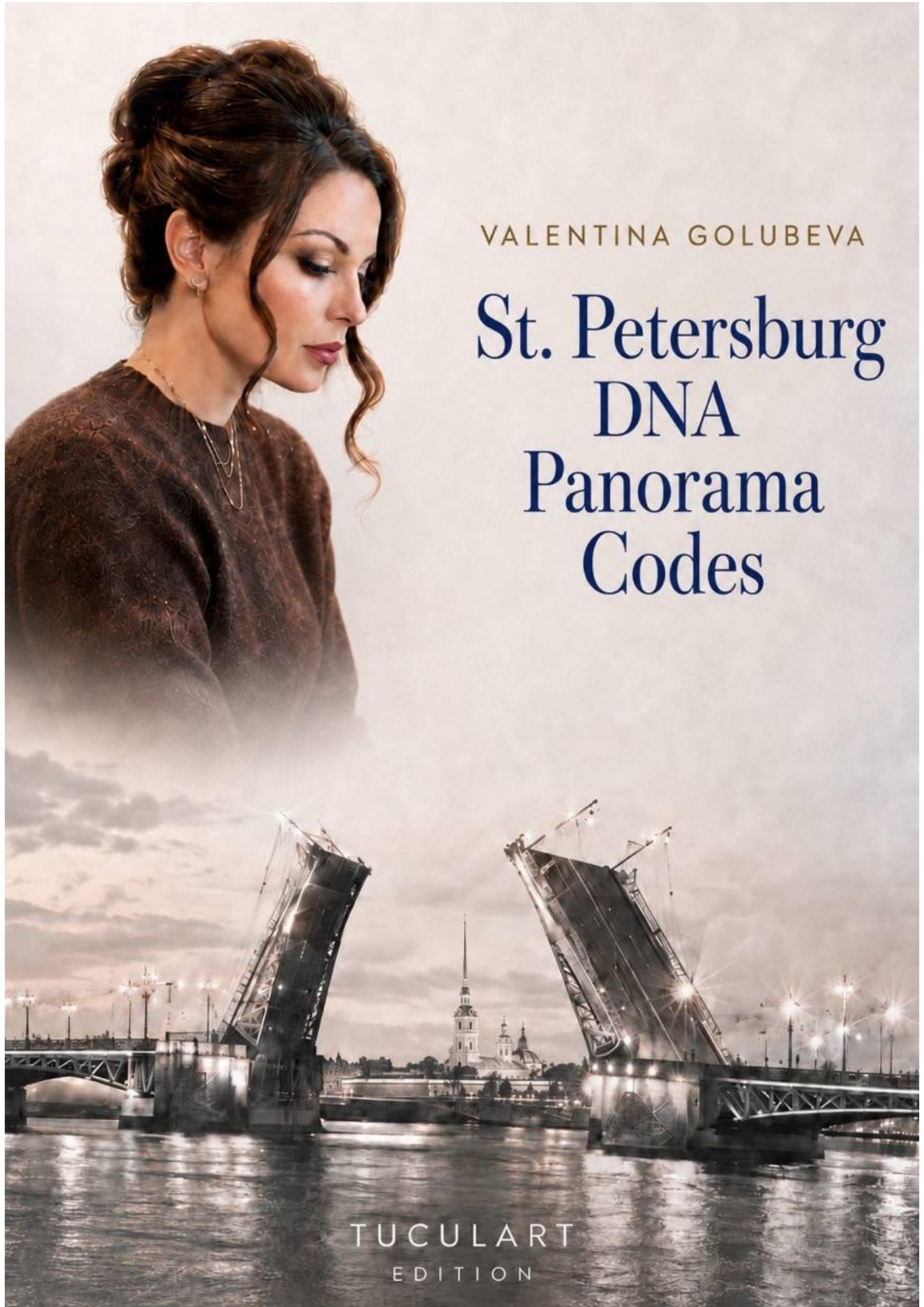




VALENTINA GOLUBEVA

St. Petersburg DNA Panorama Codes

TUCULART
EDITION

Валентина Голубева

**ST PETERSBURG DNA
PANORAMA CODES. PART ONE**

«Автор»

2026

Голубева В. В.

