

For Review only

JIX SZE

CHASING THE DRAGON OUT

Marshall Cavendish Editions

Chasing the Dragon Out is an honest no-holds barred biography. Author Jix Sze shares about his delinquent teenage years – his drug addiction, the illegal activities he participated in and the life he lived as a heroin addict. His account of events, experiences and harrowing moments also offer a glimpse of the activities, happenings and culture in 1970s Singapore. The account of his life after addiction focuses on the transformation that brought about purpose and empowerment. The concluding part of the book centres on his current passion in chasing a different rush in life.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

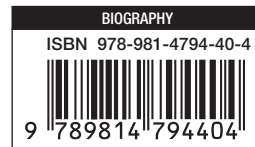
Jix Sze is a training consultant and inspirational speaker and has worked with government agencies as well as leading private sector companies.

“Jix overcame his deep reluctance to write about his personal struggles with gangs, drugs and prison; and he has written a frank account of the darkness and tragedy that comes with drug abuse. He points us to ponder about the resilience and grace that shore up a man’s journey to recovery; a recovery that is sobering as well as inspiring.”

— Dr Tan Lai Yong

Author of *Biting The Bamboo*, also known as the Singaporean “Barefoot” Doctor and “Wandering Saint”

visit our website at:
www.marshallcavendish.com/genref



CHASING the DRAGON OUT

An inspiring story
of a drug addict's
altered destiny

by JIX SZE

For Review only

CHASING
the DRAGON
OUT

A stylized black silhouette of a dragon's head, facing left, with its mouth open as if breathing fire. The dragon's head is integrated into the letter 'O' of the word 'OUT' in the title.

For Review only

CHASING the DRAGON OUT

An inspiring story
of a drug addict's
altered destiny

by **JIX SZE**

For Review only

© 2018 Jix Sze and Marshall Cavendish International (Asia) Private Limited

Published by Marshall Cavendish Editions
An imprint of Marshall Cavendish International



All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright owner. Requests for permission should be addressed to the Publisher, Marshall Cavendish International (Asia) Private Limited, 1 New Industrial Road, Singapore 536196. Tel: (65) 6213 9300
E-mail: genref@sg.marshallcavendish.com
Website: www.marshallcavendish.com/genref

The publisher makes no representation or warranties with respect to the contents of this book, and specifically disclaims any implied warranties or merchantability or fitness for any particular purpose, and shall in no event be liable for any loss of profit or any other commercial damage, including but not limited to special, incidental, consequential, or other damages.

Other Marshall Cavendish Offices:

Marshall Cavendish Corporation. 99 White Plains Road, Tarrytown NY 10591-9001, USA • Marshall Cavendish International (Thailand) Co Ltd. 253 Asoke, 12th Flr, Sukhumvit 21 Road, Klongtoey Nua, Wattana, Bangkok 10110, Thailand • Marshall Cavendish (Malaysia) Sdn Bhd, Times Subang, Lot 46, Subang Hi-Tech Industrial Park, Batu Tiga, 40000 Shah Alam, Selangor Darul Ehsan, Malaysia

Marshall Cavendish is a registered trademark of Times Publishing Limited

National Library Board, Singapore Cataloguing-in-Publication Data

Name(s): Sze, Kay Hwa Jix.

Title: Chasing the dragon out : an inspiring story of a drug addict's altered destiny / by Jix Sze.

Description: Singapore : Marshall Cavendish Editions, [2017]

Identifier(s): OCN 1011542306 | ISBN 978-981-4794-40-4 (paperback)

Subject(s): LCSH: Sze, Kay Hwa Jix. | Drug addicts—Singapore—Biography. | Juvenile delinquency—Singapore—Biography.

Classification: DDC 362.29092—dc23

Book design by Bernard Go Kwang Meng

Printed in Singapore by Markono Print Media Pte Ltd

*With thanks and dedication to:
Dr Ronald P. Ng, Dr Tan Lai Yong,
Miss Cel Ng and Dr Weelai Suwanarat.*

