



THE MIND OF A   
WHITE  
WOLF 

BY SYLAR WHITE WOLF

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*This is dedicated to those of us who are brave enough to aspire for greatness against all odds.*

*Dedicated to those who stand as examples of mental freedom, integrity and determination.*

*Dedicated to those who can see that we are the future.*

*This is dedicated to our generation; the generation of inspiration.*

*This is dedicated to the WolfPack...*

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# THE MIND OF A WHITE WOLF

Welcome to the mind of a white wolf.

This book is an intimate compilation of different reflections on young life and the beauty of growth.

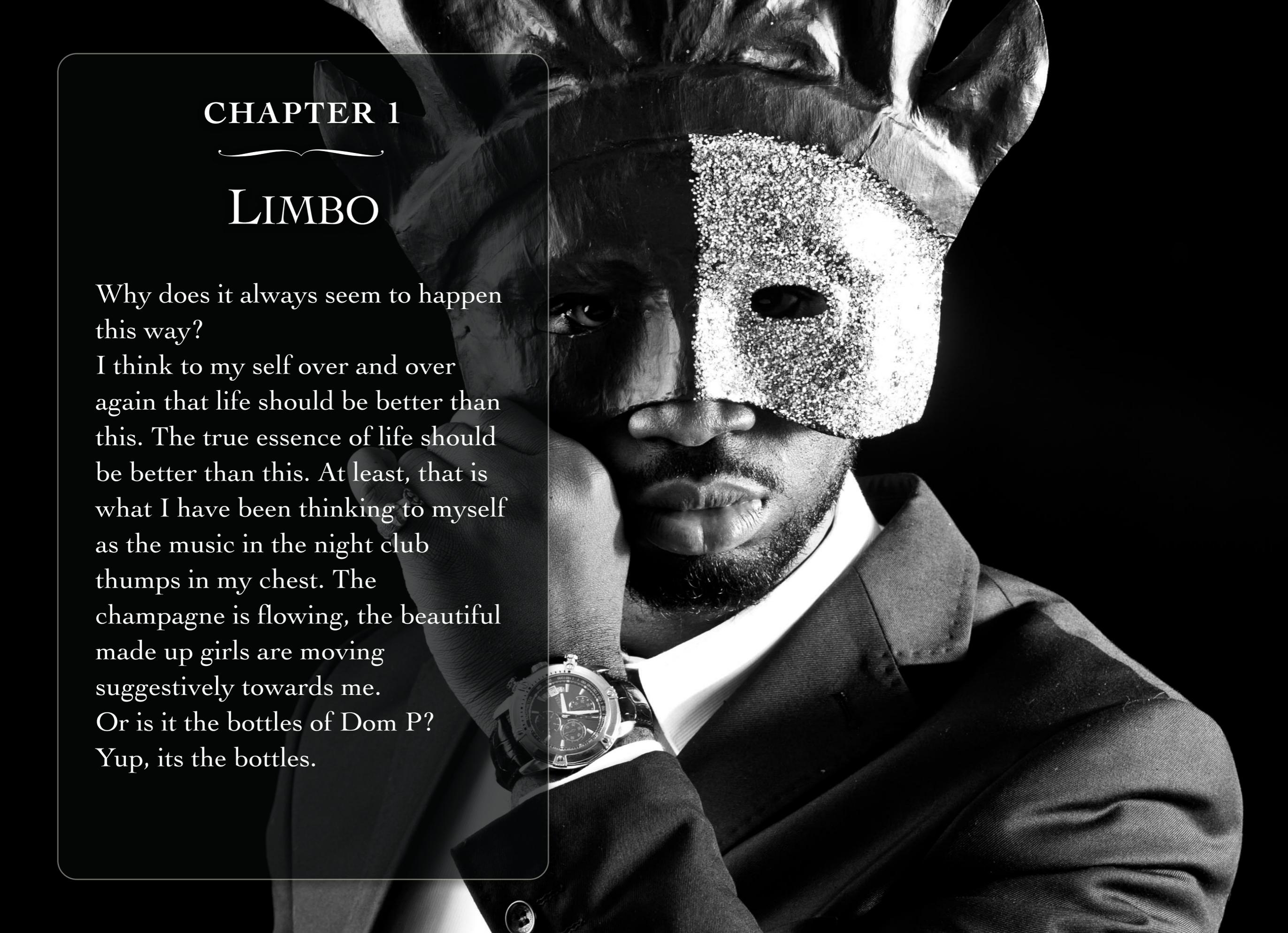
Through these pages we explore hope, love, pain, betrayal, death, karma, imagination, purpose and inspiration.

This book recounts several moments of “zen-like” self awareness of a youthful person on the journey of life in these modern times. It captures precise thoughts and feelings shared by many, but mentioned by few.

Each chapter is but a mere snapshot of a moment in the mind of an individual trying to find the path to righteousness.

Carpe Diem.

- Sylar White.



## CHAPTER 1

# LIMBO

Why does it always seem to happen this way?

I think to my self over and over again that life should be better than this. The true essence of life should be better than this. At least, that is what I have been thinking to myself as the music in the night club thumps in my chest. The champagne is flowing, the beautiful made up girls are moving suggestively towards me.

Or is it the bottles of Dom P?  
Yup, its the bottles.

## LIMBO



### YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE

- These are the thoughts of a young man, the true inner feelings, the complex emotions, the joy and the heartache a young man.
- Don't judge, just enjoy. This may be the only time you get to see the real reflections of a human being in limbo
- Although we are human and at certain points in our lives we end up in limbo, we must strive to love life and live it to the fullest of our capabilities.
- LIMBO: living in my brain only.

## Limbo

It is funny you know? this life, this flashy and borderline reckless lifestyle. You see, we have now coined the term YOLO (thank you Hip-Hop/ urban, pop music). You Only Live Once. Interesting notion.

According to this, we only live once, but then it gives us the perfect excuse to live like we are rushing willingly into the arms of the grim reaper. The deeper you think about this, maybe then it seems to be true that human beings may be instinctively self destructive. Maybe we do unconsciously destroy what we love most.

Fuck it, my brain is going too deep. We pop another over priced bottle of non-vintage champagne. Do these girls even know the history behind the existence of the drink they are guzzling down? Oh well, Fuck it, YOLO!

The DJ is doing a great job of taking me away from my thoughts. I am sure I will have the same thoughts that have moulded my life to this point in the morning, but just in case I forget, I choose to run

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through my core beliefs one more time before I  
throw my hand in the air and join in the  
celebration of life.

We will all die one day! But not today.. If he tries  
to come for me, I will look him fearlessly in those  
dark soul-less eyes and tell him with every fibre of  
my being, "Not Today!"

And the Party goes on! Life is good! God is good!

Yet I wake up the next morning with a hangover,  
a boner and one of the Champaign guzzlers and I  
don't even remember her name...

Or wait, was it all a dream?



## CHAPTER 2

# SOMETIMES IN LIFE THESE THINGS HAPPEN

In this chapter, you will find a poem. A poem describing the collective minds of those that carry the WolfPack gene in them. Not just a poem but a belief that we are all put on earth to make a mark in history. This Poem is entitled: “Sometimes in life these things happen”

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Sometimes in life these things happen.

Sometimes there is a group of young guys who realize that it is their time to take up the mantle and rise. Rise and rise again until lambs become lions, (yes, that was in the robin hood movie that had Russel Crowe playing robin)

With no limits and no impossibilities we vow to rise to the occasion,

Facing many obstacles and trials but still breaking through to form their own destinies and their own recipes for success.

