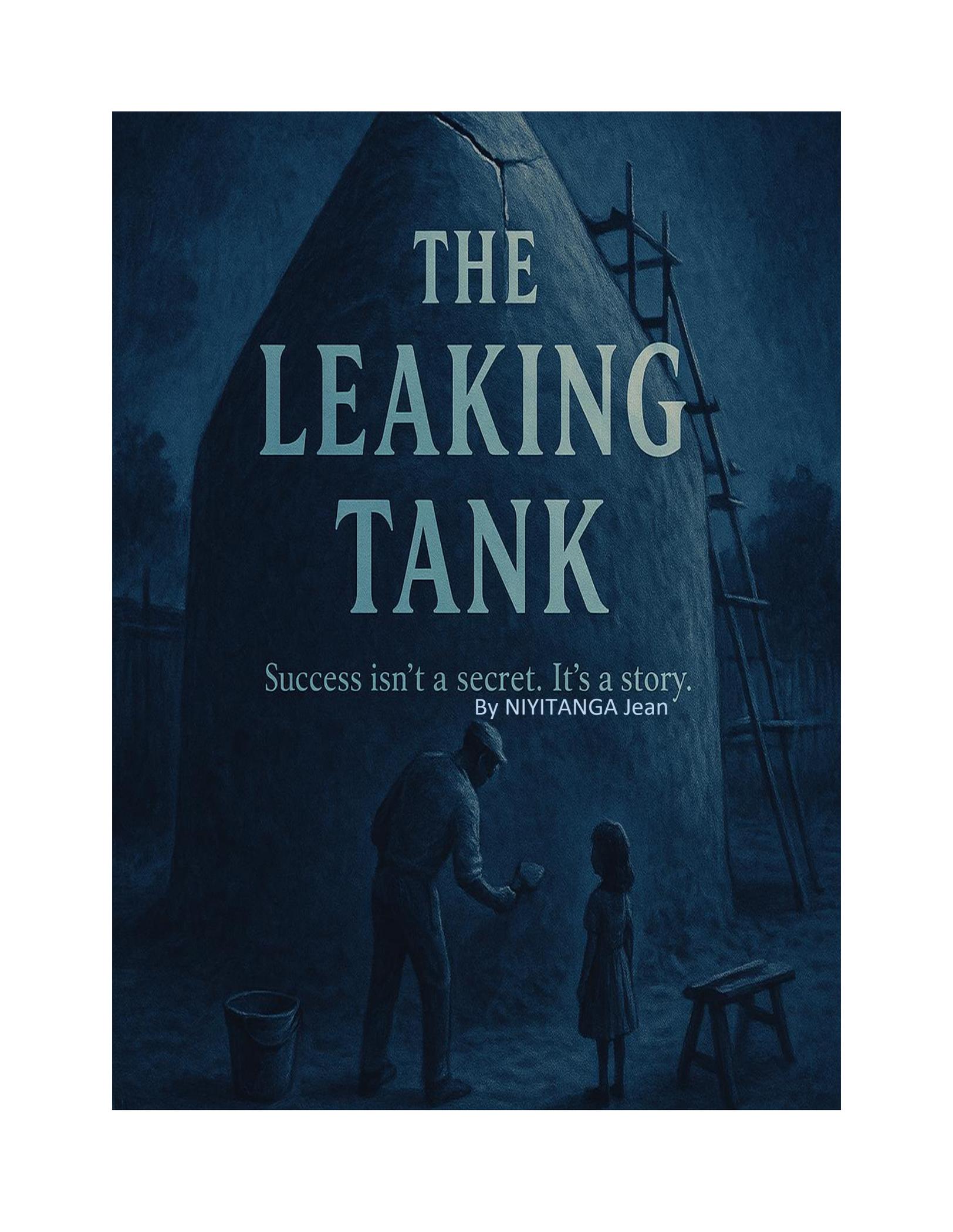


# THE LEAKING TANK

Success isn't a secret. It's a story.  
By NIYITANGA Jean



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**NIYITANGA JEAN**

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The leaking tank: Success isn't a secret. It's a story.

This book is dedicated to my friends, colleagues, students, and those out there who are challenged by this 21<sup>st</sup> century startup creation, “\**Life is better when you are happy but life is at its Best when people are happy because of you. Because nothing in nature is for itself. Rivers don't drink water, Trees don't eat fruit, the Sun doesn't use heat. Living for others is the way of best life.*\*”

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# The Leaking Tank

## One

“Present, Sir!” Paul responded promptly.

