



Hello my friends. It has been a long time since I wrote my [last mass letter](#), which was when I first started traveling in Europe after living in Prague for almost 15 years. After that I wrote down my progress in individual webpages, for business purposes ("content is king", as they say in the [seo world](#)). So I guess I lost touch with a lot of you, and I'm sure many have unfollowed my constant rants on fartbook, or are not even interested in joining that censored social media, and

because I'm such a sentimental guy and like to keep in touch with my past friends, I am going to resume these mass update mailouts once a year at the most sentimental time of year, which is between Christmas and New Years.

Pic above of when I returned back to Prague after my first experimental trip of traveling while working.

So, this one will be longer because it covers a longer time frame than a single year, but I'll try to make it short.

[Prague](#) was great for the first seven years, watching the transition from the delapidated state caused by decades of Communism to a free market economy, which is simply more productive. The city was vibrant and exciting back then, but slowly the claws of comfort and suburbia crept into one's back and I felt a need to escape. After all, I've been nimble on my feet my entire life and do not like retiring into a sedate lifestyle.



With these emotions bubbling within me, eventually it occurred to me that I can be anywhere in the world, considering my translation job is online, so, after landing a really juicy contract, I decided to test out my notion with a pilot run in [Mexico](#).



That being so utterly fantastic, coming back to Prague with the most awesome tan, I craved for more and three years later put together my own [campervan](#). A self-remodelled Mercedes 3 tonne truck, which I [drove across parts of Europe for the next five years](#). Mostly to the southeast, where prices are lower.

I had [two solar panels on my roof](#), used pot lids and pans to [boost my internet signal](#), ran into all sorts of hilarious confrontations with [local authorities](#), who presumed perhaps I was a [spy](#),

but I was so proud of my accomplishment, that in telling my Czech translation agency

customers, these boobs are so dumb and conservative, they could not imagine that it would be possible for anyone to continue with my work while parked in paradise in some other country.

My income cut abruptly short, I had to struggle to find new customers. I managed to find some, but in my frustration I decided I wanted to get out of the narrow Czech, low paying mentality game and set out to learn about seo (search engine optimization).

Anyway, there was a small period where my naked ass grazed the coarse pavement of poverty when I could only afford perhaps ONE beer a day! But [survive I did](#). Often living like a hobo, parked in paradise but on free land, with free electricity, shit, piss and shower in the free ocean... Some levels of discomfort but a memorable experience nevertheless.



Somewhat managed to succeed in my main dream of escaping the cold, but the best I could accomplish was [Cyprus](#), which was bearable in the winter, but intolerably hot in the summer.

It is a fantastically interesting island, with a rich history, colorful culture (Greek on one half and Turkish on the other), but overall I still had ants in my pants and needed to move on.

Cyprus, at one point colonised by Richard the Lionheart, a war ground between the Muslim Turks and Christian Orthodox Greeks. In conquered territory the Turks would bastardise beautiful churches to make them sort of look like mosques.

After some consultation with friends, it was decided that to South East Asia I should go. [Thailand](#). Wow! Am I actually

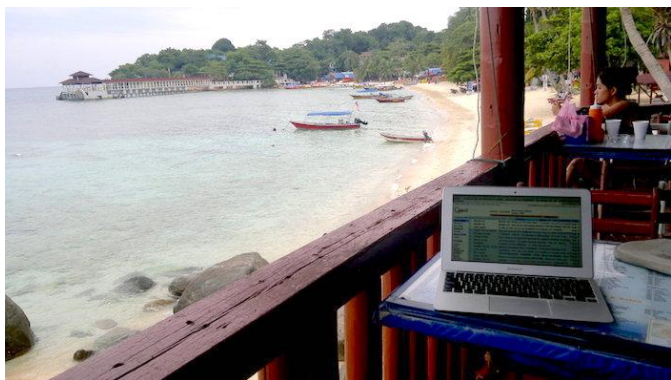
going to experience that?

And what a great experience it was. You could get pretty well anything you wanted on KPH. The "fool's moon", as locals called it, basically the Ibiza of Asia.

Smoked a lot of grass, lived in the best hut of my life with a fantastic sunset view, could spit on our private beach below it was so close, took some X once a month and danced like a madman until the early hours of the morning. Banged on my djembe with a big group around town and worked on my viola skills around the island's numerous jam session bars.



But even at this seeming pinnacle of my life, I felt the itch to keep moving on, after a glorious two years living on this wonderful island.



check it out. Not bad.

[Zigzagged my way across Malaysia and Indonesia](#) a bit, still got ants in my pants, when just another dream of my life invited me to hook up with her in India to some Yoga retreat. That not being possible due to visa restraints, I scanned the horizon in my mental map looking for the next possible destination, when my gaze fell on the [Philippines](#).

A somewhat scary sounding place, but I'll

[Perhentian Islands](#) in Malaysia. Wonderful to be freely floating around the planet with my laptop for work and my backpack, no time limits. Nice to keep changing my workstation. As the Czechs say, "Change is life, life is change".

Landing in stinky Manila, I took a cab to the nearest atm. While in the front seat, I gazed out the window at all the rubbish and monstrous dilapidation, when all of a sudden, perched and hanging from one of the many skyrising buildings, was a billboard posting the picture of a local girl, when I could not help but holler out to the taxi driver, "THAT is what I've been looking for my entire life!!!"

