

My Life Story

A Personal Memoir

By hello

Self-Published via Omnilib

My Life Story

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To everyone who has been part of this journey.

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Introduction

This is the story of hello's life, told in their own words. Through a series of heartfelt conversations, we've captured the moments, memories, and wisdom that have shaped who they are today.

This memoir takes you on a journey through hello's life - from early childhood memories to hard-won life lessons. Each chapter represents a different chapter of life, filled with authentic stories and genuine reflections.

We hope this book serves as a treasured keepsake, preserving these precious memories for generations to come.

Chapter 1: Getting Started

I was born Mohammad Al-Ziyad M. Samsal in Saudi Arabia, a place that feels both familiar and distant in my memory. It was a land of opportunity for my parents, who were hardworking overseas Filipino workers (OFWs), but for me, it often felt heavy with sadness. My early years were marked by a profound sense of loneliness and alienation, a stark contrast to the vibrant life I imagined for myself.

Growing up, the atmosphere in our household was charged with the weight of separation. My father worked long hours, and my mother was often away in Saudi Arabia, tirelessly earning a living to support us. Meanwhile, my older brother and sister remained in the Philippines, living their lives without me. I was just a small child—only three years old when I first traveled back to the Philippines, and in that moment, I felt like a stranger in my own home. I arrived with wide eyes and a heart full of longing, only to be met with the stark realization that my family felt different to me. I was an outsider in a place that should have felt familiar, and the disconnection stung deeply.

I remember feeling a sense of envy creeping in whenever I saw my siblings. They didn't see me as their little brother; instead, I was just a figure in the background, a shadow of the bond they shared. I longed for connection, for the simple joy of being included in their lives, but the chasm between us seemed insurmountable. It was as if I had landed on an alien planet, one where I didn't quite belong. I spent many moments alone, watching the laughter and camaraderie swirl around me without ever feeling part of it.

My childhood memories are a blend of muted colors and distant echoes, with feelings of isolation punctuating the joyful moments. I often found solace in my own world, escaping into the realm of video games. The digital landscapes offered me a refuge, a place where I could wield control over my surroundings in ways that felt utterly unattainable in real life. I was drawn to military strategy games, where the thrill of battle and the rush of victory provided an exhilarating escape from the loneliness that enveloped me.

I remember one particular game vividly; it was a military strategy game that placed me in charge of armies, navigating through treacherous landscapes, making decisions that determined the fate of my troops. Here, I was not alienated; I was powerful. I could orchestrate victories, build empires, and escape from the reality of my childhood. In those moments, I felt

a sense of control that was absent in my daily life. It was as if the screens provided a shield against the feelings of envy and alienation that plagued me.

However, even in this world of pixels and strategy, there were moments where I would feel the familiar pang of loneliness. The joy I found in gaming sometimes highlighted the void in my real-world relationships. I would sit in front of the screen, fingers dancing over the controller, while the laughter of my siblings drifted in from another room. I wanted so desperately to join them, to share in their joy, but it always felt just out of reach. I was a child lost in the noise of family life, grappling with feelings I didn't yet understand.

My childhood was not without its battles, both in the games I played and in the dynamics of family life. I often found myself caught in the crossfire of sibling rivalry, where envy reigned supreme, and I faced accusations of being the favorite. I endured moments of conflict, times when I felt misunderstood and unloved, which left scars deeper than I could articulate. I remember one particularly painful episode, where I was confronted with the harsh words of my siblings, who couldn't see the hurt beneath my surface. I felt suffocated by the notion that I was never enough, that I could never quite bridge the gap that separated us.

Yet, through the chaos, there were glimmers of resilience. I learned to lean into my independence, to carve out my own path even when the world around me felt chaotic. I became like a lone wolf, navigating life with a spirit that refused to be extinguished. I learned to keep moving forward, to sift through the hurt and confusion, holding onto the hope that things would eventually make sense. It was in those moments of crying alone, feeling like I would never be loved by my parents, that I discovered a strength within myself I never knew existed.

As I reflect on those early years, I realize that they shaped the person I am today. I may have felt alienated and lost, but those experiences taught me invaluable lessons about resilience and the importance of connection. I learned that life is a series of challenges, and it's how we choose to respond to them that defines us. I came to understand that while I may have felt like a stranger in my own family, I had the power to forge my own identity.