ST PETERSBURG DNA PANORAMA CODES. PART ONE /
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St Petersburg DNA Panorama Codes by Valentina Golubeva What if a city could read you — and rewrite you? St Petersburg is more than a place on the map. It is a living code: bridges that open like gateways to a new life, canals that reflect your true self better than any mirror, streets where every stone carries the energy of those who built, lost, and rebuilt again. In this captivating collection of twelve stories, Valentina Golubeva reveals the city's hidden power to transform those who are ready to listen. Meet Nikolai, who discovers that the closed leaves of Palace Bridge mirror the limits he placed on his own soul. Andrei, whose million-rouble deal collapses — until the waters of New Holland show him what success really requires. Maxim, whose dream of a houseboat breaks through the ceiling of his business. Maria and Sergei, who learn that love is not a carriage to be dragged uphill, but a quantum leap into a new reality.

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Содержание

ST PETERSBURG DNA PANORAMA CODES	5
Imprint	6
Contents	7
Chapter One. The Measure of the Soul	8
Chapter Two. New Holland — A Deal Worth a Million. Stories of Places from the Petersburger's Emporium	11
Chapter Three. Added Value or Losses from an Expert's Digital Capital	15
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	18

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Valentina Golubeva

Tuculart Edition

Ostrava – Opava

2026

Imprint

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Contents

- Chapter I. The Measure of the Soul — 7
- Chapter II. New Holland — A Deal Worth a Million. Stories of Places from the Petersburger's Emporium — 12
- Chapter III. Added Value or Losses from an Expert's Digital Capital — 18
- Chapter IV. How the Neva Broke Through Maxim's Production Ceiling — 24
- Chapter V. Quantum Relationships. Code Word: CARRIAGE — 28
- Chapter VI. The Unique DNA of a Petersburger — 34
- Chapter VII. The Code of Masculine Character. An Insight into Masculinity — 40
- Chapter VIII. A Request for the Vibrations of St Petersburg's First Line — 46
- Chapter IX. A Woman's Desire. An Incident at Semimostye (Seven Bridges) — 51
- Chapter X. Competition Is Not a Battle. It Is Precision! — 56
- Chapter XI. A Recipe for Scaling a Business at 'The Petersburger's Emporium'. The Story of Businessman Alexei — 61
- Chapter XII. The Story of a Lonely Man Named Dmitry and a Single Photograph from 'The Petersburger's Emporium' — 65

Chapter One. The Measure of the Soul

Nikolai wandered along the Neva embankment beside his best friend, Aleksandr, and had been silent for so long that his silence had begun to speak for him. St Petersburg, so familiar to them, kept them company on that fateful evening: the damp air settled upon the granite, the lamps were reflected in the water as long zigzags of shifting colour and gold, and boats were already gathering near Palace Bridge—the city was preparing to reveal what made it unique without uttering a single word.

Nikolai and Aleksandr had known one another for almost their entire lives. The same street in Gatchina. The same lyceum. The same circle of neighbourhood friends, where they argued themselves hoarse, dreamt without restraint and were certain that roughly the same great life lay ahead for all of them. Then came the same university, the same examinations, the same sleepless nights before the exam period and the same conversations about the future.

Yet before long, the future they had imagined proved different for each of them. Aleksandr now ran a major company, made decisions with assurance and entered meeting rooms as though the very space parted before him. At home, his wife and three sons awaited him—clever, strong and self-possessed, already in their youth resembling men who knew where they were going.

Nikolai was the head of a department. It was a decent position, with a respectable salary and the regard of his colleagues. Yet for a long time, an uncomfortable feeling had lived within him: as though he occupied only part of the space his life was capable of holding. As though there were further floors, rooms and galleries within him, but the doors leading to them were closed. He had entered his second marriage cautiously, and he and his wife were only planning to have children. Whenever the conversation turned to the future, Nikolai felt not joy but tension. It was as though every major event required an inner capacity that he lacked.

