

LOGRI

TIME TO OPEN YOUR EYES

An honest book about life, money,
loss, growing up and starting over



Alexey Logri

Sample Edition

Alexey Logri
Time to Open Your Eyes

This sample includes the synopsis, introduction, prologue and the complete first chapter. At the end you will find information about the author and a link to explore further.

Page numbers follow the full book. The complete digital edition contains 24 chapters, an epilogue, an afterword and questions for personal reflection.

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Disclaimer

This book is based on the author's personal experience, observations, decisions, mistakes and conclusions. It does not constitute financial, investment, legal, medical or psychological advice.

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The names of companies, projects, financial instruments, films and public phenomena appear solely as part of the personal context and the author's narrative.

About This Book

Spend twenty years building a career, leave to start your own business, lose your regular income — and, after forty, learn a line of work you previously knew almost nothing about. Alexey Logri took that journey, made a great deal of money and twice saw his finances wiped out.

In *Time to Open Your Eyes*, he returns to the decisions that led him to those turning points. A childhood in poverty, the beliefs passed on by his parents, salaried employment, his own coffee shop, earning online and crypto come together in the story of a man gradually learning to choose his own life and take responsibility for the consequences.

Serious money made long-held wishes possible, but it also brought greed, euphoria and the conviction that the growth would continue. After the losses, he had to work out all over again what his family had left, which decisions needed to change and what he could rely on when his usual income disappeared.

This book is for anyone tired of living on autopilot, afraid to start again or trying to get back on their feet after a mistake of their own. Someone else's experience offers a reason to ask yourself an uncomfortable question: what part of my life am I still putting off — and what can I do right now?

Before You Begin

This book is based on real events. It preserves the chronology, personal scenes, financial decisions and consequences without which the story would become a collection of worthy slogans. Some episodes have been brought together for clarity, but the substance of what happened has not been changed.

There is no promise here that everything will be easy after the last page. There is something else: a chance to recognise your own cage sooner, to avoid surrendering the next chapter of your life to old mistakes, and to take one honest step.

Prologue. What If This Isn't Your Life?



You can live for many years without ever truly asking yourself: who is running my life?

Not my work schedule. Not the balance in my account. Not my to-do list for the week. I mean life itself: what you believe is possible, what you fear, what you put off, what you call common sense when it may be an old fear you accepted long ago.

We tend to think that the cage a person lives in was built somewhere outside them. Their parents built it, or school, the state, their bosses, money, age, circumstances, war, crises, other people's decisions. And there is some truth in all of that. But there is another, less comfortable part of the truth. The strongest cage is inside a person, not around them.

You've probably seen the Matrix films. You've seen stories in which someone suddenly realises that the reality they thought was the only one was a programme. We watched Groundhog Day and recognised something funny, strange, almost fantastical in it: a man waking up in the same day, over and over again. Yet few people ask themselves a simple question after films like these: what if my matrix isn't outside me? What if nobody

created it to work against me? What if I've spent years writing it inside my own head?

Everyone has a matrix of their own. It speaks in the voices of family and friends: your mother tells you not to stand out, your father says you can't make serious money honestly, a neighbour asks, 'Who do you think you are?' A colleague adds, 'That's definitely not for people like us,' and your boss reminds you, 'Be grateful you've got a job at all.' Over time, those voices merge with your own fear: it's too late, you'll look ridiculous, it won't work anyway.

At first, those voices belong to other people. Then you get used to them. Then you start repeating their words yourself. And at some point it becomes impossible to tell where other people's words ended and your own beliefs began.

That is how the inner programme takes shape. It tells you how much you can earn. What car you are entitled to drive. Where you can go on holiday. What sort of home is 'not for you'. Which people are 'above' you, which dreams are too presumptuous and what kind of life counts as normal. The most dangerous thing about this programme is that it almost always looks reasonable.

Picture an ordinary morning: a phone in your hand, cold coffee, a kettle humming somewhere and a child getting ready for school. Someone in the work chat is already demanding something. A familiar thought flashes through your mind: Groundhog Day again.

