

Synopsis: Not for Everyone

There are moments when we know exactly what we need to do, and still, we stop. Not because we lack ability, clarity, or desire, but because moving forward also means exposing ourselves to a life we do not yet know how to sustain.

In *Not for Everyone*, Noel H. Hodgson explores self-sabotage, the need to be seen, the exhaustion of repeating the same patterns, and the discomfort of recognizing yourself while failing yourself once again. Through intimate and direct prose, the book enters those nearly imperceptible seconds when an opportunity is postponed, a decision is avoided, and a reasonable explanation appears to justify what, deep down, we had already decided not to do.

This is not a journey toward perfect transformation. Here, understanding yourself does not guarantee change, moving forward does not always mean leaving your former self behind, and self-awareness can become another form of exhaustion. But there is also something that cannot be undone: once you recognize the pattern, you can no longer pretend you do not see it.

Not for Everyone offers no easy answers or promises of a better version of yourself. It is an honest confrontation with what continues to repeat even after you have understood it. And perhaps not everyone is willing to look at themselves that way.

It Wasn't the Fear of Losing

It wasn't the fear of losing.

Loss has always had a familiar sound...

like a door closing without making much noise.

I have lost before.

And I have done it quietly,

with the resignation of someone who no longer expects things to stay.

But this...

this was different.

Because this time there was no chaos,

no broken excuses scattered across the floor,

no one I could blame without feeling unfair.

There was only me.

And a possibility beginning to take shape.

And that is uncomfortable.

Because when achievement stops being a distant dream

and becomes something you can touch,

it also stops being innocent.

It becomes a kind of mirror.

One that does not ask whether you want it...

but whether you are capable of sustaining
what you have always asked for.

And that was when I understood something
I did not want to understand:

perhaps I had never been afraid of falling,
but of being unable to inhabit the version of myself
that would no longer have anywhere to run.

Because winning...

does not always feel like rising.

Sometimes it feels like staying,

without distractions,

without noise,

without a story to tell

to explain why you did not make it.

You are no longer someone who is trying.

You are someone who now has to be.

And that weighs more than any defeat.

Author's Note

Each of my books begins with a question, a wound, a memory, or a part of life that needed to find its way into words. I do not write to offer perfect answers, but to approach with honesty those emotions we often feel and do not always know how to express.

I invite you to enter these stories without rushing, to discover the different voices, characters, and fragments that shape my literary world. You may not recognize yourself on every page, but perhaps you will find a sentence, a scene, or an emotion that stays with you and reminds you that someone else has been there too.

Each book opens a different door.

This one may be the first.

Welcome to my work.

Noel H. Hodgson