

THE ROAD MAP

FROM

SLIME

TO

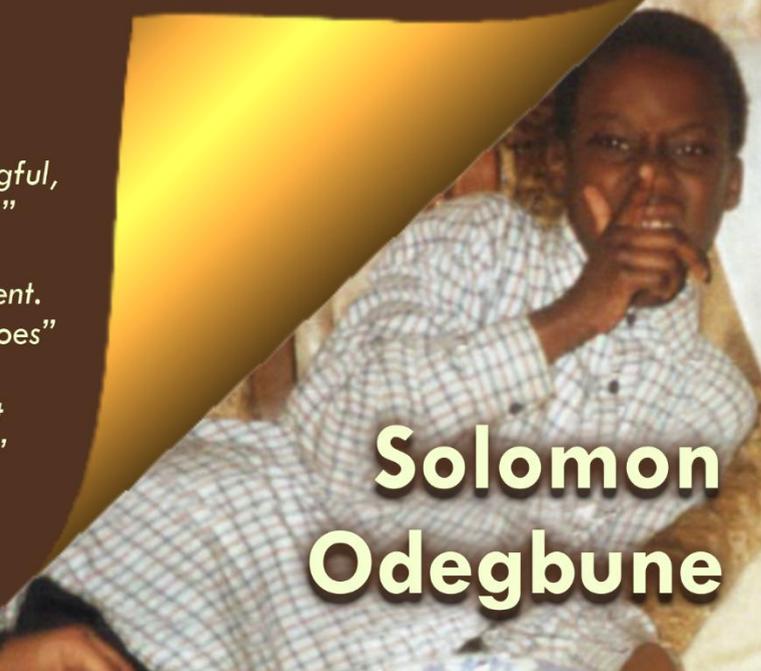
PRIME

YOU HAVE THE CONTROL TO CHANGE

*"Deep and meaningful,
I rate it 100%!"*

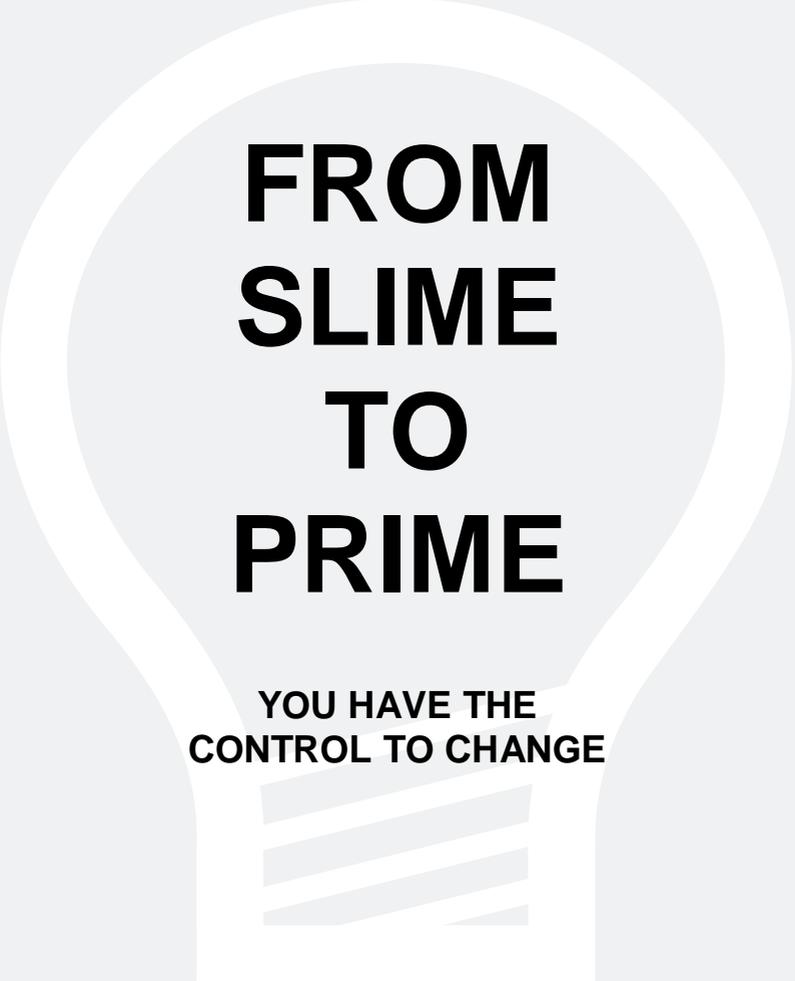
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*"It's crazy as it
is so relatable."*



