — as I am already up to — create a new sub-reality which will directly have an effect on those who see themselves as mere mortals, and the minute elite who wake up to their god responsibilities.

I create, I decide, I discard, I approve, therefore I AM A GOD.



Photo by [Zoltan Tasi](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## I Could Be Nothing

With great power comes great responsibilities. It's hard work BEING A GOD; I have to take responsibility for my actions. When I do good and have a positive effect, I feel even more empowered. But on days when I tilt the world that little bit in the direction of darkness and destruction, it weighs down on me. It crushes, because I look at the evil thing I've done, and think "I did that, I made the world that tiny little bit worse"

There's already enough darkness in the world, and the only pathway to significance, to standing STRONG AS A GOD, is to be a person who brings light. I have the power to act, so I must act as a god who creates light and light-bearing sub-realities.

Doing otherwise would crush my very being. The weight of darkness is heavy — it crushes. It brings "judgement from God". That weight of darkness is in my opinion, a message to tell you and I — if you choose to ascend to god status — the effect such an unworthy action has on the world.

I remember negative emotions more than positive ones, and it helps me stay away from negative actions because I'm all too aware what it will cause; not just to the next person, but to me when I try to rest at night.

I AM A GOD, but I could be nothing, if I misuse my power.



Photo by [Rendiansyah](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## **My Power**

Being active and alive is way beyond living, breathing. To be alive is to have a vision and to pursue. To have an aim, to set out, and to achieve that aim.

It's a subtly remarkable thing to wake up everyday, driven by the desire to move forward. You see, it takes absolutely no effort to destroy. Nature is designed to disintegrate whatever is laid before it.

Average effort keeps me alive enough to replace deadness as it is brought about by nature. Moving forward has to do with conquering my past, understanding my present and grasping my future. That is my power.

As a god, I'm able to create a vision for the future, for who I want to be — to me, to family, to society.

My power as a god, is that I don't accept what is handed to me; I go after what I want. I can't control everything, but the least I can do is stumble toward that which I believe is noble, worthy, godly; and to die trying if I must.

It's a war of gods out here. The mortals are the pawns, the gods decide.

I AM A GOD.

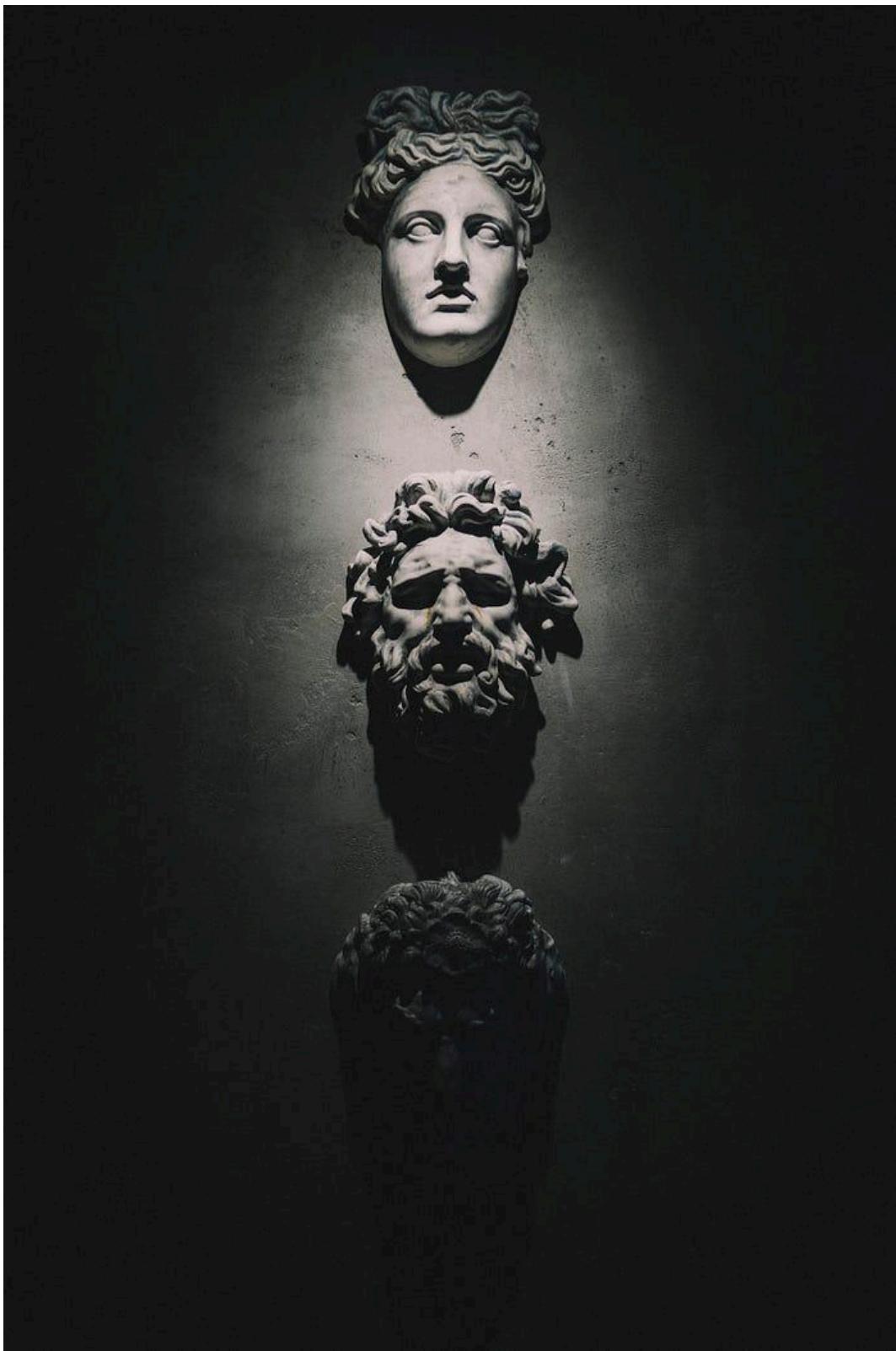


Photo by [Egor Myznik](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## **STILL A GOD**

Love me, irked out by me, I'm STILL A GOD... and kind of like God, your 'hot take' has nothing on me.

I feel powerful, it cannot be overstated. I have my six days of work. I will have my day of rest.

I will continue to create, decide, discard and approve until my vision for my sub-reality is.

I AM A GOD. I have decided that.

The question now is, "Who are you?"

# I AM A GOD

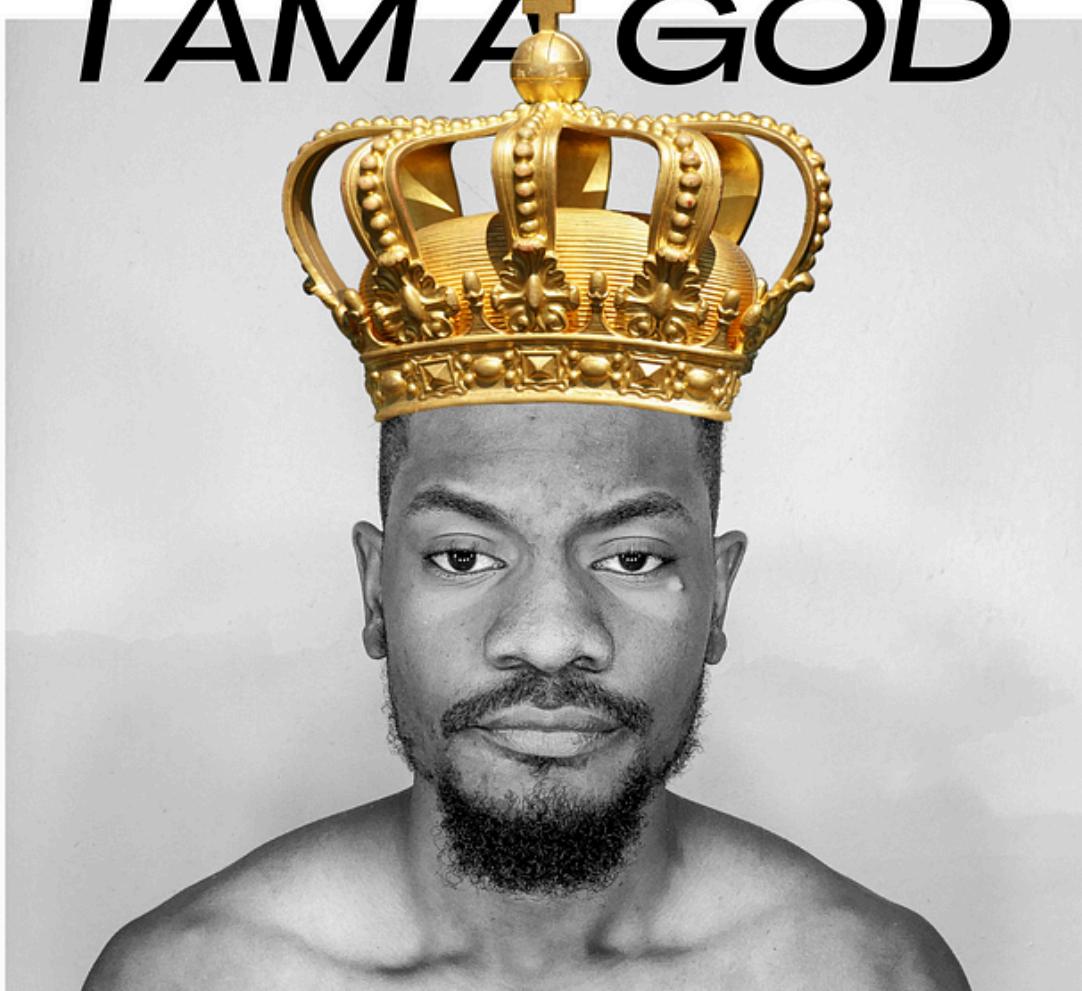


Photo by Abraham Audu

[Self Improvement](#)

[Identity](#)

[Religion](#)

[Growth](#)

[Self Esteem](#)

## To Die is Gain



[Abraham Audu](#)

8 min read

Aug 15, 2021

## Darkness

To emerge whole from a dark situation, you must fully experience the situation. The happiness economy preaches the false strength pathway; the pathway of shrugging off the slightest feeling of pain, to simply be happy at all times. I doubt the human race would be where it is today if the first day a person got eaten by a lion, we simply shrugged it off without thinking about it — without probing to see what led to what and how its reoccurrence can be prevented. I even argue that letting the pain leave its mark is a good way to ensure that you always have a reminder to not make the same mistake — especially when it has the potential to be fatal.

I have felt pain. Existential pain; doubted the efficacy of God — because I couldn't bring myself to dismiss the idea of God altogether. I have been suicidal but not really. I didn't want to die, I don't want to die, I just hate a shitty existence. Self-help and escapist theorists will come up with all sorts of unfounded shallow explanations as to why you should not allow yourself to get to this point of nihilism. But then, sometimes it's just true that life really hands it to you man.

It is also true that for every tragedy that befalls me, I have some arbitrary part to play. A part to play in the manifestation of the tragedy, and that in itself is a tragic experience. A tragic experience to the one going through the tragedy — I have to process the fact that somewhere along the line, I facilitated the evil I now experience. This is a tragedy.

Attempts at facing the rather unfortunate place I have found myself — multidimensional ill fortune — always brings me back to myself as the primary cause of it all. The summary of attempts in pursuit of the root cause of my dilemma manifests as “I exist. Therefore I am the author of my predicament” and this is true. Another recent blow and I have since lost my ability to function. I can conceive of actions to take, but my being cannot bring itself to do said actions. For doing is an act of faith. Faith in the universe. Faith in the fact that there lies some utility to what is being done. To be aware of the value of a thing and yet be unable to do, is to be in constant stark awareness that there lies no guarantee anywhere. This alone is unsettling.

I exist and do all I do, so I can exist. Tragic. But I cannot undo my existence.

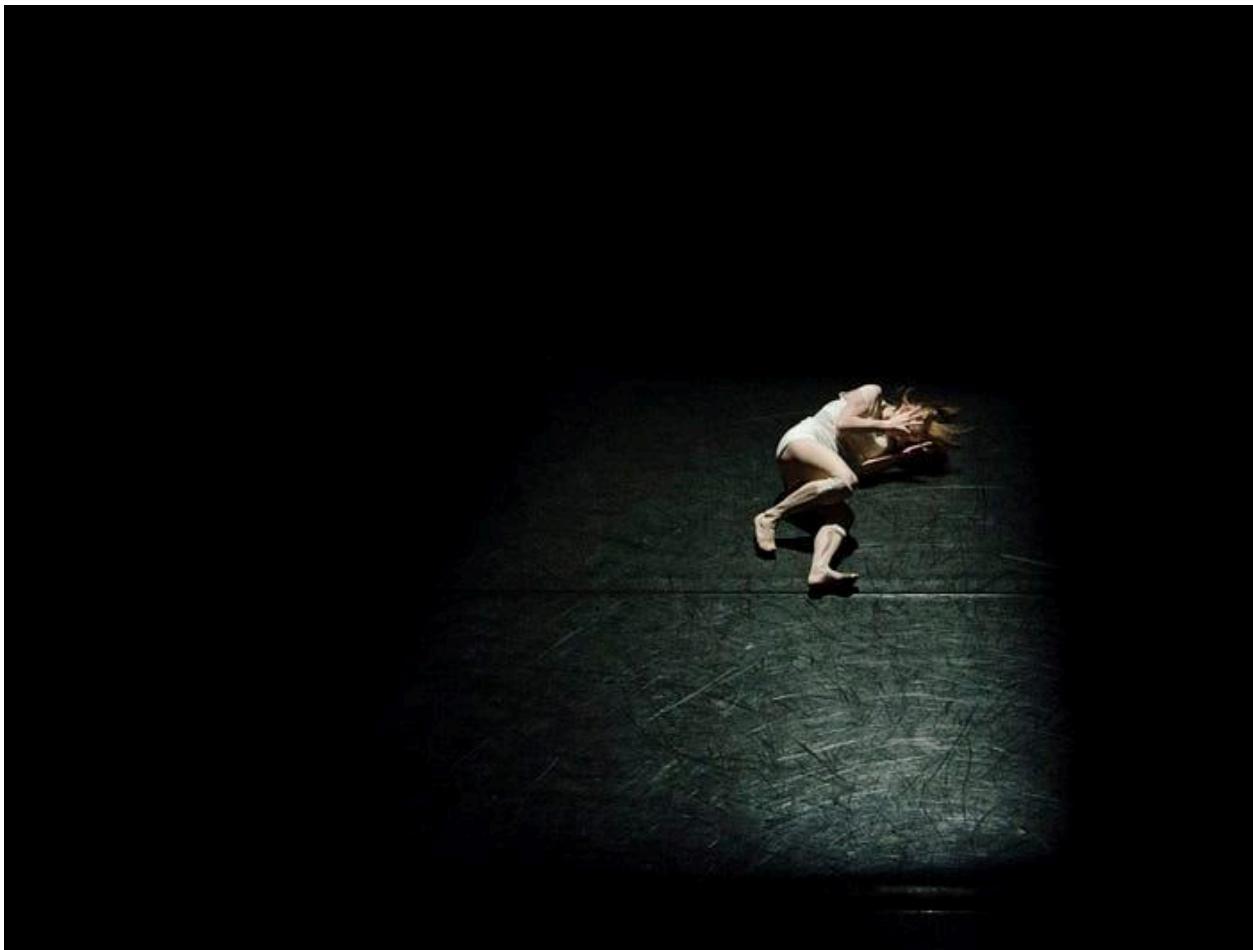


Photo by [Hailey Kean](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## To Die Daily

Herein lies the alternative:

To die to who I used to be. Undo the social fabric of my existence.

Organic life is not life. The collective human narrative is life. When you disappear from society, you're effectively dead. To be alive is to be one who contributes — negatively or positively — to the social construct we call society. To escape from this is to die. So when next you think you need to kill yourself, don't think about your organic life. In taking your organic life, you affect the fabric of society negatively and that action in itself is based on the bold assumption that you matter. If a thing truly doesn't matter, then its presence or absence truly means nothing. That my friend, is true suicide — to become non-effectual negatively or positively to the fabric of society.

This definition is so true I am excited. I have birthed the true meaning of suicide. Heroes matter. Villains matter. Nothing is nothing, and nothing doesn't matter because nothing doesn't exist. To truly commit suicide, you must evolve into nothing.

In today's fast paced world, it's fairly easy. Just leave Mark Zuckerberg's apps and you'd be surprised how you dissolve into nothing. And I mean it. Stay in your room, do nothing, leave all apps and you will truly be dead to the fabric in a few days. Like the organically dead, new threads will grow in whatever places you occupied in the fabric of society. People will move on and you will truly be dead.

Maybe then in this state of death you can truly deconstruct who you are. Commune with the deepest parts of who you are. Shave off the deadwood which made up the now dead you. Do this over and over and over and over and over and over. Then you will truly see the three things that matter to you. And perhaps the call of these three things will summon you back in the fabric. But make no mistake. You truly died. You now know the game. You are essentially a spirit in the fabric because you've returned from the dead but they don't know it. No one was paying attention when you died — they were busy doing fabric things.



Photo by [Aymeric Lamblin](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Afterlife

The bandwidth of my existence reduced by at least a magnitude of one. Did it really reduce? Or did my perception simply reorient itself. I was scared of ‘death’ at first, but when I killed myself on social media apps, everything felt real.

You see, I’m not one to claim that I have control. When I’m on social media, I compare myself, I get depressed when I’m on for too long, and I feel like my life is a huge disappointment. But when I’m not on there, I feel so great. So why try to ‘control’ my use of it, when there’s an alternative — to leave altogether.

What’s the afterlife like?

The biggest fear I had was the fear of missing out. Days in, I haven’t missed any life altering information. You see, the truth is, it’s all a nicely done façade to think you’d be disenfranchised. The really important information will always get to you. This is especially true if you have the barest minimum of true human relationships away from the web. People will call you, and if you’re normal, you’ll miss people, and reach out via calls, texts and meetups. No, you won’t miss the really important stuff.

In all honesty, social media is probably 99% white noise — inconsequential information. I really don’t need to know what’s happening in the daily life of 200 people all the time. There’s already enough drama on my own plate if I’m willing to look.

Because of all the free time now afforded me, I am able to look inward and be fully present in whatever it is I am about. My consciousness is not tethered to a dense web of uncertainty and thus I’m less anxious at all times.

In the afterlife, I do not need to lie to acquaintances 37–68 times a day saying “I’m fine”. I only need to engage in the most meaningful and engaging conversations. I no longer have to laugh emptily at memes and ‘funny’ videos; the truth is, those things are placebo excitement and are escapist at the base of it.

In being offline, I finally have an escape from keypad warriors. It’s remarkably difficult to ‘speak your mind’ during a one-on-one conversation. You must have really thought about the topic at hand, and really believe in your response, because, if your argument is shoddy, embarrassment tends to be felt more deeply in person, as opposed to behind the security of a keypad. I said this to say, I no longer have to express my thoughts and have them responded to in ways which only the security of a keypad would allow, or worse, have my thoughts ignored — maybe because the reader cannot relate.

It is also quite difficult to spend precious time venting to another individual about petty events of the day in reality, away from social media. Social media ‘stories’ allow this, but try engaging another person one-on-one about petty topics and watch the facial dissatisfaction which says ‘oh please, come off it’.

In general, I noticed a switch in my viewpoint of life. I noticed a reduced sense of nihilism in my approach to life, probably because I no longer had a consistent reminder of how my life doesn't make sense, based on the outlook of someone else's life 1,000km away from me.

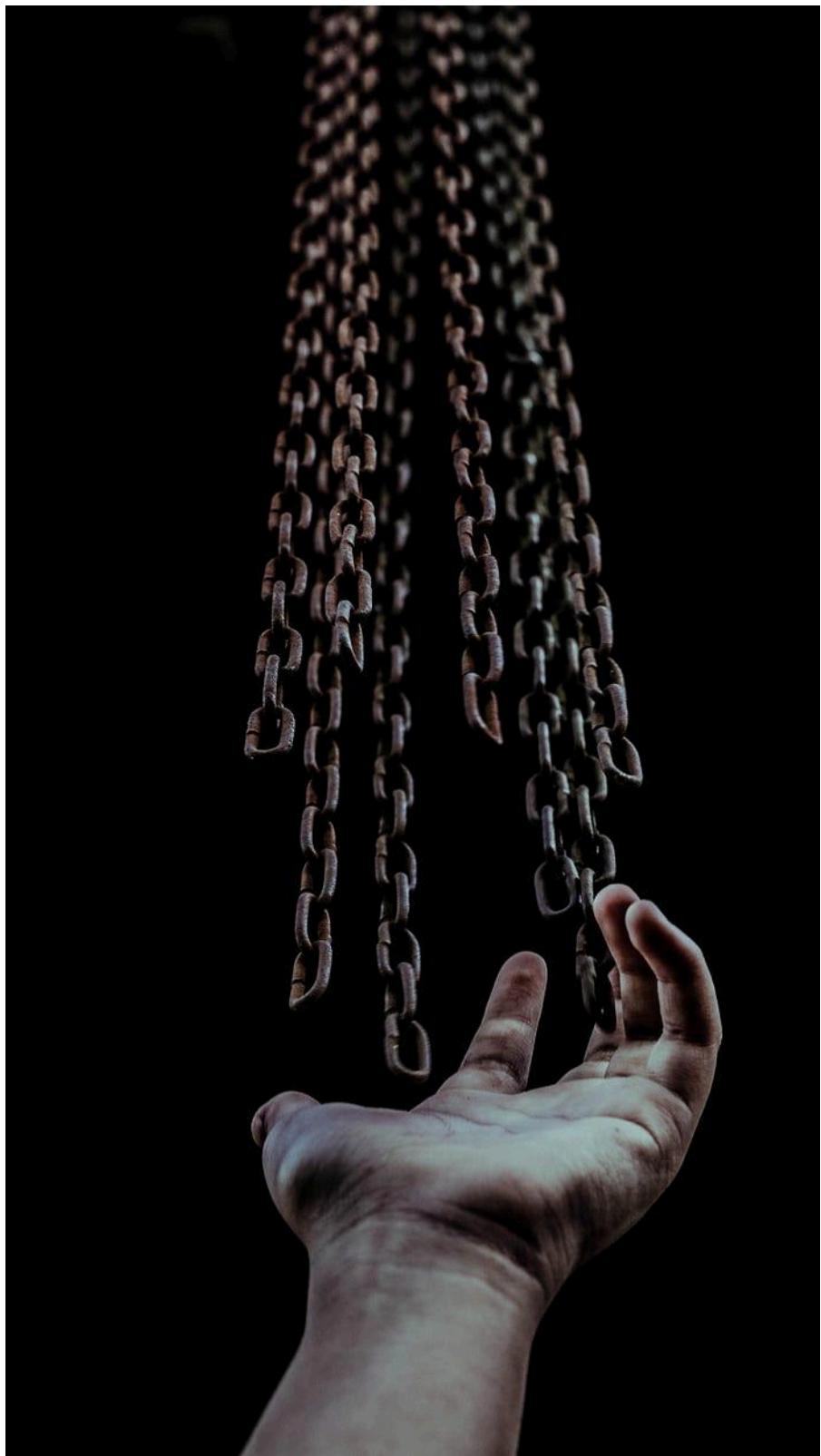


Photo by [Zulmaury Saavedra](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Resurrection

You see, my most recent disappearance from social media is not the first time I've 'killed myself'. My first experience with 'death' was in 2019, and ever since, we've had a love-hate relationship.

At some point, I always feel "okay, I'm fine now, I can return to the apps". I'd return and be in control of my life in a balanced way. But in an insidious manner, all the palpitations and anxiety and uncontrolled swiping slowly creeps up until I'm back into abyss of the machine.

Sure enough, with every loop of leaving and returning, my use pattern shifts, and more importantly, it registers even more deeply that this social media thing is not particularly healthy for me. This has been more real as I've tried to pursue more real things. Things like trying to build businesses on these apps, or trying to build a personality by expressing my thoughts and ideas on things that matter to me and possibly others. These things of 'meaning' don't get a lot of attention.

If all that's going to travel on these apps are my 'chilling' or 'fun' experiences, and not the entire message I have to pass across, then maybe resurrection isn't really worth it.

