

All or nothing

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Preface

I, Mart Laven, write this book because I want to write off what I have been through to date. My name is of course different and people who know me will know who I am. Still, I write this book, because as a 40 year old man I still have no clear goal in my life and my thoughts change 100 times a day. It has never been quiet in my brain. I worked as a social worker and sooner or later I will return to the profession, I am sure. I'm taking a break now. I have often wondered who is really a client. For years I have had therapy, I registered with Jellinek in Amsterdam for addiction and I still do not feel helped. Then I do it myself

and with the help of my Indian girlfriend, who I currently live with. Will I be able to finish something this time?

I can keep jobs for a maximum of a few years, after that I am tired of work or start to doubt whether I am good enough.

See, my dad told me from a very early age that I don't have a spine, but I still think it's not just that. One of the problem with me is that I am a dreamer. I often have the feeling that I should not have been born in Limburg, but in the Jet Set, drinking champagne and sailing on a yacht. I dream of winning a lottery, or getting famous. In any case, getting filthy rich and not having to work.

For example, I have already invented a lot in my head in recent years, but too lazy to actually push through or doubt too much to really go for something. That doubting is also something ... In the past, 2 years before Tom Tom, I thought; how useful it would be to see yourself driving on a map. 2 years later there was the navigation. I had an idea of a shower cubicle, in which you could dry yourself. A few years later I come across such a drying cabin in a swimming pool. Then I thought of a razor blade, which rolls over the skin like a lawn mower. I have not seen this yet. I probably think because it will open your whole skin when you shave that way. I also thought

and continued this, an idea to chase mice away from my Amsterdam apartment in a mouse-friendly way. Yes, some mice walked through my kitchen and not because I did not keep it clean. Despite the chaos in my head, I like to live in a tidy environment.

I had the idea to introduce Mousebegone, to chase mice away with a cat DNA spray. In my head I already saw Formula 1 cars driving with the logo, which I designed with a friend who is now dead. What I did before was made 3 phone calls and was told that it doesn't exist and doesn't work. What do you say about the brand of scared bears? Teddy bears that look anxious because they are threatened with extinction. Children want to comfort them and if there is also a euro going to charity, parents may be willing to pay this ten, or maybe 20 euros. This is also an idea,

which I have not done anything with so far.

Heyyy how are you? hey how are you?
Gosh, I used to have this going on when I walked through the local mall. Have a chat anywhere, while I'm not that social at all. I thought I was popular, which I am not at all in hindsight.

It takes me a lot of energy to think about what others think about me and I wanted to be loved by everyone.

Anyway, if you do not get the confirmation from home, then look for it in the outside world.

I come from Limburg, from a village where I knew almost everyone my age and they knew me, or at least us, my twin brother and me. We were notorious. My twin brother used to be even crazier than I was.

Here I am, behind my laptop in India, and now Australia to translate this book. Last year I was in Auroville to be precise. How did it all happen that I now have to write a book urgently to keep my head above water? I am currently looking at my bank

account and see that I currently only have € 33,47 to spend. No work, no home, nothing. I only own a suitcase with clothes, this laptop and a telephone. This was different a year ago. During the crisis, I bought an apartment in Amsterdam 7 years ago. I managed to sell this with a profit of 148,000 euros.

And I managed to run it through in less than a year. Something I can do well. Nothing to be proud of, but I better laugh about it than cry. The vast majority is involved in gambling and a small part in cocaine.

See, everyone around me has warned me to put money aside, but I am stubborn and learned very early on that I had to shell my own beans, which I still can't do at the age of 40. I am also a man who is easily bored. I have had this since childhood. I do not have any hobby, well I play a little guitar what I have taught myself, I have a didgeridoo, which I can play a little, only I cannot do the circular breathing. And oh yes, I hate sports. I do go swimming, which I don't even like and running, but not at all, and I prefer to skip. Only because I think it's healthy.