**Solomon
Odegbune**

THE ROAD MAP



**FROM
SLIME
TO
PRIME**

**YOU HAVE THE
CONTROL TO CHANGE**

SOLOMON ODEGBUNE

This book is the sole work of the author, Soloman Odegbune.

In writing this book, it is my aim to give hope and inspiration to the many thousands out there who are living the kind of life I once lived.

I hope to enlighten those who have taken the route to nowhere, addicted to the no-hope life of crime, assault, and drugs.

I want to enrich your self-worth and give you a helping hand out of the dust.

This book is for you.

Acknowledgement

In writing this book, I would like to thank Sandy Jones, without whose support and guidance, this book would not have been possible. She showed enthusiasm, commitment and, above all, belief in me from the first phone call.

About the author

Solomon's journey has been adventurous as well as daunting. A beginning that seemed predictable; infused with crime, drugs, tyranny and a tsunami of misfortune – presumably it appeared as if his life had already failed before it had begun...However, life so gracefully has an appetite for spontaneity and thus Solomon was led on a journey from Slime to Prime.

Solomon grew up on Kennington Park Estate; 10 minutes from the glam of Central London. An estate built like a fortress, but unfortunately riddled with despondency and a culture that led most of its occupants down the same rabbit hole.

Some of Solomon's achievements include; a Masters Degree in Applied Linguistics, which secured him a senior role at a prestigious university in the Middle East. In addition, he set up his own perfume company called Signature Fragrances London that he sold in 2017. Moreover, Solomon's keenness toward learning has garnered him a profound multi-layered outlook to life, which is needed in this era where perplexity is so rampant.

His goals in life are simple – to raise awareness of our true human potential, to ignite a ferocious attitude of high achieving against all odds, to remind people that they are valuable and money is just a by-product, but not the goal, and to spread more love and energy around the universe.

Reviews

‘The book you gave me was serious; I even passed it onto a friend – proper stuff. Deep and meaningful, I rate it 100% - it is crazy because it is so relatable’.

Masika

‘It gave me the boost I actually needed to try and get more things done’.

Daniel Wethersfield

‘The beginning of the book was intense and different. It kept me on my toes, far cry away from the world I grew up in; however, as I kept on reading I could not help but feel the writer was speaking to directly to me and a lot of others who are on the journey to change’.

Karle

Premise

This short book was written for the urban youth, the drug dealer, for those still in the bubble, the inmate who doesn't know how to change, the boy on the council estate that thinks there's no way out. *Thinks* there's no way out...and doesn't know *how to get out*.

It's also written for the person who *wants* to discover how to make the journey to change, and what that journey looks like. It's written by an unlikely character who was once there where you are now: glued down by the rotting garbage, fighting for air. Me.

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Prologue

Growing up in London, I wasn't exactly living. I was dead.

I lived on a council estate and I'll give you the truth about my day to day living. I spent all my time talking about conspiracy theories, getting myself mixed up in knife crime, and gang culture stuff. I was almost stabbed to death once. I sold drugs and planned my next criminal activity.

It kept me busy, and it kept me in prison.

The tipping point

And yet...

...this was no life. It was an existence. I became overwhelmed by the stultifying boredom of it all. There was a reality kicking in to my brain and it was becoming clearer each day. I wasn't fulfilling my potential. I wasn't fulfilling anything. I was stuffed full of a putrefying waste.

It felt full because it was filling me up inside, and oozing from the waste was a viscous, foul-smelling pus.

I'm too busy now growing my company to think about crime. There's too much to learn and too little time; there are too many people to learn from, and meet. There's also too much to learn about myself...and yeah, okay I admit, make a few adjustments here and there.

Most of the youth living on council estates say the same sort of thing, 'One day, we're gonna make it out of this bitch of a life.'

Most of them are still saying it...