At one point, he stopped beside the granite parapet and said sharply, almost angrily:

‘Sasha, I don’t understand. We began from the same place. We studied together, grew up together and seemed to be following the same road. Why does everything happen on a larger scale for you?’

Your work, your family, your money, your decisions. I’m not envious... though perhaps I am, a little.

More than anything, I want to understand. What is wrong with me?’

Aleksandr looked at his friend intently. Not with superiority. Not with pity. But with that rare warmth found only between people who have shared a childhood. He had been waiting for this conversation for a long time. He was glad that Nikolai had asked of his own accord. For prosperity truly can drive people apart. One person’s success sometimes becomes an invisible wall between two friends.

Aleksandr did not want that wall. Their friendship was too rare, too genuine, too deeply imbued with Gatchina’s frankness and loyalty.

He was about to answer when his gaze fell upon the line of boats near Palace Bridge. The city itself supplied the image. Aleksandr nodded towards the water.

‘Look.’

Nikolai turned. Evening was thickening over the Neva. The boats rocked gently, awaiting their hour.

Palace Bridge was still closed, and all movement seemed restrained, contained and limited. The water was broad, mighty and alive—but the passage for large vessels remained blocked.

‘Do you see the bridge?’ Aleksandr asked. ‘Even while its leaves are closed, the Neva remains the Neva. It does not grow smaller. It loses none of its power. But its potential as a transport artery is limited. Small craft can pass. Large vessels cannot.’

Nikolai remained silent. Aleksandr continued:

‘It is the same with a person. Each of us has a certain capacity of soul. I do not even mean in terms of talent. I mean how much of life a person is capable of allowing to flow through them. How much responsibility they can bear. How much love they can receive. How much money they can possess without fear. How much happiness they can permit themselves. How much of the new they can let in without panicking.’

He paused and looked at the bridge.

‘Sometimes people think their river is small. In truth, the leaves of their bridge are simply closed.’

These words struck Nikolai more precisely than any advice ever had. He suddenly realised that throughout his life he had been trying to increase his speed without opening the passage. He took on more tasks, read more books, worked until late at night, compared himself with others, became irritated and exhausted, then pulled himself together again—yet the ceiling within him remained unchanged. He kept increasing the water pressure without opening the bridge.

‘What should I do?’ he asked softly.

Aleksandr smiled.

‘Look within yourself. But be honest. Find your inner obstructions. Not polished excuses, but the real bolts—the ones holding your bridge leaves shut. Draw them back. Then your life will have room for what cannot fit into it now.’

At that moment, Palace Bridge began to open. Slowly, solemnly, almost theatrically, its leaves rose above the Neva. The space around them was transformed. What had been an obstacle only a minute earlier became a gateway. The water seemed to take on a new magnitude. The boats sprang to life.

A passage opened for large vessels.

Nikolai watched and felt something click into place within him. Not loudly. Not dramatically. But irrevocably. He returned home a different man.

That same evening, he began searching for material on inner limitations, cognitive patterns, family scripts, the psychology of decision-making, self-efficacy and neuroplasticity. He read academic papers, listened to lectures, made notes and recalled phrases he had heard in childhood but had never questioned: ‘Keep your head down’, ‘Big money is not for people like us’, ‘Family gets in the way of a career’, ‘A safe middle ground is better than risky growth’, ‘Happiness loves silence, while success breeds envy’, ‘A man must endure’ and ‘It is too late to begin again.’

He wrote these phrases down one after another and suddenly saw the truth: they were not truths at all. They were the bridge leaves.

For years, they had stood within him, masquerading as common sense. Nikolai began working through them carefully but without mercy. He asked himself questions he had never before dared to answer: ‘Who said that I am not capable of more? Why do I consider scale dangerous? When did I decide that a good life was meant for other people? What am I truly afraid of: failure, or succeeding?’

