

BOUNDLESS VAULT

YOUR CRISIS REINVENTED

presents

STARTING FROM NOTHING

Five laws I learned eating from skips
that no coach with a clean past
will ever tell you

by *Marcin Weremczuk*

You think you know what rock bottom is.

You don't. Not yet. And I hope you never learn it the way I did.

I was born in communist Poland. I came to London with nothing: not a plan, not a network, not a word of comfort waiting for me. I slept in derelict buildings. I ate from skips.

Not as a story to tell later. As Tuesday. As dinner.

I am 50 now. I have studied psychology and philosophy. I have trained Muay Thai, sat in silence long enough to watch my own mind come apart and rebuild itself, guided divers through Thai water, stood on stages, recorded music. None of that erased the skips. It came out of them.

This is not my autobiography. You don't need my life. You need what the wreckage taught me: *because you are changing anyway*. You are always changing. The only question is whether you are in charge of it.

You are a verb, not a noun. Never finished. And everyone around you is handing you affirmations when what you need is a method.

Here are five laws. Each one cost me something. Take them.

LAW ONE

The bottom is information, not a verdict.

When you have nothing, your mind tells you the same lie on a loop: this is who you are now. The skip isn't a situation, it says. It's a sentence. A permanent one.

That's the lie that keeps people down there.

The bottom is not a statement about your worth. It's data about your position. Nothing more. A man in a hole and a man on a throne are the same man — one just has better information about how far down the ground can go. Once I understood that the ground was information, I stopped negotiating with the shame of it and started reading it.

Do this: Write down the worst sentence your mind repeats about your current situation. Now rewrite it as a fact about your position, not your person.

"I'm a failure" becomes "I have no income and no plan yet."
One is a verdict. The other is a map.
You can only move on a map.

LAW TWO

You are not your inherited character.

I was handed a self before I could choose one. Poland handed me one. Poverty handed me one. My family, the system, the men who came before me: each pressed a shape into me and called it Marcin.

Most people spend their whole lives defending a character they were cast in without auditioning for. They call it identity. It's a costume someone else stitched.

The day I understood that "who I am" was a rough draft — not a fixed thing but a thing under construction, and I held the pen — is the day the derelict building stopped being a prison and became a workshop. I had nothing left to protect. Which meant I had everything to rebuild.

Do this: Finish this sentence three times:

"I've always been the kind of person who..."

Look at what you wrote. Those aren't facts about your soul. They're old casting decisions. Circle the one that costs you the most. That's the first thing we burn.

LAW THREE

Discipline is the love no one gave you.

Nobody was coming to save me. No coach, no parent, no lucky break. When you truly absorb that — not as despair but as fact — something strange happens. The waiting stops. And in the space where the waiting was, discipline can finally grow.

Muay Thai taught me this in the body before my mind understood it. You show up. You are tired, you are hurting, you do not feel like it but you throw the kick anyway. Ten thousand times. The discipline is not punishment. It's the structure a person builds when they decide to become their own parent. It is love, administered by your own hand, on the days you can't feel it.

Motivation is a guest. Discipline is the house.

Do this: Choose one action so small it's almost insulting: five press-ups, one written page, two minutes of stillness.

Do it today whether you feel like it or not. Not for the result but for the vote. Because every rep is a vote for the person you're building. Cast one today.

LAW FOUR

Stillness is not softness.

It's where you meet the thing running you.

I have studied vipassana, vajrayana, dzogchen, zen. Not to float above life but to go underneath it, to the machinery.

Because here is what nobody tells you: most of your suffering is not happening to you. It's being manufactured by a part of you that runs in the dark, unwatched.

When I finally sat still long enough, I met it. The engine of my own reactions. The fear wearing my father's face. The hunger that was never really about food. You cannot change a machine you refuse to look at.

Sitting in silence is not escape. It is the most confrontational thing a person can do. It is turning to face the one opponent who's never lost to you: because you've never once turned around.

Do this: Sit for two minutes. No app, no goal, no fixing. Just watch what your mind does when it isn't allowed to run. Notice the discomfort: that pull to grab your phone, to do something. That pull is the thing running you. You just saw it. That's the whole beginning.

LAW FIVE

Suffering is raw material. Refuse to waste it.

I could have let the skips make me bitter. Plenty of people take their wound and spend the rest of their life presenting it as the reason they can't. The wound becomes the identity. The excuse hardens into a home.

I chose the other thing. I decided the suffering would not be for nothing: that it was ore, not a grave. Everything I now offer the world was smelted from the worst of it. The psychology, the philosophy, the ability to sit across from a broken stranger and actually reach them. None of it came from comfort. Comfort teaches you nothing. Only the fire does.

Your pain is not the thing standing between you and your life. Handled right, it is your life's material. The only waste is leaving it unforged.

Do this: Name your deepest wound in one sentence. Now ask the brutal question: what does this qualify me to understand that comfortable people never will? Write that down. That sentence is where your real work, maybe even your real work in the world begins.

THE VAULT DOOR

I gave you five laws. Reading them changes nothing.

You already know that. You've read a hundred posts that felt good and moved nothing. Nobody was ever transformed by information. Transformation happens when a shift moves through the body: when something you've carried for years finally goes quiet, or when a thing that once ruled you no longer does.

That doesn't come from a PDF. Not even this one. It comes from being seen clearly by someone who isn't inside your bubble with you.

So take these five laws and actually use them. Burn one inherited identity this week. Cast one vote for the person you're building. Sit for your two minutes. See what moves. And if something in you knows it's time to stop circling the same point: I'm here when you're ready. No pitch. Just a conversation.

→ When you want that conversation:

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You are not your thoughts, not your past, not the skip you're standing in. You are a boundless vault.

— Marcin