And everything seems fine. Everyone lives like this. Work, bills, traffic, news, exhaustion, shopping, conversations about how times are hard, how nothing is that simple, how we just have to hang on, how other people don't have it easy either. Then another Monday, another month and another year.

Then one day you're forty. Or forty-five. Or fifty. And suddenly you feel that there have been years, tasks, responsibilities, yet somehow no clear sense inside that you have actually lived your own life. You seem to have been moving, but you didn't always know where. You seem to have made choices, but often only from the options you had already been allowed to consider possible.

This book begins with a question that irritated and frightened me for a long time: what if the life you call your own is made up of other people's fears, mistaken for your own truth?

I don't know that feeling from books. I lived it. For twenty years I built a career: sales assistant, manager, director, commercial director, development director, managing director. I was the person who seemed to do everything right. I worked, climbed, took responsibility, proved myself, carried the load, launched things, managed things. From the outside, it might have looked like a normal adult life. A successful one, even.

But inside, another question kept coming back more and more often: is any of this actually mine?

Then I left salaried employment and opened a small coffee shop. There was a lot of fear in that project of my own, a lot of hope, and the feeling that I was finally doing something I had chosen for myself. Then, one day, the door closed and my income fell to zero. All my thoughts about independence came down to one concrete question: how do I pay for what comes next?

I had debts, a wife, a child, utility bills and school expenses. I was still responsible for all of it, even when I had no idea how to cope. I remember the feeling well: on the outside you're still holding it together, while inside you no longer know which way to turn.

A few months after the period when I had no idea how to cover the utility bills, my income reached thirty thousand dollars in a month for the first time. A figure like that had previously belonged to someone else's life; now it had appeared in mine.

I didn't become a different person overnight. I began learning a new line of work, trying things, making mistakes and repeating simple actions. Gradually, those actions led to a figure I had once been afraid even to imagine as my own.

I remember that explosion inside: how is this possible? Not long ago I was wondering where to find money for ordinary expenses, and now I was looking at an amount I had previously imagined only in someone else's life. I couldn't immediately get used to the fact that it was mine.

In moments like these, reality doesn't change. Your perception of reality changes. Suddenly you see that many of the walls you spent years standing in front of weren't concrete. They were made of beliefs. Of habits, other people's phrases, past experience and the fear of looking ridiculous.

In January 2021, towards the end of the month, I think, I flew to the Dominican Republic with the crypto team. We were going for a month, to relax and work. During the trip we stayed in four different hotels, if I

remember rightly. My family remained in Ukraine: January, winter, cold. And there were people around my wife saying, 'That's it, he's going away for a long time. You won't see him again. What does he need you for?' I was leaving for a month, and they were already explaining to her that her husband wasn't coming back.

Before I left, my wife and I had visited a car dealership in Kharkiv and looked at a 2007 Lexus RX 350. It wasn't a new car by any means, but we liked it. We hadn't had a car of our own for a long time, and even that Lexus would have been a major purchase for us. We agreed between ourselves: when I got back, we'd go and look again and perhaps buy it.

Around the same time, I discussed another possibility with the people at the dealership. I expected to return in late February or early March and thought I might manage it in time for 8 March, International Women's Day. I wanted them to find a car in Kyiv, meet me at Boryspil Airport, help with all the paperwork and let me drive it home to Kharkiv. It was meant to be a present for my wife. She had put up with our limitations for a long time. I wanted to give her a present with a real wow factor, because she deserved it.

I kept working in the Dominican Republic. Over the month, all the projects and various ventures brought in about forty thousand dollars in total. When that sank in, I gave the guys the go-ahead: let's look at the next generation. I was thinking of cars from around 2012 or 2014, and for the first time I could calmly tell myself: I can afford it. We really wanted a Lexus specifically. For us, it meant luxury, a chance to show everyone that we'd made it. Even an older one — but a Lexus.

