

Chapter 8

The Tools of Self-Development

Being a member of the Club 555 caused the flaps of my eyes to fall off one day. Suddenly I began to perceive reality very differently. I realized that my subconscious was like a garden in which I was the only gardener, and it was up to me to decide what to sow in it. Standing somewhere in the middle, I looked around.

“Grzegorz! Can you see that? Come on, take a look. Open your eyes, but wide, and look at everything carefully, because you’re seeing it for the last time. Stench, filth and poverty! A wasteland, like Japan after the air raids! All right, that’s enough looking. Now roll up your sleeves and get to work!” I made a monologue in my mind.

I motivated myself to act and slowly – with small steps – I started to do some cleaning. I was taking away debris on a wheelbarrow. While cleaning up, I found, among others, mouse traps, rat poison, and under-drinking liquor bottles with soft and hard drugs floating in them. ‘I had quite a den here,’ I thought as I saw the results of my work. Then I pulled up all the weeds and finally dug up the whole garden again. At one point I hit something hard. I was surprised to see a bent shovel.

I started digging deeper and deeper until I came upon a box that contained dreams I had forgotten – both from my childhood and later.

One of them was to write a book. This desire came to me automatically, although at first I was terrified, because I was not the kind of person who liked to go to the

library or bookstore. I was afraid of my dream because I lacked knowledge and experience. I put the idea aside for later. I bought fertilizer and seeds at a gardening store in order to plant many plants and flowers. The initial vision of my garden was ready. I couldn't hide the fact that I was very excited. How my plot would develop further was entirely up to me.

One day at work I was talking to Zora. We sat next to each other as I was seated at another desk after the previous incident with Nwankwo. The topic at hand was personal development. We loved to wind up about it and we did it every day.

"You have changed recently. You are no longer the smeghead you used to be," my colleague said, smiling at me.

"Thank you. I would like you to know that it is also thanks to you. You and Gabriela have made me interested in personal development," I whispered, feeling grateful. "The best thing about it is that I have been reminded of my dreams. I am going to write a book. I don't know what it's about yet, but I think it will be ready in five years," I added, smiling from ear to ear.

"Awesome! Hold to it and write it down," said Zorka, handing me a piece of paper and a pen.

So I did. In black and white I wrote down what I wanted to accomplish and when. I felt something magical in me. It was exactly the same feeling that accompanied me several years earlier, that is when I first thought about writing a book.

A few days later I met Zbyszek, whom I had met a few years earlier in some warehouse. We worked together. We hadn't seen each other for quite a long time, but we still had a great contact with each other. After having drunk a few beers, we started talking about dreams.

“Grzegorz, you know how it is. What can I tell you? I’d like to make it to the weekend and then I’d like to cut it off! I wish I had a bottle, but a bottomless bottle. How to tell you that. It’s a never-ending story,” said Zbyszek, all red in the face.

“Zbigniew, listen to me. Everything that we have in this world today was once created in the mind of man. And imagine that this same man later made certain steps to get closer to achieving his goal,” I turned to my friend.

“What do you dream about?” Zbyszek asked, stammering.

“I want to write a book. To find a publisher and see my work in an empire,” I made my companion aware.

“Well, that’s fucking big! Don’t be offended, but it seems to me that you don’t read books. You once mentioned that you don’t like them. Have you read even one book in your life?” the companion wondered, unable to stop the attack of hiccups.

“Yes. In primary school I read two books. They were *Anne of Green Gables* and *Robinson Crusoe*,” I said, feeling a little proud.

“Well, I don’t know. I don’t really see it, to be honest, but maybe you could try reading something else?” my friend said.

Then I thought to myself that my friend was right and I should really do it.

“Zbyszek, you’re a good thinker. You know, let me tell you something. I’ll find some books that interest me, read them and only then I’ll write my own.”

Zbigniew looked at me in disbelief and tapped his forehead. He criticized me, but it was a constructive criticism that was meant to help, not condemn.

The next day I placed an order at an online store. I bought several books on personal development as well as

psychology. First, I wanted to read the bestseller entitled *The Power of Your Subconscious Mind* by Joseph Murphy. However it took some time before I opened it. Once I did, I was drawn in so much that I didn't close the book until I read the last page. I remember having shivers down my spine as I absorbed the new knowledge. It made an incredible impression on me. I believed in the Power of Divine Intelligence. The second I read was *Think and Grow Rich* in which Napoleon Hill gives a lot of advice on how to be successful. I learned that the most important thing is to have boundless faith in achieving your goal and to be patient. Blair Hill – the son of the book's author – was born without ears, but after many years of struggling with the handicap, he began to hear. Next, I read the book entitled *Breaking the Habit of Being Yourself*. Joe Dispenza introduced me to the world of quantum physics. I realized that everything in the Universe is energy. Knowing about parallel universes, or alternate realities, changed my perspective on everything. The knowledge I gained from the books mentioned above made me think about creating a new theory and formula when it comes to the Law of Attraction.

I was becoming more and more aware day by day, so I started to write papers to summarize my knowledge. At first, the idea was to be able to go back to my notes at any time if my memory failed me. My first paper was about sleep, and I wrote it on September 10, 2018. I shared it with my loved ones and I guess it impressed them because I received a lot of praise and compliments, which motivated me to write something more. The next one also found recognition, and it went to a slightly wider audience. The subsequent applause gave me an incredible kick of positive energy, so I decided to write a paper entitled *In Pursuit of Happiness*. In it you can find, among

others, my deep thoughts on several important issues. The positive feedback made me share my creation on Facebook. I was very pleasantly surprised because some of my friends shared the post. People I didn't know started writing to me. They wrote that I helped them look at life from a completely different angle. They were thanking me, asking for advice... I was shocked! I felt great satisfaction because I could help someone. It came to me that this is what I want to do. I felt that I wanted to improve this world, to change people's lives for the better. I realized that writing is what gives me so much fun. A few days later, while I was at work writing another paper, I was approached by Slawomir, a colleague from the team.

"Take a look. The author is my partner," he said, putting the book on my desk.

"Great. I'll have a look," I said after a while, a little bit thoughtful.

I took the book about LGBT issues in my hand. I read the first few pages and was impressed. At that moment, I realized it was time to write something of my own. I thought the topic would be personal development.