For Review only

CONTENTS

Foreword • 9

Preface • 12

Introduction • 15

1 Early Years Jinx • 17

MX Treats • 25

Satay Stick Trip • 27

Heroin, Hell Bound • 32

2 The Dragon Years • 38

Chasing a Smoke Dragon Rush • 39

Secret Societies, Gangs and Hippies • 40

Order of the Day • 56

Hard Hot Money • 62

A Night Soil Bucket Confrontation • 69

Poisoned Heroin • 72

3 Escaping Arrest and Time • 77

Being Chased • 78

A Needle in Marine Parade • 81

A Misunderstood Weigh (Twenty or Fifty Cents) • 85

Cold Turkey or Court Martial • 88

Last Chance Miracle • 93

Powerless Effort • 96

4 Life after Bondage • 102

A Watershed • 103

A Lingered Puff • 105

Monsieur English and I • 108

My World of Work • 111

Past and New Ties • 121

Paper Wait and Weight • 123

Self-Exploration Unrationed • 128

5 Time of a Different Rush • 133

Inspiring Learning for Empowerment • 134

Epilogue • 140

About the Author • 143

For Review only

FOREWORD



I am a medical doctor, and I first knew Jix when he brought his mother to see me. Over the years that I was looking after his mother, I found he was very courteous towards everyone, not only to his mother and me, but to my staff and the cleaning lady of my clinic as well. He was also a model of filial piety. Gradually, I looked upon him as a friend and the first hint he was a devout Christian was when I first bought my car insurance from him and his partner. He gave me an invoice bearing the company's name "Eloi Harvestfield". He then explained to me the meaning of Eloi – name of God. I took it then that naming his company Eloi Harvestfield was his way of expressing gratitude and thanks for the bountiful harvest he was receiving – not knowing the story behind his life.

After his mother passed away, he continued seeing me on and off for various minor conditions and I continued to be his client, with him acting as the agent for my car's insurance. Then in 2016, it came as a bombshell to me when he told me he was a drug addict. I couldn't imagine a

well-mannered man, courteous beyond a fault, honest in his business dealings, was at one time a drug addict, a swindler and even a thief. Having read his book now and seeing how he has turned around, I am proud to say I am his friend, his doctor and his client, and am honored by his asking me to write this Foreword.

This book chronicles Jix's "descend into hell", the hell of heroin addiction, and how that addiction turned him virtually into a slave – living and working solely for the next fix. It also drove him into petty crimes, such as stealing and swindling. Normal human relations were not possible, for sooner or later, for want of money to feed his addictions, those relationships became broken. A chance arrest turned him around. His previous attempts at the "cold turkey" treatment to free himself from addiction failed. After the arrest, he was required to furnish a urine sample for drug testing, and if the test was positive, he would be charged and imprisoned. He prayed for a miracle that the test would be negative, knowing full well in his heart that that was unlikely. But to his surprise, the test was negative. That was the beginning of his relationship with his God. He also realised it was not just a question of will power and suffering the "cold turkey", there must be a changed relationship between him and himself, him and society, and him and his God. That story of how he managed to escape the clutches of addiction will offer hope to others in a similar situation. It offers a first hand account and insight into the mind of an addict how change could be effected. The drug addicts, the social workers, the authorities planning programmes for the rehabilitation of addicts are all recommended to read that story. The last chapter on his "Finding Jix", on his self-discovery of his own potentials and goals is a live

demonstration of that dictum of Socrates, "An unexamined life is not worth living." Here is a man, how he has examined his own life, and turned around his previous meaningless life, into one full of meaning and love, and a passion to inspire and teach others.

Perhaps I might now look at ELOI as an acronym of Jix's life:

E is to Excel in following his passion

L is for the love of God

O is for organised, the way he has now organised his life,

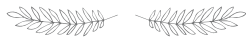
I is to Inspire others, that it is possible to leave that hell hole of addiction and start life afresh.

Dr. Ronald P. Ng

MBBS, FRCP(E), FRCP(G), FAMS

Mount Elizabeth Medical Clinic

PREFACE



In late 1999 I was a distributor of children's books and educational games. At the time to understand book distribution and publishing, I attended workshops and seminars. In the process, I met industry players like publishers, writers, illustrators, distributors and printers. In the course of that sector involvement I met a writer who mooted the idea of her writing a book about my life story. I declined her offer then. Having a book about my life never crossed my mind neither does it intrigue me. Because a story about a life of heroin addiction and its crime is nothing unique. There are individuals with such life stories and many have even more dramatic anecdotes.