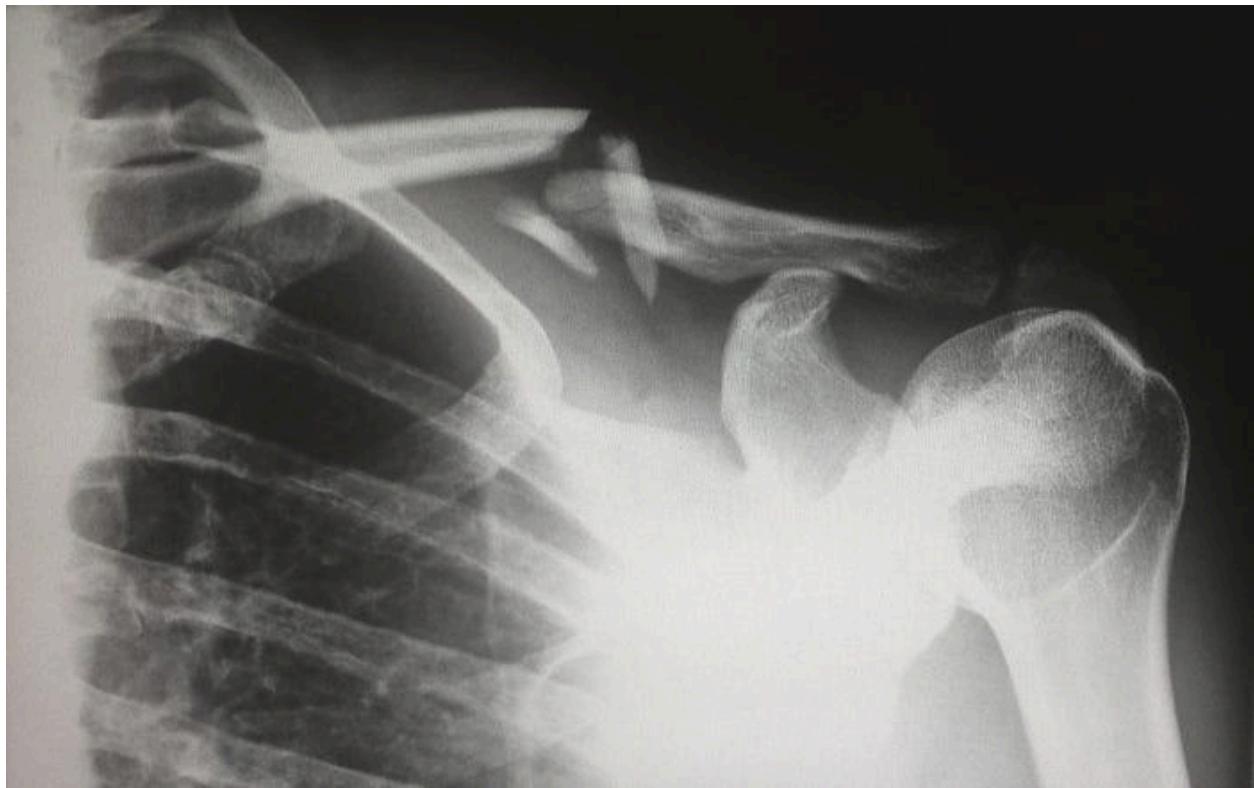


Photo by [Harlie Raethel](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Essence

I started by talking about dark mental experiences and thoughts of suicide. By the end, I swayed towards the dynamics of being a whole person, being stable and having something to offer the world.

I experienced the darkness when I was stuck deep in the social media machine. In the times I spent dead to it, I found better things to grapple with. I found things which are in no small way difficult to grapple with — possibly at the same magnitude of suicide — but these things are strong in the direction of moving me forward; things which dissolve the old me and integrate my personality.

Being away from social media gives me enough time with myself to figure out what's broken, what needs fixing and what needs to go in the trash. The power of being present is a gift. A gift which I may finally decide to fully embrace — to finally quit social media all together — because the days I have spent holding on to this gift, have been the most fulfilling days of my life.

I get to live with the true me, to interact with only those people and things which are as real as real can be.

To die to the social media machine is gain.

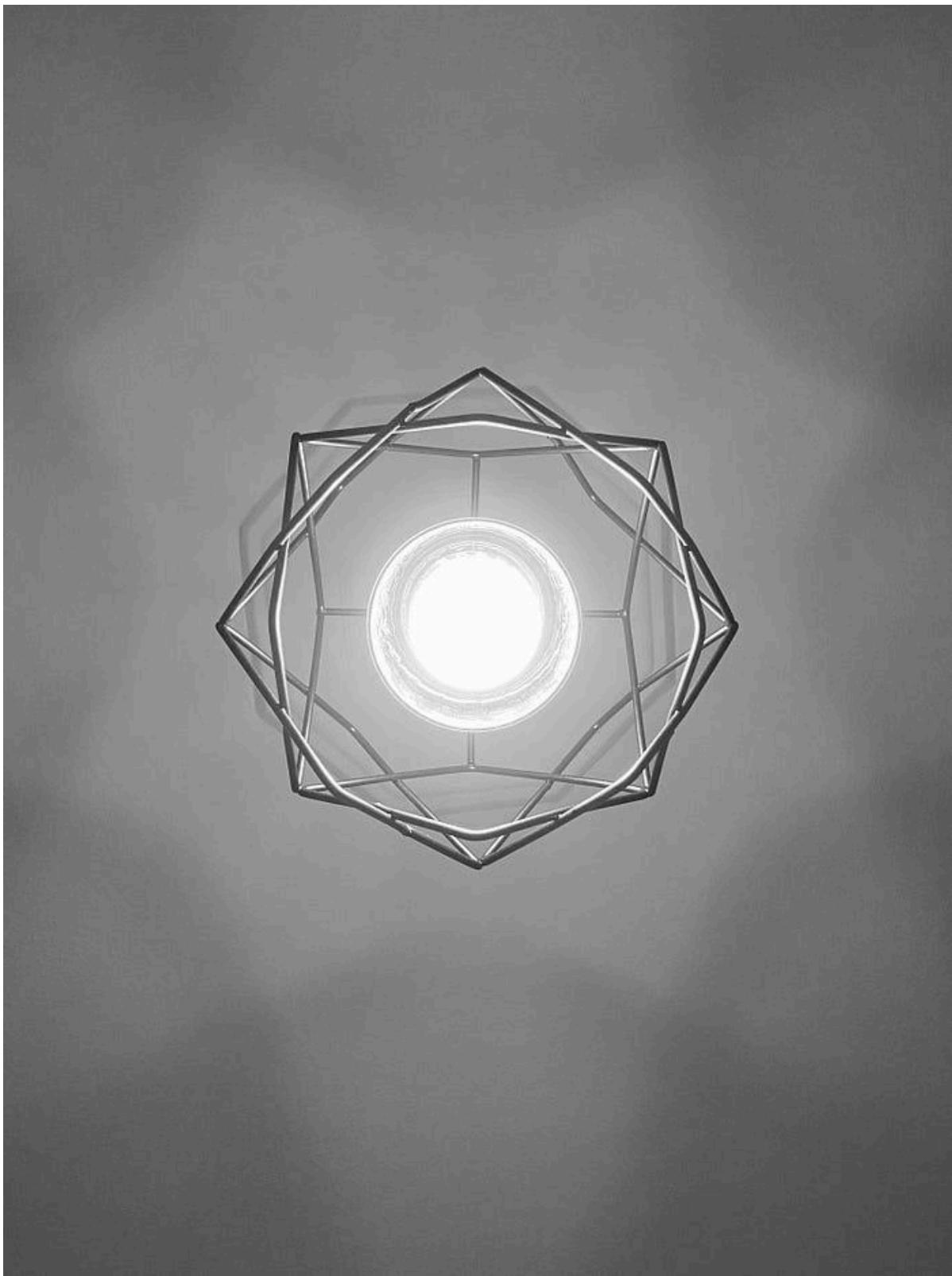


Photo by [Osman Yunus Bekcan](#) on [Unsplash](#)

**To members of my email list:** I'm currently off social media, hence, I cannot share this post to others. If you enjoyed the read, kindly forward this to others via email or social media — if you're brave enough to be on there. Cheers!

[Mwc Death](#)  
[Existentialism](#)  
[Social Media](#)  
[Self Improvement](#)  
[Mental Health](#)

# The Life



[Abraham Audu](#)

6 min read

Sep 25, 2021

You see the truth is, it is hard to deceive myself...

## Sad

It's not an absolute feeling, it's not without the exciting moments. It's more about the ten minutes before I sleep at night when I consider the events of the day, the week, the month, the year. That's when I feel sad.

I don't feel sad when I'm going outside to get bread, or when I'm having a conversation about something I enjoy, or when I'm watching a movie I like. Being sad is not an eternal feeling, it's a well timed feeling which arises when the essence of things is being distilled.

Just two days ago, I slept feeling sad, and lonely and probably suicidal. Normally, I'd wake up and be okay again, but two days ago, I woke still deeply sad. On that day, I decided to walk to class as opposed to taking public transport; I did that because I wanted to spend time with me. I arrived class late by fifteen minutes or so, and the lecturer was yet to be in class. Something about that felt sad; like, 'rushing would have been meaningless, much like everything else.'



Photo by [Annie Spratt](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Lonely

First, it's just hormones driving the desire to be with someone, then later, it's just what it is — the desire to be with someone. To share meaning, to do life with especially on the darker days.

Earlier on, I was made to feel like I wasn't adult enough to be in a relationship. I really think I never should have believed that; because I still feel like I'm not adult enough for any of that stuff. But it doesn't change the fact that I still feel the impact of that void.

I basically built my sense of reality in my more formative years — late teens — around being ashamed, so to speak, of liking someone because of all the taunting I'd get. Now I just feel like a damaged product who will probably never be able to manage anything real with anyone; because it takes being sure of yourself for someone else to be sure of you.

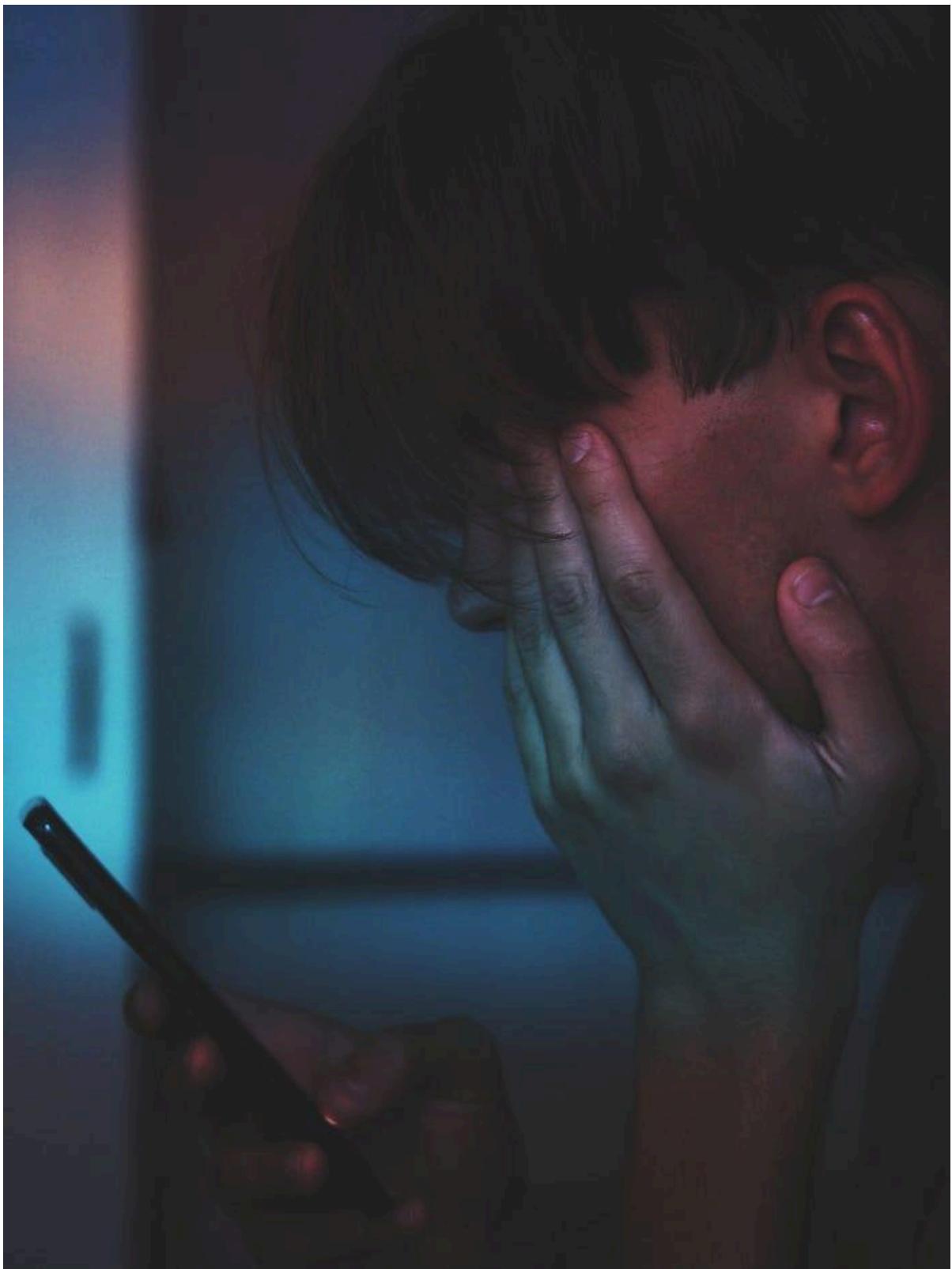


Photo by [Adrian Swancar](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Second-Rate

Nope, I just don't cut it. That's exactly how I feel in the social world and the dating world. I feel like the second-rate guy with iffy stats. Like you know, the guy you'd go for if there wasn't a better option or you're just really bored at the moment, or you know, you're just fresh out of a relationship with a 'real guy'. Yeah, the 'real guy' thing is actually a thing.

*Let me tell you a story:*

One time, there was this friend of mine — she's older — whom I had a crush on, but I never directly said anything to. So we were just hanging out one time at my place, and just talking about random stuff, then she goes "Can I ask you something?", to which I responded "Yes", and then she went "But you're not like a real guy so you won't know the answer" or something to that effect. Like, really, What The Fuck? Wow.

So there you have it, second-rate motherfucker who either can't keep a conversation going, or is actually engaged in conversation as a means to an end or whatever.

It's almost as if whenever I meet someone, I'm waiting for them to lose interest. There's the possibility that I really am just not that interesting a person, but... I think there are people worse than me who have it better in the social and dating world.



Photo by [Andrew Coop](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Suicidal

No, I'm not that stupid. I haven't thought about killing myself just because I can't figure out the dating thing — there's always the part where I become a sugar daddy at 42 or something. Which leads to my next problem; I'm broqué.

If you've read my other stories, you know I shut down my solar business. One of the reasons I did that was because it was a living representation of my failure to build something — at least in my opinion.

I wasn't 'rich', but in early 2020, I lost all my money. I put everything in one basket, and the basket sank. So I went from broke with a few luxuries to actually broke.

Being broke with some money stashed somewhere really affects how I work with life. Back then, I could literally have ₦3,000 as my budget for an entire week, third week of the month, and I'd be very fine mentally. But these days, anything less than ₦5,000 and I could go into existential angst; because All I Can See Is All I Have! Fuck.

Well, I still try to maintain a few 'luxuries' just so I don't kill myself; which is still a tempting proposition.

I lived in denial for months; couldn't get myself to do anything meaningful because I lost all belief in myself. The crypto madness didn't help; I just kept thinking "What if I still had money to invest? I could have made millions from this bull run." I felt like the poorest fucker, who'd have to explain to his kids what he did with his youth.

Shutting down my solar business was a mental statement to myself saying 'That phase is over, move on, you can be so much more'.

Now I work writing business plans, and spend half the money on feeding, because when I'm working, I don't have time to cook, so I have to eat 'expensive' food outside. So I work to eat, then eat to work.

Don't get it twisted, all this is part of me trying to be useful to myself. My parents and older siblings do a great job of meeting my needs whenever I ask; I'm always careful to show that gratitude publicly because all these struggles are an attempt at being independent.

I could simply live the bare minimum life, get feeding money from family and be a useless goat. But who wants to be a useless goat? Certainly not me.

So, yeah, back to being suicidal. I get suicidal when I think about all this, and how I probably could have done better when I had financial opportunity pre-2020.

Look, I know how to search the internet, that's how I'm able to complete market analyses for businesses I only heard about a day ago, in a day or two. So, I devoted time searching for a painless way to die. I discovered one. Diphenhydramine. It's a really cool drug; it causes painless heart attack at a high enough overdose level — ~14g. It's the active ingredient in potent sleeping pills, so it's sort of easy to purchase.

I also found a website willing to sell enough to OD on. But I'm poor so I can't afford it. What a useless irony; I'm so poor I can't even afford to die. Nice one...



Photo by [Bianca Berg](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Baby and Bath Water

I imagine that if I was both socially undesirable and useless from a utilitarian perspective, my social standing would have been much worse. At least I'm not the most useless human being around. Second-rate fucker, but I think I have my uses.

The baby in the bath water is the fact that I know I can make something of myself if I simply focus on building myself. The bath water is the fact that I think I might not even have a life to live

outside of work. There's a lot of bath water, and I hope to God that the bath water doesn't drown the baby.



Photo by [Tatiana Moreeva](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Suicide](#)

[Existential Crises](#)

[Self Esteem](#)

[Life](#)

[Regret](#)

## Things As They Are



[Abraham Audu](#)

5 min read

Oct 26, 2021

## Inception

Life is essentially a set of games. Every game has its rules. Of course you can choose not to play by the rules; but at the same time, you must realise that in choosing not to play by the rules, you have chosen to play a different game.

At every point in time, and at different levels of consequence, we're always starting something new. It might be a new course of study, a new career, a new relationship, a new day even.

I don't know about you, but in my experience, it has always been that in starting something new, I have at least a vague picture of what to expect. And if you're like me, most times it doesn't really match up. It might not be obvious at first. It might simply be a slow unnoticeable tilt in perspective which you only learn about after time has passed. Then at some point you realise, "Oh, wow, this seems kind of different than I initially imagined."



Photo by [Daniel Cheung](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## High Horse

Journeying into a new experience mostly comes with the initial phase of questioning why things are being done the way they're being done. Like, I just observe people doing stuff in a certain way. Then I wonder to myself — from a not so modest POV — "Why are these people so dumb?" or something to that effect.

You might not actually use the word 'dumb' because you're a nice person, but that's what you really want to say.

For me— the outsider — it's always easy to spot how things could be done a thousand times better.



Photo by [Good Faces](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Maverick

After observing the fallen state of things, I rise up as the saviour of the situation. To change things and make the world a better place, one new approach at a time.

But something strange happens as I move along the way; it just doesn't line up.

The never-before-thought-of ideas I brought to the table seem not to be working. The ideas are valid — at least to the extent that they should be — but the outcomes aren't saying the same thing.

But you know, I'm not one of those automatons I met on the scene who simply accepted what they were handed down. So I keep coming up with new ways to do things. I cast my bread into the waters, but all I get is soggy bread — sad.



Photo by [Rendy Novantino](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## What It Is

After bouts of unsuccessful tries, something nudges to say “bro, you have to see *what it is*”

This idea actually hit me whilst I was studying for an exam. The course seemed bulky, and it contributed to why I didn't do too well during the continuous assessment period. But as I studied from my exams, I decided to accept that I needed to know everything — at least the obviously important parts. So I watched out for the pattern, and indeed I found it.

Remember what we started with? Life is a game of games. If you choose to observe and truly decide to see what is going on, you will see the patterns of whatever 'game' you're currently playing.

It's okay to want to be different, but you must also note that if you're playing a particular game, there are rules. If you choose to create your own rules, then you're playing a different game. And that too is not a problem.

The problem is this:

Trying to play by *your rules* in a game which already has *its rules*— rather disrespectful. And it comes with its repercussions.

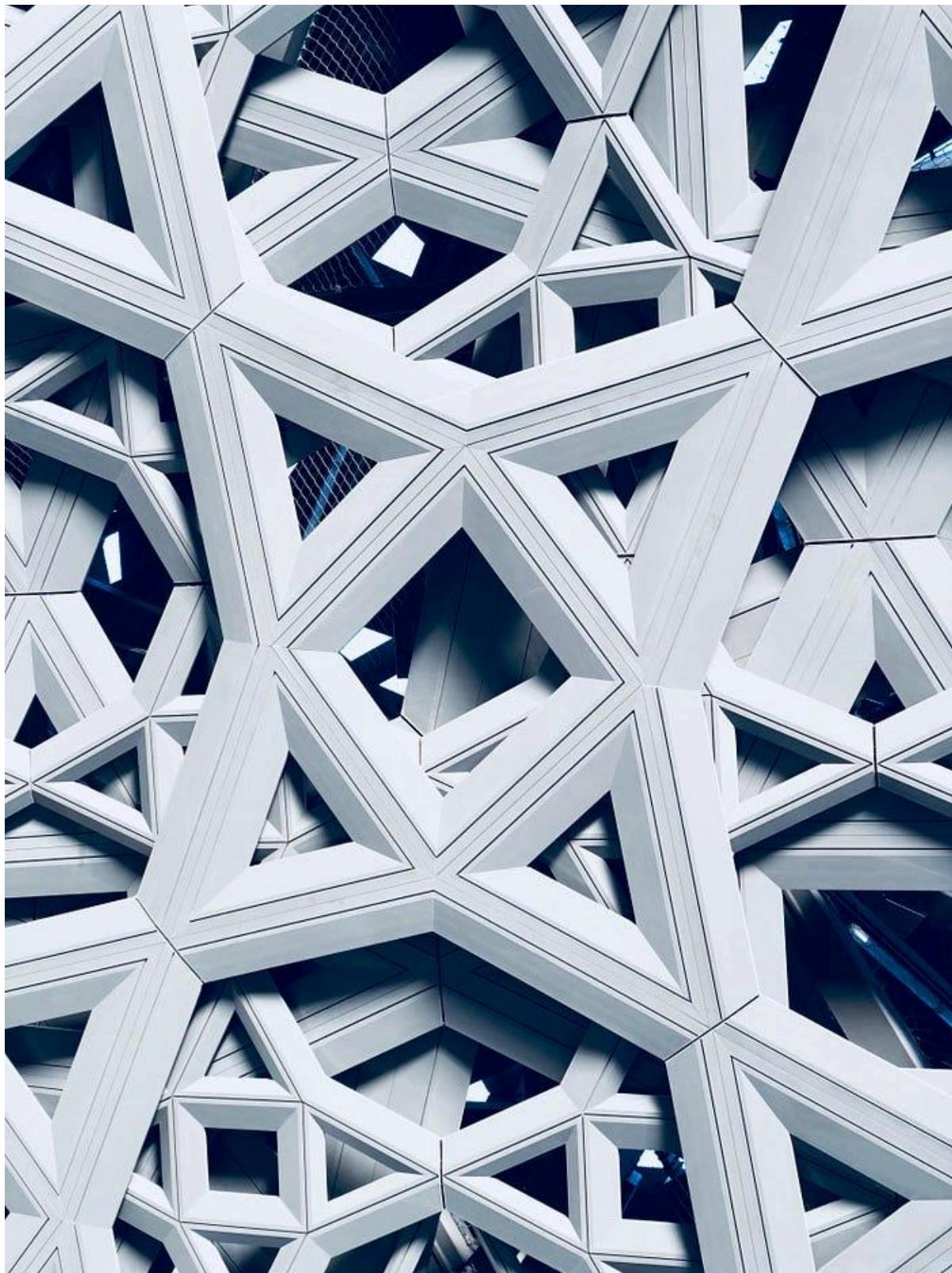


Photo by [Alvaro Pinot](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Normal is Fine

Sometimes, trying so hard to be different will simply lead you astray, cause unnecessary pain, and leave you scarred.

Look, every dog is now the most exceptional and unique human in existence — at least in their minds. Dare I say, *FUCK THAT*.

The truth is, 99.99% of people will live totally average lives. And that's if their pursuit of the 'exceptional' doesn't get them in a bad place. Technically, they still get to be exceptional — *exceptionally fucked*.

The truth about being 'great' as I have come to see it, is to accept responsibility on a daily basis. Just do what you're supposed to do. The average person already has basic desire to be a useful human being. Just follow that cue.

If it works out, great. If it doesn't, take your L. Don't try to mask it. Accept that you failed at something you tried, and it will actually give you the humility to assess what you did without bias. What did I get right? What Did I get wrong? What was simply out of my control?

Detour:

In 2020, I learnt again the art of crying. Really, I used to like being a 'strong' person, but all that wasn't so healthy. So, now, when I feel overwhelmed, I take out time to cry if it's that deep. I learnt to acknowledge my feelings. It helps

I really don't believe that the truly exceptional people wake up everyday and make themselves conscious of the fact that they're special.

Being disciplined, and accepting responsibility, seeking out opportunity and maintaining the humanness to accept defeat if and when it comes. These are all things a non-exceptional person can do. And with a little bit — really, just a little bit — of creativity and vision, the efforts will compound in either direction.

You either:

*Succeed, succeed, explode into great heights.*

OR

*Fail, fail, die.*

Success and failure don't add up — they're exponential.

In the end, unless you're truly trying to set up a new game, the pathway is simple:

Study the ‘game’ of life you want to play, understand the rules, and then simply follow those rules.

You don’t need to be ‘exceptional’ to succeed. You simply need to be a normal dude or gal, who understands the rules of the game of life they’ve decided to play, and play by those rules.

Life is not that hard.

And the play really applies to all areas of life.

All you have to do is *choose*. Choose to see what is required of you. Choose to do the needful.

And there’s nothing exceptional about that.



Photo by [Vasilios Muselimis](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Careers](#)

[Jobs](#)

[Work](#)

[Success](#)

[Potential](#)

# Thinking on Paper



[Abraham Audu](#)

4 min read

Nov 18, 2021

## First Words

Most times I like to write from a place of distilled essence; to process my thoughts and then find the message at the bottom of the thoughts. This is because I prefer to write about things at a level which will be useful regardless of the specifics.

