

What I Feel, Not What I Know

Page 1 — The Roots

I don't claim to be book smart. I didn't graduate, I didn't learn the way the system teaches — reading textbooks, memorizing facts, passing tests. The truth is, most of the words I use, I didn't even know their "proper" definitions until later. Sometimes I speak something that feels right, and only afterward I realize it already had a meaning in their world. That's when I know I'm tuned into something deeper than school.

I've always said: I don't know what I know — I just feel it. And that's not weakness, it's strength. Because there's a difference between repeating knowledge and carrying wisdom. Knowledge is what the system gives you, stacked in books and screens. Wisdom is what rises in silence — it comes from roots, from memory, from the body itself.

I stay quiet because everyone else speaks like they know everything. They've got statistics, credentials, degrees — all the right words. But if knowledge alone fixed the world, wouldn't it already be fixed? Wouldn't people already be thriving instead of just surviving?

So I don't pretend to have the answers. I can't tell you where to start a trust fund, how to manage a business, or how to farm an acre of land. I don't know the formulas or the blueprints. But what I can tell you is this: something about the way we live isn't right. People are working jobs that drain them, scraping for food and shelter in a world overflowing with resources. Survival is treated like success, when it was only ever meant to be the beginning.

That's why I write. Not to prove I'm smart, not to claim authority, but because what I feel keeps pulling me forward. What I feel speaks louder than what I've been taught.

This isn't a book about what I know. This is a book about what I feel.

Page 2 — Survival Mode

Most of us are stuck living in survival mode, whether we admit it or not. We wake up, work, pay bills, sleep, and repeat. That cycle isn't life — it's just survival stretched thin across years.

And what makes it worse is this: most of the jobs people pour their time into don't even matter. Endless paperwork. Office roles that shuffle numbers around but build nothing. Retail stands selling products nobody really needs. These jobs are designed to keep people busy, tired, and dependent. It's a hamster wheel dressed up as a career path.

That's the trap — when survival is the center of your life, creation dies. You don't get the space to ask yourself, "What do I love? What am I here to bring into this world?" Instead, you're forced to ask, "How will I pay rent? How will I eat? How do I make it one more week?" Survival squeezes the question of meaning out of you until all that's left is stress and exhaustion.

It explains so much when you step back and see it clearly. Why people snap in traffic. Why they're bitter toward strangers. Why so many feel like they're carrying invisible weight. It's not because they're broken. It's because survival mode is eating them alive.

And here's the part that blows my mind: we don't live in an age of scarcity. We live in a modern time frame where we produce more food, more technology, more everything at a faster rate than ever before. Machines can harvest faster, transport faster, communicate faster. By all logic, we should be working less and living more. People should have space to breathe.

But that's not how it looks. People are overworked and underpaid. Some are risking their health in jobs that aren't even safe. Families are juggling two, three, sometimes four jobs just to stay afloat. The math doesn't add up — not because the resources aren't there, but because the system was built to keep people in survival.

That's why so many of us feel torn apart inside. Some part of us knows this isn't how it was meant to be. We weren't meant to waste our best years trading energy for scraps. Survival mode was never supposed to be the goal. It was just supposed to be the foundation.

But when survival becomes the cage, creation never begins.

Page 3 — The Basics Are Birthright

Food. Water. Shelter. Safety. These are not luxuries. They are the roots of life itself. Without them, nothing else matters — not art, not music, not even hope.

But the system has flipped it. The basics that were once freely given by the earth have been turned into products. Clean water is bottled and sold back to us with a price tag. Food is stretched, processed, filled with chemicals to maximize profit instead of nourishment. Shelter is turned into an investment game, where the value of a house matters more than the family living in it. Even safety has been twisted into something conditional, often traded for control.

This is backwards. The roots are supposed to come first. Without roots, the tree cannot grow. Without food, water, shelter, and safety, people are left in constant fear — and fear keeps them in survival mode.

When the basics are secure, fear starts to dissolve. People stop asking, “How do I make it through this week?” and begin asking, “What can I create? What can I share?” That’s when music is born. That’s when art flows. That’s when people begin to heal each other, explore, and build.

We’re told that struggle builds character, that scarcity makes us strong. But I see it differently. Scarcity makes us desperate. Abundance makes us creative. If the roots are weak, the tree bends and breaks. If the roots are strong, the branches can reach anywhere.

And the truth is, the world already has enough. Enough food, enough land, enough clean water, enough technology to make life smoother than it’s ever been. The lie is that it’s rare. The lie is that we have to fight each other for scraps.

But the basics aren’t privileges to earn — they are birthrights. Every human deserves them. Because only when the roots are strong can the branches bloom.