Each answer opened a new passage.

A month later, he was summoned to meet with senior management. Nikolai walked into the office calmly. In the past, he would have prepared himself in advance to defend, explain and justify himself.

Now a strange stillness had settled within him. He no longer felt like a man asking permission to grow. He felt like a man who had finally taken up the space that was his.

The conversation lasted forty minutes. He was offered a promotion. The new position carried greater weight, the remit was broader and the salary was several times higher. In the past, Nikolai would almost certainly have said, ‘I need to think about it.’ Now, however, he understood clearly: life was testing not his competence, but his capacity.

He accepted.

That evening, his wife met him at the door with such a look on her face that Nikolai was frightened at first.

‘What has happened?’

Without a word, she held out a pregnancy test. Two lines. Some news does not enter life through a door. It enters as light.

Nikolai sat down on the edge of the sofa and could not utter a word for a long time. Then he held his wife so tightly that it was as though he were holding not only her, but the whole of his new future. He understood: the bridge leaves had opened not only in his working life. They had opened in love. In trust. In his readiness to become a father. In his right to receive more than he had previously allowed himself.

Soon afterwards, their beloved, long-awaited daughter was born. At her christening, amid candles, hushed voices and solemn light, Nikolai caught Aleksandr’s eye. After the service, they stepped out into the courtyard of the church. St Petersburg was beside them once more—in the air, the stone, the lines of the rooftops and the cold sky, which had somehow always known how to make important moments more profound.

‘Do you remember our conversation beside Palace Bridge?’ Nikolai asked.

Aleksandr smiled.

‘Of course. You looked as though you were either about to become a philosopher or hand in your notice.’

‘That was when I understood for the first time that what was inside me was not weakness. There were patterns within me. Patterns instilled in me since childhood. I thought I was thinking for myself, when in reality I was merely repeating other people’s limitations.’

He looked at the tiny bundle in his wife’s arms and added softly:

‘The first barrier I removed was the most important one: I stopped believing that my life had already been determined. Resetting the old patterns allowed me to imagine new realities. And then to believe in them without the slightest trace of doubt. Everything turned upside down—truly upside down— and divided my life into a before and an after.’

Aleksandr placed a hand on his shoulder.

‘So, the bridge opened.’

Nikolai smiled.

‘Yes. And it turned out that great ships could sail along my Neva.’

From then on, Nikolai often returned to that evening. Not only in his memory, but through images.

In the Stories from the Petersburger’s Emporium project, he encountered the very St Petersburg that knows how to explain life without moralising. The finest photographic and video perspectives on the city became more than beautiful images to him; they became visual keys to inner revelations.

Palace Bridge was no longer a postcard. It became a metaphor. The Neva was no longer a river. It became an image of human strength. The opening leaves of the bridge were no longer an architectural detail. They became a reminder: sometimes a person does not need to become someone else.

It needs to reveal what is already there. And therein lies the particular magic of the Petersburger’s Emporium. It shows you the city in such a way that, suddenly, you see yourself within it. Your closed bridges. Your unused routes. Your depth. Your capacity.

Seen from the right angle, St Petersburg can become a mirror of destiny. And once a person has seen their true self, they can no longer live as before. For there is life before the moment when you comprehend your own capacity. And there is life after.

Chapter Two. New Holland — A Deal Worth a Million. Stories of Places from the Petersburger's Emporium

'Reflection' — Andrei's Story Sometimes, to see your true self, you need to look not into a mirror but into the waters of a St Petersburg canal. The water does not flatter. It shows the truth.

That day, Andrei's deal fell through. That deal. The crucial one. The one he had spent months preparing for, sacrificing weekends, evenings and sleep. Everything collapsed within fifteen minutes of negotiations.

He walked home. He did not want to get into his car, take the metro or see anyone. He simply walked with his head bowed, replaying the same day over and over in his mind. And it had begun badly.