It's been three weeks since I completed my final exams. And it's been three weird weeks. I haven't been as productive as I would have loved to be. I know there's something broken somewhere but I haven't been able to lay hold of it. And so, I will simply follow the thoughts I have in my head.



Photo by [K. Mitch Hodge](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Pile

Somehow, I've been in a very complex place. I have potential opportunities stacked up which I need to apply for. I have the ideas — well, mostly — needed to apply for these opportunities, but I just can't seem to bring myself to APPLY.



Photo by [Simon Hurry](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The BPD

Also, in what was almost like a *revelation*, I got the hint that I might actually have borderline personality disorder. In my case, I was driven to think I had it because of my pattern of relationships in the romantic sense. So I asked a couple of people I'd been rather close to — attempted relationships. Alas, they confirmed I acted how a person with BPD would act.

*How it works:*

On a steady, I'd always have this initial stage of like 'putting the person on a pedestal', accompanied by really being too careful, like 'walking on egg shells'. Then there's the fear of rejection and/or abandonment at the slightest hint of disinterest. And the hints of disinterest might actually just be machinations of my mind.

And then in a bid to not have to deal with all the complexity, I just zone out completely; mostly in a passive aggressive fashion. And then after maybe a couple of weeks, I realise "Oh, I actually like this person" and try to reach out and what not.

All this wouldn't have been a problem if the person on the other side could read minds and time stood still. Yeah, most people can't read minds, so they just take what has happened literally; the distance and the passive aggression.

And then it's just downhill from there. Conversations forced by my fear of abandonment and emotional neediness and what not.

*End.*

All this is probably the story behind why I've always asked "*What do people do in relationships?*". Because all I've ever known is *the pedestal phase*, a couple good conversations, *the downhill phase*. And I think it has happened so many times in my life, it's now almost a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Well, I'd been in oblivion of myself for years, and now I finally have an idea what's actually going on, so maybe things will be different moving forward. But I don't know though. Because it seems like I'm currently in phase where I've put someone's daughter 'on a pedestal'. And I'm kind of nervous too, so that's probably the 'egg shell' thing going on too.



Photo by [Evie S.](#) on [Unsplash](#)

# My Work

Honestly, if it only affected my romantic life, that would have been more manageable. But I think it also has a lot to do with why I've been having trouble being productive. Apparently, the *pedestal* and rapid demotion thing also follows in work.

It probably explains why I wanted to dropout in my fourth year of school. I was basically tired and would like rather die than continue schooling. I basically winged education that session. But I managed to regain interest in my final year, thanks to the lockdown break, which allowed me do other things and find myself in some regard.

Like when it stops being exciting, I just want to move on to the next thing — the next ‘cool career’.

It's been really hard for me to mentally stick to one thing. I know how to keep a good front, but mentally, my brain shifts careers often.



Photo by [Nubelson Fernandes](#) on [Unsplash](#)

# Finitione

On the one hand, I might be putting too much pressure on myself to get things right — as I've heard a few times. On the other hand, I'm 23 and time isn't stopping. So I guess I'll just keep trying to figure out how everything needs to go, to pan out well at some not too distant point.

Like I said in the first words, I couldn't bring myself to distil the essence of this thought train. Asides the therapeutic effect I felt whilst writing this, I have no idea what you should have gained by the end of this.

Maybe it gives a mental picture of the mind of a twenty-something-year-old trying to get ahead in life. Maybe you now feel you're not the only one with weird stuff going on. And maybe that's enough meaning to keep us both going.

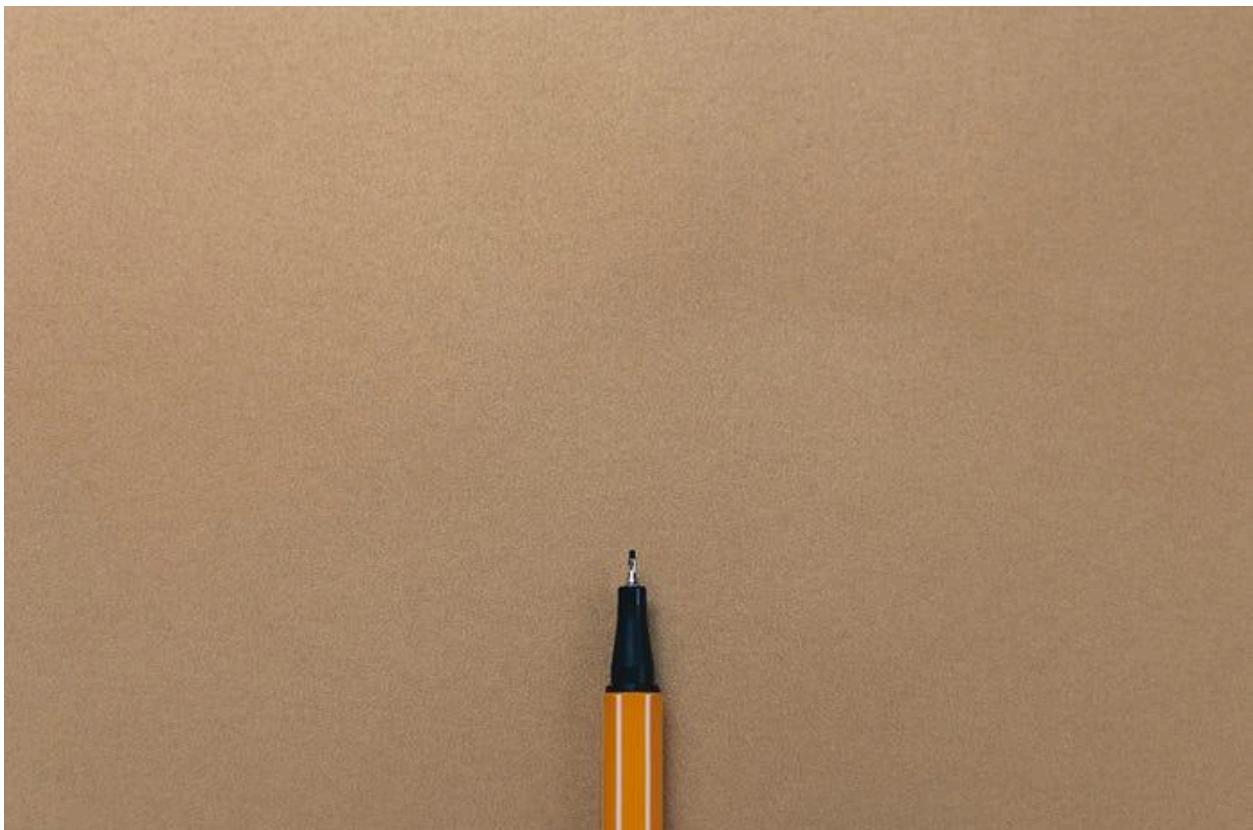


Photo by [Kelly Sikkema](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Borderline Personality](#)

[Relationships](#)

[Careers](#)

[Millennials](#)

[Mental Health](#)

# Things As They Are Pt.2



[Abraham Audu](#)

8 min read

Dec 4, 2021

As I've come to be an adult in the last two years or so — because in my opinion, I only grew bodily before — I've come to the realization of some observations:

## People

In thoughts, I came to the realization that we spend way too much time analysing the dynamics of relations with other humans. The meme culture hasn't helped with this.

Funny thing is, most times, whoever is driving the conversation skews it to fit their narrative. In reality, we're people and we are who we are. Some will be kind, others will be way too kind. Some will be *give-and-take* people and yet some others will be takers.

Some friends will be for when you want to get ahead in life, others for when you want to let off some steam. Contrary to popular belief, no one can be all things to all men, and certainly, no one can be all things to you.

In my dealings with people, I have taught myself to see things for what they are. Whatever a person presents to be — giver, give-and-take, taker — in whatever dimension of life, is who they are. They are the centre of their universe as much as I'm the centre of mine.

I find it quite pointless to *cut people off* because they can't be who I want them to be. I find it pointless because all it takes for someone who doesn't fit my idea of human interaction to not be in the picture, is time.

If I stay true to myself, and they stay true to themselves, at some point we will just not be in touch, and we will both know it wasn't anyone's fault. There'd be no violence, and like proper adults, we could still work on important stuff which is independent of constant interaction.

By default, realize that people will disappoint you — intentional or not. As a rule, when I make plans with people, I make those plans with the assumption that it has failed already. So I plan something else for that time period which might not be critical, but will be fully within my control. This way, when I'm 'disappointed', I don't spend the time being resentful, I move on to plan B. I'm not a robot, so the disappointment still hurts, but hey, I planned for it.

You are not responsible for peoples problems. To the degree that you are not God, people have problems which are independent of you — and I'm referring to personality issues here. Thus, worrying about other people's problems which you didn't cause and cannot solve, is basically a type of *Messiah complex*.

So if someone is trying to guilt-trip you, gaslight you, or make you feel bad simply because you didn't pander to their desires or fold to their expectations, that's on them. Pay no mind to that. Pay attention, understand the situation, and once you understand that it's the other person's inadequacies trying to mess things up, pay no mind. Bring it up in conversation if you care so much, and have the mental bandwidth to engage in such conversation. Most importantly, gauge if the other party has the maturity to hold such a conversation. You don't want to be dragged into a pool of mud.

Respect others. Respect yourself. Treat yourself like you're inherently important. And most of all, realise that there's a thinking person on the other side. Every word and action from them was given some thought — and if not, then they're probably not very useful even to themselves.

The thought that your opinions should be highly valued and esteemed by others is based on the assumption that you're *that* important. Instead, realise that you can contribute your quota, and it's left for whomever interacts with your opinions to decide whether it's important to them or not. You're the centre of your universe — the main character of your life — as much as the next person is the centre of theirs. Chill. Be humble.



Photo by [Diana Simumpande](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Circumstances

Things happen to people all the time. Good things, amazing things, inconsequential things, bad things, horrible things.

For every time an unexpected bad thing happens to me, one thing I've discovered is this; dwelling on how it happened and how it never should have happened, never makes it better. I've only ever felt better about bad situations when I faced them head on with intent to solve the issue, or at least understand the consequences and chart a way forward.

A good understanding of how the world works will have you spending less time worrying why *Satan* is after your life. You'll focus more on how to be less of an *idiot* so you don't get yourself in bad situations. Surely, things happen to us which are out of our control. But most times, if you're diligent enough, it traces back to something you did or didn't do.

There's no perfect way to live and we can't tell the future. In this moment, you're wise. In six years, you'll be wiser and then realise that in this moment, not so much wisdom should be attributed to you — and that's just a fact of life. As such, it is pointless to build a camp in time, stuck, regretting all your past stupidity.

You'll make mistakes. Bad things will happen to you, and so will good things. Most times, there just isn't any valid explanation. Best you can do is act in the best way you know to act and pray it all adds up for good.

Fact is, good things happen. On the days when the stars align and phenomenal good things happen, the feeling literally wipes off the pain of all the *ungood* combined. Those moments make life that little bit more worth living. You pat yourself on the back, tell a few good people, and if it's that good, you tell everyone who is willing to listen. And you gain that much more confidence in yourself and keep on doing life.

The occurrence of good gives a break from existential angst. This is because we often can't deny the existence of pain. But the existence of good eludes many. Good reassures. Good things every now and then give us the push to keep going. It doesn't even have to be the greatest good in the world; just enough to say "I see you, it's worth it, you're headed in the right direction."



Photo by [NeONBRAND](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Family

Some are happy, some are not. Some are dysfunctional but still manage to be happy. Some are dysfunctional and unhappy. Some are dysfunctional and unhappy and keep a good front. Some are unhappy and keep no filter. Some are broken.

You might even think nothing is wrong with yours. It might be true. And it might not. Maybe you just grew up that way and that how it is. Maybe if you actually give it some thought, you'd start to see the cracks. Or maybe you'd start to realise just how happy and functional your family is even though it's not that obvious.

One thing that stays true about family however is this; so long as it hasn't totally disintegrated into hell and demons, family is your best bet. Not a lot of friends and acquaintances can ever come through for you the way family can. Family is basically the Earthly representation of God; you mess up but 'grace' keeps covering for you. It takes a long — very long — stretch of wrongful actions or inactions for family to give up on you. If family ever gives up on you, 9.9 times out of 10, it's not them, it's you.

For some, your vision and that of your family align. For others, like Abraham in the bible, something — someone — calls you out. So there might be distance, but you still know who your family is. And when time comes, like Joseph, you do all you can to look out for your family.



Photo by [eberhard grossgasteiger](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Things

Things are things. They're tools. They're toys. They hold no meaning existentially. I've wanted things I thought would *change my life forever*. Then I got them and I still got sad the next week.

I like nice things. I want a grey and white themed minimalist apartment, with a home workstation, and nice sofa with a window TV in front of it for Netflix and chill moments with the love of my life.

But most importantly, I've found that I enjoy nice things when I'm having a nice life to go with it, just like the '*love of my life*' part in the last paragraph.

At this present moment, internet, electricity, my laptop, mobile phone and music box are more than enough things for me. Like once I eat, and I have these things, I really don't feel like anything is missing in my life.

It's how I've simplified my life. These basics are like the '*food, clothing and shelter*' of *things* for me.

I like nice things, but I try not to focus on them, because it always ends with me focusing on the future, as opposed to what I can achieve with what I have right now, to achieve what I want.



Photo by [Karsten Winegeart](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Acceptance

On people, I'm not the perfect person. To some I give, with some it's transactional, and from others I take. And the nature of my interactions with the same person switches on different days and in different settings. I have opinions, but others don't have to care, and it shouldn't hurt me.

On circumstances, I try to accept and chart a way forward as opposed to sulking and wishing them away.

On family, I'm not the best family member. I try not to ask too much. And I try to not be too deep in murky situations. I like to be able to slip out and breathe.

On things, I don't have a lot of them. And I try no to think about them too much, so they don't get in my way of having them.

I'm not necessarily exceptional. I just want to fulfil my obligations daily. I may do it miserably, but as long as I keep doing, I know it'll compound and I'll end up in a good — possibly even great — place as time progresses.

I stopped being a naïve idealist, I became an adult. I have decided to see things for what they are.



Photo by [Katie Moum](#) on [Unsplash](#)  
[Adulthood](#)  
[Existentialism](#)

[Family](#)  
[People](#)  
[Relationships](#)

# The Aim Dilemma



[Abraham Audu](#)

6 min read

Jan 6, 2022

## All Things to All Men

If you're like me, then at some point, you must have felt like you've got a number of things you could become really good at if you put your mind to any one of them.

It might not be true. And even if it was true, it's common knowledge that it takes time and focused practice to become good at anything. Thus, in trying to pursue every possibility that presents itself to you, there are two possibilities; you either become all things to all men, or nothing to all men.

Sure, if you're able to master everything that presents itself to you, you could become all things to all men. But between you and me, we both know the most tenable outcome is that you spend what could be some of the most useful parts of your youth being distracted by shiny paths which you never fully explore. And then at some point, you realise you know a little about a lot, but not enough to be particularly useful to anyone across these fields of knowledge or practice.

It's not very practical to want to be all things to all men.

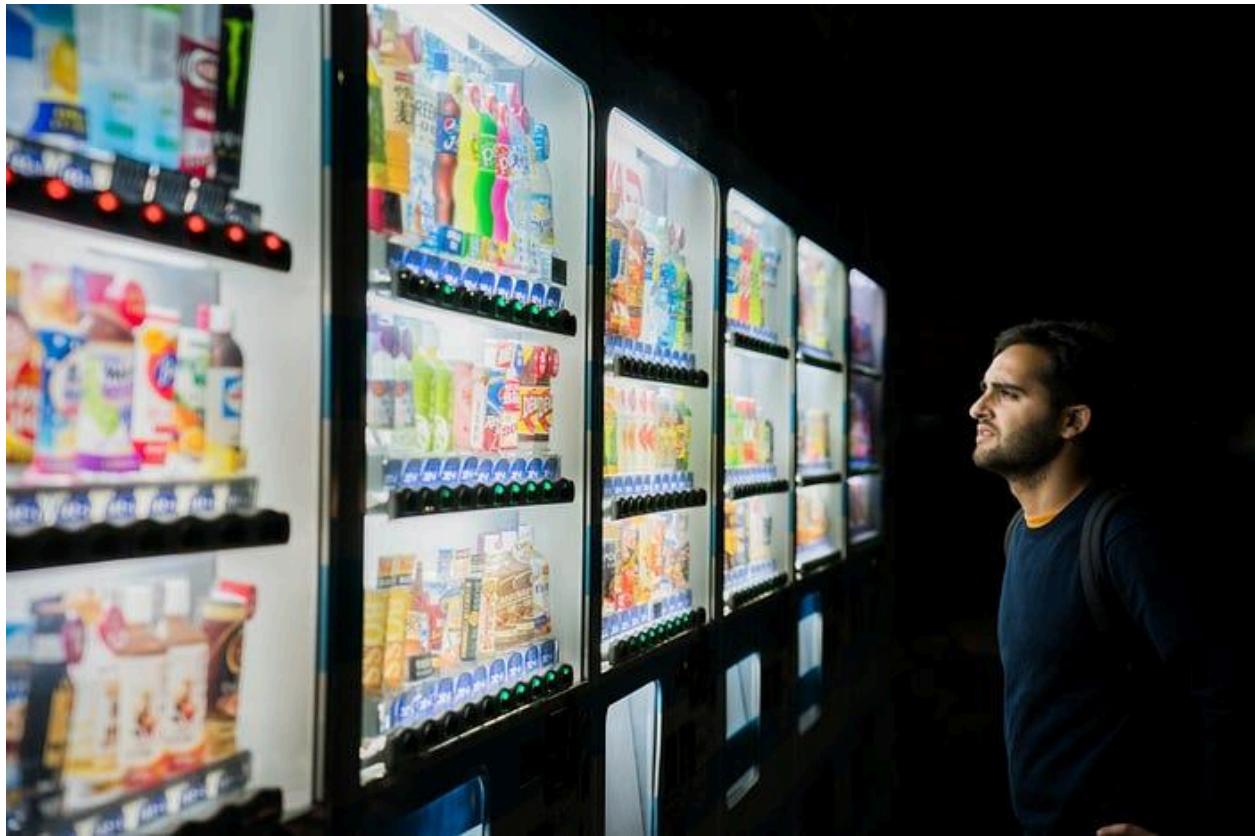


Photo by [Victoriano Izquierdo](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The List

In conversation with a number of people between 2020 and now, I've talked with them on ways to attempt to fix this. One method I've used myself and then recommended to people who have had the conversation on pathways with me, is the *list strategy*. It's a very simple and straightforward approach to narrowing down the options of who you could be.

It basically involves drawing up a list of all the pathways which have tickled your fancy as potential ways to be. Once you have done this, you then dedicate a period of your life to practically try out each pathway on your list. It could be six months, a year, two years — depending on how long your list is.

So as you run through each potential pathway, something that becomes quickly obvious to you is this; some of the pathways which seemed really sexy on paper or mentally, don't exactly pan out the way you thought they would. And at the same time, others turn out to be really great. In this way, you'd dedicate time to experiment and let the answer present itself to you — so to speak.

It might be important to add that in making your final choice, it shouldn't be fuelled too much by the financial reward. The financial prospects is an important factor. So go to a neighbourhood of life pathways with good financial prospects, and then find one you love.

It's important to pick what you love. Because if it's something you plan to do everyday for the next decade or more, it better not be something that constantly drains your will to live. It doesn't have to be a diehard passion, but something that at least gets you going mentally whilst you're at it.



Photo by [Omotayo Kofoworola](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Perspective

In going through the process of finding out who you are and what you want to pursue in the foreseeable future, it is important to note that the world will not stop moving.

So whilst you're trying to figure out what to do with your life, others who 'have it figured' will be doing great things out there whilst it looks like you're having an identity crisis. And if we're going to be honest, *you are having an identity crisis*. But the good thing is you're in the process of managing it.

Look, I know you don't care what other people are doing around you and you're simply focused on yourself. But hey, it's just you and me here, no need to pose for the camera, comparison is literally how we got here as a society. It's how we define what's sane and what's insane. So don't lie to yourself. Accept that it can hurt when your peers are doing stuff, and you're really just in the mud.

Acceptance is the first step towards being in control. Accept that you're experimenting. Accept that you're applying a strategy to stave off FOMO and ensure your long-term happiness.

Because when you're done with that six-month or one-year period of 'madness', you'll be able to focus your energy and attention on a narrow spectrum of activities. And God only knows how much can be achieved when you're single-minded and moving in one direction.

And when it comes time to go out, don't hesitate. Don't self-sabotage and don't hold back. When you've chosen a path, go at it with all you've got. Put yourself out there and aim to be a the top of the game.

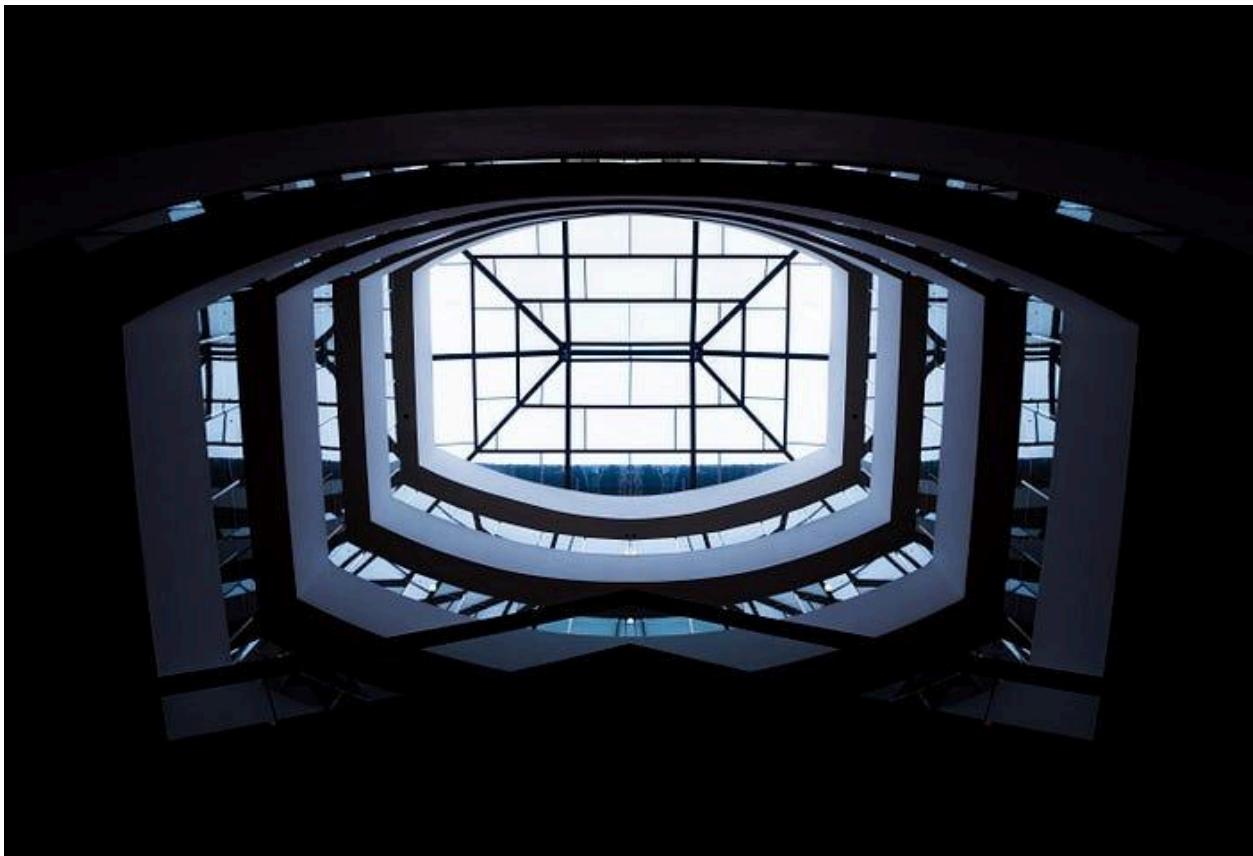


Photo by [geraldo stanislas](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Side Chick

Truth is, even when you think you've figured it out, in times when things aren't going as smooth as they should in your chosen pathway, something sexy will always pop up as a 'better' alternative to what you have chosen to run with.

Like the popular notion that the person you cheat with is almost certainly not as hot as the person you're supposed to be committed to, you must remember that the life pathway you're about to cheat with is most definitely not as sexy as the pathway you're on.

You have to consciously remind yourself.

This type of occurrence is probably just your anxiety trying to catch you off guard. It might be that you're going through burnout and just need some time to think about why you started doing what you're doing in the first place.



Photo by [Dan Barrett](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Journey

So what are you supposed to do with this information?

Well, for starters, if you're really trying to figure out what to do with your life, draw up a list and carry out the experiment.

If you're trying to figure out, at a micro level, what to do with the next three months or six months of your life within a pathway you have chosen, draw up a list. Choose the items that are most essential to your journey, and the chronological pattern with which you will approach them and discard the rest.

When you realise that for every aspect of your life that thrives, some other aspect dies, it becomes very easy to appreciate how easy it should be to discard whatever does not align with where you want to be. Because feeding a non-essential activity is directly starving an essential one.