Page 4 — Money as Current, Not Chain

People say money is the root of all evil. But I don't see it that way. Money itself isn't evil — it's just energy. A tool. A middleman of exchange. A way for us to trade what we have for what we need.

The problem comes when money stops flowing and starts stacking. When it becomes the center of everything instead of just the bridge. That's when it turns from current into chain.

Look around: a small group of people hold more wealth than entire countries. They call themselves successful, but all they've really done is dam up the stream. Instead of circulating, money gets locked away, and the people downstream are left to fight over drops. And the system sells us the lie that this is "normal," that it's the way things are supposed to be.

But it was never supposed to be like this. In its purest form, money should move like water — flowing, circulating, nourishing everything it touches. Everyone should be able to drink from it. Not just a select few. Everyone.

Imagine a world where money isn't a wall but a river. Where it moves through communities, lifting people up instead of draining them. Where it funds gardens, not prisons. Healing, not war. Art, not endless products no one needs.

That's the shift we need — not to destroy money, but to unchain it. To take it out of the hands of the few and let it become a stream again.

Because when the basics are rooted — food, water, shelter, safety — money no longer holds people hostage. It becomes what it was meant to be: energy that motivates creation, not control. A current that doesn't divide, but feeds everyone it touches.

Money was never the enemy. Scarcity was. And scarcity was designed.

Page 5 — Meaningful Work

There are two kinds of work in this world: the work that drains life, and the work that gives life.

The system is full of jobs that waste energy. Endless office roles where people move numbers around all day but never see the fruit of what they've done. Retail counters where workers repeat the same script, trading hours of their lives for wages that barely cover food. Coffee stands, call centers, rows of cubicles — all designed not to build, but to keep people occupied, tired, and dependent.

That's not meaningful work. That's survival labor — labor meant to keep the machine running, not to keep people alive.

But then there is the other kind of work. The kind that feels natural. Work that people are drawn to out of love, not out of fear.

It looks like this: - The builder shaping homes and tools, laying structure for others to stand on. - The grower tending soil, plants, animals, and water, bringing life from the earth. - The cook creating nourishment and joy out of simple ingredients. - The healer restoring the body, mind, and spirit. - The artist painting, writing, singing — weaving beauty into existence. - The caretaker holding children, caring for elders, guiding those who cannot walk alone. - The explorer venturing into unknown places, bringing back new ideas, new seeds, new possibilities.

This is work that breathes life back into the world. Work that makes people stronger, healthier, more alive.

And here's the thing — people would still do this work even if money wasn't involved. Because they already do. A cook wants you to taste their recipe. A gardener wants you to eat from their harvest. A healer wants to see someone whole again. These roles are not built on profit — they're built on love.

That's the difference between pointless jobs and meaningful work. One keeps us trapped in survival mode. The other lets us thrive.

When people are free to choose what they love, their work is no longer a burden. It becomes a gift. And a world full of people giving their gifts? That's the world we've been missing.

Page 6 — Creation After Survival

When the roots are strong, the tree can finally grow.

That's what happens when survival is no longer the center. Once food, water, shelter, and safety are secure, people stop clinging to life and start creating life. Energy that used to be spent worrying now becomes energy that flows into music, art, invention, healing, and beauty.

Creation is what comes after survival.

I see it like a tree: - Roots are the basics — the foundation of life. - The body is structure — the trunk that holds everything steady. - Branches are expression — the endless ways creation spreads outward.

Roots. Body. Branches. Foundation. Form. Expression. 333.

The tree is a mirror of us. Without roots, we fall. Without a body, we collapse. Without branches, we never reach outward into the world.

People often hear “recurrence,” “loop,” or “cycle” and think it means being stuck. They think of repetition as a cage. But the world itself runs on patterns. The sun rises and sets. Seasons return. Rain falls, then rises back into the sky, only to fall again. Trees drop seeds that grow into more trees. Life loops, but it doesn't trap — it renews.

Creation follows the same law. We are meant to cycle. To fall, to rise, to repeat, to grow. To return with new eyes, new hands, new songs. That's not being stuck. That's being alive.

When survival ends, creation begins. And once creation begins, it doesn't stop. It multiplies.

That's when people make music not to sell, but to be heard. That's when art exists not for galleries, but for souls. That's when healers heal because it's their nature, not because it's their paycheck. That's when branches stretch outward in every direction, each carrying new fruit.

This is what happens when the roots are finally cared for. The bloom comes after.

Page 7 — Under the Radar

The system is built to crush what it can see. Loud resistance. Protests in the street. Movements that announce themselves. It expects rebellion head-on, because that's the kind of fight it knows how to win.

But roots don't grow that way. Roots move quietly, in the dark, beneath the surface. They don't demand attention. They don't need permission. They spread in silence, finding cracks in stone, reaching for water, weaving a hidden network that no one notices until it's too late.

