



THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISFIT

* REASONS WHY I SUCK SO MUCH *

MOKOKOMA MOKHONOANA

AUTHOR OF NO BESTSELLER



So, ... Jan van Riebeeck was born on the 21st April 1619. So what? What value has your knowing of his birthday, add to your life? Would your life have turned differently, should you have not known his birth date? Should you forget that date, will your future turn out differently?

Mokokoma asserts that a "great book" should better a reader's thinking more than it populates their mind with facts and dates. So, with this book, all that he wishes to achieve is to leave you a better thinker. Whether or not you agree with what's written in here. For he maintains that life demands more "thinking" than "remembering."

So, ... he would rather fill your head with principles that you can apply to your life tomorrow; instead of populating it with what happened yesterday. I mean, what will you do with your knowledge of who the first man to go to the moon was? Go to the sun? And ... he argues that you (yes, "you!") are a genius. The genius "in you" awaits.

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Somebody is born.
Somebody goes to school.
Somebody learns to conform.
Somebody types a CV.
Somebody gets a job.
Somebody follows orders.
Somebody gets a golden watch.
And then, eventually,
Somebody dies.
And, a Nobody is buried.

The Confessions of a Misfit

REASONS WHY I SUCK SO MUCH

Mokokoma Makhonoana

An Occasional Failure™
Non-award-winning Creative
Author of No Bestseller



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“All great deeds and all great
thoughts have a ridiculous beginning.”

— **Albert Camus**

A Word of Foolishness

So, ... a guy that is a nobody to almost everybody; has two blogs with a collective of three subscribers; foolishly thinks that he can write a book that will leave four million people five times greater, wiser, and with an attitude of gratitude, in less than six readings of a "not-so-categorizable" book filled with his "random opinions."

A guy that has been broke for the most part of his adult life (Thank God for pocket money. Or else, it would have been "... his entire life."), foolishly thinks that he can talk about money, entrepreneurship, passive income, building wealth, and, financial freedom.

A guy that is a few weeks away from celebrating his second anniversary since his relationship status was forced to go from "taken" to "single and ready to mingle," by a not-so-understandable misunderstanding, foolishly thinks that he can give pointers on dating, love, women, relationships, offsprings, family, and, happiness.

Hello, I'm Mokokoma. The foolish guy and I are one.

A Word of Warning

I am more obsessed with how words make a sentence look; than with what the words spell out, convey, or, express. So, ... in almost all cases, sentences look way better than what they communicate.

The ratio of "playfulness" to "seriousness" is about 88 to 1.

All that I'm striving for is to make sense; not to be right. In terms of both opinions and grammar. So, if a sentence with a misspelt word still makes sense; then, correct spelling, in that case, is overrated.

All puns in here are intended, and, all rhymes are by design.

I will not be liable for whatever deeds (or lack thereof) inspired by the writings in this book, esp. parts where I talk about women, resigning, allowing workers to sleep at work, and, self-employment.

Some of the words that I used in here do not really "exist."

I have been called "arrogant," twelve point seven times more than the number of times that I've been referred to as "black", "tall", "normal", "funny", "humble", "sane" and "male," put together.

And oh, I overused the word "overrated."

A Word to the Creators

The very little that I know, and the few things that I excel in doing, are by-products of love, litres of coffee, an extreme obsession with reading, eating “bread and baked beans” daily, sleepless nights, and, ‘unceasingly’ conquering “the curse of instant gratification.”

I have slaved and sacrificed a lot to be what, who, and, where I am.

But, with that said, the biggest slice of the praise that I get for the things that I do or say should go to the Creator. For a great player could have easily been suffocated by the bench; should the coach have not given the player an opportunity to be, do, and, shine.

Moreover, without a “He” and a “She,” I would not be.

Mama le Papa, I will not even attempt to express my appreciation for the love, home, wisdom, food, and, pocket money, that you gave me. No elegant font / brilliant writing will be able to capture even a tenth of the gratitude that I have for having been blessed with such loving, wise, supportive, and, funny parents. And, ...

