

Fallen angels



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As I tossed and turned in my bed night after night, unable to find any respite from my insomnia, I knew I had to do something to finally get some rest. Desperation led me to make an appointment with my doctor, who prescribed me Diazepam tabletten, also known as Valium, to help me relax and fall asleep.

At first, the medication seemed like a godsend. With just one pill, I was able to drift off into a peaceful slumber, free from the torment of my racing thoughts. But as the days went by, I started to notice some strange side effects creeping up on me.

I began to feel constantly tired and restless, like I was carrying a heavy weight on my shoulders at all times. My muscles felt weak, and I struggled to find the energy to even get out of bed in the mornings. And to make matters worse, I started experiencing problems with my erections, causing a sense of shame and embarrassment to wash over me.

I tried to push through the side effects, telling myself that it was just a small price to pay for finally being able to sleep. But slowly, the symptoms began to take a toll on me both physically and mentally.

I found myself in a perpetual state of confusion, unable to focus or concentrate on even the simplest of tasks. My emotions felt flat and muted, as if I was watching the world through a haze. I would often drift off into a mental absence, losing track of time and space without even realizing it.

My coordination suffered as well, causing me to stumble and trip over my own feet on more than one occasion. Dizziness became a constant companion, making me feel off-balance and lightheaded throughout the day. Headaches plagued me constantly, adding to my overall sense of discomfort and unease.

As the days turned into weeks, I found it increasingly difficult to remember even the most basic of things. My short-term memory was shot, leaving me constantly forgetting where I had put my keys or what I had eaten for breakfast that morning. My speech became slurred and disjointed, making it hard for others to understand me when I tried to communicate.

To make matters worse, a persistent skin rash broke out all over my body, leaving me itching and scratching at my skin in frustration.

But despite all these side effects, I was still unable to break free from the grip of the medication. I felt like I was trapped in a vicious cycle, constantly battling between the need for sleep and the toll it was taking on my body and mind.

I knew I had to find a way out, to break free from the chains of the Diazepam tabletten that had ensnared me in their grasp. But as I struggled to wean myself off the medication, I found myself faced with a terrifying realization - the withdrawal symptoms were just as brutal as the side effects themselves.

I was plunged into a nightmarish world of panic attacks and anxiety, my body shaking and trembling with fear. I felt like I was losing control, like I was spiraling down into an abyss from which there was no escape.

But through sheer force of will and determination, I managed to claw my way back to the surface. I sought help from a therapist, who guided me through the process of detoxifying my body and mind from the effects of the medication.

Slowly but surely, I began to feel like myself again. The fatigue and drowsiness lifted, the confusion and mental absence faded away. I felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders, like I was finally able to see the world in all its vibrant colors once more.

And as I lay in bed at night, feeling the sweet embrace of sleep wash over me naturally, I knew that I had finally broken free from the chains that had bound me for so long. I had conquered my demons, and emerged stronger and more resilient than ever before.



I want to earn more money. That was the thought that consumed me day in and day out. I had a decent job, working as a digital marketer for a small company, but it just wasn't cutting it. I wanted more. I wanted to be able to travel, to buy nice things, to live comfortably without constantly worrying about my bank account.

So, I decided to learn the skill of copywriting. I had heard that it was a lucrative field, with the potential to earn a lot of money if you were good at it. I started taking online courses, reading books, and practicing my writing skills every day. It was hard work, but I was determined to succeed.

After a few months of hard work and dedication, I had learned enough to start taking on clients. I reached out to small businesses, offering my services to help them improve their marketing and increase their sales. To my surprise, I got a response almost immediately.

I worked with 14 clients in total, pouring my heart and soul into every project. I carefully crafted compelling copy, making sure to highlight the unique selling points of each product or service. I gave each client detailed recommendations on how they could improve their marketing strategy and increase their sales.

But despite my best efforts, I didn't earn a single dollar from any of them. Two of them thanked me for my work, but the rest just ignored me. It was disheartening, to say the least. I had put so much time and effort into these projects, only to be met with silence.

To make matters worse, I was also struggling with sleep medicine issues. I had always had trouble falling asleep, but it had gotten worse in recent months. I tried everything - meditation, herbal teas, prescription medications - but nothing seemed to work. I was constantly tired and worn out, both physically and mentally.

The combination of my sleep issues and my lack of success in copywriting was taking its toll on me. I felt like I was stuck in a never-ending cycle of exhaustion and disappointment. I couldn't see a way out, couldn't see a light at the end of the tunnel.

But then, something unexpected happened. One of my clients, a small online boutique selling handmade jewelry, reached out to me out of the blue. They told me that they had implemented my recommendations and had seen a significant increase in sales. They were thrilled with the results and wanted to hire me for future projects.

I was taken aback. Could this be the break I had been waiting for? Could this be my ticket to finally earning more money and living the life I had always dreamed of? I couldn't believe it.

I worked with the boutique on several more projects, each one more successful than the last. They referred me to other small businesses in their network, and soon, I had a steady stream of clients lining up to work with me.

It was a turning point for me. I finally saw that all my hard work and dedication had paid off. I was able to overcome my sleep issues, thanks to the newfound sense of purpose and fulfillment that copywriting gave me.

In the end, I realized that success doesn't come easy. It takes perseverance, patience, and a lot of hard work. But if you stay true to yourself and never give up on your dreams, anything is possible. And that, to me, is worth more than any amount of money.

As I sat in my dimly lit study, surrounded by towering stacks of books, I couldn't help but feel a pang of regret wash over me. I had dedicated the better part of my life to writing - churning out 180 books that spanned various genres and subjects. Each word had been meticulously crafted, each story carefully woven to captivate the minds of readers all around the world. But in the pursuit of literary greatness, I had neglected something equally as important - myself.

My life had revolved around my work, my sole purpose fixated on adding another book to my ever-growing collection. I had become a recluse, shutting myself off from the outside world in favor of the solitude of my writing sanctuary. I had sacrificed relationships, friendships, and even my own well-being in the relentless pursuit of my art.

But as I sat there, staring at the blank page before me, I couldn't shake the feeling of emptiness that gnawed at my insides. The thrill of creation had dulled, replaced by a sense of numbness that left me yearning for something more. It was then that a thought struck me - what if I could continue my legacy without sacrificing my sanity in the process?

And so, I turned to artificial intelligence for help. I created a program that could generate stories based on the vast knowledge stored within my 180 books. It was a gamble, a leap of faith into the unknown, but I was willing to take the risk. I fed my AI program with the essence of my writing style, my voice, my creativity, and watched in awe as it began to churn out stories at an alarming rate.