We stayed in touch from the Dominican Republic, discussed everything over the phone, and they sent me options. Then they wrote to say that if I added roughly five thousand dollars to my original budget, we could look at an even newer generation — a 2017 RX 350. That one with the sharp, angular lines, the fourth generation. I was stunned: could I really afford a car like that? And I agreed.

They found a deep burgundy-red Lexus RX 350, in that distinctive colour I really liked. Visually, it was gorgeous. I transferred a deposit in advance to people I barely knew. We agreed that once I landed, we'd finish all the paperwork in a single day and I'd leave that same day. When I flew out of the Dominican Republic, I already knew this was the car I was buying in Kyiv.

But there was a problem with the journey back. As far as I remember, there was some sort of Air France strike at the time, and we couldn't fly out of the Dominican Republic. My tour operator managed to find me a ticket. There were almost forty of us, and I was the first to leave. The others flew out two or three days later: their tour operators' managers hadn't all managed to sort it out straight away. Mine did.

At check-in I was offered an upgrade from economy to business class for three hundred and fifty dollars. I agreed and paid by card. It was my first business-class flight: steaks prepared by a chef, Chilean red wine in proper glasses. I sat there loving every minute. It all felt unfamiliar, lavish and luxurious.

I flew from the Dominican Republic to Frankfurt. There were probably eight or ten hours until my next flight. I rented a tiny room right in the airport — about three square metres, a bed and a shower, nothing else. I slept for about five hours. That little room cost me as much as the upgrade from economy to business. It really brought home what a good deal I'd been offered at check-in.

I landed in Kyiv at about two in the morning. Naturally, no one was there to meet me at that hour. I found a capsule hotel, and getting checked in at night turned into an adventure of its own. I stayed the night, and in the morning the manager came to pick me up. He collected me by car and we went to an exchange office. There I exchanged crypto for cash. It was all in hryvnias, so the money filled an entire backpack. It wasn't the full price of the car. I was buying it on finance: the deposit was roughly thirty per cent of the price, with registration, insurance and additional expenses on top. At that time, the annual returns on the crypto instruments I used were roughly two and a half times the annual interest rate on the loan. Besides, my income was in crypto and dollars, while the loan was in hryvnias. Back then, it seemed sensible to make a substantial down payment and leave the rest of the money working.

We arrived with that backpack to transfer the registration. That was where I first saw the car in person. I hadn't handed over the down payment yet, and they were already registering it in my name. I sat inside and couldn't believe it was my car. I wasn't noticing any little details: I liked everything about it, I wanted it. Once the paperwork was done, I got behind the wheel and left Kyiv at about three in the afternoon, I think.

I drove towards Kharkiv in my Lexus and shouted. Literally shouted, because I couldn't believe the car was mine. Not long before, we'd spent ages without any car at all, then looked at a 2007 RX and thought: perhaps we can buy it. Now I was driving home in a burgundy-red 2017 Lexus I had previously seen only in photographs. The whole way, I couldn't quite believe this was happening to me. I didn't make it in time for 8 March: I was still travelling. My wife got the car on 10 March 2021.

Then came serious money. Then came losses. Then I earned again — more, faster, with greater confidence. Then I lost again. There were moments when I felt like someone who had made it. And there were moments when it felt as though I was back to nothing, unable to explain to myself or my family what had happened.

And still, I can speak honestly.

I am writing about a real person's journey: how he grew up with ordinary beliefs, built a career, left to work for himself, started over after forty and entered a field he knew almost nothing about; how he earned money he wasn't ready for, lost it and got back on his feet. Along the way, I had to understand that money alone cannot save you if you have no system within yourself.

I don't promise that this book will make you richer. I don't even promise it will make you wiser. Someone else's experience doesn't save anyone by itself. But I can offer you the essence of my journey. Not polished motivation, but experience distilled from life: where a person limits themselves, where they confuse fear with reason, where they mistake someone else's cage for their own choice, where they begin to see more but don't manage to become ready for it inside.