There were moments of pride too, even amidst the challenges. I remember one time, in the midst of tears, I made a promise to myself: I would never give up. That feeling, the determination to keep moving forward, became my guiding light. It was a reminder that, despite everything, I was capable of overcoming my struggles.

Now, as I stand on the threshold of adulthood, I carry those lessons with me. I embrace my independence like a badge of honor, a testament to the journey I've traveled. The pain of my childhood has not vanished, but it has transformed into a source of strength. I have learned to navigate my relationships with a deeper understanding, recognizing the importance of connection and the power of empathy.

In my heart, I know that those early years, filled with complexity and emotion, have woven the fabric of who I am today. I may have been a lone wolf once, but I have emerged stronger, ready to forge my own path in a world that once felt so isolating.

Chapter 2: Childhood & Family

I often reflect on my childhood, a time that feels like both a distant memory and an integral part of who I am today. It was a canvas painted with vibrant colors of joy and muted shades of hardship, where every experience—good or bad—etched its lesson deep within me. My family, a patchwork of personalities and traditions, played a pivotal role in shaping my understanding of the world, and it's from them that I learned resilience, independence, and a certain playfulness that I still carry today.

My father, mother, aunt, and siblings were my teachers, albeit in unconventional ways. I learned to stand on my own two feet, to adapt and be a little cunning when life demanded it. We were not wealthy by any means, and the struggles we faced often loomed large. Yet, embedded in those hardships were invaluable lessons. I remember my father being reprimanded for not praying, a moment that seemed absurd to me at the time. I thought of it as a tool to control the crowd, a reflection of the traditions we were bound to as Tausug Muslims. But as I grew older, I began to see these rituals in a new light. They became tools for my own good, avenues toward inner peace and community.

I often sat quietly, reflecting on life, wrestling with the teachings I had absorbed. These moments of solitude allowed me to think deeply, to question my beliefs, and to find my place within the tapestry of my culture. The traditions of my family, the prayers, and the fasting during Ramadan created a rhythm in our lives that, while sometimes burdensome, also fostered a sense of belonging. It was a bond celebrated in our culture, where familial ties are both a source of strength and a reminder of our shared struggles.

Despite the warmth of those traditions, there were times I felt emotionally alienated. I remember moments when I was alone, grappling with feelings that were hard to articulate. My family was there physically, but emotionally? That was a different story. I often felt like an outsider, even within my own home. Our financial struggles left little room for emotional exploration. We lived in a world where the luxury of therapy was nonexistent, and so we maneuvered through life with a stoic facade. But the reality of our circumstances was that emotional support was often overshadowed by the necessity of survival.

Yet, amidst the chaos, there were glimmers of joy. I recall the day my family surprised me with a computer, a pivotal moment that changed my trajectory. It was a simple machine, but to

me, it represented limitless possibilities. I could explore, create, and eventually, I began to forge my own path. My parents sacrificed so much for us, and that computer was a testament to their commitment to our futures. I found myself immersed in online business ventures, learning lessons that would prepare me for the challenges ahead.

As I navigated through my childhood, friendship also played a vital role. My friends and I were explorers at heart. We spent countless days playing tag and basketball, creating memories that were simple yet profound. I remember one summer, running through the streets of Jolo, Sulu, feeling the wind on my face as we played. Those moments were free of worry, even if fleeting. We were just kids, lost in the joy of being alive, discovering the world together.

But school was always a mixed bag for me. In elementary, I struggled with academics and felt out of place. I was not a standout student until high school, when I finally found my footing and began to thrive. However, during those early years, I remember the nervousness I felt during a dance project. I was terrible at it—left-footed and awkward. I could hardly keep in time, and I thought to myself, “What’s the point?” It was one of those moments that highlighted my insecurities and made me question my abilities.

Despite the challenges, I learned to embrace my independence. I understood early on that people are unpredictable; I had to accept that reality. My family's bond was strong, but our interactions were often marred by the struggles we faced. I remember feeling responsible for our troubles, especially during a particularly rough patch when my parents almost broke up. I was just a kid, unable to process the weight of adult issues, yet I felt the burden as if it were my own fault.

Yet, amidst the turmoil, there were fleeting moments of connection that reminded me of the importance of family. I searched for those moments, even if they often ended in disaster. I longed for a family gathering that felt whole, a meal that brought us together instead of pulling us apart. But those moments were scarce, and most of my childhood memories were tinted with the struggles we endured.