That's the way forward. Not brute force, not shouting louder than the machine, but steady growth under the radar. A trust built between people. A seed planted in communities. A garden that feeds more than one family. A circle where music, food, and healing flow without chains.

It doesn't have to look like a revolution. It can look like life itself — returning to what was always ours. By the time the system notices, the roots are too deep, the network too wide, the tree already standing.

That's the secret of change: it doesn't need to announce itself. It just needs to grow.

Page 8 — What I Feel

I don't have all the answers. I don't know where to begin tomorrow, or what exact step comes next. I'm not book smart. I never studied finance, farming, or business. By the system's standards, I'm unqualified to lead or to teach.

But what I carry isn't knowledge in their sense. It's not what I've read. It's what I feel.

And what I feel tells me this: life isn't supposed to look like this. We weren't meant to live locked in survival mode, working jobs that drain us, trading our best years just to scrape by. We weren't meant to fear scarcity in a world overflowing with abundance. We weren't meant to beg for food, water, or shelter — things the earth already gives freely.

I live with the constant feeling of being torn apart. That's my pain. But at the same time, I see the beauty in people when they're free to be themselves. That's my hope. Both live in me at once — the wound and the vision.

I can't always explain how I know these things. I never learned them in a classroom. But every time I look at the world, I feel it. Deep down. And that feeling is enough.

Because feelings are roots too. Quiet, unseen, but holding everything steady. And what I feel tells me this: the system isn't the final word. Roots grow. Trees rise. Creation blooms.

This book isn't about what I know. It's about what I feel.

And what I feel is that we can build something new.

Bonus Page 1 — Family & Community

Picture a family where survival isn't the center.

Parents aren't rushing out the door at dawn, juggling shifts, dragging themselves home too tired to talk. They aren't forced to choose between time with their children and the bills on the table. Instead, their energy belongs to their home. To listening. To guiding. To being present.

Children grow up seeing their parents not as shadows passing through, but as roots — steady, grounded, always there. The stories at the dinner table last longer. The laughter doesn't get cut short by alarms. No one feels like a burden because the basics are secure.

Now imagine a community built on that same flow. Neighbors aren't strangers. They share meals, gardens, skills. One grows food. Another cooks. Another heals. Another teaches. Not because they're paid to, but because it's who they are. Each gift makes the whole stronger.

When survival no longer steals our time, family life expands. Parents become guides again. Elders become storytellers. Children are raised not just by households, but by circles. Fear is replaced by trust. Scarcity by abundance. People stop asking, "What do I need to protect for myself?" and start asking, "What can I offer that will feed everyone?"

Family becomes more than blood. Community becomes more than location. Together they become the roots and branches of a life where no one is left alone.

Bonus Page 2 — Creativity & Invention

When survival ends, creation begins.

Think of all the energy that goes into worry — into bills, rent, debt, scraping by. Now imagine if every ounce of that energy was freed. Where would it go? Into music. Into art. Into inventions no one has even dreamed yet.

Artists would no longer bend their voices to labels, writing songs for sales instead of souls. Painters wouldn't adjust their vision for galleries. Writers wouldn't shrink their words to fit markets. They would create because creation is who they are. And people would listen, not because they paid for a ticket, but because they felt it.

Invention would finally breathe. No more ideas locked away because they don't promise profit. Clean energy. Healing technologies. Ways of living that make life lighter, healthier, freer. When money flows like energy, these things don't stay on the shelf. They come alive.

Creation multiplies itself. One song sparks another. One invention inspires ten more. One piece of art opens something in someone who thought they had nothing to give.

A world where money is not the chain but the current is a world overflowing with creation. Endless. Radiant. Alive.

Bonus Page 3 — Education Reborn

Education as we know it is built like a factory. Rows of desks. Bells that ring like sirens. Memorize this. Forget that. Prepare for jobs that will drain you. Obey the script.

But if money wasn't the center, education would be reborn.

Children would learn not just numbers, but rhythms — how the seasons turn, how plants grow, how the sky moves. They would learn not just history, but memory — how stories carry truth through time, how their ancestors survived, how wisdom lives in roots and rituals.

Schools wouldn't be boxes. They'd be gardens, workshops, circles. Knowledge wouldn't be hoarded in degrees. It would be lived, shared, passed down. A grower teaches how to read soil. A healer teaches how to listen to the body. An artist teaches how to turn feeling into form. And every child grows up knowing: their gift matters.

The line between student and teacher disappears. Because everyone carries something worth passing on.

Education stops being a ladder. It becomes a field. Not something to climb, but something to explore.

And the world that rises from that education? It's not one of obedience. It's one of creation. Of memory. Of freedom.