His boss, still stunned by the report just handed in, stared at the document for a moment before breaking the silence. “Paul,” he said slowly, “where would we be without you on this team?”

He continued, clearly impressed, “I asked you to draft this report on such short notice, and once again, you’ve delivered with exceptional speed and accuracy. You never fail to amaze me. I’m truly grateful to have you as part of this team. Without you, things wouldn’t be the same around here. Thank you, sincerely. Tomorrow, I’m going to let the whole team know just how dedicated you are. They could all learn a thing or two from your example.”

Paul nodded humbly, checked his phone, and noticed four missed calls. Just as he’d expected—they were from Jane, his fiancée, with whom he was planning to get engaged this coming summer. He gathered his belongings, typed a few last lines on his computer, shut it down, and made his way out of the office.

In the staff parking lot, his old Hyundai waited in its usual spot, faithfully watched over by the security guard who always made sure Paul had a place to park—rain or shine. Paul had grown used to tossing him a few coins now and then for tea or coffee.

“Hello Paul! How’s it going?” the guard called out, coughing between words. “I noticed your car’s been leaking... water from the radiator. Have you seen it?”

Paul sighed. “Yeah... it’s second-hand, not quite like the boss’s shiny new one,” he replied, glancing enviously at the sleek new car parked nearby.

“Don’t worry, Paul,” the guard said with a grin. “It’s just a matter of time. You’ll be driving something better than that one day—a brand-new Mercedes, maybe! You’ve got a bright future ahead of you. You’re still young.”

Paul smiled, knowing the guard often chatted out of loneliness, always eager to keep a conversation going.

“Here,” Paul said, handing him a small bill. “Get yourself a hot cup of tea tonight. See you tomorrow.”

“Thank you, boss,” the guard said warmly. “That’s why I like you.”

Paul got into his car, made a call that lasted nearly half an hour—Jane again, of course—then finally drove off. He lived in the suburbs with a close friend, a fellow graduate still unemployed after a recent layoff.

His friend had already cooked dinner, and the food was ready at the table. While they ate, Paul was back at his laptop, typing and jotting notes into his agenda. A long day was winding down.

## Two

It was Wednesday when Paul handed the finalized report to John, the client.

“Thank you!” John said, skimming through the pages. Then, unexpectedly, he added, “Can we have a coffee or something together before you go?”

Paul agreed without hesitation. “Sure,” he said. “Actually, I’ve got a few questions I’ve always wanted to ask.”

They were soon seated, served coffee and snacks by John’s secretary.

John leaned in. “What would you like to ask? Feel free to say anything. Don’t hold back.”

“Well,” Paul began, slightly sheepish. “It’s not work-related, just something I’ve been curious about for a while... How did you manage to build such a successful life? Your fortune—your business success—what’s the secret, if you don’t mind sharing?”

John chuckled, clearly pleased by the question. “Amazing,” he said. “You know, no one’s ever asked me that before. But I’ll tell you—it’s not really a secret. It’s more of a story. One that a dear old friend once told me.”

He paused, took a sip of his coffee, and began.

“There was once a man who built a rainwater harvesting tank out of mud. It was shaped like a cone—wide at the base, narrowing to a small hole at the top. He constructed it tall and deep, hoping it would hold enough water to last him a whole decade, without ever needing to refill it.”

Paul raised an eyebrow. “That must have been a massive tank. I don’t think anything like that exists in real life.”

John smiled knowingly. “It’s just a story—remember it word for word, or you’ll miss the lesson. It’s just a tale.”

He continued. “Now, the tank had a small leak. Water would slowly seep out through the mud walls. The old man patched the leak with more mud, but as soon as one hole was sealed, another would appear. It was endless. Eventually, he stopped fussing over the tiny leaks. Instead, he focused on fixing only the major ones—those that lost the most water. He knew he

couldn't control the rain that filled the tank, but he *could* maintain the structure and use the water wisely."

"But even then," John added, "the tank never seemed to fill as much as he had hoped. Season after season, the rainwater came in small amounts, and he began to realize that the problem wasn't only the leaks—it was that he simply wasn't capturing enough rain in the first place."