Through it all, I found solace in simpler things. My cat was a source of comfort until my family decided to send it away, a casualty of our cramped living conditions. I often think of those days exploring with friends, the laughter echoing in my heart even now. It was during those adventures that I felt a sense of belonging, even if it was just a fleeting feeling.

As I reflect on my childhood, I realize that every experience, every challenge, and every moment of joy has contributed to who I am today. I may have felt alienated, lost, or unsure at times, but these experiences taught me resilience and independence in a way that few others could. They shaped my understanding of life, my values, and ultimately, my dreams for the future.

Now, as I stand on the precipice of my aspirations, I carry the lessons of my childhood with me. They are woven into the fabric of my identity, guiding me as I navigate through life and strive to create something meaningful. In the end, I am grateful for every moment that has brought me here, for they have all played a part in crafting the person I am becoming.

Chapter 3: Education & Growth

As I look back on my teenage years, a kaleidoscope of experiences flashes before me—each moment, a piece of a puzzle that helped shape who I am today. It was a time of discovery, rebellion, and the kind of growth that only comes when the world begins to pull you in all sorts of directions. The laughter of friends, the uncertainty of the future, and the guidance of a few extraordinary teachers formed an indelible part of my character, and I can still feel the warmth of those memories wrapping around me like a cherished blanket.

High school was a whirlwind, a place where I learned not just from textbooks, but from life itself. I remember walking through the halls of Eastview High with a blend of excitement and trepidation. Each corner held its own story, and the echo of laughter mingling with the shuffling of feet created a soundtrack that still plays in my mind. It was here that I met Ms. Harper, my English teacher, who had a way of igniting passion in every lesson. With her wild curls and vibrant scarves, she brought literature to life in ways I had never experienced before.

One day, she assigned us to read *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and I still recall the way she spoke about Atticus Finch as if he were a beloved family member. "Atticus teaches us about courage, integrity, and standing up for what is right," she said, her eyes sparkling with conviction. That discussion opened up a world of ethical dilemmas and moral courage. I found myself questioning not just the characters' choices, but my own, and this thread of inquiry became woven into the fabric of my teenage years. It was during that time I began to understand the importance of empathy—seeing the world through someone else's eyes was a lesson that would serve me well beyond the classroom.

But it wasn't just the academics that shaped me. I was also discovering my passions outside of the confines of textbooks. Music was my sanctuary. The moment I picked up a guitar, I felt like I had found a part of myself that had been waiting to be uncovered. I remember sitting on my bedroom floor, the sun streaming through the window, as I strummed the chords to my favorite songs, feeling the rhythms of life pulsate through my fingertips. The music became my voice, an outlet for my teenage angst and joy alike.

One summer afternoon, I decided to join a local music group, and it was there that I met Sam, a fellow musician who shared my love for the craft. Together, we wrote songs that reflected our dreams and frustrations. I could never have anticipated how those innocent melodies would

later serve as a refuge during the tumultuous teenage years that lay ahead. As we played our music in a small coffee shop downtown, I realized that we were not just creating notes; we were crafting a narrative of who we were becoming.

However, life wasn't all sweet melodies and literary discussions. I faced my share of challenges as well. The pressure to excel academically while balancing my musical ambitions was often overwhelming. I remember one particularly stressful week: finals were looming, and I was rehearsing for a school talent show. One night, overwhelmed and exhausted, I slumped against my desk, a pile of books on one side and my guitar on the other. I felt like I was drowning in expectations. In that moment of despair, I received a text from Ms. Harper, who had noticed my absence from class. "Remember, it's okay to take a break. Balance is key," she wrote. Her message was a lifeline, a reminder that my worth wasn't solely tied to grades or performances.

As the school year progressed, I began to carve out my own path, one that embraced both academics and my love for music. I joined the debate club, which further sharpened my critical thinking skills and deepened my understanding of the world. I was learning to articulate my thoughts and stand firm in my beliefs. The thrill of engaging in spirited discussions with my peers ignited a fire within me, and I began to see how education was more than just learning facts; it was about developing a voice.

Reflecting on those years, I realize that my education was not confined to the walls of a classroom. It was shaped by my interactions with teachers like Ms. Harper, who nurtured my love for literature, and by friends like Sam, who pushed me to explore the depths of my creativity. It was a symphony of moments—each note adding to the melody of my growth.