I have the next 3 months to write this book and hope I don't get a writers block. Besides, I don't even know what a writers block is, because I am writing my first and probably last book. I hope it catches on and some are sold so that I can build a new life with my girlfriend here in India without gambling, drugs, drinks and cigarettes. And also without meat, by the way. She is vegetarian. Where shall I begin? For a long time, about 23 years I have been busy with all kinds of nonsense. I have a gambling problem, I used a lot of drugs and I drank a lot of alcohol. Oh yes and I still smoke. I thought it was fantastic to go after the women. I call it the big five, oh so bad (except women) but oh so great. So the big four actually. Everything that is bad for me I have been addicted or addicted. I am writing a biography here, so that will be of some use to me when I

return to the Netherlands. Fortunately, not everyone knows me. I'll start from the beginning.

Chapter 1 How did it happen?

I remember well that I had an asthma attack at the age of 4, so bad that I almost choked. I called to my Mother, I'm dying. I feel she cannot comfort me and after that I started living in my head. At that moment it felt as if my brain was short-circuited and suddenly I got up from the bed and after that I no longer suffered from my

shortness of breath. I remember well that I thought: this will still bother me later, but now I can survive so well. In my mind it is already deeply anchored that I will not grow old and certainly can not rely on my own body. Otherwise I would get enough air.

However, I distanced myself from my mother at an early age. My Mother tried to stroke me over my head for several years, me, exclaiming to her that I was not a dog. My mother took that for granted and never touched me again. Even though I never barked. The household was a Mart Steen household. As soon as I could speak I told

my parents that I found the ceiling nicely tidy.

During my childhood we live in Elsloo, a small village in Limburg. The house we live in is located on a quiet road, where a maximum of 2 cars a day drive through. We have a lot of time to play outside, there are no mobile phones, no Ipads and as a game console there is the Atari.

My mother could hardly handle the care for the 4 children. My father had a job as a tax advisor and only recently said that there was always financial stress, there were debts. When father came home, there was usually a wave. My twin brother and I did a lot of mischief when we were little.

Burning our own house at a birthday party, rescued by a good friend who took a big carpet out of the garage and managed to put out the fire. This in contrast to my twin, who threw water over the petrol and thereby charged the fire higher.

Sawing a tree 6 meters high, without calculating where it would end up, so this was in the garden of 3 neighbors. Light fireworks in the bedroom and jump behind a side-standing mattress.

Breaking into an empty wellness center, where we found our first TUC, the well-known sex booklet for truck drivers. We also found a piggybank, full of guilders at that time.

The money had to be spent immediately and we went with the money to the candy store, where we bought 36 guilders of candy. The wellness center contains a dojo with all mirrors, a gym and a sauna, with

large Roman statues. The freezer is still full of frozen pizzas and glasses are still hanging in the bar. Very adventurous. My twin brother and I find bathrobes in the gym. We take them home and my parents ask if they also have bathrobes in their size.

Gradually, when more young people from the village are aware, the statues are pushed over and the glasses are smashed. We kick over a ton of hydrochloric acid, intended to clean the pool. When we want to go back into space, the gasses blow into my lungs. We make a quick turnaround.

When we get outside we see that the floor covering floats out.

We then light a fire in the meadow around the pool and fortunately just manage to control the fire. Then break into an empty dolphin basin. The owner confiscates our

bicycles and takes them to the police station. Bleu as we are, we report the theft of our bikes and can immediately stay in the police office.

We were as kids animal friends and not friends. We have had a lot of pets. A black cat that we found while walking on the heath and lured along in our car. We had rabbits. We regularly put mother rabbit with our neighbor's rabbit. Then we saw how son rabbit jumped mother and a new nest was created. A half-eared rabbit came out, which we called Gorky. I had countless gerbils. One was poisoned by my niece and once we were about 6 years old we once tied a hamster to rocket and shot it into the air.

Very pathetic afterwards, but this shows that there were some problems at home.

When Mother Rabbit died, my twin brother made a grave. I come home with other friends and we stop digging up the rabbit and cooking it in a pan on a gas burner in the garden. We want to see if we can get the skeleton clean. When we dance like Indians in a circle around the burner, my parents come home and wonder what we are doing now.

At night we sneak out of the house, through the attic side window, over the roof, to steal empty bottles from the Recco, the local empty bottle factory. We return these bottles to the nearest supermarket.