Life is not a zero sum game, but your focus is.

Make that list, experiment, solve for FOMO, pick an aim.

Sacrifice one year of your life 'in the nonsense' so you can have the next 10 heading in an uptrend direction.

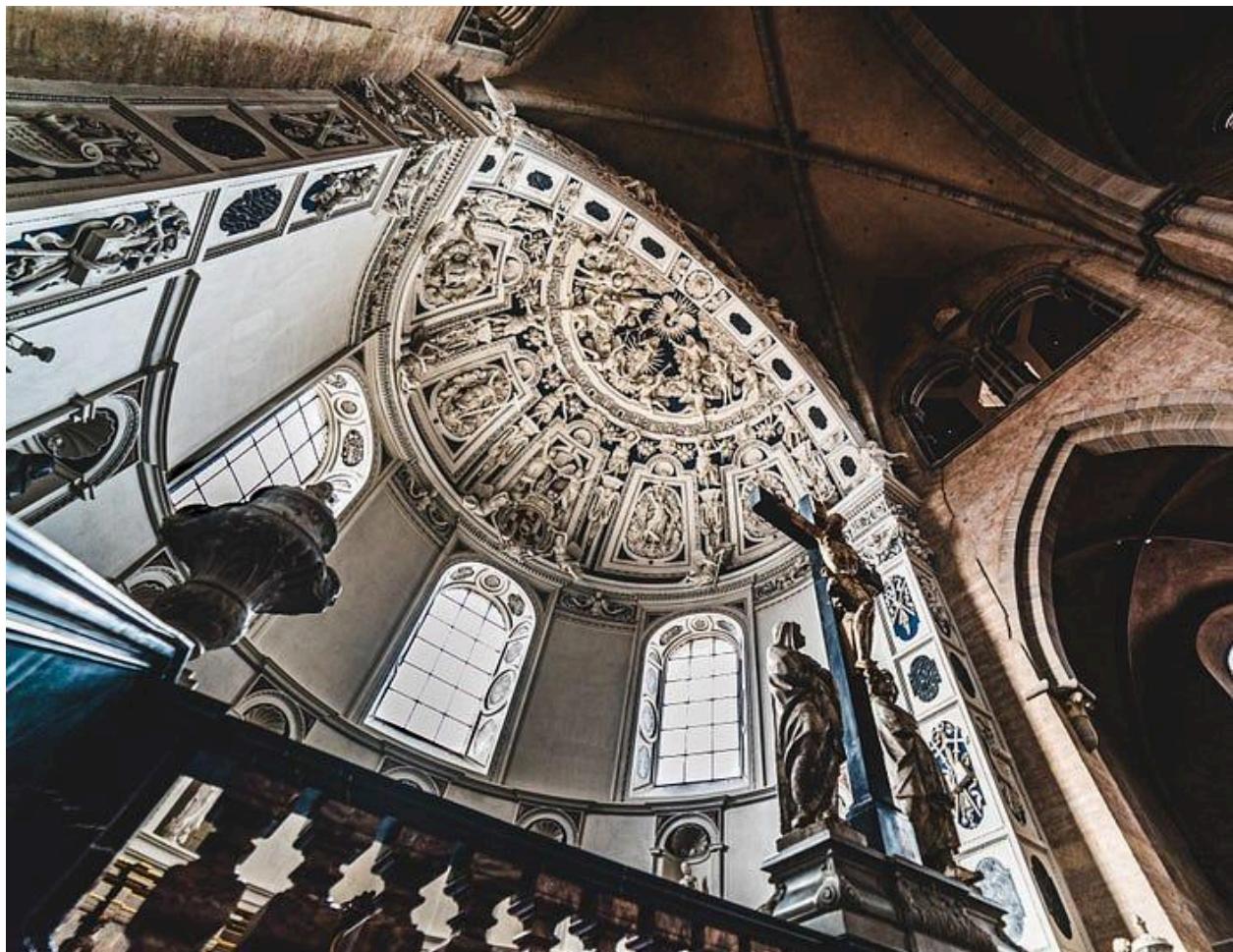


Photo by [Mika Baumeister](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Careers](#)

[Career Advice](#)

[Focus](#)

[Identity](#)

[Future](#)

# Humility



[Abraham Audu](#)

5 min read

·  
Apr 16, 2022

## God

In the middle of last year, I took the bold step of airing my unfiltered views about how I perceived God [[read here if you haven't](#)]. It came with a lot of backlash, but at least I was no longer 'caged' like the many other people who had reservations about God, but couldn't air their views, for fear of what people around them would say.

It's safe to say I'm slowly healing my relationship with God. At the least, I'm starting to manage my resentment. I now go to church as much as I can — although I still don't feel even a drop of guilt when I miss church. Well, I moved to a new city and changed church, so yeah, that probably helped me. The breath of fresh air probably made it easier.

At the base of it all though, my definition of who God is to me, still hasn't changed much. At least now I also think that in the most chaotic of situations where I really don't know what I'm doing and then I find my way out, I try to think God stepped in to help. Although that could simply be my self doubt trying to give someone else the credit — maybe it's all just me and subliminal experiences.

Nonetheless, it's socially — and sometimes mentally — easier to believe God.



Photo by [Cherry Laithang](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Vision

“What is your vision for your life?”

What is my vision for my life? How dare you ask such a question? Who has a vision for their life?

The current vision for my life is to simply get my act together. Imagine if you will with me for a minute, two friends playing a game of football on a console, one of them is obviously in control of the game and the other just randomly taps buttons on the controller to try, in hopes of getting something positive done.

Life is the guy in control, and I'm the clueless fuck.

I know what I want to be doing with my life. To explicitly state it, I want to be a data scientist. There you have it, I have now stated the condition for failure. Failure is to not become a data scientist.

It's been like six months of actively — at least mentally — trying to pursue this goal, and as it stands, I'm doing a shit job at it.

So yeah, back to the vision:

The vision is to become a junior data scientist in 2022/2023 and then work my way up, build enough financial structures to earn a good living passively, including other asset classes in investments. And then possibly down the line, build a start-up, the way it's done — not the trenches way.

I have become very precise, and I have now explicitly stated the conditions for failure or success. Great.



Photo by [Rahul Bhosale](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Humility

Egomaniac.

Moving to a new city where no one knew me really put me in check. I was (still am) relatively without a hard skill which would translate into having a great life, but somehow, I really just had this entitlement mentality that life had to give me stuff. Why bro? Why?

Well, being totally unknown in a new city, made me realise I was easily just another guy. Humbling stuff.

NYSC camp was an even stronger version.

In camp, the precise number of days I kept to myself in my own little world, were the precise number of days I stayed friendless. Basically, camp was a zero fucks given zone. I had to deliberately put myself out there, go out of my way — mentally — to talk to people, to make friends.

I have to be humble and do same with my vision for my life — because it doesn't give two fucks too.

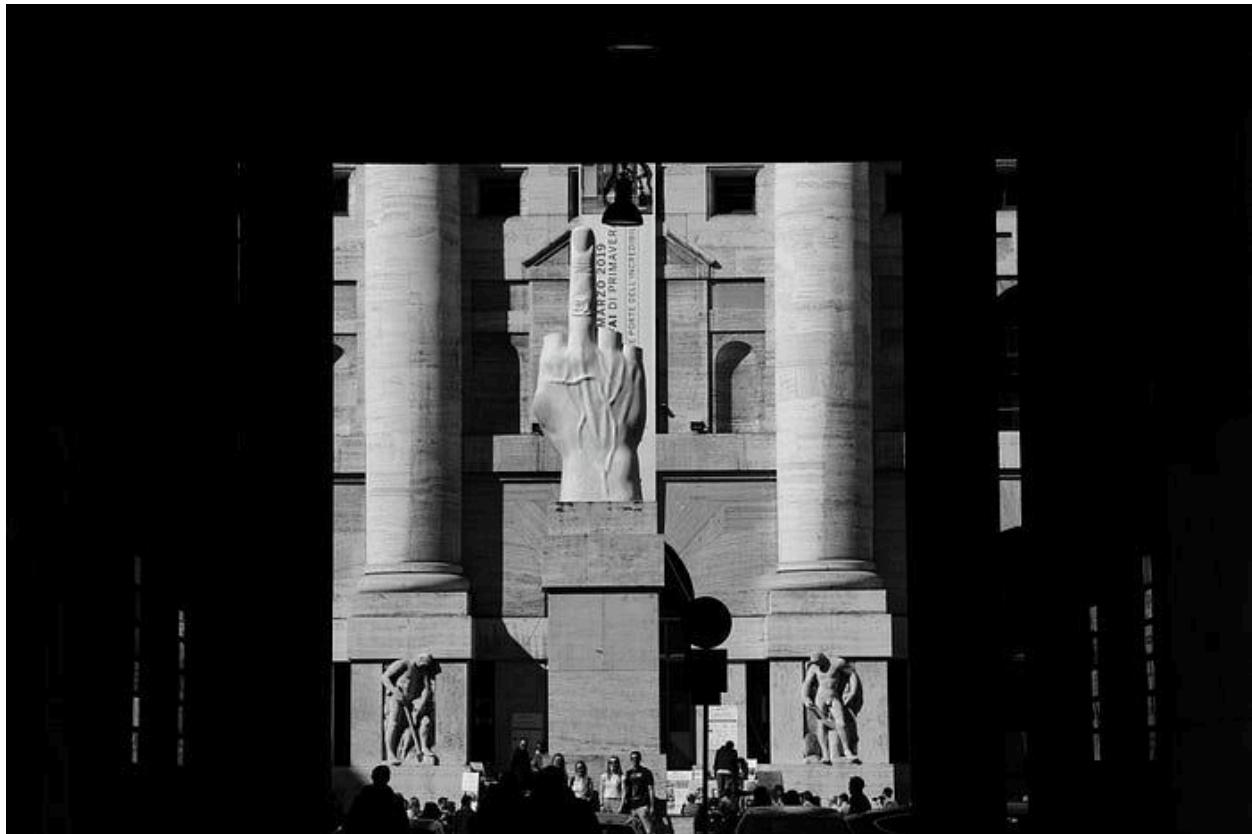


Photo by [Simone Pellegrini](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Perspective

My lot is in my hands.

This viewpoint has only recently started becoming my default state of reasoning. I'm really now an adult adult and I must make my own decisions, and my decisions — good or bad, with their attendant consequences — are mine to deal with.

Hesitation simply delays the inevitable. So when I'm faced with a difficult situation, it is best to decide as early as possible. This is to reduce the level of ambiguity I have to face — to know

which fire to quench, and what part of my life I have to let the fire consume — something's got to give. For every part of my life that's growing, some other part must be dying.



Photo by [Tingey Injury Law Firm](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Consistency

To succeed on this journey to aligning my life to become a data scientist, I must maintain the humility required to be consistent. Consistent at my workplace, and consistent with my personal learning plan.

Failure to do this will lead to failure to hit my career goal.

Everything standing in the way of this goal must give way. And I have already made some big decisions in this light, and I'm willing to make more of such decisions.

Also, as a side note, I want to dye my hair for the fun of it — because I can.



Photo by [Omid H](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Life](#)

[Data Science](#)

[Careers](#)

[Quarter Life Crisis](#)

[Adulting](#)

# Purple Cow



[Abraham Audu](#)

6 min read

Apr 25, 2022

## Why? Why Not?

“You will die.” Will I?

Well, yeah, that sounds a lot like the conversation between Eve and the serpent. I grew up in a rather conservative setting, and honestly, even some of the things which should be considered regular feel like a sin against ‘God’? ‘Society’? I don’t know...

Yes. I dyed my hair as a personal and social experiment.

I’d been nursing the idea for about five, six months. I finally decided I was going to do it, and I would not let my hyper-conservative ‘conscience’ talk me out of it this time.

I dressed up, headed to the salon and had it done — all the while ignoring whatever audio was playing in my mind.

I got home at night, so I couldn’t take clear photos. I made a couple of snaps and I uploaded them online though. Many thought they were edited photos — because I pulled that prank sometime ago.

Then I uploaded Sunday pictures and videos. Only then did it hit people online that I really did it.

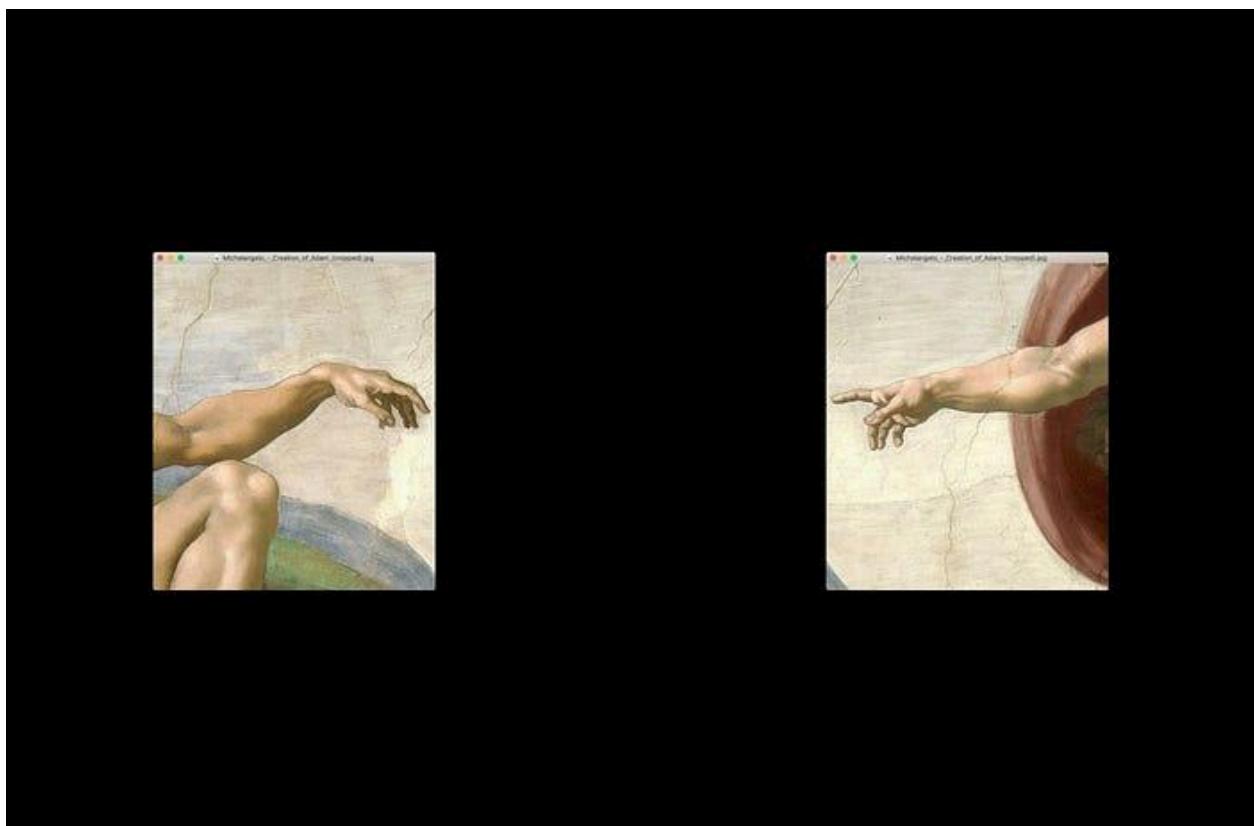


Photo by [visuals](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Self

To be honest, it kind of irked me every time I looked in the mirror and saw blonde!

I don't think I got used to it at any point, although I loved how it looked in pictures and all. Sometimes I'd forget, and then shock myself when I pass in front of a mirror or any reflective surface.

To be honest, it was quite the eye opener for me. I defied my fears. I did it — I made a decision I knew some people would fight. It was a sort of reassuring process that I was an adult who could make decisions. As a child, there would be immediate drastic consequences for such action — so I guess I had to do this to be sure.

It might seem like an immature way to go about the realisation phase, considering the fact that I'm 23, but hey, it was an easy option.



Photo by [Yuval Zukerman](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Father

I live in a different city from my parents.

Two days or so into my experiment, I received a call from my dad. Apparently, he found out from my mom that I had dyed my hair. He seemed disappointed or something close. But as the saying goes:

“Na wetin go make them say ‘**I am disappointed in you**’ I wan dey do now”

He said to cut it or ‘do something’ about it. I gave non-definitive answers like ‘okay’, ‘yes sir’. I even threw in a silly excuse like ‘I just made it and the chemical is still fresh so I can’t do anything for now’.

All my theatrics were a sneaky way of saying, ‘*Nah fam, I’m not going to do anything about it*’, without being direct — because what’s the point of inciting direct violence over hair colour? Let’s leave such for deeper topics.

We haven’t talked about it since then.



Photo by [Tungsten Rising](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Office — The Boss, Really

At the time, I was an intern at a data analytics firm.

The first day at the office with my new look was okay, with a sprinkle of subtle ‘WTF bro?’ from guys in the office in surprise.

Also, my boss tried — he really did — but he couldn’t hide the low-key dislike for my new hair colour.

For the few days he was around before he travelled, he threw in the occasional subtle life advice here and there — you know, just in case I had actually lost focus or something.



Photo by [Kara Eads](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Society

In summary, people stare a lot; and some will murder you with their eyes — or fail to resist the urge to express how nice you look.

It started with church on Sunday. As I approached the entrance, the media guys gestured to me to strike a pose — what do you know? Mini celebrity? I like to see it. At the end of service, I got a good number of “*I love [or like] your hair!*” comments.

I proceeded to get snapped some fire photos. Social media liked it.

I do cabs a lot, so during the week, a good number of people in cabs would throw in the “*I love your hair*” line — I think I started feeling special, I-o-I.

Also, there’s this canteen I always go to during lunch time at work. There’s this waiter there, he’s probably 19 or 20 and always looks at me with the “I want to be like you bro” vibes. When he saw my new hair, it was all over him as he said “*Wow! Awesome hair!*” with excitement — it felt nice.

Not many people know this — or might agree with it — but I’ve always struggled with walking in public places even on regular days. I’d often get hyper self-conscious and all. It’s probably one of the reasons I always walked fast during my university days — too many people!

That said, it’s hard to not get noticed when your hair is glowing blonde in a sea of dark heads. I had to constantly avoid eye contact from people who couldn’t help but stare. More often than not, whenever they were close enough, I’d greet or gesture at them — I see you bro [or sis], your stare is obvious.

Also, I found it particularly hard to make the journey into or out of the gate of the apartment complex I stay. The security guys always gave me ‘the look’. I made it a point of duty to greet and walk past them like I didn’t know what was up. But damn, I’m too much of an agreeable person to ignore such judgemental stares!



Photo by [Etienne Girardet](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The End

At some point, I just felt like, you know, enough of the discomfort and all. I switched back to dark hair.

Like magic, as I walked back home, I had suddenly become invisible once again. No more stares, I could now walk with my head up, without depleting my willpower reserves.

As I passed by the gate after returning to dark hair, the particular security guy with the worst of the judgemental looks went "*You don't change am back?*" with a smile and a demeanour which screamed 'the lost soul has returned', l-o-l.

My mom saw a picture of me with dark hair, and called to be sure it was really happening. Only God knows the thoughts those old folks have been harbouring about me all week. Prodigal son? L-O-L.



Photo by [Janay Peters](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Moral Lesson

The two things to take away from the week-long experiment:

The first is that it takes a lot of courage and will-power to be unmistakeably different and go on being about your life. Probably a glimpse into how physically disabled or disfigured people feel all the time — kudos to people who have to go through such, and without an exit option.

Two, it's not really hard to be popular — just do crazy shit often. And it explains why celebrities do the things they do, amongst other things.

As a bonus, yeah, it was a practical lesson as to the fact that, yes, as an adult, you can do whatever you like. But, you must also sustain the ‘adulthood’ to deal with whatever comes with the decisions you make.

I always thought I didn't care much about opinions. Maybe I don't care what you think about my WhatsApp status or Instagram post, but I kind of, sort of, care about physical confrontation — direct or subtle.

Let's see how this plays out into future decisions and what not.

My account from living with dyed hair for a week in Nigeria.

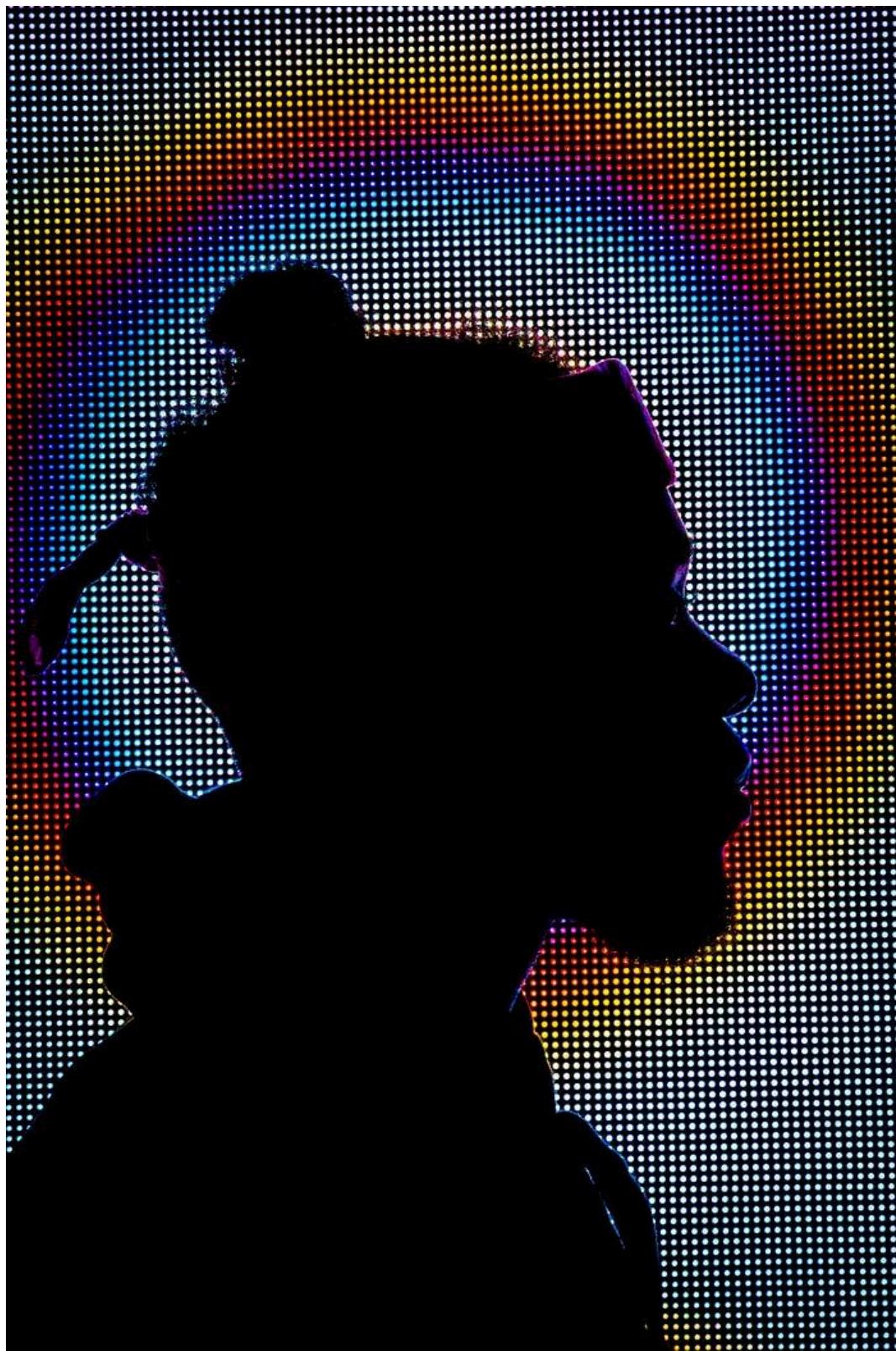


Photo by [Drew Dizzy Graham](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Choices](#)  
[Adulting](#)  
[Society](#)  
[Judgement](#)  
[Social Experiment](#)

# Lost Cause

## 350mg Diphenhydramine



[Abraham Audu](#)

5 min read

May 17, 2022

### Resentment

It took me a long time but I finally realised why funny videos and skits had the opposite effect on me at the deepest levels. “Who the fuck are you to be happy when I’m not? Motherfucker what’s funny?” — basically what goes on in my head.

It’s shocking to me, but damn, I think I’m finally realizing how people get to be 36, dark, bitter and resentful. Funny thing is, I’m at least 13 years away from that abysmal place.

God’s honest truth, my actions suggest I’ve finally lost faith in myself.

I’m literally anxious! like I hear a normal random sound and go “hoo!” in fear. I can’t sleep. Went through last week with sleeping pills. The pharmacist prescribed 100mg diphenhydramine before bed. Two days in, I upped the dosage to 200mg. By the fifth day, I basically just wanted to not wake up — so I took 350mg of diphenhydramine. From my research, it would take 7000mg to OD on it, so technically I wasn’t going to die — I knew — I just hoped I would.

Like I just think whatever the fuck I’m doing — with my life — is a waste of time.