As graduation approached, I started to feel the weight of what lay ahead. The excitement of new beginnings mingled with the fear of the unknown. I remember sitting on the edge of my bed, scrolling through college brochures, my heart racing with possibilities. It was a pivotal moment, one that signified the end of one chapter and the beginning of another. I understood, in a way I hadn't before, that education is a lifelong journey, a continuous cycle of learning and growth.

In those fleeting years, I learned invaluable lessons about resilience and the importance of nurturing my passions. I discovered that life would always have its challenges, but with the right mindset and a supportive community, I could overcome them. Those years forged my character, laying the foundation for the person I would become—a person who believes in the

power of education, the strength of empathy, and the beauty of following one's passions.

As I close my eyes and revisit those teenage days, I feel a profound gratitude for the experiences that shaped me. I carry those lessons with me, a compass guiding me through life's unpredictable journey. The echoes of laughter in the hallways, the strumming of my guitar, and the passionate words of a dedicated teacher—these are the threads of my story, woven together into a tapestry of growth and discovery.

Chapter 4: Career & Achievements

From a young age, the allure of technology captivated me. In my teenage years, I found myself drawn to subjects that explored the potential of tech, especially its military applications. I remember vividly the debates in my mind—could I imagine a world where the power of a sword could once again rival that of a gun? My imagination soared to new heights as I envisioned a future where I could harness technology to dominate the world—not through sheer force, but through innovation. This fervor for technology not only sparked my interest but also set the foundation for my aspirations as I embarked on my journey into the realms of medicine and technology.

As I navigated my educational journey, I often felt the pull towards the world of medicine. Yet, I knew that my growth was not confined to textbooks and lectures. I sought out experiences that would challenge me and push the boundaries of what I believed was possible. Looking back, I realize that I was laying the groundwork for my future, even as I grappled with the ordinary struggles of being a high school student. My time in high school was filled with honors and achievements, a testament to the resilience I developed during my elementary years. Yet, I often felt that my true accomplishments lay ahead, waiting just beyond the horizon.

At 19, I find myself entrenched in my ambition to become a doctor while simultaneously creating something I believe could change the world: omnilib.app. This project is a manifestation of my dreams—a digital library designed to harness the power of knowledge and make it accessible to everyone. But the road to this point was anything but straightforward. I faced numerous challenges, each one a lesson in resilience and adaptability.

One of the most significant hurdles I encountered was the journey of building omnilib.app itself. There were moments when I felt overwhelmed, when the weight of my aspirations seemed too heavy to carry. I often questioned if I was on the right path, if I had the capacity to see this project through. Yet, each time I teetered on the edge of doubt, I reminded myself of the importance of leverage—an idea that has become a cornerstone of my approach to both my career and my education. I learned to see challenges not as roadblocks but as opportunities for growth, a way to adapt and refine my strategy.

As I reflect on my experiences, I recognize that independence has been a guiding principle in my journey. My childhood shaped this value; I learned early on to navigate the world on my own terms. When it came to working on omnilib.app, I took to my keyboard with a fierce determination. I was determined to build this project independently, without interference. I embraced failures as lessons learned, each setback a stepping stone towards my ultimate vision.

In the midst of this relentless pursuit, I often think about my future—what it holds for me as I strive to bridge the gap between medicine and technology. I envision a world where omnilib.app stands as the largest digital library, a modern-day Babel of knowledge. I crave the power that comes from building something that can create unlimited access to information, to empower others in their journeys. The thought of achieving such a feat fuels my ambition, pushing me to keep building and innovating.

Despite the challenges, I've experienced moments of pride that remind me why I embarked on this journey in the first place. When I think about the potential of omnilib.app to finally earn its first dollar, I can't help but feel a rush of excitement. It's not just about the money; it's about the validation of my hard work and the sacrifices I've made along the way. I keep this dream close to my heart, even from my family and friends. I want to surprise them, to show them that a 19-year-old can achieve something incredible.

Throughout this journey, I've found inspiration in unexpected places. While I haven't had traditional mentors, the vast knowledge available online has played a pivotal role in shaping my understanding of the world. Companies like Google and Microsoft have provided invaluable resources that have motivated me to push forward. I owe a debt of gratitude to those who contribute to the greater good—without their efforts, I wouldn't be where I am today.

As I continue to build omnilib.app, I embrace the lessons I've learned about myself. I've discovered my capabilities, my potential, and the path that lies ahead. The challenges are daunting, but they are not insurmountable. I approach them with strategies rooted in adaptability, always ready to pivot and fight through adversity.

