THE SMALL REFLECTIONS OF A MODERN MAN SEEKING FREEDOM

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INTRODUCTION

"ADVENTURE IS A PATH. REAL ADVENTURE, SELF-DETERMINED, SELF-MOTIVATED, OFTEN RISKY, FORCES YOU TO HAVE FIRSTHAND ENCOUNTERS WITH THE WORLD."

MARK JENKINS

A letter to my friend

This manifesto is born from smoke, solitude, and the stubborn fire of my chaotic essence. Today, I commit myself to the task of writing, not as an act of order but as an act of rebellion. If this text finds completion, it will not remain hidden — I will print it, scatter it, send it anonymously to a chosen few.

From this day forward, I vow to respect the wishes of the child I once was, and to honor the chaos that has always lived in me. This

manifesto is not about imprisonment, but about following my own path.

I have learned — from you, my friend— that friendship too can be chaotic, that it can only end with a duel, absurd and Darwinist, fatal to both. If you cannot accept this truth, then our bond is condemned to fracture, to corruption.

And so, I rejoice in this theater of writing, smoking, and exorcising. Through words, I confront loneliness, and through my experience, in the very heart of this solitude, I will uncover a better kind of wisdom.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM

The promise of the deliverance of financial burden to myself...

INCOME

Income is a base of each one's activity, it becomes dull and repetitive and it is made to become a routine.

One must not see it as a mere result of obsolescence and stop. It is made to be optimized and gatekept for to give another man your secrets is to give him your whole life in his hands.

What stays is status and the ability to keep a momentum in an economic activity.

Nevertheless, there is a synchronicity between what must take your time mostly and the value added to once own life.

The parity between the time spent and revenue must be revised at all time and one must find a solution to giving exactly what is owed to you.

Therefore, this is where the investment is introduced.

INVESTMENT

The investment is the term that follows the philosophy of questioning what is owed and what is given in a balance.

Investment IS REPLACEMENT: the replacement of an obsolete task taking your whole time when you can expand elsewhere, but one must expand wisely but not fall into the hands of perfectionism.

A few examples of modern investments are: dividend-paying stocks and ETFs (companies that pay you regularly), rental real estate (monthly rent that covers expenses and provides passive income), online businesses or digital products (blogs, SaaS, courses, or marketplaces generating recurring revenue), royalties and intellectual property (books, music, software licenses), index funds and equities (broad exposure and compounding wealth over decades), private equity and startups (high risk, high reward—only if you can afford to lose), crypto and blockchain projects (volatile, but capable of exponential growth if chosen wisely), and land or farmland (always valuable, limited in supply, and capable of producing food or rental income).

Each of these must, if possible, be incorporated into our routine, for each one can result in an opportunity and give us the means to continue. It is not merely a matter of luxury but of survival and urgency in an ever-growing world.

But alongside investments, we must never forget the inevitable daily costs that sustain us. These include food and water (groceries and basic nutrition), shelter (rent, utilities, and maintenance), transportation (fuel, public transit, or bicycle upkeep), healthcare (insurance, medicines, and an emergency buffer), and communication (internet and phone). Beyond these essentials come the smaller but impactful expenses: dining out and coffee rituals, entertainment, personal care (clothes, grooming, wellness), a travel fund (even if set aside in small amounts daily), and learning through books and education.

Each of those are important, even the entertainment or the personal care cost, but they must be optimized.

The costs are very important for even in the travels they will never change, whereas the investments and incomes can and very probably

WILL be ever changing in a lifetime and in this economy.

And once we fulfil a minimum and basic financial independence, we can hit the road and start our expeditions for...

"Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell." -Edward Abbey

Now, enough of the abhorrent lists of how to be the "strongest" and indicted "morales" of online financial gurus. This premise: a theatrical act to estrange the small self-centered excuse of "needing the luxury lifestyle to be free".



J.C.A

SOCIAL LIFE

The financial now talked about is only interesting in cupidity, when we see the green increase in our portfolio, it is time to place the fate of freedom in the hands of social life, the implications of being free in a group's dynamic, and the purpose of a group...

FOLLOWER AND LEADER DYNAMIC

I arrive in a social activity, groups are formed and I am alone.