What he had left at home. That morning, he had quarrelled with his wife. Over something trivial.

Because once again he was leaving early and coming home late. Because for the hundredth time she had said, 'You are never at home,' and for the hundredth time he had replied, 'I am working for our family.' Yet, for some reason, his family did not feel that he was.

He had not seen his son for a week. He had said, 'I'll call you in fifteen minutes,' but those fifteen minutes had become lost among the pile of contracts on his desk...

'Who am I doing all of this for?' Andrei wondered as he walked along the grey pavement. 'For my family? But where is that family? I am losing it.'

New Holland His route took him through New Holland. Andrei had been there hundreds of times and would usually pass through without raising his eyes. Yet that evening, something made him stop. He looked at the canal. And froze.

The architectural masterpiece of the island was reflected in the dark, motionless water: the old red- brick walls, the elegant arches and the lines perfected over centuries. The reflection was so sharp, so flawless, that at first Andrei could not tell where reality ended and its mirror image began.

At that moment, as he gazed at the reflection, he suddenly remembered the laws he had forgotten.

Lines from the writings of Hermes Trismegistus came back to him—the very lines he had read long ago, in another life, when he had still believed that the world was governed by intelligible laws.

'As above, so below. As within, so without.'

It was as though an electric current passed through Andrei. The reflection in the canal was perfect because the island itself was perfect. The water merely repeated what stood above it. But what of his own life? His outer world—the failed deal, his increasingly distant wife, someone else's son—was merely a reflection of what was taking place within him.

'How could I have forgotten?' Andrei whispered. 'I have spent so many years tilting at windmills.

Fighting circumstances, other people and the world. But the person I needed to fight was... myself.'

An honest conversation with himself: Andrei stood beside the water and, for the first time in many years, looked at himself honestly. Without excuses. Without saying, 'But I am doing my best.'

He did not like what he saw. He examined the person he had become—both at work and within his family—and realised that he alone was responsible for every way in which he had fallen short of his own expectations.

He wanted to earn more. Yet his wardrobe spoke of a tired man without ambition. His speech was hesitant and disjointed—during those crucial negotiations, he had failed to persuade anyone—and his body betrayed a man who had neglected himself for years.

He himself was failing to reach the goals he had set. That meant he was also falling short of his family's expectations. His wife dreamt of a strong, confident husband beside whom she could feel secure. His children wanted to be proud of their father and spend time with him. And what did he give them? Weariness, absence and an endless refrain of 'I'm busy'.

'They expected me to bring them joy,' Andrei realised. 'But all I ever brought home were problems.'

The Boat on the Moika At that moment, a private motorboat swept along the Moika: light, white and swift. On board were people who were happy, laughing and truly alive.

Andrei watched them disappear into the distance and suddenly felt not envy but clarity. Those people were no better than he was. At some point, they had simply made a choice—to live differently.

To become different. And the world had responded in kind.

The boat disappeared around the bend, leaving widening circles on the water that shattered the island's perfect reflection. At that moment, Andrei finally brought his old way of life to an end. Right there. On the Moika Embankment. Beside the reflection of New Holland.

An Evening of Change Andrei did not wait for Monday. He did not wait for 'a new year and a new life', nor did he wait for 'the right moment'.

That very evening, he began to change. He joined a gym—his first training session was in two days' time; he bought a new suit—the sort that made him feel a million dollars; and he found a public-speaking tutor so that his words might finally begin to persuade.

Three simple decisions. Three steps. Yet those steps came from within—from a new understanding of himself.

When the Inner Changes the Outer And the outward changes were not long in following the inward ones.

The law Andrei had remembered beside the canal began to work. First at work. A new project appeared out of nowhere—larger and more interesting than the deal that had fallen through. Andrei now conducted negotiations differently: confidently, precisely and persuasively. People believed him. Then came the changes at home. His wife seemed to grow younger when she saw the transformation in her husband. The sparkle he had not seen for years returned to her eyes. She looked at him as though she had fallen in love with him all over again.