At some point after the 350mg thing, I had to breathe consciously... I had breakout sweats, and my body felt light, like I wasn’t my regular weight — Maybe a bit close to heaven? lol. I couldn’t

focus, my heart would race upon standing up from a sitting or lying position, I had shaky hands and mild hallucinations like objects flying across or an incongruent voice — basically some Hollywood type shit.



Photo by [MARCIN CZERNIAWSKI](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Blame Game

Whenever I think about the LGBTQ community, I want to lay hold of one person and kill them, so it would all end. Whenever I think about the girl killed in Sokoto, I want to lay hold of the bastard fanatic in brown kaftan and kill him. Or basically kill all the radical leftist in America and every woke bastard on Twitter.

But none of these people are the root of my real problems. I just am very dissatisfied with — and hate — myself basically.

I don't know what to do with my life. Yes, "do this", "do that" but where the fuck is the guarantee that any of it would even work?

I was with a couple of people and this guy randomly said "[Abraham] is intelligent and can put so much effort into [flimsy jokes]" referring to a flyer I made for a joke about running for president. I laughed. My response in my head was "Yeah, because same effort on something

I'm trying to build would get 8 likes, zero shares, zero comments and Zero DMs to find out more. I'd rather do stupid shit and get 80 likes, 15 comments, 8 shares and DMs to laugh about it, you know, because I'm a BIG FUCKING JOKE". Granted, I put like two hours of thought after the fact to work on the appropriate response in my head.



Photo by [Nong V](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Untitled Section — Side Info

You know, this whole thing has been a build-up over time. Up until like 2018/2019, I used to have these unofficial shrink friends I'd "talk to" or something like that when I was going through things, but I started to realise I was basically outsourcing my life decisions. I decided to tone down on all that 'simping' and start to own up to my life.

For someone my age, I think I live with too many regrets and basically live in the past or something. I blocked one bastard on IG today — and I pray he gets hit by a bus — I want to move on, but I don't know how it'll pan out. I feel so powerless.



Photo by [Stefano Pollio](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Suicide or Genocide

The sad thing is, at any given random moment, it doesn't occur to me that I've morphed into the dark person who wrote all the cringe-worthy things you've been reading. In the moments I realise how fucked I've become, I either want to disappear and go to a new city in Yobe State

where nobody knows me and just start again, because I've fucked too many things up, or you know, just fucking die.

Can't say I won't get bold enough soon — dark.



Photo by [Daniel Curran](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Own Up? WTF

Let's face it, simple logic says the only way to change your life is to own up to everything and, you know, fix what's directly your fault and then do your best to chart a course. Because honestly, no one is truly special, whatever you're going through, at least a million other people have gone through across time and geography. I agree. But it doesn't make it any easier.

I think one of the reasons it's so hard to own up is because owning up requires accepting that I thought by 23 I'd be set up and on the path to the N100m niggur pathway. But the reality is that I'm 23 and I ain't shit. And I even lost the mental health required to put in the work in the process. So I waste 70% of my time regretting, second-guessing and reading motivational content so I can put in 4 hours of work two or three days a week before I breakdown again — it's a fucking shit show.

Don't even think about engaging me in a conversation about any of this. I will give you my Instagram smile and lie to both of us — because I'm a master of self-deception. I don't know how to have hard conversations especially when it involves admitting weakness. Fresh boy like me? Never to be caught unfresh.



Photo by [Hoach Le Dinh](#) on [Unsplash](#)  
[Suicide](#)  
[Despair](#)

[Regret](#)  
[Lost](#)  
[Dark](#)

# Random Kindness



[Abraham Audu](#)

2 min read

May 27, 2022

A gratitude note...

Sometimes some things happen to us and we're just left in a cloud of emotions we can't really explain.

At some point, I was strapped for cash and I had a list of bills I needed to sort out. At the same time, my phone looked like shit — broken screen guard and damaged phone case. And personally, I'd rather starve than walk around with an ugly phone.

Whilst I was out within that period, I met an acquaintance where I was. And as we just sat in an open area engaging in small talk, a guy hawking mobile phone accessories came around. So I opted to freshen up my phone with a new screen guard and case — my acquaintance changed his screen guard too. And when it came time to pay for the purchases, I had already pulled out cash to cover for my bill, but my acquaintance said for me not to bother. He paid for both of us.

Look, I know it's totally fine for someone to come through for you every now and again. But this time it felt very surreal to me, because I'd been thinking for a couple of days about how I'd be able to do all the things I needed to do with money, with the amount of money I had.

For at least three days after that moment, I still felt that eerie sense of wonder — it was a profound experience for me. Like "good stuff can actually just randomly happen?", Wow!

It wasn't the size of the gift, it was the circumstance surrounding the act of kindness.

If he gets to read this, he would probably remember the event. Thank you — I really needed that assurance that there was still that kind of good around.

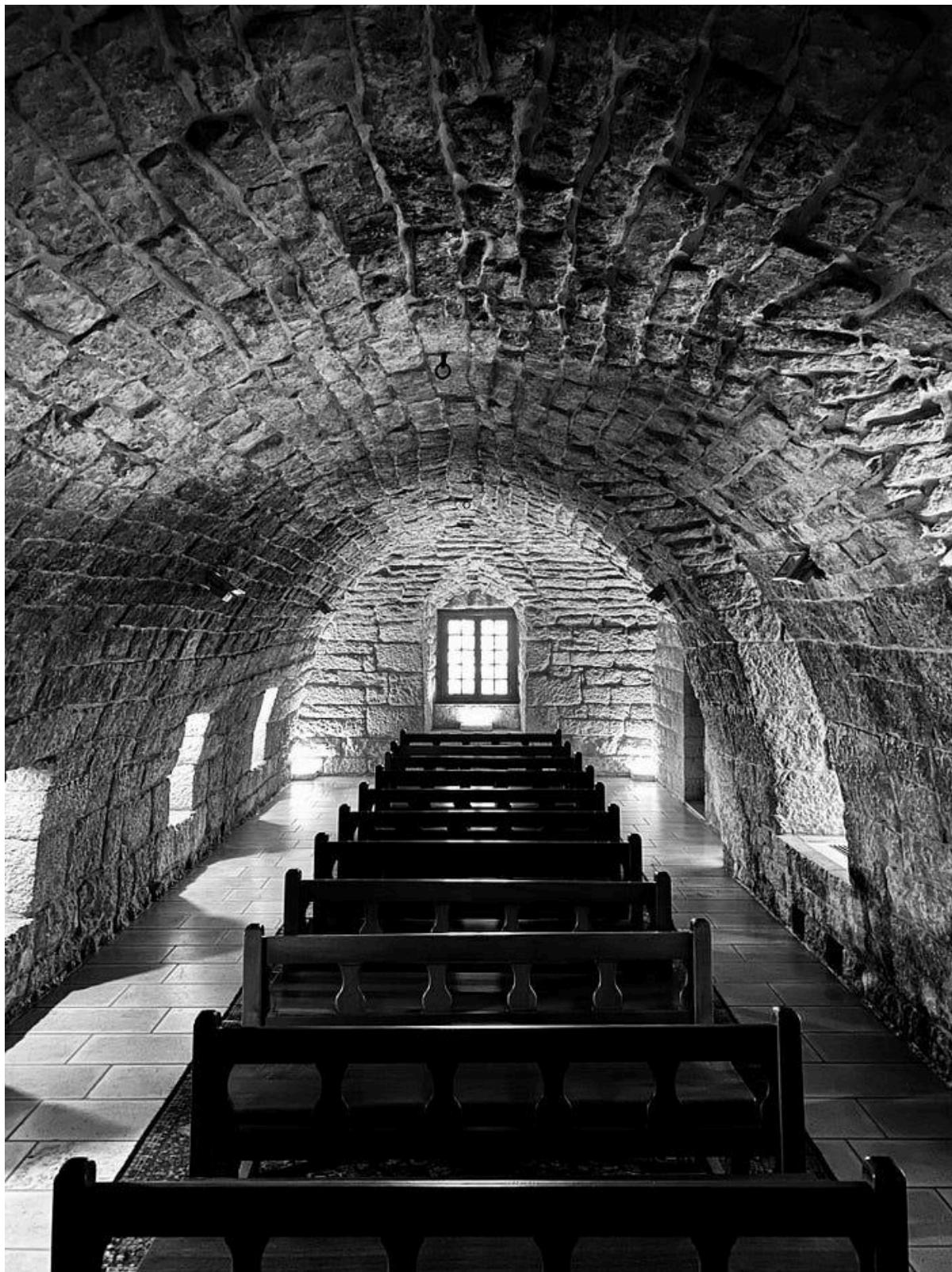


Photo by [Armand Khoury](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Gratitude](#)

[Good](#)

[Kindness](#)  
[People](#)  
[Life](#)

# Becoming Bernie



[Abraham Audu](#)

7 min read

Jul 18, 2022

Systems and Structures...

## Opportunity Meets Opportunist

Business, trade and commerce are the lifeblood of meaningful economic production and growth. Every now and again, a genius rises amongst us with the perfect business model which can end world poverty.

This person is usually very unsuspecting, very visionary and in possession of some of the most sophisticated business strategies. So they set out with personal capital or friends and family capital streams to kickstart their business.

The said business is usually in real estate, agriculture and investments... But you know, at first it's probably just agriculture or drop-shipping. For the first six months of business, the genius and his two friends consistently make profits in the region of 57% net profit — and, no jokes, it is consistent.

So they set out to transform the world around them, one person at a time.

The question "How do you raise enough capital so you can help people join the train of your never-before-thought-about strategy?" arises.

It's quite basic, there are **three** key ingredients:

- **Sell people on the water-tightness of your business strategy**, but don't make it so plane that they can steal your idea.

- **Build a community.** Well, you already have your friends, and their friends and family. And as a bonus, you guys are pillars in your religious circle so trust is a given.
- **Promise your potential investors a good portion** of the 57% net you've returned consistently for six months — say, 26.6%, that's cool, yeah? Yeah, sure let's run with that.

From there, you and your two friends will raise hundreds of millions and ride into the sunset whilst saving at least 746 people from the shackles of poverty.

Einstein looks up to you from the afterlife.

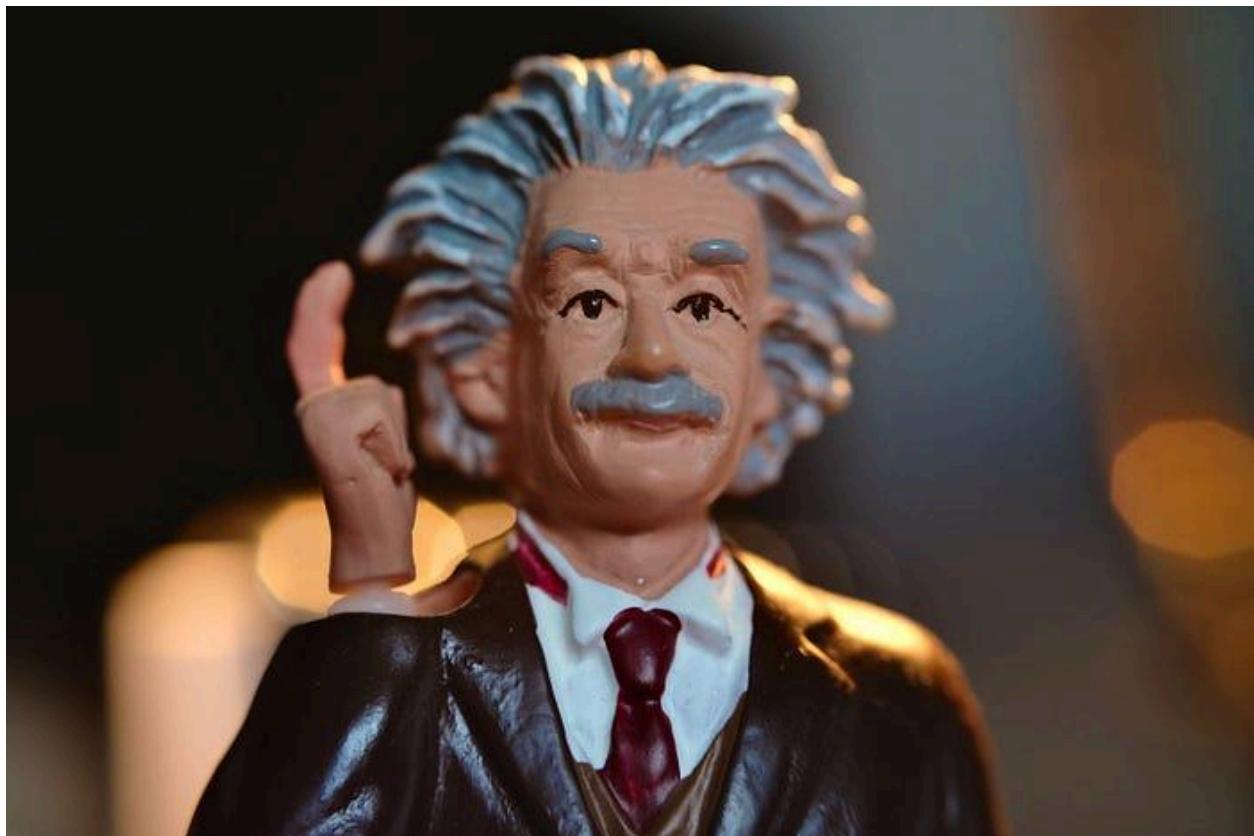


Photo by [Andrew George](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Proportions

By studying babies and adults with careful observation, it can be noticed that adults aren't zoomed out babies. The head of a baby makes about one-third of its entire body, whilst the average adult's head is only about one-eighth the entire body. Can you tell where I'm headed?

Let's call the genius business bro and his two friends Tunde and Co.

When you zoom a baby into an adult, that adult will have a head the size of a mid-sized chandelier. At that size, by God, heavy becomes the head that wears the crown [LMAO!].

But Tunde and Co. are really just three dumb guys, so they don't know about what I just told you — they go ahead to zoom their baby business into an adult business.

When their business was still baby-sized, everything was simple. They could run all the numbers on one sheet of paper, Tunde was at the helm of things, the other two friends ran the errands with taxis and low cost logistics services. They also didn't need ads, because their biggest customers were Tunde's rich uncle and his friends in Port Harcourt.

Well, one year down the zoomed-baby business, they've succeeded in raising ₦346.8m or so, because they're not even sure — but that's not the only thing they're not sure of.

They're not sure how they can now afford fine dinning, they're not sure how they can now move in Lexus SUVs, they're not sure how they can now afford to lease duplexes in Maitama. They're not sure how much money is coming in monthly and they're not sure if the cashflow is from the yams they ship from Benue to Port Harcourt, or if it's just new investors' money.

This whole thing must surely be upheld by the grace of God. So Tunde and Co. have to put together an investor appreciation dinner, or just you know, buy cars for some of the loyal staff. Because God is faithful and the vision is speaking.

Seven weeks later, something strange happens. Because of some random socio-economic trend, the investors no longer want to re-invest their profits. Tunde and Co realise they've started paying out ₦46.3m monthly, and the yams have been bringing in only ₦4.2m gross monthly — yeah, they finally noticed the gross income when they had to pay attention to the numbers during pay-out season.

Surely this weird occurrence must be happening because it's April and yam is out of season.

Tunde and Co have five months' worth of pay-out runway left, but God is in control.

To stop the bleeding, Tunde and Co come up with genius strategies — honestly dumb ideas — for business expansion which will require investors to be patient as funds will be used for capital intensive projects.

Okay, okay, let's just cut the crap. With ₦287.8m in the bank and a sea of bad PR, Tunde and Co decide to accept that they built a poorly put together Ponzi scheme. They pay off the necessary authorities with ₦87.8m, split the balance between themselves, and go underground.

From baby-business, to zoomed out baby-business and then to Ponzi in just under two years.



Photo by [Ben Wicks](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Look Up to Bernie

For those of you who might be new in the game, Bernie Madoff is the king of the Ponzi industry. He successfully ran a Ponzi scheme for seventeen years! Yes, seventeen years. Not many legitimate businesses last that long. What's more? He got caught because he told his sons what he was up to, and they chickened out to the authorities. Safe to say he quit when he was tired, not because his system crumbled badly.

So when you see these new guys failing after two or three years, you know they didn't take mentorship seriously.

Tunde and Co., what were you thinking? You really wanted to manage a ₦400m business using the Access bank mobile app and screenshots of debit alerts?

That's what happens when your business is run by grace. For God's sake, you were supposed to hire Grace to be your accountant. That ₦4.3m you guys used to pay for the investors' appreciation dinner would have paid her annual salary and saved you from disgrace.

The problem you guys had was actually multi-dimensional.

First, you guys were fundamentally dumb, but you couldn't see it, because you were blinded by grace.

Second, when you realized what was really going on, you failed to quickly embrace your new identity as a Ponzi scheme.

Bernie embraced his Ponzi scheme identity and built a formidable structure around it.

You see, when you build structure and use some of that free money to hire the right professionals, you will be able to see things before they happen.

If Tunde and Co. had an accountant — and accompanying systems and structures — right from the early days of the zoomed-out-baby business, they would have realised they didn't really have money to burn on big flex if they really wanted to grow the business. And on the flip side, they would have known how they could have played the cards right if the Ponzi thing was the unashamed aim.

But, no, they were just three idiots.

To succeed in the Ponzi space you must study those who have gone ahead of you.

Look up to Bernie.



Photo by [Simon Berger](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Pareto Principle

It's now common knowledge. *Twenty percent of the people are responsible for eighty percent of the results, and eighty percent of the people are responsible for twenty percent of the results.*

Same goes when you're in a financial mess. Twenty percent of the people are responsible for eighty percent of your problems, and eighty percent of the people are responsible for twenty percent of your problems.

When you're running your Ponzi scheme, there will be the top twenty percent who are the most vested, probably with sums ranging from ₦15m to ₦50m. And then there will be the bottom eighty percent whose funds range from say ₦250,000 to ₦10m.

If you play your cards right, you can simply sort out the top twenty percent — those with the highest probability to involve the authorities, and have the funds to see the process through. Probably pay the top twenty percent a percentage of their funds and promise a spread payment plan — which you will necessarily default on.

The bottom eighty percent will only throw tantrums and call you out on social media, but again “...who never f\*ck up, hands in the air...” — social media hate will pass.

In case you haven't noticed, we're talking about a pristine Ponzi scheme exit strategy.

Make videos that appeal to the emotions of the masses. Fake a house fire and unjust attacks on your business properties if you have to — become a co-victim.

At the end of the day, it will be said that "...life happened to Tunde and Co..." when really, Tunde and Co. just played it smart, and made it for life.



Photo by [Maarten van den Heuvel](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Let's Begin

Now that I've proven to you that I know why Ponzi schemes fail and the strategic decision points needed to evade failure as a Ponzi scheme, will you partner with me on a Ponzi journey?

Let's build the biggest Ponzi scheme Africa has ever witnessed. We'll call it Tunde and Co. Enterprise.



Photo by [Adeolu Eletu](#) on [Unsplash](#)

*Please note that no part of this article is business or financial advice. In addition, no part of this article is intended as a statement of fact, and thus no part of this article is legally binding. This article is strictly for entertainment purposes.*

[Investment](#)  
[Investing](#)  
[Business](#)  
[Business Growth](#)  
[Money](#)

## 24 — Not the Ye Song



[Abraham Audu](#)

20 min read

Sep 1, 2022

## The Song

“Dear God, make it alright, only You can make it alright  
Dear Lord, make it alright, nothing else ever feels right  
Dear God, make it alright, nothing else ever feels right  
Nah, nah, nah, nothing else ever feels right”

I see the song as a cry to God, and at 24, I’m really crying to God.

This article is a collection of 24 concepts I want to share. Some I haven’t shared before, and some are summaries of some concepts I have at one point or the other written about.



Photo by [Jackson David](#) on [Unsplash](#)

### 1. Be Precise

Being vague is a sexually attractive — aka sexy — place to be. Nothing is really wrong, and nothing is really right either; it's just this beautiful mix of self administered fogginess that staves off the need to get a grip of yourself.

I hated defining things. I hated knowing precisely what I was doing, because it made the preconditions for failure clear. If there's no target, then every shot is just that, a shot.

Thankfully, at some point, I realized what a disastrous approach to life that was.

To be precise is to set a target for yourself — to set the preconditions for failure or success. It hasn't been easy for me, because I've had to deal more with the reality of missing my targets. However, in measurable terms, the pain is paying off. Maybe not as fast as I want it, but hey, it beats waking up at 40 to realize I jeopardized my entire life as a direct consequence of wilful blindness.

Be Precise.



Photo by [Ricardo Arce](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 2. See Things as They Are

Reality presents itself to us. And reality is just what it is, reality. I can decide to see the occurrences around me as literally what they are, or I can try to warp the image of what lies before me. I can try to bend reality, but the truth is, like every other material with an elastic limit, it will either break or snap back with a force so hard it awakens. And God help you when this happens.

Life is a game of games. See the reality of where you are at, understand the rules, play by them, and God helping you, you may transcend the mere motions of the rules, to see what the game is really about. But this can only happen when you choose to turn off every filter and study what truly is, as opposed to what you wish there was.

See things as they are.



Photo by [Birmingham Museums Trust](#) on [Unsplash](#)

### 3. Don't Lie to Yourself

If you're going to be honest, at virtually every point in time, you know what you truly want. But for some reason — religion, community, peer pressure, false self-speak — you act otherwise.

The truth is, even if your desires seem inordinate, the first step is to allow yourself know what you want. Then along the line, you could probably question the long-term viability of your

desires. But first, acknowledge them. Because you are not a cruel boss who shuts down his slaves and wants nothing to do with their opinions.

“Treat yourself like someone you respect.”

— Jordan Peterson

Listen to your heart’s desires. And if you decide that even that ‘out-of-character’ desire is what you really want, and it won’t destroy the fabric of reality, please go ahead. It just might be part of the process of conquering yourself and some of the baggage you came up with.

Don’t Lie to Yourself.



Photo by [Bruno van der Kraan](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 4. Only You Can Help You

I used to give in to my desires to confide in people. At some point I stopped that. But you see, I didn’t stop sharing my problems. Now I share my problems online for the whole world to see. Stupid, yes. Nonetheless, I do it.

The interesting fact is that none of those options — people or the internet — can solve my problems, especially when they don’t have to do with physical issues.

Emotional issues are the worst. And for the worst of all problems, you only have yourself to look up to.

“Hell is a bottomless pit, because no matter how bad things are, there is some absolutely stupid thing you can do to make it worse.”

— Jordan Peterson (Paraphrased)

I have realized this, and on the days when I can muster the strength, I look up to who I could be in such a time of despair, pull myself out of the darkness, and face my challenges like I have the power to choose how to fight the fight.

On other days, I falter. But stumbling forward presents itself as a better alternative to rotting hopelessly in one spot.

Only You Can Help You.



Photo by [Matthew Henry](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 5. Today isn't Important

A unit measure, when compared to a large enough measurement, will always be insignificant.

One second is a trivial matter in the eyes of an hour — it is precisely 0.03% of an hour. How trivial.

One day in the eyes of a ten-year goal is a spec of dust — precisely 0.03% of a decade.

On the days I feel bad, I remind myself that I only lost a rounding error in the entire equation. One day does not absolutely fuck up my life. One day of down trending doesn't ruin my life. I allow myself to know that I have failed myself on that day, but the next day, and the next day after that, exist to make up for lost time.

Today isn't Important.



Photo by [PAUL SMITH](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 6. Today is Important

The day is the most important measure of input into any goal.

A twenty-one-day fast is just twenty one days, until you realise twenty one days is three weeks, and three weeks is the better part of a month!

Today is the unit of the decade, and what I do today either takes me a little closer to my goal or takes me a little further away — there is no neutral. There is no neutral because, by default, nature wants to absolutely fuck up your life.

If you want to destroy a piece of paper, you can either tear it up, burn it, or just leave it be out in the open. With the first two options, you put in some effort, but with the third, life just happens and that piece of paper ceases to be.

No matter how trivial, I like to know that everyday, I did something to move myself forward, because life is out to absolutely fuck up my life, even when I don't do anything to fuck up my life — especially when I don't do anything to fuck up my life. Doing nothing is doing something. Doing nothing is giving life the opportunity to wither you away slowly like that piece of paper.

Do something everyday to move yourself toward your goal. And if it pleases the gods, work as hard as you possibly can everyday to move yourself toward where you want to be.

Today is important.



Photo by [Evelyn Bertrand](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 7. I'm not Important

The individual is the centre of their world. The individual is the central character of their sphere of existence. But the truth is you're not that important.

Without the existence of your singular person, the world would still go on smoothly with an infinitesimally small difference — and the difference wouldn't even be strange if you weren't there in the first place.

In a sea of people, I like to think that I'm not that important. I just need to exist, play my part, and you know, at least not be a negative contribution. The bare minimum of my presence in a place is being net neutral.

And in the eyes of other people, you are *that other guy*. To someone out there, you are the equivalent of *that guy* you see on your way to work every morning. One day, she will not see you on her way to work, and I assure you, it will not keep her up at night.

I'm not Important.



Photo by [lilartsy](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 8. I'm Important

Like the example of *one second with respect to an hour*, or *the day with respect to a decade*, the unit is trivial, but without the contribution of that unit — no matter how trivial — the whole cannot be.