Nine years later in 2008, that idea returned as I was sharing my testimony in a talk, when somebody approached me and offered to ghost-write my story. "Your life is truly worth telling in a book," he said. Again I declined. However, from that exchange, I gave the matter more thought and came up with a different twist. I thought to myself, "I will start documenting my life story, it will be a meaningful goal to set on my 30th-

year new life anniversary." My aim was to produce a meaningful personal chronicle; recounting my past life, accounting for my life ensuing that past and on having lived a fulfilling life. And also, to get ready to be accountable for what will unfold in my years ahead. However, I decided that this personal document would remain private and had no intention to have it published. I did not aspire to have a book about my life; and I did not want a biography to turn into a self-glorification of my past.

Since that first instance in late 1999, I was approached on five occasions to have my life story written, with the last two approaches happening in 2012 and 2016. In the 2012 occasion, a gentleman that would have court-martialled me in 1977 expressed interest in writing a book about my life in Mandarin; I declined his offer. In the 2016 occasion, a corporate company that I was engaged with as a consultant mooted the idea. Again I declined.

So why do it now?

Another nine years on in 2017, that idea of a book made its relentless return. I have been sharing my life story through talks but never did it in literary form except in my personal E-Portfolio. The portfolio is not publicly accessible. Then in October 2016 a brief piece of my life story was featured in my university's e-alumni news. Every time I share my story through talks, I get a very encouraging response from my audience. Surprisingly, my E-Portfolio and the feature done by my university also brought encouraging responses from readers.

In late 2016 I started pursuing a new goal which is to offer programmes and talks on inspirational matters. This brought more advice to write a book, to enhance my authority as an inspirational speaker. Some of the advice also alluded to the fact that as I am not well-known, people may not want to listen to

For Review only

me. I am not sure if such a belief is founded, that if I author a book, it equates me to being an authority on a subject. Whether fame would come with having a book to my name I am also not sure but it is certainly an avenue for publicity.

People generally appreciate stories and even though some story lines can be common, every one of us has a story to share. Personal stories are powerful especially one that provides an “inside view” into an individual’s life. Because it tells of the uniqueness of that one individual even if the story is not unique. It is my hope that my story will provide an inspiring read for my readers. And if it should so happen to garner greater visibility for me, that would be a bonus. Finally, this book is also a gift to myself as I approach my 40th new life anniversary in 2018.

INTRODUCTION



This is an autobiography of my life. Through the help of my research and recollection of my 40 years of memories I hope that my writing will offer an accurate or at least a close enough account of my life. The book presents insights into my heart wrenching past as a teenager. My account covers the sprouting and formative years of my delinquency, to my drug addiction, the illegal activities and the kind of life I lived as a heroin addict. The book reels back to the 1970s to give a personal account of those wretched years’ events, experiences and harrowing moments. It also offers a glimpse of the activities, happenings and culture in those years in Singapore.

Following after the account of my early years, the book also shares about a defining moment in my life, which delivered me from the bondage of heroin addiction, delinquency and also averted a possible criminal conviction. It also includes an account of my life after my heroin addiction. This covers the path of my transformation which brought purpose and empowerment in my life, and altered my destiny. It also

touches on my accomplishments and successes. In addition, the book is also filled with moments of inspiration, nuggets of encouraging words and six of my inspirational poems. My aim is to inspire people to pursue self-exploration and learning to empower themselves and achieve their personal greatness.

The concluding part of the book centres on my current passion in chasing a different rush in my life. A passion derived from a life of chasing a smoke dragon rush and eventually chasing the dragon out of my life, followed by 40 years of successful endeavours and achievements.

For Review only



1

EARLY YEARS JINX



“Quick get the monk, I think he’s not breathing!” shouted the coffee shop owner. Shortly a monk came and felt the pulse of that person and then pronounced, “I’m afraid he has passed away.”

My father came from Shanghai, China and was a carpenter. According to my mother, he was very skilled at his craft and I have been told that I resemble him a lot. Whenever I reminisce about that little time I spent with my father, it would always transport me back to that fateful breakfast session. Two half boiled eggs, a few slices of toasted bread with a few rectangular pieces of yellow cold butter on a spread of brown kaya and a cup of coffee. That was our usual order for our regular breakfast sessions. I can still see myself slurping those half boiled eggs down my throat from the coffee cup saucer. I can also picture that image of my father dipping his toast into his own saucer of half boiled eggs.