'Greg, focus. You already have a topic, but how do you see the whole thing? There are plenty of books like that on the market. You're either going to give the world another rubbish, or you're going to do it better than others and create a real masterpiece. Think, man, think. People are lazy by nature, so they prefer to follow the line of least resistance to the goal. What else? They want quick changes. So there you go! Personal development consists of many important topics. Each thread has already been covered by various authors, but... No one has covered everything in one book! And this is it! I will give people personal development in a nutshell! A guide, but one without repetition. Short, concise and to the point.

Theory and examples, both from my life and the lives of my friends. It has to be credible, so it will be. If I was lazy and wanted to quickly change my life for the better, what path would I follow? Would I buy thirty different books, each 300 pages long, or would I invest in one book, but one that in 300 pages summarizes all the most important information? The choice is simple. So go for it!’ I analysed everything thoroughly. I planned to create such a work, which was to be addressed to all people, especially to those who would like to change their lives for the better, but do not know how to do it. The idea found favor with my family and loved ones, which confirmed my conviction to go in that direction. My writing gained momentum. I wrote at work when I had free time, and at home. At some point, I realized that it had turned into a passion. I had finally found it!

Before long, my formula for the Law of Attraction was ready. I decided to take the tests to confirm that the theory was flawless. I had set the bar pretty high when I signed up for a charity bike ride between Manchester and Blackpool, a total distance of about 90 kilometres; it would take place at night. I decided not to prepare because I believed in the Unlimited Power of Subconscious. My strength and weakness was that I pedalled to and from work every day, but it only took me twenty minutes in total. On race day, I carefully prepared my mountain bike for the ride. I packed a sandwich, a chocolate bar, and two isotonic drinks in my backpack. Before leaving home I visualised my ride to the finish line, feeling all the possible feelings and emotions that accompany a human being in a given situation. As a child I liked to race against my peers. I never gave up, I always fought until the very end. At the

start line there were several thousand cyclists. Most of them had professional racing bike.

‘Not bad. I could have predicted it, no worries. We will fight!’ I thought to myself, feeling a little stress.

Mountain bikes are much slower on the road than professional racing bikes. I was very motivated, so I strongly believed in the capabilities of my “steed.” I started with a bang, passing hundreds of people in the first two kilometres. Later, it was a bit more difficult, because we were riding uphill – one, two, three. I started to “swell” when I was about halfway, somewhere near Preston. There I took my first break and also the last one. I ate, drank and then joined the peloton. I gained the right speed and started to get closer to the leaders. The ride was getting harder and harder but I did not give up. The first cramps appeared but I was so tired that I almost didn’t feel them. In crisis moments I pulled over and visualised the moment when I would cross the finish line. I had absolute faith in my success. The worst was the last hour of the ride. When I was approaching the sea, I was hoping for a fast finish, but nothing like that. I had to pedal for a few dozen more minutes and finally, with all my strength left, I crossed the finish line. I remember a lady handed me a souvenir medal and a bottle of water. A moment later I sat down on a bench – exhausted but happy and grateful. I finished in the top 100 – as the only one who made it on a mountain bike. It worked!

After this first success, I decided to compete in a charity five-km run. I used to run a similar distance almost every day, so I wanted to compete with someone on neutral ground. In fact, I even wanted to win the competition! In high school, I won a few medals, but mostly at the 400 metres distance. A few days before the start of this competition I started working with my subconscious. I

visualised my victory, which I associated with feelings and emotions that I had experienced many years before. The run took place in one of the biggest parks in Manchester. Several hundred people showed up at the start line. The first group had to run one lap of five km, while the second group had to run twice as long, but both teams started at the same time. Everything depended on who wanted to compete in which race. We were distinguished by the colour of our wristbands. Waiting for the start signal, I prepared the stopwatch. We started a while later. I was running quite well, I kept a solid pace. Approaching the finish line, I was a bit surprised because I didn't see anyone in front of me who had a wristband of the same colour as mine. Turning around, I didn't spot anyone either! My heart beat faster, then I looked at the stopwatch. 'Quite a good time. But why is there no one at the finish line? Had I won? Possibly. Ah, I guess not, because everyone is running further away, so the finish line is probably in a different place. Some kind of fuck-up, not a finish!' I thought, looking at the finish line from the corner of my eye and laughing under my breath. So, I ran after the rest of them like some ignoramus. Too bad, because after a few minutes I realized that I made a big mistake that cost me a lot. Instead of focusing on the road, I preferred to listen to music, and as a result, I lost my way. I would have come in first, but I crossed the finish line last. This story inspired me to write a paper on mindfulness.

One morning in the corporate restroom, I ran into Sławek who told me about his problem. He felt rejected by both family and friends because he was gay. At that moment I felt that I would write something entitled *Fear of Criticism*. After a while, I was sitting at my desk, thoughtfully putting together a plan for an elaboration in

my head, when suddenly I heard someone's voice. It was Zora, who was coming back from the kitchen.

"What are you dreaming about?" she asked, taking her seat right next to me.

"I am thinking about a book," I answered, proudly continuing.

"Let me tell you an interesting story, listen. At the end of the 1980s, Jim Carrey was an up-and-coming and not yet well-known actor. But he knew that anything was possible in life, as long as he fully engaged his mind in action. I'm talking about the Law of Attraction. You know the topic, but keep listening. One day he wrote himself a check for ten million dollars, on which he put the date 'Thanksgiving 1995.' He carried that check in his wallet for many years. In 1994, two movies featuring him were released, making him a star. And imagine that in 1995, right on Thanksgiving Day, he was offered a role in Dumb & Dumber, for which he raked in ten million dollars. Get it!" my colleague was excited.

"Come on, I'll do it too. Do you have a pen and paper?" I asked, thinking about the date and the amount.

"I have it, here," said Zorka, handing me the office supplies.

On November 21, 2018, at exactly 8:18 a.m., I wrote down on a yellow piece of paper the amount of £2,000,000 with the date November 21, 2021. I thought and wished that on that day I would see in my bank account an incoming transfer amounting to such a sum. The money would come from the sale of my artwork.