Perhaps that is where the door is.

And before we move on to the first chapter, I want to leave you with a question. Not a pretty question, or a motivational one, or something philosophical to tick a box. A question that might set something moving inside you.

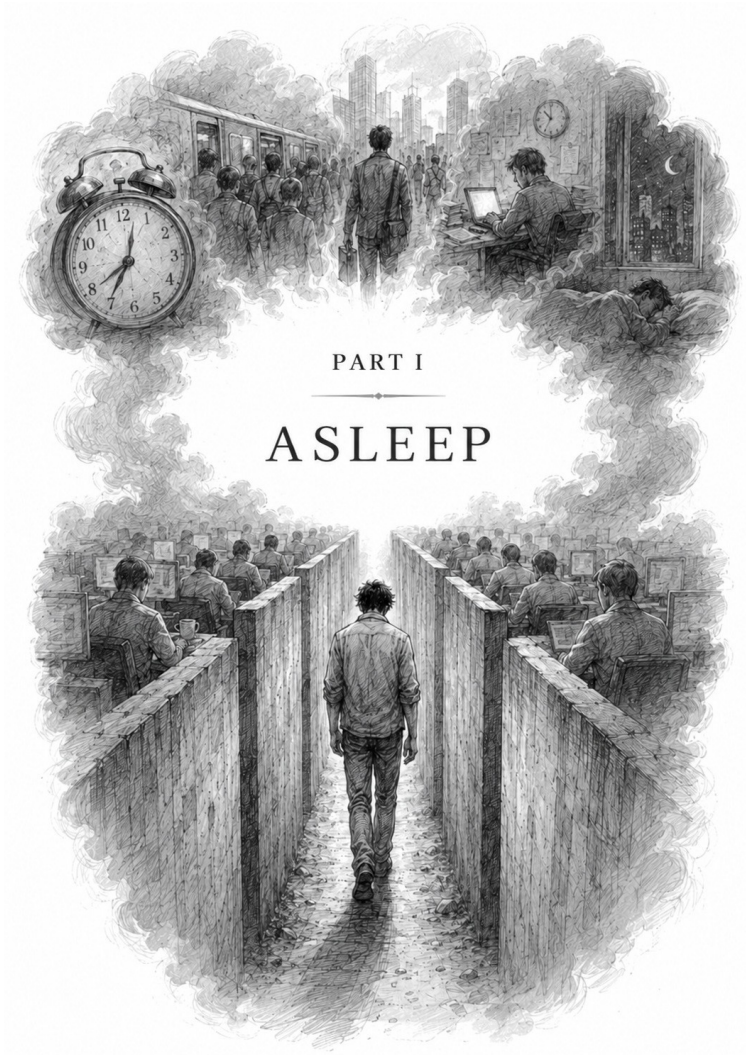
What if this isn't your life at all?

You've spent too long living by a programme you never truly chose.

If that question struck a nerve, let's go on. First, to the place where the first cage is so often built: childhood, family sayings, care that quietly turns into prohibition.

TIME TO OPEN YOUR EYES

PART I. ASLEEP



Chapter 1. The Most Expensive Lie We Tell Ourselves



The most expensive lie doesn't arrive looking like deception. It arrives as care, advice, family wisdom, a cautious remark from an adult. And if a child believes it for long enough, it stops being someone else's opinion and becomes a ceiling inside their own mind.

If I were asked to name the thing that best describes my childhood, I would think of the cellar. For someone growing up in Ukraine in the late eighties and early nineties, it was the family safe. Instead of money, it held potatoes, jars of preserves, cabbage, beetroot, carrots, onions, sugar, grains and sunflower oil. With a full cellar, you could face the winter with relative peace of mind. An empty one made you wonder how you would feed the family if wages were delayed again tomorrow, food disappeared from the shops, or prices rose so steeply that yesterday's calculations became worthless scraps of paper.