On that fateful morning I was only four years old when my father died of a heart attack with me still seated on his

lap in our favourite Hainanese coffee shop. I was oblivious of his demise partly because of my age, but also partly because I was heartily enjoying our favourite order. All those memories initially were vague to me but they became vivid in my mind over time when my mother related them to me. And unfortunately, these are the only memories I have of my father and of the time I spent with him. I was too young then to realise that I had lost my father; a significant adult that could lead and guide me in the journey to my future. Strangely however, I did feel the loss of a breakfast buddy and an adult who would take me in his arms, eat and hang out with me and of course pay for it. My breakfast rendezvous with my father had come to an abrupt end. And inexplicably, as if to mark that fateful end, I have stopped eating half boiled eggs ever since.

From one fateful and sad abrupt end came the beginning of another fateful event. On my first day of kindergarten at a late age of five, as I entered its compound, a bull’s head met my eyes. That bull’s head was the symbol of an opposition party that was operating kindergartens. I was frightened by its demeanour so it became a reason in my subconscious mind to dislike studying. Apparently, a very young shoot of truancy sprouted on that very day, turning my first day at the kindergarten into my last day. News of my disappearance from the kindergarten swiftly reached my mother. Till today, I am still baffled by how the news got to her so quickly.

Together with the help of several carpenters and rice warehouse coolies, my mother launched a search party. Some hours later, they found me under a big cargo lorry, hiding behind one of its big wheels. I must have thought that since I was no taller than its wheel, it would make a good hiding place. Obviously, I was wrong. Dragged home against my will

and rights, I had my first taste of many beatings to come. In any case, I never attended another kindergarten thereafter.

Amazingly, my dislike for studying did not erupt into truancy in my earlier Primary levels. I cannot quite recall what kept it in check, but I guess it was because I enjoyed school and disliked studying. The reason I enjoyed school was because I had friends there, like-minded friends who disliked studying as well. On the other hand, I was an energetic and hyperactive boy and I was also quite athletic and excelled at sports. I participated in inter-class basketball, soccer and badminton competitions. I also took part in the school's sports events: I was involved in the 100 and 200 metres and team baton relay events, as well as the long jump and high jump events.

My athleticism and high adrenaline personality made me a competitive and sometimes combative person. I used to compete in kicking the "chatek" for money; it was a popular Asian game back then played by children. The game only had one item which resembles a shuttlecock. It comprised a bunch of feathers – I think they were rooster feathers – and a round rubber disc as the base which held the feathers together.

The rules of the game are very simple. To determine who gets to start first, every player must kick the chatek with the inside of his foot as many times as he can, keeping the chatek airborne without letting his foot touch the ground. The player with the most kicks gets to start first. During the game, the player has to kick the chatek as many times as he can without the chatek falling to the ground, though he can put his foot down after each kick. We used to make our bets more challenging, by not allowing the player to put his foot down even during the game. That means standing on one leg and kicking the chatek with the other leg without

touching the ground. And the player with the most number of kicks, wins.

Sadly, my first five decent exciting years ended its run during the mid-term of my Primary School Leaving Examination (PSLE) year. It was as if hell's gate was left ajar at a timely moment, with truancy rearing its head once again. For the final half of that year, I was absent from school for a noticeable period, but it did not warrant a parent and teacher's meeting because I had learned to forge my mother's signature which I used on fabricated medical leave letters. It was a skill that I found to be very resourceful because I went on to use it in my Secondary school years to absent myself from school quite often. Astonishingly, I passed my PSLE, but something detrimental precipitated – for that year marked the dawning of my wastrel teenage life.

Except for the lack of enthusiasm in studying, I always had the aptitude for learning anything else that interests me. However, I did not realise that my strength was also my weakness, which eventually placed me in harm's way. In that same final half of that year, which was the year 1970, I acquired all the prerequisites of a young delinquent. I started smoking, drinking, fighting and gambling. I also picked up several languages and dialects. Foul languages and dialects, that is! With it, I learned to punctuate my quarrels, swear and curse. As for gambling, it had always been the least of my preoccupations because I was often broke. Moreover, I am also terribly unlucky when it comes to gambling. I seldom win. I suppose I am born to work for my money. I was 12 years old in 1970. Though not a chain smoker, I was smoking at least every other day and about several sticks each day. Drinking was more of a weekend indulgence because it was costly compared to smoking.