At Tolerance we had many teams, each of which dealt with something different. In the group that was responsible for marketing, Laszlo worked. The man was a native Hungarian. He came to England for personal reasons.

One day he asked me to meet him and we arranged a meeting in a restaurant near our work.

“Greg, I would like to do business with you,” he said to me at one point, chewing his food.

“All right, but what exactly do you mean?” I replied curiously.

“I heard that you are writing a book. We could start a blog. My partner is Czech. His name is Jaromir and he speaks fluent Czech, Polish and English, so he could translate your material. I can translate into Hungarian. Once we get the work done and start making money, we’ll split the money between the three of us. Evenly, of course, just to be clear. We’ll be rich and famous. What do you say?” suggested the companion, hitting the table with an empty glass.

At the same moment my head spun. For a few seconds I wondered if I had a hearing problem. I never thought about blogging. I had no interest in it. However, the proposition. I’d have to be a no-brainer to accept it.

“Sorry, but I’m not looking for partners for my project,” I announced roughly, rising from the chair. “It seems to me that you don’t respect my time. I have to go now,” I added after a while, wiping my mouth with a handkerchief.

“Greg, wait. I’m sorry. Forget about it,” said Laszló, blushing on his face.

“I’m glad you understand. How about a beer?” I took the initiative.

“I’d like that. My treat!,” he replied.

After a few beers I decided that it was time to go home. Laszló walked me a bit until we finally stopped to say goodbye.

“Greg, can I hug you?” asked my friend, surprising me completely.

“Yeah, you can. Go ahead,” I said with a wide smile on my face.

Laszló put his arms around me and leaned into my mouth. I broke free from his embrace and took a few steps back.

“Laszló, what the fuck are you doing!” I shouted in annoyance.

“I thought...” he whispered confused, with tears in his eyes.

“I’m sorry, but I’m not gay,” I said, walking away. We spent quite an evening, which started badly and ended the same way.

A few days later I noticed Sulley acting strangely. The situation happened in the company kitchen. The girl could not stand still, she was bursting with energy. She was running around, having something to say to everyone.

“Sulley, slow down because you’re spilling coffee. Take a towel and clean up,” I turned to the woman, looking at her out of the corner of my eye.

“Oh, come on, come on. Stop it. Let’s better go and click,” she muttered under her breath.

We went out of the canteen together, although halfway I turned back to the toilet. Out of the corner of my eye I was watching my friend, who suddenly accelerated her step. I looked at her and rubbed my eyes in amazement. She was walking so fast that I felt like she was floating in the air. She looked comical, like she was about to fall over. Sulley liked to wear shoes with heels, but unfortunately she couldn’t walk in them. After a short break, I returned to my workstation and was even more surprised. The girl was arguing with Kurt. It was a very aggressive

exchange of words. After a while she sat down next to me.

“What are you looking at? I’m pissed at this jerk, can’t you see?” she turned to me, totally shaken up.

“Calm down. What happened?” I asked discreetly.

“I was walking to the desk and I tripped. I hooked one leg over the other and spilled an entire mug of coffee on that foul. I hate him! Now choose: him or me. I won’t talk to you if you’re going to keep in touch with him!” I heard after a while.

“Sulley, relax. Just listen to yourself. You’re acting like a child. How old are you? Do I pick your friends?” I responded. “Besides, you’re verbose and your eyes are bulging. Get a grip on yourself if you don’t want the German to report you. The boy is not blind,” I added.

“Maybe you’re right. Stop staring at me,” finished Sulley with a smile.

I dare say most of the employees knew what was going on, but people just didn’t want to make trouble for her. Besides, she was defended by her good performance. She was efficient and made relatively few mistakes. The name of the company was no random choice, either.

The next day there was to be an employee Christmas Eve party. Most of the corpo-people had been chattering about it since early morning.

Sulley wondered what kind of wig she should wear for the event.

“Which one do I look most comfortable in?” she turned to me at one point, showing me pictures on her phone.

“Why do you need that hair? Try to accept yourself as you really are. Show your natural beauty,” I said honestly.

“I don’t know. Why do you think I can’t find a man?” she asked sadly.

“Imagine the man of your dreams. His character, social position, expectations from a partner. Can you see him now in your mind?” I asked.

“Yes,” whispered Sulley, smiling mysteriously.

“Imagine that you are this man, and think about the kind of woman you would like to be with. Stop! Now come back to reality. Do you think you meet his criteria?” I continued.

“I don’t know. I don’t think so” I heard the answer.

“Well, now you know,” I finished, making my friend aware of it.

After work I got on my bike and went straight home. I had about two hours to prepare for the Christmas Eve dinner. I got ready in seventy-five minutes, then sat down and started thinking about my book. I was going through a crisis moment because I felt like I was running out of time for everything. I had put too many responsibilities on myself – writing, reading, working out, running, learning a foreign language. When I got home from work, I was mostly tired and didn’t want to do anything.

Sitting on the couch, I wondered if I should take a longer break from writing. However, after deeper analysis, I decided that what I needed was a stimulus. That stimulus was to be the opinion of one of my mentors. I found a contact to Fryderyk Karzełek and sent him my paper *In Pursuit of Happiness* asking him if I should continue on this path or not. I then jumped into my shoes and suit and left the house for the company dinner, where I ate to my full stomach and drank quite a bit of alcohol. When I was already quite inebriated, a smiling Laszłó came up to me.

“Greg, come with me to the toilet. We have something to talk about,” he said, wobbling on his feet.

“Go ahead!” I shouted, pointing my finger at the temple of pride.

I followed the Hungarian, but in the middle of the way a drunken hiccup caught me. A moment later we locked ourselves together in one cabin.

“Greg, you little slut. Don’t tell me you’re not gay or I won’t believe you. I’d fuck you in this cabin. What do you say? I’ve got some poppers, take a hit,” the guy said, handing me a small bottle of alkyl nitrite.

I took a few breaths and gave the bottle to the companion. After several seconds the blood went to my head. I felt euphoric and began to laugh. Laszłó was in a similar state, but he looked at me like a hungry animal at raw meat.

– Laszłó, listen to me. I’m having a fucking blast and I wouldn’t want you to ruin it for me. Do you understand me?” I just sputtered out, unable to hold back my laughter.

