

Fallen: But Not Broken is a powerful, deeply personal memoir chronicling the journey of a 45-year-old high-achieving manager who built a remarkable career at the top levels of global business - only to lose it all in an instant. With a PhD (doctorate), MBA (Master of Business Administration), multiple certifications including PMP (Project Management Professional), and a reputation as a unique corporate talent, he spent 21 years exceeding expectations in a relentless climb. But when a sweeping reorganization ended his tenure and sent him into a year-long garden leave, he was forced to face something success had never prepared him for: stillness, silence, and self-confrontation.

Fallen: But Not Broken is not just the story of one man - it's a mirror for anyone facing professional reinvention, emotional collapse, or a world that has moved on without them. This memoir offers not solutions, but solidarity - and a spark of hope that the fall doesn't have to be the end.

Fallen but Not Broken is a gripping journey that plunges you headfirst into life's deepest, darkest canyons - an adrenaline rushes akin to a daring bungee jump into the unknown. Just when the fall feels endless, it pulls you back to solid ground, leaving you standing tall, a smile on your face, and a renewed sense of strength, as if the leap itself had reset everything.

Walking with Lions!

Life is like walking with lions.

When you're young, you're drawn in by their beauty - the golden manes, the confident strides, the roar that shakes the earth. You think they'll admire your courage for stepping into their world. You smile, unafraid, thinking you're one of them.

But lions don't care about your dreams. To them, you're either part of the pride - or prey. One wrong move, one show of weakness, and you're reminded of the truth: inexperience is a scent they can smell.

At first, you're just an object in the background, unnoticed. Then you become the subject of their gaze. Suddenly, the game shifts. The same lions that once walked beside you are now watching you, calculating.

You learn quickly - or you don't survive.

But time teaches. Scars turn into wisdom. Fear sharpens into awareness. You start to walk differently - not timidly, but with calm. You begin to understand the unspoken rules, the power of silence, the strength in restraint.

And one day, you realize: you're not just in the cage. You're walking with the lions - not as prey, not as a fool, but as someone who's earned their place among them.

The lions are not sleeping.



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Introduction - Between the Fall and the Rise

It's difficult to describe the sound of silence after the storm.

After two decades spent in high-powered boardrooms, juggling time zones and billion-dollar strategies, I suddenly found myself staring at my kitchen wall on a Monday morning. No meetings. No emails. No calendar alerts. Just quiet.

I had spent 21 years building a career most would envy. I was the go-to leader for turnaround projects, the trusted manager for complex transformations, the one who could always be counted on to deliver results - under pressure, with integrity, and often ahead of schedule. I held a Doctorate in Science, an MBA, a Project Management Professional certification, and enough diplomas, awards, and performance reviews to fill a library shelf. I was a high performer in a high-stakes world.

And then, I wasn't.

It happened fast. A corporate restructuring. A shifting strategy. New priorities. A senior leadership conversation that ended with a polite handshake and a generous garden leave package. Just like that, I was no longer needed. No big farewell party. No dramatic scandal. Just the cold efficiency of organisational change.

I didn't feel anger at first. I told myself it was a gift. A year of paid time to reflect, to rest, to explore. And I did. I travelled. I further educated myself. I wrote. I published academic papers. I reflected on my growth as a leader - on the lessons, the failures, the near-burnouts, and the triumphs. I reconnected with my identity outside of the office, with my curiosity, my voice, my story.

But then the garden leave ended. And the silence deepened.

What came next was something I had never anticipated: rejection. Not once or twice - but dozens of times. Applications vanished into algorithmic black holes. Interviews were few, and when they came, they felt shallow, performative, misaligned. The very experience that had once made me sought-after now seemed too heavy, too senior, too “overqualified.” Artificial intelligence-driven screening tools filtered me out before I could even speak.

I began to ask painful questions. Was I no longer relevant? Had the world moved on without me? What did it mean to be a leader when no one asked you to lead?

As the months dragged on, I sank - first into self-doubt, then into something darker. Depression is not a sudden storm; it's a quiet fog that creeps in, day after day. You lose your energy. Then your confidence. Then your sense of worth. I, who had led teams across continents, could barely lead myself out of bed.

People first! That's the slogan you'll find proudly displayed by most big corporations. And yes, in a way, it was true. But it took me twenty-one years to finally understand what it really meant. *Which* people? The answer was obvious once I saw it: not the workforce, but the investors. Those were the “people first.” And, as it turned out, I was among them. I held shares in several companies, yet I had never realised that I was part of that capitalist circle considered the most important. In the corporate world, even when results are stellar- double-digit growth, record-breaking profits - it is still never enough. There's always a push for more: more shares, more profit, higher dividends. And who pays the price in this endless game of “not enough”? People. But not the “people first.” The price is paid by the workers, the ones who give everything to make those great results even greater. That, in truth, is the reality of modern globalisation and corporate strategy.

This book is not a manual. It's not a roadmap. It's not even a clean narrative. It's a chronicle of falling - and what I've learned so far about getting back up.

I've written this memoir because I believe we need to talk more openly about the hidden chapters of success - the quiet crises behind impressive résumés (CVs). About the deep identity shock that follows professional loss. About how brutal the job market can be, even for the most accomplished. About the toll of living in a system that measures value through LinkedIn titles and not through human potential.

But more importantly, I've written this to offer a spark of hope. Because while I did fall, I am not broken.

This is a story of reinvention. Of failure and faith. Of finding something human beneath the professional armor. If you've ever felt left behind by your own story, I hope these pages make you feel seen.

Welcome to *Fallen: But Not Broken*. Let's begin with the moment everything changed - the day after.



Chapter 1: Day After

The alarm still went off at 7:00 a.m.

Habit, muscle memory, or maybe a futile attempt to keep some structure. I didn't need it anymore. There were no calls to prep for, no strategy decks to finalise, no last-minute emails from the CEO's office. But I let it ring, then silenced it without moving.

For a moment, I stared at the ceiling and asked myself the same question over and over: *What now?*

That day didn't come with any explosion. No dramatic walkout, no betrayal, no moral failing. Just a reorg. One of many. I had even led some myself over the years - cold, necessary, surgical adjustments designed to please investors and "align with market priorities."

Now I was the line item someone else had cut.

On paper, it looked clean: a full garden leave package, a thank-you message from the headquarters, and access to career transition support. Respectful. Professional. Generous, even. But emotionally, it was like stepping off a moving train - one I had been driving for years - only to find myself on the tracks, with the silence humming in my ears.

But what truly caught me off guard was the morning itself - not just the emptiness, but the pain.

After 21 years of running on adrenaline, stress, long-haul flights, late-night decisions, and performance pressure, my body crashed. It didn't slow down - it simply collapsed. I woke up and couldn't feel my legs or hands. At first, I thought it was a passing numbness, but as I tried to rise from bed, I realised I couldn't even sit up. My limbs were unresponsive, heavy, foreign.

I needed help to get to the bathroom. My partner, confused and concerned, supported me, practically carrying me there. And then, sitting on the toilet, I couldn't even remove my boxers. I sat there, helpless, ashamed, until I felt a slow warmth trickle down my legs.

That was the moment I truly felt it - not just jobless, not just lost, but *fallen*.