For Review only



4

LIFE AFTER BONDAGE



A Watershed

Fear though I may be; but in the name of my well-being I will take the fight to it.

Although my heroin addiction was never caused by a singular event or reason, my deliverance from the bondage of heroin addiction was, by that defining event. Nevertheless, even after receiving a miracle I was mindful then that life after bondage was going to be a long and arduous journey. I would have to deal with lurking temptations, lingering haunting memories and contaminated mind-sets from that wretched life. And concurrently learning, figuring out and working on establishing a new life.

In my opinion, I feel that the most challenging aspect of human life is living life well and of course, this then begs the question of subjectivity and by whose standards. Up till now, I am always conscious of the benchmarks of society but I am not concerned as I have my own framework of measurement.

It was from then that my new-found faith became the foundation on which I was to establish my framework of measurement and set the direction for my new life journey.

Notwithstanding that spirit of enthusiasm for a new life, re-entering society was an intimidating endeavour. Knowing that there would be a stigma on an ex-drug addict and that society might perceive drug addiction in connection to shady and criminal behaviour. Some of my friends have died and some others were going in and out of prison. For me, I have escaped probable death from poisoned heroin, spared a criminal conviction and a prison sentence. Notably, I have also been triumphantly freed from the bondage of heroin addiction and that wretched life. That life of addiction, crime and all its delinquency might make me look like I was a gutsy person but it was just bravado and not true courage. That life to me was never worth living; if I had the courage to commit suicide I would have ended it all then. Weighing all that had happened, starting afresh in life was always an intimidating unknown.

I never thought of turning back even though I knew that re-entering society to start a new life and living life well seemed very challenging then. On the other hand that watershed brought hope of a new beginning that became my inspirational impetus. For it endowed me with true courage to take on and pursue that intimidating endeavour. When I re-entered society, I had nothing else except a promise to myself that I must be determined and disciplined in whatever I do in my life. I was poor (monetary), had no qualification, was poor in the English language and had a contaminated mind-set with warped attitudes. So I had to put in place a strategy to guide me in my learning and growing in order to achieve a distinct transformation of myself.

At that time I said to myself that I would hold this mind-set that “no one or life is obligated to meet me half-way”. This was to dispel any expectation from life, people and society on the whole for pity and empathy. While my offensive weapon is determination and discipline in living life, my mind-set is the “Weapon of My Defence” (WMD).

Never have I been naive, ignorant and nonchalant even till today that my life after bondage will be smooth going especially after a miraculous deliverance; that my life was going to enjoy a fairy-tale ending. And anyway, life never promised that it would be smooth going even till death do us part. Moreover, life does not hand discounts nor make special contextualised deals with you just because you have put in place a strategy of so-called “weaponry preparedness”. Neither is it intimidated by your planning and readiness; its challenges will still come. So for me, instead of hiding behind naivety, ignorance and nonchalance, I rather take the fight to it (challenges) armed with my preparedness.

Upon re-entering society I set a personal vision which I entitled “Finding Jix”. The mission of “Finding Jix” was to uncover and discover my own potential through self-exploration to change myself, my destiny and define my perception of my own greatness.

A Lingered Puff

By now, I must have painted the picture that my new beginning was well thought out and prepared. Having an exciting bold vision and mission and having my own measurement of success and greatness. All sounded very dramatic, dynamic and combative, taking no failures but only success.

Picture with me, a cross-country runner at the starting line and as he starts the run, he trips and falls and ends up

bruised. That's exactly what happened to me. At the starting line of my new beginning, I tripped and fell and ended up bruised; that bruise was "smoking". Surely, I thought that after winning such an epic war with heroin addiction I should be able to quit smoking cigarettes, hands down. How utterly wrong I was. In fact, at one point my hands were almost up in a gesture of surrender because I took three and a half long years to quit smoking. I have always wanted to quit smoking because of my new-found faith and also because smoking can link me back to the memory of heroin addiction, making me more susceptible to a relapse.

From the beginning of my new life in 1978 to mid-1981, I was still smoking and struggled with quitting the habit. For me that was really akin to starting and pursuing life with a bruise for those years. Though I had those two reasons and a willingness to quit, still I had no idea why I just could not quit it. Of course, smoking is not an illegal vice and cigarettes are readily available on sale and easily accessible everywhere. Maybe that was the reason, the sight of it makes it difficult to quit. By March 1971, the government had launched a blanket ban on tobacco (including cigarettes) advertising. Advertisements on television, radio, magazines, newspapers and including neon signs were prohibited.