“Don’t fuck around. Stick your ass out and howl with pleasure!” shouted Hungary, grabbing my buttocks with his hand.

“Fuck off! I’m going home,” I sobered up in a split second, then I left the toilet and went out of the restaurant.

Walking home, I laughed out loud. I could hardly believe what had happened... The next day I woke up with a slight headache. It didn’t bother me too much, so I quickly got myself cleaned up and went out into the fresh air to jog. While jogging, I was reminded of one of the habits Fryderyk once mentioned in Club 555. Namely, the idea of starting each day with a plan ready to go. ‘That’s a pretty good idea. What if I started getting up an hour earlier than usual? I would start my day with

meditation, then the gym or running. Next, work, then writing after work, and finally reading or studying a foreign language. I would save time and energy. Bingo!’ I analysed in my mind, feeling the sweat running down my back. After my workout, I took a quick shower and turned on my laptop. I checked my e-mail and found a return message from my mentor. He wrote me to keep going in this direction because it was working out cool for me. I got a boost of positive energy – but how excited I was at that moment. After that, there was no trace of the hangover.

Soon I flew to Poland for vacation. I visited family and friends. In Warsaw I met with Gibson. We went to a pub, where mostly Milan and Liverpool fans hang out. In this special place we tried to give a title to my book.

“How about *Create Yourself?*” suggested my companion.

“I like it. I’ll take it,” I agreed.

In Olsztyn I had the pleasure of seeing Hektor Korzonek. I mentioned to him what happened in the biggest city in the country.

“Wouldn’t it be better to *Re-create yourself?*” said Hektor.

“And that’s how it will be. Thanks,” I said firmly.

My friends thought of effective titles for my book. I was proud of them. In the capital of Warmia and Mazury I also met with another warm-hearted friend who told me the story of his colleague. Marcin was an undistinguished young man. He got up every morning, ate breakfast and went to work for ten hours. He would come back, smoke a joint, have a few laughs in front of his television, and then go to bed. Each of his days looked the same. Most importantly, he loved his life. He never complained, he

was just happy. One day he left home and got into his car. He wanted to go to another city to watch the dog races. It was winter, slippery on the road. The guy did not reach his destination, somewhere along the way he had an accident. He got into a skid and stopped on a tree. Fortunately, he survived. In the hospital he heard the diagnosis – damage to the spine. The doctors made it clear that he would never walk again. At the time, Marcin thought it was impossible. As long as he had two legs, he would fight until he could stand up and walk without any help. He believed he could do it. The doctors shook their heads, but he didn't give up. He believed that he could only become a cripple in his own mind and by his own choice. The boy refused to accept that. He practiced all day long. The rehabilitation took several months. One day he stood up and announced to the doctors that he was walking out. As he said, so he did...

"Let's go to him. I would like to talk to him," I turned to my interlocutor.

"All right. Fasten your seat belt and let's go," he said, turning the key in the ignition.

In a few minutes we were at the place. First I got acquainted with Marcin and then I asked him to tell me the story in details.

"Wait. Can you tell it again?" I responded at one point.

"I firmly believed in walking. I never thought it could be otherwise. I visualised in my mind that I was healthy. All barriers are in the mind. If you believe you are a cripple, you will be one," repeated the companion.

I had tears in my eyes when Marcin told this story. In a way, he confirmed the validity of my Law of Attraction theory. He also inspired me to write a paper on motivation.

After returning to Manchester, my writing took off. Every evening I made a plan for the next day. I wrote everything down in detail on my calendar. Every day I would get up at five in the morning. I would sit on the couch and start meditating. I usually “drifted away” for twenty minutes, the first ten of which were for deep meditation, while the second ten were devoted to affirmations and visualisations.

“Almighty, I ask for your help and inspiration. Make my book unique. Let every single paper be on the same level. Brilliant and magical. I ask that my work will change humanity. May as many people as possible be happy,” I said to myself in my mind, believing deeply in the realization of my wish.

Then I saw the realization of that dream in my own head, feeling every possible feeling and emotion. I considered it an indisputable fact.

“Thank you,” I whispered at the very end, feeling grateful.

Then miracles happened. I received many indications while I was sleeping. During the day, I had sudden insights. It was amazing. I was living my book every day. If I wasn’t writing it, I was thinking about it. I just inhabited my dream. I was downright indisposed to anyone, anytime.

Then one day I realized that I had written quite a few chapters, but the table of contents was still missing. I decided to create one. I turned to Sulley for help. The situation happened at work.

“Hey, chick! Are you bored? Stop clicking on that keyboard, because you’ve already made your daily quota. You want them to give us another raise? It’s enough that they raised it two weeks ago, and you know very well by whom... I need your help,” I asked a bit teasingly.

“They won’t raise it, don’t worry. I click a lot because I want to be the best! My gullet jumps when I see that Kurt has more than me. What do you need?” she retorted, smiling ironically.

“I’m writing the table of contents right now. What else would you like to learn from my book? Do you have any ideas?” I asked, looking deeply into her eyes.

“Don’t stare at me like that because you’re stressing me out. I’m clean, I didn’t take anything today! I’m overweight, so write something about a healthy lifestyle. About relationships, so maybe I’ll finally find a partner. What else? You could mention manipulation. I could use a few people around my finger. Oooh! You have to talk about habits! The habits of millionaires, then maybe I’ll be rich,” said my friend, laughing out loud.

“All right, thanks. I’ll add something from myself and I’ll be fine,” I finished the conversation.

After several minutes the table of contents was ready and it consisted of twenty five chapters. I felt great pride. I already knew how my book would look like. I saw it in my mind’s eye.

“Grzegorz, but you know that some of your stories are very controversial, right?” Sulley came out of the blue.

“Well, I know, and that’s the point. This book is supposed to be me, it’s supposed to have my soul,” I answered without thinking.

“You are an artist. How do you want them to talk about you?”

“Honestly speaking, I don’t care about other people’s opinion. The important thing is that I love myself as I am. I have always been controversial and I intend to remain so. I value my uniqueness. I’m not going to change anything to please someone. You know how it will be? Some people will love me and others will hate me.