Yes, thats the WolfPack way

So as we say over and over again, if not us then who? That stands true for the young citizens of the world,

To the young girls and the young men that are coming after us, the WolfCub initiative, we will hold sacred, we live for this and we will die for this.

WolfPack is a brotherhood. It is power, love and peace, thats the WolfPack way.

So sometimes in life these things happen,

We find the spark of light that is in all things created, in all spirits, souls, beings and entities,

We find that spark that illuminates our path in our existence and gives us purpose again.

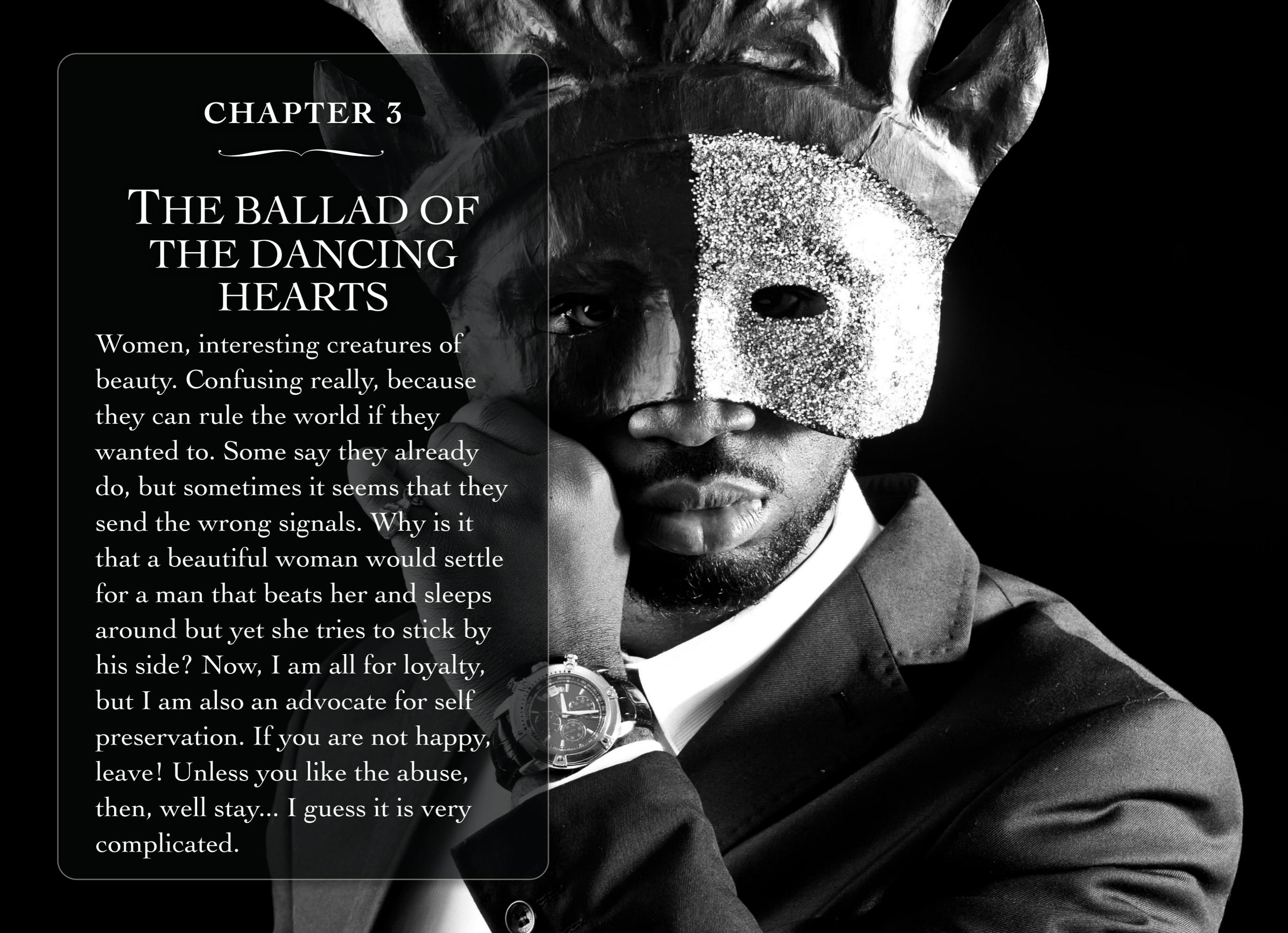
Gives us meaning, gives us the Ying to the Yang of our youthful exuberance versus our destiny.

It's hard, but its worth it. Life and ambition, struggle and failure.

It's all very hard, but look at it like practice, growth and the exciting journey to success, whatever that means to you.

WolfPack forever.

- Sylar White.



## CHAPTER 3

# THE BALLAD OF THE DANCING HEARTS

Women, interesting creatures of beauty. Confusing really, because they can rule the world if they wanted to. Some say they already do, but sometimes it seems that they send the wrong signals. Why is it that a beautiful woman would settle for a man that beats her and sleeps around but yet she tries to stick by his side? Now, I am all for loyalty, but I am also an advocate for self preservation. If you are not happy, leave! Unless you like the abuse, then, well stay... I guess it is very complicated.

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## CHAPTER 3



# The ballad of the dancing hearts

“Young girl” why do you feel the need to show off all of your God-given assets? Keep somethings hidden please, It helps to keep us interested over a longer period of time. It’s more fulfilling to work for something over time than to get it for free all at once.

“Gold diggers” please stop saying you are independent women, its just not true. We can tell from a mile away what you are here for, we choose to make the gold accessible for you to dig it up easily, just as long as we can dig you out easily too.

“The mind game players” please stop. Be straight with guys, most of us don’t really like playing games, hot one moment cold the next will only make us go find someone else when the games get tiring (and believe me, it gets tiring).

“The innocent flirts” what exactly are you trying to achieve? Nothing? OK, thought so. Please stop wasting our time.

Have you heard of the ballad of the dancing hearts?

When two people meet and the world stops?  
When they are immediately in sync with each other? To feel the ballad of the dancing hearts, look out for the following:

When your day begins with each other and ends with each other, It could be physical, or even over a text or a phone call, but that connection puts a constant ray of sunlight in your heart.

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When you can sense what your partner is thinking and feeling without any words, a touch or a look tells you everything that you need to know in that moment.

When you can feel the essence of what it is to be happy and content in life by the sheer presence of having your partner by your side.