"The inflow was too little. His large tank always stayed half-empty. No matter how carefully he used the water, or how much he repaired the leaks, the problem of limited supply remained. He grew frustrated. Until one day, his young daughter told him that her friend's father—someone she had recently visited—had found a way to gather all the rainwater from the house and direct it into one spot, preventing damage and waste."

Intrigued, the old man agreed to visit the family with his daughter to learn more.

John leaned in again, smiling. "As you might have guessed, the trick was a *gutter*—simple, really. They had installed channels on the roof to collect every drop of rain and guide it into their own storage container. Inspired, the old man went home, built his own gutters, and connected them to the mouth of his tank."

He paused dramatically.

"And then... the man did... hmm..." He smirked, letting the suspense hang in the air for a moment. "End of story."

Paul blinked. "That's it? Feels like it ended too soon."

John laughed. "That's exactly how it was told to me—and that's exactly how I've told it to you."

"But you still haven't told me your secret," Paul insisted. "What about your own fortune?"

John stood up, checking his phone. "Next week, when you bring the next report, remind me—I'll tell you the full story and the real starting point of my journey. But for now, my nutrition coach is waiting. My secretary just sent me a reminder on my iPhone."

Paul looked at the ornate office clock and stood as well. "Ah, time flies. I've got work to get back to, too."

They shook hands.

As Paul walked away, his thoughts drifted from the report to tanks, leaks, and the odd tale he'd just heard—unsure whether it held some deeper truth or was simply one more polished story told by the wealthy. He couldn't tell yet, but it lingered in his mind.

# An Unexpected Invitation

## Three

“Dear Madam, I’d like to speak with your boss,” Sandrine said politely as she approached the front desk.

“Do you have an appointment today?” the secretary asked, scanning the list.

“Technically, my colleague Paul was scheduled for this meeting,” Sandrine explained. “But he had more pressing tasks to handle. Since your boss is one of our most valued clients, I stepped in to ensure everything proceeds on schedule without causing any delays.”

“Oh! So you work with Paul,” the secretary responded, a bit surprised. “I didn’t recognize you—it must be your first time here.”

“That’s right,” Sandrine replied with a smile. “It’s perfectly fine.”

“Well, actually,” the secretary said, glancing at her monitor, “my boss mentioned that when someone from your firm arrived, they should be shown in directly. He’s expecting you. I apologize for the mix-up—I didn’t notice your name tag.”

“No worries. Thanks.”

The secretary led Sandrine through the hallway. At the CEO’s office door, she knocked gently.

“Come in,” a voice called from inside.

They entered, and the secretary introduced her. Sandrine stepped forward, offering a sealed envelope.

“Good morning, sir. Here is our weekly report,” she said professionally. “Please take your time reviewing it and let me know your feedback before I return to the office.”

“Thank you,” John said, accepting the report. “Feel free to help yourself to some coffee, tea, soda—or hot chocolate. You’ll find everything on the dining table. I’ll just take a moment to review this.”

“Oh, I’m fine, thank you,” Sandrine began, but John interrupted with a smile.

“There are some snacks in the cupboard as well—please, help yourself.”

Not wanting to seem impolite, she nodded and took a seat nearby as he flipped through the pages.

After a short while, John looked up from the report. “Everything looks good,” he said. “Could you show me the acknowledgment letter so I can sign it?”

Sandrine retrieved another envelope and handed him the document.

“You said your name was Sandra, right?”

“No, it’s Sandrine,” she corrected gently. “It’s written on my badge. But many people call me Sandra for short—it’s fine.”

“Ah, I see. I guess I’m just more familiar with Sandra. My apologies,” he said as he signed the form. Then, glancing at her, he asked, “By the way, why did Paul not come himself? He usually handles this.”

“We apologize for any inconvenience,” Sandrine replied. “Paul had a heavy workload today, so our manager asked me to step in. We didn’t want to disrupt your schedule.”

“That’s understandable,” John said. “Before you go, there’s something I’d like you to take back with you. Would you mind waiting a few minutes?”

“Of course, sir.”

After ten or fifteen minutes, the secretary returned with a letter and an open envelope.

“Sir, as you requested,” she said, handing him the documents.

John read the letter quickly, placed it inside the envelope, and sealed it. Then he turned to Sandrine.

“Kindly deliver this to Paul when you return to the office—and thank you again for your time.”

“You’re welcome,” Sandrine replied, and the secretary walked her out to the parking lot.

Back at the office, she approached her manager.

