

MEMOIRE 2023:6 MONTHS HELL LATER.

2023 has to be one of the most pressure time periods in my life. In 2022 I owned Belgium nightlife, did crazy challenges and so on. But I knew already that 2023 would be the opposite. Everything is an calculation in my life. I wrote now already multiple updates. But this doesn't do justice on how crazy the last 6 months were. I literally fuck up my body over and over again. Come on empty stomach, in heavy allergies from this current weather, in dizziness or disoriented.

One thing what I directly noticed is how insecure people are. It is just ridiculous and too stupid for words how many envy I get if I just pass by on location x. I am all the time happy, positive on 1200 euros. In pain and exhausted next level. Train on another level without boundaries. This results in a lot of trial and error but also in unknown results. Even if I am disoriented or dizzy then I am still happy with results that are not on my personal records.

The heck. For the inverted sit-ups. It took me 2 weeks to get used to it again. My body was shaking of pain for 1 week, my stomach was super painfull, my calves were so stiff that I couldn't even stand on it. The pain made me throw up. Or I was basically forced to rest. This is just one example. Because if I start with 60 minutes of wide grip push ups spread over 7 sets then I am basically doing the impossible. But 24 hours later whole my arms feel heavy, whole my body feels burned, I feel weak and stunned. Then you have the fighting. I am not going to explain everything here. Because I can write an damn book of all side effects and pains that I need to withstand. I basically had only 6 times free time over whole the 6 months. Saw barely daylight. And if I saw daylight then it was home while battling pains out. Or in the gym.

There is also a big difference between midday and evening in the gym. Seriously it is ridiculous how many wannabe cool kids their pride is destroyed by just seeing me. I literally do nothing. But you can directly see the envy in them. Why? That is the thing that pops in my head when seeing their stupid face. All the time if I am in energy. Then it is wow or they shut up. But when I am dead tired or exhausted then they are so nice to downplay me to feel them better. Seriously this doesn't work to me. It makes them just more the fool. I don't give a fuck about status. You know why? Because I just do. I am all the time on my own. I face myself always. Always go down of exhaustion. There is no time for competition. It is only me versus me. So all those fools that hate me should just mind their own business and start to actually take life in hands.

Training is not fun. You are always sacrificing your energy level, your social life. And just then when you start to train then you really could use some positive vibes instead of pointless envy.

Ah whatever. I achieved my results in just 2 months time. But later I went more and more to always damage my body. Even from cardio. I felt the burn so hard. I was depleted, lost, in pain. And still I kept swinging my legs hours on the heavy bag. The impact was gone. My explosive power was gone. My energy level was not the same anymore. Those that could appreciate me told me that I train freaking hard. That I should take some rest. And my god after 6 months hell. Hell fucking yeah. I will rest. I damaged my left wrist, my right leg was overworked and blocked, my groin muscle was multiple times overworked, was heavy breathing or feeling weak for days, sacrificed all my energy in time in training and recovery. Now it is enough.

I am even mental down. It was just way too hard. Plus the forced move out, countless negotiations, and multiple financial goals that are deadlined for 2023. Enough is

enough. And still I managed to join my sister her book presentation. I was completely in stress of the rush, disoriented of the pain. But most people will not even notice that. Because they don't understand how hard I go, and I am always somehow good looking. The next day I read all 250 pages in just 7 hours time. So yeah. That was an good distraction I guess.

Then I thought to create my dancefloor again. Because it really feels here empty and dead. And I really start to hate these white walls. It took me hours to finetune the disco lights again. I bought an box again. Not that loud as my previous one. But I am planning to buy the loudest one on the market. Still, I am heavy allergic on this weather at the moment. Dry mouth, weak muscles, fatigue, itching eyes, ears completely closed. Even at the loudest volume I still barely hear the music. It is so annoying and strange. Because I want to dance. In reality it is just impossible at the moment. So I keep positive. The only thing what is kinda strange about that allergy is that I previous year during hayfever season was on the move day and night without problems. So I think that I am more down in my energy level of the long hours of training in combination with unstoppable stress from the move out. My body is literally all the time fighting. So that drains a lot of energy. This in combination with breaking my head on countless goals by visualising to the max is probably too much to handle for my mind at the moment.