'You seem like a different man,' she said to him one evening. 'No. You are the same man I once fell in love with—only better.'

And the children? They began coming round more often for family dinners. Once again, laughter filled the table. There were conversations, jokes and plans again. Once again, they were a family. Self-improvement has no end!

Andrei did not stop. He understood the most important truth: change is not a destination but a way of life. He continued improving himself—his body, his speech, his work and his relationships. With each new change, he became more convinced of one simple truth:

Self-improvement is as infinite as a reflection in water, descending into depths that have no bottom.

He no longer tilted at windmills. He worked upon himself, and the world obediently reflected every inward change he made. As above, so below.

As within, so without.

Andrei now visits New Holland often. Alone. In the evenings, when the water in the canal becomes a mirror. He looks at the island's reflection—at its perfect lines, refined over centuries—and remembers the evening when his entire life turned through 180 degrees.

Sometimes he brings his son with him. They stand beside the water, and Andrei tells him about the laws of the Universe. About how the outer world is always a reflection of the inner one.

Boats carrying happy people pass them on the Moika, and Andrei smiles. Because now he is one of them.

Have you ever noticed that the outer world is always a mirror of what is happening within you? Sometimes, a single reflection in a St Petersburg canal is all it takes to see your true self—and find the courage to change.

There are places that carry within them a certain programme of change. They attract those who are ready to change and repel those who have become fixed and unmoving.

Andrei often returned in his thoughts to that evening. To the reflection. To the canal. To the moment when his life was divided into a 'before' and an 'after'. Each time, he asked himself the same question:

'Why here? Why New Holland?'

Was it chance? Or was there something more behind it? The answer came when he happened upon the history of the place. Everything fell into place. A person can transform a place. Every place in St Petersburg is more than mere architecture. It bears the energetic imprint of the people who created it, restored it and invested their souls in it—especially those who set its revival in motion.

The restoration of New Holland was initiated by Roman Abramovich. Not merely a businessman, but a man who had succeeded both in business and in family life. A man who had built an empire while also raising children. A man who understood the value of both money and human relationships.

When such a person undertakes a project, he leaves a part of himself within it. This is how a creator's energy shapes a place. Consider it for a moment. When a person invests not merely money in a place, but their vital energy, their story of success and their values, that space begins to work like a tuning fork. It becomes attuned to a particular frequency. Then, when someone enters it—especially at a moment of personal crisis—the place begins to resonate with them.

'You are not here by chance,' New Holland seems to say to everyone who pauses beside its canals.

'I was created by people who know how to turn ruins into masterpieces. People who passed through crises and emerged stronger. People who know that anything can be restored if the will exists.'

Andrei himself was a coincidence that was no coincidence at all. Now he understood. His decision to stop at New Holland had not been accidental. The failed deal, the quarrel with his wife, the week without his son—all that pain had brought him to the one place in the city that had literally been 'programmed' for transformation.

New Holland itself had experienced more than one rebirth. Once it had served as a military warehouse and fallen into decline. Then came neglect, ruin and abandonment. After that, a man arrived who saw potential in the ruins. Today, it is one of the most vibrant, living and breathing places in St Petersburg. An island that had travelled its own path of rebirth became a magnet for those who needed to be reborn themselves. Such is the influence of an owner's personality upon the field around them.

There is a law in this world that is often overlooked: the creator's energy permeates the creation. Everyone who comes into contact with that creation receives a part of this energy.

Abramovich is a man who built a business from nothing, raised a large family and knows how to create order from chaos. When he invested his resources in New Holland, he also invested his programme in it: a programme of revival, a programme for transforming ruins into beauty and a programme for overcoming circumstances. Now, everyone who comes here at a turning point in their life connects to this energetic field.

Andrei had not merely stood beside the water and gazed at the reflection. He had absorbed the energy of the place. The energy of a man who had once said, 'I will restore this,' and then did so. A place destined for transformation. New Holland cannot remain static. It is destined to undergo transformation, because each of its creators invested this programme within it—the programme of eternal renewal. Whoever sets foot upon this island with an open heart will never leave it unchanged.