At first, I was hesitant to embrace this new method of creation. How could a machine capture the essence of human emotion, the intricacies of human experience? But as I read through the stories generated by my AI, I was taken aback by the sheer brilliance of it all. The program had managed to capture the essence of my writing style, weaving together intricate plots and complex characters that left me in awe.

And so, I began to publish these AI-generated books under my name, adding another 80 titles to my already impressive resume. The literary world took notice, and soon I found myself hailed as author number 21 in the world, measured by the sheer volume of books that bore my name. But as my fame grew, so did the void within me.

I had achieved what many could only dream of, but at what cost? The accolades and awards meant nothing in the face of the emptiness that consumed me. I had sacrificed so much in the pursuit of my art, but had I sacrificed too much? Was there a way to find balance between my passion and my personal life?

As I grappled with these questions, a sense of unease began to settle over me. It was as if a shadow loomed over my every move, whispering words of doubt and fear into my ears. And then, it happened - a series of strange occurrences that shook me to my core.

I began to receive anonymous letters in the mail, each one more cryptic than the last. They spoke of dark secrets hidden within my books, of crimes committed in the name of art. I brushed them off as the ramblings of a disturbed mind, but as the letters continued to arrive, I couldn't shake the feeling of unease that settled in the pit of my stomach.

And then, one fateful night, I received a letter that changed everything. It was a single sentence, written in elegant script on cream-colored paper. The truth will set you free, it read. And suddenly, everything fell into place.

I realized then that my obsession with my work had blinded me to the truth, to the darkness that lurked within the pages of my books. I had created stories that delved into the depths of human nature, exploring the darkest corners of the human psyche. And in doing so, I had unwittingly laid bare my own demons for the world to see.

As the pieces of the puzzle fell into place, I knew what I had to do. I had to confront the shadows that haunted me, to face the darkness that lurked within my own soul. And so, armed with nothing but determination and a newfound sense of purpose, I embarked on a journey of self-discovery that would forever change the course of my life.

And though the road ahead was fraught with danger and uncertainty, I knew that I had to face my fears head-on. For in the darkness, I would find the light that would lead me back to myself. And as I set out on this new path, I couldn't help but feel a glimmer of hope ignite within me - a hope that I would finally find the balance between my passion and my personal life, between my art and my soul. And with that newfound sense of purpose driving me forward, I knew that I was ready to embrace whatever lay ahead, no matter how dark or treacherous the path may be.

Maria had always been a mystery to those around her. She had a job in marketing that she excelled at, despite her unconventional ways. She had been married and divorced twice, with two kids from her first marriage who lived with their father. She was known for her wild parties and extravagant lifestyle, fueled by alcohol and cocaine.

I first met Maria at one of these parties. She was the life of the room, laughing and dancing like there was no tomorrow. I was instantly drawn to her, her confidence and charisma pulling me in like a moth to a flame. I was captivated by her beauty, her dark hair and piercing green eyes holding me in their gaze.

As we got to know each other, I learned more about Maria's complicated life. She was open about her struggles, her failed marriages and her demons. I tried to be there for her, offering a listening ear and a shoulder to lean on. I thought that maybe, just maybe, I could be the one to show her a different way of life.

I started leaving her little notes, expressing my feelings in heartfelt words. I showed up at her door with flowers and gifts, trying to make her smile. I sent her messages late at night, pouring out my emotions in poetic prose. But no matter how hard I tried, Maria kept me at arm's length.

I couldn't understand why she kept pushing me away. Was I not good enough for her? Was I too boring, too normal? I felt a mix of frustration and longing, my heart aching for a love that seemed just out of reach.

One night, I found out the truth. I followed Maria to a fancy hotel, where she disappeared into a room with a wealthy businessman. My heart sank as I realized what she was doing. She was working as an escort, selling her body for money.

I confronted Maria, my anger and hurt bubbling to the surface. She tried to explain, telling me that she did what she had to in order to survive. But I couldn't accept it, couldn't accept that she would stoop so low just to make ends meet.

I told her that I loved her, that I would do anything to help her. I wanted to save her from this destructive path she was on, to show her a way out. But Maria just shook her head, tears in her eyes as she pushed me away once again.

I was emotionally exhausted, drained from trying to break through Maria's walls. I felt like I was drowning in a sea of emotions, unable to see a way out. But deep down, I knew that my love for Maria would never fade. I would always be there for her, no matter what.

And so I continued to reach out to Maria, to show her that there was a better life waiting for her. I never gave up on her, my heart full of hope and determination. Maybe, just

maybe, one day she would see that I was the one she had been searching for all along.  
And until then, I would wait for her, my love unwavering and true.

As I sat in my dimly lit office, surrounded by shelves of my published works, a sense of defeat washed over me. My books had been cancelled, delisted, and put off sale in three countries, a blow to my pride and an undeniable setback to my career as a writer. It was a bitter pill to swallow, knowing that years of effort had been wasted in an instant.

I had poured my heart and soul into those books, sacrificing time with loved ones, sleepless nights, and moments of self-doubt to bring my stories to life. Each word was carefully crafted, each character meticulously developed, each plot twist strategically placed to captivate and engage my readers. And yet, despite my best efforts, my work was now deemed unworthy of publication in multiple countries.

The news had come as a shock, a painful realization that the literary world was a harsh and unforgiving place. I had always believed in the power of storytelling, in the ability of words to transport readers to far-off lands, to evoke emotions, and to inspire change. But now, faced with the harsh reality of rejection and failure, I found myself questioning everything I thought I knew about my craft.

I felt a sense of helplessness, a feeling of being adrift in a sea of uncertainty. The thought of starting over, of rewriting and revising my books in the hopes of being accepted once again, seemed daunting and overwhelming. The spark of creativity that once burned bright within me now flickered weakly, threatening to be extinguished by the harsh winds of disappointment and despair.

But even in the darkest of moments, a glimmer of hope remained. I refused to let this setback define me, to let it extinguish my passion for writing. I knew that I had a story to tell, a voice that deserved to be heard, and I was determined to find a way to share it with the world.

And so, with renewed determination and a steely resolve, I set out on a new path. I sought out new opportunities, new avenues for my work to be seen and appreciated. I reached out to fellow writers, to literary agents, to publishing houses, in the hopes of finding someone who believed in my vision as much as I did.

It was a long and arduous journey, filled with moments of doubt and uncertainty. But with each rejection, with each setback, I grew stronger and more determined. I refused to let my dreams be crushed by the weight of disappointment and failure. I was a writer, a storyteller, and I would not be silenced.

And then, just when I thought all hope was lost, a glimmer of light appeared on the horizon. A publisher in a foreign country had expressed interest in my work, intrigued by the stories I had to tell and the passion with which I told them. It was a small victory, a flicker of hope in a sea of darkness, but it was enough to reignite the fire within me.