Anyways the good news is that I fly in my goals, that everything goes as planned. My life went upside down thanks to searching an new location. I have high standards. Because I need to think on long term. So michaelgentcity productions needs to become an reality. And if I have no good location, no usefully space for my vision on this project. Then it is an lost cause you know. So I put 300% energy on the move out. I buy nothing till I am moved out. Then I start with an shopping spree. Probably in Black Friday to reduce even the costs. And boom suddenly i have everything what i visualised👊.

I wrote actually multiple memoirs on an backup account on instagram. There you can see my progress way better. But it is probably too hard to follow for the average person. Because I am literally flying. And my schedule is really fine tuned to the max on my way of living. So this means at Godspeed level I guess ahaha. I mean. I have like freaking 48+ A4 pages as a roadmap for whole 2023. And that I just one of the 120 roadmaps of my never stopping mind🤖.

It really seems easy to follow. But in reality I spend hours of visualisation on roadmap x. Every freaking day. So these roadmaps change all the time. I track literally everything. Because I have to. It is the only way too fly in your life. Even with limited money. I have 1200. And somehow I spend average 1700 a month in total. Real black magic lmao. In reality it is all about price checks, sales, backup, to hit that value. Because money vs value are really 2 different things. If you start to understand what value is. Then you will soon understand that money is just money. It is all about the outcome, all about how you spend wisely, and yadi yada yadaaa.

My neck is on the left locked/blocked. You could even say in inflammation. Guess what. I all the time put pressure on my neck by using the white concrete wall as an cushion while doing the magic on an iPhone 7 screen.

Brain fog is an real thing when doing so much at the same time. My friends are telling me that my head will explode one day. I mean. It is just insanity how much I do with Just an iPhone 7 and my mind. I am calling it. This site here that I created was pure insanity. So I know that everything will not be for nothing. There will come a day that this site will inspire millions of people worldwide. But speaking about this site. I have

multiple projects. And I can't do this on my own. It asks just way too much of me. Sure I can focus at one thing at an time. But it is so hard draining my energy level. I literally feel like that my head is on fire. I have no limits. So the only way to encounter that is by crashing in my bed. Even if it is day, or even if I just slept an couple of hours ago. I am sacrificing all my energy and time in my projects. My books, this website, michaelgentcity productions and the countless goals. How the fuck can I then feel jealousy or start to envy someone? Right, literally zero chance. I never hated someone in my life. Never was jealous on someone. Sure I had times that I was extremely weak or down. Everybody has their ups and downs. But I just can't understand the logic of it. If somebody envies me. Then I should basically feel flattered. Because they are obsessed with me. They don't understand why I fly in life. And they can't figure out what they don't have. Discipline, a golden heart, empathy. These things they basically lack. If I train I barely have time to talk. Because I am so focused and disciplined on the routine. And believe me there were days that I really hated it. Again that stupid gym you think. Then you are not amused. But because you are so used to pain, routines and discipline... You still keep coming. Because it is not about the results or good days. It is about progress. And for progress you need a lot of trial and error, consistency, and willing power.

Because believe me. Those pains are worth it. You always will become an better version of yourself. That is the difference about the gym kids that are obsessed with their ego and body instead of just being yourself, and facing yourself, completing the routine and go crashing in bed.... Repeat.

See. 6 months hell. I am writing this too myself. Because what is the point of sharing the reality about this moment of my life.