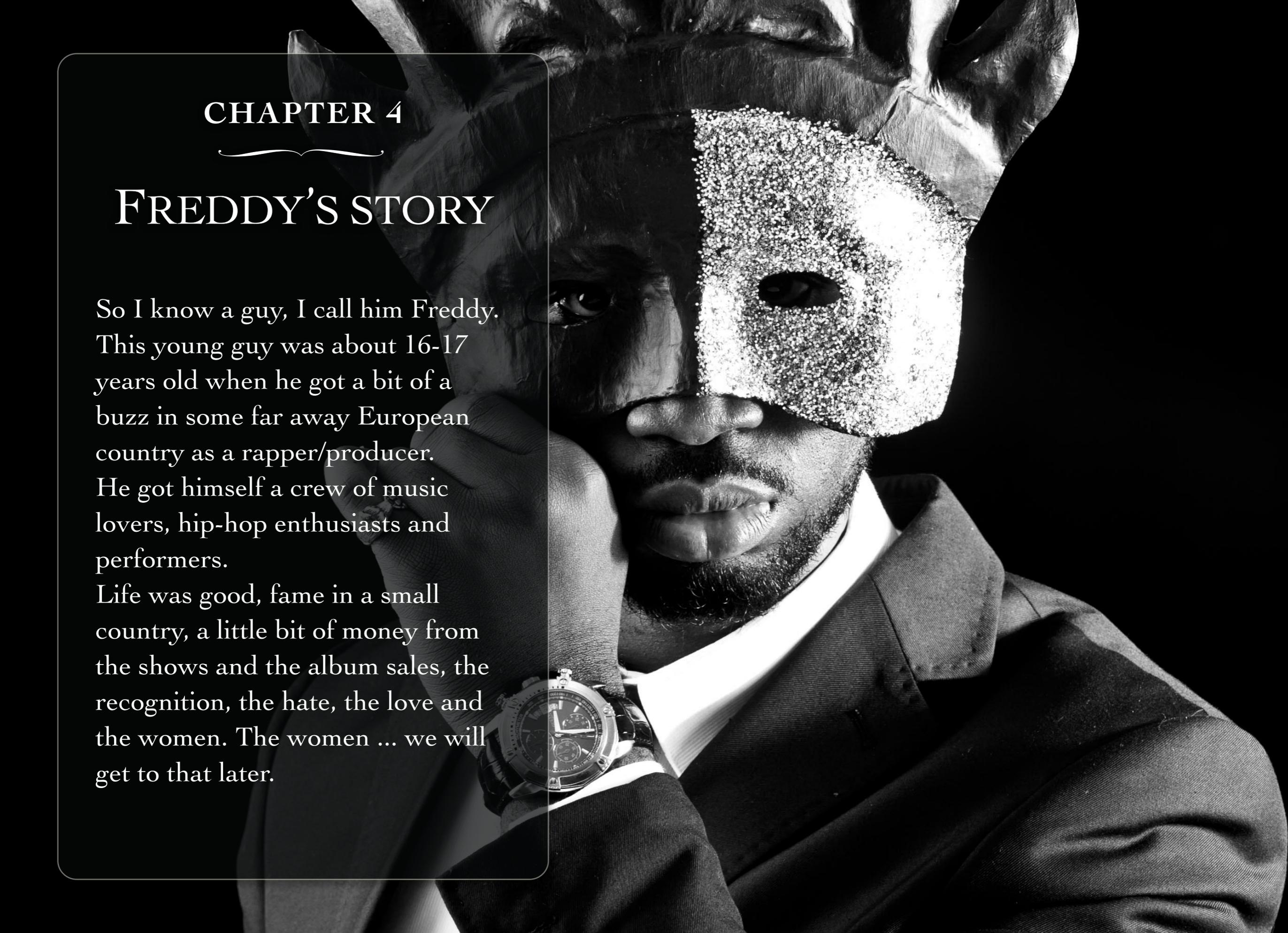
When you accept and adore each other for who you truly are.

When you still feel the butterflies in your stomach like it was the first time you met, your first touch, your first kiss, when everyday together feels like it is your first all over again.

When you find this in your life, hold on to it, nurture it and bless it, with positive thoughts and kindness for that is when you truly experience the ballad of the dancing hearts.

Please note: Attune your core senses in order not to confuse infatuation with love. Above all, enjoy the ballad and let your heart dance.

Carpe Diem.



## CHAPTER 4

# FREDDY'S STORY

So I know a guy, I call him Freddy. This young guy was about 16-17 years old when he got a bit of a buzz in some far away European country as a rapper/producer. He got himself a crew of music lovers, hip-hop enthusiasts and performers.

Life was good, fame in a small country, a little bit of money from the shows and the album sales, the recognition, the hate, the love and the women. The women ... we will get to that later.

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Freddy told me the greatest feeling he had at that point in his life was signing autographs. One example that stood out to me was when he was on a bus, and a few school kids recognized him and asked for his autograph.

“Crazy!” he said to me. The greatest feeling in the world is to be valued!” he exclaimed. Imagine that, so young, so successful and sought after by his peers. Life is good right?

Now Freddy had some other friends, I guess for the purposes of what could be deemed now as street credibility. These other friends of his were not in the music world but in the world of the street life, thug life, drug life. They weren't users per say, but retailers and facilitators. They were businessmen, skilled in the art of the street hustle.

I used to think that it was the streets of the ‘hoods’ in the United States of America that were familiar to these scenarios. Young men selling poison to the public, selling a momentary escape from ordinary life to their community to make a quick buck.

From Freddy’s story, I learned that the ‘thug life’ was more intense than what we see happening on the streets. To his group of friends, this life was more than that. It’s purpose was for survival, and in many ways for ego and bragging rights.

Strangely enough it was just the law of supply and demand in its purest form that had these friends of his earning a living; earning a very good tax-free living. Same things I would learn while getting my MBA, Freddy had learned first hand by seeing his friends ‘put in work’ (as they would say).

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Now this is not all of it, some things will forever remain unwritten, but imagine the story playing out like a movie. A teenage rap star with an intimidating posse and an image of an untouchable young superstar. Then one night came, and God himself came down, touched him and turned his life around.

Freddy's second album had been released; one of his close friends was turning 21, and thus, 2 reasons to celebrate in style. There was a new nightclub opening that Friday night, so the whole city was going to be there.

The crew got together, the ladies were called, the limo was all white, the Chrystal champagne was stocked, and they thanked God for life.

Let the games begin!

At this point I'd like to have Freddy recount the events of that night to you like how he told it to me. Pay attention.

“Hi, my name is Freddy.

This is the story of the night that I felt the touch of God in my life.

I was living recklessly; fame and money had gotten to my head at a young age so I felt like I was on top of the world! It was beautiful and miserable and shallow all at the same time, but it was my life and I loved it. The boys and I were out celebrating. New album out, everything was awesome! We had VIP

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tables and many people were around our section enjoying the spoils of our hard work with us. Imagine living the life of what you see in the music videos and the movies all at the age of 16 - incredible!

The DJ booth was high up on the left hand side of us, one exit was across the dance floor from our table and another was down on the right side of us, where all the non-VIP people were packed in. We were elevated on a small platform on the western wall of this enormous club and the music was electrifying!

I was doing my Crip walk and throwing up gang signs, feeling untouchable!

As the night went on, I got an eerie feeling going down my spine. In the midst of all the noise and heat, I felt a cold chill grip my bones. I stopped. The DJ stopped playing. And then it happened.

On our right, a fight broke out.

Commotion, bottles breaking, angry voices yelling in a Scandinavian dialect, girls screaming and worst of all, the brawl was moving our way. I could make out the "FUCK YOU's!" and the "I WILL KILL YOU's!" but I couldn't see my boys, I was getting antsy thinking maybe they were involved in the fight. I look to the left, and then to the right and realize that, everyone I knew was behind me trying to squeeze behind the tables and couches, and I was left on the front line. Wow, I thought it was 'thug-life!' but why are they all hiding behind couches and leaving me up front and on my own?

Then I see him, a young Arab looking guy, could have been about my age, with a cap on. Even in the dark our eyes lock, and the bottle in his hand was suddenly hurtling in my direction.

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For some reason, until this day I will never know why, but as I looked behind me and saw my so called posse, I did not duck behind tables and couches like everyone else. I stood in front of my people, and took the impact of the first bottle to my stomach... I didn't feel a thing!