Looking into the future, I am filled with hope and determination. I see a landscape filled with possibilities, and I am eager to tackle the challenges that come my way. I know that as long as I remain true to my values—*independence, cunning, adaptability, and playfulness*—I will find a way to succeed. The journey is far from over, but I am ready to embrace whatever comes next, knowing that each step brings me closer to my dream: a world where knowledge is

limitless and accessible to all.

Chapter 5: Relationships & Love

Friendship has always been a cornerstone of my life, a steadfast presence that shaped me into who I am today. I think back to my childhood, where laughter and shared secrets with my school friends created a tapestry of joyful memories. We were a band of misfits, running wild in the playground, our conversations often veering into the silly and mundane. Those moments of playfulness were not just trivial distractions; they were the early threads weaving the fabric of what I would come to understand as loyalty.

I can still picture my childhood friend, the one who has stood by me through thick and thin. We studied together, shared our dreams, and navigated the ups and downs of adolescence side by side. Our bond felt like a brotherhood, one that has endured the test of time. Even now, as adults, we still share that connection. It's like an invisible thread that keeps us tied to our youthful selves, reminding us of the innocence we once knew.

Loyalty – that's the quality I value most in friendships. It's the foundation upon which my relationships are built. I've learned that true friends are the ones who show up when it matters, who stand by you even when the world feels like it's crumbling. I once thought friendships were just transactions, a convenient alliance based on shared experiences or proximity. But I've come to realize that there's a deeper layer. Perhaps loyalty is the glue that holds those transactions together, turning mere acquaintances into lasting bonds.

As I reflect on my life, I can see how the lessons I've learned from my friendships have influenced my approach to romantic relationships. I've often felt that romance would derail me from my ambitions, pulling me away from the path I've set for myself. I want to conquer the world and show everyone who I am. Yet, the emotional connection that can come from a romance also holds a certain allure. It feels different, almost magical, but I've often hesitated to fully embrace it. What if I'm not ready? What if I can't live up to the expectations I have for myself?

Family dynamics have also played a significant role in shaping my views on relationships. My family has been a source of both support and tension, a complicated web of love and rebellion. I've felt that the closer they are, the more they have the potential to hurt me. I remember moments from my childhood where I felt the sting of their disapproval, and it made me question what love truly meant. It shaped my understanding of acceptance and the fear of

vulnerability. In those moments of rebellion, I could feel the fire within me to prove myself, to show them that I could be more than they expected.

Yet, despite the complexities of family relationships, there have been moments of connection that stand out. My parents' relationship, for instance, has inspired me in ways I didn't expect. They have weathered storms together, and despite their ups and downs, they have remained united. It's a testament to commitment, an embodiment of loyalty that resonates deeply with me. They often remind me that love isn't always easy, but it's worth fighting for.

When I think about my friendships and the bonds I've built over the years, I realize that they've taught me important lessons about myself. I once had a friend who needed support during a difficult time. I stepped in to help, and though it was a simple act of kindness, it made me feel good. In that moment, I saw a reflection of myself as someone who could be there for others. It's a strange feeling, being seen as the person who can provide support, but it also made me realize the depth of connection that can come from those small acts of loyalty.

At times, I've wrestled with the transactional nature of relationships. I often think about how we are bound together by convenience, by circumstance — in school, in life, we find ourselves drawn to those who orbit within our gravitational pull. Yet, I've also witnessed moments of genuine connection that challenge that perspective. I remember a girl I met online. Our conversations would make me smile; we were free to be ourselves, unbound by societal rules. But I stepped back, convinced that I wasn't ready. I felt like I hadn't yet become the man I aspired to be — rich, successful, and strong.

Looking back, I learned that I want a relationship that benefits us both. It may be transactional, but it can also be fulfilling. I understand now that I seek a partnership where we support each other, where our individual strengths complement one another. This understanding has shaped my vision for the relationships I want to build moving forward.

As I strive to be my best self, I realize the importance of surrounding myself with those who are also pursuing their best versions. I want friends and partners who are committed to growth, who challenge me in meaningful ways. I believe that common goals can create a strong foundation for trust and vulnerability, even if I sometimes struggle with those concepts.