The island remoulds. The island transforms. The island returns people to their essence. It is impossible to remain one's old self here. New Holland is the alchemical laboratory of St Petersburg.

Andrei is no longer the man who walked through the park with his head bowed. He now knows that places of power exist. That they are not accidental. That they are created by people—through their success, their energy and their belief in rebirth. Now, when he comes here with his son, he shows him more than beautiful architecture. He shows him a living lesson in transformation:

‘Look, son. This island was once a ruin. Now it is a paradise. Do you know why? Because there was a man who believed that a garden could grow from any ashes.’

His son looks at the reflection in the canal just as Andrei once did. And Andrei knows that one day this young man, too, will come here during a difficult moment in his life. The place will recognise him.

And it will help him. Because it helps everyone who is ready to change.

The Energy of a Place Is Not a Metaphor Many people believe that the ‘energy of a place’ is a poetic exaggeration. Yet those who have undergone a transformation at New Holland know that it is real. As real as the red-brick walls, the smooth surface of the canal and the reflection of an arch in the evening water.

The energy of the owner's personality is not an abstraction. It is an imprint that remains in the stone, the air and the water. Everyone who comes with a pure intention gains access to that imprint—to the programme of revival, the code of transformation and the key to the best version of themselves.

There is only one question: ‘Are you ready to accept it?’

New Holland is waiting. It is waiting for everyone who has grown weary of their old self; everyone who is ready to look at their own reflection without turning away; everyone who is ready to say, ‘I will put this right. I will restore it. I will become better.’ For this place knows that anything can be restored: ruins can become a masterpiece, devastation can become beauty and despair can become a new life. All that is required is the first step: to stop beside the canal, look at the reflection and remember who you truly are.

Chapter Three. Added Value or Losses from an Expert's Digital Capital

A Few Words About the Digital Footprint Evening St Petersburg knows how to speak in signs. Sometimes, a single spark—quite literally—is enough to change the course of one's life. This was what happened to Marina K., the owner of a well-known women's business community in St Petersburg. While walking through Catherine Garden, she saw a fire performance. Tongues of flame swept past the monument to Catherine the Great—and at that moment, words from an interview with the expert Viktor Shkipin that she had watched that morning flashed through her mind. The interview had explored the importance of a personal brand. From that moment onwards, one thought never left her: a digital footprint is not what you publish, but what people think about you when they Google your name. It either brings you contracts while you sleep or takes them away—just as imperceptibly.

An expert's digital footprint encompasses everything they leave about themselves online: publications, interviews, photographs, comments, public appearances, testimonials, media mentions, old posts, stories, videos, reposts and profiles on professional platforms. It can function as an asset that increases the expert's value or as reputational ballast that quietly drains away money, status and opportunities. Your digital footprint is your amplified reputation. It works for you twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week—even while you sleep.

But do you know what your digital image looks like? What does it bring to your career? Added value or losses?

This marked the beginning of a long journey in redefining the meaning of Marina's self-presentation.

Marina immersed herself in studying the digital personae of leading experts around the world and made a discovery: every one of their publications had been meticulously considered—from the quotation to the camera angle. The most difficult part was letting go of 90 per cent of her usual content, which proved to be little more than informational noise, aligned neither with her status and objectives nor with professional ethics.

Without hesitation, she removed everything unnecessary. She retained only the ideas and substance that would lead her towards her cherished goals over the next five years. She heeded the advice of a specialist in aligning an expert's digital footprint with their professional standing and realised that today people Google your name before you have even had time to extend your hand in greeting. An expert's online image either opens the doors to the highest tier or quietly closes them.

When moving to the next level of one's career, the first task is to analyse what the internet says about you and determine how to correct it when the image it presents does not correspond to reality. The results will then follow: invitations to speak at international events, a several-fold increase in the value of one's services, enthusiastic feedback and even an outward transformation—because inner clarity is always reflected externally.