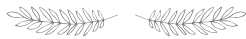
However, as it was not a ban on the sale of tobacco, everywhere you turned, there were stores, coffee shops, canteens and coffee houses selling them. So the sight of cigarettes was not going to go away; in fact I even had a T-shirt with an advertisement of the "Peter Stuyvesant" brand which I wore now and then. Come to think of it, I should have thrown it away then instead of having it in sight but back then I could not afford clothes so I often wore hand-me-downs and free T-shirts.

Previously I used to smoke about 30 sticks of cigarettes a day. But in the beginning of 1978 I was smoking about only 10 sticks a day and even then I was still struggling to quit but could not. So I decided to gradually reduce the number of cigarettes per day as the days went by, thinking that it would be easier to quit it completely in no time. That went on for a while and by the end of 1979 I still had not quit, but it was down to one stick a day. Back then you could buy just one cigarette for five cents without needing to buy a whole pack. At that time I consoled myself, "It is okay, it is only one stick a day. At least I am making progress." Nonetheless, I was actually very upset with myself for failing to quit.

In late 1980, my consumption went down from one cigarette to a ridiculous one puff a day. Initially, I bought one stick and would have one puff of that cigarette then throw it away. That went on for a short while but later it got to a situation that was even more ridiculous. Because I felt that I was wasting money on a stick of cigarette for just one puff, I started picking thrown out cigarette butts to just get one puff instead of buying a whole stick. That entire ridiculous saga was really a very sickening déjà vu for me. It brought me back to my days as an odd job labourer when I was smoking thrown-out cigarette butts. That saga really slapped me with that famous proverb, "As a dog returns to its vomit, so a fool repeats his folly".

Ridiculous as it was, that one puff saga lingered on until mid-1981 when an opportunity came. A friend approached me to be his church camp adviser for five days at St John's Island. Excitedly, I saw it as a good opportunity for me to undergo a cold turkey withdrawal there on my own for five days. As long as I did not bring cigarettes with me and over at the island there were no shops of any kind, it was unlikely to find cigarettes.

EPILOGUE



Memories that were bad mercilessly severed right into my very heart. Memories that were good and meaningful healed those very wounds in my ruptured heart.

Recollecting memories is not an easy act of retrospection; in particular when your memory lane is filled with dismal moments. It can be a scary, upsetting experience down that memory lane. There were moments during my writing where I had to cope with my emotions over what I had done during those dark times. Conversely, the path of recollection has brought much satisfaction and joy; it has given me much perspective about my life on what I had gone through, my attempts and failures. As well as the successes and achievements and how I managed living out my life till now.

We may sometimes feel victimised by situations, conditions and happenings; we may also feel sorry for our circumstances and believe these have impeded our journey in life. On the flip side, dire circumstances are not the only

obstacles; our success and achievements can also ironically be our impediments. They can prevent us from refreshing, re-routing or reinventing our journey in life. Each of our life stories does not end as long as we are alive; and you are likely the only one who has to decide if you should get going. In the journey of life, your vehicle on the paths of your endeavours is “You and Your Inspiration”. You are the ignition and engine in the journey of your endeavours.

For Review only

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Inspiration

*The tripartism of inspiration is
conviction, commitment and consistency.*

With it one can excel beyond what one cannot even see.

*It is one's conviction of a purpose;
with commitment to that purpose's path
and having consistency, journeying that very path.*

Copyright 2011 Jix Sze



Jix is a co-founder and managing partner of an insurance consulting agency since 1988. In 1999, he also helmed a firm that distributes and publishes children's educational products as its general manager for eight years. Aside from the agency, in 2008 he pursued his passion in inspiring people through training and talks, freelancing as a training consultant and inspirational speaker.

Since then, he has engaged with several institutions as principal consultant, adjunct adult educator, training consultant and skills mentor. His portfolio of experience spans from training workplace skills and train-the-trainer programmes, to providing career consultation to aspiring trainers, job seekers and the unemployed. He was also instrumentally involved in several design and development initiatives involving certification courseware on career development and job coaching. In addition, he has presented inspirational talks to varied audiences.

Jix holds a master's degree in Training and Development and provides his own programmes on inspirational matters as a dedication to his personal quest.