As if that was not enough; you blessed me with Thato le Seforo.

It is either that, or, you blessed them with me. Either way, ... they are the best brother and sister that I could have ever asked for. Ta!

*“Mmanoko le Setemere — Ke leboga lerato, ponelo pele,
thlokomelo, le gose fele pelo ga lena!”*

A Word of Thanks

I would like to thank yesterday's failures for today's successes.

I would like to thank all the challenges, losses, failures, problems, misfortunes, heartbreaks, and, rough patches, that life was kind enough to place on the path of my journey of this, mysterious yet straightforward, sometimes regarded as a bitch, thing called life.

I would like to thank today's losses for tomorrow's gains.

I would also like to thank all the would-have-been my employers; for failing to "see" the genius that was hidden in me.

I would like to thank every single person that I have met, and, ... I would also like to thank every single person that I have never met.

And, last but not least, I would like to thank my father for having the guts to run after my mother, the day that he did. And, equally important, I'd like to thank my mother for not playing hard to get.

... Because of that, I am.

"If everyone is thinking alike,
then somebody isn't thinking."

— **George S. Patton**

The Confessions of a Misfit

REASONS WHY I SUCK SO MUCH

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“To repeat what others have said
requires education; to challenge it
requires brains.”

— **Mary Pettibone Poole**

Introduction

“A man is literally what he thinks, his character being the complete sum of all his thoughts.” — James Allen, *As a Man Thinketh*.

If a person is indeed what he / she thinks; then the opinions, ideas, quotations, questions, suggestions, experiences, experiments, misconceptions, perceptions, understandings and misunderstandings, found in the pages ahead are to blame for “*why I suck so much.*”

That is, if not “seeing the world” the same way as the rest of the world sees the world means that one sucks, then “I plead guilty.”

First thing first, this book is not about one particular subject.

And that’s simply because I don’t believe that the golfer in a great golfer is solely accountable for the greatness of the golfer. I strongly believe that the friend, the foe, the neighbour, the stranger, the seller, the buyer, the speaker, the listener, the teacher, the learner, the receiver, the giver, the lover, the hater, the ex-lover, the marketer, the consumer, etc. in the golfer, also play an imperative role.

That’s to say, the marketer in, say, Nelson Mandela, contributed to his triumph in selling his aspirations to the people of South Africa.

It is plausible to believe that there is a marketer in every one of us.

... Seeing that even a homeless person has to ‘sell’ their homelessness in a ‘compelling’ manner; for them to increase the odds of a passerby sparing them a dime or two. Parents too, at some point, have to sell the importance of, say, education, to their kids. And, in most cases, it takes the same principles and creativity to sell, say, one’s opinions, as it takes a brand to sell, say, a “bag of onions.”

Likewise, there is an imperative need for a marketer in every single prostitute. It’s either that or no one will come. Both figuratively and literally. I too will use the marketer in me to ‘sell’ you my opinions.

In this book, I've systematically shared random rants and opinions.

Amongst other things, ... I rant about rent ... friends, trends, rands and brands. Sex and tax. Health and wealth. How-to 'design' and reasons to resign. The middle-class and the foolish things that we were "fed" in class. Minimalism and conformism. Employees and employers. Sellers and "the sold to." Slavery and discovery. White people and black people. Nutrition and prostitution. Pros of having a vision and cons of having a television. The overweight and the underpaid. Puppets and G-strings. Baked beans and 'skinny' jeans.

School taught us to cover up to avert other students from copying our answers, made of our knowledge. But with this book, I would like to achieve the opposite. Give away, or rather, share everything that I have learned about everything that falls under the umbrella of life. For I wish not to take the little that I know to the cemetery.

Truth be told, I am tempted to say that this book is a gift to Thato and Seforo. But, unfortunately for their egos, I have been blessed with love for every single member of the human race. I honestly love every single person in the world; even people that I don't like.