Going to sleep further. 😴

I wrote this somewhere in june. Today we are 14 june. I really have no limits. Today I was so weak, in no sleep, almost hyperventilating for oxygen. Used 2 times my inhaler. And still I had no breath. So I was battling with my last energy. It was really almost zero impact. But it was about the mental challenge to stay focused. I really wished that I would injure myself, or that I break something. Or fall ko and end up in the emergencies. Because I just wouldn't give up or quit. Still I don't know what I did to be honest. It is so baked in. But my body had enough. Whole my energy level was completely gone. I was just surviving the exhaustion, pains, even the mental pain. Because seriously. It has been an ride. Holy shit. Now I just don't do a single fuck anymore. I need to eat a lot, need to sleep. But with closed windows I basically go down of the heat/dry air. Ice cold water becomes quick hot. I am all the time dizzy, even lifting up 200 grams feels like mission impossible. So yeah. I don't know what the fuck is going on. So I keep them open. All the time noise. I feel like in an child garden. At night it is even more worse. Ah whatever. At least I can sleep trough it with some fresh air.

Speaking about being refreshing. I really pushed now my body his limits. I need to recover asap. I planned already some gang bangs. But you know. At this moment I just want rest. No social media. No technology. No nightlife. I need to charge my batteries.

I keep it cool and silent. But boy I really start to hate this place here so hard. Not something personal. No just the place in general. 3 freaking years I lived here. I have seen enough of this place. I need to focus me on adult, on privacy, more sleep, and maybe even an soulmate. But fuck me. Love sux you know.

To be honest. I don't give a damn about this place anymore. I just want people with high standards, brains. People of my age. Next to me. It feels so annoying, so fucked up to always have zero privacy or rest. I am like forced to listen to all those pointless conversations and brainless laughs.

Why the fuck I am even here? So many people tell me that this street is just full of kids that do nothing with their life. I just can't understand even the level of stupidity. I love nightlife. But fuck me. This street here is not nightlife. This street is only breathing nightlife on special occasions. Else it just an joke. Happy birthday cheering, bad music, the list goes on and on.

I all the time need to wear my headphones else I just would loose it one day. Because once I am annoyed or in anger. Boy. Then my life is over and out. So I want to prevent that at all costs.

Still. Living without technology is the perfect cocktail to stay mental strong. I multiple times thought about something to distract my mind, to make me zen. But in theory I have everything. I just was all the time pushing my limits. And had no time for the comfort zone. And if we speak about the comfort zone. Now I feel comfortable again with living this way. In the begin it was hard. You think about your ex, think about technology x, you feel restless. Because you want that damn social media. But nope. That is not the way to go. Once you do this. Then you start to understand why it feels so natural. It is just all marketing and website x that poisons your mind.

I still can reach out to my friends face to face or by using my Nokia. Still can talk ages to people, still can help people. But in reality I was so focused. So now that the training is over and out. I can start to focus on more free time. I have seen so much white walls the last months. It was train, crash, rest, repeat. That was mental super exhausting but at the same time an super boost in your mental strength. I sold my Tomorrowland tickets, don't need an iPhone till 2025, don't need games. I just need people, challenge, a vision.

In fact. Because I am planning to put 40 000 euros in my future project. I will just share even more gifts to others. I am still super confused about my ex. Social media was really the worst thing what I could do. Because I told you that I created an backup account. There you can see 70+ posts about my progress and plans. Some stories.

I am on track. But also disoriented. Because where, when, how, will I move out? See. I am not going to buy my kingsize bed or furniture x if I am just here 6 more months maximum.

I am manifesting about la. Manifesting about peace and balance. Manifesting about an environment where I can evolve and shine. Manifesting about an better financial situation. I need to use my project, my website, etc. To start to build an empire. Yeah no. Not an empire. I am not materialistic. But hey. I am not planning to live on 1200 a month for whole my life. Seriously i can do literally anything with the right time and opportunities.