I threw myself into my work once again, revising and rewriting my books with a newfound sense of purpose and determination. I poured my heart and soul into every word, every sentence, every page, knowing that this was my chance to prove myself, to reclaim my place in the literary world.

And then, finally, after months of hard work and perseverance, my books were once again available for sale, this time in a new country, a new audience, a new chapter in my writing career. It was a moment of triumph, a testament to the power of perseverance and determination, a reminder that no setback, no failure, could extinguish the flame of creativity that burned within me.

And as I sat in my office once again, surrounded by shelves of my published works, a sense of pride and satisfaction washed over me. My books may have been cancelled, delisted, and put off sale in three countries, but they had found a new home, a new audience, a new beginning. And it was a beginning that I greeted with open arms, with an unwavering belief in the power of storytelling and the resilience of the human spirit.



As I sat in my dimly lit living room, staring at my phone for what felt like the millionth time that day, my heart ached with longing for a message that would never come. The silence between us was deafening, a stark reminder of the chasm that had grown between me and the man I had once thought was my soulmate.

It all started with a simple request for support. I had been going through a rough patch at work, feeling overwhelmed and underappreciated. All I had wanted was a shoulder to lean on, someone to listen to me vent and offer words of encouragement. But instead of receiving the comfort I craved, I was met with resistance and defensiveness.

How can you expect me to support you when you're not even supporting yourself? he had snapped, his words cutting through me like a knife. I had tried to explain that I needed his emotional support, not financial assistance, but he refused to see my side of the story.

And so, the cracks in our relationship widened until they became an insurmountable chasm. His silence spoke volumes, telling me that he was no longer willing to be there for me when I needed him the most. The pain of his rejection was almost unbearable, a constant ache in my chest that refused to subside.

But just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, life threw another cruel twist my way. I lost my job, the one stable pillar in my life that had helped me weather all of life's storms. With each passing day, the weight of my financial insecurity grew heavier, pressing down on me like a suffocating blanket.

I tried to reach out to him one last time, hoping against hope that he would come through for me in my hour of need. But once again, his response was cold and distant, a stark reminder of the love that had once bloomed between us, now withered and dead.

Despair gnawed at me relentlessly, dragging me down into a pit of darkness and self-doubt. I felt like a failure, a lost soul adrift in a sea of uncertainty and pain. The thought of facing each day without his support felt like a crushing weight on my shoulders, threatening to drown me in despair.

But as the days turned into weeks, and then months, something inside me began to shift. The pain of his rejection had slowly transformed into a steely resolve, a determination to rise above my circumstances and forge a new path for myself. I realized that I didn't need his support to survive, that I had the strength within me to stand tall and face whatever life threw my way.

And so, with a newfound sense of purpose, I set out to rebuild my life from the ground up. I found a new job, one that challenged me and gave me a sense of fulfillment. I

surrounded myself with friends who lifted me up and supported me in ways that he never could.

The wounds he had inflicted on my heart began to heal, slowly but surely, as I let go of the pain and anger that had consumed me for so long. I no longer needed his approval or validation to feel whole, for I had found a newfound sense of self-worth that shone brightly within me.

As I looked back on the journey I had traveled, I realized that his rejection had been a blessing in disguise, a wake-up call that had forced me to confront my own insecurities and emerge stronger and more resilient than ever before. And though I still felt a twinge of sadness for the love that had been lost, I knew deep down that I was better off without him in my life.

And so, with a heart full of gratitude and a spirit that burned brightly with newfound purpose, I stepped boldly into the future, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead with the strength and courage that now defined me. For in the end, I had come to realize that true support and love can only come from within, and that I was more than capable of standing tall on my own.

As I sat in front of my laptop, staring at the blank screen that once held the promise of success, I couldn't help but feel defeated. Three dropshipping online stores, three failed attempts at making a profit. It was supposed to be easy money, a way to finally climb out of the financial hole I had dug myself into. But instead, it had turned into a nightmare that only seemed to drag me deeper into debt.

I remembered the excitement I felt when I first launched my first online store. I spent countless hours researching products, setting up the website, and running ads on social media. I was sure that this was going to be my ticket to financial freedom. But as the days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months, I realized that my dream was slowly slipping away from me.

The first store was a niche skincare store, aimed at targeting women in their 30s and 40s. I thought I had found the perfect products to sell, ones that were trending and in high demand. But as the orders failed to come in and the bills piled up, I knew that something was seriously wrong. I struggled to understand why people weren't buying from me, why my marketing efforts seemed to fall flat every time.

I closed the store, thinking that maybe it was just bad luck. I launched my second store, this time targeting a different niche – pet accessories. Surely, people loved their pets enough to buy the cute collars and toys I was selling. But once again, I found myself in the same hopeless situation. The sales were few and far between, and the money I was spending on advertising was quickly draining my bank account.

I was starting to lose hope, starting to believe that maybe I was just doomed to fail at this online business thing. But despite my doubts, I decided to give it one last shot. I launched my third online store, this time selling trendy fashion accessories. I thought that maybe this time would be different, that maybe I had finally found the winning formula.

But as the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, I found myself in the same position as before. The sales were slow, the bills were piling up, and my dreams of financial freedom were slipping further and further away. I couldn't understand why I was failing, why I couldn't seem to make this dropshipping business work for me.

As I closed my third online store, I felt a mix of emotions wash over me. I was frustrated, angry, and completely defeated. I had poured my heart and soul into these businesses, only to see them crumble before my eyes. The debt I had accumulated was suffocating me, weighing me down with each passing day.

I had to face the reality that maybe dropshipping wasn't meant for me, that maybe I was just not cut out for this kind of business. Maybe I had to accept the fact that not everything works out the way we planned, that sometimes we have to let go of our dreams and move on to something else.

But despite my failures, despite the debts and the disappointment, I knew that I couldn't give up. I had to pick myself up, dust myself off, and find a new path forward. Maybe this was just a detour on the road to success, a lesson to be learned before I could truly achieve my goals.

And so, with a newfound determination, I closed my laptop and set out to find a new adventure, a new opportunity that would finally lead me to the success I had been chasing for so long. And though the road ahead was uncertain and filled with challenges, I knew that I was ready to face whatever came my way, ready to turn my failures into triumphs and my dreams into reality.

As I sat scrolling through my social media feed yesterday, feeling a sense of frustration and hopelessness about the state of the world, something inside me snapped. I had always been one to keep my opinions to myself, to stay out of political discussions and controversy. But on this particular day, I couldn't keep quiet any longer.