Autumn then wasn't a season for pretty photographs with yellow leaves and coffee in a paper cup. Autumn was a major family project: preparing to survive. The adults worked out how many potatoes to store for winter, how

many jars to preserve, whether there would be enough cabbage to ferment, where to get decent oil and who sold sugar at a less extortionate price. The dacha was an extension of the household economy, not a place to relax. You went there to dig, plant, water, harvest, lug sacks and calculate the future crop before it had even grown. Today this might sound like an everyday domestic story, but back then, stories like these shaped people's sense of security far more powerfully than any talk about the future.

I remember adults discussing potatoes with the seriousness people now bring to exchange rates, property prices or political news: how many they'd planted, how many they'd dug up, whether frost would damage the crop, whether it would rot in the cellar, whether it would last until spring. A good harvest genuinely brought joy. Not figuratively, but literally: it gave a family several months of a calmer life. A poor harvest meant finding ways to scrape through the winter. Under those conditions, a child learns very early that life consists not of beautiful promises, but of actual supplies, actual decisions and actual things you need to do in advance, because later may be too late.

Meat on the table was not an everyday expectation. If a family ate meat once a week, that could already count as a sign of relative prosperity. People lived much more modestly than they do now, but often didn't even call it poverty, because everyone around them lived much the same way. By sixteen, I knew perfectly well what a coypu was and how to cook one. To some people today that sounds exotic, or like an odd detail from the past, but back then it was ordinary food, one way of feeding a family. Old jam wasn't necessarily thrown away either. You could ferment it into a mash, then distil it into moonshine. Moonshine wasn't only alcohol, or a way to forget a hard week; it could be a resource to barter with, to use as payment, something of quite practical value in a world where there was often no money at all.

When modern films portray the nineties, they usually like to romanticise the criminal side of the time. Leather jackets, gold chains, black cars, gangland meetings, showdowns, gangsters with hard stares and clipped sentences. All of it really existed, but for most people it was a frightening backdrop, not the substance of life. Ordinary families weren't dividing up factories, markets and spheres of influence. Ordinary families were thinking about how to get through the next day, week or month, what to feed their child, where to find money for shoes, what to do when wages

were late again. While some people were making dramatic entrances into the criminal chronicles, millions quietly survived from day to day, without any romance at all.

The Soviet Union was disappearing, and with it the familiar framework of life. People who had spent decades feeling that the state took at least some responsibility for their present and future suddenly found themselves in a world where nobody guaranteed anything. Wages might go unpaid for months, half a year or even longer. Yet people kept going to work, because often there was no other work, and the hope that they would eventually be paid was stronger than common sense. When they were given sugar, soap, yeast, tinned food or some other goods instead of money, it didn't seem absurd at all. It seemed like another version of reality to adapt to.

That was how an enormous grassroots barter economy emerged. One person brought home sacks of sugar and looked for someone who needed sugar. Another received soap and tried to exchange it for something more useful. A third had yeast, a fourth had jars, a fifth something else. People became walking marketplaces, because money existed somewhere in theory but was often absent from real life. Many developed a particular attitude to money then: if you had any, you were already considered successful; if you had a lot, people almost automatically suspected you couldn't have earned it honestly. That idea was voiced in kitchens, courtyards, queues and adult conversations, and a child absorbed it as naturally as their native language.

Poverty came with fear — a background feeling that the world around you was unsafe and that you had to rely above all on yourself. During the day, transport ran, shops opened and people hurried about their business. As dusk fell, parents began looking for their children, and the children knew which courtyards to avoid. Adults discussed districts and streets as though studying a map of the front line. You could find trouble in someone else's courtyard, and all the more in someone else's neighbourhood, especially if you were alone and looked as though you had something worth taking.