For that reason, this book is the best gift that I can give to anyone that is wise, or foolish, enough to invest a few rands and/or their precious time in this book made of nothing but random opinions.

Like I said, the "playfulness" outweighs the "seriousness."

But hidden within what seems to be 'random rants' are principles that I live by. From the decision process of whether or not to entertain a woman that was woman enough to confess her love for me; ... to which visual elements to 'discard' when I design, say, a logo.

Figuratively, this book is about three times its literal size.

One writing will mean one thing to one reader; and another thing to another reader. Because the value that you will get out of these writings is highly dependent on how deep you are willing to think.

A writing about, say, dating, might have an invaluable marketing

insight hidden within it; and a design principle might be applied to one's way of running, say, a law firm, or their bewildering love life.

Almost all writings in here are metaphorical. That is to say, I wrote about issues that I was not really speaking about. While speaking about issues that I did not really write about. Think of the writings as veggies covered with chocolate to lure you. The nutrients of the veggies (writings) will only nourish (stimulate, enrich, etc.) the bodies (minds) of those who bite (think) deeper than (beyond) the chocolate (metaphors). Don't just read the lines. Read between them.

(I just used a metaphor to tell you that I used a lot of metaphors.)

I strongly believe that this book will "add value" to your life. Irrespective of your age, interests, occupation, maths marks, gender, height, weight, race, religion, geographic location, the depth of your pockets, or, the number of times that you have failed to fail.

Through going through this book: some readers will 'awaken' the genius in them, and, inevitably, some will quit their "secure jobs."

~~Apologies to their employers.~~ Congratulations to such employees.

I insist that everyone is a genius at something. And with this book, all that I am trying to say is that I really don't have a problem with a bird that settles for walking; so long as it is aware that it can fly.

Almost all rants appears to be about "... me, me, me ..." I actually find that a bit boring. But that's the best way that I'm able to share the little that I know. So, I'll mostly talk about me, my opinions, and, my experiences. But it's all for your benefit. Remember, the spoken was known by the speaker before the speaker spoke.

It goes without saying that this is a strange book. But in our world where everybody is trying to be like everybody, strange is valuable.

I took 44 weeks off work, to write this book. But I hope that it will instill an attitude of gratitude, nonconformity, positivity, remarkableness, and, imprint insights that will last for whatever number of years, months, weeks, days, or minutes, that is left of your life.

The Imperfection of Perfection

Perfection is a state of being sought after by many; especially those of us who create. Ironically, it is the main reason (or rather: excuse) why most creators do not get around to ship, publish, or, launch.

Without a doubt, you would not be reading this book right now, should I too have been foolish enough to seek “perfection.”

As it happens, this book would have been one of countless ideas that their conceivers took to the graveyard. All thanks to procrastination that is “excused” by the conceiver’s pursuit for perfection.

... show me a creation whose creator assuredly regard as perfect; and I will gladly show you a creator living in a fool’s paradise — or better still — a fool living in a creator’s paradise.

(I actually pray that, while reading this book, you detect a defect.)

“Impossible” is a Temporary Opinion

Is it “possible” for a man, or a woman, to go for a day “without” breathing at all? Is it “possible” for a six-year-old to start with college and still get to pass every single test that is thrown her way?

Is it “possible” for you to make whatever that your employer earns on a good month, on a bad day? Is it “possible” for some random poverty-stricken ‘unschooled’ kid from Africa to start a cola brand

that'll give Coca-Cola's shareholders a good run for their money?

Is it "possible" for a ten-year-old to found a portable media player brand that will be so successful that it leaves Steve Jobs "jobless"?

Well, a day before one of the Wright brothers' untold attempts was successful, transporting people through the air was "impossible." A day before Henry Ford shamed his critics; making low-cost automobiles was "impossible." A day before Thomas Edison succeeded in creating a light bulb that worked, they too were "impossible."

"Conversing" with someone who is on the other side of the world, without having to write, and post, a letter was "impossible."