I just wish that I one day can say that these 6 months hell were an period of growth. That those 3 years living here was an part of understanding more layers of society. To test my patience, to understand that my next destiny is only coming when I more endured pain, exhaustion, challenges. Most of all. That I would understand that local nightlife, letting the inner child out of me. Will not bring me any further.

So no parties, no countless girls, not all the time the gym. I need to be ready, prepared for my next destiny. I discovered that I can really attract a lot of people with my energy and blinding light. Because I shine baby. But I need to shine/use my energy for the right purpose. It was awesome to had the privilege to dance and put loud music on for whole the street without a single cop coming to your door. But I discovered with that one thing. That I just love to shine, that I have no limits. That I eventually will crash.

See. I need to find my true destiny. I am trained as hell. But training is not everything. I played now enough. And this year really showed me that I really don't need all the time exhaustion or nightlife.

I still don't know who or what I am. But I am growing fast. It feels good to finally say again goodbye to social media or technology in general. But on the other hand I still will implement an zen corner in my future setup. But to be honest. At this point I am now so confused, in the unknown, on my own. Once I recover I will end up again in challenge x. Because me and laying down in my bed is really not the best formule. I will end up frustrated. Will go mad on myself why the fuck I am so lazy. The only way how I stay in bed is to force me. By exhausting myself, fucking up my body.

Speaking about fucking. I all the time fucked hookers/escorts. Always refused dates. Had no time for dates. I can thank my ex to ignoring them again. Because I felt love. Something what I don't feel that quick. After the enormous pain of heartache and no contact then I knew that I never will fit in the monogamous lifestyle.

Still. I feel no need to fuck again hooker x. I just want affection. That's it. Only the porn industry is the way to go. And maybe I will feel bored after year x. That I just want to stay a sexual 🧑🏻. So I am still waiting on the soulmate that can change me. Still at this moment I am just brain fucked. Even if I had date opportunities I kindly refused or told them that I don't want to waste their time.

The only perfect fit is someone hypersexual, someone that always want to spice it up, someone with brains, someone that is not affected by tv or radio. Someone that is a free spirit. Someone like my ex 🧑🏻. See. My ex was just perfection. After 7 years I finally opened up to an possible open relationship to suddenly end up again in heartbreak x.

Like seriously. At this point I really need an boost or opportunity x. Because I really don't know it more anymore how to handle my sex life. I can enjoy making porn, can participate in gang Bangs. To fill my needs. To later end up again cold or mindfucked. Because all these people will never leave my photographic memory. The reason why I just do things slow. Else I would literately fuck up my mind by just fucking countless girls. God damn I keep writing my thoughts out. It can all go do fast. Been there, done that 🤔.

But I am someone that always changes, someone that becomes an better version of himself over and over again. I am all for it. I just can't stay the same or average. I always want to learn, improve, discover, explore.

And yes the fact is. That I don't need anyone in my life and still would be happy. But on the other hand 2022 showed me what love can do. How much energy it can gives me. But you see. I think, overthink, analyse, visualise already outcomes of year x. And for an possible soulmate that can be an dangerous thing. Still. Never underestimate heartache. Fuck me. I can't handle that. It is one of the worst pains

that you can experience. It did even way more pain then the death of my grandmother. Because you are grieving but at the same time you just know she can pop up in your life. And that actually happened an couple of months ago. I can't confirm it. But I know where she lives. And I was just passing by on the wrong time I guess. I was already fucked up from my ptsd from December, January. Then the financial stress, the move out. I couldn't give a damn about how I looked. I had enough of attracting women. My hair was a mess, didn't sleep 3 weeks thanks to the fair. It was cold. And I was sensory overloaded. Not the best condition to suddenly see each other 🤔. I was just on auto pilot. And didn't even watch her. Saw her jacket. Kept moving. But suddenly the car was like doing an burnout. Yup definitely her. She or her new boyfriend. Whatever I couldn't care. I know her in and out. And if I may believe an quote "going back to your ex is like re frying used macdonald fries." Well, there you have it. That's nasty. But maybe I like it nasty? Or maybe I am too good gold hearted to still accept her as an living and breathing creature that has the right to live. That you can't hate. Even if she feels insecure because she knows that you can see trough all the lies and bullshit. Read that again. Because this was pretty deep. Urgh.