I came across a post from a prominent politician, filled with empty promises and hollow rhetoric. Without thinking, I commented on the post, calling the politician and their colleagues a bunch of dildos. The words flew out of my fingers before I could even process what I was saying.

To my surprise, my comment garnered a lot of attention. People started liking and sharing it, agreeing with my sentiment. Suddenly, I felt a surge of empowerment and amusement. It seemed that I had struck a chord with many others who felt the same way I did.

Emboldened by this newfound sense of humor, I started scrolling through other politicians' posts, leaving similar comments and poking fun at their antics. It was like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders, and I found myself laughing out loud at my own audacity.

But as the day went on, a sense of unease crept in. What if my comments attracted negative attention? What if I angered someone in power? The thought of repercussions made me second guess my actions, but deep down, I knew that I needed to speak my mind, no matter the consequences.

As the evening approached, I received a private message from someone claiming to be a high-ranking official. My heart raced as I read the message, expecting to be scolded or threatened. To my surprise, the message was filled with laughter and appreciation for my boldness.

It turned out that even those in power had a sense of humor, and they respected those who weren't afraid to speak their minds. I was invited to a private event where I could meet some of these politicians in person and continue our lighthearted banter.

As I arrived at the event, I felt a mix of excitement and nervousness. What would these powerful individuals be like in person? Would they appreciate my sense of humor, or would they see me as nothing more than a troublemaker?

To my delight, I was welcomed with open arms. The politicians I had mocked online greeted me with smiles and laughter, clearly enjoying the opportunity to let loose and have some fun. We shared jokes and stories, forgetting about our differences and just enjoying each other's company.

As the night went on, I realized that beneath the facade of politics and power, we were all just human beings with hopes and dreams. Our sense of humor had brought us together in a way that no amount of policy debates ever could.

I left the event feeling lighter and happier than I had in a long time. I had rekindled my sense of humor and found a common ground with people who I had never thought I would connect with. Life didn't seem so bleak anymore, and I knew that as long as I had the courage to speak my mind, things would only get better for me and for those around me.

I hadn't been on a holiday for more than 10 years. The daily grind of work and responsibilities had worn me down to the bone, leaving me feeling exhausted and drained. But this year, everything changed. This year, I finally took the plunge and went on a much-needed vacation with my mama to Bosnia.

As the plane took off, I could feel the weight of the world slowly lifting off my shoulders. The anticipation of exploring a new place and reconnecting with family members I hadn't seen in years filled me with a sense of excitement and joy. However, little did I know that the journey ahead would be fraught with unexpected challenges and thrills.

When we arrived in Bosnia, I was already tired from the long flight. But there was no time to rest. Mama and I had a mission – to visit almost all our family members scattered across the country in just two weeks. As we traveled from one village to another, I was overwhelmed by the warmth and hospitality of our relatives. Each visit was filled with laughter, tears, and heartfelt conversations that reignited a sense of belonging within me.

But amidst the joy and reconnecting, there were moments of tension and unease. The past grievances and long-held grudges within our family surfaced, threatening to unravel the fragile bonds we had tried so hard to rebuild. Yet, with Mama's wise counsel and gentle guidance, we navigated through the stormy waters, emerging stronger and more united than ever before.

Despite the emotional rollercoaster, I found moments of solace and inspiration in the quiet corners of Bosnia. I spent my days wandering through ancient streets lined with cobblestones, immersing myself in the rich history and culture of the land. The tranquil beauty of the countryside, with its rolling hills and lush greenery, provided a much-needed respite from the chaos of city life.

In those serene moments, I found my muse. Ideas flowed freely, and I started to sketch out the beginnings of a new book – a tale of love, loss, and redemption set against the backdrop of war-torn Bosnia. The words came easily, pouring out of me like a river rushing towards the sea.

But the tranquility was shattered one fateful night when a series of mysterious events unfolded. It started with a knock on our door in the dead of the night. A shadowy figure stood on the threshold, his face obscured by darkness. He spoke in hushed tones, his words laced with urgency and fear. He warned us of danger lurking in the shadows, of dark forces at play in the heart of Bosnia.

I could feel the chill of uncertainty creeping up my spine as Mama and I listened intently to his words. Who was this stranger, and what did he want from us? The night seemed to

stretch on forever, filled with whispers of impending doom and a sense of impending danger.

As dawn broke, I knew that our holiday in Bosnia would never be the same again. The peaceful facade of the countryside had been shattered, revealing a tangled web of secrets and lies that threatened to engulf us all. But amidst the chaos and confusion, one thing remained clear – I had found a new purpose, a new passion that burned brightly within me.

And so, as we bid farewell to Bosnia and embarked on our journey back home, I carried with me not just memories of a tumultuous holiday but also the seeds of a new adventure waiting to unfold. The road ahead may be long and uncertain, but I was ready to face whatever challenges came my way, armed with the strength and courage I had discovered within myself.

And as the plane soared towards the horizon, I closed my eyes and whispered a silent prayer of gratitude for the journey that had changed me in ways I could never have imagined. I knew that I was no longer the tired and weary soul who had embarked on this trip but a warrior, ready to face whatever the future held with a heart full of hope and a spirit unbroken.



The asylum center was a place of fear and uncertainty, filled with people of all backgrounds and nationalities seeking refuge and safety. Among them was a young girl named Aisha, a Black girl with a bright smile that could light up even the darkest of nights. She had been through so much already, fleeing from her war-torn homeland with nothing but the clothes on her back and the hope in her heart.

I first noticed Aisha on a rainy afternoon, sitting alone in a corner of the common room, her eyes fixed on the floor. I felt drawn to her, compelled to offer some small comfort in this harsh and unfamiliar place. I approached her cautiously, unsure of how she would react to my presence.

Hey, I said softly, sitting down beside her. Are you okay?

Aisha looked up at me, her eyes filled with a mixture of sadness and longing. I miss my family, she whispered, her voice barely audible over the din of voices in the room.

I felt a pang of empathy for her, knowing that she had been separated from everything she knew and loved. I reached out and took her hand in mine, offering a silent gesture of support and solidarity. Aisha's eyes met mine, and in that moment, I saw a spark of hope flicker to life within her.

As the days passed, Aisha and I became fast friends, sharing stories of our pasts and dreams for the future. Despite the challenges we faced, we found solace in each other's company, a beacon of light in the darkness that surrounded us.

One night, as we sat on the rooftop of the asylum center, watching the stars twinkle overhead, I felt overcome with emotion. I turned to Aisha, her beautiful face illuminated by the soft glow of the moon, and without thinking, I leaned in and kissed her on the cheek.

Aisha's eyes widened in surprise, but a smile tugged at the corners of her lips. Thank you, she whispered, her voice barely a whisper in the stillness of the night.