Well, ... that was until Alexander Graham Bell, gave us a Tel.

We, as a people, have a "silly," crippling, pathetic, and, disgusting habit of using the word "impossible" instead of "... very difficult."

(Well, to me, "impossible" merely means never done, or seen, before. Therefore, "impossible" is nothing but a temporary opinion.)

SpongeBob™ > The News

I have replaced "the news" with cartoons. Merely because unlike with the news, cartoons rarely depress those who consume them.

Like I said, news providers will almost always only feed you negative stories. Because positivity doesn't sell. What is more, the word "impossible" does not really exist in the world of cartoons. Bingo!

(With cartoons I get two of the most powerful things that one can get from something. A good laugh, and, an attitude of possibility.)

Somebody is a Former Nobody

There is always a Nobody blended in our surroundings; a Nobody whose deeds, and genius, will soon be celebrated by everybody.

That Somebody that you are so touched and inspired by; might actually be the Nobody that you failed to “notice,” a few weeks back; solely because their hustling wasn’t paying dividends as yet.

There was a time when Nelson Mandela was, nothing but, just another human being, to South Africans and the rest of the world.

That ‘street kid’ begging on that street corner, might later be the president that will demand an increase of the social grant for the elderly. Something that will be of great benefit to the quality of your life, in a few decades’ time, when you’re a then senior citizen.

(A “Somebody” is a person that achieved so much that the world had no choice but to promote her from a Nobody to a Somebody.)

The Power of the Human Mind

Consciousness is probably the ‘sole’ difference between a sleeping man and one that’s awake. Owing to the fact that we experience the world in our very own minds. And, we use our minds to cause and/or to react to everything that happens “outside” our minds.

We are so used to, say, walking, that we forget that that first step

that we took is the result of, say, the right leg, and, the right foot, effortlessly following what the mind has commanded them to do.

The mind is arguably the most powerful thing in the world.

I'm so foolishly convinced by that, that, to some extent, I'm of an opinion that a large number of people who die from incurable diseases are actually killed by the thought of knowing that they have such-and-such a disease — more than the 'terminal' disease itself.

The mind has the power to control body parts that we cannot voluntarily control. And, to test that, I used a friend as a 'guinea pig.'

I poured him some juice. I then watched as he emptied the glass.

After he took his last sip of what was left of his 2nd glass of orange juice ... I told him that I 'peed' in the juice that he just so enjoyed.

(I was pulling his leg, but nonetheless, he "bought" my story.)

... He looked at me. He rolled his eyes. He looked at the "empty" glass. He looked at me again. And then, he "rushed" to the loo ... Eighteen seconds or so later — I heard the poor soul "throw up."

Remember, I didn't touch him, or, put anything in the glass except orange juice. But these words, "I peed in your juice ..." — words that were then 'planted' in his mind, were powerful enough, after being entertained as a thought, to cause "whatever muscles" that contract when one vomits (muscles that we can't 'voluntarily' control) — to do their thing — and that 'ultimately' made him vomit.

... A few minutes later, just before I was about to be "slapped," I told him that I was joking. He survived, and, so did our friendship.

(Er, ... kids "Please do try this at home.")

A Simple Recipe for Everlasting Contentment

We all have “excuses” for not being happy. Perhaps you promised yourself to be happy as soon as you get a job that pays you what you deserve; a lover that loves, calls, respects and appreciates you; or — a car that will retire the pedestrian in you. The list is endless.

But for as long as your happiness is attached to, or dependent on, things or other people; the once in a blue moon contentment that you will realize (if you’re lucky) will, without doubt, be short-lived.

What will happen to your “happiness,” should you lose your other half; if he or she is the ‘sole’ reason why you are happy? Will your euphoria still be? Should you then be miserable because things did not work out? If you’re happy, solely because it is Monday; isn’t it ‘foolish’ for you to expect the happiness to still be, come Tuesday?