“Sir, John handed me this letter for Paul,” she said. “I thought it is best to pass it through you first, just in case.”

“Thank you,” the manager replied, placing it aside for the moment.

Later that afternoon, Paul returned from a site visit. He entered the office with his usual energy.

“Hey everyone! All good?” he said, loosening his tie and heading to his desk. “Sandy, did you meet John? What did he say about the report?”

“He said it was perfect,” Sandrine answered with a smile.

“Yes!” Paul exclaimed, raising a triumphant fist.

“He also sent a letter for you. The manager said you should speak with him when you get in.”

Paul walked into the manager’s office.

“Good afternoon, sir. I heard you wanted to see me—is everything alright?”

“Yes, everything’s fine,” the manager said, pulling the envelope from a shelf. “This came from John—he asked that it be handed to you personally.”

Paul took the letter, opened it with curiosity, and read its contents.

It was short and unexpected: John was inviting him to act as his personal caddie at the golf club that Saturday. His regular caddie would be unavailable, and he wanted Paul to step in—offering to pay the standard caddie fee. At the bottom, John added a final note: they’d also take the opportunity to continue their unfinished conversation.

Inside the envelope, Paul also found an official invitation from the golf club that would grant him access to the grounds.

He stared at the letter for a moment, caught between surprise and anticipation. Something told him this invitation was about more than just golf.

## Four

It was Saturday morning when John glanced at the security feed on his phone. On the screen, Paul’s car had just pulled up outside his villa. He smiled—Paul had arrived for the invitation he’d extended earlier that week.

At the main gate, two security guards were conducting a thorough inspection of Paul’s vehicle. They asked him to go through standard paperwork before granting access. Just then, John made a quick call to the gatehouse.

“Let him in,” he instructed. “He’s expected.”

Once inside the compound, Paul stepped out of his car and greeted John with a grin. “Thank you, sir. Your guards take their job seriously—it felt like I was applying for a visa just to get in.”

John chuckled. “Tell me about it. Just last month, they gave one of my old friends such a hard time he turned around and left without even coming in. They can be a pain, yes—but they’re good at what they do.”

They exchanged a few laughs and headed toward the villa. Inside, John introduced Paul to his wife and grandchildren, who were cozily sipping hot chocolate in the sunroom.

After some time out on the course, swinging clubs and enjoying the warm morning air, the two men took a break under the shade of a bungalow overlooking the green. A waiter brought them chilled juices, and they sat comfortably, sweat glistening on their foreheads.

“So,” Paul leaned forward with anticipation, “is it time to continue the tale?”

John smiled. “Of course I remember. How could I forget the tale of the leaking tank?”

He glanced at his iPhone briefly, then turned back to Paul. “You see, the story was short and simple, but don’t let that fool you. Even now, years later, I’m still learning from it. If I wanted to, I could write a thousand-page book just unpacking it. But for today, I’ll give you only the essentials. The rest,” he said with a meaningful look, “you’ll have to figure out on your own.”

“I’m eager to understand,” Paul said. “Tell me about the tank, the leakages, the whole thing—I’m all ears.”

John nodded and leaned back. “There are four essentials to this story. Think of them as the cornerstones of building a life of abundance, not just financially but in purpose.”

He began counting on his fingers.

“First—**Vision**. If you don’t see it first in your mind, you won’t build it in reality.

Second—**Molding**. Just like shaping the mud for the tank, life requires effort and adjustment. You must get your hands dirty.

Third—**Reading and Learning**. The old man improved his tank only after learning about the gutter system. You can’t fix a problem with the same thinking that created it.

Fourth—**Management**. The water leaked, yes—but he chose which leaks to fix and which to accept. You’ll never plug every hole. You manage what you can and let go of what you can’t.”

He paused, letting the words settle.

“That’s the essence, Paul. The rest of the tale... is what you make of it.”

## The Vision

### FIVE

After a moment of silence, John leaned forward and added,

“**Vision**. If that man hadn’t first envisioned the water tank—clearly and in detail—in his mind,

he never would have built it in the real world. Everything starts with a mental picture. And once you've seen it in your mind, you need motivation to bring it to life. Because trust me, there will always be people who say it's impossible."

Paul grinned. "Like friction always resisting motion—Newton's law. Ha!"

John chuckled. "Exactly! Like you said, the tank couldn't exist physically until it first existed mentally. Your joke makes sense—it *was* friction that gave it shape."