During this time I had a strong urge to start my own [resort](#) on a paradise beach somewhere, starting when I was in Indonesia. Eventually I stumbled into a mayor of a small island town who owned several beach properties, but was not developing them.

I grabbed the helm and, soon enough, I learned how to build my own, [two story hut out of bamboo and nylon string](#). I had about 200 volunteers from all over the world pass through my goofy little camp over a two year period, a few paying customers, again surviving off solar and pot lid for



internet, and those "Tarzan years" were truly a blast.

Actually, there was a certain time during this period when one Japanese volunteer was passing through and who had invited a traveling mate of his. But she was running out of funds and was not able to accept his invitation.

But over time, it got tiring to deal with the relentless ants, the occasional whining customer or

volunteer, ordering more beers, food and drinking water from my boatman (no store on the island at all), that I got frustrated enough with Tarzan paradise life enough that... off I was again.

My good friend Alvin, who always faithfully restocked my beer supply and veggies and fruits. In the evenings I would buy a cooked meal from one of the local fisherman's wives.

During this period I managed to build up an [island hopping tour service](#), which towards the end started to supersede my translation income and I was FINALLY able to free myself from those chains. I am grateful for the freedom this profession has awarded me, but God is it boring!

Having decided I had enough of being Tarzan, my next plan was to travel around the country to explore it all, with the intention of developing my webpages with tons of new information and pictures of each place I would visit, in order to boost traffic. And along the way, heck, I might come up with other ideas from which to carve out a living.

To accomplish such a task, I decided to buy a motorcycle and convert it into a tricycle. Want to bring my most basic stuff with me.



Stayed in this [town](#) for about a year and was about to depart, when some loony Dutch dude passed through town on his quest to travel around the world organizing pancake parties. I gather mostly through couchsurfing.

Sure, why not. Meeting other people is always good, although he seemed strangely distant, standing there in the corner all by himself. I even approached him and offered him one of my beers, which he accepted with some trepidation.

Back at my seat, there was a female sitting next to me. It turns out to be the same female who could not accept the Japanese dude's invitation to "my" island.

I was not interested in her at all, but was salivating for her work colleague across the table. She even asked me if she could have one of my beers and promised to replace it by walking four flights of stairs to the ground floor, to the local shop, and back up again. "Yah, right, you can forget that notion!"

But the stars have brought us together in the end, and soon enough we were married.

However, as a good Catholic girl conditioned to go overseas as a nurse and make lots of money and come back to buy her parents a big house (the boys go off as seafarers to accomplish the same), I had some resistance to contend with. I courted and courted her and finally found the key to convince her: take her [around the world](#).



After all, she loves traveling like I do, which is one of the reasons she wanted to go nursing abroad.

So off to South America we went. I haven't been there yet, always wanted to, and it was the best continent to accept her Filipino passport.

Went on group tours traversing the ancient ruins of the Aztecs, smoked Ayahuasca with locals, dove into the salt flats of [Bolivia](#), and eventually settled in, based on the advice of a fellow traveler I met, in a [quite little fishing/surfing village in Ecuador](#).

We found a nice place and absolutely loved it.

Business was good, income was streaming in, we liked the place and decided to hang out for a few years

before moving on.

For this I decided I need a windsurf board. This has been a burning dream of mine ever since my Mexico trip. Ordered a board and two sails of different sizes, sent from the US and totalling \$4,000. Drained all my reserves, but that's okay, will be settled here for a while and can build them up again.

But what happens? After three days of struggling to get over those monstrous waves, totally out of shape and panting, covid hit!!

This shut down my tourism based business and my main source of income. Furthermore, the local police were not allowing anyone to use the beach. How ridiculous of a situation can you get into?



Above is a beach section of our beloved Canoa in Ecuador, below is one of the many outdoor wall paintings in Brazil.



Fortunately there was a point in my transition to my tourism income where my finger hovered over the delete button of my translation income, but something felt uneasy and I decided not to end my cooperation with my primary customer, but simply set up a filter to divert all their emails into my trash box.

I removed that filter and continued to accept work from them. A total

life saver, considering I had just depleted all our reserves on this windsurfing equipment and now we have to struggle our way back home to the Philippines.



Another positive point is that the company has a payment system whereby you can choose a minimum payment amount before they send you money. I chose \$500. I was surprised to learn that, over the past two years that I stopped working for them because the boat tour sales were going so well, they had owed me around \$480 dollar. So I simply reduced the minimum payment amount and soon enough I received that amount. That was another life saver. Is there a God? We are both always grateful for his loving and caring nature.

Now to figure out how to get back to the Philippines.

Borrowed some money, paid it back, and now we are in the process of pursuing our next dream, which is to buy some property on a [nearby island](#) (we want our son to keep close contact with his grandparents and family), grow veggies, become self sufficient, and generate

some income from it. Will it be a resort, a local sports centre, who knows? But dreams are like the carrot perpetually driving the donkey forward, and we don't mind at all.

By the way, did I mention I haven't even opened the windsurfing case since we got back? Not letting go of this baby. Was such a pain in the butt to bring over from the other side of the world. Hopefully our future place will have a windy beach nearby.

New house we will be moving into on the island we will be transferring to.
Renting but will use it as a base to look for property to buy and build our own.
Love life as an adventure.

