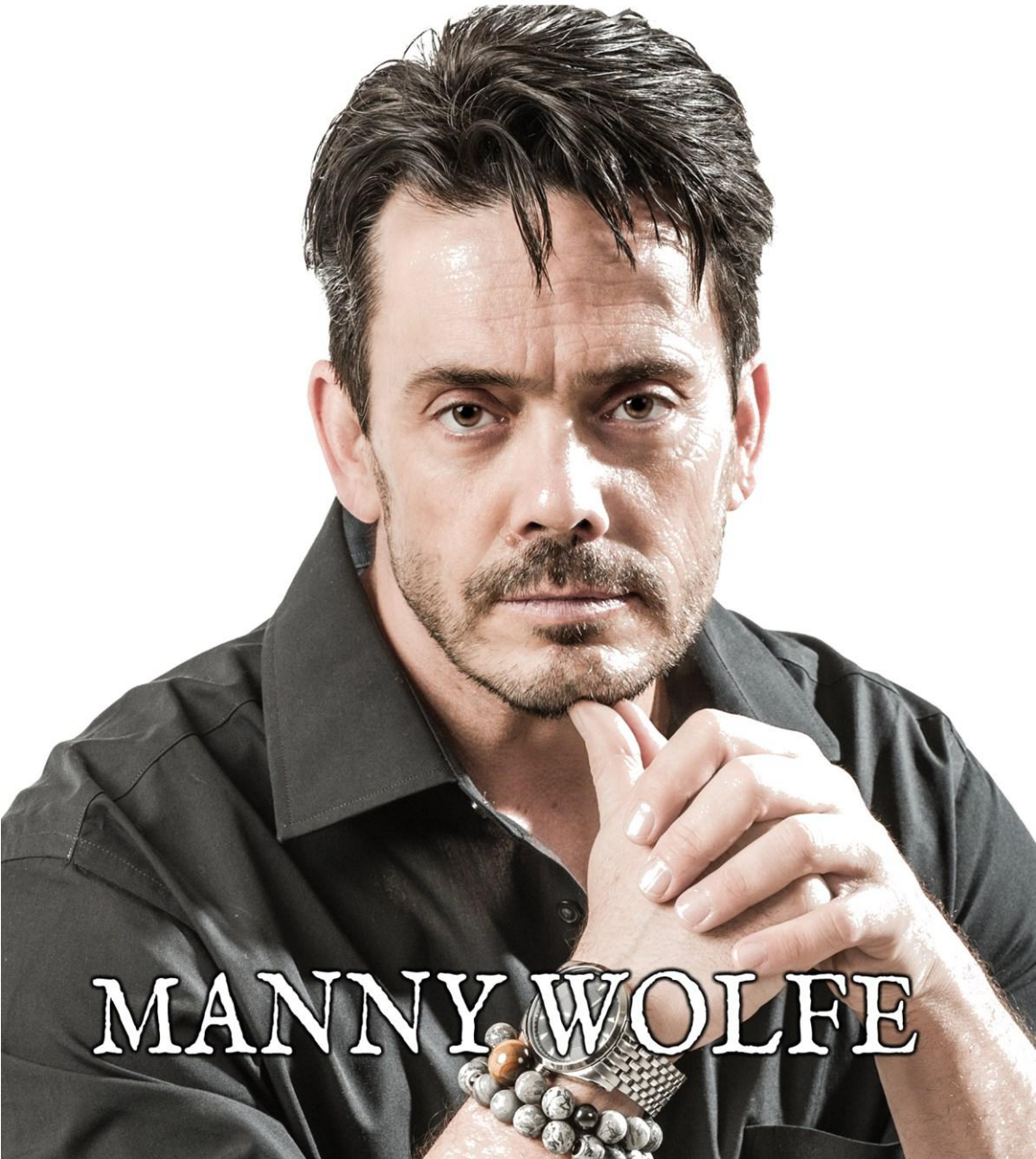


# THE TAO

OF THE UNBREAKABLE MAN



MANNY WOLFE

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by  
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# BROTHERHOOD

## 1

( EDDIE )

First of these friends was Eddie. He was squat, barrel-chested and devious looking. His curly auburn hair, he usually wore short. Naturally stocky and strong with a twinkle in his green eyes, he was unbelievably charismatic and relentless in pursuit of the things he wanted. He was a visionary, a true dreamer of dreams. He was also the consummate troublemaker and he did it with a flair and style that you just can't teach. He was Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Johnny Rotten and P.T. Barnum all rolled up into one.

It was Eddie who first taught us to smoke cigarettes and other essential life skills, like cutting school, smoking pot out of a bong, hallucinating on L.S.D. and taking speed. Truthfully, with our backgrounds, these things were bound to happen to us at some point but Eddie was our liaison to that world – not to be blamed, but not entirely innocent either.