He leaned back in his chair, his voice turning more thoughtful.

"But here's the thing: the person with the biggest vision—the kind that even frightens them—often looks like a joke to others. And the loudest discouragement usually comes from those who've never gone anywhere. Some will even go out of their way to sabotage your progress... sometimes by pretending to support it."

He paused before adding, "A man without a vision is like someone walking without a destination. Every road will lead him 'there'—and wherever he ends up, he'll say that's where he meant to go. But really, he was lost from the start."

Just then, Paul's phone rang. He looked at the screen and groaned.

"Oh no... I had a date with my fiancée today at 2 PM. I'm running late! Can we wrap up so I don't get myself killed?"

John laughed warmly. "Of course. We've already covered the first essential—*Vision*. That's a solid place to pause."

"Next week," Paul said eagerly, standing up, "Can I come help you again? I really enjoyed this."

"My regular caddie might not like that," John teased, raising an eyebrow. "He may feel like you're trying to steal his job."

Paul laughed. "What kind of job is it—just to talk to you?"

"Actually," John said with a grin, "his job is to carry my golf clubs and hand me balls for smooth experience on the court"

"What I want is the conversation, Let the caddie keep his job. I'll just hang around until we continue the story." Paul replied.

"That's fine," John said. "He'll still get his monthly pay. You can join me next week. And next time you want," he added with a smile, "I'll teach you how to roll the club properly."

As they started walking back, John added, "Just remember—before you build a tall tank, you need to know how high you want it to be... and more importantly, you need a foundation strong enough to support that height."

Paul nodded thoughtfully. “So you mean, I should have a clear goal—say, the amount of wealth I want to accumulate—and then build a business model that can achieve it, right?”

“If that’s how you interpret it, sure,” John said. “But it’s not always about money. Life requires more than that.”

Paul’s mind drifted for a moment. *Easy for him to say, he thought. When you already have something, it can seem like nothing. This man has wealth, yet says it’s not that important.*

John glanced at Paul and read his expression easily.

“I know what you’re thinking,” he said gently. “Young people like you often don’t realize how precious life itself is. Until they get older. Then they’d trade all their wealth just to live another day. Believe me—I own a hospital. I see how much people are willing to pay for that one extra day.”

They walked to the driveway and shook hands.

“Thanks again,” Paul said.

Moments later, Paul’s phone buzzed. John had just sent him \$300.

“What’s this for, sir?” he asked, surprised.

“That’s the daily tip I give to my caddies,” John replied with a smile. “You helped me today—so you earned it.”

Paul left with a mix of amazement and quiet reflection.

## Balcony of Value

### Six

“Good morning, sir. I’m here to hand you our weekly report for review,” Paul said cheerfully after a long wait in the visitor lounge beside the reception. John was just finishing a meeting with his shareholders inside the conference room. As always, he wore a sleek Italian suit and polished black shoes that gleamed under the natural light—elegant yet understated.

“Yes, of course,” John replied. “Let’s sit out on the balcony. I’ve had enough of the recycled air from those artificial conditioners. That meeting took much longer than I expected.”

“No problem,” Paul said, following him out.

“I’ll join you shortly,” John added. “Let me first walk my colleagues to their cars.”

Paul noticed the group John was escorting to the parking lot. They looked affluent, but their clothes were modest—nothing extravagant, except for the glint of gold from their watches and a single striking necklace. The rest of their appearance was simple, practical.

As the secretary guided Paul to the balcony, he asked, curiosity getting the better of him, “Who are those people? John seems to hold them in high regard.”

The secretary smiled. “Well, John treats almost everyone with respect. He’s a gentleman, honestly—can you believe he even holds the door for me sometimes?”

Paul nodded. “Yeah, I’ve always noticed how humble he is. But there’s something different about how he treated those visitors.”

With a glance out the window, the secretary lowered her voice. “They’re board members of the group. Very important people.”

Soon John returned and requested cappuccino from the secretary, then turned to Paul. “Would you like anything?”

Paul shook his head. “I’m good. I already had coffee while waiting. And no worries about the delay—I was enjoying the magazines in reception. Some really interesting reads.”

“Yes, they are,” John agreed. “I like how the writers communicate more through images than lengthy text. Visual storytelling—it has its own power.”

As John sipped his hot cappuccino, he flipped through the report Paul had brought. They sat quietly for a moment before Paul leaned forward, eyes full of thought.