So I see myself as important, not least because my contribution to society, no matter how miserable, contributes to the whole of what constitutes what is good about society.

I am important, in the way that a life is important, and in the way that I have a contribution to what is going on in what we have between individuals, within groups, between groups and as a society. And it is important that at the barest minimum, I'm a net neutral contributor, but it is much more noble to contribute — even if to a measly degree — positively to the people around and to the larger society.

I'm not irreplaceable. Technically I may not be replaceable, but if we're going to be honest, 99.9% of people are functionally replaceable —and that includes you reading this Alfred, I hope you didn't read that like you're the exception.

I'm Important.



Photo by [Joe](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 9. Where Does This Go?

If you've read any of my articles, you probably have a sense that I struggle with existential issues sometimes. Sometimes I struggle with suicidal thoughts.

On the foundation of the previous idea [*Today is Important.*], the curiosity of not knowing just how far this game of 'seeing who I could be' could go, keeps me wondering. Because you know, the existential and nihilistic thoughts come on bad days.

So I basically hold on and try again everyday, because I want to see how this pans out. How much better can I make my life if I don't quit? How much 'put together' can I become if I consistently work to make myself better? How much happier will I be when I finally have all the things I've always dreamed of? I really want to know.

So on some of those nights when I cannot wrap my head around the happenings I face, I try to sleep, and do my best to face the next day, in hope that this all leads somewhere.

Where Does This Go?



Photo by [Andres Herrera](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## **10. No One is That Important**

At some point, I just went “look man, no one is that important”, and what this is speaking of is the idea of ‘mentors’ — at least the twisted idea I was fed, or understood. No one should have an absolute say over your life, no human should have that much power over you, directly or indirectly.

And I say this, not from the perspective of not taking any advice from anyone, or absolutely holding no one in high regard.

The truth is, no matter how wise you think someone is, they don’t know the full picture of your life enough to help you. The best they can do is give you advice, based on what they have gone through, and based off of what you have let them on.

Whoever cannot recognise that all they can do is advise and not “instruct”, especially with respect to your personal life, isn’t worth listening to in the first place.

Whatever is given can be accepted or rejected, and even that which is accepted, can be used or neglected, and that’s life. A person who knows they are advising doesn’t expect you to always do what they say, and they take it as normal. That’s your cue for filtering.

Funny how it is easier to respect those who don’t demand it as a precondition.

No One is That Important.



Photo by [Andrea De Santis](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 11. Adopted Hardness

The woke culture makes being crude in your relations with people look sexy. It's cool to block people on social media when they don't meet your expectations, it's okay to intentionally read people's messages and deliberately not respond as a way to spite them. Weird.

I'd always been an agreeable person, almost always the first to reach out, especially when I feel there's a need to communicate on something. But somewhere along the line, the woke bug bit me, and if we're going to be honest, it reduced the quality of my life — keeping track of who said what, and who didn't respond to what.

I would not recommend such a way of being. Now I'm simply just trying to be. I don't want to keep scores, and I don't want to be bothered. I'll just speak my truth, and relate with everyone with the purest intentions I can muster.

Of course, with an expanding network of people, some people will move mad, but it's my responsibility to know the difference between when it's really nothing, and when it's some weird act of condescension at play.

Adopted Hardness.



Photo by [davide ragusa](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 12. People I've Wronged

Do you ever just sit there on a Thursday morning at 2am — really early in the morning — and recount how you've been shitty to people?

Sometimes I just lay in bed and think about someone who has been good to me repeatedly, and then think about how I haven't really gotten around to being good to them back enough — not as payback, but just returning a hand of good faith.

Well, there's that, and then there's the moments I was just the absolute idiot who did someone dirty. I usually just pray to never cross paths with those people, because, what sort of embarrassment would that be?

But we live on earth and it's pretty hard to run forever. So I've just adopted the stance to own my bullshit and move. Like, if and when we meet, if whatever I did still poses as an insurmountable issue, I apologize, and if not, let the earth keep spinning. God's grace be with us all.

People I've Wronged.

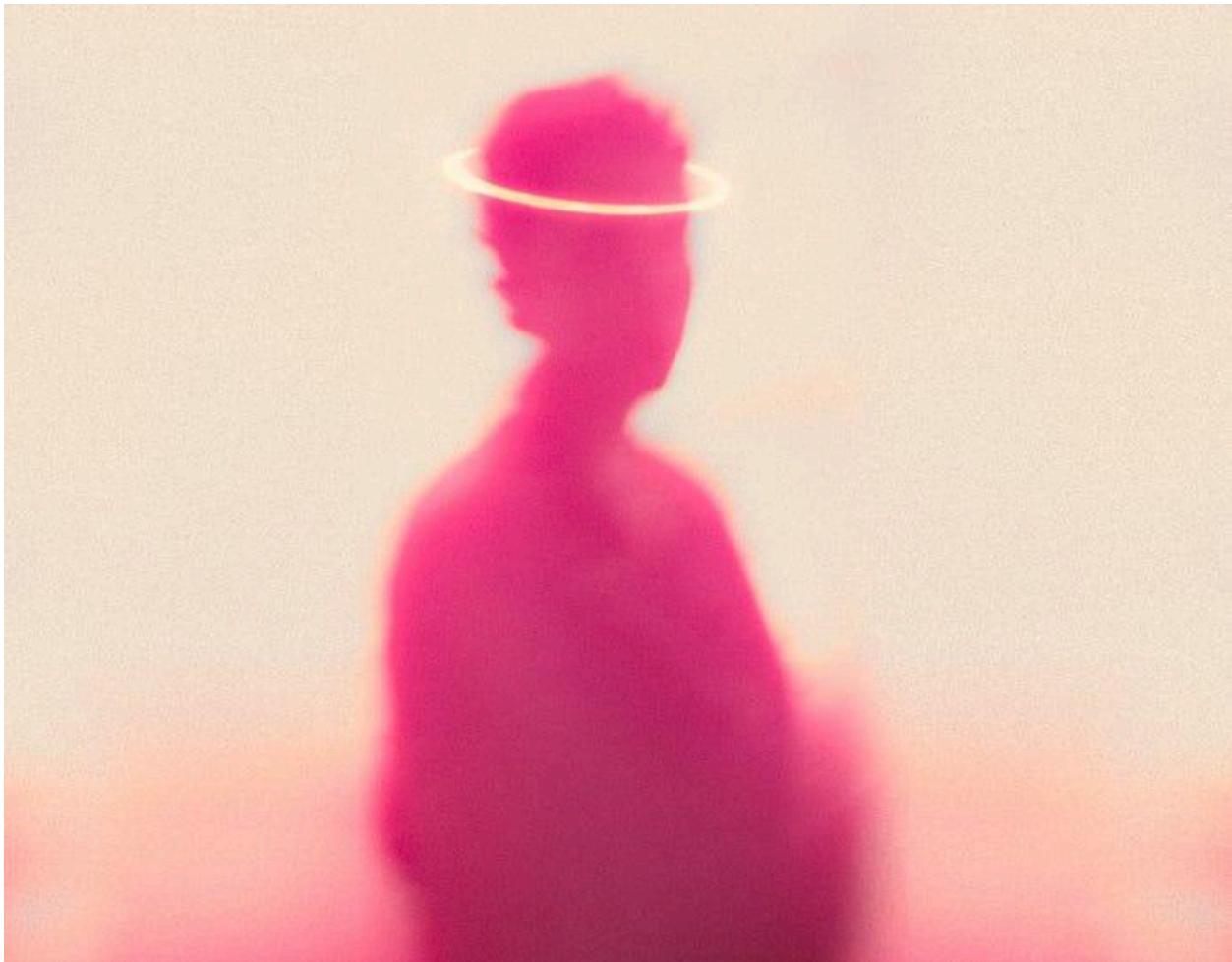


Photo by [Ramez E. Nassif](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 13. Sins I Didn't Commit

For the most part of my adult life — more like my whole life — I've always lived my life like I was walking on egg shells. You know, like if I get out of line, it will absolutely fuck up my life, and there would be no recovering from it.

That's just wrong on many levels, and from my observation of life, I believe that so long as you don't literally go about committing crimes, you'll be alright in the end, with respect to the things that really matter.

A little fun won't hold you back from building those skills, that business or whatever is dear to you — it only adds more to your experiences.

I learnt this in my final year of school. I played the hardest, hung out with people more times than normal, and surprisingly, had my best semester result ever — first class GPA; yes, I'm clout-chasing.

All I'm saying is, because I spent less time sulking, I was less depressed, and could apply myself when I needed to. So I'd say it's okay to live a little, regardless of how huge and serious you believe your goals to be. Go out, commit a few sins, give the blood of Jesus some extra dirt to clean. It's paid for in full. [NRA: Not Religious Advice, wink-wink]

Sins I Didn't Commit.



Photo by [Jakob Owens](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 14. God Comes with Disappointment

Belief in God is not a hard thing, we make it difficult by actually having expectations of Him.

If you believe in God, and at the same time expect that bad things can still happen to you, and life is chaotic, and good things can happen, but none of it is ever truly totally in your control, you will be okay with God.

If you treat God like a genie who grants wishes, you will hate him really deeply, really quickly. Don't have expectations — just enjoy the religious experience and move on with your life.

God Comes with Disappointment.



Photo by [Aditya Chinchure](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 15. God Is a Safe Space

When life gets tough, and shit hits the fan, and it's raining fire and brimstone, and the only one who can save you is God, He will be your only safe space — a mental shield from the chaos, a reason to have hope that somehow, this too will pass.

In those situations bigger than you, your spirit knows to simply mutter "*Jesus help me, Jesus help me, Jesus help me*", because no one else can. In those moments, God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit become very real.

I love coming out of such places and telling such stories. Oddly satisfying stuff.

God Is a Safe Space.

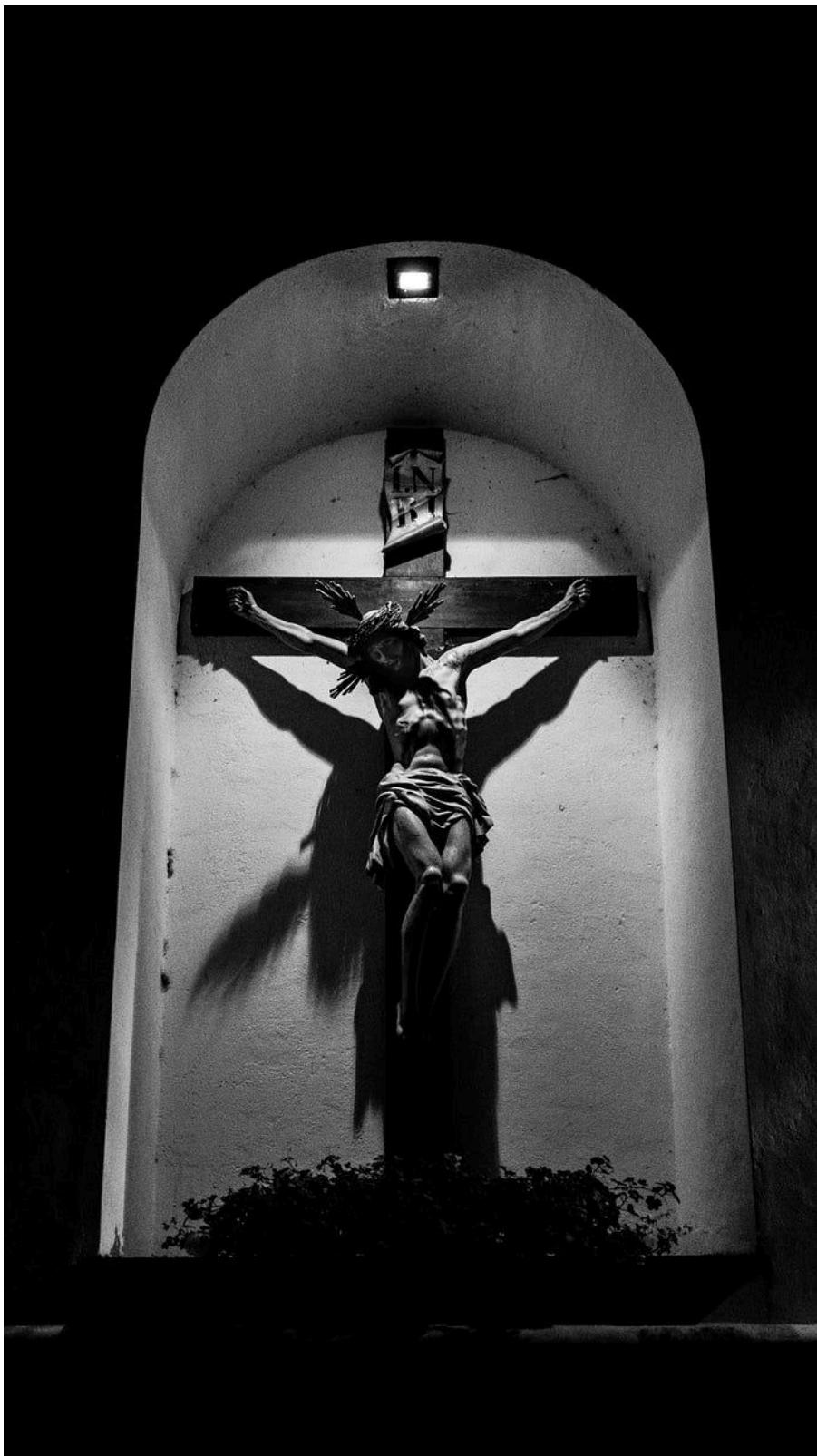


Photo by [Wyron A](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 16. Nihilism Comes Unannounced

For any of the one thousand reasons why life is vain, baseless and shouldn't exist, you just suddenly believe life is vain, baseless and shouldn't exist — maybe not all of life, just your life.

Sometimes I can clearly state why I feel that way, and other times, it just hits me in the middle of a day which has been going pretty well overall. I think it has to do with some triggers, but nonetheless, it happens. And on the saddest of days, it could morph into suicide fantasies, like cool ways to just not exist because of the basic meaninglessness of the fabric of existence.

Why suffer for no obvious end game in mind? What are we all doing here in the first place?

Nihilism Comes Unannounced.



Photo by [Andreea Popa](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 17. Light on Communication

Being on my own mentally and physically is therapeutic. It helps me clear my head, and be in touch with the deeper aspects of myself. It helps me clearly hear my own voice.

I think it stemmed from my deep desire as a child — and adult — to run away and build my own life, a life where I can control what goes on, and how things are done.

I had a lot of this in my university days, and it really defined me a lot. I rediscovered life for myself, away from life filters I never really wanted to be associated with.

All this is nice, but then it comes with consequences. God's honest truth, I'm kind of sort of light on communication with most of my family. I'm light on communication with them, because I'm trying to keep my headspace intact, and run away from the proclivity to relive certain ways of being. This proclivity can arise simply by recalling events by virtue of communication. I don't even go home a lot — and when I'm there, I spent most of my time alone in my room.

It's a weird place to be, because I'm smart enough to know that these people gave me most of what I have in terms of finances — and finances are important. But other than that, I really don't want the other stuff.

I don't know how this appears to be, but that's just what it is...

Light on Communication.



Photo by [Nubelson Fernandes](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 18. I Don't Know Love

To this moment as I type, I have never really felt the sadness people feel when a person dies. As I grew older, I learnt people usually get sad, and in a bid to fit in, I started to fake it so I don't look like an emotionless person. God's honest truth, I don't feel it. Maybe it plays out in other ways I'm yet to observe, but I don't explicitly feel it.

Same goes with love. I don't think I have the capacity to love. You know that thing where people make irrational decisions because of someone else? Can never be me. At least not until my internal economic value calculator comes on. Like, "What is the economic significance of this action?"

Any human interaction with a net negative impact on my life can't stay. So I don't think that is love — it's a formula. And that is precisely the reason I feel very bad when someone is of benefit to me, and I cannot explicitly point out my benefit to them.

It doesn't have to be transactional, but please don't waste life — yours or mine. I don't have the capacity to make stupid decisions for a protracted period of time on account of emotional attachment.

I Don't Know Love.

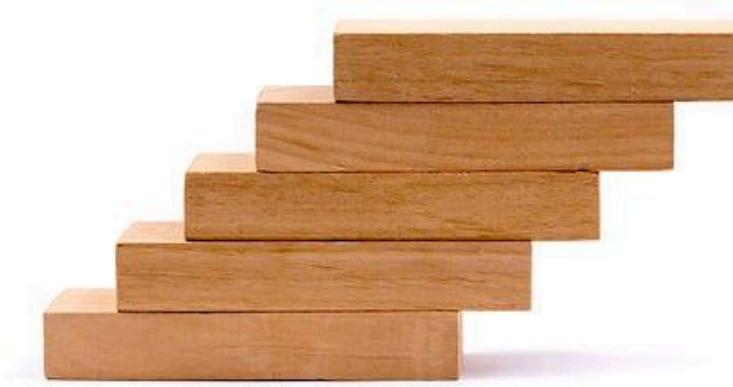


Photo by [Volodymyr Hryshchenko](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 19. Attention to Detail

Some things are beyond us, but for those that aren't please show some regard. So you just don't care about your diction? You just don't care that the projector is tilted a bit on the left side?

We can't all be perfect, but I love a little bit more, the people who actually show some effort. And worst of all are the people who see the error, know about it, and simply choose to not do anything about it — you should be killed, or at the very least flogged, twice.

Attention to Detail.

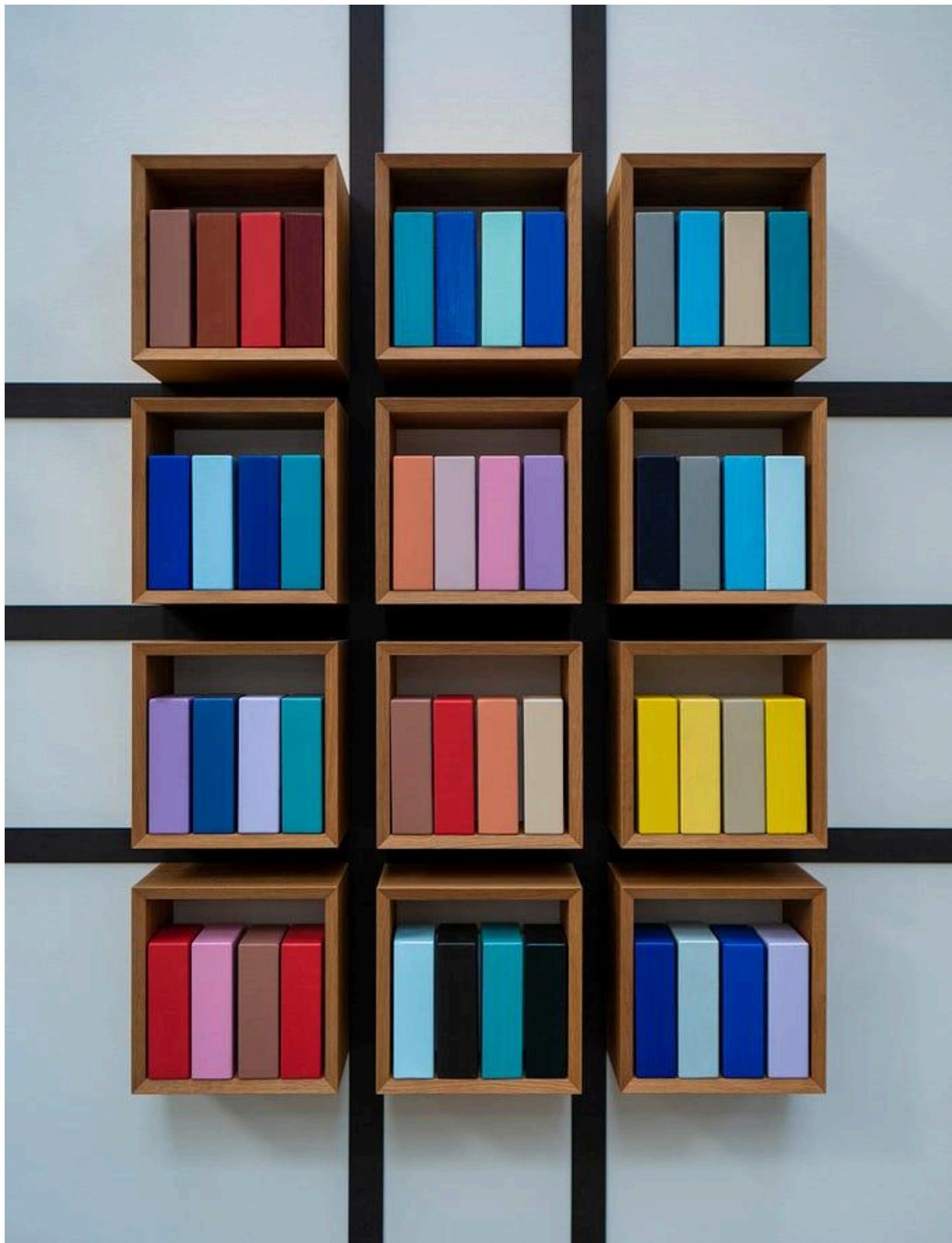


Photo by [Maxence Pira](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 20. Orderliness

A few people have heard me say that "...you can tell how my mental health is by looking at my room." It is an approximate extension of my mental state.

When all is good in the world that should be good, there is cleanliness, order and a breath of fresh air. And when all that should be good in the world isn't good, and I set out to clean my room, I get better.

Cleaning my room is an approximate solution to cleaning my life. They feed each other. So if your life is an absolute mess, try putting your house in order — and I speak from my experience. At some point, it really just became part of me to keep my room clean. Because who doesn't want to be on the straight path all of the time?

It's a bit annoying to live with me, because I'd almost always clean up after you at a weird frequency, it would almost scream "better for the table to be clean, than for you to exist", but if you stick around long enough, you'd realise I do it to myself too. And then at that point, you get to decide if you want to live like me, or run away.

There's a caveat though. I could simply just shut down my desire for cleanliness — and general participation in anything — until I regain control of the territory.

Orderliness.



Photo by [Markus Spiske](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 21. Negativity is Not the Answer

As much as I talk about Nihilism, suicide and other negative modes of being, I do realise that in the face of climbing the mountain that is the life I have found myself in, being negative is not practical.

The solution isn't in sulking and cursing. Bearing my burden forthrightly has proven to be the only valid course of action. Now, do I bear my burden forthrightly all the time? Absolutely not. And why? Well, who the hell has the ability to always want to do what they know they should be doing?

I do my best to face life forthrightly, and keep trying to improve my ability to seek the true solution to problems as they arise, as opposed to simply sulking. The side effect? The answer always presents itself, and there's little room to bitch and complain. And who doesn't like to bitch and complain every now and again?

I know that the speed at which the things I want come to me, is a direct derivative of the rate at which I work towards the capacity to have those things. So the requirements are self evident. The real gap is my ability to keep my head down and get shit done.

Negativity is Not the Answer.

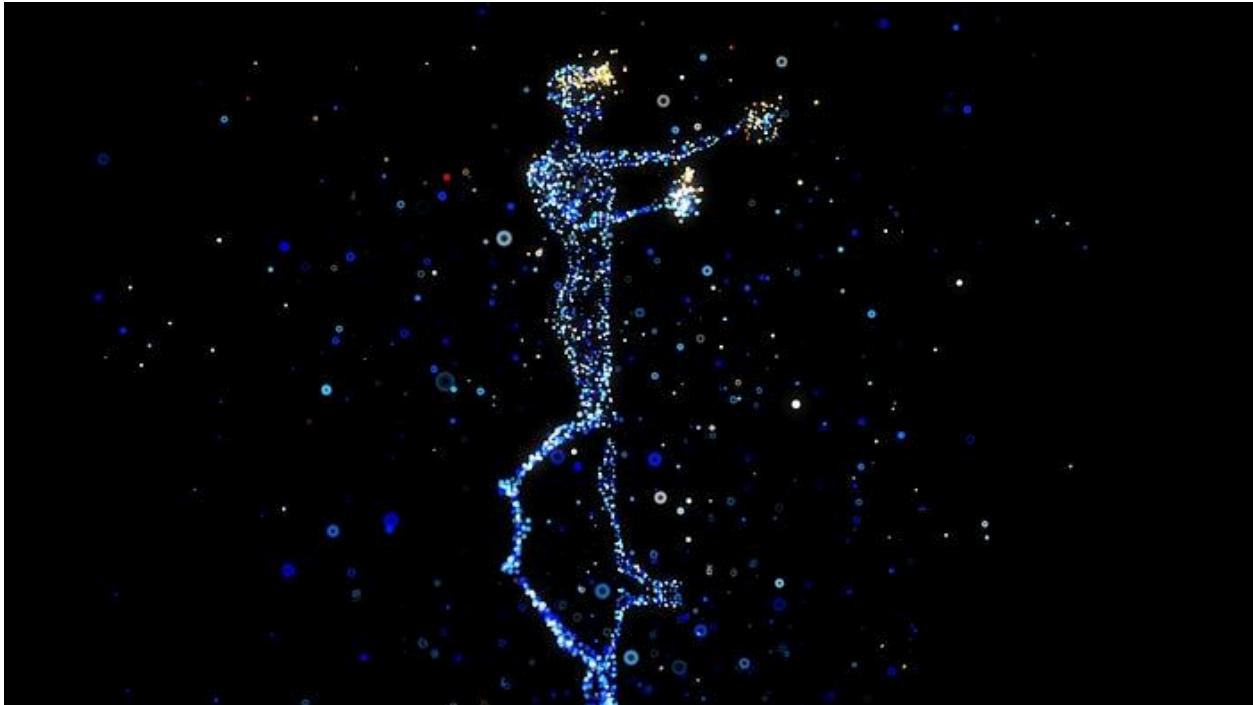


Photo by [julien Tromeur](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 22. Life at the Bottom

For a time, I really wanted to lead a normal life. You know, have fun, go out on weekends, wear nice clothes, work hard a little, and then get the latest iPhone and what not.

