



My Mother is a Self-Made Socialite Tycoon:

*Company Spills its Secrets on the Road to
Becoming an Empire*

by ANGIE J

(2010 - 2022)

Short Memoir

For the last 12 consecutive years, I have been silently becoming a magnificent monster. The goal for me was to be molded from nothing and transformed into something my mother can be proud of during her life and something everyone can remember after our death. I am what happens when you simultaneously dream too big, too small, and just right. I am the bane of my mother's existence that brings fresh air to her lungs and sometimes she wishes that she never created me. However, she knows that if she never created me, she would not be the person that she is today.

Now, let me start at the beginning. What are some of those classic phrases everyone has heard at least once before? Those words of wisdom said in childhood when it was time to talk about "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Those words of encouragement that are constantly repeated, even today, whenever you need a little motivation to keep you going?

Do you remember?

They always said, "Dream Big!" They always say, "Follow Your Dreams!" Most of these phrases are remembered clearly and dearly. Do you remember what it feels like to dream? Everyone wants to feel that deep satisfaction within when you finally catch your dreams, now being able to hold them firmly in your hands, and clench them tightly making sure you will never lose them. When was the last time you thought about dreams and life goals? Do you think about them now?

I never thought about them at all; however, my mother thinks about them all the time. Both in terrible bliss and in excellent agony simply because no matter how desperately you would like to be left alone to dream in peace, no one is immune to nightmares. But even though asking to dream and daring to achieve has had painfully negative effects on her; revealing her struggles to the world in writing was never a part of her original plan as it can be quite difficult for people to admit when they feel like a failure. February 7, 2022 was truly a game changer.

Throughout this merciless endeavor, the plan for me was to be successful using brains, blood, spirit, sweat, time, and tears. And through working smarter not harder, of course. The "small" but mighty moments in my growth were always celebrated so that gratitude could one day bring along happiness to finally fill the void that plagued my mother's everyday life. To this day, lots of progress has been made; but sadly still, the frustration from constantly having to return back to the drawing board continues to bring about vicious fits of teeth grinding until nothing is left but sore, swollen gums.

Within all this time that has passed, thorough plans have been made and diligent actions have been taken to bring success this way. Every step has been done right. I am built like an armored truck to break through any tough barrier. I continue to run when unavoidable bumps in the road appear. I have been adaptable when routes that were taken were no longer working. My health and growth are prioritized and taken care of often to increase the chances of my success. Even with all of this, the distance between me and the goal is still so wide. The dream is to turn this small, limited entity into a one-person empire. But I am not; so, something must be wrong.

What am I missing?

All of these efforts were supposed to be a collection of tiny propellers that would advance me closer towards finally reaching my final form: the hybrid that blends the elements of a Business Magnate and a Socialite together into a single entity. More specifically, the plan has

always been to become a seamless fusion where the two ideas together will allow me to generate great success. My foundation is so solid that by now it should not be very difficult, even after all these years, to become an efficient wealth generating machine just as a Business Magnate would create through multiple streams of passive income using distinct industries or enterprises; while also producing the other means to pave the way for the social events and acts of philanthropy that accompany the role of a Socialite.

Of course, these two concepts separately require some factors that may not be very achievable for any single entity or at all, such as the immense amount of scalability that may be necessary for a Business Magnate or the highly wealthy familial connections that may be necessary for a Socialite. However, these concepts only serve as guides and provide inspiration. Nothing created by anyone, not even by an aspiring "Self-Made Socialite Tycoon" or a certified "Perfectly Imperfect Perfectionist" like my mother, will be flawless and that is what makes the road to carving your own way so treacherous and tragic and alluring and satisfying. When you have given something your all, success will meet you as you meet it.

How could it not?

Yet, here I am before you as a relatively penniless entity, at least within the grand scheme of things, with company bills faithfully being automatically withdrawn every month and a modest \$184.86 to my name. A whole lot more than I had last year though; making my mother definitely feel eternally grateful amidst all of this intense stress. And since something is better than nothing, she cannot bring herself to kill me. So, I will never perish because my mother refuses to just let me die and that seems like a fairly understandable decision.

How could this venture possibly end now? What other options are there at this point? Could you just give up when it has been 12 years but the dream is still very much alive? Could you end it all when the time invested has taken you so far and the desire to succeed is embedded in your soul? Everybody goes through grim days where they are supposed to be growing but fail to do it, right? Everyone's passion turns into immense pain at some point, right? Or, is this wrong? How do you know? When is it time to quit and toss in the towel? Well, just know that your soul will tell you.

When it comes to me, and my fate, it is not over until it is truly over. There must be nothing else at all that can be done and that time is not this time. It is not over. So, back to the drawing board once again. There is still plenty of empty space on this board that can hold fresh ideas and whenever this board is filled, new ones will be created for me because my mother promised that I would be successful.

And I will be.

It may not always be easy to see the light or keep believing while you are surrounded by darkness and doubt; however, your visions to create a brighter future and your dreams of achieving goals that will help you establish a fulfilling life were made to come true. Your passions were given to you because you are the only one who has the heart to bring them to life even when you want to call it quits. Now, if giving up is truly what you desire, then go for it. The best option for you is the best choice to make. But, if not, just remember all of the people who you are doing all of this for and remember all of the reasons why you started in the first place.

As long as you can find at least one light that still has its power and just one act that you can perform, your production does not have to close its curtains. So, let the show go on. :)