If not for Eddie, we learned the pleasure of smoking Chesterfield non-filters and quaffing a double espresso whilst sitting in front of a sidewalk café. We discovered the thrill of getting someone to buy some cheap beer, for you and your friends to drink furtively behind the school, and sitting on the levee at sunset, watching the light turn the sky into a painting.

Eddie was the one who took the time to give certain buildings and landmarks in our neighborhood code names so that if we ever needed to run from the police and regroup later we could shout things to each other like

*“Meet at the ‘Jones house’” or*

*“Cut through the ‘Hall of Evasion.’”*

It was nonsense to the uninitiated but perfectly clear to us. Thanks to Eddie, we had a secret map in our minds that we superimposed over the city landscape giving us escape routes and rendezvous points all throughout our neighborhood and beyond.

Also, Eddie first introduced us to ‘ninjutsu’ – the way of the ninja (at least Eddie’s version.) He taught us how to use shadows to avoid detection, plus how to move silently and how to avoid tripping motion detectors. He shared other elements of what he called the ‘shadow arts’ with us. This included ‘ninja practice’ where we would all dress in black, armed with wooden weapons strapped to our bodies and practice cutting through people’s back yards and running across rooftops at night. The goal was to see how many routes we could find through our neighborhood without using the sidewalks. With Eddie’s help, we learned many secret routes between our houses and the parks in our area.

When we were about fourteen, we were all out one night doing ‘ninja practice,’ black outfits, wooden weapons at the ready. We were practicing ‘hiding in the shadows’ at the top of a freeway overpass and silently watching the homeless people and other passers-by down below on the sidewalk. Eddie came over to me and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and he signaled me to follow him.

Silently, we crawled over to where he’d just come from. We were at the top of the embankment the freeway rested on, roughly twenty-five feet up from the sidewalk. He pointed up and under the bottom of the freeway to where, tucked away in the shadows, there was an entry point to a small catwalk that ran the length of the right-hand side of the raised freeway.

The traffic above was providing noise cover so we risked talking.

*“Check this out! What do you think it is?” asked Eddie.*

*“Let’s check it out. It looks cool.”*

*“Should we get the other guys?”*

*“Yeah. I’ll be right back.”*

I scurried back to where the other guys were hanging out and signaled them to follow me. Soon, we were all gathered at the mouth of the catwalk.

*“Should we do some exploring?” asked Eddie.*

The consensus was unanimous. We should definitely do some exploring. One-by-one we climbed up onto the rickety two-by-six scaffolding planks that ran the foreseeable length of the catwalk. The catwalk itself was constructed of steel ‘L-shaped’ hooks placed every four feet or so along the underside of the outer edge of the actual freeway, presumably left there for maintenance reasons.

The walkway itself was shrouded in inky black darkness and it took a minute or so for our eyes to adjust. Once they did, we could see twenty or so yards down the walkway but no more. Once we were up, we had to stoop over slightly to avoid hitting our heads on the bottom of the concrete slab as we shuffled along the planks. We proceeded single file along the obscured path, walking face-first into cobwebs and other debris as we travelled. After a few yards, we began to use our little cigarette lighters to help us see the way.

If anyone had bothered to look up as we passed overhead, it would’ve looked like a small group of confused fireflies hovering just under the edge of the freeway, blinking in and out of sight. As we continued our journey, the freeway climbed higher and higher above the city until we were forty or fifty feet above ground level.

In some places, the several planks were deteriorating and splintering. In others, there was just one crumbling plank to a section. The underside lip of the freeway was on our right. On our left was only air with an occasional stretch of chain between twelve-foot sections. We all had to travel with our right hands on the wall. We reached the point where the freeway stretched over the port and the delta.

We could see we had only water beneath us and it was probably sixty feet down before you would even reach it. That’s when Rob’s foot suddenly slipped on a splintered plank.

He wobbled down to one knee and tried to grab a protective section of chain only to find air. Eddie spun like a cat and grabbed him as his leg and one of his arms hung precariously over the abyss that lead to the river below.

We all felt the plank beneath our feet shift abruptly.

I reached over and helped Eddie as he pulled Rob back up to safety. All of us stopped and let our banging hearts slow down for a few minutes. The splinters and debris Rob knocked off the plank took a very long time to hit the water below. At this point, we should have turned back but there is something about the immortality of teenage boys bolstering us to press on.

Soon after we crossed over the river and had land beneath us once more, a renewed sense of calm and self-assurance possessed us again. None of us stopped to think falling sixty feet onto land might hurt more than tumbling onto water. A few more yards and we heard the sounds of music and people with raised voices, though we couldn't make out what they were saying. We came to perch over what looked like a junkyard or industrial lot lying below us. There were perhaps thirty-five low-rider custom cars all parked around a huge bonfire. I estimated a hundred or more people there all told. They were having a good old time.