The line from the game Mafia, 'The city goes to sleep; the Mafia wakes up,' had an almost everyday meaning back then. As soon as it got dark, many places began operating by different rules. The force was still the old militsiya, not the modern police, and people's faith in its protection was qualified at best. They knew that if something happened at night, no one

would come running to dispense swift justice. On the street, might began to make right. Mugging was part of reality, not a word from a film or an urban legend. They could take your money, watch, jacket or shoes, and if your clothes looked decent, they might strip you almost to your underwear. None of this was happening far away. It was right there, in the same neighbourhoods where we lived, grew up, went to school and tried to make plans for the future.

Many people saw knuckledusters, knives, defensive sprays, batons and other means of self-defence as ways to improve their chances of getting home safely, not as gangsters' accessories. Nobody wanted to play the hero. Nobody dreamed of testing their courage every evening. It was simply a time when weakness too often became an invitation to other people's aggression. Even cars lived by their own rules. Leave a car in the courtyard overnight, and in the morning it might have lost its wipers, headlights, wheels or something else. Garages were secured with several locks, compounds had watchmen, dogs were kept nearby. Safety wasn't provided automatically; you had to build it with your own hands, locks, connections, caution and sometimes brute force.

That was the world of my childhood. It shaped my first ideas about money, success, strength, security and the future. In a world like that, dreams very quickly learnt to be practical. Children could watch adverts, admire beautiful cars and imagine a different life, but reality kept bringing them back to the courtyard, the cellar, adult conversations, queues, unpaid wages and the idea that much of life had already been decided. If you were born into an ordinary family, if your parents were ordinary people and everyone around you lived much the same way, it was very easy to believe you could never rise above a certain level.

I was about twelve when a brand-new VAZ-2108 drove into our courtyard. These days that car makes many people smile with nostalgia, but back then it looked like a symbol of another reality. Not just a car, but proof that somewhere there was a life in which people had choices, money, opportunities and things unavailable to most. It seemed fast, beautiful, modern, almost space-age. I stood beside my father and admired it — less the metal, the wheels and the shape of the body than the idea itself: one day you could live differently from everyone around you.

I told my father that when I grew up, I would definitely buy one. He answered calmly, without anger or mockery: 'You're a driver's son. You'll

never have a car like that.' We walked on. For him, the conversation probably ended that very second; I returned to it for years — first with hurt, then with a sense of injustice, later as a challenge. Only decades afterwards did I realise my father had said what he himself believed. He was passing on his picture of the world, not consciously trying to take away my dream.

Limits handed down by people close to us are especially hard to recognise. As children, we trust them and mistake their experience for knowledge of the entire world. My father could teach me to drive, repair an engine, change the oil and survive in the conditions he knew. He had no personal experience of building a company or making serious money. Now I understand why, in his view, my dream of that car seemed impossible.

My mother worked constantly and tried to climb a step higher. She wanted to prove she could do more and deserved better. From her I learnt to resist poverty, to seek a different standard of living. Along with that, I absorbed the need to show others that I was living better, had achieved something and deserved recognition. Later, I had to work out where my own desires ended and the attempt to prove something began.

In childhood and adolescence, I couldn't put it that way. I felt I had to be good, well-behaved, worthy, easy to get along with. I had to meet expectations. I mustn't disappoint anyone. I had to behave so that nobody could say a bad word about me. From the outside, it looks like a perfectly noble set of qualities. Who would argue that a person should be decent, honest, fair and willing to help? The trouble begins when all of it stops being a choice and becomes an obligation to accommodate everyone except yourself.

School only reinforced that inner script. Everything there seemed simple and clear: top pupils were doing well; those who barely passed were a problem. Good marks seemed to promise a good life, bad marks future difficulties. Adults repeated that you had to study, qualify for a profession, find a proper job, stop messing around and avoid risks. It sounded logical then. Later, life showed that the logic was incomplete. Many of the top pupils admired at school went on to live perfectly ordinary lives, while many of the barely passing pupils built businesses, projects and careers, because the real world rewards not only knowing the right answer, but the ability to improvise, take risks, negotiate, make mistakes and get back up.