More angry guys gather as the fight goes on but this time their attention is directed at me and my table, mob mentality had kicked in for them, the straight tequila shots and champagne had kicked in for me and I thought to my self at that moment, I DONT EVEN KNOW YOU FUCKING ASS HOLES!! So I yell out my thoughts, and they throw more bottles! Girls behind me scream, and I stretch my arms out in a protective stance, (like Christ on the cross) shielding everyone behind me. All of a sudden I feel a sharp sting and I hear a loud CRACK generating from my temple and the stunning impact travelled through my entire body!! A bottle bursts over my head, my left brow starts bleeding but I still don't feel a thing! There was blood pouring out from somewhere but I could not figure out where exactly, there was no time to.

Right then a chair hits my torso and that one I felt in my knees, so I turn around, still standing, like a real G, taking all these hits, now to my back.

I was on autopilot, and adrenaline had confused my system and I knew I would find and eventually kill every one of these dick heads as soon as I was done protecting my people.

In a split second, the back of my head feels a sharp burst of pain, my eyes water, everything goes silent, slow motion, the girl I am looking at is screaming but no sound came out of her mouth. I could only see the sheer terror in her eyes. The fear had taken form and was seeping out of her eyes, contagiously entering my soul.

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At that moment, I let the fear in, and the pain violently lept into my body. As this was all taking its toll on my body, a bold, still voice calmly said to me, “Lay down My Son, you will not die today”

I tried my best to mumble these words to myself, that I will not die today, and as I lay down, I feel no pain, even though I am being stomped on by an unknown group who just happened to start a fight in the middle of our celebration of life and achievement. All I felt was just a mysterious sensation of warmth and comfort, like an angel had wrapped me up in her arms and was protecting me with her powerful wings. Then everything goes dark, deathly silent, total blackness; sorrowful excruciating obscurity consumed me.

The love and pain of a friend woke me up. The tears streaming down her face fell upon my eyelids and woke me up from the pit of gloom. I was looking up at her and her boyfriend - also a good friend of mine. She was weeping, he was scared and then I asked them if I was dead, and he said, “no, but almost, bro, your head’s bleeding bad, we have to get you to a hospital!”

All I remember was flashes of different moments. They help me to my feet, I curse at everyone left in the club and next thing I know, we are outside, me, another one of my boys and my weeping angel. There were gunshots, crowds of people running and I was in the back of a Mercedes Benz (noticed the drivers steering wheel) and then I remember falling asleep at a hospital. And something else, Stitches, they hurt! BAD! 28 in total, each one was a whole new world of pain. I hate stitches.

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Fast Forward, (because some things should remain in my head forever), I find out 6 of my 8 friends got arrested that night. Apparently apart from being narcotic facilitators, they had also robbed quite a few post-offices within a span of 102 days, and thus had a small Police task force and detectives following us and gathering evidence against us, all of us.

The great “coincidence” (I truly believe that there are no coincidences) about this part of my life was that, we hadn't all been together as a complete group in a while, but we were all together that night; all 9 of us! That didn't really happen often. So that night, I felt that we were being picked apart, one by one.

It just so happened that as that fight broke out, we were all together in the same place at the same time. So as I was saying, six arrested, one of us got shot and survived and another one of us was on the run from the police.

And then there was me... clinging on to life, badly hurt, body broken, and depressed. Everything had been taken away from me in one night, one moment in time.

During my recovery I get asked to testify against my friends by the police. I refuse, my lawyers do their job and I settled for 8 months house arrest. No Snitching! (Free advice: get a good legal team, no matter who you are. Or get a law degree, **WHATEVER YOU DO, LAWYER UP!**)

I believe I got off easy, my physical wounds healed, and I got a chance to start fresh after serving my time. Now back to when I said God touched my life that night, I am the only one that still has life, and

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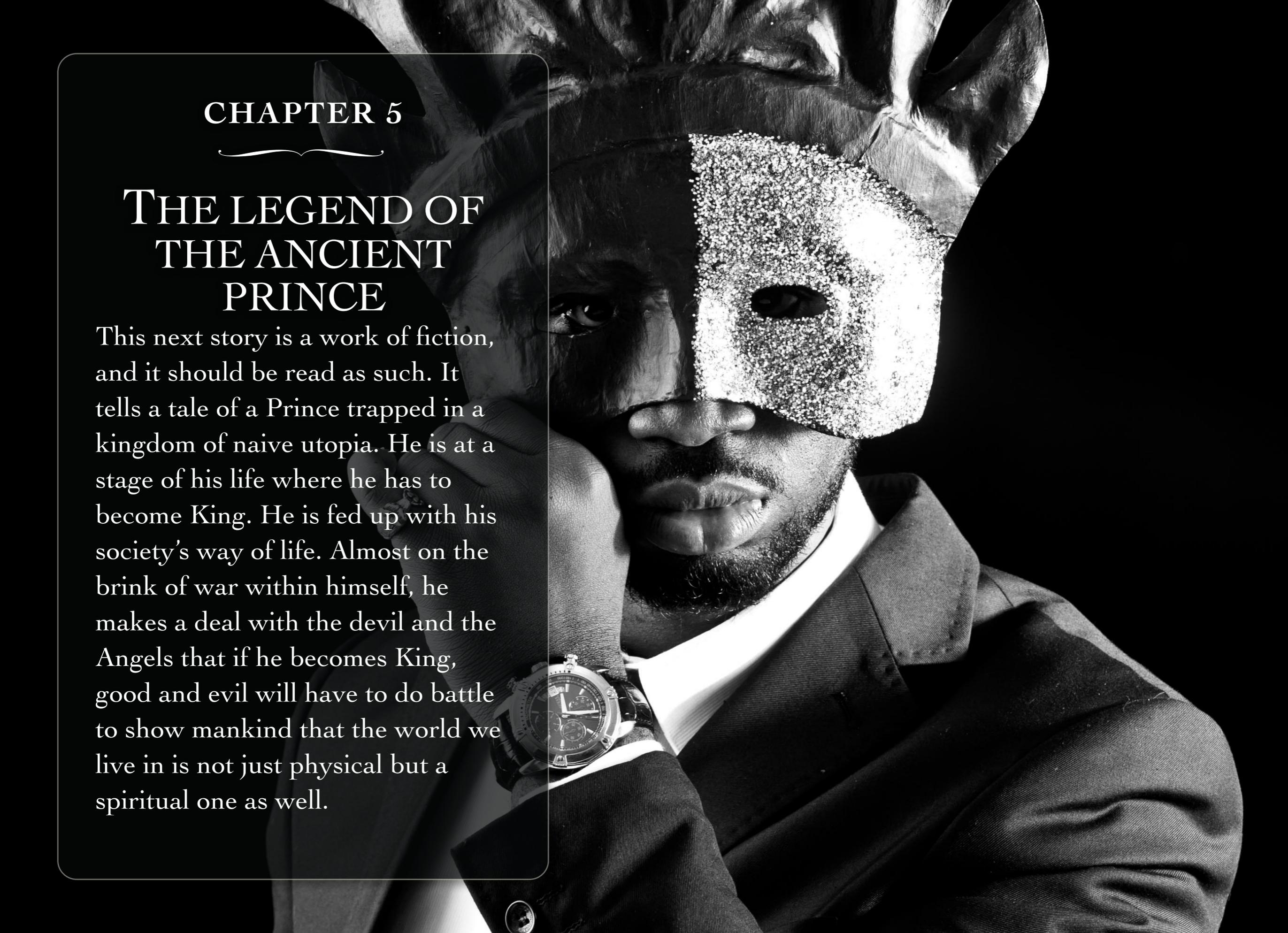
still has the sanity to tell this story albeit certain parts of it. The path of my old friends didn't end in a positive way and I learned my lesson.

