



WHAT I WOULD WANT

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I am not a saint. So I will start from the focal point of this story.

I would want a different woman every day. Not for sex — women, science has confirmed, do not need it. What I would want is access to her infinite knowledge. The unknown part of the feminine world. The one made of intuition and instinct.

The usual three minutes that belong to men remain the moment of emptying. And in practice, you rarely know the true cost. They satisfy an instant and damage a life. They build nothing. But only she — only a woman — can make us better.

To love one person at a time, intensely, uniquely, as if it were the last time — that is like winning the lottery and believing, for a moment, that you have finally understood what it means to be rich. Then everything dissolves.

Love has this effect. It is never eternal. It evolves. It does not strengthen — it improves, shifts, changes its performance like a stock inside every quarter. Like the company where my mother was confined for a lifetime: P&G.

This author asks for nothing except to be recognized for what he does — not for what he is. The best part each of us spends in this world. Because life always demands a balance sheet. And not everyone has an accountant.

You are welcome.

Nando