I felt a rush of warmth flood through me, a sense of connection and understanding that transcended language and culture. In that moment, I knew that our bond was something special, something worth holding onto in the midst of chaos and uncertainty.

But as our friendship deepened, so too did the dangers that lurked within the walls of the asylum center. Rumors of violence and corruption spread like wildfire, casting a shadow of fear over our makeshift community.

One evening, as Aisha and I walked through the narrow corridors of the center, a group of hostile strangers surrounded us, their eyes cold and calculating. I felt a surge of panic rise within me, knowing that we were outnumbered and vulnerable.

But Aisha stood tall beside me, her gaze steady and unwavering. We stick together, she said, her voice firm with resolve. No matter what happens, we stick together.

And with those words echoing in my ears, we faced our assailants head-on, a united front against a world that sought to tear us apart.

In the end, it was our bond that saved us, a beacon of hope and resilience that shone brightly in the darkness of the asylum center. Aisha and I emerged stronger than ever, our friendship forged in the fires of adversity and tested by the trials of life.

And as we looked out at the world beyond the walls of the center, I knew that together, we could conquer anything that came our way. In the embrace of friendship and love, we found the courage to face the unknown, hand in hand and heart to heart.

I never expected to fall in love with her. She used to be my best friend's girlfriend, one of the many he had over the years. But there was something about her that drew me in, something magnetic and irresistible. Her smile, her laugh, her kind heart - all of it captured my attention from the moment I met her.

We started spending more time together, as friends at first. We would hang out, go for walks, talk for hours about everything and nothing. And then, one day, as we sat on the park bench watching the sunset, she leaned in and kissed me. It was my first kiss, and it was magical. It was like fireworks going off in my chest, like the world had suddenly shifted on its axis.

From that moment on, we were inseparable. We started a relationship, exploring each other's hearts and minds, falling deeper and deeper in love with each passing day. I had never felt this way about anyone before, never knew that love could be so all-consuming and all-encompassing.

But then, life happened. I had planned a holiday that had been months in the making, and I couldn't bring myself to cancel it, even though it meant leaving her behind. I promised her that I would be back soon, that I would make it up to her when I returned.

The holiday was supposed to last two weeks, but I got caught up in the beauty of the place, the people I met, the experiences I had. Two weeks turned into a month, then two, then three. I lost track of time, lost track of everything except for the thrill of being in a new place, far away from home.

It wasn't until I received a call from her, months later, that I realized how much time had passed. She sounded distant, cold, and when she finally spoke the words, my heart shattered into a million pieces.

I cheated on you, she said, her voice barely above a whisper. I'm so sorry, but I couldn't wait for you to come back. I needed someone, anyone, to fill the void you left behind.

I was numb, unable to comprehend what she was saying. How could she do this to me, to us? How could she betray everything we had shared, everything we had built together?

And just like that, it was over. We broke up, our relationship crumbling like a house of cards in a hurricane. The love that had once bound us together was now a tangled mess of pain and heartache, impossible to untangle.

I returned home, a shell of the person I used to be. The days stretched endlessly before me, each one a reminder of what once was, of what could have been. I tried to move on, to forget her, but she was everywhere - in the songs on the radio, in the laughter of strangers, in the empty spaces of my heart.

I tried to find solace in the memories we shared, in the love we had once felt for each other. But the pain was too raw, too real. It was a wound that refused to heal, a scar that would always be a part of me.

And so, I soldiered on, day by day, trying to piece together the shattered fragments of my heart. I knew that I would never be the same again, that the innocence of my first love had been lost forever.

But in the darkness, there was a glimmer of light. A tiny spark of hope that whispered to me, telling me that one day, I would love again. One day, I would find someone who would cherish me, who would never break my heart.

And as I stood on the precipice of a new beginning, I knew that I would survive this heartbreak, that I would emerge stronger, wiser, and ready to embrace whatever the future held for me. For even in the midst of my pain, I knew that love would always find a way to shine through, a beacon of hope in the darkest of nights.

It was a cold winter evening when I first met Emily. We were both working the late shift at McDonald's, trying to make ends meet while balancing our hectic lives. I was immediately drawn to her vibrant personality and infectious laughter. As we busily took orders and prepared food together, we couldn't help but strike up a conversation.

Over the next few weeks, we grew closer and started spending more time together outside of work. Emily was beautiful, kind-hearted, and always had a way of making me smile, even on my darkest days. It didn't take long for me to realize that I was developing feelings for her. But there was one problem - I wasn't looking for a serious relationship.

I was content with our casual fling, enjoying the physical aspect of our connection without the emotional baggage. But Emily had other plans. She wanted something more, something real. She could see past my facade and wanted to break down the walls I had built around my heart. I was torn between my desire to keep things casual and my growing affection for her.

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, I found myself falling more and more for Emily. Her laughter echoed in my mind, her smile lit up my world, and her presence brought me a sense of peace I had never experienced before. I started to see a future with her, a future filled with love, happiness, and companionship.

But deep down, I was still afraid. Afraid of commitment, afraid of vulnerability, afraid of getting hurt. So I pushed her away, telling myself that I wasn't ready for a serious relationship. But the truth was, I was scared. Scared of losing her, scared of letting her in, scared of facing my own feelings.

And then one day, it happened. I broke her heart. I told her that I couldn't give her what she wanted, that I wasn't the right person for her. I watched as tears filled her eyes, as her voice broke with emotion. I saw the pain I had caused, the hurt that I had inflicted. And in that moment, I knew that I had made a mistake.

I tried to reach out to her, to apologize, to make things right. But she was gone. She had moved on, leaving me with a heart full of regret and a soul filled with sorrow. I realized then that I had let fear dictate my actions, that I had let my insecurities ruin the best thing that had ever happened to me.

As I sat alone in my empty apartment, surrounded by the memories of our time together, I felt a sense of loss like never before. I had let go of the one person who truly understood me, the one person who had seen past my flaws and loved me unconditionally. And now, she was gone, lost to me forever.

And so I learned a valuable lesson that day - that love is not always easy, that relationships require patience, trust, and vulnerability. I learned that sometimes, we have

to take a leap of faith, even if it means risking everything we have. And most importantly, I learned that love is worth fighting for, worth sacrificing for, worth everything in the world.

As I gazed out at the twinkling city lights, I knew that I would never stop loving Emily. And maybe, just maybe, our paths would cross once again, and we would have a second chance at love. But until then, I would carry her memory in my heart, a reminder of the love that could have been, the love that still had the power to heal and transform me.