But after a while, I just had to chill and accept that I'm just a poor bloke trying to survive. And what do poor blokes trying to survive do? They try to survive.

Save for family, I'm technically supposed to be homeless, and not by choice. For some reason, I'm another poor 24-year-old neighbourhood nobody. And I don't even fight the idea anymore.

How does this help? It keeps me focused. I know there's no saviour anywhere, there's no bailout, and soon, the 'family support' will start being accompanied by jabs if I don't get my act together.

And with life at the bottom, comes an attendant proclivity to mental breakdowns, especially in the off-moments where you mistakenly desire more out of life. It's tough. But when I realized it was all just part of life at the bottom, I kind of embraced it. Acceptance of an event reduces its power — like "yeah, happened again, whatever, I'm not shocked by this". It's just another flickering bulb that I'm aware of.

Accepting that I'm living my life at the bottom of the pyramid, helps me know where to focus my energies, what to care about, and what to give less of a fuck about. Priorities.

Life at the Bottom.



Photo by [Andrew Spencer](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 23. Fake Expert

For the better part of my life, as regards trying to build my capacity to earn, I did trash, not because the strategies implemented didn't work, but because the strategies were implemented on trash.

I successfully built a brand around a profession for which I had not nearly enough field experience. I knew I wasn't a fraud, I was capable, but it wasn't that deep. And I kept living in fear of the day I would fuck up — and maybe that was one of the things that held me back.

One day, I just up and quit the career altogether.

I decided to start afresh along another path, and just build myself with level-headedness as my north star — with the desire to actually know what I'm doing.

It helps greatly to not be trying to be anything, to just be trying to be competent and deeply confident in my abilities as opposed to being commended for doing, and being practically nothing.

Now I can learn from anyone better than me shamelessly, because in the first place, I never stated anywhere that I knew this stuff, or was better than anyone at it — shameless learning with peace of mind. I did away with the fake-deep expert lifestyle.

Fake Expert.



Photo by [Tengyart](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## 24. Reset and Be Shameless

This is a call to absolutely fuck up your life.

I have essentially spent the last year or so of my life redefining my beliefs and really just building a new life for myself. I'm reorienting my priorities, aims and ambitions, whilst at the same time dealing with the consequences of my actions.

As much as I can, there's a part of my life I don't even mention to new people I meet because it's all trash. It's almost as if that part of my life was dedicated to trying out everything to not do when trying to have a life.

And now, at twenty-four, I think I kind of know where I'm headed, and this time it feels really achievable. Achievable because I'm now more willing to call myself out on my own bullshit, and reorient myself when I start to veer off the path — veer off the path of my goals, and of my principles of approach to work, life and people.

I've realized I only have myself to deal with when shit goes south, so I shamelessly do what I have to do to get to where I want to get. God's grace keeps us all.

Reset and Be Shameless.



Photo by [Md Mahdi](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Into the Horizon

“Work as hard as you possibly can on at least one thing and see what happens.”

— Jordan Peterson

It has become obvious that a lot of pain awaits me on this journey, and the only way I can reach a better place, is to do my best to accept the pain, and push through until I get what I want out of life. There's no easy path — especially for where I have led myself to, and where I want to get to.

God's grace keep us all.

Here's to having lived twenty-four years on earth. Let's see what happens with the rest of it — whatever the number that is left is.



Photo by [Daniels Joffe](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Philosophy](#)  
[Transitions](#)  
[Life Experience](#)  
[Life Lessons](#)  
[Nihilism](#)

## A Vision for the Future



[Abraham Audu](#)

7 min read

Apr 16, 2023

# Prologue

It's been a while since I last put my thoughts into words, and in this time, not much has changed, except that I have had to experience the world without the time to distil my learnings. In some ways this has presented itself as an opportunity to live uninterrupted; to live without adjusting whilst on the mission itself — just running on all cylinders, relying only on what has previously been built into my repository of reactions. Somewhat like a test run of the philosophies I have stored in memory.

Before writing this, I had to confront the fear of being able to write again after such a long time, but as I type these words in acknowledgment of that fear, I feel it fading.

Now that that's out of the way, lets jump right in.



Photo by [Jon Tyson](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Past

The past seems like something static because it has passed, but anyone who has indeed thought about the past knows that the past is not static. The past changes to fit what you now know. The past pushes you into the future if you use it wisely. The past is a guide. The past is a repository of you — the yous that have made decisions and the outcomes of those decisions.

The past arms you with a story to tell today. The past — good or bad — is the evidence of your existence. The past, placed side by side with who you are today, is what maps out the future.

The past can be a trap for regrets, or a template to see that so much has happened before, and on that premise, so much more can happen. I like to think that for a long time, I was trapped in the past. I was stuck, holding on to old realities when in fact the world had moved on right in front of me.

The moment I let go of the past and started shifting my focus from what was, I suddenly came to the realization of what could be. The realization that the potential of what could be, far outweighs what has been. That in itself is a super power. I became lighter in my person, and largely more stable in my person.



Photo by [Dieter K](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Present

From my learnings, I have been able to transform my perspective of the world to a largely positive outlook. Now I believe in possibilities. I believe that literally everything is transient. This whole thing is a game.

If something gets broken, it's temporary — it won't matter in six months. If I hit my sheen on the edge of a stool, it won't matter by Wednesday. I find that type of thinking really freeing. It lets me focus less on the mundane and look at the bigger picture. It's a light way of being, where I'm not attached to moments.

Being unattached to moments can come from two basic motivations. It can come from the darkest depths of Nihilism where nothing matters, or the heights of a positive outlook where everything more or less smoothens out into a net positive. If you have been a follower of my writings, then you know I largely operated on Nihilism for the longest stretch of time since my debut on this writing platform.

Look, do I get cranky sometimes when the internet is sloppy? Absolutely. But somehow, it doesn't transcend into everything, because I'm not looking for the slightest excuse to declare that the fabric of existence is rigged.

One time I was under immense pressure and some dark thoughts wanted to creep in, but then I took out time to think the whole thing through; "*Why react absurdly when this whole phase will be done in two weeks? it literally will not matter one month from now.*" And that outlook gave me the strength to continue without cursing the world — which is something I have been known to do; I'm not making this stuff up.



Photo by [Martin Adams](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Time Horizons

Planning is such a tricky thing. Every plan by design is not meant to go according to plan. But every plan sets the tone of what could possibly happen. So a plan gives the confidence of a ball park estimate if everything goes well.

Between you and me, I can't really tell you where I will be in the next five years, the next three years, or even the next one year — and if you can muster the humility, neither can you. The world can be very abrupt. You can plan to set yourself in a particular place and then boom, ten positive things just line themselves up, and you're like one year ahead of your plan. The alternative is that the fabric of reality shifts under you, and then you have to make a new plan.

As a rule for myself, whenever I make a plan to chart a course, the 95% confidence interval only covers the first 90 days. After that, I have to reassess the situation based on how much reality has drifted, and reoptimize or revamp as necessary. Now, obviously, the more stable your life becomes, the longer you can plan for, so it's all a function of knowing where you are currently.



Photo by [Brian Fegter](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Desires and the Divine

"Seek ye first the kingdom and all other things will be added unto you." Not sure I got the exact wordings, but you get the point. One thing I have learnt is to distract myself from thinking about the grand reward, and to set my focus on the micro rewards that come along as I go.

I find happiness in the work, I find confidence as I work, and I build resilience and experience on the job. As I inch closer to a milestone of work, I feel myself build more and more trust in my ability to get things done. And that increased sense of worth increases my happiness. So instead of seeking happiness, happiness come to me.

And life is a nested system of rules, so I guess the overarching 'happinesses' of life will come to me as I approach the overarching works of life.

I also feel that I'm inching closer to a working philosophy with which to approach God ; a solid philosophy— I'll probably have a working relationship with God again in less than a year.



Photo by [Mateus Campos Felipe](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Future

The sun does not go away, it's the earth that moves. The future does not dim or brighten, it's my perspective that changes. By default, the future is bright. How do I know? Because the world has consistently moved incrementally forward and the future is net positive.

Over the last one year of applying my philosophies to guide my life, I have seen that the vast majority of it works pretty well, and it has helped me simplify my life to the extent that I know what to do and I have a good sense of the time horizon it will take to achieve the things I want to achieve. I have also seen that some of the things I planned to achieve have been achieved, so the model works.

I have simplified the game, and I largely understand what I'm doing. This is the most confident and optimistic I have been about myself and the future in probably the last three years, and I'm just super grateful that the possibility of a lined up life has presented itself, and has begun to flesh itself out. Yes, flesh itself out, because I'm not even trying so hard to engineer it, I'm simply trying so hard to fulfil my obligations daily, and that has proven to be a working strategy.

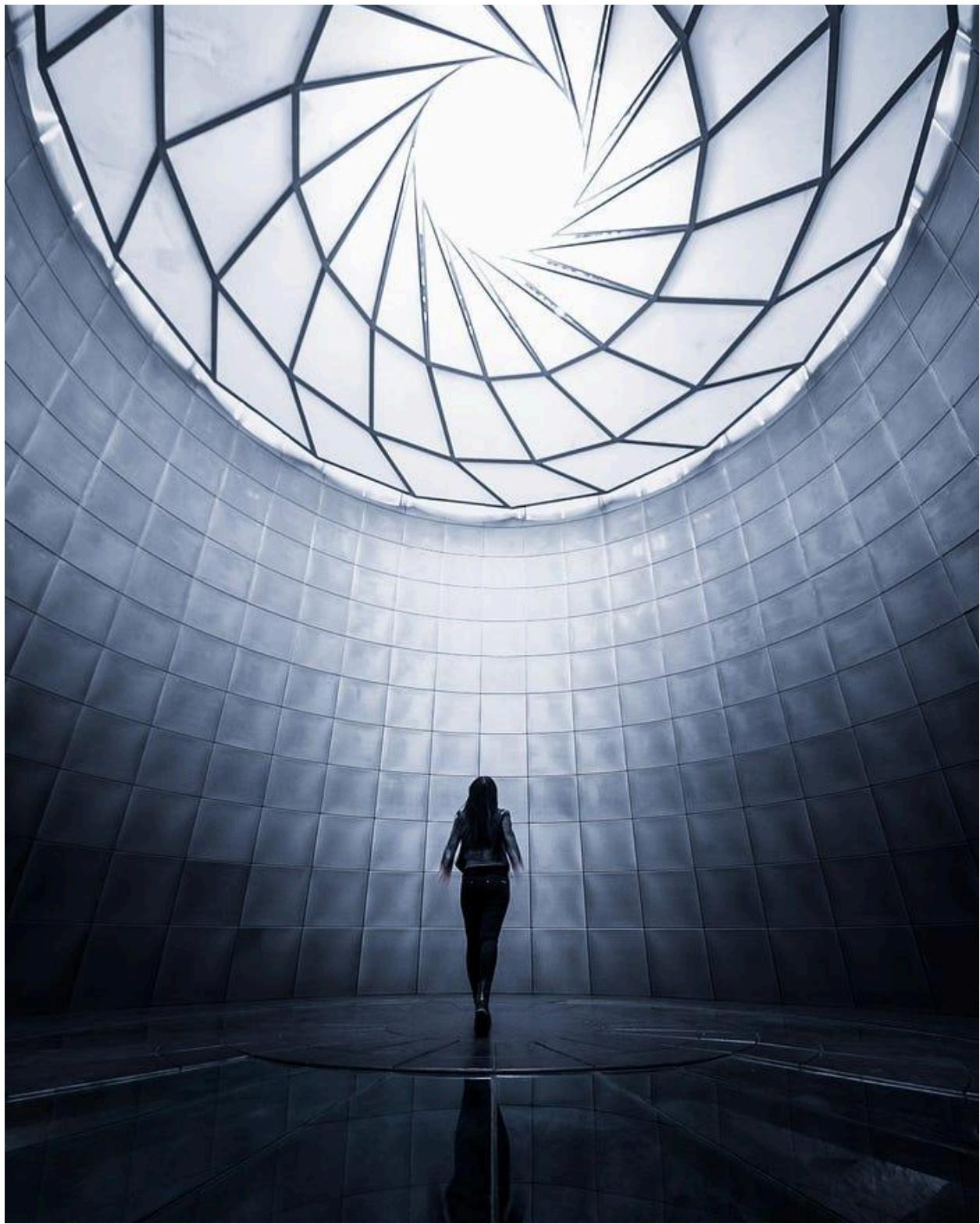


Photo by [Marc-Olivier Jodoin](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Epilogue

Philosophy and the search for meaning is a beautiful thing, but it is a beautiful tragedy. It is a double edged sword. It will teach you to be responsible for your actions. It will teach you to take account of the past, the present and the future, but it will rob you of life. Show me a happy philosopher. Show me a happy philosopher and I will show you a fake deep individual. There is no happy philosopher.

When I realised this, I started to realise it's probably important to take the lessons and skip on the pillars of philosophizing and trying to wrap a total understanding around everything. Like Jon Bellion said "*I guess if I didn't have faith, I guess He wouldn't be God*" — or so. Look, I don't even understand all the python code I write, and this stuff was created by another human being, but you don't see me cursing the foundations of programming because of that. I simply give thanks to the creators of Stack Overflow and move on, until I understand later — if I ever do.

I have decided to do same with life. I may not understand the meaning of life, but rest assured brother, I intend to live it. We'll figure out what it's about later, or just ask God later when Jesus comes, and that's on God.

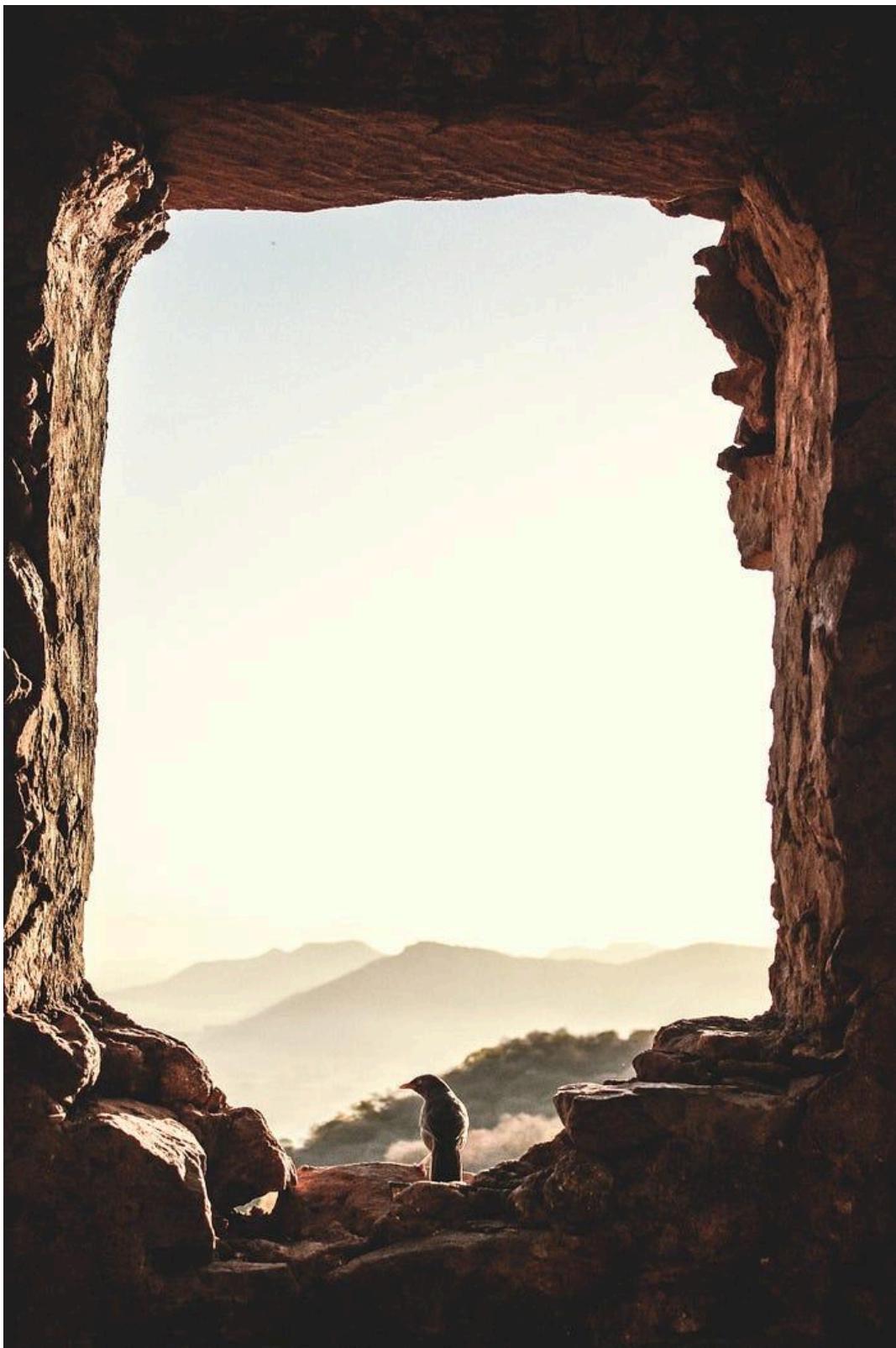


Photo by [Abhishek Koli](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Life](#)

[Philosophy](#)

[Positive Thinking](#)  
[Growth](#)  
[Growth Mindset](#)

# For Today, Tomorrow



[Abraham Audu](#)

5 min read

Jun 7, 2023

Time is fleeting, and that is why you must make use of it.

## The Rat

It is almost common knowledge that without motivation, it is almost impossible to achieve anything meaningful. Motivation is what drives us from where we are to where we want to be.

At some point, there was an experiment to measure just how much literal hunger develops the motivation to go after food in rats. It was discovered — probably expectedly — that if you starve rats long enough, they will dash with ever increasing speed toward where the food is. The discovery didn't end there. They also discovered that if you put the smell of a cat behind the rat, it will run with even more determination toward the food.

So with this they demonstrated that beyond being motivated by desire, with a strong enough fear in the opposite direction, you will move even faster toward the better end of the spectrum.

However, the most striking discovery in the experiment — at least to me — is the fact that if you allow the rat to get sufficiently hungry, it will just sit there — food or no food — waiting to die, probably in a manner approximating nihilism, because the suffering has lasted too long.

Also, I'm not a genius researcher. I found out about this experiment from a YouTube video by Jordan Peterson. That aside, let's move on. It will all make sense soon.



Photo by [Ranjith Jaya](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Graph

If you did any elementary mathematics in secondary school, you probably understand the concept of extrapolation. So you basically take a look at previous information, and based on that data, you make a reasonable guess as to what the next couple of data points should look like.

If the vast majority of previous data points are pointing downwards, then it's safe to say the next couple of points should also point downwards. And if the data is looking up, then upward and onward we go.

Another thing we were taught to do was to ignore data points that don't make sense by representing the data with a line of best fit; so we avoid numbers that are suddenly too large or too small to represent the entire trend of what has been happening.

I know, I know, math class will soon be over. Now that the ground work has been laid, let's move on to the gist.

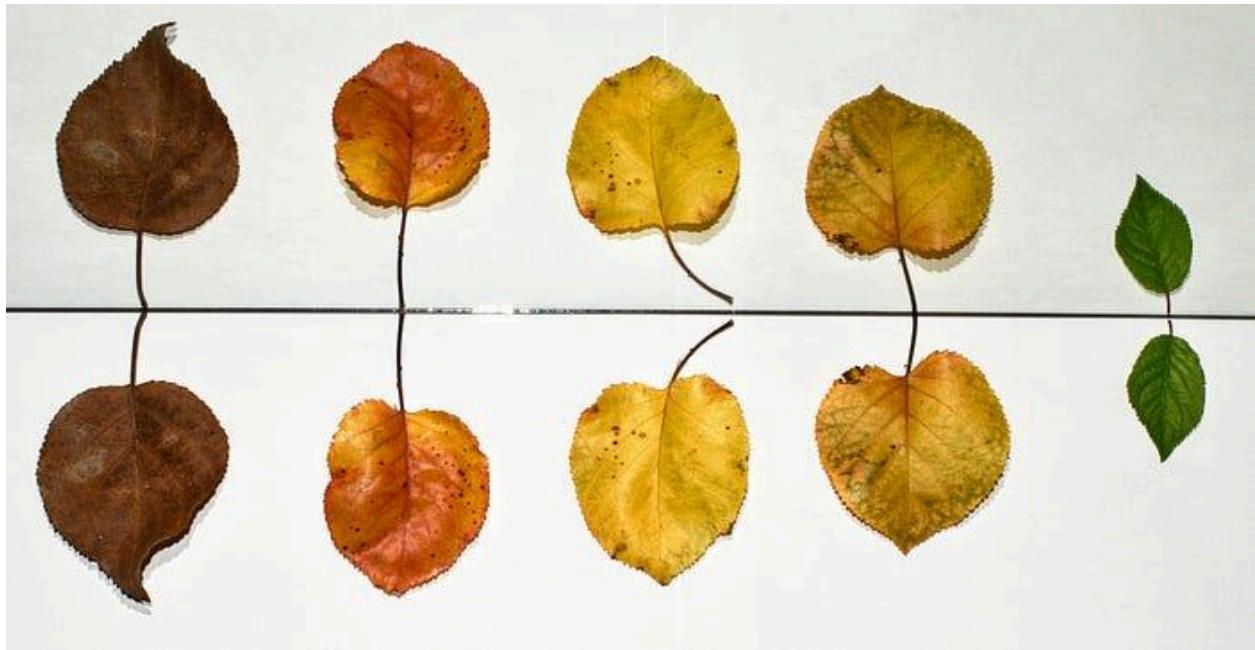


Photo by [Tolga Ulkan](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Ramp

Like the poor rats in the experiment we talked about, we all have hopes and dreams. Dreams which are hopefully bigger than cheese — although that's not to say that cheese isn't a worthy pursuit.

Delayed gratification is often seen as the key to unlocking the exponential potential held in tomorrow. And that claim is valid, because only with delayed gratification can you endure the phase of being the fool when learning something new, or saving enough money to buy work tools, or investing in financial vehicles.

Your fears — and we have a variety of them — if you use them correctly, will also keep you in check as you journey towards your desired place in life.

However, like the poor rat, if you over extend the delay in gratification, you run the risk of waking up one morning and without the drive to get out of bed because "*What the heck is all this about? All my enjoyment seems to be in the future.*" And then you might proceed to do something stupid like let yourself get eaten by the cat because it all doesn't matter anyways.

Technically, everything you've done still matters, and in fact your capital gains in the future are in exponential proportions. But like we saw with the graphs, you can only see into the future based on what you have allowed yourself to see in the past.

So what am I saying really?

In the pursuit of the future and the delay of gratification, it is also important to expose your mind and indeed your literal life to some incremental benefits. Something to tell your mind that you are actually moving in the right direction. Something that makes it easy to plot the graph upwards.

You have two hundred desires, fulfil two of them today. You have a plan, but you are by no means a prisoner to your plan, and you literally have to prove it to yourself every now and again.



Photo by [oğuz can](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Also, Who the F\*ck Knows?

Outliers are part of life. Time is fleeting, and that is why you must make use of it. Give your best every day to boost your odds of coming out on top. On some days, you might give 27.46% effort and realise 2,087% return. Don't be fooled though, it probably wasn't you.

Remember those weird numbers from the graph section? Yeah, those ones that don't line up on the line of best fit. Technically they are called *outliers*. They pop up every now and then, and can

be either higher than expectations, or lower. So on the days when you give 2,087% and get 27.46% return, also realise it's *not you*. It's part of the graph structure.

And that my friend is on the absolute randomness of life, even in the midst of a solid plan. The key though, is to remember that the plan is what drives the overall trend — upward, downward or sideways, aka *flat*, aka *f\*cking dead*. Don't be going *sideways*.