“Personal development has taught me that you cannot please anyone at your expense. By doing so, a person cannot be fully happy, and if he is not, then so is everyone around him. If I took other people’s opinions into account, then I would let their words or gestures control my behaviour, but I am the master of my emotions, not the other way around, and that will never change. Some ignorant people try to tell me that I have become detached from reality. Yes, they are probably right, and that makes me happy, but unfortunately they do not understand that I now live in a reality that I create myself. I create it for myself and do not wait for other – often random – mortals to do it for me. Long time ago I threw off the shackles, which the system imposed on me. I am not a flag in the wind, so I refuse to be manipulated. My life is the result of my decisions or lack thereof.”

Soon after, I realized that I had almost all the material for my book, so I started thinking about finding a publisher. I lacked knowledge and experience. Every publishing house was the same to me and told me nothing. I was in a bind. I decided to ask the Universe for some guidance during meditation.

‘Universe, I ask you. Help me find the best publishing house possible. I know there are many, but surely there will be one that needs my book right now. Just as I need someone right now to guide me through the publishing process, the final step on the road to realizing my dream. Thank you,’ I said to myself in my mind, sending energy to all parallel universes.

Nothing unusual happened to me during the day, but at night I dreamt about my friend Marcin Kaczmarczyk, the author of several books. In the dream he addressed me, giving me the name of the publishing house. He said:

“Grzegorz, your publisher will be Studio Astropsychologii.” At the same moment I woke up. I took a piece of paper and a pen and wrote down the words of my friend. A moment later, I closed my eyes and fell asleep. When the alarm clock rang, I got out of bed. I remembered my dream, but I couldn’t remember the details. Luckily, I had written them down on a piece of paper. I booted up my laptop to see if such a publishing house even existed.

“Oh fuck! What the hell is this?” I was surprised.

It turned out that Studio Astropsychologii is in business and publishes books on personal development, among others. It was a magical moment for me. I felt like I was floating above the ground. When I wrote to them, I was floating even higher. I attached a table of contents and five randomly selected papers to the letter. I sent the whole thing electronically. The same day I received a return message saying that the publishing house was initially interested in my book. I was asked to send the rest of my materials and to be patient, because the decision would be made a week later during the editorial meeting. Over the next few days I put the finishing touches to my work, which I finally completed on April 10, 2019. I worked on it for an equal seven months. The next day I received an e-mail from the editor-in-chief informing me that the publishing house had decided to publish the book. In the letter, I also found a contract. The emotions I experienced then are indescribable. I first analysed the content of this agreement with a lawyer, who then gave me the green light to sign the document.

A few days later I signed the contract. This happened at Tolerance.

Moments earlier, I had spoken with Sulley.

“Seven months! Seven months! I don’t want to say anything, but you’re a genius!” shouted friend, enjoying my success.” And do you remember when you wrote it down on a piece of paper? You gave yourself five years then. Now you’ve done it in seven months, badass. Awesome!” she added after a while, smiling from ear to ear.

“You don’t know how happy I am, but... You have to know that you did it, too, because you cheered me on the hardest of all. Thank you,” I said, smiling back.

“Oh, my gosh,” said Sulley, hugging me. I will never forget that day, because it was one of the most important days of my life.



Photo 5: Own archive.

On May 25, 2019, I went to London, where I took part in the training “Make a masterpiece out of life,” which was led by Fryderyk Karzelek. In addition to him, Anna Oszajca and Wojciech Kołodziejczak also spoke. In the capital of England I intended to meet my mentor and thank him for waking me up from a deep sleep. After all, it was thanks to him that I remembered my dreams. He was the one who gave me the push I needed at a crisis point. I was looking forward to this meeting. I showed up at the place quite early, about two hours ahead of time. Everything was still being prepared. I hesitantly walked into the conference room to look around.

“Hi. Don’t be shy, come to us,” shouted Ania Oszajca.

I took advantage of the invitation and went up to get to know everyone one by one. I find that I was very nicely received by the team, which co-created the event. Fryderyk gave on stage a lot of fun, passing to the guests a large portion of his knowledge. It was professional and even funny in some moments. At the end of training there was an opportunity to approach the mentor.

“Fryderyk, I wanted to thank you for everything you have done for me. You turned my life upside down. You made me find my dreams, which I started to pursue. Thanks to you I am happy. Thank you,” I started a little touched.

“Grzegorz. My heart grows, when I hear such words. I am glad that I could positively influence your life. Thank you for coming,” said the mentor. “What can be done to awaken more people?” he asked after a while, looking at me curiously.

“Fryderyk. You can’t help someone who doesn’t want help. It seems to me that you have to mature to develop as a person. You have to feel a strong desire to change. You said you believe in energy. So do I, which is why I

know we didn't meet here by accident. Someday... Someday we will do something great together for this world," I replied, looking deeply into the man's eyes.

The founder of Club 555 listened to me with commitment. He looked at me, calm and curious. This made a deep impression on me. Then I thought, I want to look at people in the same way. For a moment I felt special. My mentor signed my book and we hugged and took a photo. Later that evening – filled with positive energy – I returned to Manchester.

It had been several months since my last contact with the publisher. I didn't know what stage of the publishing process my book was at, but I didn't mind. I didn't want to disrupt anyone's workflow, so I didn't send out unnecessary queries. Sulley seemed more curious than I was.

"You could write to them. Don't you want to know what's going on with your book? Maybe they've forgotten about you. I would write to them every day. I like to keep things under control," she once said, chewing gum at an express pace.

"Sulley, there's no need for that. Napoleon Hill taught me faith and patience. My dream first started in my head. Later, I believed that I was capable of achieving it. I took the first step, a few more, and now. Everything is happening exactly as I planned it. I even know when the premiere will take place, because I create it myself during the visualisation. Some things can't happen overnight, so you have to be patient," I replied, looking in the direction of my friend.

"You are probably right, but I would like to know now. I'm kind of tired, by the way. I can't sleep and I keep having to pee," said Sulley, gritting her teeth.

"Why don't you get it? I explain to you day after day that it's from those white powders you snort through your

nose. Those are the side effects of hard drugs,” I tried to make my friend understand.