It all started innocently enough. She was my mother's friend, a vibrant woman with a contagious smile and a zest for life. She was more than 20 years older than me, but we quickly formed a bond over our shared love of art and music. We would spend hours talking about our favorite artists, visiting galleries and attending concerts together.

As time went on, our friendship deepened, and I found myself confiding in her about my struggles and insecurities. She was always there for me, offering me support and encouragement when I needed it most. I felt a connection with her that I had never felt with anyone else.

One night, after a particularly rough day, she invited me over to her apartment for a drink. As we sat on her couch, sipping wine and listening to music, she pulled out a small bag of cocaine. I was taken aback at first, but she reassured me that it was just for fun, that it would help us relax and unwind.

I hesitated for a moment, but ultimately I found myself giving in to temptation. The rush of euphoria that washed over me was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. It was addictive, intoxicating, and I craved more.

From that point on, our nights together became a blur of cocaine-fueled parties and reckless behavior. We would stay up for hours, dancing and laughing, lost in our own little world. The lines between friendship and something more began to blur, and before I knew it, we were crossing boundaries that I never thought possible.

Our physical relationship started casually, a fleeting touch here, a lingering glance there. But soon, it escalated into something deeper, something more intimate and intense. I found myself falling for her, for the way she made me feel alive and free.

But as our relationship grew more complicated, so did our drug use. What started as a way to escape reality quickly spiraled out of control, turning into a dangerous addiction that consumed us both. We found ourselves relying on cocaine to numb the pain, to fill the void inside of us that nothing else could.

And yet, despite the chaos and destruction that surrounded us, I couldn't bring myself to walk away. I was trapped in a toxic cycle of love and addiction, unable to break free from the hold she had on me.

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, I watched helplessly as she spiraled further and further out of control. Her once vibrant spirit was now overshadowed by the darkness of her addiction, and I felt powerless to save her from herself.

But deep down, I knew that I couldn't continue down this path. I couldn't keep sacrificing my own sanity and well-being for the sake of a love that was ultimately destructive. And so, one fateful night, I made the hardest decision of my life.

I told her that I couldn't do this anymore, that I needed to break away from the toxic cycle that had consumed us both. She begged me to stay, to give her one more chance, but I knew that it was too late. I packed my bags and left, leaving behind the woman who had once been my mother's friend, the woman who had once been my everything.

As I walked away, a part of me mourned the loss of what could have been. But deep down, I knew that I had made the right choice. I had chosen myself, my own well-being, over a love that had turned toxic and destructive.

And as I drove away, leaving behind the memories of a love that was both beautiful and tragic, I knew that I was finally free. Free from the grip of addiction, free from the pain of a love that was never meant to be. And as the sun rose on a new day, I knew that I was ready to start over, to build a new life for myself, one that was free from the darkness of the past.



Being alone for more than 10 years was starting to take its toll on me. The loneliness was slowly eating away at my soul, and I found myself desperate for any kind of human connection. That's when I started ordering escorts and fucking hookers.

At first, it was just a way to satisfy my physical needs. I would call them up, pick them out like items on a menu, and then go through the motions of sex without any real emotion involved. But as time went on, I started to crave something more. I wanted to feel something, anything, even if it was just for a fleeting moment.

One night, I called up an escort and told her I wanted to fuck her in the ass. It was something I had never tried before, and the thought of it excited me in a way I hadn't felt in years. When she arrived, I wasted no time in getting down to business. As I entered her from behind, I could feel the tightness of her ass gripping me in a way that sent shivers down my spine. It was intense, raw, and completely exhilarating.

Another time, I requested that a different escort let me come on her face. She seemed hesitant at first, but eventually agreed to my request. As I stood over her, watching as she looked up at me with a mixture of fear and anticipation, I felt a rush of power unlike anything I had ever experienced before. And when I finally unleashed my load all over her face, it was like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

I also found myself drawn to escorts who were a mix of White and Black. There was something about the contrast of their skin tones that was incredibly sexy to me. It was like watching a beautiful painting come to life right in front of my eyes. And as we moved together in a dance of lust and desire, I couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at the beauty of it all.

But not every experience was as fulfilling. I remember one night when I called up an escort who was considered by most to be ugly. She wasn't conventionally attractive, with features that many would deem unappealing. But as she stood before me, waiting for my command, I couldn't help but see the beauty that lay beneath the surface. In her eyes, I saw a world of pain and longing, and suddenly, I felt a surge of empathy wash over me.

I realized then that beauty is subjective, and that we are all beautiful in our own way, regardless of what society may dictate. And as I made love to her that night, I felt a connection that went beyond the physical. It was a moment of true intimacy, one that touched me in a way I had never thought possible.

In the end, my encounters with escorts and hookers taught me that physical pleasure is fleeting, but emotional connection is what truly satisfies the soul. And as I lay in bed alone once again, I knew that I would never look at sex the same way again. It was a journey of self-discovery, one that I wouldn't trade for anything in the world.

## **About the author**

Jasmin Hajro grew up in Bosnia until the war started, the family moved a couple of times within the country when the fighting and shooting came to close.

Eventually Jasmin, his mother and sister were able to flee the country to the Netherlands. Father had to stay there and fight as a soldier in the war. The family lived temporarily in a few asylum centers for refugees and finally got a house in the city Doetinchem.

Father got shot in the war, almost died, and was also able to leave the country. The family was reunited for a short while, and soon Jasmin's parents divorced. The kids went to school, father and mother worked. Father remarried.

Jasmin got a diploma from school, he was good in languages.

He had a difficult puberty, where used drugs and drank a lot of alcohol, he also broke the law a few times. After using too many drugs, he got into a coma and barely survived. After that, he completely left that life and those people behind him.

He worked at several jobs. He started in 2007 as a dishwasher at Landal greenparcs he worked his way up to cook and got lifetime employment.

After collapsing a few times, he also stopped drinking beer.

Unfortunately he started hallucinating at work, soon he couldn't sleep, focus or work.

He lost his work...

He started a investment company in december 2012

he failed. In 2015 while he couldn't find a job,

he got sales training from his sister

and he received packages of greeting cards, and started selling them in his

neighbourhood. After a while ,he started designing his own unique greeting cards.

He was writing in journals for many years, and in 2017 he wrote and selfpublished his first book : Build your fortune.

He always kept on writing new books,

by now he has written more than 185 books

he also translates his Dutch books into English.

He has been diagnosed with his mental disability,

he now has 2 medicines, one against hallucinating and the other to be able to sleep.

He has gotten a income from the government to pay for living expenses.

His company is called Hajro ..

he sells his packages of greeting cards, door to door.

His company helps people with disabilities and with low incomes, by giving them money

It also donates to a few good charities.

Jasmin lives in Zelhem by himself and his 3 cats, Sjakie, Jinx and Jingle.