My brain starts rushing:

"I have no importance here"

"I better have stayed home"

I think.

After a lot of thinking, I realized it is indeed better to be a follower. The follower who stays in lane but can also deliver his madness.

To be himself, in the adversity of a group is to antagonize.

Now to be a leader, is FAR more difficult and not always rewarding.

To even push this point, for me a leader who looks for gratification is not a true leader of a group.

To be a leader is to be mature, not hungry for power, and I am not talking about leading an army but a social group.

Gurus nowadays can have fun with their power, I give it to them, they must be free with it, they must enjoy it truthfully and fully with no egoistical self-centered agenda.

PURPOSE OF A GROUP

Social groups serve to satisfy fundamental human needs, providing individuals with a sense of belonging, identity, and emotional support through shared experiences and common goals.

As much as it is generated, this simple definition answers the thought of "I have no importance here".

The purpose of a social group for a follower is to detach from loneliness.

This brings us to the dynamic between loneliness and being in a social group.

Imagine you stay alone for many years: 5 years or 10.

At a moment, you will feel like a parrot that stayed in his cage his whole life and once outside he starts to tremble not being able to even move. This parrot now, starts going out, he gets accustomed to the sky to the other parrots... and over time he stops trembling leaving him to be able to approach others.

Now imagine if the parrot is doing his best but the flock does not accept him even after his efforts.

In that case, it is the flock's fault.

And that is, the purpose of a group.

Every newcomer in a group is a trembling parrot, the purpose of a group is to ease that in.

Now here is the last example, what if that parrot is as free as the wind, what if he might be so ugly or so beautiful that it distinguishes him from the group?

Then we have a duality between being essential and being unique.



J.C.A

TRAVELLING

I don't know where this is going but apparently the solution is travelling...

THE DISCOVERY TRAVELS

When humanity speaks of discovery, we imagine explorers with machetes cutting through jungles, astronomers finding blazing comets, or archeologists unearthing glittering treasures. Yet, there exists a neglected branch of exploration—the realm of *boring discovery travels*. These journeys, while technically "discovery," are so uneventful that they threaten to lull both traveler and reader into a coma of mediocrity.

Take, for example, the heroic expedition of finding the cheapest gas station along the highway. With clipboard in hand and the stoicism of an 18th-century captain, the traveler notes the subtle differences between $\in 1.72$ and $\in 1.74$ per liter. A journey marked not by danger but by sighs.

Or the archeology of *hotel carpets*. How many shades of beige can one encounter before sanity dissolves? From the "dusty camel" of Room 308 to the "stained oatmeal" of the conference hall, the explorer chronicles them dutifully, as if the fate of civilization depended on this chromatic taxonomy.

One cannot forget the **pilgrimage of power outlets**. The traveler arrives in a foreign land, yet instead of marveling at temples or landscapes, their greatest discovery is that the socket is—alas—hidden behind the hotel bed, requiring acrobatics that Cirque du Soleil would reject as unsafe.

And then there are *culinary expeditions*: the brave ordering of a club sandwich in an airport café, where the only true mystery lies in deciphering which layer of bread contains the single slice of wilted lettuce. This is gastronomy's darkest frontier.

To catalog these travels is to celebrate the absurd heroism of the mundane. Boring discoveries may not change history, but they do create a peculiar type of endurance. For who among us has not embarked on the three-hour bus ride, only to discover that the town square has... a slightly larger fountain than the brochure suggested?

In the end, boring discovery travels remind us that not every expedition needs to be grand. Some are just... endured. And perhaps, in their sheer mediocrity, they achieve a certain tragic comedy. After all, anyone can discover America—but it takes a special kind of traveler to discover the vending machine is out of Sprite.

THE SOCIAL CHALLENGING TRAVELS

Most people think of travel as a joyful encounter with new cultures, cuisines, and horizons. But for the socially challenged traveler, every trip is less Marco Polo and more *uncomfortable group project in hell*.

The first challenge begins at the airport, where the socially untrained must face the ritual of small talk in line. The casual "So, where are you headed?" from a stranger is as menacing as a customs officer with a suspicious eyebrow. The socially challenged traveler, cornered, mumbles something vague like "Oh... somewhere... east-ish," before pretending to study the duty-free Toblerones with scholarly intensity.