Whatever it is that you are “chasing,” things that you refuse to be happy ‘until’ you get; just know that there are gazillions of people who had a hundred times more of what you are chasing. But they are no more. Chasing money? The cemetery is overpopulated with hundreds and thousands of billionaires. Not happy merely because you’re single? Well, I know a dead polygamist. He left eight wives.

The best gift, in life, is life. The problem is that we are so ‘used to’ being alive, that we fail to appreciate being alive. We momentarily appreciate life when we are told of other people’s passing. A few weeks later, we start complaining about not having shoes to wear.

The only thing that you should “attach” your happiness to, is your heartbeat. For it signals, life, the greatest gift of them all. The one thing that I like about such an attitude; is that the only time that you will get to be “unhappy,” is when the heartbeat is “no more.”

(But then again, ... you would be “too dead” to be “unhappy.”)

The Fear of Failure

We're brainwashed, from an early age, to avoid failure at all costs. A great deal of students who "fail a grade," more often than not, change schools ... as their fellow classmates' "mocking," in a way, makes them feel like failures, appear "stupid," or, at times, both.

Inevitably, most people settle for a "strategy" that sort of provides a refuge from failure; not doing. However, succeeding and not failing are not one. Granted, without doing one cannot fail. But one cannot succeed either. Also, even if one decides to settle for the refuge that not doing promises; one is still not immune to death.

... That there is what I always remind myself whenever doubt, fear, and procrastination, bend over backwards to conspire against me and whatever that I would like to actualize. Furthermore, in every single failure there is a valuable reward ... a lesson. To fail is merely to know of a path that "does not lead to" where you aspire to be.

Society really needs to adopt a habit of celebrating "failures." For their failures show courage. Something that the world is, and will forever be, "under the supply" of. And, what is scarce, is valuable.

(I say, the next time you fail; take yourself out. The courage shown and the 'lesson' acquired are worth celebrating, don't you think?)

Job Security is a Fantasy

It goes without saying that the recession left a lot of "innocent"

employees jobless. In some cases, things got worse. Some also lost “their” houses. The downturn left some “homeowners” homeless.

But in there lies a lesson. A lesson that this thing called a “secure” job is nothing but an illusion built by a lot of successive paychecks. The truth is that when push comes to shove, your employer will release you from your contract. Whether he is a good person or not.

So, if your employer’s business isn’t immune to the challenges and the ‘uncertainties’ of the market in which it trades in; what makes you think that he can certainly guarantee you a “permanent job”?

(Now that you know that ‘job security’ is an illusion. Go start that business! ... And, who knows? You might end up employing your boss someday; when your boss’s bosses are forced to “cut costs.”)

Not All Eggs Will Hatch

Never make plans with money that is “owed” to you. Even when whoever that owes you ‘acknowledges’ that he indeed owes you.

Some people will take chances. While life will “happen” to those few people who genuinely wanted to pay you what is due to you.

The only money that you have; is the only money that you have.

That is to say, some eggs do hatch on time; some eggs hatch later than expected or agreed on; while some eggs will sort of miscarry.

(In a nutshell, a debtor’s admission of a debt won’t help the creditor put food on the table, or pay rent, until the debt is settled.)

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He finds the road less not travelled irresistible.

He is a branding, copywriting, visual communication, philosophy, and, marketing aficionado.

He foolishly believes in things that the majority of the people would regard as "... unrealistic."

He asserts that you (yes, "you!") are a genius.

He has more books than ex-girlfriends. And, he would rather be left wrong alone; than be right with "everybody" else. He sort of hates trends.

He is forever challenging conventional wisdom.

He thinks that "failure" is underrated and that fear is overrated. He religiously practices "minimalism" in everything that he does, or, creates.

He continues to "rant" about "random" things on his official website: www.mokokoma.com



If you found value in reading the random rants in this book; please do recommend this book to your friends and loved ones. And, if you found reading this book to be nothing but a waste of time; please do warn your friends and loved ones against it. Life is too short to read a boring book. Time is precious.

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