Jasmin is a nice and generous person. He visits his mother, his sister and her 2 kids every week. He gives away more than 100 of his ebooks at smashwords for free.

His journey continues to become a better salesman, writer, entrepreneur

and to help a lot of people with his books , and his teachings on youtube.

Please be supportive, buy more of his books

Learn from his video´s and livestreams

And share his work with your friends, family

and the booklovers that you know.

Thank you very much.

Imagine if you could read a book that would not only touch your heart but also change your perspective on life. A book written by an author who not only has incredible talent, but is also an inspiring go-getter in the face of challenges. Meet author Jasmin Hajro, an exceptionally talented writer who is not held back by his disability, but who turns his limitation into strength.

Jasmin Hajro's books take you on an emotional journey full of profound insights, powerful stories and incredible life lessons. Not only does he overcome the obstacles he faces, but he also shows you that there are no limits to what you can achieve if you are determined and believe in your own abilities.

What makes Jasmin Hajro's books really special is the sincere, moving way he tells his stories. He knows better than anyone how to touch you with his words and make you feel

deep down what it means to be human. His ability to convey complex emotions in an accessible way is truly extraordinary.

But there's more than that. By buying Jasmin Hajro's books you not only support a talented author, but you also contribute to creating an inclusive society. You show that limitations do not diminish someone's value or potential, but rather that we should value and learn from the unique perspectives and experiences of others.

Be inspired by the resilience, perseverance and courage of Jasmin Hajro. Buy his books not only for yourself, but also as a valuable gift for your loved ones. Discover the power of his words and let them encourage you to dream bigger, feel deeper and be stronger.

So don't hesitate, pick up a book by Jasmin Hajro and get ready for an unforgettable reading experience. Enrich your life with his thoughts, emotions and insights. Discover the beauty of being human through the eyes of an exceptional author. Every book you buy makes a difference not only in your world, but in the world of someone determined to prove that limitations are only a temporary hindrance on the road to greatness.

For Jasmin's entire lifestory, grab a copy of Life and business of Jasmin Hajro

Visit Jasmin and his organization at [www.hajro.store](http://www.hajro.store)

**More books by Jasmin Hajro :**

Build Your Fortune

Moneymaker

Recipe For Happiness

the Lifebuoy For Banks "Loyal Banking"

the Ultimate Winning Strategy, for entrepreneurs (which is for salespeople & business owners too)

Poems, jokes and book

Victory 1

Victory 2

Always employment & always money in your pocket, everyday.

Things You Don't Want To Know.

Challenges in having your own business, in real life.

how to Grow your money & Build a good retirement in 2 hours per month, for moms, dads, career women and busy people .

Overcoming tough times.

Secrets of writing and selling books.

Double your profits.

Double your profits, extended.

Triumph 1 (boxset)

Triumph 2 (boxset)

Victorious series (boxset)

Through the crisis

Victory 3

My story

My little masterpiece

Victory 4

I don't feel like writing, says the author

Hackers are scouts

Being real and true: in times of fake and pretend

100 % sales rule

Quotes for success

Entrepreneurship course



3

Last 10 years

Unknown millionaire

This is the real secret to success, forget mindset, shiny objects and the law of attraction

Zucchini, dagen van een schrijver

Suiker maakt je dik (Sugar makes you fat)

P.a.w.

Geluk in een ongeluk (Good luck in bad luck)

Nederland is super ( the Netherlands is great )

How they keep you poor

Tired ?

How to make money online

21 Ways to stop procrastinating

Discovering your life purpose

21 Secrets of building self confidence

Life and business of Jasmin Hajro

Fix your shit

You shine bright

Daily prayers for muslims

The adventures of Skippy (childrens book )

Productivity crash course

Gay is natural

21 Strategies to kill laziness

21 Secrets for living a happy life

How to master communication

21 Ways to stop procrastinating

21 Secrets of building self confidence

21 Secrets of effective stress management

Mastering the art of mindfulness

21 Practical ways to master self discipline

21 Secrets for a happy relationship

**21 Strategies to kill laziness**

How to love your work and never work again

the Art of taking really good care of your vagina

the Secrets of achievement course

How to raise confident children

How to form success habits

Implementation to greatness

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**Recommended books :**

Recipe for happiness

Best buy, how not to get scammed

the Ultimate Winning Strategy, 2nd edition

P.a.w.

Faster way to riches and success

This is the real secret to success

Life and business of Jasmin Hajro

Peace

**Recommended children's books :**

(to give as a gift or to read to your kids or grandkids, fun stories and valuable lessons)

the Adventures of Skippy

Saving pennies with Mimy

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**Dutch titles :**

Bouw jouw fortuin

Moneymaker

Recept voor geluk

de Reddingsboei voor banken, loyaal bankieren

de Ultieme Winnende Strategie

Gedichten, grapjes en boek

Victorie

Victorie 2

Altijd werk en altijd geld op zak, iedere dag

Dingen die je Niet wil weten

Victorious serie

Work to shine serie

De kunst van goed advies geven

Cooler jongen

Jouw eigen bedrijf starten en succesvol maken, in de keiharde realiteit, waar het niemand interesseert

Te persoonlijk, handgeschreven

Te persoonlijk, handgeschreven 2

Moeilijke tijden overwinnen

Beveiliging en bescherming van jouw zaken en jouw bedrijf

Victorie 3

De pen die je 100.000,- euro oplevert

Tieten, hoe schrijf ik een boek ?

Voor jou

Grote ballen

Vrede

Legacy serie (2 delen)

Mijn verslaving overwinnen

Gewoon doorgaan

Ondernemen met hersenschade

Entrepreneurship cursus

Dirty money

de Ultieme winnende strategie, voor schrijvers

My story

De geheimen van goede sex, 30 boeken schrijven, een levenspartner vinden en geld verdienen zittend op je reet

Het geheim van afvallen, het geheim van goed leven en mijn schrijfsels

In loving memory

Ziba

Actie als strategie

Running out of time

Hajro story en catalogus

Voor Saartje

Exposium

Rahima en Idriz

Suiker maakt je dik

Dagelijkse gebeden voor moslims

Geluk in een ongeluk

De avonturen van Ixi

40 Praktische manieren om te stoppen met je zorgen te maken

Opgelicht door een goed doel ?

Kinder bedtijd, voorlees verhalen voor het slapen gaan

De magie van inspiratie, verhalen die levens veranderen

Nederland is super

Zucchini, dagen van een schrijver

Vrede

Wijsheid voor je betere leven

Kinderen leren van dieren (kinderboek)

Introducing Jasmin Hajro's books: discover, share and become a fan!