God nudged me from the path of self destruction unto the path of the righteous, a severe near death beating, punishment and self reflection was all it took.” - Freddy.

We all have lessons to learn in our time on earth, some we learn the hard way, and some we learn by being exposed to the experiences of other individuals. So learn these two things from Freddy's Story:

1. Sometimes God shows us tough and painful love to help us grow and grow out of situations.

And 2. Watch and pray about those you let around you closely; they just might be your downfall.



## CHAPTER 5

# THE LEGEND OF THE ANCIENT PRINCE

This next story is a work of fiction, and it should be read as such. It tells a tale of a Prince trapped in a kingdom of naive utopia. He is at a stage of his life where he has to become King. He is fed up with his society's way of life. Almost on the brink of war within himself, he makes a deal with the devil and the Angels that if he becomes King, good and evil will have to do battle to show mankind that the world we live in is not just physical but a spiritual one as well.

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“I’ve told you twelve times already man, that’s not how to pick the lock!”

Jerry was such an asshole, always hooting and hollering at me, he knows I’m new at this but he keeps picking on me for every little thing!

Maybe it was his old age; Jerry was about one hundred and seven years old. Sometimes I really want to punch him in his throat even though he could still kick my ass. Wise ass, old ass fool! I Love him like a father though.

“You have to feel it man, feel it, the ‘click’ will come to you, you have to will it to you. See, what you’re doing is you’re thinking too much about it. Don’t think Chris, feel! Now put the blindfold back on and lets try this again.”

3am, and I wake up in a cold sweat from the same reoccurring dream I have been having for the past 90days. I hate not knowing the meaning of these dreams; I try not to be scared but that’s almost impossible. All the stories my great uncles have told me about the angels of darkness and their nighttime manifestations. It was written in the ancient times that in the heavenly revolt, when Lucifer and his minions were cast down from heaven. We all know that part of the story but what they failed to mention was that, there were laws governing them in this realm as there were laws governing the Angels and Arch Angels in heaven.

It was written that there are ladders, ladders between heaven and earth, and ladders between hell and earth. Three realms connected in some way, that is hidden from our physical existence.

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The Angels of light come down to help us, to comfort us and to take our prayers to God. The Angels come down the ladders to earth in the hours of light, 6am, 9am, 12midday, 3pm and finally at 6pm when the sun sets.

The expression “The freaks come out at night” isn’t far off from what the ancient truths foretold. Darkness rises from the depths of hell in the night hours, and especially culminating at 12 midnight and 3am. I was born at 3am. I was born to destroy the darkness, to be the light in the middle of the abyss. My name is Chris. Christopher Louie Nolan Shields IV and I am the heir to the throne of the ancient kingdom of Galantias.

As I splash cold water in my face to shake off the nightmare, I catch a glimpse of the kingdom my ancestors built through the reflection of the bathroom mirror. The skyline of Galantias is beautiful. City lights, mega skyscrapers and enormous pyramids could be seen in a distance. It is my turn to rule the kingdom and Jerry; my fathers most trusted guru, was in charge of getting me ready for my ascension.

I had fourteen days left to rid myself of all evil thoughts and desires (but these thoughts and desires were only growing stronger).

It is law in my family, (just as the angels and demons are governed by laws) that we, men of the clan Nolan Shields, are to be the beacon of light in our kingdom. The Shield family had been around for generations, all men in this carefully selected lineage had been born in the darkness of night. We were born to fight the vile and the immoral and to rule our kingdom with truth and righteousness.

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Now it was my turn.

I had been trained in all forms of martial arts, learned all the languages of the world, studied all the religions and the principles in many major religions, skilled in the art of diplomacy and understood the world of quantum physics. I was built to be the synergy of all knowledge and all power. This would be my crown and scepter when I took the throne.

Oddly enough, in my 32 years of mastery of every ancient teaching as well as all new age breakthroughs known to man, one last test stood between me and my rightful place as the new leader of the Galantias... I will have to pick the lock to the throne room of the Kings of Kings. Legend has it that those who are not worthy of the throne will never enter the Throne room, and until a new heir is born, darkness will consume the kingdom for 6 years. I have no idea why the lock had to be picked but it was supposed to teach me something I guess. One week more to go. Seven more days of practice with different dummy locks with Jerry and still no luck. Seven days till my 33rd birthday, seven more days until my apotheosis.

“What legacy do you plan to leave when you become King?” Jerry asked one afternoon after our prayers and exercises.

I answered, “I want to be remembered as the one that changed the world” Then I asked Jerry, “Do you not see what has happened? Everything is so pure and mundane, everything is so good that how do we recognize evil when it happens? The concept is like ancient history to us now.”

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“That is due to the magnificent and gracious work of your forefathers young man, they have erased evil from the world, all you have to do is to keep it that way until you have an heir. Count your blessings Chris; you are the luckiest of the Nolan Shields’. Just keep watch and make your ancestors proud man!”

“But Jerry, there can be no real good without real evil, didn’t you teach me the power of balance? People have become corroded and naïve about our existence...”

Then he cut me off mid sentence and harshly said to me “Human beings are good, the people of Galantias are good, they desire to be good and not evil. Soon my son, you will understand that it is only right. The concept of sin and evil in the world is gradually being wiped out thanks to your bloodline... remember, Count your blessings Chris.”

“Jerry, Satan himself was good, he was an angel, in heaven, where everything was good and pure, and look what happened? He became the champion of evil, because there needs to be balance in the universe, YOU thought me that Jerry. Its like Ying and Yang right?”

“My prince,” he spoke softly, “Man is whatever he desires to be, and whatever he wills to be, so he shall be... Count your blessings young prince” and then he left me in the garden to reflect and pray and meditate.

3am, the same dream wakes me again, its my birthday today, the throne should be mine today, but something is different today. I UNDERSTAND THE DREAM TODAY! I know what I am supposed to do today.

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The ceremony begins at 6am with the whole kingdom in a state of worship and in awe of the family Shields.

The palace is quiet; anticipation is in the air, will I be able to unlock the door to my future? Am I worthy? Or will I fail and allow evil back into our world? I look for Jerry.

He should have been by my side to offer kind words by now, or at least to make crude jokes about my regal attire. To my absolute dismay, word comes to me that Jerry had died in the night. My spirit was immediately shattered! My heart screamed in silent agony! Pain like I have never felt before, incredible excruciating emotional torture cut me to pieces. It was overwhelming. I had to snap out of it.

Christopher Louie Nolan Shields IV – Crown Prince and soon to be the King of Galantians shall not be seen sorrowfully lamenting. It was against the good law of constant happiness and purity in the kingdom. At times like these, I realize how much I hate these ultra positive, happy, good laws and rules we are governed by. But hate was also against the rules!

I didn't see Jerry's body, but he had left me a note. It read:

“My dear Prince, I am sorry I have to leave you in this way. I am sorry that I didn't help you learn more. I am sorry for not being with you on your final leg of this journey. My Prince, I know deep down that you are going to be King on this day, but there is a storm coming, a dark and terrifying storm, of which I have never seen before. I never told you this but in my past life there was a prophecy. The legend of the ancient Prince who would come back and rule the world with darkness and fierce opposition to everything good. It was written by the ancient prophets that there would be a great man,

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with the perfect combination of pure good and pure evil, and on this day I can boldly say, this man is You.