“Over the weekend, I kept thinking about what you shared Saturday—the importance of Vision. It really stuck with me. But I’ve been wondering... what comes next? What do you think about the concept of *molding*?”

John set his cup down, eyes twinkling with energy. “An engineer should wash his hands at least three times an hour. Otherwise, he’s good for nothing.”

Paul raised an eyebrow, unsure where this was going.

John smiled. “Let me explain. If you have a big vision—which is essential—you have to *do* something about it. If not, it’s not really a vision; it’s just a dream. The difference between a dream and a vision is the *desire and action* behind it.”

Paul raised his hand like a student in school. “Can I be honest?” he asked.

“Of course.”

“I’ve heard motivational speakers say this kind of thing a hundred times. And honestly, we all *know* we need to act on our dreams. But for most of us, especially the youth, the challenge isn’t desire—it’s resources. Office space, capital, startup funds... they all need money. And most of us don’t have any. Plus, no one is rushing to invest in people without a track record. So we end up stuck.”

John chuckled. “At last! I thought your list of challenges would never end,” he said teasingly. “But to me, they’re not challenges. They’re excuses.”

He leaned in. “It might not look like it from where you stand, but I know exactly what I’m talking about.”

Then he added, quoting reggae legend Lucky Dube with a smile: “*Don’t judge me by what you see. There’s more than you think inside of me.*”

“To build a million-dollar business doesn’t require rocket science—nor does it require *you* to have a million dollars,” he said firmly. “But to play the marble game, you do need *one* marble. Just one. You don’t need to own the whole box. But if you’ve ever played the game, you’ll understand the value of that single piece.”

Paul nodded slowly, letting the words sink in.

## Seven

John paused for a moment, then tapped a few things on his phone. Without looking up, he began, “According to Warren Buffett—the man I admire—and his mentor Benjamin Graham, you young people today *must* understand the meaning of the word *value*. Without it, you’ll never reach your full potential.”

Paul interrupted, “But I know what that word means.”

John ignored the comment and continued. “Look at your phone. What is its value?”

Paul thought for a second. “Well, I don’t remember exactly, but a second-hand one like mine goes for around \$300 to \$400 at IPOSITA market.”

John nodded slightly. “You see? You’ve confused *value* with *cost*.”

Curious now, Paul asked, “Then what’s the difference?”

John leaned forward. “*Value* is what that phone does for you. *Cost* is what you paid for it. As Buffett says, ‘Price is what you pay; value is what you get.’”

He went on, “Every business that survives is built around creating *value*—something someone is willing to pay for. At your job, for instance, they pay you not just to sit around, but because they believe you’ll deliver results that help *them* earn. Otherwise, they wouldn’t keep you.”

He gestured toward Paul's phone. "Someone in China designed that device to help you chat with your fiancée, take photos, make business calls... That's *value*. And you were willing to part with \$300 or \$400 to access it. If the phone ever loses that value—stops working or doesn't meet your needs—you won't hesitate to replace it. That's how value works."

Paul nodded thoughtfully. "That makes sense. But how does that mean I *don't* need money to start creating value like you did?"

John smiled. "Simple. Put that phone of yours up for auction at \$50. See how many people show interest."

"Of course!" Paul responded quickly. "That's a bargain. Everyone would jump at the opportunity. They'd try to take advantage of the price."

"Exactly," John replied. "The *value* stayed the same. Only the *price* changed. And people responded. That's what I'm saying. When your product or service genuinely offers value, money will chase *you*."

Just then, the secretary arrived and quietly poured coffee into John's cup, then left without a word.

John picked up the thread again. "Every successful business exists because it repeatedly creates something of *value* that others want or need—and offers it at a price they're willing to pay. If you do that consistently, it doesn't matter where you start. You will succeed."

Paul was silent now, flipping open his notebook and jotting notes with focus.

"And here's something else," John said, gesturing toward the balcony where earlier guests had stood. "If you build even a small business that provides true value, investors will come. They'll bring capital to help scale it, because they want to share in the benefits it's generating."

He took a slow sip of his coffee, then looked up.

"That's the approach I rely on most," he said. "The people you saw earlier—they're investors. They believed in my vision. Today, I presented them with our latest market research reports. I was pitching ideas that you proposed through your reports. You see, I don't need to fund everything myself to bring these ideas to life. In fact, the idea wasn't even mine to begin with—it was yours."