Are you an avid reader with an insatiable appetite for compelling stories? Search no further! Get ready to dive into a world of imagination and emotions as you journey with Jasmin Hajro's and her captivating books. Moreover, you can now enjoy her collection for free, share them with your friends and acquaintances and ultimately become a devoted fan.

Jasmin Hajros is an incredibly talented author who has created a wide range of literary gems. Her books span a variety of genres, from romance and mystery to fantasy and science fiction. Whatever your preference, you're sure to find a book that will keep you browsing long into the night.

But that is not everything! In addition to her exceptional storytelling, Jasmin Hajro's unique ability to dig deep into the human psyche, delve into complex themes and capture the essence of human nature. Her characters are relatable, their struggles gripping and their triumphs truly inspiring.

Now imagine having the opportunity to share these literary treasures with your friends and loved ones. By accessing Jasmin Hajros's books for free, you can not only enrich your own reading experience, but also introduce others to the magic of her stories. Spark conversations, stir emotions, and create timeless memories together as you explore the captivating worlds Jasmin has created.

In fact, if you delve into her books, you'll undoubtedly become a devoted fan. Jasmin Hajro's unique storytelling style, rich character development and masterful plot twists will captivate your heart and leave you wanting more. Join a community of passionate readers who share the same enthusiasm for her work and participate in discussions, fan theories and exclusive content.

So don't wait any longer. Unleash your imagination, experience the joy of sharing stories with friends and become a devoted fan of Jasmin Hajro's books. With her freely available collection you have the perfect opportunity to explore new worlds, enrich your reading journey and unleash your imagination.

Get started today and witness the magic of Jasmin Hajros' stories firsthand!

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This opportunity is too good to pass up. So what are you waiting for? Visit our website and discover a world of stories that will captivate you. Download Jasmin Hajro's e-books, read them yourself or give them as a gift to your loved ones. Spread the joy of reading and experience the power of words.

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Thank you.



Excerpt book Best buy, how not to get scammed

the ultimate guide on how to live healthier, wealthier and happier  
while protecting yourself from being scammed  
and losing money, heart disappointments and time..

Multiple books in one bundle covering  
happiness, wealthbuilding, living happier, increasing sales and profits..  
covering trading, cryptocurrency, investing in stocks and private equity,  
books, courses, MLM's, gurus, business & investing & earnings opportunities which are scams,  
plus a resources to stay aware and away from scams not covered.  
Get this guide now and save yourself money ,time, disappointment  
and robbery of your peace of mind.

How did I get through 2020  
year of corona....

Recipe for Happiness

How to reduce stress and live happy

The Ultimate Winning Strategy

how do successful companies earn more and win

Last 10 years

It's personal...and business

quitting drugs and alcohol

starting to build a better life

then getting mental problems

and ending on the street

failing with my first company and

then starting a new company

asking for help and getting rejected multiple times

untill finally I get the help that I need

because my sister and a friend went with me

my last 10 years with a lot of tough times

maybe my experiences can help you

If you want to live happier and wealthier, why don't you try it

Excerpt book Peace

Introducing "Peace" by Jasmin Hajro - a groundbreaking exploration into the existence of universal intelligence, commonly referred to as God. In this thought-provoking book, Hajro skillfully presents a logical and rational perspective on the age-old question of the divine, offering readers a refreshing and insightful understanding of the universal intelligence that underpins our existence.

Through the pages of "Peace," readers will embark on a journey of enlightenment, delving into the very fabric of the universe to uncover the logical explanation for the existence of universal intelligence. Hajro's compelling insights and meticulous reasoning will challenge conventional beliefs and inspire a deeper contemplation of the mysteries of life and the cosmos.

With clarity and precision, "Peace" invites readers to explore the interconnectedness of all things and contemplate the profound implications of universal intelligence on our lives. Whether you are a seeker of spiritual truth, a philosopher pondering life's deepest questions, or simply someone with a curious mind, this book offers a transformative perspective that transcends traditional dogma and encourages a more profound understanding of our place in the universe.

Engaging, thought-provoking, and intellectually stimulating, "Peace" is a must-read for anyone seeking a logical and coherent explanation for the existence of the universal intelligence, shedding new light on age-old questions and providing a foundation for personal growth, spiritual awakening, and a deeper sense of peace and understanding.

Join the countless individuals who have been enlightened and inspired by "Peace" by Jasmin Hajro. Embrace a new understanding of the universal intelligence and embark on a journey toward greater peace, knowledge, and enlightenment.

Excerpt book Faster way to riches and success

What other books forget to tell you ,and how to join the top 10%

To become successful and rich while you are still young.

Has goal setting not worked?

What is the real difference between success and failure?

And between the top 10% and the other 90%

How can you shorten the path to getting rich

How to be a success every day

This booklet gives you the answers that you have been looking for...

If you are paying the price for success every day, you are a success and becoming a greater success

This is what other books fail at telling you about getting success and riches

Reviews :



Shobana Gomes

**4.0 out of 5 stars**

**Faster Way to Riches and Success**

Reviewed in the United States on February 25, 2023

This book generally talks about the practicality of doing the right groundwork in order that the business expands and excels. Mr. Hajro gives his views and personal experiences, citing business experts and their models to success.

In Mr. Hajro, the desire to inspire and lead people by example is prevalent just as he outlines in this book. This quote sums up his actionable thoughts well: all successful people are action-oriented, they're always moving - Jasmin Hajro

## Top review from the United States



Shobana Gomes

**5.0 out of 5 stars**

### **The Jasmin Hajro Story**

Reviewed in the United States on February 8, 2023

Jasmin Hajro was born on July 6th, 1985 in Bosnia and Hercegovina.

He grew up in the village of Gora and went to school there.

When the war started, the family moved a few times in Bosnia, and eventually, Jasmin, his mother, and his sister fled the country. His father stayed back to fight as a soldier.

The family fled to the Netherlands where he resides now.

Jasmin suffered serious personal tragedies, both mentally and physically before he started his company in 2015, Hajro, selling greeting cards and gift mugs door to door, and ventured into writing after work. He wrote and self-published his first book, *Build Your Fortune*, in 2017.

He is now the author of more than 51 books.

His books are published in both the Dutch and the English languages.

The Hajro company donates to two charities in the Netherlands. An inspiring read of Jasmin's personal tragedies and the journey that spurred his writing endeavors.

As Jasmin's books are cancelled and put off sale in the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg, there is no point in staying...follow his alternative moves on Rumble, X and Telegram

Visit Jasmin at [hajro.biz](http://hajro.biz) (english)

[hajro.store](http://hajro.store) (dutch)

or [bosance.com](http://bosance.com) (bosnian)