So I must leave my earthly body here and watch over you from afar. Please my son, remember to count your blessings, for that will unlock the door to your future. I do not regret anything I have been through on earth, but now I see that I have made one big mistake. We spoke too much of the forces of darkness. I showed you too much my Prince, and for that I am deeply sorry. One thing I should have avoided while you were in training was to expose you to so much of the dark side. As I lay here, I remind myself of this, 'When you speak of the Devil long enough, eventually, he comes and shows himself' I made a mistake, and the world will suffer for it if you don't choose the path of the pure and the righteous. I see your soul my son and I love you regardless of what you do...

Count your blessings.

Jes "

he didn't live long enough to finish signing his name.

I knew at that moment that he understood my dreams and my purpose as well, even from beyond the grave.

It was time... I will grieve later.

The palace girls put the blindfold on me, I make my way to the enormous golden doors of the throne room, I can feel the kingdom behind me, my heart is beating slowly, and my breathing has become very

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soothing. I am calm, almost Zen like. "...Feel it, the 'click' will come to you, you have to will it to you" "count your blessings" the instruments are in the lock and I move into position. I am one with the mechanics within the door; I feel the weight of the world as I maneuver my fingers around the metal. I am one with the universe, and then I begin to count my blessings, thirty-three years of life, growth, studying, mastery, and this was the first time I felt pain so intense, the passing of Jerry had affected me emotionally, but I, like everyone else, had been forced to disregard sorrow.

Exactly thirty-three minutes pass and I subconsciously flicker a nerve in my right fore finger. A single pulse and a shift to the right, and 'Click!' it came to me, I *willed* it to me, after going through each year of my life and finding things to be thankful for, the gratitude did it. Now I was in, I was King!

The righteous had won! (Or so everyone thought) Good will prevail one day. But not in my Era... Not just yet. I had to wake my people up! There can be no good without evil, and humans had begun to lose the sense of gratitude to the heavens. Because, everything was so untainted, we took everything for granted. Everything was so good and pure but not anymore.

It was time to show the world the wrath of the fallen angels; we humans have taken too much for granted. We did not respect the earth we live on, and by trying to be so good and pure we were killing it. There was no balance, no ying to the yang in this existence. Everything came too easy for us but I am ruler now, the ladders from hell shall be raised. Now we will have to earn it, and thus protect it, let's fight for goodness and virtue,

The Archangels are ready, for the fight of ages! If good prevails, it will be earned, and stand as a lesson for mankind, to count our blessings.

I am King Christopher Louie Nolan Shields IV – The King that staged the War of the Angels on Earth!



CHAPTER 6

SHE WAS...

This is a short story based partly on the life of a beautiful girl who to me stands as a symbol of the harsh realities of life and death.

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She was 5ft 8inches.

She had beautiful long wavy black hair, beautiful complexion, and her skin was so soft. Greek goddesses carefully put her body together. She was total physical perfection.

She was smart too; from high school she got a college scholarship and majored in marketing. Brilliant mind, she could hold intellectual conversations without missing a beat. She could also talk shit, ruff house and party with the best of us. Yes she could PARTY!!!! Incredible dancer, she used to jump up on the tables and do that slow winding thing that sexy girls do. Shorty would shut down the club!

She was a basketball player, one of the best, she could keep up with the big boys.

She was honest too, didn't want anything serious with any guys until she was done getting her marketing degree. No distractions she used to say. All the boys liked her, some secretly, some openly, but she was with no one. She had power over

men, but never took anything from them. Some guys would offer her vacations, diamonds and cars. She didn't flinch, incredible spirit and pride that many young girls of this day and age could learn from. A few of her female friends were dying with envy. Interesting thing about female friendships, it seems like guys and money always get in the way and then envy and jealousy takes over. Sad. Well, she was very cautious of the girls she let close to her, preferring guys as friends because, "Girls are too bitchy and cant be trusted" she used to say.

So she had male friends she used to study with, others she partied with (I was in that category), others she cried to when she was upset (I was in that category as well). She had guys that were her sweethearts and flings, and guys that were her 'brothers'. She was the only child. She was a beautiful person throughout. She loved music, and belly dancing. I like that too.

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And as life would have it, she got a headache on a Friday night, and by Saturday she was dead. She was dead on Saturday. Dead.

...

We all miss her, even though we don't talk about it much, we all miss her.

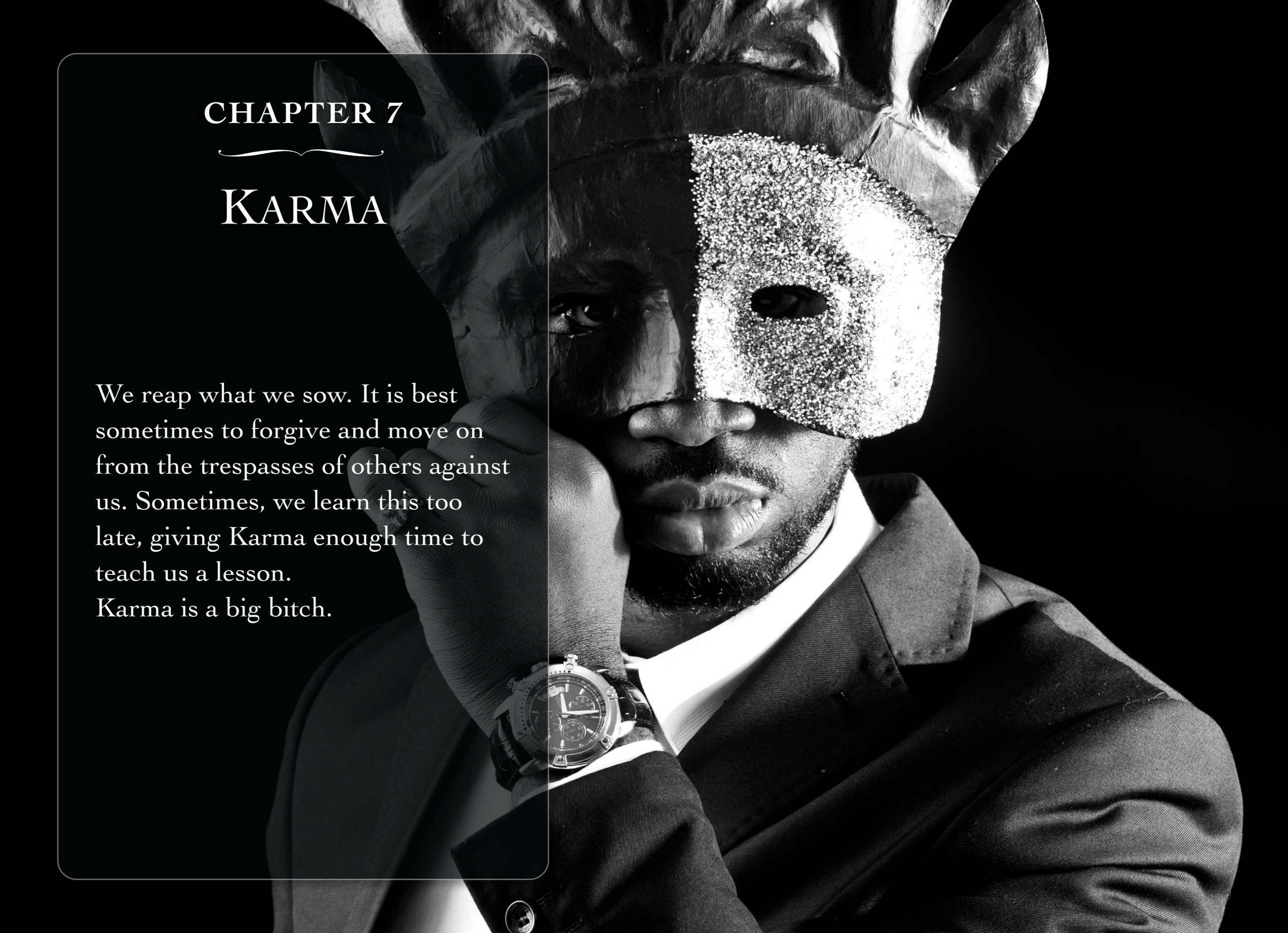
We need to remember that this life is so uncertain. It could be gone at any moment.