The girl loved cocaine. Cocaine is a drug that is quite psychologically addictive, so even a single dose can lead to addiction. This substance makes the heart beat faster and narrows blood vessels in the process. People often forget that they can get hepatitis C from using a rolled up bill with millions of bacteria on it and sticking it up their irritated nostrils. Many people take cocaine to feel a false surge of confidence, but this is deceptive and temporary. Cocaine affects the heart very strongly and causes micro-damage to the heart muscle. It is also worth noting that atherosclerosis of blood vessels and impaired liver function are possible. Frequent use leads to insomnia, anxiety and depression. Persecutory manias are possible, as well as hallucinations or psychosis. The user may experience weight loss and pale skin.

I started the next day as usual with meditation. In waking mode I visualised the release of my book. I imagined myself as I signed people's own work with a date of November 29, 2019. I waved my hand in the air, soaking in the event as strongly as if it were all happening here and now. A few hours later, I received a message indicating that the publisher was going to change the title of book to *The Tools of Self-Development. Meditations, Visualisations, and Other Techniques for Releasing Emotions and Creating Confidence*. At first I wasn't happy, but after deeper analysis I decided the idea was great.

Soon after, the letter carrier delivered a package to me. In the package there was a correction of my text. I accepted most of the corrections, although I did not agree with all of them. I also added my comments and sent the whole thing back to Białystok, where my publisher is

based. In the end we compromised. I agreed to cross out vulgarisms, but the publisher went along with me, leaving some mistakes – mainly stylistic ones, which were supposed to give the book a soul. My soul – the enemy of perfectionism. It was mainly to make all readers aware that being a perfectionist has more downsides than upsides. Will you learn more from a hardcover book than a softcover one? Does a work that lacks numbered pages change the content? A few mistakes won't change anything either, because the author's message will remain the same anyway.

In the following days I continued my meditation, which I constantly combined with affirmations and visualisations concerning the release of my book. With the eyes of my imagination I saw people who came to meet me in the Empik – family, friends, strangers. I spoke to them, heard their voices. I was signing books that already had a new title on them. I typed the date November 29, 2019, waving my hand in the air. I felt strongly about my role. At the end, I felt gratitude. I felt like it was all really happening. I recognized it as a fact, then went back to my daily duties. At work I bought a plane ticket to Poland for November 29, to the premiere of course.

“You are crazy. A madman! You'll be a genius if your book sees the light of day on November 29. In fact, every genius is a madman!” announced Sulley, bursting out laughing.

The next day, I received an email from the publisher notifying me that my book would be released. November 29, 2019. I felt unearthly, like I was in a completely different dimension.

“Holy crap! You really are a genius! A year has 365 days, and you knew exactly! If you did something like

that, you can do anything!” shouted Sulley, unable to contain her excitement.

“Chick, I’m just applying the Law of Attraction. Believe that you are a god and miracles will appear in your life!” I said to my friend, winking in her direction.

At the same moment I realized that this was only the beginning of my experience.

About a week later, Nwankwo rejoined the team and it turned out that he was not doing well in his new surroundings. As I watched the African, I started to think. I thought, if I can create events, I should also be able to change someone else’s behaviour, because I live in a reality that I create myself and that mirrors my thoughts and feelings about everything and everyone. I had to deal with both Nwankwo and Tamara, but it was up to me for how long. I started the next morning with meditation. I visualised my relationships with both of them. First, I imagined myself talking to the Nigerian man. We laughed, we joked, we did things together. Then I imagined the same scenario with the Georgian woman. I came to terms with the idea that people I didn’t like before were now my friends. Soon something amazing happened.

“Hi, Greg. How are you? Why don’t we go for a beer after work?” Nwankwo asked, surprising me completely.

“Hi. I’m fine. Beer is a good idea. Get ready, because we have something to talk,” I answered, feeling grateful.

A moment later something else happened.

“Greg, can we talk?” the supervisor asked me.

“Of course,” I answered without thinking.

“Let’s go to the kitchen. We haven’t talked in a long time. I think we have something to talk about,” Tamara said, smiling warmly.

It was a special day for me. I discussed the matter with everyone, but none of us mentioned the previous

incidents. I felt like I was talking to completely different people. I chatted with them more than once since then, but in a way as if we had known each other for years. They had changed beyond recognition. By changing your thinking, you recompose your greatest hit, which is called “My Reality.” No one but you can change the notes because you are the only person who owns the copyright.

About a month and a half before the release of the book I saw the cover design, which made a great impression on me, but two weeks later it occurred to me that it was not a good idea for me to fly to Poland. I realized that not many people would come to my evening with the author.

‘Grzegorz, think about it. Would you go to see someone you don’t know? No one has heard of you. No one has read your book. A waste of time. Maybe your parents would come, maybe some friends. And probably people who happened to come into the bookstore would show up. Well, I guess that’s a waste of time. I’m not going!’ I made a preliminary decision.

Within days I contacted the publisher and together we decided that there would be no meeting with the author.

On November 29, 2019, my book entitled *The Tools of Self-Development* appeared in Empik stores and other bookstores nationwide. I was as proud as I had ever been.

“You made it! Do you hear me! You did it! You proved to everyone that dreams are worth having! You are a mega inspiration,” shouted Sulley, jumping up.

“Thanks. Wow! Did that really happen?” I asked, feeling a tear running down my cheek.

“Of course! How did you do it?” I heard my friend’s excited voice.

“I thought, I asked, I visualised, I felt, I believed, I thanked. You need to know that I have always had boundless faith in my success. I never doubted, not even for a moment. Faith and patience prevailed, which is exactly what Napoleon Hill wrote about,” I revealed, feeling grateful.

The book looked exactly as I had dreamed it would. It looked phenomenal, which proved to everyone that you don’t have to be a perfectionist to be successful. I had fulfilled my greatest desire! It was then that I realized that making dreams come true is like taking drugs – it is highly addictive, and after all, appetite comes with eating.

His favourite activity is wasting time. He has many friends as well as enemies. Do you know him? It prevents from going out of your comfort zone. It leads to procrastination and laziness, blocking the individual from further action and growth. Ultimately, it cuts wings and destroys dreams. It’s called PERFECTIONISM.

