

DYNAMITE

The Wall Street Saga

I was never afraid of explosives. Only of people.

Dynamite, at least, is honest. You light the fuse. You know something is about to disappear.

People are different. They smile. They shake your hands. They applaud. They congratulate you.

And then spend twenty years quietly building a minefield beneath your feet.

The strange thing is that nobody teaches you this when you are young.

They teach effort. Discipline. Patience. Sacrifice. The holy virtues of respectable civilization.

But nobody warns you that the world is sustained by interpretations rather than facts.

A man becomes successful. Ten people call him brilliant.

The same man loses everything. The same ten people discover he was a fraud all along.

Nothing changed except the direction of the wind.

I learned very late that reputation is rented. Character is owned.

The first can disappear before breakfast. The second survives bankruptcy.

Most people spend their entire existence protecting what can be taken and neglecting what cannot.

An extraordinary business model if you are selling illusions.

One morning you wake up. Not spiritually. Not philosophically. Physically.

You brush your teeth. Make coffee. Look outside. And suddenly the entire cognitive architecture collapses.

Not because you have discovered a new truth. Because you have stopped believing the old lies.

The politicians remain. The experts remain. The institutions remain. The prophets remain.

The billionaires remain. The television remains. The internet remains. The market remains.

Everything remains. Except your agreement to participate in the hallucination.

That is when the problems begin.

Because society forgives everything. Failure. Debt. Divorce. Madness. Even crime.

But there is one thing it never forgives easily: a person who stops needing permission.

The moment you stop asking for validation, entire industries lose a customer.

The moment you stop asking for approval, entire hierarchies lose their purpose.

The moment you stop asking for identity, entire tribes lose a recruit.

At that point people become nervous. Very nervous. Because freedom is contagious. Far more contagious than fear.

A frightened man creates another frightened man. A free man creates uncertainty.

Nobody knows what a free man will do next. Not even the free man. Especially him.

That is why every civilization secretly prefers predictable people.

Predictable consumers. Predictable voters. Predictable executives. Predictable rebels. Predictable revolutionaries.

A predictable revolution is the safest investment ever invented.

Real dynamite is something else. It is a thought. A single thought.

One that enters the mind and refuses to leave. One that asks an unacceptable question.

One that makes every previous answer look suspicious.

And once that thought arrives, there is no return.

The building may remain standing. The furniture may remain untouched. The documents may still sit neatly in their folders.

But the foundation is gone. The explosion had already happened. Silently. Inside.

And the most terrifying part? Nobody heard it except you.

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DYNAMITE

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