Upon arrival, the ordeal deepens. *Hostels*. Here, the uninitiated discover that "communal living" means six Australians who want to bond at 3 a.m. over beers. The traveler nods politely, trying to smile, while desperately wishing for a private monastery cell with no Wi-Fi.

Even food becomes hazardous terrain. Ordering in a foreign restaurant requires bravery, not for the exotic dishes, but for the eye contact with the waiter. The socially challenged may rehearse their order three times in their head, only to panic and blurt out, "Yes, bread, please... only bread." And thus, dinner is reduced to a basket of carbs and shame.

Group tours, meanwhile, are the Everest of discomfort. Imagine being herded with thirty strangers while a guide enthusiastically shouts, "Now, introduce yourself and say where you're from!" The socially challenged traveler mutters "Earth" and prays for invisibility. Unfortunately, invisibility has not yet been packaged by Airbnb Experiences.

And then there are the dreaded *cultural exchanges*. Locals invite the traveler to dance, sing, or share customs. While others sway with joy, the socially challenged stands rigidly, clapping off-beat, radiating the aura of a malfunctioning robot.

Yet there is a strange nobility in these journeys. For the socially challenged traveler does, against all odds, continue. They venture forth, not because they thrive in conversation, but because they know that somewhere beyond the awkward silences, the mispronounced words, and the thousand-yard stares... lies the faint possibility of growth. Or at least, a quiet corner café where no one talks to them.

In conclusion, *The Social Challenging Travels* are not about landscapes or monuments—they are about survival in the wildest territory of all: human interaction. And while history may never remember them, one thing is certain: their greatest discovery is that headphones are, indeed, humanity's most powerful invention.

THE LONG TERM TRAVELS

Short trips are easy. You pack a toothbrush, two socks, and the illusion that everything will go smoothly. But *long term travels*? That is not tourism. That is a full-scale experiment in human resilience, bureaucracy, and luggage-based psychology.

The first principle of long-term travel is **luggage inflation**. What begins as a minimalist backpack inevitably mutates into a rolling fortress of bags. At first you tell yourself, "I'll only carry essentials." Three months later, your definition of essentials mysteriously includes a rice cooker, three mysterious adapters, and a wool sweater for "just in case Antarctica happens."

Then comes the phenomenon of **time distortion**. A week abroad is romantic. Three months abroad is anthropology. A year abroad is: "Do I... live here now? Should I start paying taxes? Should I get a dentist?" The line between traveler and resident blurs until you find yourself angrily debating supermarket loyalty cards in a language you only half understand.

Long-term travel also brings **identity erosion**. Back home, you were "Ali, consultant, responsible adult." On the road, you are reduced to primal identifiers: "That guy with the broken sandal" or "the one who keeps asking if there's Wi-Fi." The more you move, the more you become a ghost haunting hostel kitchens, forever washing a single plastic fork.

Socially, long-term travel is a cycle of **temporary friendships**. You meet someone, declare eternal bond over two beers, and part ways forever the next morning. Repeat 472 times until your WhatsApp resembles the United Nations of forgotten acquaintances.

And let us not forget **cultural fatigue**. At first, every temple, monument, and castle is majestic. By month six, you are muttering "Oh look, another thousand-year-old wonder of civilization... yawn," while saving your true excitement for a laundromat that doesn't eat your coins.

Yet, despite the chaos, the long-term traveler persists. Because buried in the clutter, the fatigue, and the jetlagged identity crisis, lies a strange liberation: the realization that home is not a fixed address but the ability to keep going. To survive on bread rolls, to reset life every few weeks, and to carry on with only a backpack and a questionably clean T-shirt.

Thus, the long-term traveler becomes a paradoxical figure: exhausted yet free, broke yet rich in stamps, lost yet always moving forward. A citizen of nowhere and everywhere at once.

And when at last they return, they bring no golden treasure, no maps of lost kingdoms—only stories that begin with, "When I was abroad..." and an unshakable belief that shower shoes are the most valuable invention of the modern age.

CONCLUSION?

Travelling is not the answer.

"I LOVE AI GENERATION..."

J.C.A