I have two university degrees, and I haven't worked a single day in either field. My wife also has two degrees, and her story is much the same. The real point is this: society too often makes people choose their life's work at an age when they don't yet know themselves. At eighteen, many don't understand what they want, who they are, what interests them, where their strengths lie or what is wrong for them. Yet at that age they are expected to make decisions that will shape decades of their future. And if the choice comes not from self-knowledge but from fear, pressure and other people's expectations, they later pay for it with years of their lives.

Between eighteen and twenty, I was already married and raising a child. At the time, I thought I was grown-up, independent and had a reasonable idea of how the world worked. Today I can see how young I was. I made many decisions without deep understanding: it was what people did, it was how circumstances unfolded, it was what those around me expected. Life seemed to push me along a ready-made route: family, work, responsibility, career, stability. Everything looked right on the outside. Inside, something was beginning to resist, but for a long time that voice was too quiet.

Our dreams were different too. They rarely began with a question about purpose, talent or meaning. More often, a dream meant wanting to escape the general drabness. A VAZ-21099 seemed to me the car of a very well-off person. The red two-door BMW a neighbour once drove up in looked like more than a car: it was proof that somewhere there was a level of life almost beyond reach. Flats, houses, capital, freedom, your own income-generating systems — all of that was too abstract. A car was easier to understand. You could see it in the courtyard, almost touch it with your eyes, hear the engine and imagine yourself inside. In a world where many weren't even sure they would have food for the winter, a car became not transport but a symbol of escape from an assigned role.

Meanwhile, two contradictory programmes were constantly playing within and around the family. On one hand, money was desirable, because without it life quickly became a struggle for the basics. On the other, serious money stirred suspicion, envy and fear. My father could sincerely believe that wealth almost always involved something shady, while also being a generous person who readily treated others, helped, fed his friends and gave away more than he could afford. My mother could dream of a beautiful home, a good car, prosperity and recognition, while also showing how life often becomes an endless attempt to prove to everyone: we're no

worse, we can do it too, we're worthy too. Those opposing forces create a complicated mixture in a child: wanting serious money and fearing it at the same time, striving for success while constantly feeling the need to justify that ambition.

My father's remark about being a driver's son was just one of those beliefs, but it neatly captured the spirit of that environment. It contained less contempt than a boundary, as though the world had already been divided into floors and everyone should know their own. On one floor lived those who could dream of a good car; on another, those who could only look at it from outside. Nobody forbade you to want it, but the desire itself somehow counted as naive. And if a child is told often enough where their place is, one day they begin to accept that map of the world as real. Later, they have to spend years not only earning money or achieving something, but giving themselves permission to want more.

School reinforced that sense of place in its own way. It too had a clear hierarchy: top pupils, good pupils, barely passing pupils, problem pupils. Everyone seemed to have their own future. The top pupils were supposed to become respectable people; the barely passing ones would somehow muddle through. But, honestly, those barely passing pupils were often learning the central skill of real life: finding a way through. They invented explanations, negotiated, manoeuvred, found ways round things, sometimes failed and sometimes stayed afloat. School called it bad behaviour or poor discipline; life later called it adaptability. I'm not urging anyone to do badly at school. My point is different: don't confuse the school model of success with the model that applies in life. At school, you're marked on the right answer; life more often tests whether you can act when there is no right answer at all.

In that environment, being accommodating becomes a survival strategy. If you have neither power nor protection, you try to earn acceptance: be good, useful, fair, don't make unnecessary trouble. When you're humiliated or pushed around as a child, it's easy to associate safety with staying unnoticed: argue less, don't irritate the strong, don't stick your neck out. Later you may mistake the habit for good manners. You've long since grown up, but inside you're still trying not to get caught in the firing line.

For many years I thought decency and being accommodating were almost the same thing. Only later did I understand the enormous difference. Decency is an inner choice not to betray your values. Being

accommodating is the habit of betraying yourself so you won't upset others. A decent person can say no. An accommodating person says yes, then gets angry with themselves, with other people, with life and circumstances. A decent person can help when they genuinely want to and are able to. An accommodating person helps even when everything inside resists, because they're afraid of looking bad. From the outside, that life looks respectable, but inside it gradually accumulates exhaustion, resentment and the feeling that you're constantly playing a role you never chose.