Chapter 9

Medical Miracles

Once, one of my friends – Mieczysław Krzewina – came up with a brilliant idea and ordered an electric treadmill to his house. We were living then in Warsaw. We rented together a room in one of blocks of flats near Arkadia shopping centre. The next day the courier knocked on the door to deliver the package. By that time we had drunk a few beers each. First we assembled the product and then we started to test it.

“How is it, Miecio? Can you do it?” I asked in some moment, seeing my tired friend.

“Fuck me, Grzegorz, oh it’s really hard. Give me a beer while it’s not flat,” said my companion, hardly catching his breath.

“Here you go. Come on, we’ll make a change,” I suggested giving the beer to my friend.

“Thanks. All right, go on. Just slowly, I won’t turn it off,” I heard. In a moment I was already on the treadmill. I caught the right rhythm and ran. But after a few minutes I felt tired.

“Mietek, would you give me a can? My throat is dry,” I asked my companion. As I stuck out my hand to grab the beer, I lost control over the treadmill and I was thrown backwards. I stopped on the wall, falling on the wooden floor. First, I felt a sharp pain in my back before cutting my chin. Blood was pouring from my jowls like from a slaughtered piglet. Mieczysław, keeping calm, called a cab, which took us to the hospital. The doctor did everything he could – he stitched up my chin. He then

determined that I had sciatica. Later that evening, my buddy and I returned home, where we kept drinking until morning. Satisfied, we fell asleep, but when I opened my eyes a few hours later, I couldn't get out of bed. I groaned and rolled my eyes because the pain was immense. I suffered both during the day and at night.

"Grzegorz, why don't you finally try astral travel? Supposedly the soul is free from pain and suffering. Relax," my friend suggested one day.

"Mieciu, you are not a stupid guy after all," I answered, accepting the proposal.

Mietek and I used to talk a lot about astral travel. This subject fascinated us. What is it all about? OOB is an experience that involves the soul being outside the body. The most difficult stage is to detach the astral body from the physical body. It is important to do this calmly and sensitively. My favourite method is visualisation. The technique consists of imagining yourself swinging on a swing and jumping up from it. Of course, this must be done in a trance-like state. If we succeed, what happens next? The soul has eyes around the head, so we see in 360 degrees. We do not feel any pain, we experience relaxation. We travel in parallel universes, or alternate realities of our being. We can walk, run, and even fly at unimaginable speeds. We are able to demolish everything we encounter in our path. We have the ability to build. We can do literally anything we want. Conversations with dead people or animals are an interesting experience. You can travel all night, for example, flying from one country to another, but the best thing in all this is that after returning to our body we do not feel tired, but relaxed and sleepy. The soul returns to its body whenever it gets scared of something. Astral travel has saved me many hours of suffering. After a few days in bed, the pain slowly began to

disappear, causing me to return to everyday life. However, there is something that puzzles me. If we have the same consciousness after leaving the body as we did while we were in it, with what are we really thinking? Through soul or brain? After all, the brain remains in the material world. While in the body, some people are blind because they have health problems, but when they leave the body and start being in the astral world, they can see 360 degrees around their head. This applies to all mortals, to be clear. How is this possible? Could it be that the eyes limit a person's field of vision?

We can divide the sightless into two groups. In the first are human beings who have lost their sight for whatever reason. They know what the world looks like, they can imagine it. How about familiarizing them with the Law of Attraction? In the second group we have God's children who cannot see from birth. It would be interesting to teach them OOB techniques so that they can come out of their bodies. They would see what reality is like. Then blind people could be introduced to the Power of Subconscious. Half of the success would be to restore their hope. If they believe unreservedly that they will regain their sight, sooner or later it will happen. They must be patient. It may not be possible for everyone to regain their sight, but it is worth trying. Let at least one person begin to see, and it would mean a breakthrough, both in medicine and in science.

The pain returned unexpectedly several months later, shortly before I returned to the British Isles. I did not take treatment because I thought it would pass on its own, but I was wrong. I came to England with a "friend" that was sciatica. It stuck to me like a turnip to a dog's tail. Day by day the pain was getting worse. It radiated from the

lower back up to the ankle of my left leg. I felt it around the clock, both during the day and at night. I could only sleep on my back. I was unable to run or walk. I was limping. I had great difficulty sitting up and bending over, so I often asked my wife or friends to tie my shoes. I could not work at high speed, but my employers were understanding. They knew my problem. They knew I was getting advice from specialists. Doctors sent me from one clinic to another. I went to rehabilitation, exercised at home, took lots of painkillers and nothing! Even if one day it got a little better, the next day I was in much greater pain. The constant pain made me unbearable to be around. I no longer remembered what happiness was. I forgot about joy and gratitude. From a person who saw no problems and was kind and understanding, I transformed into someone completely different. I began to whine, complain, and judge. I resented everyone about everything until I finally became bitter. I admire my wife, who bravely endured it. This hell lasted about seven years. One time when I was reading about various miracles described in a book called *The Power of Subconscious*, I realized that I could do something similar. I believed in it implicitly, because I realized that the Law of Attraction was my last resort. Medicine had failed, unfortunately.

The day I took matters into my own hands, I stopped doing the exercises my doctor recommended. I also decided to avoid all medical offices. Every day, both in the morning and evening, I would ask the Almighty in my mind to make me well. In my mind's eye, I saw myself bursting with energy. I was running, jumping, and doing backflips. I imagined doing things I could not do because of my back injury. I was deeply immersed in each scene. I felt fatigue and the wind blowing, I heard birds singing.

I was thankful at the end of my visualisation because I was reconciled to the idea that it was all happening here and now. The pain began to disappear day by day and I felt more motivated to work with my subconscious. Recovery seemed to be a matter of time.

After about two months I could walk normally. I stopped limping, and that led me to start running. I would jog two or three times a week. It wasn't easy at first, because the pain was excruciating. But I knew that the only way to succeed was to think positively. While I was running, I imagined myself at the moment when I won a sporting event. I visualised myself passing my most dangerous rival on the last straight and crossing the finish line as the winner. I felt joy and excitement. I saw the sad faces of my opponents. I thanked them for the fight they put into the race.

"Thank you," I said at the end, feeling grateful.