Anyways. Social media is now gone. I need time to heal. But nope I am already healed. I just need an direction, an helping hand. Because no way that I again will go to hooker x. And if I think about it. Those hang bangs without condoms are actually not worth it neither. I freaking love sex and horny girls. But my mind can't handle it anymore. Maybe I need an girlfriend in open relationship. Or one that completely resets me. Or maybe I just do the high risk sex to discover later an std x the hard way. Fucking a. I am so mindfucked this time. Sport could help me. But nope. Too much training is also not the right call.

Ah fuck. Please, can somebody help me trough this madness. Can money really give me another thought? Is it financial pressure or is there something more going on the hand?

Like fucking a. What the fuck is wrong with you Michael. You are the one and only living legend. Year after year. For almost now 9 years. Cut the fucking crap. Well no. I don't fucking cut the crap. Don't go blind in this bullshit. Because my mind needs to stay strong till my death. And I am not planning to end up death by doing stupid. No. That is just the easy way. I love live. But I need an damn purpose. I need challenge aaaa.

At this moment I think I just need to rest, recover. But nope that is just lazy. Ah fuck! See. Now I am fucking loose it. What the fuck do I need to do.

This is not normal anymore. How the fuck can I stay patient and happy if I all time face financial stress or forced move outs. Give me a fucking job. Seriously. I have high standards. I am made to shine. I am a superstar. I am not average. So fucking a. I just need to throw me in the porn industry and stop overthinking. Or I need to stand on an movie set. See average is boring to me. And last but not least if it is an option then just use my capacities and intelligence in the special forces. Probably need an special treatment with that adhd 🤔. Ah fuck. I really don't know it anymore. I am so bored, depressed. And even that is a lie. Because I never can be depressed. I am under so much pressure right now. Fate please help me the next 6 months. The upcoming years. Am I close to my purpose. Is this what you wanted of me? Confusion, pain, anger, boredom. Like fucking a. I can withstand a shitload. But this is really not the way to go. Or is it? Is this really shaping me in the thing for my next destiny? Like fucking a. Lucky enough I can't be manipulated by marketing again

thanks to living technology free. But being on my own all the time is not the thing what I wished for. At this time I really could use an soulmate.

My friend is already texting me about how awesome "payday 3" looks. A girl asks me to plan in an horse ride. Another friend tells me that I don't need social media and need to focus on an girlfriend. Like seriously friends are people that I value and listen to. But are those the right distractions? Because maybe it is not an bad idea at all to live on your own. Well nope. Learned that lesson already so I can scrap that thought. Still. Those emotions/thoughts of them are also unconsciously changing me.

On the other hand I know myself better then anyone. Games are just games. And a girlfriend, just settling is also not the thing. See. I am so confused. I really could use now an ps5. But nope that is also an easy way out. It is time to grow and change. You can't change me. How hard you even will try. I never will break. I only can break myself. But still I rise up super quick and directly will shine again like an star.

Boy. 2023 is really an rollercoaster ride. Never thought that I would experience so much questions and emotions. I hope it is worth it. Next to all that fuss I still can't deny that I am on track. That I just followed the plan. Why the fuck am I so disciplinary, so different? Why I just can't be normal like average people. I never will be happy with their lifestyle. So it is not that bad to be different I guess. After all... average people are boring. 2022 is the proof that i can change quick from situations or life opportunities by just changing my routine. So it is time to stop overthinking, pray that my fate will be much better the next upcoming months. And leave my damn pen.

And hell no that I will upload this one. This one is for myself. To myself.

Amen, Ahahaha

NEVER GIVE UP 🌀👊👁️