Perhaps that is why, one day, 'Is this even my life?' becomes almost a physical pain rather than an elegant philosophical formula. You look back and see not only mistakes but dozens of decisions made through inertia. You got married because that was how things turned out and what you were supposed to do. You worked somewhere stable because stability seemed the main proof of adulthood. You put up with people because you didn't want conflict. You tried to look stronger, more successful and more confident than you felt inside. You proved you were worth something, although nobody could issue you a definitive certificate of worth. One day it becomes clear: carry on like this and you could live another ten years only to find yourself in the same place again — older, exhausted and angry.

Later, I built a career. I worked my way up from sales assistant to management positions, worked as a manager and director, opened shops, managed branches and handled development and commercial operations. From outside, it looked like upward movement. Many people might have said I was doing everything right, that I had a proper job, a proper career and proper prospects. But gradually a feeling emerged that I couldn't at first put into words: as though I was walking a road I hadn't chosen, as though everything considered success somehow failed to bring a sense of freedom.

That feeling grew particularly strong as I approached an age that then seemed a dangerous boundary. In those years, job adverts very often carried age limits: under thirty-five, under forty, under forty-five. I understood that if I stumbled one day, lost my position or slipped down a rung, I might find that nobody wanted me. It was a frightening moment. You seem grown-up, experienced, already accomplished, then suddenly realise that all your stability rests on a job title, a business card and

someone else's decision to pay you a salary. Take that away, and the whole structure starts to wobble.

That was when the thought of a business of my own first emerged. A job title, a business card and a salary paid by someone else no longer felt like solid foundations: one decision from above could shrink my life to four weak regions and a reduced salary. I didn't yet know that a coffee shop, the internet and crypto lay ahead. I knew something else: if I changed nothing, I would spend the next ten years in the same corridor.

For most of my life, I tried to be accommodating: to my parents, friends, bosses, partners and society. I wanted to remain good, decent and fair, avoid making trouble and not argue unnecessarily. Too often, I checked my decisions against other people's reactions. The price was my own desires: agreeing, enduring, staying silent and then getting angry with myself.

It took decades to ask an honest question: what life would I choose without fear and other people's expectations? I still don't have the whole answer. After that conversation with myself, the ready-made script stopped looking like the only one.

About the Author

Alexey Logri is an entrepreneur, the author of *Time to Open Your Eyes* and several practical courses on changing how we perceive reality and our own lives.

Born in the Soviet Union, he finished school in the early nineties. He came of age as familiar rules of life changed before people's eyes, with both the opportunities and the difficult consequences those changes brought.

His background includes maritime college, two university degrees and a professional journey from cutting shoe uppers and working as a sales assistant to becoming the chief executive of a national company. He launched businesses of his own: a neighbourhood café, an office selling building and finishing materials, and a business selling chilled chicken.

After forty, he learnt new fields: creating YouTube content, blogging, earning through affiliate programmes and cryptocurrency. He achieved a high income and accumulated substantial capital, which he lost twice. After the first loss, he managed to recover. He wrote *Time to Open Your Eyes* after the second, when he once again had to find his footing and start over.

In his writing and courses, he examines his own decisions and mistakes, showing how to avoid repeating the painful aspects of his journey. He encourages uncomfortable, sometimes painful questions that make people look differently at their lives and their attitude towards them.

In this book, that experience is combined with reflections on family, values, age and responsibility for your choices — especially when the lives of people who have placed their trust in you depend on your decisions.

Explore Further

This is the end of the sample.

The story continues in the full book: a career, running a business, exploring new fields after forty, serious money, losses and the decisions that make a fresh start possible.

You can find the author's work and information about the book on the LOGRI Telegram channel.

<https://t.me/L0GRI>