I acted exactly as if the situation had happened a moment ago. I had no problem seeing it through my mind's eye. I could easily recreate all the feelings and emotions because I had experienced identical moments as a teenager when representing my elementary or high school in intercollegiate running events.

It wasn't long before I began to wonder what to do in the moment when it hurt the most. I couldn't identify with the suffering because the Law of Attraction clearly states that we attract more of what we focus our thoughts on. So I came up with an idea to trick my brain. You are programmed to let off the brakes when you see a green light, so you enter the roadway without thinking. A green light means consent. The opposite is true when we see a red light at a pedestrian crossing. Then we know that we cannot enter the road. Something is blocking us, so red should be associated with prohibition. And following this

line of thought... Every time I ran and felt discomfort in the form of severe pain, I would imagine a red light on traffic lights or a solid background of the same colour. My brain would then get a signal that I was not accepting the thought in question, it would reject it.

“I am 100% healthy. Thank you,” I said to myself after a while, feeling grateful.

Then I imagined a traffic light pole with a green light on it. Sometimes I saw only a green background in my mind. In both cases, I made my brain accept the thought – a positive thought – that was key. To summarize, green light – you accept the product of your mind’s work; red colour – you delete the unwanted scenario and reject the proposal the brain gives. I started using the same method in other situations as well. I use it very often, so I stopped to meet with various annoyances or unwanted circumstances.

Six months later I realized that I no longer had sciatica. It had let go, stayed in some alternate reality of my being. Several years of unsuccessful struggle with suffering were forgotten. Soon after, I regained the will to live. I became a better version of myself, the bitterness was gone. The truth is, if I had trusted medicine, I would be an invalid today, but I am healthy because I trusted the Unlimited Power of Subconscious. Most doctors would probably say that it was a miracle, because untreated sciatica doesn’t go away, meanwhile all I had to do was apply the Law of Attraction.

On June 23, 2019, I was scheduled for a social soccer game with a team of foreigners. First thing in the morning, I went to a sports store to buy a new brace for my left knee, which had been operated on many years before. Unfortunately, I did not find what I was looking for. Only

one product caught my eye. ‘Oi, Greg. It would be nice to have braces on both knees, but on the other hand, why should I when my right knee is perfectly healthy?’ I thought. At the same moment I felt somehow strange and after a while I left the store. At home I changed quickly. Then I took my bicycle and went to the guys. On the way to the pitch I noticed a butterfly, which fell between the spokes of my bike and died on the spot. My intuitive voice whispered that I should turn back because something bad might happen, but I ignored the hint. I arrived to the pitch a little bit late, and therefore did not want to waste time for warm-up. I joined the game completely unheated. First contact with the ball – first goal. Moments later I took off for the ball, which was played to me by one of my colleagues. As I was sprinting, I mis-stepped. My right knee bent in a very unnatural way. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my colleagues covering their eyes with their hands. I realized that it didn’t look good, but I wasn’t scared because I had been using the Law of Attraction for some time. As I fell to the grass, I closed my eyes and imagined that everything was fine – as I continued to run and score more goals. I felt all the emotions that accompany a person during this type of situation. After a while, I opened my eyes and noticed my colleagues standing over me, their faces were not so serious.

“Can you move your leg?” asked one of them.

“I can, but it hurts terribly,” I answered.

“Either it’s a fracture or ligaments,” said the second one.

“Certainly not. I think that in two or three weeks I will be ready to play,” I said with a grimace on my face, looking optimistically to the future.

“Hey, Greg. I hope you’re right, but you know how it is,” pessimistically reacted another friend.

“Guys, I’ll see you in a few weeks!” I cut the topic short by walking off the pitch on my own.

I got on the bike and cycled home. I had a terrible pain. My knee was swollen like never before. I tried not to let myself think that the injury was serious. The next day my sister took me to the hospital. The doctors first examined the injured leg and then took an X-ray.

“Mr. Glinka, it is not good. I think it will have to be operated. All signs in the sky point to a torn ligament in your right knee,” said the doctor. “We will send you to a specialist who will decide about your future,” he added after a while.

I was given a package of painkillers and went home satisfied. I thought positively as I realized that people have much bigger health problems. ‘Greg, you know how it is. Since you’ve healed your spine, all the more reason to deal with your knee. Believe that you are a god and miracles will appear in your life!’ I mused before going to bed.

I remembered my left knee surgery well. No worse the rehabilitation and how long it took me to get back to full fitness. I didn’t want to go through the same thing a second time. I decided not to go to the doctor again and heal myself. The mission seemed difficult to accomplish because I felt like my right leg, from the knee down, was hanging on by the last vein. And then I was inspired. I was suddenly reminded of Joseph Murphy, who once suffered from skin cancer. The author of a book entitled *The Power of Your Subconscious Mind* was well aware of the power of the words we speak, because they take root in our subconscious. Thanks to his knowledge and experience he invented an affirmation, which he repeated two or three times a day. With what result? The malignant tumor disappeared after three months. The pastor’s skin

was completely healed, which the doctors could not believe. Just before going to bed, I read this prayer aloud. Here are its words:

“My body and all its organs were created by the Infinite Intelligence of subconscious. It too can heal me. Its wisdom has shaped all my organs, tissues, muscles and bones. The same Infinite Seductive Force present in my body now transforms every cell of my body and makes it perfectly healthy. I am grateful to it for the healing that is taking place. The works of creative intelligence hidden within me are magnificent.”

As I read, of course I felt immense gratitude for being healthy. At the end, I said one but magical word – thank you. Closing my eyes, I went to wonderland. The next day there was no miracle, although I had an impression that my leg was more stable. I tried to say the pastor’s affirmation at least three times a week. I know that I should do it much more often, but I preferred to focus on other goals that required work with the subconscious. Slowly my right knee began to recover. The swelling went down and I could move my leg freely. However, after a month, when I least expected it, I felt severe pain in my knee joint. It was the kneecap, which jumped from point A to point B, and then returned as if to its place. And then I heard my intuitive voice whispering that it would hurt me four more times. Over the next five months, the situation repeated four times. After each pain, the knee behaved better and better. I was sure that things were going for the better, but the next three weeks brought no results. I’ll honestly admit that during that time I did nothing to speed up the healing process. I decided to change that, so as I meditated, I turned to the Almighty for help.