What I bring to the table is decision-making. I show my investors that I believe in these concepts enough to invest alongside them by showing the results from a prototype I tested with my small money as I said at least one marble is required for the game. I make the case that this venture will generate real value for the community—and, naturally, bring a return on investment. That's the essence of it."

Paul looked out over the balcony railing, as if seeing something new in the distance—perhaps an idea forming, a sense of possibility.

## Eight

In my office, most of my work revolves around reading. Sure, I write from time to time, but the bulk of my days are spent immersed in words—newspapers, quarterly and monthly reports, market insights, research papers, prototype results... the list is endless.

I read a lot because I've learned that if you don't read, you can't lead. Reading stretches the mind. It sharpens perspective. It prepares you to make decisions that matter. But here's the thing—what you choose to learn from makes all the difference.

You can choose the “sexy” sources: flashy YouTube videos, Instagram reels from motivational speakers, glossy lifestyle magazines. They're entertaining, yes—but often shallow. And if that's the extent of your learning, you're missing out.

True growth comes from the boring stuff—the thick books, the dense reports, the old-school teachers who aren't trending but have lived what they teach. That's where the real depth is found.

There's a Japanese proverb that says: *“If you board the wrong train, get off at the next station. The longer you stay on, the more expensive the return trip becomes.”* It's the same with learning. If you're on the wrong path—chasing shortcuts and empty inspiration—the longer you stay there, the harder and more costly it becomes to correct course, decision is yours about distractions.

So choose your sources wisely. Learn from books, from financial statements, from case studies. Listen to the quiet mentors, not just the loud performers. Never stop learning—because the moment you stop reading and growing is the moment you start fading.

## Nine

"Last but not least—like I told you before—you'll have to discover the remaining essentials for yourself. The ones I've shared are just mine," John said, setting his empty coffee cup gently on the table.

"Management takes many forms. People define it in all kinds of ways. But here's something to think about: the word *management*—if you break it down—becomes *Man*, *Age*, and *Ment*. That's not its actual etymology, but metaphorically, it's worth remembering. It reminds us that no matter how much we plan or achieve, time is always moving. We age. Life goes on. The real question is: how will you use this limited gift called life?

"Every night you lay your head down to sleep, there's no guarantee you'll open your eyes the next morning. That may sound harsh—but it's reality. Waking up is a blessing, not a right. So manage your life wisely. Live every day like it's your last. Love the people who matter. Be present. Pray with sincerity. And above all, live in a way you'd be proud to look back on—because you only get one chance."

He paused briefly, his tone deepening.

"And remember this: you can't do everything alone. You need others. You need help. Like Henry Ford said, if you're the CEO, don't try to be the engineer too. If you stretch yourself too thin, you'll burn out—and you'll miss the opportunity to reach your full potential."

John leaned forward, continuing, "In management, one of the most vital skills is learning to prioritize—knowing what to do yourself, what to delegate, and what to leave undone entirely. Some tasks have such little impact that, like the small leaks in the old man's water tank, they're better ignored. He didn't waste his energy patching every drop. Instead, he focused on sealing the major holes and improving the water inflow—because that's where real change happens."

He looked out toward the golf course in the distance.

"The same principle applies to your time. You only have 24 hours a day. Sleep will take at least 7 of those. Meals and daily routines will eat up another 5. That leaves you with just 12 hours to actually deliver results. And in those 12 hours, you must focus only on the tasks that truly move the needle. If something can be delegated and still produce a solid outcome, let someone else handle it."

He paused again and gave a knowing smile.

"Think about this—financially speaking, it's nearly impossible for a 30-year-old to be worth \$1 billion by working alone. To reach that, they'd have to generate \$91,324 in value every single day since the day they were born. No one can do that solo. That level of success requires systems, people, and strong delegation. You scale through others."

He leaned back in his chair and concluded, "So, focus on what matters most. Delegate the rest. That's how visions become reality."

Paul nodded, visibly moved.

"These ideas are powerful," he said. "I appreciate them deeply. Thank you. But... could you teach me more? Like—how to actually build a successful business? And there's a friend you once mentioned, someone who helped you early on. Can I know more about him?"

John smiled.

"Let's pause here for today," he replied. "Next Saturday, after golf, I'll tell you more about Godwin—my first employer—and walk you through how to launch a startup the right way."

Paul leaned back with a grin, already looking forward to it.

*Success isn't a secret. It's a story.*

#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

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