I remember the phone call; my girlfriend at the time came into my dorm room and broke the news to me. I remember being numb. Till this day, it hurts to know young people die even before they fulfill their dreams. It hurts to know we have lost so many young souls, its sad to think about but we have to remember that we not only live for ourselves. We live for the memories of the friends and family we have lost along the way. We live so that they can also live on through us. We should never forget our fallen loved ones. They are watching us, and we will make them proud

everyday we draw breath, until we join them one day.

Speak blessings and happiness in their memories, and be comforted that one day, we will all meet again.

Love always - Sylar White.



## CHAPTER 7

# KARMA

We reap what we sow. It is best sometimes to forgive and move on from the trespasses of others against us. Sometimes, we learn this too late, giving Karma enough time to teach us a lesson.

Karma is a big bitch.

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## KARMA

HE was in love.

HE was everything that she ever wanted in a man.

HE was her everything, without HIM she was nothing.

HE was love and HE was compassion,

HE was the father figure, the brother, the lover and the best friend she had been searching for.

HE was her everything.

So, then why did she decide to hurt HIM?

HE was faithful, but she was not.

HE was in love, and she SAID she was too.

But then who is he? And why is he constantly on her mind?

And who is he?

This other guy on her emails?

Her facebook?

Her instagram?

Her text messages?

HE was concerned because she went home saying she felt sick,

But then who is he? In the background when HE calls to check up on HIS woman?

Who is he? eh?

Who is this other guy? kissing on her neck as HE is on the phone?

Who is he? Who is this other guy that she let enter her sacred places?

The same sacred places that she said she would give to her original HE, if HE waited.

HE was patient. So HE waited.

HE was stubborn, choosing not to listen to HIS friends when they said they couldn't trust HIS Queen.

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HE was protective, because she was HIS diamond.

The fat baby with wings, a bow and a heart-arrow blinded HIM.

HE was naïve; HE was living in ignorance.

She had given HIM the blue pill and kept HIM in the matrix.

Stupid, foolish HIM.

She was in love with the other him and loves the idea of her original HIM.

She was HIS world, HIS heart, HIS everything.

She was unfaithful, and HE (foolishly) was in love.

She was the girl that fucked half the football team.

She was the girl that was getting it on with the other guy while HE was (stupidly) worried on the phone thinking she was sick.

She was the girl that went backstage and enjoyed the rapper while HE was waiting outside. In the fucking snow!

She was the girl that was out partying with him while HE was out of town.

She was the girl that made love to his friend while he was picking vacation destinations for them.

She was the girl that treated him like dirt, while HE was thinking about marriage.

HE was in love, many times over,

But by now, HIS heart is tired, worn out and trampled.

HE could have held on to the one absolute truth in the universe.

Love conquers all. But HE did not. Love hurt HIM.

HE was the perfect gentleman, but He became the perfect player.

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After all, each time HE put HIS heart out, it came back bruised and damaged.

HE was never going to let anyone disrespect HIM or HIS heart any longer.

HE was young and stupid no more.

HE was a good man, and they turned him into a vindictive monster.

HE wasn't going to let the next one get away with it.

The new She, would have to pay for the mistakes of the others.

And pay she did, and so did the next one, and the next.

And the next... (and the next three, at a time)

Until HE hurt the wrong one.

The perfect one unknowingly paid for the sins of her predecessors.

HE snapped out of it but it was too late,

The weight of HIS guilt replaced the pain of old betrayal.

But it was too late.

The harm was done

HE was in love, but now HE was responsible for ruining the life of a loving young woman.

She was in love with the shell of an empty man.

HE hurt HER like they hurt HIM.

She did not deserve it.

She was scarred by it, She would never forgive HIM for this.

She hated HIM for this.

So Karma, Karma keeps the cycle going...

HE was going to pay for hurting her.

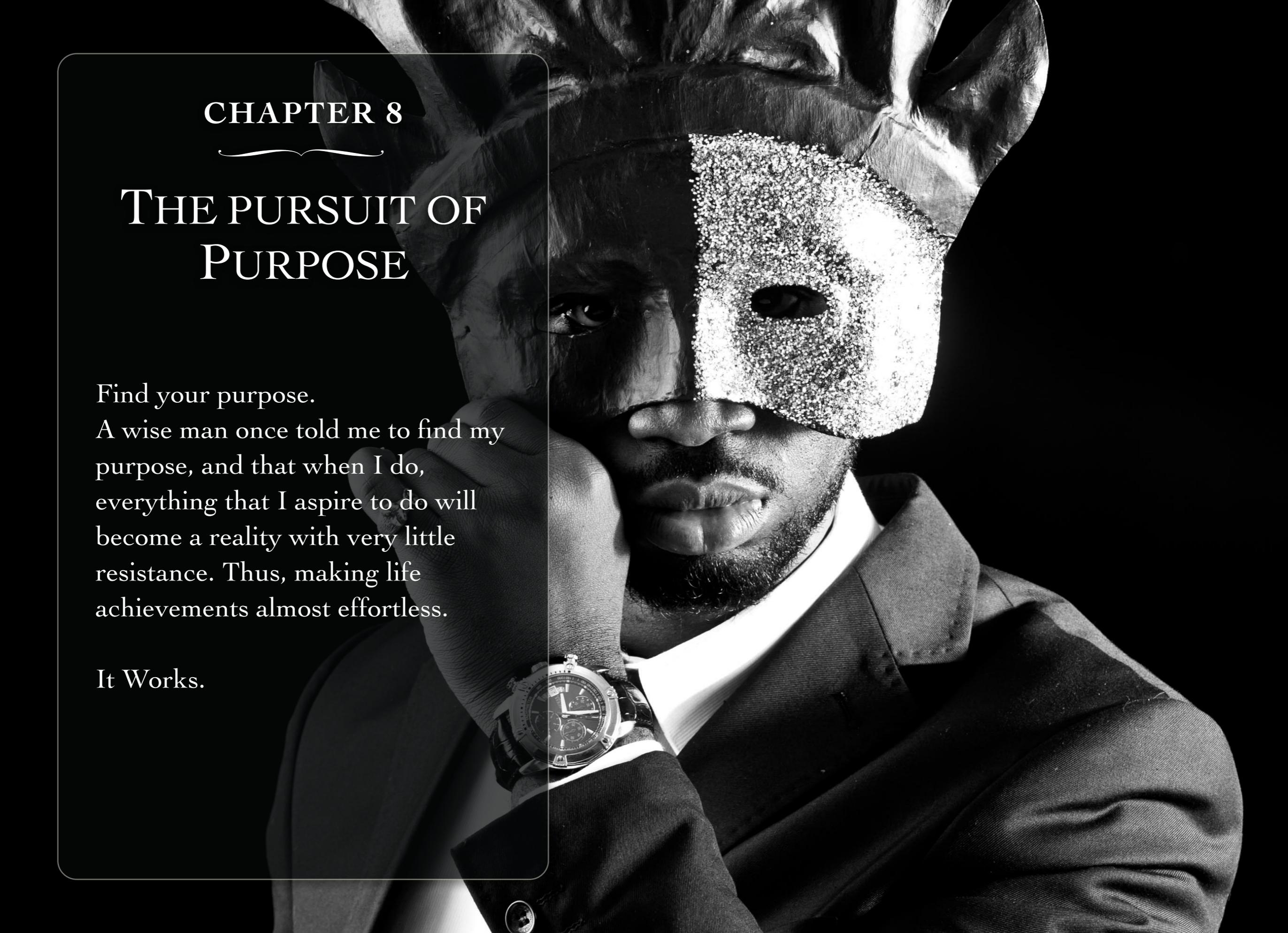
And the cycle continues...