Having understood the deeper meaning of the digital footprint, Marina introduced a regular practice into her business community: the analysis of real-life cases that immediately demonstrated why a digital image either brings in millions or quietly destroys a career. Within a few months, every member's affairs had begun to prosper.

The first category comprises cases in which a digital footprint creates added value. An expert is discovered without advertising.

Consider a simple example. A management consultant regularly publishes analyses of business cases: how to reduce staff turnover, how to build an effective sales department and how a business owner can withdraw from day-to-day operations. What happens? The human resources director of a large company searches online for a specialist in 'How to reduce staff turnover in a sales department'.

The search leads to the expert's article. As a result, the expert is invited to conduct a strategic session and subsequently to participate in a corporate project.

What, then, is the added value in this situation? One well-presented piece of expert material can generate a high-value lead, a corporate contract, an invitation to a conference and, even before the first meeting, a higher level of trust.

The principal effect is that the expert does not sell themselves directly—their digital footprint does the selling for them.

Second, publications increase the value of a consultation.

Consider another situation. Two experts provide the same service. One simply writes, 'I offer consultations.' The other has articles, interviews, videos of public appearances, client testimonials, case studies demonstrating results, professional photographs and quotations from the media.

What happens in this case? A client compares them online. Consequently, the first is perceived as a service provider, while the second is seen as an expert with an established reputation.

The added value is readily apparent. The second expert can charge not 5,000 roubles for a consultation, but 25,000–50,000 roubles, because their fee is substantiated by their image. The digital footprint transforms price into status.

Third, the expert begins to receive invitations to speak.

A financial expert regularly publishes analytical commentary on markets, investments, taxation and the mistakes made by entrepreneurs.

What happens in this situation? The organisers of a business forum are searching for a speaker. They see that the person already has a clearly defined position, articulate speech, publicly available materials, demonstrated expertise and a visibly professional image. As a result, the expert is invited to speak.

Is there added value here? Following the appearance, the expert's recognition increases, as do the value of their services, the trust of major clients and the number of incoming enquiries.

A strong digital footprint makes an expert an easy and appealing choice for organisers.

Fourth, photographs and a coherent visual style strengthen professional status.

Imagine that an expert publishes not random selfies but carefully constructed visual content: business portraits, meaningful images from events, working processes, public appearances, successful meetings and a professional environment.

What happens here? The audience unconsciously reads the following message: 'This person moves in the right circles. They are in demand. Their services command a premium.' It naturally follows that the expert receives higher-quality enquiries.

Once again, added value is created. The visual image helps a person move from the category of 'a specialist who provides a service' to that of 'an expert who is invited and chosen'.

At the next stage, testimonials become digital capital. The expert collects not merely words of gratitude, but structured testimonials explaining the original task, what was done, the result that was achieved and why this particular expert is recommended.

What happens in this case? A prospective client sees evidence of results.

Consequently, the fear associated with making a purchase diminishes, and the decision to book a consultation is made more quickly.

The added value comes from well-presented testimonials capable of replacing dozens of sales posts. Testimonials are more than social proof. They are an asset founded upon trust. An expert comment in the media can then increase the capital value of the person's name. The expert provides commentary for a business publication.

What happens in this case? When the expert's name is searched online, the results now show not only a personal page, but also a mention in an authoritative source. Consequently, clients perceive the expert as someone whose opinion commands attention.

Where does the added value lie? Even one high-quality media mention can increase trust, the value of consultations, the likelihood of being included in an event and the probability of receiving an invitation to participate in a major project.

Finally, there is the last case: the personal brand does the work of cold selling.

The expert maintains a professional blog systematically—not haphazardly, but according to a strategy comprising authoritative posts, case studies, videos, personal values, a clear professional position and social proof.

Clients naturally begin to warm to the expert before making contact. By the time they come for a consultation, trust has already been established. The expert therefore does not have to spend a long time explaining why their services command a high fee.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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