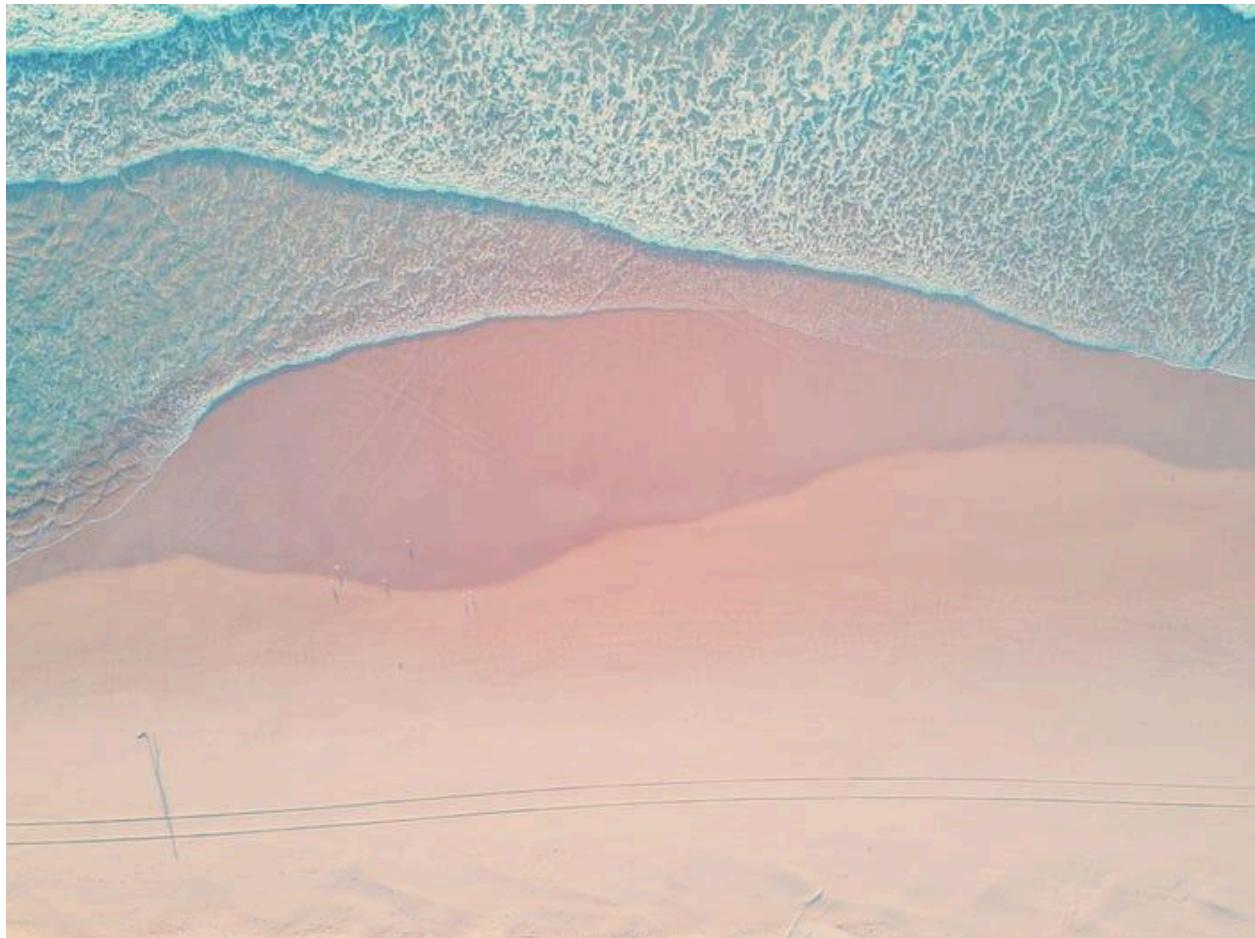


Photo by [Patrick Ryan](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Close

All my blog posts have a concluding section where I tie things up nicely.

This is the *outlier*.



Photo by [Tzenik](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Balanced Life](#)

[Achievement](#)

[Goals](#)

[Consistency](#)

[Growth](#)

# Things & Tokens



[Abraham Audu](#)

8 min read

Jul 24, 2023

*Easing into life...*

## The Grand

The world as a place of experience can present itself to you as vast or small, and that is dependent on how much you allow yourself to explore — and in some cases, how much you can explore by virtue of the realities of life. The same applies to the mind, however, in the case of the mind, it is largely a case of how much you allow yourself to explore; and this is even more true in today's world where access to the pathways necessary to dream and explore are cheaper than ever. The average young person today, and indeed in time past, always experiences the desire to go after something more. Something more than what there currently is, and this can take myriad shape or form depending on how the world around the person is, or more accurately, how the person perceives it to be.

More often than not, in order for this dream to be worth pursuing, it is usually a stretch from the current reality. It is usually grand enough to evoke a sense of thrill and adventure when the dreamer ponders on it. It essentially becomes the thing placed on the pedestal that must be reached in order for true fulfilment to be attained — it becomes *the ideal*. The beauty of this vision conception phase lies in the fact that more often than not, the altruistic possibility of *the ideal* is usually the only consideration put in place when setting up the vision. In other terms, the destination is set, but we haven't really figured out how we'll get there — we'll cross that bridge when we get there.



Photo by [Florian Roost](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Awakening

Oh well, now we're at the bridge — haha, popular meme, I know, but if it's not broken, why touch it? It's pretty easy to dream; all you have to do is sleep. Sadly, at some point, your morning alarm is going to buzz and suddenly, you're no longer in your penthouse. Now if your life is not a total mess, you hopefully don't wake up to a pig pen. Nonetheless, your current reality is most likely a far cry from your hopes and dreams — as it should be. This difference, more likely than not, will inspire you to come up with a plan, either implicit or explicit, as to how you plan to move from where you are to where you want to be.

In the creation of your plan to move from Egypt to your promised land, you start to realise there's a red sea to be crossed and the philistine army to be defeated. Sure enough, because the grand vision is compelling enough, you conceive of plans to overcome these obstacles which you have been able to point out. As a worthy mention, giving room for the yet-to-be-identified enemies would have been a superb choice, but let's assume you haven't done this type of thing before — you and millions others. Let's assume this is your first-draft genius plan which, make no mistake, is a bad plan, but "*a plan is all you need aye?*"

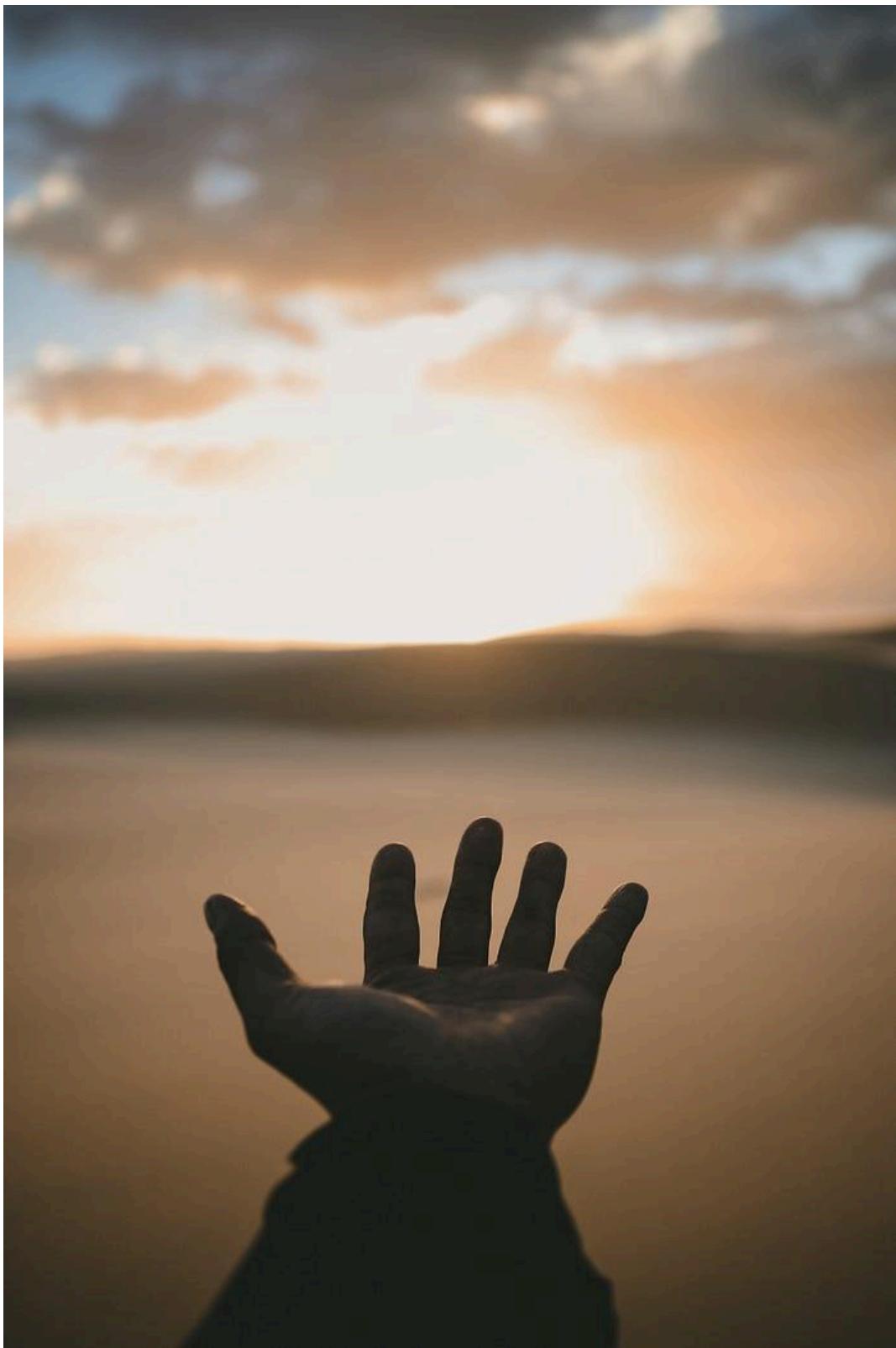


Photo by [Billy Pasco](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Grind

Time is sort of a maze; there's no fixed path in time, and it sure is very easy to get lost. As you progress on on the pilgrimage to your ideal vision, some battles last so long that they almost begin to look like the goal. Think about how easy it is to get hung up on passing tests and exams in school, forgetting the fact that learning is the actual goal and the test are just a verification step to ensure that learning is taking place. If passing tests becomes the goal, we start to create tricky ways to game the system; like memorizing answers to possible questions, as opposed to embodying the corpus of the knowledge being passed down.

This pattern has the possibility to manifest itself in your journey through life. I for one have had experiences where an intermediate goal to a particular milestone overtakes me, and for that time period, all I obsess over is getting that thing done; nothing else really matters except for that thing which is in front of me. To be honest, I sometimes consider the fact that I can obsess over one thing until I get it a plus. This is because otherwise, there are ten thousand things which could call for my attention all at the same time, and I simply would not get anywhere with time. The danger to this approach is how the narrow focus can gradually stop being about the ideal, and over time degenerate into simply collecting things along the way. Collecting things is not bad, so long as you remember why you're collecting them in the first place.



Photo by [Ben Allan](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Recovery

This may come as a surprise and they may not know it themselves, but video game developers probably have the most fundamental understanding of how life works and the human motivations — if not explicitly, then implicitly. For any game to be enjoyable, it needs two essential components; a story and a challenge. As a proof of this, anyone who has played any of the titles from the popular *Grand Theft Auto* franchise knows that the game quickly loses meaning when you use the cheat codes which make that you can do anything you want and have whatever you want. So you pass missions effortlessly and are no longer bound by limitations, and are no longer interested in the game. We can call this *character depression and nihilism*.

Fun fact: Character depression happens in real life too — but you already knew that. The process of obtaining the things we need to achieve our ideals can be achieved in two broad ways; the mechanistic approach, and the pathway which tells a story of becoming. The surrounding experiences which come with the pursuit of the things are the unforgettable tokens which add meaning to life. The odd experiences, the people and most importantly, the beauty. It's so easy to get caught up in the trap of over-optimization where everything we do must have a mathematically measurable impact. In my experience, that's actually a terrible way to live, and dare I say, the recipe for depression and nihilism. This is because as soon as the thing you are pursuing eludes you, life eludes you.

But if you also pick up tokens along the way, much like the side quests in video games, it may not directly impact the bottom line of your approach to the things you desire, but it most certainly adds colour to your life. Deliberately pursuing experiences and beauty (like art pieces or paintings) or making your surroundings more beautiful, although they don't seem like the logical actions to take to get the things you desire, are very important. Besides adding colour to your life, they give you a sense of the ability to transcend the mere pursuit of things. Because if you think of it deeply enough, the ideal you have setup to achieve is most likely supposed to enable you have certain experiences. So why truncate the journey towards it to a mere mathematical equation. Mathematics is basic, the ability to feel and experience things is the hard part; and we have proven this with robots. You my friend are not a robot.



Photo by [Sasha Freemind](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## The Symphony

Hard times make strong men, strong men make good times, and good times make weak men. In essence, don't run off to begin exclusively chasing experiences and beauty, forgetting that you still have items to collect in order to unlock even greater experiences and beauty as you progress. In a way, as with everything else, a balance needs to be established. In my experience in recent time, I'd rather work at a pretty competitive rate and allow myself progress through my desires with a touch of gratification here and there. I'd rather achieve in six months what I can achieve in four months if I could simply sacrifice a few experiences in-between. Yes, it's a fact that based on the Matthew principle, if I have more, it makes it easier to have even more. But the logic here is that the cycle never ends, and the real question is "*Do you want to live a life characterised by the pursuit of things, or a rich life which still has things?*" And those are very different.

Life is never really straightforward. Obviously, the more strategic effort you put in, the more chances you have at success mathematically. But then there's the part where something somewhere, unpredictable and unforeseeable, just happens. And such stuff is usually bad; this is because life is so disproportionately good that we don't even notice good when it happens. When those bad things happen, the only thing you can fall back on are the tokens, the experience points you have gathered on your journey. What books have you read to build your

personality? Who are you outside of things? Can you hold the deep and meaningful conversations? That to me is more profound than just having things. And if it takes a more refined timeline to get a person behind the things, then I'm all for that. When I'm working, I work like only things matter, and I put in all the effort I can muster, because my pursuit for experiences is not an excuse to run away from responsibility. In this manner, when I'm done for the day, I'm not scared to listen to my own thoughts.

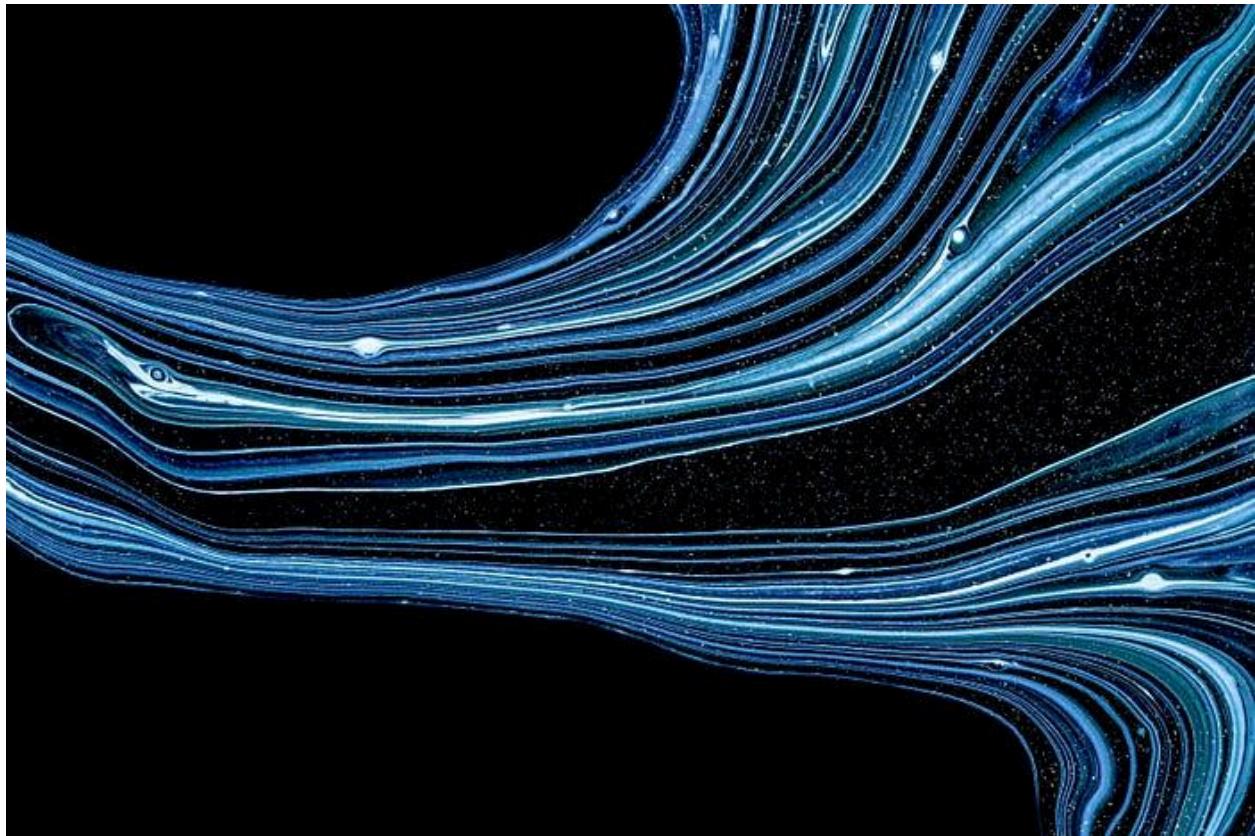


Photo by [Solen Feyissa](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Long Shot

I haven't lived an extra life before now, but I truly believe that if I fulfil my obligations daily as I plan them and as they present themselves, I will be more than fine. Consistency is so scarce that failing properly at it will set you apart. I would have loved to say "no pressure", but in reality, the right pressure in the right places will actually keep you in check. The right challenge for the right reasons, and you will wake up everyday to do something meaningful towards your goal. On a few days, you'll sit back to experience the beauty that is life. This mixture of the pursuit for things and tokens will more likely than not, put you in a place where you can see properly to keep moving forward in the direction of your grand vision.

And if you're lucky, you will see properly enough to adjust your grand vision into something more profound than the daydreams of a young chap, and chart the course to your ideal as it reveals

itself to you. More so if the gods smile on you and you are amongst the luckiest of us, your grand vision will be so big and so deeply meaningful that it will transcend your lifetime into the generations after you. So go ahead, dare to dream. And as you awaken to pursue those dreams, don't forget to open your eyes up to beauty, that you may see clearly and enjoy the beautiful symphony that is life, until we can experience it no more.



Photo by [Nicholas Beel](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Careers](#)

[Vision](#)

[Work](#)

[Meaning Of Life](#)

[Beauty](#)

# The Trail



[Abraham Audu](#)

8 min read

Jan 1, 2024

Every master was once a fool...

## Foundations

In this essay, I will concern myself with distilling my experiences to their essence, rather than the specific events, although in times where the events are necessary to furnish the essence of the experiences, then I will not hesitate to include the vital aspects of those experiences in order to pass the message as accurately as needed.

I haven't written in a long time, not because I haven't had the inclinations to write, but because when I write, I concretize my thoughts. Now you might wonder — "Who wouldn't want to concretize their thoughts?". But have you considered the consequences of concretizing dark thoughts? Maybe not even dark thoughts, maybe just the activated complex of ideas which haven't found their footing in the space of things. The Space of things as feelings, feelings which could shape a little today, which go on to shape the majority of some facet unknown in the not so distant future.

I sold myself on a dream, I considered the facts and the feelings — well the aspects of the feelings I could fathom from that distance from the reality which would lie ahead. In this journey, I'm not here to saddle you with a needlessly sad tale. I have gone past that. I have gone past that, and I have seen that darkness is simply a consequence of existence, and not in a dark way — however you choose to make sense of that.



Photo by [cocarinne](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Realization and Restoration

One year ago today, I realized my power. And one year after, I realized that with great power comes great responsibility. One year ago, I decided I was going to take my life into my own hands and have faith in myself. To take the things I had, and to — with humility and a clear understanding of where I was, and what I had, to build the life I wanted.

To be honest, I was surprised how much faith in one's self could pay off. Within months, things I didn't know would happen began to happen, and fast too. It came with a sense of independence. For the first time in a long time, I felt the power to do things — to think about something and actually do it, because I now had the resources to do so. This power only existed in my own little world. In the grand reality of real life, I was still quite powerless, but I was too elated by my current victories to realise it. On the bright side, I had control over it to some extent.

For a time, I let myself focus on the fact that I wasn't doing as well as I ought to be. I let it weigh me down, and although it didn't alter my work, it altered the quality of my life. I thought I wasn't doing as well as I ought to be — but I was doing as well as I ought to do. I was doing as well as I ought to do, because for every journey, there's a beginning. I started with a clean slate; the slate only gets dirty when dirt is poured on it.

I taught myself to localize the vision of what success meant to me. This was my way out. I wasn't going to compare myself with other people, or even myself from a different epoch of my existence. The goal would be to look at myself in the mirror and be honest. No lies, no pride, no darkening of the plot, just honesty. And it was in that that I realized my power. It was in that that I realized that in so much as what I desired was to grow in what I was doing, and become good enough to not be ignored, I had — and I have — everything laid out before me.



Photo by [Ferran Fusalba Roselló](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## Reverse Prophet

Four years ago, I wrote my first book. Two years ago, I decided I was done with “How to” books. “*Whatever is not growing, is dying*” is a good argument. I have argued it and will continue to argue it. But here’s the twist: *what is growth?* Growth involves evolving into the expressed version of what is. It dawned on me that I knew all I needed to know to get going. It dawned on me that I needed to escape the chase for the most optimum path. In my book, I described it as making the chase for *the point* the point, as opposed to *the point* itself.

So what do I want? “I want a career in ‘this’ or ‘that.’” Well what do I need to get there? The short answer is this: The list will never be complete. In reality, all you need is whatever is enough to get you started. Why was I reading books? At some point I had forgotten. But in the beginning, it was probably about becoming principled and exposed enough to know my way around the world. And at some point, I just decided “Enough”. I decided it was time to go into the real world.

Everything I wrote in my own book was more like a condensed manual for myself, but even I didn’t know it was for me: I was a *reverse prophet*.



Photo by [Anne Nygård](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## A Case for the Plot

If I go on Instagram today, I will find more than 576 reasons why I'm doing badly with my life. But am I really doing badly with my life? In a comforting manner, I'd say "*No, I'm not doing badly if I compare myself to who I was yesterday*". But then, even in the less comforting manner of "*I'm supposed to be better than this*" with respect to the next guy, the answer really comes down to the humility to admit the facts.

One question solves all the doubts: *Have I really put in as much work as this guy? Do I know what he or she knows? Do I know who he or she knows?* Because objectively, if I know what they know and who they know and have the same experiences as them, then by law, I should have what they have. And this was true at a time: In secondary school when we were all practically equal within statistical limits of error. But life is not secondary school.

This understanding of facts is so fundamental to understanding the fabric of measurement and comparison. Most people like to say "*stop comparison*" but I assure you, it is impossible. Comparison is what makes the fabric of society. Comparison is how we judge sanity, intelligence, or even being alive; you're considered alive when compared to a dead person. The key isn't to "not compare", the key is to know how to compare, and what to do with the results.



Photo by [Arthur Lambillotte](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## A Framework for All Time

Jesus said — roughly speaking — “*the poor will always be with you*”. What do the poor have? I’ll tell you: *Negative experiences*. So by inference, God has already hinted at the fact that negative experiences are a fact of life.

I don’t know about you, but if I know an experience is never going to go away, I think it would be smart to build my life to factor it in. I’d plan for negatives, rather than cry each time it shows up after I have made plans which have wishfully omitted the possibility of negative experiences.

In recent time, I realized I was never suicidal. I was enraged at life for not seeing it for what it was, I was attempting to wish away unpleasant situations, I was genuinely sad even, but never truly suicidal. How do I know? Well I would always come up with excuses and talk myself out of it. I think the really suicidal people would use that opportunity to ideate deeper rather than think about “*a way out*”. Suicide is an expression of total loss of hope. I don’t think I’ve ever been truly hopeless. In fact, only very few who have chosen hopelessness have ever been truly hopeless. The only exception is explicitly fatal situations.

In recent time, I’ve come to see rejection (professionally) as feedback. Sometimes it comes in a vague manner, but it is feedback nonetheless. It’s really a game of sheer ability in terms of raw skill and then the ability to communicate that ability through my words and the words of others who have seen me act. And if I don’t have a requirement, it is my responsibility to go out and get it, rather than curse reality for my own shortcoming.

Grand decisions come with glistening promises of rewards. But folly lives in the thought that making the decision brings the reward. The reward is not in the mere declaration or in the boldface of future decisions as a consequence of the initial grand decision. The rewards of grand decisions lie in the way the explicit consequences of the decisions are handled on a daily basis. Can I maintain the same work rate when I don’t see rewards today. I assure you, I will not be enthusiastic, but can I pull myself together enough to produce?

This is the framework of all time: it is that I’m able to understand the way life works, take responsibility for the areas I’m lacking, and be humble enough to sit through the process of filling the gaps. And when the time comes to pay the grim reaper the price for my decision, I should be willing and ready to painfully rip out that part of me, hand it over, and sit there in the pool of my own blood, stitching up the parts, so I can get at it again in the morning.



Photo by [Sigmund](#) on [Unsplash](#)

## In Time

"The reward of humility and the fear of the LORD is wealth, honor, and life." Proverbs 22:4.

It all happens in time. The power of everything in this article is in time. To be humble enough to wake up everyday as the fool, until the day I am so good they can't ignore me.



Photo by [Justin Eisner](#) on [Unsplash](#)

[Career](#)

[Philosophy](#)

[Character](#)

[Persistence](#)