

My dream State:

When it comes to defining, the crucial point is to be specific and a bit childish.

You need to look back and consider what my younger self would want from me.

Money was not necessarily a problem when I grew up, but I wanted it.

I understood that money is power. So What did I do? I told everyone in elementary school that my Dad owned a yacht and the most prominent paper plan on the earth. Of course, I was bullied for lying all the time, but this also lit a fire. A fire that would never stop glowing. I need to prove them all wrong. I need to show what I can do. So let's fast forward nine years. What do I want? What is my dream state? I will give it to you as a picture book.

Imagine a lovely old leather book. You open it, and the first picture is in Monaco. I stand there with my family in front of a 25-meter yacht. My Dad has a proud smile and has his hand on my shoulder. On the next page, you see me playing tennis, and in the background, a house build around 1980: white stone, greek statues in the garden, and large windows. You flip to the next page and get this James bond vibe from the car I am driving: an Aston Martin DB5.

While you keep flipping pages, you think of me as the guy who likes "old money." You might be correct, but looking at the last few pages, you also see me working at my penthouse apartment in Dubai, where I seem to be a different guy. You see, My life is formed from the things which will always benefit me. The dream state of a man like me is also coupled with hard work, love, and dedication.

Working will always be part of my journey. Even if I am sixty years old, I will work in my office and sip some solid black coffee. The second you close my book, you notice how a small piece of paper fell out. You read it, and it says: "How will your life End?"

Pictures which paint the mood:







