

PROJECT FOUR

Tom Kleijwegt

Cover Design by Kerwick Scheer

"Change the status-quo and then you'll succeed...I've said that a thousand times but nobody listens."

—Sheldon Adelson

This book contains language and events that might be offensive to some readers, if you are one of them then this book can be used as a doorstop, to wipe your ass, as gift wrapping, firewood or to fold paper planes from the pages and throw them at colleagues.

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the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones that never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centre light pop and everybody goes "Awww!"

— Jack Kerouac, *On The Road*

Foreword

Ever since I was young I had a learning addiction—anything they didn't teach at school is a small side-note to that.

I became obsessed with self-development in its every form, when I wasn't reading, I wore headphones with audio books containing the same information, I couldn't fall asleep satisfied, if I had not learned something that day about psychology, sociology, self-improvement, economy, philosophy or success.

This novel is a work of fiction, written without filters, without the intention to be approved by all type of people, I didn't skip, delete or change things for any other purpose than to optimize the message.

This novel is a bucket filled with information I obtained over the past couple of years on subjects related to the story and message behind this novel and two main characters to express my map of the world and deliver a hopefully inspiring story.

From my view, books are rarely about what you think they are about when flipping the first page, even though the upper layer of this novel may seem to be about money, cars, girls and other man stuff at first, it really has a second layer with a deep philosophical, mind-fucking and psychological edge.

Chapter One

Jason Redson and I drove in *his* Ferrari F430 spider to a wide open space around the Charlie Frias Park, where Jason would build a hotel four miles from the fountains of Bellagio and MGM Grand.

I realized after a long mental checklist of possibilities, that we flew to Las Vegas for one of Jason his real estate projects.

Jason dragged me through a seemingly endless cycle of wealth, which rapid change occurred so fast and so unexpected that my entrenched disbelief in miracles seemed to detach throughout my time with Jason.

Compared to my earlier status-quo, I found myself in an astonishing moment, a continues stream of excitement wrapped in aliveness flowing through the corridors of my mind.

Situations which relatives distanced their beliefs from occurred in the span of each day since I met Jason, like a bomb dropped on my status-quo.

The pilot of Jason his Gulfstream private jet miraculously abandoned the plane, which led to Jason practicing his pilot skills.

Fate introduced me to a girl who in my downgraded days would be so far out of my league, I would be intimidated by the thought of her.

In the midst of an idiotic action I met her because a naked guy ran into the taxi entrance of the Chris Angel building.

She attempted to create a heart-melting, romantic kissing scene in the midst of wild turbulence, which would perfectly fit into a Disney movie.

Driving one of Jason's many supercars worth over a hundred grand, seemingly pulled the trigger of that needed, extra confidence—or indifference.

We traveled from million-dollar home to million-dollar home including a Codecasa multi-million dollar super yacht in Port Hercule, Monaco.

The rapid change in status-quo presented itself when a cab hit me, while I desperately launched an endless journey for a place to sleep, right after homelessness stared me in the eye, like a furious bulldog—which when change occurred I looked back at in pure gratitude.

I was on my way to something massive, something massive enough to overwrite my definition of realistic thinking, financially, socially, in my relationships and personality, the status-quo took the greater turn when I met an architect and model named Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was the type of girl I genuinely wanted to know about, the type of girl I desired to kiss in the pouring rain and cuddle around with in front of a fireplace at two AM, sharing a blanket talking about our life's, instead of immediately feeling a burning desire to drag her to my bedroom and fuck her brains out.

Everything slightly sarcastic or teasing she said made me worried about her interest in me.

Elizabeth loved me, a conclusion with no intention to cause surprise.

It didn't feel right, one of those lower stomach feelings, mainly because I consciously noticed the psychological reaction which provoked it.

In all probability, Jason forced her to perceive a mental picture, which caused her attraction towards me.

Even though the truth seemed missing, I hardly discovered confirmation of what were facts and not, if Jason attended the picture.

Even though Jason seemed literarily perfect in every way, the highest, most dominant and persisted of alpha males while simultaneously integer and respectful, positive and uplifting. Despite all of that, he always had this twinkle of mysteriousness in his eyes; his words wrapped around layers of puzzles and I had to role-play Sherlock Holmes to discover the hidden messages in his phrases and connect the dots of earlier ones in an endless labyrinth of syllables and clustered letters.

"Wow, is this all yours?" Elizabeth inquired hastily and her eyes spoke words of surprise, while she vibrantly walked into Jason his California mansion at New Port beach.

"Yeah it's all his," Jason spit out, before I could even think about answering Elizabeth to convey her it wasn't my mansion.

I intentionally conveyed Jason a confused and surprised look and raised my eyebrows until their full extend.

Jason had an absence of ego, which probably could be defined somewhere in the diagnostic and statistical manual of mental disorders—it didn't seem like average thinking to me.

His focus purely directed to goals, desire, and those of others, focus, like a magnifying glass pointed to the sun.

His desire never related to self-esteem, he possessed loads of self-esteem.

His confidence illuminated every room and every conversation.

When Jason left the conversation and attended again, it felt as though the conversation switched from candles to construction lights.

At the core of doubting Elizabeth's probable gold-digging behavior, she moved closer, her upper leg met mine and with a half smile, she gently pressed her moist lips against mine, Jason's words seemed to form some magic spell.

Her neck felt abnormally warm and her heartbeat pressed a speed-increasing rhythm on the palm of my hand.

My focus switched from external to internal and something popped up on the screen of my mind and rested there for days in introspection and doubt.

The kiss conveyed a message saying, "You are rich, now I love you," my mind was in constant search for alternate symbolic meanings.

I wandered how the situation turned out when I would've changed the simple set of chosen words; with the sentence, "No, this place is Jason's."

Would she nod okay and continue to follow me on my tour through the mansion?

If analyzed deeply enough, it must have had something to do with survival and replication value Dean talked about earlier.

From a different perspective, separation anxiety might have caused my focus on hints, misleading hints, hints of disinterest and false psychological predicting.

Jason filled stem glasses for each of us with three quarters of Stoli Elit Himalayan vodka, worth three grand and mixed it with a quarter-stem glass of Disaronno and a dash of pineapple juice—which according to Jason—had the name, 'Honolulu hammer shooter'.

Jason placed his one on the wooden wine table, next to his shiny black grand piano and wildly played some fast rhythmic classical piece.

Gold letters on the housing of the piano said 'I did it!'

Jason and I were best friends, brought together by fate or miraculous coincidence.

Two people from the low and high end of quality living.
Two out of fucking seven billion.

All of it had something to do with an accidental steep curve in my personal statistic of quality living and a brutal, rapid change in status quo mixed together into a cocktail of epic adventures and shocking possibilities, like a line of a hundred doors blown open simultaneously with the biggest shotgun bullets on the market.

Chapter two

Where it all started.

Manhattan, New York.

The first—from my perspective—unknown entertainer who didn't know of such functions himself, was a slim guy named Ned.

Ned had a small face, he wore oval sunglasses and a charcoal suit with Bordeaux tie and marine blue stripe patterned shirt. He fixed his lapel turned up and walked with a straight back, however, his head held down to the sidewalk, which made him look like a robot, walking as if in his home he integrated the water to the glue factory and took a shower.

I acknowledged his name due to his greeting with a thirtyish woman, who shouted, "Ned," in a manner implying they had a secret affair, the secret grin kind of greeting, with a half-smile partly blushing and mysterious facial expressions painted on both faces.

He shouted confidently—however—his voice seemingly had a fake edge around its tonality, comparable with someone making a joke out of a commonplace thing, saying "oh I like this weather," and they laugh as if a genius joke made the audience of a stand-up comedian roll on the ground in tears and their exaggerated laugh echoes the room.

Ned had a suppressed appearance; a face red as tomato and veins running passed the side of his forehead, as if he could explode at any given time and the pressure rises like a kettle and Ned releases his anger and frustration on the sidewalk.

He ambled to his bicycle, which he unnecessarily protected with four locks, two around the pole it leaned against and two through the spokes of the wheel.

The second person walked at 5th avenue to an apartment building, a guy with an insecure fashion of walking, he firmly held a leather briefcase.

His appearance implied he worked hard and would arrive home tired, grab a beer, and watch a sitcom with his belly button visible from under his shirt and he burps all the formal behavior out at his seven cats and two dogs.

A wild guess based on observing told me he had a boss who induced irritability in him from nine-to-five, every, single, day.

He possessed a non-expressive personality, anger turned inwards equaled depression, therefore the poor guy had to perceive the world in black and white in two-dimensions as a drama show and fight-or-flight kept on knocking on his door, with bills and pay notices.

He seemed to be a person who earned above average, but the lack of spare time compensated with a message saying, "all the money in the world has no value without the time to spend it."

A woman walked past the Marcus Garvey Park, she wore a tight black suit, which wrapped around her upper legs, she had her hair in a knot, and she dressed like a lawyer, which seemed misleading.

I could tell, because she wore a purple plastic Casio watch, which cost fewer than fifty bucks, which appeared slightly below her sleeve.

From the park to Malcolm x boulevard, a skinny teen girl wearing a salmon colored shirt, walked young and vibrantly, the catwalk type of walk and her appearance had a rare edge around its expression.

She possessed a strikingly gorgeous face and long, firm, shining legs.

She gazed over her shoulder with a worried gaze as though a bear chased her.

Did she notice?

She hopped into a bar & restaurant and elegantly sat down on the black leather couch of the booth at the window with these matt white stickers in the length of the glass partly covering the view to the sidewalk—decoration above efficiency.

I walked in and sat at the booth next to her facing her back.

She ordered a fruit cocktail, grabbed her phone, pencil and paper, and wildly moved her fingers over the touch screen.

She then wrote on the paper, texting and writing switched in a noticeable pattern throughout the span of order and receiving.

I ordered an espresso with as much sugar as could fit the cup without it flowing over and still containing liquid, as I usually drank upon awakening.

In the booth in front of me straightly sat one of those awkward couples who miraculously appeared in every bar and restaurant.

"How are you?" said the one.

"I'm fine, how are you?" said the other.

"I'm okay," said the one.

It seemed like a game of tennis and the ball represented pure, extracted, crystal clear, bullshit.

"Did you hear about the weather...yeah, it's going to be great weather tomorrow," said the other.

"I know, we watch the news together," said the one.

"Oh of course we do...," said the other.

A minute passed by without a word and their food arrived.

"Oh this looks delicious," said the one.

"Yes it does," said the other.

"Can you pass me the salt, pepper, mayonnaise, mustard, butter, chili sauce, salad, fries, ketchup, tomato sauce, cocktail dressing and wild forest spices?" asked the one.

"Of course I can honey," said the other and all objects on the table moved from one side to the other and back.

"Thank you," said the one and their facial expressions radiated boredom and obligation and their eyes desperately desired divorce papers, visiting exotic locations and fucking other people.

The saddest of all, the husband suffered from the parental-behavior of his wife, learning etiquette all over again, he had to adjust to her female psychology.

She mentioned when her husband didn't sit straight or ate without his napkin lying on his lap, or had a tiny spot on his perfectly ironed suit, his pinky not facing the ceiling when drinking his tiny cup of espresso.

I wondered what would happen if all man would live according to their natural and biological behavior and refused to change for any illusive standard, if their natural confidence illuminated their existence and social filters faded from their language.

I probably wouldn't want to live in such a world, it's like these nice guys in romantic movies; all girls want them, but when they meet one in real life, they push them in the 'let's just be friends' zone with a kiss on the cheek and disappear on the back of a motorcycle with some serial killer.

the couple paid the bill and thanked the waiter deeply for the mints—which were there to convince the couple to give a higher tip, there's a reason why mints lie on the bill, it's not to keep the bill from falling off the plate.

The waiter pasted a smile and walked to the young, model-looking women her booth.

The young women picked up the cocktail, stood up and looked paranoid around the bar like she did neck exercises.

"Oh god," I accidentally whispered and could accurately predict what was about to happen; the stunning girl walked my way and made eye contact as if the bullet of a sniper shot my way in slow-motion.

She sat down in front of me.

She ate the olive floating in her cocktail and kept mixing her stare with mine, which created tension visible for the entire room.

A dominant look appeared on her face and she gazed as if she waited for the answer on a question.

I inspected her facial features throughout four awkward seconds, her Strong jaw line, high cheekbones and celestial nose.

Her hazel eyes, Full eyebrows, darker than her almost dark blonde hair, straight in line, after the end of the eyes they fell in a sharp forty degree hook downwards like a bended checkmark.

Full amaranth pink lips, all shiny and moist as in lipstick commercials.

A silver necklace with horizontal, individual letters, which together said "Tess," I presumed this was her name.

"Why are you following me?" she investigated, folded her arms and crossed her legs.

"What? I'm not following you?" I replied and folded mine too on purpose.

"You followed me for three blocks and happen to walk in the same bar and looked at me like I walked around in a chicken suit, you are obviously following me!"

Another four awkward seconds went by, she took a sip from her cocktail and wiped her mouth, her lips left a slight lipstick mark on her glass.

Another four seconds went by.

I looked around the room elusory and felt fight or flight burning my face.

"Well?" she said with a dominant voice, which increased tension, like raising air pressure in a full tire.

"It's just for fun, I find it intriguing," I replied and she had this, 'ah, finally the truth comes out,' look on her face.

If someone asked me the same question over and over again, at some point the truth came out.

"How is it intriguing to follow people?" she asked and for a moment, her facial expressions changed to interest, as if she had obtained a similar opinion in the past.

"Everyone walks their own path, day after day, having their own insecurities and habit's, desires and dreams, I follow the path to find out about the people I would normally walk by and it's fun, because it's a challenge to find out as much as possible about that person."

"What did you find out about me?" she asked and her body language opened, her legs uncrossed, her arms unfolded and she leaned in a bit.

"Well, you were writing and switched your pencil between hands, which implied you are ambidextrous."

"Ambi...what?" she asked, with an intonation like it was obvious that she had no knowledge of such words.

"It means you can write with left and right hands, you're both handed—now, what is the color of your front door?"

She stumbled for a moment and a hand full of "uhm's" left her mouth.

"It's white, what does that have to do with anything?"

"You looked to the right upper corner, which implies you are born left-handed, since you are not born ambidextrous, that means you learned it, you don't seem like a self-improvement