I've seen the power of support among friends, and it's a beautiful thing. We are meant to uplift one another, to forge bonds that can withstand the trials of life. It's a reminder that amidst the complexities, the fears, and the transactional nature of relationships, there exists a profound

beauty in connection.

Ultimately, I want to build my kingdom, to focus on my goals, and to welcome the right people into my life along the way. I envision a future where loyalty, support, and shared aspirations define my relationships. I believe that as I continue to grow, my understanding of love and friendship will evolve, perhaps leading me to a deeper appreciation for the connections I forge. For now, I'm grateful for the lessons I've learned and the friendships that continue to shape my journey.

Chapter 6: Life Lessons & Wisdom

As I sit here, reflecting on the tapestry of my life, I find myself unraveling the threads that weave my experiences into meaningful lessons. It's like standing in a vast field, looking out at the landscape of my past—some sections are bright with the sun's warmth, while others are shrouded in shadow. Yet, it's in this very contrast that I've learned one of the most significant lessons I wish I could share with my younger self: one day, it will all make sense.

I remember moments from my childhood, days that felt heavy and dark, like clouds hanging low over my head. I used to think of those times as ugly—filled with struggles that seemed insurmountable. However, as I look back now, I see something different. Those experiences shaped me into someone resilient, smart, and adaptable. They pushed me to pursue what I truly wanted in life, to chase my dreams with a fervor that could only be ignited by the very challenges I faced. The universe had a plan, and what I couldn't see back then, I can now—the dots connect in ways I never imagined.

One particular moment stands out, a breakthrough where clarity washed over me like a gentle rain after a long drought. It was during a quiet evening, the kind where the world slows down, and you can hear your own thoughts. I sat alone in my room, surrounded by the remnants of my past, photographs scattered like leaves across the floor. As I picked them up, memories came flooding back—some joyful, others painful. But in that stillness, I felt a shift. I began to understand that every experience, even the hard ones, had contributed to who I am today.

I reflected on my journey and the countless challenges that had once left me feeling lost. There were times when I stood at a crossroads, feeling utterly overwhelmed. I remember one instance vividly: I was faced with a decision that could alter the course of my life. My heart raced as I weighed the options, fear creeping in like a shadow. But I pushed through. With each step I took, I began to see the bigger picture, the path that stretched out before me. Sometimes, it's the act of moving forward that helps us find clarity, even when the way feels uncertain.

Looking back now, I can't say I have any deep regrets. Each twist and turn, every mistake, has been a brushstroke in the masterpiece of my life. It's easy to dwell on what might have been, but I've learned that without those experiences, I wouldn't be who I am today—a person filled with purpose and passion. Each moment of pain, every misstep, has led to growth. I embrace those pieces of my past, knowing they've helped construct the foundation upon which I stand.

If I could offer advice to someone enduring a tough time, it would be simple and sincere: just keep going. Life can be an uphill battle, but persistence is key. When you're in the thick of it, it may feel like the weight of the world is on your shoulders, but remember, every step forward, however small, counts. It's in those moments of struggle that we often discover our strength, our resilience.

As I share these reflections, I can't help but think about how life has a way of teaching us in the most unexpected ways. It whispers lessons in the quiet moments, and sometimes, it shouts them out loud through our experiences. There's a beauty in the chaos, a wisdom that emerges from the trials we face. I've learned to trust in the process, to have faith that even the hardest days will eventually lead to brighter tomorrows.

Now, as I stand on the threshold of the future, I carry with me the lessons of my past. I've learned that it's okay to be vulnerable, to embrace the messy parts of life. They are just as important as the joyful ones. In this journey of self-discovery, I've found that my story is not just a collection of events but rather a testament to the strength of the human spirit.

So, if I were to speak to my younger self, I would say this: Embrace every moment, both the beautiful and the challenging. Trust that one day, it will all make sense. You are capable of more than you know, and the universe has a way of guiding you toward your true path. Keep moving forward, and let the lessons unfold. Each step you take is part of your unique journey, and it will lead you to the person you are meant to be. The dots will connect, and you will find your place in the grand tapestry of life.

Chapter 7: Legacy & Future

As I sit back and reflect on my life, there's a peculiar comfort in recognizing that, one day, in the grand scheme of things—maybe a thousand years from now—none of this will matter. It's a liberating thought, really. If nothing will ultimately be remembered, why not embrace the now? Why not do what I truly want to do? I've come to realize that the essence of my life isn't about building an empire for future generations or crafting a legacy that will echo through time. Instead, it's about living authentically in each moment, savoring the fleeting experiences that make up our existence.