She was in love. She got hurt. Just like HIM, She would hurt the next one.

And so the cycle continues...

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Karma.



## CHAPTER 8

# THE PURSUIT OF PURPOSE

Find your purpose.

A wise man once told me to find my purpose, and that when I do, everything that I aspire to do will become a reality with very little resistance. Thus, making life achievements almost effortless.

It Works.

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We met on a flight, from Washington, DC to London, England. He seemed to be fascinated by my thoughts on current affairs, history and the dynamic power of the youth of this generation.

He was a surgeon, of Pakistani descent, but an American citizen non-the less, and he told me explicitly that, above all else, man was put on earth to fulfill a specific purpose. **FIND YOUR PURPOSE!**

Do not be deceived however; the task of finding your purpose does not come with an instruction manual. Neither does it come in a precise formulaic structure that you can simply follow to achieve the objective.

It is the path of self-enlightenment that we all individually have to walk. You may find your purpose usually by taking the first step on the path less travelled.

There are guidelines of course, but we all have our own ways cut out for us to find our purpose. When we do find it, we are then in our element; our purest form of being. We are in communion with the entire universe and everyone around us should be touched in some positive way by it.

Many of us were persuaded from childhood throughout adolescence to go to school, get good grades, read books, play sports, excel at extra curricular activities, join church choirs, play instruments, get into good high schools, universities, get the best degrees, get graduate degrees, write and publish research, get multiple PHD's and so on and so forth. That structure may work for some, but in recent years, we can all agree that there are some particular people that did excellent in life without following these instructions. Recognize that the core of what I am saying here is that education is absolutely important,

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but finding your purpose in life is also just as important, and if education puts you on the right path to your fulfillment of finding your purpose, then that is even better.

In whatever we do in life, make sure that deep down, you feel at peace, knowing that in your own way, you are getting closer to out finding why you were placed on earth and what you are gifted to do on earth to help your fellow man. We all have a star, all we have to do is find it.

When we find our purpose we should realize that we have been given a wonderful opportunity to influence history, one lifetime; so let's make it count, in our own unique way.

As we do this, there are a few things that we should keep in mind.

In our pursuit for success and a comfortable lifestyle, lets not forget to give unto others. We are blessed in order to be a blessing onto others, let blessings flow through you and touch others because it will flow back to you and your loved ones.

In our pursuit of happiness, lets not forget to appreciate whatever we have at that that particular point in our existence. Appreciate the now. No matter how much or how little we have, appreciate it, and work hard for more if that is what you desire!

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In our pursuit of wealth, think lineage. Strive to make sure your great grand children's children are set for life! But, remember that one's reputation is everything. Do not jeopardize your reputation in the process, because that lasts for generations as well.

In our pursuit to build our own individual empires, exercise ambition but practice pensive patience. Work at your craft, but don't rush greatness. This is called *Mastery*, look it up! Just as you pursue it, *Will* it mentally and spiritually to come to you.

Finally, in life, think loyalty. Be loyal to those who have been loyal to you, set an example of loyalty for those around you. That is why I love my WolfPack brothers. We are loyal to each other. So from the beginning to the end, think 'loyalty' and display loyalty.

"The people, who believed in you when you were no body, should never be left on the sidelines when you become successful, never make that mistake. If they have your best interest at heart, keep them close. If they don't, trust your gut, they wont be around for the long haul.

For they showed you loyalty, may their generations be blessed tenfold for that." - Sylar White.



CHAPTER 9

BRAVE NEW  
WORLD

We have reached the end of this part of the journey. We take what we have learned in the past, and forge for ourselves a brave new world.

Carpe Diem.

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I spent 10 years out of Ghana. I came back to visit my parents at the end of 2010 and what I saw and experienced made me decide to relocate. I would be stupid not to. Ghana is my native land, and it was a different Ghana than the one that I left a decade ago.

There was a clear sign of development. The nation seemed to be moving in the right direction. Ten years ago, there were no malls, no ATM's, no broadband Internet connection plans. Yes, the future seemed bright for Ghana. Offshore oil production began and yes the future seemed very bright for Ghana. Compared to the Ghana of years ago, we could all see the tremendous potential of the country.

However this is not what compelled me to stay. It was the infectious drive and ambition of the youth of the country that compelled me to stay. In recent years, dynamic young people all around the world have been awakened, and it was Ghana's turn. The evolution of social media and vast advances in the information age has tipped the scales in the favor of young minds. We have power. It showed me that we have a voice, we have influence and we have to stand up for our future. This notion had spread throughout Africa, and we are all a part of it. Even this book you are reading is a product of this generations new sense of self awareness. The youth aspire for more. The youth aspire to take charge and be responsible for our own destinies. Not just more wealth and affluence, but a chance to change the world. No longer will we sit by while our future inheritances are sold off in bogus business contracts that benefit the pockets of our leaders and foreign accounts.

No longer will we sit by and beg for employment, or even worse, get employment and be treated like dirt because of our age. We are in a new age, we are the true entrepreneurs, we create businesses and employ our peers and provide a living for people in our communities. If not us then who?

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Soon, we will be the leaders in this brave new world. We have to unite and ensure that our futures are protected accordingly. We have to be brave enough to challenge the status quo for the good of humanity and for our children and grandchildren. The world has changed and we will have to be in the capacity to handle this change effectively and beneficially.

I would like to thank the New Ghana movement, Heel the World, WolfPack, the This is Ghana movement, and all others who are conscious of important role we play as future leaders. We salute the youth organizations that are making a change in the world. The youth groups that give back to their communities without being a fabricated front for corporate greed. We do so much to help and rebuild our communities, and our good deeds keep getting overlooked. It doesn't bother the vision we have, after all restructuring the status quo will not be understood by many, not even most of our peers, but that is fine. We will stand as examples in this Brave new world. Follow suit and take charge of your own destiny. As we in the WolfPack say: "if not us, then who?" wake up, and find your place in the brave new world.

When I look into the eyes of my nephew I realize why we cannot fail the next generation. My brothers who have children, know even more precisely what I mean. We have an obligation to build a better world for us all and for the next generation. This is the Brave New World.

God Speed...

and may we never give up.

