

FOR THE MAN WHO'S DONE BEING USED UP

YOU'RE ALLOWED *to Go*

*You did everything right.
You're allowed to live the years you have left.*



RICH IN LIFE

You're Allowed to Go

For the man who did everything right, has nothing left to prove, and is quietly ready to live the years he has left — somewhere he's still somebody.

FIRST EDITION

An honest note, before we begin.

This book tells the truth the way the men who lived it told it to me — the good and the hard, both. Where it gives you numbers — what a life costs, what a visa requires, how the healthcare works — those were accurate when it was written, but rules and prices change, and your situation is your own. Treat every figure in these pages as a reason to go find out for yourself, not as the final word. This is a book, not legal, medical, or financial advice. Before you move a single step, check the things that matter with people who do this for a living. I'd rather you trust the truth than the brochure — the truth is the only thing that'll still be standing when you need it.

Contents

Part 1 — The Life That Used You Up

1. The Marathon Nobody Lets You Finish
2. You Kept Your End of the Bargain. They Didn't.
3. Becoming Invisible at Sixty
4. Running Away, or Finally Running Toward
5. What's Waiting for You If You Stay

Part 2 — The Lie You Were Told About “Enough”

6. The Lie of “Just a Little More”
7. Rich in Life, Not Rich in Money
8. What \$1,000 a Month Looks Like When You're Valued
9. Go Where You're Valued
10. The Price of Staying Where You're Not Wanted

Part 3 — The Way Out

11. Too Old, or Just Too Afraid?
12. \$1,500 and a Discharge Paper: The Door You Already Earned
13. Telling the People You Love You're Leaving
14. But What Happens When You're Sick?
15. Nobody's Coming to Give You Permission

Part 4 — Living It

16. The Morning You Stop Bracing for the Day
17. More Than a Foreigner: Where You Finally Belong
18. Somebody, Not Nobody
19. The People Who Show Up
20. The Best Years Were the Ones You Almost Didn't Take

PART 1

The Life That Used You Up

Naming the wound: the system, the invisibility, the discarding.
Pure emotion — no figures yet; the proof comes in Parts 2 and
3.

The Marathon Nobody Lets You Finish

I didn't set out to write a book. I set out to ask questions.

A few years ago I started noticing the same man in the same kind of place — down in the comment sections under videos about people who'd moved to the far side of the world and started their lives over. He was usually somewhere in his fifties or sixties. He didn't write much; often just a line. *I'm tired.* Or: *I work until my body aches and it never ends.* Or the one that stopped me cold the first time I read it, sitting there with no likes and no replies under a stranger's video: *Is this really all there is?*

So I went and found the men who'd stopped writing comments and bought the plane ticket. I wanted to know what they knew. I expected to meet runaways — adventurers, dreamers, men chasing something shiny. What I mostly met were men who were, finally, just *tired*. And who had worked out something about that tiredness that I suspect you already half-know but have never let yourself say.

Here it is.

You were sold a race with a finish line. Do the work, the story went, and one day you cross it. You get to stop. You get to rest, and be proud, and be looked after, and turn around and see the distance you covered. That promise is what kept your legs moving through decades you are never getting back. It's a good promise. It's the reason you did everything right.

But somewhere in your fifties, you started to suspect the truth, even if it never made it past your teeth: there is no finish line. There was never going to be one. The race just keeps going. The bills keep coming. The number you need keeps moving a little further out every time you get close, the way a horizon does. And here's the part that wakes you at 3 a.m. — you can't even slow down to catch your breath, because slowing down costs money you don't have, so you keep running a marathon that quietly took down its own finish line while you weren't looking.

Your body figured it out before you did. There were years that ached — you know the ones. The mornings that took a little longer to get going. The work that used to cost you nothing and started costing you something. Nobody else saw that tally being kept. But you felt every mark.

One of the men I talked to — I'll keep his name to myself, because a man who's been overlooked his whole life is entitled to a little privacy — described the moment he understood. He was sixty-one, sitting in his truck in a parking lot after a shift, and he realized he was doing the math on whether he could afford to retire at the exact same time he was doing the math on whether he could afford to keep working. Both columns came up short. "That's when it hit me," he said. "I wasn't behind. The race was rigged. I'd just been too busy running it to look up."

I want to be careful here, because this is the first chapter and I'm not going to lie to you to keep you turning pages. I'm not going to tell you the tiredness is in your head, or that the right attitude fixes it. It isn't, and it doesn't. The tiredness is real. It's earned. You came by it honestly, one ached-through year at a time.

But the men I met found something, and it wasn't a trick or a hack or a sunny thought taped to the bathroom mirror. It was simpler and stranger

than that. The marathon only has no finish line *in the place where you've been running it*. Pick the race up and set it down somewhere else — somewhere your money goes further than you've ever seen it go, somewhere a gray-haired man is treated like he's worth something, somewhere you're allowed to stop without the floor falling out from under you — and the finish line reappears. Nobody hands it to you. But it's there. Reachable. Real.

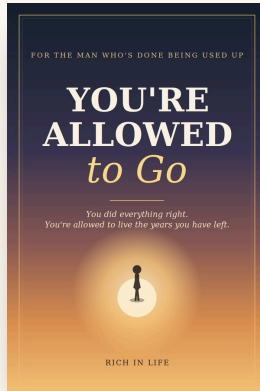
That's all this book is. Not a fantasy, and not a brochure for a country I want you to fall in love with. It's a long, honest look at a question you've been too tired and too ashamed to ask out loud:

What if I'm allowed to stop running — and just live?

You are. Stay with me, and let me show you how I know.

END OF THE FREE SAMPLE

You're Allowed to Go



Nineteen chapters to go – from “You Kept Your End of the Bargain. They Didn't.” to “Living It” – plus two bonus guides: The First 30 Days and The People Who Think You're a Bank.

Right now: all three books for \$27 · 30-day money-back guarantee

Get the full book, plus the other two

richardinthephilippines.com/youre-allowed-to-go