I often think about my family when I ponder the impact I want to have on those around me. They've always been my grounding force, the ones who gently pull me back from my relentless pursuit of the future. I have this tendency to get lost in plans and ambitions, my mind racing toward tomorrow while my heart aches for today. Yet, in those moments when I'm with my family, I feel a profound shift. They remind me to be present, to cherish the laughter shared over dinner and the warmth of hugs that linger just a little longer. It's a lesson that sometimes feels like a battle between my logical mind and my longing heart. I might scoff at the notion of "living in the moment," but deep down, I know it's what I need the most. Because one day, they will be gone, and I want to remember these moments vividly.

Envisioning the future, I see myself and my loved ones becoming the best versions of ourselves. That's my hope, at least. I want to embark on projects that not only ignite my passion but also provide for my family in ways that truly matter—healthcare, opportunities, the freedom to pursue their dreams. I have plans, big ones, like Omnilib, and other projects that will hopefully astonish people. My aim isn't just wealth for wealth's sake; it's about unlocking the potential to give my family everything they need to thrive. I want them to soar, free from the constraints that often bind us.

In sharing my values and lessons with future generations, I hope my actions will ripple through time. I want to be remembered as someone who inspired others to live their truth. When people think of me, I hope they'll smile and say, "Wow, that person was cool. A real supervillain of our world," laughing at the idea that I wasn't afraid to challenge the status quo. I want to pass down a simple yet profound message: keep moving forward. Even when the path seems obscured, it will make sense one day.

I often find myself inspired by an ideal role model that lives in my mind. I've never met him, yet he's always there, guiding me in a way I can't quite explain. As I navigate through my own journey, I look at him as a beacon of what's possible—a reminder that dreams are worth chasing. And at just 19, I have an entire world to explore and unlock. There's so much out there waiting for me, and I'm determined to keep moving, like a soldier on a mission.

Adaptability is a principle I hold close to my heart. It's the survival of the fittest, after all, and I want to thrive. As I think about my future, I realize that my impact doesn't have to be monumental; it can be found in the small ways I engage with my community. I want to inspire others to embrace life, to live it fully. The truth is, I don't yet care about being remembered in a grand way. I'm more focused on living my life authentically, hoping that the way I live will encourage others to do the same.

If I could write a letter to my future self, it would be filled with encouragement. I'd remind myself to find inner peace, to take a breath, and to live in the moment. I hope that by the time I read that letter, I'll have chased my dreams, especially in the realms of technology and medicine. Those are my passions, the fields where I see myself making a real difference—creating innovations that transform lives.

As I ponder the possibilities, I can't help but wonder what the future holds for technology and medicine. I don't have all the answers yet, but I'm excited about the journey ahead. I want to contribute to that evolution, to be part of something larger than myself.

In reflecting on my legacy, I can't pinpoint exactly what I want people to remember about me. Perhaps it's simply this: I lived fully, embracing every moment as it came. When I think about joy and fulfillment, I realize it might just be about rolling with life, savoring the experiences that come my way.

There's a particular moment in my life that embodies how I want to be remembered. Right now. I'm in the process of building myself up—physically, mentally, and emotionally. Every step I take, every challenge I face, is part of this journey to become the person I aspire to be. I want my life to reflect a commitment to authenticity, a determination to inspire the next generation to chase their dreams with relentless passion.

As I move forward, I carry with me the weight of my hopes, dreams, and lessons learned. I want to be the conqueror of my own narrative, the apex of my world. I may not have all the answers, but I know one thing: I will keep moving forward, soldier, embracing whatever

comes my way. And in doing so, I hope to ignite a spark in others, a desire to live boldly and courageously in their own lives. Because when it comes down to it, that's the legacy I wish to leave behind: a heart full of passion, a spirit of resilience, and a life lived authentically, moment by moment.

Conclusion

As we close this book, we've traveled through the remarkable journey of hello's life. From the earliest memories of childhood to the wisdom gained through years of experience, each chapter tells a story of resilience, love, and growth.

These pages hold more than just words - they contain the essence of a life well-lived. May they serve as an inspiration and a lasting legacy for all who read them.

Thank you for sharing your story with us.

About the Author

This memoir was created through the Life Story Interview feature on Omnilib, capturing hello's life experiences through an AI-guided conversation.