Off to one side, there were two men fighting in a circle of cheering onlookers, fists raised in the air, screaming and yelling. In another spot, we saw what appeared to be a girl on her knees, in front of a man with his pants around his ankles, his hands on her head. Even from our outlying vantage point, we could tell he was enjoying himself. Everywhere there were people with bottles in their hands and little wisps of smoke from the joints being passed around. Whoever these people were, they were doing it right!

After a few minutes of watching, Eddie said

*“Does anyone have any change?”*

*“What for?” asked Chris.*

*“Do you have any or not? You’ll see what for.”*

*“Let me check, hold on.”*

I too checked my pockets for change, coming up with a small handful. I looked over just as Eddie tossed a coin into the crowd below.

*“What the fuck are you doing, Eddie?” I demanded.*

*“Relax, there’s no way they can see us up here, even if they thought to look up.”*

The coin made an audible ‘Tink!’ as it hit the hood of one of the low riders. A couple of guys standing near the car looked around then seemed to dismiss it. Eddie threw another coin, ‘Tink!’

I heard one of the guys down below

*“What the fuck, man? What was that shit?”*

I launched a quarter, watched as it travelled for about a second or two, then, ‘Tink!’

*“Hey man, what the fuck is going on?” asked one of them.*

He turned down his music and looked around some more.

*“Did you throw something at my car, motherfucker?”*

*“Fuck you, Bro! I didn’t throw shit!”*

We let more pennies rain down from heaven, ‘Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink!’

*“Somebody is doing something. Shit keeps hitting my car, motherfucker!”*

We aimed at another car, ‘Tink!’ Now more of them were looking around confused. From up above, we could see a general level of agitation was reaching fever pitch as we watched. People started buzzing around. Accusations began to fly. A couple people pushed each other, stereos were turned down. People were pointing and shrugging. It looked like a hornets nest coming to life as the temperature arose.

Up above, we were laughing as quietly as we could, the wind blowing full in our faces, creating a mix of cold skin and warm laughter. We threw more pennies.

Soon the entire party was disrupted. People were fighting and arguing with each other about what was happening,

*“I saw you throw shit, bitch!”*

*“Fuck you! I didn’t do shit. You wanna get your ass kicked?”*

*“Look at my car. Fucking paint is scratched! What the fuck?”*

*“Too bad for you but I didn’t do that shit.”*



And then we watched as one of the men reached under his shirt and produced a small black rod which he held in his hand like a gun. We were transfixed. We sat perfectly still, then ‘Crack!’

We heard a loud pop and the other man bent at the hip, clutching his side

*“You fucking SHOT me, motherfucker!”*

*“You still gonna kick my ass?”*

*“You fuckin’ shot me! What the fuck?”*

Suddenly, cars started to leave. The music died, to be replaced by the sound of tires screeching. Dust rose into the air from all directions. We watched as the man who had been shot limped to his car and got inside. The other man walked calmly back to his low rider, got in and drove away.

Still high above, we watch as the injured man started his car and backed it up, accidentally hitting the base of the freeway column that stretched from the ground to just in front of where we were hiding.

Something about watching him bump into the column acted as the signal for us to go. We all moved silently as one, back the way we had come. As we made our way sirens filled the air.

That was my best friend, Eddie.

**If you have enjoyed the sample and would like to read the full book here are the Amazon links.**

Paperback: [US](#) [UK](#)

Kindle: [US](#) [UK](#)

*For press and publicity enquiries please contact [manny@mannywolfe.com](mailto:manny@mannywolfe.com)*

## **“I found myself living with a hooker, buying and selling drugs and slowly rotting in Chico”**

Born in a hippy commune in Berkeley, California, during the notorious ‘Summer of Love,’ Emmanuel Wolfe’s childhood, was marked by violence, brainwashing, drug abuse, and worst of all, no guidance.

Drifting from place to place and job to job, unable to settle, living a life steadily becoming utterly out of control, he ended up a hopeless, homeless, deadbeat, addicted to drink and drugs, on a dizzying downward spiral, smashing down to rock bottom.

Manny Wolfe was able to turn his life around. This story is nothing less than a testament to what can be achieved with the power of self-belief to create a better future.

He now works with people all over the world who want to transform their lives through communication mastery, mindset mastery and internal transformation. His story is nothing less than a testament to what we can achieve when we never give up belief in ourselves and our ability to create our reality.

From the moment I picked up *The Tao* I could barely tear myself away. It’s been a very long time since any book has captivated and held my attention this way. Manny gives a raw and real account of his upbringing that plays like a movie in your head as you are reading.

*Vicki Irvin, Superwoman Lifestyle*

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